Much must be borne which it is hard to bear, Much given away which it were sweet to keep. God help us all! who need, indeed, His care; And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now | DI 19 01 Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer. He has his father's eager eyes, I know, And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee, And I can feel his light breath come and go, I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!) Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago. Who might have been * * ah, what I dare not

think! We all are changed. God judges for us best. God help us do our duty and not shrink,

And trust in heaven humbly for the rest. But blame us women not, if some appear Too cold at times and some too gay and light. Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to

bear. Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,

And not by what we are, too apt to fall! My little child-he sleeps and smiles between These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know

TWO FRESHMEN.

-Owen Meredith.

The Professor's Strange Adventure.

There is a college in a part of the country which Eastern young folks would call the West, and little Westerners the East, which has a great many queer things about it. Perhaps the queerest thing of all about lead the prisoner straight to the lock-up. this college is its strict rules. The boys are not allowed to walk with the girls—for Harry and went home. There he had a there are lots of girls at the college, and

other rules that I cannot attempt to write about them. Now, it happened that once upon a time

year he was one of the freshmen, of course. fellow, and there was not much danger that all. In the chapel, and in the recitation rooms, these two freshmen saw one another, of course, and it so happened that the boyfreshman thought that he would like to get and if she couldn't have real ones like Miss acquainted with the girl-freshman. This Rose, why she kept artificial ones that were was not very surprising, for the girl was very pretty, and perhaps she looked like one of the boy's sisters. But I am not things, he didn't look like a professor at sure about that, for the student who told me this story forgot to say anything about the boy's family, or to tell me whether he had any sisters. Yet it is very likely that road, where the freshman had asked the he had, for a great many boys do have

very often, and I am told that she, after a until he grew stiff and sore, for the turf while, began to look back at him. Perhaps was both damp and hard. It seemed a it was because he was a nice looking boy, long time before he heard footsteps. It and perhaps she had a brother of whom must be the boy, he thought, and up he this boy reminded her. But I cannot be jumped to see where the policeman was. sure of this part of the story, for I never

heard about ber family either. A month or so after college began, the boy made up his mind to get acquainted He looked up and saw the professor. with the girl. He would have liked to be "Aha!" cried he; "come out of the introduced to her, but there was that rule in the way which forbade it; and so it came about that he boldly wrote a note to the girl, asking her to take a walk with got orders to take you in, and in you're him that evening, just after supper. There was a very pleasant road on the outskirts of the little town, where the college is, and he asked her to meet him there. Of course it was wrong for him to write the note, but if boys and girls never made mistakes, what a tiresome kind of world we would live in! Why, we should never have a tomorrow." chance to laugh in school, and that would be terrible, wouldn't it? Well, the boy wrote the note and sent it, but just as the girl received it, and was reading it, along came a strict professor, whom we will call Professor Blank, although you understand that that is not his real name.

"What have you there, Miss Rose?" he We will call the girl Miss Rose, because a rose is a pretty flower, and the boy used to think that the girl had one of these flowers in each cheek. Of course, you understand that it wasn't a real rose, but perhaps the boy was a little near-sighted and

thought it was. "Nothing," said Miss Rose, in answer to the professor's question. "Only a piece of paper."
"Humph!" said the professor. "Only a

piece of paper, eh? And what is on the

Now, at this the girl began to blush until, if the boy could have seen her then, he must have thought that she had learned scrape. There was just one chance to get the rose multiplication table. You probably have noticed that girls often blush—
that is, young girls do. I have been told
that they outgrow it in time, and then they
wish they could do it again sometimes,
although, when they were younger, their blushes used to embarrass them dreadfully. Just why all this should be so nobody knows, although a great many wise men

But we must get back to the story. When Miss Rose stood silent, the professor

have tried to find out at various times.

came into her eyes. That made the professor all the more determined, and he pulled the note out of her hands. Then he read it through twice.

"This is a pretty business, Miss," he said. "Flirting! Right under my nose, too, if I may use such a common expression. It must be punished—punished severely! Come with me, Miss Rose, and we'll attend to this young gen-

So he took her to his study, and sat her down at a desk, and told her to write a note to the boy, as he dictated it.

"Now," said he, "write this: 'Dear Harry.' You call him 'Dear Harry,' don't you?"

At this the girl began to cry. "I don't

call him anything, sir," she gasped. "I never spoke to him."
The professor got a little less fierce when he heard this, but it didn't alter his plan to

punish the boy. "Well," he said, "perhaps I have misjudged you. But, at any rate, write as I bid you. Perhaps we will omit the 'Dear Harry."

Oh, I don't mind writing 'Dear Harry,'" said Rose. "If you tell me to do so it must be right."

The professor grew a little red in the face at this. Then he grew stern, and said:
"Well, write a note after your own fashion accepting the invitation, but omit 'Dear

Rose wrote this: I will be there .- R.

When the professor saw it he fairly gasped. "Oh, these times!" he cried. "I will be there! Here, Miss, let me show you how a young lady forty years ago would have written such a reply to an invitation." And the professor dietated, and Rose

wrote this: Miss Rose accepts with pleasure Mr. Harry's flattering invitation to perambulate the suburbs with him this evening, and begs permission to inform him that she will be present at the appointed place at the appointed hour.

"That," said the professor, "is an answer such as any youth should be flattered to receive. Now, Miss Rose, go to your room and stay there until chapel to-morrow morning. I will see that the young man gets this note."

And Miss Rose went away; but she seemed a good deal happier as she said to

"I know he will see that I never wrote such a note of my own accord, and will keep it out of the way.

The next thing Professor Blank did was to go down town, hunt up the village policeman, and tell him to arrest anybody very nervous afternoon. It would never do pretty ones, too-and there are so many to let such a breaking of the rules go unpunished, and for a long time he worried over the case. Then he made up his mind Now, it happened that once upon a time to see that Master Harry was arrested, at a boy went to this college, and the first all events. It would never do for the boy to escape, and to make sure of his capture, He was to be a freshman for just a year, the professor decided to be present. But if he studied hard, but if he was lazy, he how was he to be there and yet not be seen might be a freshman for two years. It is not considered proper, though, to be a —you see even peaceable professors are -you see even peaceable professors are freshman two years, although it sometimes struck that way sometimes—and he began happens so. But this boy was a bright to disguise himself like an old tramp. He he would take more than a year to become moths had eaten big holes, and a very tatto the college at the same time, and she, some coal-dust on his cheeks, and to finish by friction, the heat and consequent danger. ueer to call his work he touched up his nose with a a girl a man, isn't it? There must be pink substance he found in a little silver is a tall tube with spiral vanes attached, something wrong about the college after box. Where did he find the box? It grieves me to say that it was in his wife's room, a fact which is puzzling, isn't it?

Perhaps, though, she had a liking for roses, all; he looked like a tramp, and a very bad one at that. He walked out of town by back streets and hid behind a hedge by the other freshman to meet him. Now, so anxious was Professor Blank, that he got there Well, this boy used to look at this girl ahead of time, and had to lie on the ground

> But it wasn't the boy at all. It was the policeman. The policeman heard the hedge rustle.

"Aha!" cried he; "come out of that!" "No; I don't want that rascal boy to see me," said the professor.

"Never you mind who sees you. I've going. The professor forgot his disguise. He

held back, expostulating, until the police-man grabbed him by the collar and pulled him over the hedge into the road. "Officer," cried the poor man, "you'll repent this insult. I'll have you discharged

"Oh, you will, hey? Well, you just

come along with me, and when you get through explaining who robbed Jones's henroost last night, you can attend to me." "Sir, I am the professor of the college.

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, you look like one. Where'd you get that nose? Latin and Greek didn't make that sunset color, I bet; but I know what did."

the professor jumped back at the word, for he never drank any liquor, the officer

thought he was trying to escape.

"That's your game is it?" he said, and he slipped a pair of handcuffs over his victim's wrists. The professor tried to explain who he was, but it was all in vain, and the policeman half led, half dragged him toward the centre of the town. Things were getting very bad indeed for the professor. How the students would laugh at him, he thought, if they ever heard of this out of it.

"Officer," said he, "I'll give you \$10 to let me go.

"Halloo!" cried the policeman. "Bribery, eh? What do you mean? An old tramp like you ain't got no money. You come along!" But as he pulled the professor's collar the

cloth of the old coat gave way. The professor heard the rip and gave a wild jump. Off came the coat-collar and the teacher ran away as fast as he could, with the officer in became suspicious and tried to take the hot pursuit. Down a side street they turned paper away from her. hot pursuit. Down a side street they turned and as the professor ran, he saw an open "Oh, please don't!" she cried, and tears | gate. It was the gate of his own back yard, and as he ran into the yard he managed to shut the gate behind him. His wife had just finished cutting the handcuffs with a file she found in the house, when the officer

came up to the front door. "Sorry to disturb you, professor," said he, "but as I was taking the wust looking old tramp you ever saw to the lockup he got away from me and hid in your back yard. I'd like to look for him there, for he can't

have got far away."

By this time the professor had managed to slip on another coat, and in the dark hall his dirty face was not noticed by the visitor.
"Certainly, look as you please," said
Professor Blank; "but I don't believe

you'll find him there."

Of course the policeman didn't find the table.—Exchange.

tramp, and went away much mystified. But what did the professor do to Miss Rose and Master Harry?

Nothing at all. He was glad enough to let the matter drop right there.

And why didn't Master Harry keep his appointment and fall into the policeman's

That was because he couldn't get away from his boarding house in time, and when he did get to the road, the professor had been led off by the officer. But what happened to Master Harry and

Miss Rose afterwards? Oh, they were regularly introduced during one of the vacations, and had many a laugh over the professor's scrape, for it all leaked out in some way. They graduated together, and now they have a boy they are going to send to the college in about a dozen years. You see they were married after all, and, what is more, the professor was at the wedding .- W. T. Nichols, in Portland Advertiser.

FORMIDABLE VESSELS.

The New Cruiser and Monitor That Our Neighbors Have Built.

[Lieut. Fullman in the American Magazine.]

The Vesuvius was launched at Cramp's ship-yard April 28, and is intended to demonstrate the practicability of using Capt. Zalinski's dynamite gun afloat in naval warfare. She is a small, mastless vessel of 725 tons displacement, long and arrowlike, drawing only 9 feet of water, and with powerful twin screw triple expansion engines designed to give a speed of 20 knots. Her ength is 252 feet, and breadth 26 feet. A small central superstructure and thinlyarmored coming tower are built upon the upper deck, which is 5 feet above the water

The after part of the ship is devoted to the quarters of the captain and officers, the middle compartments to the engines and boilers, and the forward compartments to the crew and the three 15-inch dynamite guns, which are built into the ship at a fixed elevation of 18 degrees, projecting FALL and above the upper deck, near the bow, and extending down nearly to the keel. The angle of elevation has been recently increased from 16 degrees to 18 degrees to diminish the chances of ricochet, and thus insure the torpedo action of the shell. The guns are side by side and must be pointed by the helm, the steam steering-gear and twin screws contributing quick turning power. The guns are smooth bores, 54 feet long, made in sections of thin cast iron put on an old hat, a torn coat in which the It is as yet thought best not to rifle these guns, as it would cause additional strain a sophomore. It happened that a girl went | tered pair of trousers. Then he rubbed upon the gun and projectile, and increase,

> To keep the shell steady in its flight there which act much on the principle of the feather on an arrow. The shell is made of thin drawn brass tubing and is 1334 inches in diameter and about 7 feet long, exclusive of the tall tube. The operation of loading is very simple. Compressed air is the firing medium. A storage reservoir near the keel contains air at a pressure of 1,000 pounds a square inch. From the storage reservoir the air is admitted to the firing reservoir near the breech of the gun. A valve admits the air from the firing reservoir to the gun barrel in the rear of the shell and starts the latter on its journey. The man at the firing lever controls the valve, so that it may be opened to any extent he may desire, thus regulating the amount of air that is to be admitted to the gun barrel. The greater the amount admitted, the greater will be the range of the projectile. Experiments will readily determine the size of the opening for any desired range, thus bringing the gun under the complete control of the

The armor of the Puritan is thicker than that of two-thirds of the armored ships of France and England, from which it will be seen that she is by comparison a formidable ship. Another point is that the Puritan presents such a small target for the enemy's guns. Her sides, only 30 inches out of water, will be difficult to hit, and her turrets, circular in shape and only 9 feet above the water line, present but little surface. Foreign ironclads, particularly those that have more armor than the Puritan, have immense hulls from 20 to 30 feet out of the water, thus presenting a target about ten times as large as the Puritan. The latter will evidently have a great advantage in this respect, since most shot that strike short will ricochet harmlessly over the deck, whereas they would pierce the side of any other vessel. The monitors are comparatively slow, the speed varying from 11 to 13 knots, but being intended merely for coast defence, speed is not so important, since their light draught, 14 to 18 feet, en-"What?" What?" gasped the professor.
"Whiskey!" said the policeman: and as and thus choose their distance from more powerful opponents.

He Would Remember.

The husband stood at the door, hat in hand, and spoke with a tinge of impatience "I am waiting, Maria," he said, "for my

customary good-by kiss."
"I kissed you only a moment ago, John," eplied the wife. "Why, so you did, my love," said John, outting on his hat, "so you did."

"If I smoked as nasty a pipe as you do," said Maria, "you would have no difficulty in remembering my kisses."—Chicago Tri-

A Christian Spirit.

Mr. Isaacstien: "I sells you dot coat, my frent, for sayventeen tollar; you dake Customer: I thought, Isaacstein, that

you didn't do business on Saturday. Isn't Mr. Isaacstein (in a low reverent tone of JAMES S. MAY & SON, this your Sunday? voice): My frent to sell a coat like that for sayventeen tollor vas not business; dot vas

charity. — Texas Siftings.

Magistrate (to small witness)-"Do you know what becomes of people who swear to what is not true?" Small Witness--"Yes, sir; dey skips for

Magistrate-"Swear the witness."-New

Seedy party (to bartender) :- Whiskey, Bartender-What kind, friend? Seedy party—Gimme the same as the feller had wot's lyin' under the billiard Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

He Liked the Results.

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PRIZE LIST.

HORSES.

Stallions, foals of 1886...... Stallions, foals of 1887.....

Mares, 4 years and upwards....

Mares, foals of 1885..... Mares, foals of 1886.....

12 Foals of 1888, colts or fillies..... \$20 \$12 \$8

DIVISION 6.-Produce of Clydesdale Stallions.

DIVISION 7.-Produce of Percheron Stallions.

Foals of 1887, colts or fillies..... \$20 \$12

DIVISION 8.—Carriage Mares.

DIVISION 9.-Draft Horses.

DIVISION 10.—Horses shown to Harness (not Stallions.)

Matched pair of carriage horses 15 10 Carriage mare or gelding...... 15 10 (In Classes 32 and 33, both horses must be

owned by the same person.)

DIVISION 11 .- Saddle Horses.

32 Matched pair of draft horses.... \$15 \$10
33 Matched pair of carriage horses 15 10
34 Carriage mare or gelding...... 15

35 Horse, mare or gelding...... \$10

Foals of 1887, colts or fillies \$20 \$12

DIVISION 5 .- Produce of Shire Stallions.

13 Foals of 1888, colts or fillies.... \$20 \$12

15 Foals of 1888...... 20

17 Foals of 1888 20

18 Carriage mare, with foal at foot. \$10 19 Carriage mare, foal of 1885..... 10

Carriage mare, foal of 1886.....

Stallions, foals of 1887.....

Mare, 4 years and upwards.....
Mare, foals of 1885.....
Mare, foals of 1886.....

Colt or filly, foal of 1888.....

21 Carriage mare, foal of 1887..... 22 Colt or filly, foal of 1888.....

CATTLE. DIVISION 1.—Produce of Harry Wilkes (1886) DIVISION 12.-Shorthorns. 1 Foals of 1888, colts or fillies \$25 \$18 Bulls, 3 years and upwards.... \$10 Bulls, 2 years and under 3..... 8 Bulls, 1 year and under 2..... 6 DIVISION 2.—Produce of Standard and Bred Trotting Horses. Stallions, 4 years and upwards. \$20 \$12 \$8 Stallions, foals of 1885...... 15 10 Cow, 2 years and under 3...... Heifer, 1 year and under 2..... Heifer calf.....

DIVISION 13.-Ayrshires. Bulls, 3 years and upwards..... \$10 DIVISION 3.-Produce of Thoroughbred Horses. Bulls, 1 and under 2..... Bull calf..... Cows, 3 years and upwards..... 11 Foals of 1888, colts or fillies..... \$15 \$10 \$5 DIVISION 4.—Produce of Cleveland Bays or Coach Horses.

14 Cows, 2 years and under 3..... 15 Cows, 1 year and under 2..... 16 Heifer calf..... DIVISION 14.-Jerseys. Bulls, 3 years and upwards \$10 Bulls, 2 years and under 3...... Bulls, I year and under 2...... Cows, 2 years and under 3.....

Cows, 1 year and under 2.....

DIVISION 15 .- Polled Norfolk. 25 Bulls, 3 years and upwards..... \$10 26 Bulls, 2 years and nnder 3...... 8 Bulls, 1 year and under 2..... Bull calf.... Cows, 3 years and upwards..... Cows, 2 years and under 3..... Cows, 1 year and under 2.....

DIVISION 16.-Polled Angus.

 Bulls, 3 years and upwards.....
 \$10

 Bulls, 2 years and under 3.....
 8

 Bulls, 1 year and under 2.....
 6

Bull calf..... Cows, 3 years and upwards..... Cows, 2 years and under 3...... Cows, 1 year and under 2...... 40 Heifer calf.....

DIVISION 17 .- Miscellaneous. Best grade milch cow...... \$10

General Conditions:

Entries close on SATURDAY, 29th September, 1888, and must be made to W. P. Flewelling, Fredericton, from whom blank forms for entry may be had on application. A fee of 50 cents must accompany each entry. All cattle entered for competition, except in Classes Nos. 41, 42, 43, must be duly registered in the New Brunswick Herd Book, or some other recognized register, and a certified pedigree

with the entry.
In Divisions 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, a certificate from C. H. Lugrin, Secretary for Agriculture, will be accepted as proof of breeding.

All animals intended for exhibition must be on the grounds by nine o'clock, a. m., on the first day of the Fair, and they must not be removed from the Show Grounds during the continuance of the Fair, without the permission of the President.

All animals entered for competition must be owned in New Brunswick.

Comfortable boxes and stalls will be furnished for all animals exhibited, and hay, straw and water will be furnished by the Association. All other expenses in connection with exhibits must be borne by the

No awards will be given where the animals exhibited are not considered meritorious.

Animals shall be paraded for inspection at such times and places as the Judges or the President may order, and animals not paraded at the proper time and place may, at the discretion of the judges, be ruled Arrangements for reduced rates of transportation of all animals intended for Exhibition have been made with all Railway and Steamboat lines.

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary.

A. A. STERLING, President Fredericton Park Association. FREDERICTON, N. B., 21st August, 1888.

The Book of the Season.'

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