### THREE KISSES.

Three, only three, my darling, Separate, solemn, slow; Not like the swift and joyous ones We used to know,

When we kissed because we loved each other Simply to taste love's sweet, And lavished our kisses as the summer

Lavishes heat-But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung, When hope and fear are spent, And nothing is left to give, except A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling, Is sacred unto pain; We have hurt each other often, We shall again,

When we pine because we miss each other, And we do not understand How the written words are so much colder

Than eye and hand. I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain Which we may give or take; Buried, forgiven before it comes

For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling, Is full of joy's sweet thrill; We have blessed each other always; We always will. We shall reach until we feel each other,

Past all of time and space; We shall listen till we hear each other In every place;

The earth is full of messengers, Which Love sends to and fro; I kiss thee, darling, for all joy Which we shall know.

The last kiss, O my darling My love-I cannot see Through my tears as I remember

What it may be. We may die, and never see each other-Die with no time to give Any sign that our hearts are faithful To die as live.

Token of what they will not see Who see our parting breath, This one last kiss, my darling, seals

-Anonymous.

### THE TIDE-LANDS.

Miss Vanderpool came down the steps of her lodging house and stood looking about her with an expression of discontent there was some martial blood in her veins. self much time to speculate now. Night and make things half-way decent, for the But to suffer it for no heroic reason, in was fast falling, and a little ahead she saw gentleman's been waiting to see you this humiliated her, and she put it aside.

one of the poorest and meanest, where a bearings by some familiar landmarks. stunted lilac, just budding in the front There on the bluff were the square outlines where the two little girls had looked out upon her, with laughing faces, every day as she passed by. Only yesterday they bluffs, a steep and winding path, by which had flung her kisses from the window. she could gain the lighted upper street Now one was gone. The shock bore when she was done. If only she could once down upon her with all the sense of a per- | find the flowers, the dewy, spring flowers,

admission to visitors at such a time. In a bent on her innocent quest.

little white coffin lay the younger of the But what was this—the solid ground ful distance, that afternoon he had met her this country, from Toledo, through Ohio, two children. Beside it sat the father and mother, the woman sobbing quietly, the father with his arm about her, and in his

"I am so sorry," said Miss Vanderpool, gently; "Is there anything I can do?" The moment she spoke she regretted it. Deceived by the dim light, or rendered acter of the men along the water-front bet-

"Nothing, nothing," she moaned, "unless you could bring back my child."
"There, there, Emily," said the man,

some man or woman had mysteriously distake, her coming. They had plainly resented the intrusion. If only she could have done something for them, could have given them some testimony of her sympathy. To lose a little life that was part of your very own must be hard, but doubly hard when poverty and want are attendant upon sorrow. The room had been so bare. There was not a flower upon the coffin. There was not a flower upon the coffin.

Miss Vanderpool had been accustomed to see grief smothered in costliest offerings

that she had read with a curling lip that portion of the young engineer's argument before the harbor commissioners, when he see grief smothered in costliest offerings

She wished that she could get some pool, the last of her name, was about to and distant in all his bearing toward her;

just recovering from the shock of a severe them from a florist. Up in the great house she wished only for one of the large pointed buds, with its petals half unfolded, shut in a little bower of green leaves. But that was out of the question. Not even for this sacred purpose could she ask any favors

from the people in the house on the hill. A little later and there would be plenty of wild flowers outside the town. The violets always came first. Nay, it was already the last of April, and with the soft wind blowing and the clear sunshine of the past from all human interests; she had never two weeks, the violets must be already out. She quickened her steps at the thought. A narrow channel down the bluffs, on its way lonely death she had come to a knowledge to the sea. Near the foot of the bluffs there was a narrow bench of land stretching between the hills and the tide-lands, and there beside the brook she had gathered early spring violets since childhood. If she walked quickly she could easily get there and back again before the night had closed

through the business portion of the town. Walking swiftly along, looking to neither Oh, her life had been empty; empty. And right nor left, she was surprised to have the one human love that she might have some one accost her.

"Miss Vanderpool!" It was John Ashton, whom she had not seen since the day that she found her father's name dishonored and herself beggared and homeless. He had asked her to be his wife and she had refused. Was it because she had known him as a poor boy, born in the lowest walks of society, while the Vanderpools had inherited the wealth and high standing of many generations? Or was it because she elected to bear her poverty and disgrace alone? She flushed

now as she recognized him.
"One minute," he said.
"Not now. I can not wait," she insisted, and he stepped back without a

What could he wish to see her for? She remembered what he had said that time. "If you were rich and honored I should on her high-bred face. It was not a very have been too proud to address you." She genteel lodging house, and it was not in a had resented the speech then. Recalling very genteel quarter. The paint was off it now she could not help admitting that it in patches, and one of the taded green did honor to John Ashton. She was thinkblinds hung on a single hinge. The steps ing of John Ashton the boy, the little ragwere worn and the little front area was ged fellow who used to do chores about her used as a depository for wood and coal. father's house, picking up an education at glad that her delinquent lodger was alive, elbow and looked at him. Her eyes, althere were a pair of dirty faces at the public schools, devoting himself to her and said no word about the rent overdue. ways large, shone with an unnatural brillibasement windows, and outside of the door service on holidays. John Ashton the man Somebody had pulled the lounge, on which ance. He thought her exulting over her Sairy Ann, the Gorgon's eldest, watched was a separate entity, and she had never she lay, up to the stove, and there was a restoration to wealth and power. her depart with undisguised curiosity. trusted herself to analyze her impressions fire there, the first for many weeks, for her "I won't ask you for an answer now," A Certain Preventive from the Bite of Black Flies, Mos-Possibly she knew that Miss Vanderpool's of him. He was liked and trusted by all own fuel had given out in February, and he said; "perhaps you would better conrent for her single room, third story in the men, and very probably admired by worear, was a week overdue. She might men. She knew his errand to the place. have been stationed there as a spy by the He was a celebrated engineer now, and had ing on the stove, that sent such a delicious Gorgon, her mother, to see that no re- come down to take charge of a great pro- fragrance through the room? creant lodger contrived to slip off, bag ject for reclaiming the tide-lands. People and baggage, without a formal parting. called the enterprise "the march of im- ing something into a clumsy earthen cup She need not give herself any concern on Miss Vanderpool hated and handing it to her, "just you take this the march of improvement and did not care cup of coffee and bit of hot roll, and it'll flected. Her piano, the one article of for benefits to commerce, but liked best the value among her possessions, was much too | wide stretch of salt marshes with their rusty cumbrous to carry, and it was mortgaged vegetation, their black pools and flitting up to its full value. Why was it that peo- fogs. She was coming to them now, for ple never exhibited any conscience or honor her path lay along their border, and soon about their music-teacher's bills, as they she was beside them, and drew a long did about their butcher's and washer- breath, inhaling the fresh ocean with its woman's? Why was it that she, respected | briny swell. She looked out to sea, where and admired as the rich Miss Vanderpool, a luminous glow along the horizon comcould find no market for her accomplish- memorated the going down of the sun, and ments now that she must earn her daily sullen clouds above presaged the gathering bread? Why did every one take advan- of a storm. She hoped, with a feeling of tage of her and cheat her, down to the pity new to her, that it might be clear for pawnbroker who had lately taken the last an hour or two on the morrow, that the piece of jewelry saved from her financial burial of the little child might not be made wreck? She was faint and hungry, and a drearier by clouded skies and a driving gnawing pain that was new to her re- rain. Not far away, on the marsh, surminded her that she had lived on bread and rounded by broad pools which reflected the water for six weeks, and that she had been distant glow in the sky, she saw the tall on short rations for the last few days. If chimney of a steam derrick and a low, she had been a soldier, now, she could barge-like shape that seemed to be an- now? have withstood it right valorously, for chored in the mud. She did not give hernothing but the common way! The thought | the tiny brook she sought. But think a moment! Was it the right place? She hesi-She was walking down the street, lined tated for an instant in doubt and perplexity, with low cottages, when she stopped before then looked quickly about to determine her yard, gave evidence of some little refine- of her old home, just visible against the ment on the part of the occupants. But it | sky, and there off to the right, far beyond, was not this that attracted Miss Vander- were the harbor lights. Just a little further pool's attention. Floating from the door- on, then a sharp turn to the left, a climb knob, she beheld a little piece of thin white up the rocks to the little bench that lay becrepe, tied with narrow ribbon, the wan tween the bluffs and the shore, and she banner of sorrow. This was the cottage | should find the flowers. She pressed hur-

with their faint, sweet odor and their fresh

this very way of death, if she might. She Eastern winter. She had no money to buy had been tortured by one dread, over and magnificent climbing rose that she had she should have broken down and died in the riches that she had lost at this moment | shroud. Now no one would know, no one would care.

Oh, the terror of it! Not death. Many were there who would know her and greet it. her gladly; father, mother, brother, friends of her childhood—the only friends she had kept. But that last thought! To drop out and never be missed; to leave behind her not a human being who would care. answered him in kind. Why should she grieve over it now? She cared for human companionship or love.

But, oh God! she did care. She knew little brook ran through the town and cut a it now. Face to face with this terrible and of herself. Nursing her foolish pride and family traditions, measuring all the world by false standards, she had wronged her-self most of all. What was it that had so touched her in the humble home she had just left, breaking down the barriers of her own reserve, drawing her on and out of herself, until she longed to claim some little To reach lhe place the had to pass part in it? What was it but the glad and sacred atmosphere of pure family affection! had—she knew it now -would have made her a happy woman, she had scornfully re-jected. Oh, if she could only live her life over; if she could but take up its tangled half mirthful but wholly sarcastic. The threads again with clear vision and humbled Vanderpool estate! What had there been

> silently resigning herself to death with a rights! calmness and dignity befitting a Vanderpool. Now a prolonged and mournful cry went out over the marshes, startling the seagulls, which rose and wheeled aimlessly about against the darkening sky. The cry was taken up and answered far out on the marshes. There was a sudden commotion about the barge, lanterns flashed outside, and by their light she could see dark forms moving about. But she-she was sinking, sinking-

When she came to herself she was in her own little room. It was very quiet and comfortable. Her landlady flitted in and out, with a look of honest concern on her careworn face. So the world was not so hard, after all. She-the Gorgon-seemed she had been freezing ever since-freezing sult a lawyer. May I say to the company heart and body. And what was that brew- that you will give your answer in writing?"

set you up in no time. You've been looking peaked and miserable this long time. Folks that feeds theirselves don't take no proper care. I've been thinking, this long while, that if you'd just take your living along of me and give pianny lessons to my Sairy Ann-but I hardly dared ask it, you being sich a fine player and she having no instrument unless you'd maybe let her come up and practice times when you was in and could watch and see she didn't dirty the pearl keys or spile it-" Homely and rough as she was, there was a delicate flush on her thin cheek as she checked herself in her bold presumption.

would have acted as the child's nurse. asked it. The backbone of her pride was arms broken. But what was the woman saying

"And now, if you'll let me tidy up a bit, gentleman's been waiting to see you this

"The gentleman! What gentleman?" Miss Vanderpool was not used to callers. The landlady answered her inquiry.

"Why, who but him that saved you! Him that brought you here in his arms, looking like dead and all covered with mud-and a pretty sight you were, Miss Vanderpool. And awful work it was cleaning you up, if you be a lady!"

What made Miss Vanderpool's face natural gas. aflame and her heart beat so? It might be any one of a thousand men. There was no reason, no reason in the world, she told time when the famous Chinese wall was herself, why it should be any particular building, before the use of gas wells was

Yet, as luck would have it, it was John giving way beneath her feet, every step on the street. It was getting late, and he taken for the little brook was really an seaward he had gone down over the marsh, estuary of the sea, bordered by treacherous | both because he had some instruction to | regions, are carrying off not only "pig-tail" patting her kindly; "don't take on so. It's hard on all of us. We've got to bear it together."

Miss Vanderpool's eyes were wet as she went silently out of the room and closed the door behind her. It had been a mistake her comping. They had plainly not take her company were seeking to land which the company were seeking to she would discover him in turning back. He had been first to hear the wild, beseeching cry, and to realize its purport; to start out with a party of men provided with lanterns, planks, ropes, everything needful; to man a boat and row fiercely up the slough flooded at high tide, directly to the lanterns and friends she would discover him in turning back. He had been first to hear the wild, beseeching cry, and to realize its purport; to start out with a party of men provided with lanterns, planks, ropes, everything needful; to man a boat and row fiercely up the slough flooded at high tide directly to the lanterns and friends she would discover him in turning back. He had been first to hear the wild, beseeching cry, and to realize its purport; to start out with a party of men provided with lanterns, planks, ropes, everything needful; to man a boat and row fiercely up the slough flooded at high tide directly to the lanterns. Scores of people are dying daily with typhoid fever, diarrhea, dysentery, cholera-morbus, and infant summer complaints; all caused by poisonous gases and ferments, for the four of the room and closed dreams and because he leared lanterns and flooded at high tide directly to the lanterns and flooded at high tide directly to the lanterns and flooded at high tide directly to the lanterns.

see grief smothered in costliest offerings, and this little creature was going to her last rest without so much as a flower in her hands—the tiny hands that had thrown kisses to her but yesterday.

But John Ashton was not the man to cally.—Advt.

But John Ashton was not the man to cally.—Advt.

But John Ashton was not the man to cally.—Advt.

Claim any recompense for the service he had rendered. The more serious her peril, the greater risk he had run on her behalf, the greater risk he had run on her behalf, the more need that he should be delicate the more need that he should be delicate and distant in all his hearing toward her:

He—A sister? Lend me \$5.—Detroit flowers for that dead baby. It was April, succumb to this most unheroic destiny. It that he should try to make her forget he Free Press.

and there were none in the city gardens, was better so. She would have chosen had ever pressed any claims upon her. He would not have come now had he been his own free agent. She saw that the moment over again, during these years of poverty he opened the door, and shrank from her on the bluff that had been her home there and privation, and she gave a little hysteri- own thoughts. He surmised the look upon was a conservatory, and in it there was a cal laugh as she remembered it now. If her face, and interpreted it in his own way. So she disliked him so much that it galled planted herself, years gone by, and nurthe midst of her unsuccessful struggle she her to think that he had put her under such tured into a vigorous growth. Out of all had not the wherewithal to buy her funeral obligations. Well, well! If he had had time to consider, it might have been better to have left it to one of the men, or, at least to have concealed his own connection with

"You are feeling better, Miss Vander-

There was not a note in his voice beyond the ordinary requirements of courtesy. She

"Quite well now, I thank you. Won't had, of her own will, separated herself from all human interests; she had never cared for human companionship or love.

you be seated?" motioning him to a chair.
"I thank you." But he still remained standing, his hat in his right hand, his left hand-was it her fancy or were the fingers clenched?—hanging easily beside him.

"I came," he said, in a matter of fact way, "about a matter of business. I tried to speak to you on the street today. You were not willing to listen. You were right.

It was not the proper place."
"You mistook. It wasn't that. I was preoccupied; I couldn't have talked thenwith any one," she explained, hurriedly, and in a low voice. He scarcely noted her JAMES S. MAY. words and did not at all comprehend them, but went on, in a formal business way:

"A matter of business. I was authorized to conduct some negotiations with you. They concern the Vanderpool estate."

Weak as she was and broken as she was. she could not suppress a little laugh, only half mirthful but wholly sarcastic. The of it, since she came into possession of it, It was then that she sent up her first and | but an inextricable tangle of debt and litionly cry for help. Hitherto she had been gation, lapsed contracts, and forfeited

"Now that we have got ready for work we are in a position to negotiate for the tide-lands. There are seventy acres belonging to the Vanderpool estate. I am empowered to make you the following

He drew a paper from his pocket and named a sum which took Miss Vanderpool's breath away. Enough to restore the lost glory of the Vanderpools. Enough-more than enough-to buy back the old home where her mother had died and she was born; enough to restore her to the life of affluence to which she had been bred; enough to place her forever beyond the reach of the petty privations and racking cares that had sat so heavily upon her but vesterday. She raised herself up on one elbow and looked at him. Her eyes, al-

He was moving toward the door, not

even waiting for her answer, for he had de-"Now, my dear," said the Gorgon, pour- termined to give her no opportunity to

No woman ever speaks in such a way to a man she does not love, but the men do not always understand. John Ashton did not understand. He came back and stood by her side, looking down doubtfully into the shining eyes raised to his own, then turned quickly away. He was only a man, after all, and he had some bitter recollections to steal him against any betrayal of weakness. Besides, she was a rich woman now, richer than she had been in the days when he had assured her he would have been too proud to ask her to share his life.

"John are you going-so?" He understood then; slowly at first, with a dawning "Didn't dare ask it!" Miss Vanderpool comprehension of all the words meant to him and to her. Then heaven itself seemed scrubbed floors, washed dishes, if she had to open to him, as he gathered her into his

Had any other Vanderpool made overtures to the man she loved? Would the cheeks of dead and gone Vanderpools have reddened with mortification could they but have witnessed this shameless betrayal of her heart? Somehow Miss Vanderpool was so happy that she did not care. And as for Strawberries,

"It would have seemed like a curse if it had parted us, dear," she said .- Toronto Saturday Night.

### Worse than Dynamite.

Hardly a month passes but we read of terrible explosions, and loss of life from

One writer has raked up Chinese history, wherein it appears, that away back in the discovered, a terrible explosion took place.

The big wells in some way got the start Ashton! No, not luck. Chance rarely of the little ones, so that enormous volumes favors such men as he. All that they have of air were sucked down into those subteris won by hard endeavor, and persistent ranean magazines. When the air reached She pushed the gate open and went up the steps. A woman opened the door and led her to a darkened room. It was the custom of the neighborhood to give free admission to visitors at such a time. In a little white coffin law the wonger of the law the wonger of the little white coffin law the wonger of the law the wonger of the little white coffin law the wonger of the law the wonger Indiana and Kentucky, whereby that whole taking her deeper and deeper into a bot- had some old-fashioned notions, now almost vast region might be ripped up to the depth lap the remaining child, who had cried herself to sleep in his arms.

tonness ooze, ner leet drawn down and out of date, prejudicial to a woman's going a chasm for the waters about at night, unprotected, upon the of the great lakes to pour down into, self to sleep in his arms. tomless ooze, her feet drawn down and out of date, prejudicial to a woman's going of 1500 feet, leaving a chasm for the waters of the little brook. In a moment the full horror of the situation flashed upon her. Deceived by the dim light, or rendered acter of the men along the water-front betour whole country, not only in densely popup piteously, then shrank from the strange she had strayed further from the town than visitor.

she had strayed further from the town than she might meet in that wretched place at village houses as well, natural gases far ulated regions and cities, but in country and more dangerous than is found in the lake bogs, a portion of the great waste of tide- give to his foreman and because he feared Chinamen, but our own families and friends

He-A sister? Lend me \$5.—Detroit

# London House, RETAIL.

Gents' Summer Underwear,

In fine makes of Cashmere, Silk, Merino and Balbriggan.

### HALF HOSE, In SILK, MERINO and LISLE.

NEW PATTERNS

Summer Scarfs, Collars and Cuffs, LATEST STYLES.

Charlotte Street. W. ROBERT MAY

# JAMES S. MAY & SON,

Merchant Tailors, 84 Prince William Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount

## Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is Given to this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person. Prices low.

> WM. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street.

# MOSQUITOBANE.

quitoes, Etc. Not Injurious to the Skin. No Unpleasant Odor. Prepared by A. C. SMITH & CO., St. John, N. B.

TESTIMONIAL.

S. W. Miramichi River, July 9th, 1884. refer to the events of the day. He was arrested by a single word:

"John!"

S. W. Miramiem River, only can be supported to the events of the day. He was arrested by a single word:

"John!"

S. W. Miramiem River, only can be supported to the events of the supported to the efficacy of your preparation of Mosquitobane.

We have used others of acknowledged merit and we have used others of acknowledged merit and the supported to the efficacy of your preparation of the at-E. W. ELLIOTT . . . Proprietor. tacks of mosquitoes, black flies and other pests.
We consider it invaluable to sportsmen and others

who visit our forests and streams. ALEX. H. WOOD, Wm. Magee, Wm. F. Bunting,

### GILBERT BENT & SONS.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Flour, Teas,

Fish, Sugars, Salt, Tobaccos

And everything in the line of STAPLE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

# 6. 7 and 8 South Market Wharf CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

ST. JOHN, N. B. To Arrive Today:

Tomatoes,

Squash,

Bananas,

Pine Apples.

84 King Street.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

T. J. McPHERSON,

181 UNION STREET, GROCER.

FRUITS A SPECIALTY. SAMUEL TUFTS,

General Grocer, FRUITS, ETC.

TEA and COFFEE a specialty. Ex No. 126 and 128 Germain, Corner Princess street. Strawberries, Bananas,

Oranges, And other seasonable FRUIT, by every boat from Boston. For sale by

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS. THOS. L. BOURKE,

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street.

She-No, Mr. Brown, you need not Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine.

## ROYAL HOTEL.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

### T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. VICTORIA HOTEL,

(FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK - - - Proprietor.

# Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor. Hawarden Hotel,

Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts.,

ST. JOHN, N. B. WM. CONWAY . . Proprietor

Terms, \$1 Per Day.

## BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly op posite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of harge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.

J. SIME, Proprietor.

# PARK HOTEL,

Having lately been REFITTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort. TERMS-\$1.50 and \$2.

E. H. WHITE, Proprietor, King Square, St. John, N. B.

HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS - Proprieto FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

QUEEN

## ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents.

KING STREET RESTAURANT.

MR. W. A. LANG Informs his numerous patrons and the public that he has opened a

First Class Eating Saloon

TRINITY BLOCK,

where he will be pleased to see everybody. The coolest rooms, the choicest meals, and the best attendance in the city.

### 94 King Street. R. J. LANG, Manager BUSINESS MEN,

Are the Best

AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best the market affords always on hand. P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street,

### Opposite Market Building. CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK.

DINNER A SPECIALTY

Beef, Mutton,

Spring Lamb, Veal,

Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash. SUGAR CURED HAMS.

Lard. Bacon,

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market-CHOICE

# ENGLISH CHEESE. I Case STILTON Cheese;

WILTSHIRE Cheese; Round DUTCH Cheese; CHEDDAR Cheese.

N. B.—Rhubarb, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Etc., Etc. P. S.-COCA JELLY-the Queen of

Table Jellies. FOR SALE AT

GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.'S Up-Town Store, 50 King Street.