

ANSWERED.

Come home Macusha, the hours are long without thee— Why must our loved ones be ever far away? Our foes are always plucking at our garments— Come home, Macusha, to make glad this weary day.

A POSITIVE ROMANCE.

My friend Hammond is a bachelor, and lives in chambers in New York. Whenever we meet on my occasional visits to the city he insists on my spending the night with him. On one of these occasions we had been at the opera during the evening, and had witnessed an ovation to a beautiful and famous singer. We had been stirred by the enthusiasm of the audience, and on our walk home fell to discussing a theme suggested by the scene: namely, the tendency of man to assume a worshipful attitude towards woman, and the reason for it. It was merely a phase of the passionate relation between the sexes, or had it some deeper and more mysterious significance?

may be taken as evidence of his unusual tact. He was, I think, the most fascinating man I ever saw. His insight into character was like magic. His manners were charming, and his Gallic vivacity made him seem like a boy. Gradually, while still remaining to the rest of the students a genial and friendly instructor, he singled out a smaller circle of particular intimates. Of these I was one, and I believe the most trusted.

When You Need

An Alternative Medicine, don't forget that everything depends on the kind used. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla and take no other. For over forty years this preparation has had the endorsement of leading physicians and druggists, and it has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of proprietary medicines.

"For a rash, from which I had suffered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most powerful blood-purifier."—J. E. Cocks, Denton, Texas.

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville, Ind., writes: 'I have been selling Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It maintains its popularity, while many other preparations, formerly as well known, have long been forgotten.'"

"I have always recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as superior to any other preparation for purifying the blood."—G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., Pomeroy, W. T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

orthodox Positivism at all. I have reason to think that Regnier was quite too original a character for a very good interpreter, and should be interested to know how far his ideas were his own and how far his master's. "First he pointed out to me as matter of fact that there was no more striking feature of the modern and humane as compared with the ancient and barbaric world than the constantly growing tendency of the most civilized races to apotheosize womanhood. The virgin ideal had been set up by the larger part of Christendom as the object of divine honors. The age of chivalry had translated for all time the language of love into that of worship. Art had personified under the feminine form every noble and affecting ideal of the race, till now it was in the name of woman that man's better part adjoined his baser in every sort of strife towards the divine. Is it alleged that it is man's passion for woman that has moved him thus in a sort to deify the sex? Passion is no teacher of reverence. Moreover, it is as the race outgrows the dominion of passion that it recognizes the worshipfulness of woman. The gross and sensual recognize in her no element of sacredness. It is the clear soul of the boy, the poet, and the seer which is most surely aware of it. Equally vain is it to seek the explanation in any general superiority of woman to man, either moral or mental. Her qualities are indeed in engaging contrast with his, but on the whole no such superiority has ever been maintained. How, then, were we to account for a phenomenon so great in its proportions that either it indicates a world-wide madness infecting the noblest nations while sparing the basest, or else must be the outcome of some profound monition of nature, which in proportion as man's upward evolution progresses he becomes capable of apprehending? Why this impassioned exaltation by him of his tender companion? What is the secret spring that makes her the ceaseless fountain of lofty inspiration she is to him? What is the hint of divinity in her gentle mien that brings him to his knees? Who is this goddess veiled in woman whom men instinctively reverence yet cannot name?

STOCKINGS! 1 Case Ladies' Black Cashmere Stockings, 36c. A PAIR. 1 Case Girls' Fine Black Cashmere Stockings; 1 Case Boys' Seamless Worsted Stockings; 1 Case (300 Dozen) of our celebrated 64c. KID GLOVE. FAIRALL & SMITH.

capable of supporting the role he had assigned her, had there ever been a like case of parental fatuity? "But even as I indignantly asked myself this question I saw a great light, and recognized that the trouble was neither with Regnier's fatuity nor with his daughter's lack of charms, but with myself, and a most unworthy misconception into which I had fallen as to the whole object and purpose of this interview. What had the beauty or the lack of beauty of this girl to do with the present occasion? I was not here to render homage to her for the beauty of her sex, but for its perpetual consecration and everlasting martyrdom to my race. The revelation of feeling which followed the recognition of the grossness of the mistake I had made had no doubt the effect of greatly intensifying my emotion. I was overcome with contrition for the unworthiness with which I had stood before this girl who had so trusted to my magnanimity, appraising her like a sensualist when I should have been on my knees before her. A reaction of compunctious loyalty made my very heartstrings ache. I saw now how well it had been for a weak-minded fool like myself that she had not chanced to be beautiful or even pretty, for then I should have cheated myself of all that distinguished this solemn meeting from the merest lover's antics. I won in that moment an impression of the tawdriness of mere beauty which I have never gotten over. It seemed to me then, and more or less has ever since, that the beauty of women is a sort of veil which hides from superficial eyes the true adornings of womanhood.

"Unable longer to resist the magnetism of my gaze, her eye rose slowly to mine. At their first meeting her face became crimson; but as she did not avert her eyes, and continued to look into mine, the flush faded swiftly from her face, and with it all the other evidences of her embarrassment passed as quickly away, leaving her bearing wholly changed. It was plain that through my eyes, which in that moment must have been truly windows of my soul, she had read my inmost thoughts, and had perceived how altogether impertinent to their quality self-consciousness on her part would be. As with a grace growing ever more serene and steadfast she continued to read my thoughts, her face changed, and from the look of a shy and timid maiden it gradually took on that of a conscious goddess. Then, as still she read on, there came another change. The soft black eyes grew softer, and then slowly filled with tears till they were like brimming vases. She did not smile, but her brows and lips assumed a look of benign sweetness indescribable.

"In that moment no supernatural aureole would have added sacredness to that head, or myth of heavenly origin have made that figure seem more adorable. With right good sense sank upon my knees. She reached forth her hand to me and I pressed my lips to it. I lifted up the hem of her dress and kissed it. There was a rustle of garments. I looked up and she was gone. "I suppose immediately after that I must have left the house. I only know that the dawn found me miles out of town, walking aimlessly about and talking to myself." Hammond poured himself a glass of wine, drank it slowly, and then fell into a profound reverie, apparently forgetful of my presence. "Is that all?" I asked at last. "Did you not see her again?" "No," he answered. "I never saw her again. Probably as her father had intimidated, he did not intend that I should. But circumstances also prevented. The very next day there was an explosion in college. There had been a Judas among my fellow-disciples, and the faculty had been informed of the Positivist propaganda going on under their noses. I was suspended for six months. When I returned to college, Regnier had disappeared. He had of course been promptly dismissed, and it was rumored that he had gone back to France. He had left no trace, and I never heard of him again or of his daughter. I don't even know the name of the woman I worshipped."—Edward Bellamy.

RAILWAYS. NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY. "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing July 8, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 6:40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after MONDAY, JUNE 17, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

Intercolonial Railway. 1889—Summer Arrangement—1889. ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton... 7:00 Accommodation for Point du Chene... 11:15

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex... 8:30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec... 11:50

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY. ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows:

Shoo Fly! Don't Bother Me. I get FLY SCREENS from BEVERLY, 50 cents Each. SUITS ANY WINDOW. BEVERLY, the Wringer Man, who sells on Instalment plan. A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.