

NEIGHBORS.

Your name is Helen: are you dark or fair? Deep blue your eyes, or black as shadows are...

I ain't would know, fair neighbor, if your song came from the woodlands, or the city's throng...

So may I ask if you are deeply blue (As to the hose, I mean), or just a truce, Bright little woman—nothing Bostonese...

Did hope deferred—that is the weary time Betwixt acceptance and the printed rhyme...

And did you anxiously each month e'er track, From leading articles to Brie-a-Brae...

I question idly. Chance, and chance alone, Upon one page my verse and yours has thrown...

—R. T. W. Duke, Jr., in The Century Brie-a-Brae.

UNDER THE FLAG.

The case was only one of many. After the war they were so common that even the romance of the thing failed to appeal very strongly to the imagination.

The war had been over several years, and Grace Lea, who at its beginning had been a blooming girl of 17, was now a woman of 25, mature and thoughtful even beyond her age.

"I know the secret of this deep repose. I can quote you a line that describes it utterly: 'And in my heart, if calm at all—'

whose side he had fought and died, and so there had been no thought of bringing his body home. So this summer, the fourth after his death, she made up her mind to accomplish her sacred duty of seeing the last resting-place of her beloved father...

Suddenly her eye was caught, and her heart quickened its beating at a resemblance which she saw in the person of a tall man standing on the platform speaking to an official.

Suddenly the man turned, and her heart seemed to turn over with the violence of the great leap it took. It was Albert Forrest—older, graver, thinner—wonderfully changed, but himself.

Albert Forrest passed within a few inches of the woman he had loved, with no sense of her presence, and without even a glance toward her. He took his seat some distance ahead of her, and opening a newspaper, began to read.

Mile after mile they sped along, the ebb and flow in Grace's heart agitating her cruelly. She wished she would turn and recognize her—but she dreaded it while she wished it.

Presently the paper was lowered, the strong, slim hand was lifted with an acutely familiar gesture, and passed once or twice, in a meditative way, across the close-cropped curls.

Forrest stepped from one car to the other, and threw himself into a seat. He had come here to finish his paper and a cigar, but the hand that held the paper fell listlessly on his knee, and he didn't remember to smoke.

They were going up-grade with a strong force of steam on, and it gave him a sense of tremendous vigor to see the huge engine grandly rushing on its way, with a steep grade in front of it and a long train of heavy cars behind it.

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 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."

"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."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

with no word by way of preliminary, bent over her and said in a low, excited whisper: "We are in great danger. Come with me, Grace—quickly and without noise."

She had been the slave of that touch and voice in times long past, and she obeyed it now unquestioningly. Its controlled excitement calmed her, with his own forced calm, and she followed him through the cars, and while people wondered, they passed on swiftly, looking neither to left nor right until they were at the entrance to the engine.

"Get up, you idiot, and do as I tell you!" said Forrest, dragging him to his feet. "You're a dead man if you don't!"

"Grace," said her lover, in a tone of confident trust that put new strength into her. "step back to the other car and take him with you; I am coming, too. We shall be saved."

Then, as they obeyed him, the girl fairly dragging the trembling man, Forrest leaped across to their side and quickly uncoupled the engine from the train of cars behind it.

It seemed an act of Providence that they had just come to a high trestle-work, and it was upon this that the collision came. The engine, like a living monster mad with fury, dashed forward, and meeting the opposing force of the heavy freight cars, leaped from the track, tottered in air, and fell downward, as the cars in collision with it tumbled madly to this side and that.

There was no human voice in agony or distress. The engineer's signal had been quickly obeyed and brakes put down, and now the train slowed up and stopped. The passengers were sitting calmly inside, reading papers, smoking cigars, eating lunches, taking naps, and otherwise killing time in a leisurely manner.

He had eyes and thoughts for no one else as he lifted her from the train and laid her on the sweet summer grass. Pillows were brought to him, and a doctor—who happened to be among the passengers—was summoned; but Forrest, although he was the hero of the hour, whose hand all the men were eager to shake, and all the women to kiss, would not take his gaze from her face until her eyes were opened once more to life and consciousness; and as they rested upon his, he brought to him—willingly or unwillingly—a sweet, sure message of love.

The rest of that day passed by as a dream. Grace was conscious that she had fainted and that she had waked with that look of betrayal in her eyes, but she was

"KNOCKED SKY HIGH!"

YES, just a little vulgar, but expressive. We have upset all the former old-time notions about KID GLOVES. There was a day when no one was supposed to possess a pair of decent Kid Gloves unless some one called them "Josephine," and charged you \$1.50 a pair for them; hence the poor, hard-working shop girl who, by her right, should always have the first claim to the best article for the least money, was of necessity invited (and often compelled) to decorate her hands with a pair of Cotton "Bags."

Under our DIRECT AGENCY SYSTEM, we can positively give you a perfect fitting 4-Button Kid Glove, soft and elastic in finish, and in every respect RELIABLE, for 64 CENTS, and with THE NEW FOSTER LACED FASTENING, 13c. extra, in Blacks and all colors.

FAIRALL & SMITH, Kid Glove Agency, St. John, N. B.

too weak to do anything but answer feebly the questions put to her by some of the ladies, who were her traveling companions, and who eagerly constituted themselves her nurses and guardians for the rest of the journey.

Outside the gates, she would have paused, but he urged her gently onward. "No," he said, "our mission is not over yet. There is another spot that we must kneel beside together."

"God bless you for those tears, my tender-hearted," Forrest said, his own voice faltering; "they are jewels beyond price."

At last, when they had risen from beside the grave, and were slowly retracing their steps, Grace felt suddenly aware of the great necessity for decision and action that was upon her, and, with a prayer in her heart for strength, she paused and firmly drew her hand from his arm.

It was an exquisite summer morning, and earth and air and sky seemed all to meet in a sweet promise of love and peace. The quiet streets of this little town were almost empty, and as she neared the two cemeteries there was not a human being in sight.

"The years have changed, and yet not changed you," he said. "You are like yourself, and also like some one not yourself. Some softened, ripened, deepened woman, such as my young love promised to become."

"Oh, how can you say such words to me?" she broke forth, in a troubled, appealing voice. "Oh, do you know what I have traveled this long distance for? I have come to see my father's grave."

"And I," he said, "to see my brother's." She looked at him in wondering, disturbed confusion.

"How mysterious! How marvelous!" he said. "A stranger coincidence I never heard of. To think we should meet so!"

"A Providence, rather than a coincidence," he said. "It is too wonderful a thing to have come by accident. Surely it was meant to be."

"Oh, you must not keep me," she said. "You must let me go, and afterward, we will meet again—and part."

"No," he said, "I will not keep you. I will go with you."

The grass was smooth and green, and scrupulously kept, but the graves were marked with common, little wooden headstones, painted white, with black lettering.

NUMBER 5! MARKET SQUARE.

IF YOU WANT A "BANG-UP" Suit of Clothes!

for any walk in life, from the "CLAW HAMMER" to the NOBBIE SUIT worn by the young man who is always in the height of fashion, call at the above number, and there you will find

JAMES KELLY

ready to accommodate you. His line of GOODS is one of the very best, being selected with care and judgment. Should you wish a READY-MADE SUIT, No. 5 is also the place to go. Workmen can buy PANTS away down at Rock Bottom Prices.

Impelled by a force against which she was powerless, she followed where he guided her steps, and soon they had entered the great portals of the other cemetery, where the long lines of graves were marked by solid marble stones, with heavily carved lettering, and where the walks were accurately drained and graveled and the various lots defined by solid stone curbing.

Here a few figures were moving about, early as it was, for this was Decoration Day, and in the afternoon there was to be a celebration of it, with flowers and speeches and music; but no one heeded the quiet pair as they passed along and found their way, at last, to the grave of the young officer whose life had been so untimely ended.

"It is so strange and wonderful our having met in this way that we can never expect such a thing to come to us again. Therefore, when we part now, it must be, in all human probability, forever."

"Grace, Grace, we are not going to part! We have been united in this strange and solemn way, because God means us for each other. What is the use of fighting our plain destinies? We have been tested, Heaven knows, and we are made for one another—else why has life been loveless for us both, in all these years of separation? Do you think that I will let you go again? It is right for us to love and marry. I call the dead to witness that it is! Where are now the issues and dissensions once so sharp between them? Buried in these graves and in the mind of God, who will judge both sides one day. Each fought for home and friends and native land—and each served God in doing so. With motives pure and loyal such as theirs, they could not have been greatly in error, and let us believe that each, according to his lights, did well. Dearest, it is over now—war and strife and all its agonies—and I would rather have you give yourself to me anew, here, between these two dead graves, than in any spot on earth. Beyond the blue sky yonder, the High God sees and judges, and our dear and lost ones, if they see us, too, will be taught of Him that all is right. You do not need to tell me that you love me, Grace. Your eyes already have done that, but I will not even take your hand in mine until you freely give it to me."

For a moment there was silence, and then, as Grace glanced swiftly upward, as if in mute appeal to God for help, her eyes rested upon the banner of the Stars and Stripes, which floated in the summer air against the blue of Heaven. It seemed to her that God had sent her His answer; reaching out her hand, she drew her lover onward a few paces, until they stood directly underneath the colors.

"I used to think," she said, "that I would never pass beneath that flag—but the old things are passed away, and all is new."

And it was beneath that floating banner that he took her in his arms and kissed her. It was a kiss that sealed them to each other, for this world and the next.—Once a Week.

A box of Ayer's pills has saved many a fit of sickness. When a remedy does not happen to be within reach, people are liable to neglect slight ailments and, of course, if serious illness follows they have to suffer the consequences. "A stitch in time saves nine."—Advt.

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The soldier-dead, from various states, were laid in separate lots, and without a word they walked along until they reached the spot made sacred to the dear state that she loved so loyally. Here they paused, and the girl would have drawn away her hand, but as she slipped it from his arm, he caught and held it.

"You cannot send me from you now," he said; "you need me. You never could intend to thrust me from you in this hour of pain and distress. Oh, Grace, believe me, I can help you."

She felt too weak to struggle, so she let her cold little hand lie still in his, which was warm and strong and comfort-giving. It was he who found, at last, the spot they sought—a little mound, covered with finch-bladed, sweet, green grass, which the summer rains had washed and cleaned and brightened; and, as the girl's heart gave a leap to see the dear and honored name painted on the common little wooden headboard, the tears sprang into her eyes and she fell upon her knees. Forrest knelt, too, and for several moments intense stillness reigned. They were praying, or, in the silence of their hearts, were thinking thoughts as pure as prayers. Suddenly, the girl began to sob, a great wave of recollection of this gentle father sweeping over her. She did not know how it was, but in some way, she was calmed and comforted, and, when she found herself presently retracing her steps along the shaded walks, the strong arm giving her a sure support and the strong voice saying words that soothed, she saw how true had been his words that he could help her.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing June 4, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT 6.10 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West.

1.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

1.30 p. m.—Connecting with 8.55 a. m. train from St. John.

1.40 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. *Daily except Monday.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. John and St. Stephen.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after TUESDAY, APRIL 9, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 a. m., St. Stephen, 12.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m., St. George, 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.57 p. m., St. John at 1.12 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. McQUEEN, 40 Water Street, up to 9 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

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... 11.10 Fast Express for Halifax... 14.20 Express for Sussex... 16.25 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal... 16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8 a. m., and St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.55 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex... 8.20 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec... 11.50 Day Express from Halifax... 14.50 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave... 23.20

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8, 1888.

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Buctouche, Moncton, and other routes.

A NICE LOT OF

PERFUMES,

In Bulk,

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. A. CROCKETTS,

162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

Wringers, Pictures,

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Hanging Lamps,

AT 50cts. A WEEK.

JONES, 36 DOCK STREET.