I was just a little "shaver," but I never shall forget The night my sister wedded-I can see her sweet face yet.

I was standing in the hallway, peeping thro' the parlor door, For the guests had all departed and the wedding feast was o'er.

And the man she called her husband laid her sweet face, young and shy, On his bosom, as he held her, and my sister let it

Then he talked a lot of nonsense, soft and smooth, like sweetened mush, And my sister laughed and listened, with her cheeks

As my sister he had never dared to kiss her in his

And I couldn't see the difference 'twixt my sister and his wife. But he had a little sister, and I made a vow right

That as roon as I was older I'd endeavor to get

I am older now, and wiser, and I'm smiling as I sit, For I talk that same soft nonsense, and I'm not ashamed of it.

Now whene'er I see her husband take my sister on

I go through the same manœuvre with his sister,

-The Evening Sun.

MRS. MONTGOMERY SWIFT

Jessica Wynne had waving brown hair, merry dancing eyes, red lips, always parted over small white teeth, a round face, and a rare fun, by Jove!" and he smiled with bright, fresh complexion; she was barely 17, a perfect pocket edition of the Venus, For once the verdict and the possessor of a fair portion. These were her assets, against which stood the facts that she lived in a quiet country peachable. Without ostentation, she frehouse in Wales, that she had neither father nor mother, and had been since her babyhood the charge of a widowed, childless aunt, blessed with a philanthropic turn of of mind, and more solicitous of sparing labor to her lady helps than of contributing to the pleasures of her niece. However, on the whole, the odds were in favor of the girl, who, being gifted with a fearless, independent nature, contrived to make the most of opportunities, and as she grew up that such self-immolation would be madbecame the acknowledged belle of the ness, she pensively concluded that perhaps country side. Her reputation extended as far as Cardiff and Brecknock, and no countion and England. try or garrison ball was deemed a success unless Miss Wynne was present. She was alone, and then she would look at herself trusted her, sometimes for a couple of days tures. "I am sure I am not quite so fresh at a stretch, with many recommendations as to propriety and deportment.

One never to be forgotten day Jessica was invited by some acquaintances she had made at Cardiff, and who had taken a great fancy to her, to spend two months with them in London immediately after Easter. The girl passed a week in a delirious joy of preparation and anticipation; she dreamed of triumphs which would eclipse those of the little Welsh belle, of intoxicating delights, of parties, balls, Hurlingham, Sandown, the New Club, the theatres, of all the places she had read of in the society papers; and, looking at her pretty face in the glass, she even hoped that it might be her proud fate to see her name in print as "the lovely Miss Wynne"

in some glorified paragraph.
Col. and Mrs. Tressillian, her future hosts, were a fashionable middle-aged couple, addicted to a good deal of wandering over Europe in quest of health and amusement, but generally occupying a fine house in South Kensington during the season, where they entertained liberally both their compatriots and foreigners, whenever they were not themselves being entertained.

Jessica Wynne returned to Wales at the beginning of July. If Mrs. Polsover had ly opened, a military-looking portmanteau been observant she might have noticed a shadow in the laughing brown eyes, a certain compression in the scarlet lips. She vaguely observed that the girl was unusually reticent about her London experiences. "Yes, London was very gay—plenty of things going on, of course; lots of fine gowns, good music. Oh, yes, heaps of concerts, too—many of them." "Had she she enjoyed herself?" "Of course; how could she help enjoying herself in London during the season?" and answers to that

The truth of the matter was that the popular Welsh belle had been sorely neglected in London. She found, to her indignant dismay, that her beauty, wit and repartee remained unappreciated; with increasing choler, she soon remarked that other maidens as fresh and fair as herself shared her ignominous obscurity. Her consciousness, which was not conceit, told her that she was sacrificed to rivals less fair, less clever and, above all, less young; she realized that one and all of the successful queens of society were odious married women—fast, bold, exacting, tyrannical matrons, who monopolized the attentions of all the men. She saw those unprincipled creatures surrounded by their courtiers at the play and at the races; they were asked to dinners, picnics and balls, and when poor little Jessica did get a card for a dance, the entertainment painfully reminded her of the breaking up festivities at her school, where the white frocks so hopelessly predominated over the black coass. Remembering all these things, the girl set her teeth hard, gathered her eyebrows into a resolute frown, and vowed that if she had lost her first innings she guarantee for crediting the last." would be even yet with the London world.

Miss Wynne had not torgotten her vow, or else fortune favored her. A year later Mrs. Polsover died, leaving half her money to the lady helps, the other half to Jessica, who became almost an heiress. When six | not said it.' months had passed, a little paragraph appeared in several Welsh papers containing

the following intelligence. "We understand that the beautiful Miss Jessica Wynne will, at the expiration of her mourning, return to society as the bride of Capt. Montgomery Swift. This gallant officer, now on leave, will, however, shortly after the honeymoon be compelled

to join his regiment abroad." This announcement, short of local hyper-bole, gradually found its way into the Birmingham and Manchester dailies, and finally drifted into one or two London

Mrs. Montgomery Swift took a charming furnished house in Mayfair, kept a perfectly appointed brougham and victoria, pro-eured her toilets from Paris and forthwith became the rage. Her gowns were copied, her 5 o'clock at homes crowded. She gave neither dinners without my knowledge, by mistake, in default. The newspapers married me—I heard of it in India—and so persistently myself, never show my face again."

nor parties, availed herself of a few of the introductions obtained through the Tressillians, who were abroad; with charming impertinence and pretty audacity dropped all the people she considered bores, and plunged into the maddest whirl of society dissipation. American girls gnashed their teeth with envy when the little "grass widow" carried off their most hopeful admirers, dowagers frowned, young matrons pursed their lips, mothers of marriageable daughters were bitter, but Mrs. Montgomery Swift heeded them not, and reveled

in her popularity.
"Who the deuce is Capt. Swift, and where does he hang out?" queried a guardsman of a fellow-warrior parting from Jessica, when she re-entered her carriage after her daily walk in the park.

"Who cares a big D for the husband of a pretty woman?" was the flippant answer. "He's somewhere on the gold coast, or in India, or at Suakim, she tells me; he might be dead and buried for all I care—only it's much safer to know there's a husband somewhere; and, to do the little woman justice, although she flirts to the nines, she does drag the captain in pretty freely; and even were he to mount guard over her like a watch dog, he wouldn't find much to make a rumpus about."

"No," said the other, reflectively, pulling his mustache; "it's a case of Canute and the sea—'just so far and no farther.'
She's a ticklish one to deal with. I don't that I got a three months' leave only to

quite make her out." "She does pull a fellow up pretty short sometimes, that's a fact; but she's awfully jolly-no confounded sentiment about her not like those old stagers who run you in before you know where you are. She's

For once the verdict of clubs mess-rooms and smoking-rooms was just; Mrs. quently alluded to her absent consort, re-tailed passages from his correspondence, bewailed the long exile and frequent changes entailed by his profession, wondered how long he would remain in those outlandish places where wives were an impossibility, and occasionally reduced her admirers to frantic despair by announcing her intention of joining Capt. Swift wherever he might be sent next. When assured it were wiser to await his return to civiliza-

Sometimes-not very often-Jessica was and pretty as I was two years ago, and I don't think I am nearly as nice. And yet -then nobody even looked at me, while now --- " Her eyes sparkled. "Oh, my now — " Her eyes sparkled. "Oh. my was fairly under way she said, abruptly: blessed husband what a service you have "Is your name Montgomery Swift?" rendered me! And to think I shall never,

never be able to repay you!"

Toward the middle of August, with the abruptness which characterized all her movements, Jessica, without a word of warning to her courtiers, accepted an invitation to spend a fortnight in Scotland with a young married couple who had taken a house on Loch Lomond for two months. She had not been been told whether or not there would be other guests, but she knew that the Bellunes had the knack of making people comfortable, and she felt just a little tired of a surfeit of devotion, and inclined to escape from it and rusticate in comparative solitude. So one morning she found herself at St. Pancras station, and when her maid, previous to seeking her second-class carriage, had settled her in a firstclass one, with her books, rugs and dressing bag, she prepared for her long solitary journey with restful satisfaction. However, just as the hour for departure had struck the door of her carriage was violentand case were thrust in, a guard exclaimed, "Plenty of room-just in time-jump in, sir-thank you, sir!" and slammed the door again upon a tall, handsome man, who had entered hurriedly, and who, as the train steamed out of the station, looked rather disconcerted in finding himself tetea-tete with a young, pretty and elegant

Before reaching Leicester the travelers had already exchanged a few commonplace civilities connected with the pulling up and down of windows, the loan of newspapers, etc. Instinctively they recognized that they belonged to the same social class; each for a great effort. He generously repressed discovered in the other a certain independent, unconventional originality, and, like strangers meeting by chance at some dinner party, they soon began to converse on him and spoke slowly and hesitatingly. every possible subject.

"Do you propose stopping at Edin-burgh?" said the gentleman, when, after Normanton and lunch, they had resumed

"For the night, perhaps; but I am bound for Inversnaid," answered Jessica.

"Ah!" with a slight start; "I have some friends about there myself-relations." "I wonder if they know my friends-at

the Towers?" "The Bellunes?"

"Exactly." "Why, Dora Bellune is my cousin, and

I am on my way to see her.' "How very amusing! Well, I had an

"Let us hear the horoscope—past, present, future; the first will, if correct, be a

"I consent to tell you what I think of you; but only if you tell me first who you think I am.' "Would you be offended if I said a

"Not a miss, certainly," with a fine contempt on the noun. "Of course not, or you would not have

deigned to be even decently civil."

"Frankly, I am at fault now. Is it wife? Is it widow?" "I own there may be reason for a doubt. You see, it is difficult to be a widow without having been a wife, and, as men don't

marry girls nowadays, it is equally difficult to be a wife. However, as no other status has been invented, I have a husband."

"And I no wife, although I have been married." "A widower! Hum! I should not have

thought so." "No, not a widower. I was married

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and done for."

"A hard case, and one deserving of much pity. So the indignity of wedlock has been put upon you. Accept my deepest sym-

"You may laugh, but it was, it is odious. All the fellows out there affect to believe it is true—that I am a derelict husband with a family. On landing here I found no end of letters of congratulation. I dare not inclined to treat the matter lightly, now I rested. am determined to sift the whole thing, sue the libelers, and give a public denial-" "To the compromising accusation of matrimony? I would, if I were you."
"I shall!" he said, sternly.

They were just steaming into the Carlisle station. Jessica remained alone while her companion smoked a cigar on the platform. She took advantage of the gathering twilight to rise and, unpercieved, to examine the label on the hat box reposing on the escorted to theee festivities by some oblig- in the glass and smile quaintly. "Isn't it rack. She had some difficulty in decipherescorted to theee restrictes by some only funny?" she murmured scanning her feating the scanning her feating the scanning her feating it, and fell back into the seat as the the best and most economical blood medicarriage. He fancied she looked very pale, and concentrated. Price \$1. Worth \$5 and asked her if she was tired. She did a bottle.—Advt. not answer at once, but as soon as the train

"It is," he said, surprised; but glancing at the hat box, which lay in an altered position, he added: "Have you guessed that, too, you fortune teller?" "And you call yourself a captain?" con-

tinued Jessica, in the same harsh voice. "I do, till I become a major." "Impossible! There is not a Captain

Montgomery Swift in the whole British "I beg your pardon, I am that humble

"No, you are not; there is no such man in the army list-there was not a year ago." "Possibly not at that time, for a year ago I was Monty Gordon. Last Christmas a good old man, who was my godfather, died and left me all his fortune and estates, on

condition that I should take and bear his name. I complied. A Swift was manufactured out of a Gordon, and yet remained a captain. Under either appellation, equally at your command. But now I must ask of your dressing bag the same introduction furnished by my hat box, and learn by what name I can address my travelling incognita when I meet her again at the Towers." He quietly bent over the flap of Jessica's neat Russia leather bag, but saw only the letters

"Ah," he said, "the same initials as mine;" then, interrogatively, "they spell?" "Jessica Montgomery Swift."

A dead silence followed. Jessica lay back against the cushions, motionless, with a crimson flush on her cheeks and forehead. Captain Swift felt that some painful mystery was about to be disclosed and that the woman by his side was gathering strength every sign of curiosity or astonishment, and

waited her pleasure. After a few moments she turned toward

"I throw myself upon your mercy, Captain Swift, do not deny publicly tomorrow that you ever were married to Jessica Wynne. Do not pursue those who originated that-libel. Give me time. I assure you that I will do my utmost to undo what I have done.'

She looked very young and fair, with her earnest eyes and moist lashes. "What have

you done?" he said, simply.
"Listen to me, and forgive me if you can. When I first came to London at 18, I found it a horrid place; only married women were admired, petted and courted-we girls were nowhere, So I made up my mind to come back to town-married; and as I had not a intuition that we should meet again—in fact, I had quite mapped ont your destiny before reaching Bedford."

husband handy—they are so scarce, you know—I invented one. I thought I was quite safe. I wanted him to be an officer, because England has such a lot of troops in places people never go to. I looked all over the army and navy lists to make sure I did not choose a name belonging to any living man; I christened him Montgomery Swift, haphazard; I put the paragraphs in the papers. He was a very likely sort of charming woman? Don't frown; I have husband to have, you know, and it seems so natural that he should forever be among "Be serious. Am I maid, wife or the savages-anywhere. Nobody seemed his wife simply because she was not a girl,

and it was all working beautifully. Oh, why did you turn up? Why did you have a Swilt for a godfather? Why did he die?"
"Would it have suited you to keep up this farce much longer?" said Captain Swift, gravely, but an amused look passsed in his

"Only a little while," said Jessica, promptly. "I intended becoming a widow very soon-some of the climates out there are so unhealthy-no one would have asked any questions. One accepts anything in London when it is convenient to be credulous; but if you are that horrid man please don't expose me yet.'

"Not till I am dead, eh?"
"I can't make him out dead now," she

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"That would be a pity; there must be some other way to achieve widowhood." "Don't be cruel-It is dreadful! and I know I have been very foolish. But really," she added, with a resumption of her old quaint coquetry, "I can't do more than ask

your pardon." "Yes you can; you can ask for my advice," he said, extending his hand, "and on my honor as a gentleman, I will help you to get out of this scrape."

They talked low and earnestly for the remainder of the journey. At Edinburgh they shook hands warmly and parted. But neither Jessica nor Captain Swift went to make myself a free man once more. I left the Towers. Two separate telegrams inthe P. and O. three days ago, and am on formed Mrs. Bellune that her expected my way to the Bellunes to ask what they were about in allowing their nearest relative to be labeled all over the world as booked and done for "

guests were unavoidably prevented from joining her party; nor did Mrs. Montgomery Swift again gladden the hearts of her faithful swains by her presence at the fashionable resorts of late summer or early

Three months later Jessica was walking on the seashore only a mile distant from a pretty village near Bagni di Lucca, looking as fresh, crisp and fair as before her first disastrous London campaign, only there was a new tenderness in the dancing brown eyes as she lifted them trustfully to those of show myself at the clubs. If at first I was a tall man on whose arm her small hand

> "And so you are really, truly not sorry that you never denied your marriage with Miss Wynne?" she said, coaxingly.

"Not sorry at all, darling, as it saves me the fuss of communicating it now," answered Captain Swift. "I'm desperately glad, though, it's all settled and done with."-London Truth.

The value of a remedy should be estimated by its curative properties. According to this standard, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is owner of it stepped once more into the cine in the market, because the most pure a bottle.—Advt.

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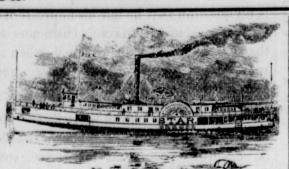
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†8.55 a. m.—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

†4.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-18.30 p. m .- Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heulton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.
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RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at \$6.20 a, m., Parlor Car attached; \$7.25 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Vanceboro at \$11.15, 11.15 a. m.; 12.10 noon. Woodstock at †6.00, †11.40 a. m.; †8.20 p. m. Houlton at †6.00, †11.40 a. m.; †8.30 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.20, †11.40 a. m.; †10.20 p. m.

St. Andrews at †6.30 a. m. Fredericton at †6.00, †11.30 a. m.; †3.25 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45; †8.40 a. m.; †2.30, LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †8.10 a. m.—Connecting with 8.55 a. m. train from St. John.

†.430 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME Trains marked 7 run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. ‡Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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O^N and after MONDAY, DEC. 31, 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 inter-

mediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 a.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

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

1888---Winter Arrangement---1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7 30

 Accommodation.
 11 20

 Express for Sussex.
 16 35

 Express for Halifax and Quebec.
 18 00

 A Sleeping Car will run daily on th 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7 00 Express from Bussex. 7 00
Express from Sussex. 8 35
Accommodation. 13 30
Day Express. 19 20
All trains cross by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888. Time Table—Buctouche and Moncton Ry.

No. 1. Lv. BUCTOUCHE. 8 00 Lv. MONCTON....16 00 Little River... 8 18
St. Anthony... 8 34
Cocaigne..... 8 50
Notre Dame... 8 52 Lewisville16 04 Humphreys16 08 Irishtown16 30 Cape Breton....16 40

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