"IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW."

Ere country ways had turned to street, And long ere we were born, A lad and lass would chance to meet, Some merry April morn; The willows bowed to nudge the brook, The cowslips nodded gay, And he would look, and she would look, And both would look away,

Yet each-and this is so absurd-

Would dream about the other.

And she would never breathe a word

To that good dame, her mother. Our girls are wiser now. 'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange, Extremely strange, you must allow. Dear me! how modes and customs change! It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass Would rearrange her hair, And ponder long before the glass Which bow she ought to wear; E And often she'd neglect her task, And seldom care to chat,

And make her mother frown, and ask, "Why do you blush like that?" And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow That mead with cowslips yellow, Down which she met a week ago That stupid, staring fellow.

Our girls are wiser now. 'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange, Extremely strange, you must allow. Dear me! how modes and customs change! It could not happen now.

He'd hardly close an eye, And look so woe-begone and sad, He'd make his mother cry. "He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse! My boy, so blithe and brave, Last night I found him writing verse About a lonely grave!"

And as for him, that foolish lad,

And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shock With laugh and song and caper; And there !- she'd find a golden lock Wrapped up in tissue paper. Our boys are wiser now.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange, Extremely strange, you must allow. Dear me! how modes and customs change!

It could not happen now. -Frederick Langbridge, in Good Words.

THE LION LOVER.

An Arab Legend With a Moral.

"I killed the lioness," said Gerard, "on the 19th of July, and from the 19th to the 27th I hunted in vain for a lion. I was in my tent that night with eight or ten Arabs, some of whom I had brought with me, and others the inhabitants of the douair where I was. We sat there talking." "What about?"

"Of lions, of course! When you are lion hunting you never talk of anything but terrible mouth of the lion touched Aissa's woman of his tribe was the heroine."

"And the lion the hero?" "Yes, a lion."

"Let us have the legend, especially if it is very terrible." "Terrible and philosophic. Arabs are

the best philosophers in the world—that is, practical philosophers."
"I am listening."

"Well, then, some hundred years before I came to the tribe, there happened to be in that very tribe an exceedingly disdainful young girl, not disdainful because her father was richer than the others, as her father had nothing but his tent, his horse and his gun, but she was a great beauty, and hence her disdain.

"One day when she was cutting faggots in a neighboring forest she met a lion. Her only weapon was a small hatchet, but no hatchet nor dagger nor gun would have been of any use against such a powerful, fierce and majestic lion. She began to tremble in all her limbs and try to cry for help, but could make no sound, and she thought every moment that the lion would make the sign to follow him, that he might eat her up at his leisure in some favorite spot, for lions are not only lovers of good cheer, but they might even be called dainty. It is not enough for them just to feed, but they choose to feed under conditions which please their senses and satisfy the fine fibres of their organization."

"That is all very true, my dear Gerard, but you said something that I do not under-"What was that?"

"You said she thought every moment that the lion would make her the sign to follow him." "Yes, I said so."

"Well!"

"Ask Amida whether the lion takes the trouble to carry off an Arab when he meets Amida shook his head and raised his

eyebrows, as much as to say: "He is no such fool as that." I insisted on further explanation, and

Amida made me understand by gestures that the lion is a magnetizer, far stronger, even, than Mesmer himself. A lion looks at a man, charms him, puts him to sleep, makes him follow, and when the man comes out of his sleep he is eaten up.

It will be easily understood why I felt I must get at the bottom of this tradition.

Amida then told us plainly that one day, in company with a friend, he met a lion. The hon tried to fascinate both of them. But the charm which worked perfectly on his friend, only half conquered him, and retaining some self-possession he did all he could to persuade his unfortunate hypnotized friend not to obey the terrible hypnotizer, but neither prayers nor entreaties, nor holding him by his burnous, were any avail. The Arab traveled off, following the lion. Amida, seeing this, half intoxicated by the spell himself, half inclined to follow as he was, managed, however, to

turn the other way. This point being settled to my satisfaction, and the truth of the legend admitted,

The young girl then, shaking and trembling, stood still, expecting the lion to make her the sign to follow, when, quite the contrary, to her great astonishment.

A month passed, and the young girl the contrary, to her great astonishment she saw the lion come towards her. He smiled at her, lion fashion, and made her a

bow, as lions bow. She crossed her hands over her breast and said:

"My lord, what do you want of your humble servant?"

The lion answered her quite as Voltaire's Crosman might have done.

"So beautiful a person as you, Aissa, can be only queen, not a servant." Aissa was charmed by the sweet tone the lion's voice had taken in speaking to her,

who saw her for the first time she thought, should know her name.

"How does it happen that you know my name, my lord?" asked the young girl. "The air which is in love with you, and which, after passing through your hair, carries its perfume to the rose, calls 'Aissa'; the water in love with you when it has bathed your lovely feet, trickles through the moss of my cave, and calls 'Aissa'; the bird that is jealous of you since

he heard you sing, sings no more himself and dies of despair, murmuring 'Aissa.' The young girl reddened with pleasure, pretended to pull her hair over her face, but in doing so it opened wider, so that the lion could gaze at his ease.

Be the flatterer lion or fox, you see the result is always the same, flatter he a young girl or a cross.

The lion, who until then had hesitated to approach Aissa, drew near, and as he saw her grow pale at his terrible nearness, he said in his most tender and anxious voice:

"What is the matter, Aissa?" The young girl wanted to say, "I am afraid of you, my lord," but she did not dare, and only said:

"The Tourages are not far off, and I am afraid of the Tourages." The lion smiled, after the fashion of the

"When you are with me you need fear

nothing. "But," said the young girl, "I shall not always have the honor of your company. It is late, and it is a long walk to my father's tent."

"I will accompany you then." She accepted the offer, and the lion approached and offered his mane. The young girl leaned on it, and they both set off side by side in the direction of the tent of Aissa's father.

On the way they met frightened gazelles, crouching hyenas and men and women who fell on their knees.

But the lion said to the gazelles, "Do not run away"; to the hyenas, "Be not afraid"; to the men and women, "Rise, for the sake of this young girl who is my beloved, I will do you no harm." And the gazelles flew no longer, the

hyenas were not afraid, and the men and women arose, and looked with amazement at the lion and the young girl, and asked each other, in the language of gazelles, of hyenas, or men, if this lion and this

young girl were making a pilgrimage to Mecca to worship the tomb of Mahomet. In this way Aissa and her tawny com-panion reached the douair. When they were only a few steps from her father's tent, which was the first in the village, the lion stopped, and asked, with all the courtesy of an accomplished cavalier, permission to kiss her.

The young girl held out her face and the rosy lips.

Then he signed her good-by, and sat down, as though he intended to wait in order to be quite sure that no accident should come to her before she entered her

The young girl looked back two or three times, and saw the lion still sitting in the same place. Then she went into the tent.

"Ah, here you are at last," cried her father. "I was getting uneasy." The young girl smiled.

"I teared you had had some unfortunate encounter. But here you are, and that is proof that I am wrong.

"To tell the truth, father, instead of an unfortunate encounter I have had a fortunate one."

"What happened to you?"
"I met a lion."

In spite of Arab impassibility Aissa's father grew pale.
"A lion?" cried he, "and he did not de-

"On the contrary, he was most complimentary, praised my beauty, offered to accompany me home, and, in fact he has just

brought me back." The Arab thought his daughter had gone "Impossible," said he.

"Why impossible." "Of course it is impossible. Do you exany such gallantry as that?"

"I can convince you of it."
"How can you do that?" "Come to your tent door and you will see him sitting where I left him or on his way back to the mountain."

"Wait till I get my gun."
"What for?" said the proud young woman, "are you not with me?"

Pulling her father by the burnous, she took him to the door of the tent. But the lion was no longer on the place where she had left. She looked in the direction whence they had come, but saw

nothing. "Oh, you were dreaming," said the Arab, going back to his tent. "Father, I vow to you I was not. I can

see him yet." "What was he like?" "He was about four feet tall and seven

"And a magnificent mane."

"Shining eyes as yellow as gold." "What else?" "Ivory teeth, but-"

The young girl hesitated. "But what?" repeated the Arab. She lowered her voice. "His mouth had a dreadful smell."

She had no sooner said these words than terrible roar was heard behind the tent, then another about five hundred feet off, and then another, at least a quarter of a mile away—
Then, nothing more.

There had not been more than a minute between each roar. It was plain that the lion, desiring to hear what the young lady thought of him, had come behind the tent

A month passed, and the young girl thought no more of the lion, except to tell her adventure to her friends. At the end of that time some faggots were wanted, and she went back to the same place with her hatchet. She had cut a bundle and had tied them up, when she heard a light sound behind her and looked around. The lion

sat gazing at her about four steps off.
"Good morning, Aissa," said he, in a dis-

"Good morning," answered Aissa, trembling a little, for she remembered what she had said about her protector's breath; and and much astonished that so handsome a it seemed to her she could hear the triple lion, whom she did not know at all, and roar, which had followed her unlucky revel-

Dyspepsia

April 20, 1889 p. 1 bottom

Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequaled.

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ation. "Good morning, my lord. Can I do anything for your service?"

"Yes, you can do me a service." "What may it be?"

"Come near me." Aissa went nearer, but felt very uncomfortable. "Here I am."

"Very well, now raise your hatchet," She obeyed. "Very well, now give me a cut on the

"But, my lord, you do not think-"
"Yes, I do think, and I think much."

"But, I shall hurt you." "What does that matter." "Do you really wish it?"

"I really wish it." The young girl struck conscientiously, and the hatchet left a bloody line between

the lion's eyebrows. "Thank you, Aissa," said the lion. In three bounds he had disappeared into the forest.

"And he never offered to walk home with me today." said the young girl, rather hurt in her turn. But she reached home without accident. It is needless to say that this second ad-

venture was told as the sequel to the first; but although there were many wise commentaries, the intention of the lion remained a mystery to even the talebs. ting down the first branches for the bundle of faggots a bush parted in front of her

and the lion appeared, not gracious, as he was the first time; not melancholy, as he had been the second, but somber, and almost menacing. The young girl wanted to run, but a look from the lion made her unable to stir. He drew nearer to Aissa. She would have fallen had she tried to take

"Look well at my forehead," said the

"But my lord must remember that he nimself ordered me to strike." "Yes, and I thanked you for it. I ask

ou to look at my wound." "How does it look?"

"Finely, my lord; it is nearly healed."
"That proves, Aissa," said the lion,
"that a wound to the body is very different
from a wound to pride; the former closes sooner or later; the later, never." This philosophic axiom was followed by a

piercing cry, and then nothing more. The lion had passed from platonic to carnivor-Three days later Aissa's father searching

the woods for some trace of her, found near some blood stains the little hatchet that she used for cutting wood. But of Aissa nothing more was ever heard .- Alexandre Dumas.

pect me to believe that a lion is capable of A PARROT IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

Its Remarks While a Hungry Boarder Was Dining Caused Him to Settle and Quit.

A very garrulous parrot is owned by a woman who keeps a boarding house in the southern part of Scranton. During meal hours the talkative bird is not allowed to stay in the dining room, for it makes so much noise that the boarders can't hear themselves think, much less what one boarder tries to say to the others. So, just before the bell is rung, poll's cage is hung out in the kitchen, and, after the table has been cleared off, it is put back again. Not long ago one of the young men boarders was unusually late to his dinner. His absence at the regular meal had not been noticed, and the mistress of the house, sup-posing that all of her boarders had dined, ordered the girl to hang the parrot in the dining room. The girl did so, and pretty soon the belated boarder came in and told the waiter girl that he was uncommonly hungry. He duplicated his first order and took plenty of time to eat it, the girl stay-ing in the kitchen when she wasn't waiting For 20 minutes the parrot kept as still

as a mouse. Then it began to screech and yell at a great rate, and, when it had got its voice in good working order it sang

"John, come here! John, come here Fannie, come on up! Fannie, come on up!"
John and Fannie are members of the

household, and the parrot, after having yelled their names for a while, changed the tone of its voice a little, stuck its bill out of the cage, looked down on the solitary feeder, and went on in this way:

stop!"
Poll kept this up for two or three

minutes, and then changed its tone again and sang out: "Go it, go it, go it, go it!" for two minutes more, when it gave another series

of screeches and yelled: "Do let up, do let up, do let up! Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop!" until it got out of wind. By this time the boarder was mad. He

called the girl out of the kitchen and asked: "Where's the mistress?" "Down stairs, I guess."
"Well, go'n tell her I want to see her."
W. Bowen,
Ohio.—Advt.

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BECAUSE so many of our Glove customers in the City, and others by letter order from different parts of the Provinces, have expressed a desire to have OUR WONDERFUL "TANT MIEUX" KID GLOVE made with the Modern American Laced Fastenings (in place of Buttons), we have induced the two Manufacturing Houses of FRANCE and GERMANY (for whom we are the selling AGENTS), to make for us a large stock of these LACED KID GLOVES, and the goods are already upon our counters at 74c. a pair. They are at once UNIQUE and CONVENIENT.

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Any Lady forming a CLUB, and ordering Twelve Pairs at one time (remitting P. O. order), will receive one additional pair for herself free of charge, and the whole or a single pair will be sent carriage paid to any address. Should any prove worthless, The coppers shall drop right back again "To Jingle in your little Plush Bag."

FAIRALL & SMITH.

boarder what he wanted to see her for. "How much do I owe you?" he in-"Why, you don't owe me for a week

yet. I'm in no hurry for the money." "Well, I'm in a hurry to pay you and get out of here. I won't stay in any house where they put a noisy parrot in the room to see how much I eat, and then yell at me to stop. I won't stand it!"

The girl hurried down stairs, and pres-

ently the landlady appeared and asked the

quired.

"Why, my dear sir, nobody thought of such a thing, and I hope you don't think they did. I had the parrot hung here because I thought everybody had been to

"I know better. She's been yelling at me to let up and to stop for the last ten minutes. It's too thin, and I'll never eat another meal in your house again."

The lady said all she could to pacify the angry and hot-headed boarder, but she couldn't make him believe that the parrot Another month passed. The young girl had not been placed there to watch him, went back to the forest. As she was cut- and so she took what he owed her and let im go .- New York Sun.

The Dozen Greatest Poets.

Perhaps I may now be permitted to recapitulate the list of a dozen English poets whom I ventured to quote as the manifest immortals of our British Parnassus. They are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats. It will be noticed that there are thirteen names here, and my reviewers have not failed to remind me that it is notoriously difficult to count the stars. The fact is that Gray, the real thirteenth, was an afterthought, and I will admit that, although Gray is the author of what is perhaps the most imposing single short poem in the language, and although he has charm, skill and distinction to a marvellous degree, his originality, his force of production, was so rigidly limited that he may scarcely be admitted to the first rank. No doubt the explosive force which eggs a very great writer on to constant expression was lacking in the case of Gray, and I yield him-a tender babe, and the only one of my interesting tamily which I will consent to throw to the wolves. The rest are inviolable, and I will defend them to the last .- Edmund Gosse, in the April Forum.

Free Rum or Cider-Which?

Whether the proposed constitutional amendment in Massachusetts against rum is also against cider, is being, as it ought, well agitated. We believe fruit-growers feel about manufacturing a home beverage somewhat like the woman whom the learned Dr. Abernethy once remonstrated with for mutilating her husband's face and head with her finger-nails in a family jar. Said the worthy doctor, — "Madam, are you not ashamed, treating the head of this family thus?-in fact, your head, madam." The virago retorted fiercely, "Well, doctor, if that be true, haven't I a right to scratch my own head?" It seems to us, prohibition advocates should reflect that, so long as humanity is unfitted to its surroundings and conditions of life, so long will evil exist, and human beings foolishly try to "drown misery" with strong drink. But increase human happiness by every possible means; lessen that mother's burden that she may bear more healthy children; then ameliorate their hunger, disease, and pain by better physical as well as moral training, and you have plucked out the most deadly fang of the monster—intemperance, while farmers and fruit-growers are left to pursue their honest calling. Acting on this precept, we would go farther and proclaim that thousands of families are now suffering with troubles that scores of persons have repeatedly tried to relieve with strong drink. "Hot lemonade with a stick," "rock and rye" are familiar recipes. Temperance people should teach others to find some better remedy for hacking coughs, bronchial irritations, catarrhal inflammations, rheumatism, and neuralgia than whiskey. Said a well known Boston merchant, recently, to a party of friends: "I used to resort to whiskey when attacked with rheumatism and neuralgia; I could get JAMES S. MAY. "Say, let up! Say, let up! Stop, sto known for any pain or inflammation. It is used internally as much as externally. Many people do not know this. The manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one a pamphlet telling how to use it. A teaspoonful, properly used, will accomplish wonders.—Advt.

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PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. †3.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and inter-18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heul ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

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RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16,45 a.m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p m., Sleeping Car attached.

Vanceboro at ¶1.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon.

Woodstock at †10.20 a. m.; †8.40 p. m.

Houlton at †10.15 a. m.; †8.40 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.55 a. m.; †9.45 p. m. St. Andrews at †9.20 a. m. Fredericton at †7.00 a. m.; †12.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at \$5.45; †10.00 a. m.; †4.00

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F. W. HOLT, Supt. St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

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