

THE GARNERING TIME.

Fair is the world, now autumn's wearing,
And the sluggish sun lies long abed;
Sweet are the days, now winter's nearing,
And all winds feign that the wind is dead.

Dumb in the hedge where the crabs hang yellow,
Bright as the blossoms of the spring;
Dumb is the close where the pears grow mellow,
And none but the dauntless redbreasts sing.

Fair was the spring, but amidst his greening
Gray were the days of the hidden sun;
Fair was the summer, but overweening,
So soon his o'er-sweet days were done.

Come then, love, for peace is upon us,
Far off is falling, and far is fear,
Here where the rest in the end hath won us,
In the garnering tide of the happy year.

Come from the gray old house by the water,
Where far from the lips of the hungry sea,
Groweth the grass o'er the field of the slaughter,
And all is a tale for thee and me.

—William Morris in the English Illustrated Magazine.

THE FATES DECIDED IT.

"Who'll ask him? I will. I'm not afraid of Mr. Arthur St. Claire, if he is the principal of Rolliston Academy."

"Don't speak so loudly; he'll hear us." "Don't care," is the retort, though in somewhat modified tone.

It was All Hallows' Eve, and a party of young people were standing in the vestibule of Rolliston Academy, debating if it were or were not a wise plan to ask Mr. St. Claire, who always spent his evenings at the academy, if they might come there at 12 o'clock, and consult the Fates on the probabilities of the future.

"Yes, Josie," acquiesced all, "you go. You can coax him better than we can." Off she started, saying—

"Twas ever thus from childhood's hour. If other folks are afraid to hear a lion in his den, I noticed they are always ready to start poor me off on the expedition."

Then, with a mocking gesture in the direction of the library, she murmured "Ta-ta."

Arthur St. Claire was very young. In short, he was as different from the average academy principal as could well be imagined. A college graduate of but few months' standing, this was his first experience in teaching.

The work was hard, occupying all his time, but the true grit and earnestness of purpose which had enabled him to work his way through college, as a successful student, was giving him success in this work.

Tonight, sitting there, arranging for the morrow's examinations, he looked really handsome.

Tall, dark, straight as an arrow, with clear-cut features, a determined mouth, and his eyes—well, every one remarked St. Claire's eyes. They were slow-blink, long, and lazy looking eyes, and had a very disagreeable way of seeming to read one's very soul.

His pupils often declared that his chief power of government was in his eyes. Hearing a step he looked up, and, perceiving a lady, immediately arose and advanced to meet her. Barely giving him a nod of recognition, Josie proceeded at once to business.

"Mr. St. Claire, may we borrow the basement stairs and the mirror from the dressing-room, tonight?"

Then, seeing his look of bewilderment, she added: "You know this is All Hallows' Eve, and if you go down some cellar stairs at 12 o'clock backward, and look into a mirror you will see the person you are to marry. Please say yes, Mr. St. Claire?"

"It ought to be easy to say so small a word," smiling, "so I guess I shall have to say it. Is Burton among your party?" he asked, going for the keys.

"Yes, sir, he is," with the slightest touch of sarcastic emphasis on the "sir."

"Then I will give you the keys, as I shall go home before that hour. You can have Burton lock the doors, and return the keys in the morning."

"You are very kind, sir, to let us take them," she replied. He did wish he knew if she were trying to make fun of him.

"Good night, Miss Russell," he said, as he held the door open for her to pass. "I hope you will see the elected one."

"Thanks, but he is not elected yet; the campaign is only just beginning."

Soon after she left an idea struck him, which he evidently considered to be a brilliant one; for he gave a long, low whistle, then became very much engrossed in his work, writing steadily until 11 o'clock, when he carefully extinguished the lights, and taking the mirror, placed it on a table in the hall beside a small lamp, and quietly descended the basement stairs.

At 11.45 the party had again assembled in the vestibule, and were trying to decide what tricks to try.

No one was found willing to try the stairs but Josie. After all their courtesies one after another gave up, saying they knew they would be dizzy and fall, or something dreadful would happen, and something else would do just as well.

"I think you're real mean," cried Josie, "after I asked Mr. St. Claire if we could stay. Thank goodness I am not afraid. I can go if you can't."

"Now, we must get ready, for it's almost 12. If I faint, send somebody to pick me up," and snatching the mirror she started for the basement.

The door closed with a bang that seemed to find a hundred echoes in the large hollow building, and made her shiver in spite of herself.

How awfully dark it was, and how silent! A board creaked loudly under her feet, and she trembled like a leaf.

Why must that ghost story Tom told the other evening come so vividly to her mind? By this time she was half way down the stairs, and then her courage began to revive.

"Well, I'm not dead yet," she thought, "and I guess I shan't be right away." Just as her foot touched the last stair the village clock struck the hour of midnight. At the same time she saw a breaking light in the mirror, and the face of Arthur St. Claire looked over her shoulder for a minute and then was gone.

Thoroughly frightened for once in her

RAIN-PROOF CLOAKS.

FREE from ODOR and PEROUS, thereby giving free ventilation, and making it much more healthy to wear an

"Imperial" "Cravenette," or "Heptonette"

WATERPROOF. Thousands of these garments in use in England and America giving perfect satisfaction.

We have all three makes in black and colors; 52 inch to 62 inch.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

life her first impulse was to scream, but the thought of being laughed at by the others gave her sufficient command to check it, and gave a backward glance just in time to catch sight of a tall man in the act of crouching behind the furnace.

She was not in the least afraid now, and grasping the mirror more firmly, walked up the stairs with considerable dignity, as if she were a young lady of the highest rank.

"Did you see anybody?" "Who was it?" "Do tell us who you'll never tell."

But she gave them no satisfactory reply, and they all went home, each wondering what in the world could have come over Josie Russell to make her act so strangely.

The following afternoon Josie's particular friend, Lute Holley, came over, and as they were sitting together in Josie's room Lute began:

"What in the world made you act so strangely when you came up stairs last night? I should as quick thought."

"Well, what is going to happen next? First frightened, and then crying out about it."

"Don't you think I'm crying for that," flashed Josie; "I'm crying because I'm so mad I don't know what else to do," and she began to place the floor like a chained tigress.

"If there's anybody in this world I hate it's Arthur St. Claire! Don't you think, Lute," she went on, stopping abruptly in front of her friend, "he was mean enough to steal in there and try to frighten me by looking over my shoulder."

"I saw him just as plain as I do you, now, and I was awfully scared, but I didn't scream, because I knew you would all laugh at me, and then I happened to look behind me, and saw him trying to hide behind the furnace."

"Dignified, wasn't it, for a professor? But that's just like those college boys! Always doing something so rude and detestable. He is the most ungentlemanly person I ever met, and I'll tell him so when I see him again. No, I won't though; I won't speak to him ever again!"

"Oh, what a spit-fire, Josie! How I wish he could see you now. I don't believe he'd want to marry you, if he could as well as not. What a domestic fury you would make!"

"Marry! H'm! I wouldn't marry Arthur St. Claire if—if I wouldn't any way, there!"

"Oh, come now, Josie, I prophesy you will be Mrs. St. Claire before two years."

"Lute!" "After that Josie most persistently avoided Mr. St. Claire, and he as persistently endeavored to speak with her, but no matter where they met, Josie always had an excuse for not staying in his presence longer than was necessary."

One evening, however, she found herself obliged to talk with him. Leaving the post office she came directly upon that gentleman as he was going to the academy, so they couldn't help walking down together.

St. Claire was very pleasant and talkative, and before she knew it she was chatting with him merrily enough. No allusion whatever was made to the adventure on All Hallows' Eve, and Josie was obliged to own that she certainly didn't think of it once during the walk.

"Well, I dislike him as much as ever, of course, but he can be real nice when he tries," she apologized to herself.

The school year was nearly finished, and during this time Josie and St. Claire had become quite friends. At times, to be sure, Josie would try to be very dignified, but failed in a most bewitching manner, for she was naturally about as dignified as her own little kitten.

One day Lute came running into Josie's room.

"Oh, Josie, look out of the window and see if she isn't nice looking! There they go, down Farley street. They look well together, don't you think so? About as distinguished looking couple as one generally sees. How much Mr. St. Claire seems to think of her!"

"They say he just worships the ground she walks on. Her name is Mildred Atherton, and Mrs. Walker just told me she heard they are to be married next June."

"Why, what's the matter, Josie? You're pale as a ghost! Are you sick? How

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," Diseases common to the race compel the search for a common remedy. It is found in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the reputation of which is world-wide, having largely superseded every other blood medicine in use.—AdeT.

thoughtless of me to come in so like a whirlwind!"

"I have had a bad headache all the morning," says the little fellow. "All I need is rest and quiet, and I shall be myself again in a little while, I guess."

"Lie down and try to sleep, dearie, and you will feel better. I will go now and let you be quiet. Goodby."

As soon as the door closed behind her, Josie gave herself up to her grief.

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur!" she moaned. "I did not know how I loved you until now. Why did Lute come over this morning? She might have let me be happy a little while longer, for I thought you cared for me a little. But there! she did not know."

"Mildred Atherton! How happy she must be! He loves her. Oh, Arthur, why couldn't you have loved me! The idea! You're only Josie Russell, and it isn't likely that anybody would like such an acting girl as you are. Past 18, and romping like a little girl. He probably thinks you are one."

And her cheeks tingle as she remembers how he found her sliding down hill one morning with a whole crew of little boys. The day passed wearily enough. As it nears night she can stay in doors no longer, and, wrapping up warmly in cloak and furs, goes out for a walk, taking a road that leads away from the village.

On and on she walks, as though trying to get away from her thoughts, until she is aroused by a shrill whistle, and the Western train, with its lights flashing bright and warm over the snow, flies past, bearing its human freight onward to toil or rest, sorrowing or rejoicing.

Josie is courageous and a good walker, but finding one's self two miles from home on a bleak country road, with night coming down bitter cold, is not a cheerful prospect for anyone. However, she turned about and started briskly homeward. She had gone but a few steps when a rapidly driven sleigh came up behind her, and stopping, Arthur St. Claire assisted her in.

Before she realized what he was doing, he had turned the horse, and they were gliding smoothly down Cedar hill.

"I'm going away in the morning, Josie," he said, "and I want to tell you something before I go."

"He might have spared me this," she thought. "I have heard already, Mr. St. Claire," was the reply. "Allow me to congratulate and extend my best wishes to both yourself and Miss Atherton."

"Miss Atherton! But what has Miss Atherton to do with it, I'd like to know?" "Why, she is—isn't she? Lute told me that you were to be married soon."

"Mildred Atherton, my wife!" and the long, loud laugh that followed made the horse jump.

"Why, she is my own cousin, and is to teach French in the academy the next year. Josie (tenderly), it is you I want, and only you. Will you come and make my life happy?"

"I love you dearly, and want you to be my own little wife. Can you love me a little?"

A soft little hand stole through his arm and the bright brown eyes shone with happiness, as she answered: "Yes, Arthur."

Then she told them how she had suffered all that long, long day, and how she hated herself for her rude, hoydenish manners, and how dark everything had seemed when Lute had told her of Miss Atherton.

"But I'm glad it happened, Arthur, for if I had not I should not have known how much I loved you. At least not so soon."

"Little darling! Of course, I loved you and wanted to marry you, for didn't I look in the mirror on All Hallows' Eve!"—Ex.

The Louisiana Lottery offers tremendous chances, upon the surface, of a big prize in money. The newly-introduced "Health" undervests for women and children offer a certainty against chances of cold. They are beautiful in texture, luxurious, and warm, and are for sale by every first class dry good houses.

Girls and Girls. The summer girl has disappeared, the autumn girl is here, and with her the ice gets on the streets. The fall girl will appear.

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and Greatest Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA 50c.; SOAP, 30c.; RESOLVENT \$1.00. Prepared by Foster Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and healed by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c.

DYSPEPTICURE not only aids Digestion and cures indigestion, but positively does cure the most serious and long standing cases of Chronic Dyspepsia.

DYSPEPTICURE BY MAIL. (Large size only.) Dyspepticure will be sent by mail to those who cannot yet procure it in their own vicinity. Many letters have been received from distant parts of Canada and United States enquiring how Dyspepticure can be obtained; many letters have come from nearer places that either have no handy store or where the remedy is not yet well known. To meet these demands and at the same time make Dyspepticure quickly known in places where, under ordinary circumstances, it might not reach for some considerable time, the large (\$1.00) size will be sent by mail without any extra expense to the user. The Post Office is everywhere, so none who wish the remedy need be without it. Upon receipt of \$1.00 by Registered letter or Post Office order, a large bottle of Dyspepticure (special mailing style) will be forwarded, postage prepaid. Full address—

CHARLES K. SHORT, St. John, N. B.

Every Druggist and General Dealer in Canada should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demanded from all directions. Wherever introduced it soon becomes a standard remedy. The following Wholesale Houses handle Dyspepticure: T. B. Barker & Sons, and St. McDonald, St. John; Brown & Webb, and Simpson Bros. & Co., Halifax; Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal.

INSTRUCTION. Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

J. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

Some people want to improve their writing; if you are one of them send for a sample, free of course.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

People often come in the Spring time saying: "How much can I learn in a few weeks? I am going West soon; can you fit me for such a situation? I might have been with you all winter, but did not think of it till now."

For these people, Spring is not the best time for entering the College. NOW is the best time.

S. KERR, Principal, Oddfellows' Hall.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art. STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING.

Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year. PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

PROFESSIONAL. J. E. HETHERINGTON, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, 72 SYDNEY STREET, COR. PRINCESS STREET ST. JOHN, N. B. Telephone 465.

GERARD G. RUEL, (LL. B. Harvard) BARRISTER, Etc. 3 Pugsley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

C. W. C. TABOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c., 14 PUGSLEY'S BUILDINGS, ST. JOHN.

REMOVAL. JOHN L. CARLETON HAS REMOVED his Law Offices to No. 72½ PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, (over office of D. C. CLINCH, Broker), St. John, N. B.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts.

J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

THOSE REQUIRING SPECTACLES Consult D. HARRIS, ENGLISH OPTICIAN, 53 Germain St., St. John, N. B. NEAR MARX'S.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

SAINTE JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET. Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty.

C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

MME. B. A. STERN'S Tailor System of Dress Cutting — TAUGHT AT — MRS. L. B. CARROLL'S BRANCH STORE, INDIANTOWN. For particulars apply at 149 Union Street.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. — Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

"CHRISTMAS BOX," Full of Wonderful Things. 15 Portraits of Actresses and Pretty Girls, The Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Filtration, Lovers' Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Magic Square, 200 Selections for Autograph Albums, 79 Money Making Secrets, 20 Popular Songs, 54 Tricks in Magic, 84 Conundrums, The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, Morse Telegraph Alphabet, Calendar for the current year, and our fine new Catalogue of Xmas and New Year's Toys, Books and Novelties. ALL sent to you by mail, FREE, for only 5 cents, silver, for postage.

A. W. KINNEY, S. J. P., YARMOUTH, N. S.

ONE THOUSAND REWARD

to any live person who will discover a merchant prepared to lower our price record. Read this remarkable offering. We are dividing the profits with our patrons.

Mens' very heavy tap-soled solid leather Bal. Boots for \$1.50, this boot is considered cheap at \$2; Youths' very heavy tap-soled Bal. Boots for 95c., from 10 to 15, worth \$1.25; Boys' very heavy double-soled solid leather Bal. Boots, only \$1.00; Mens' very heavy working Bal. Boots, only \$1.25; Mens' very heavy solid leather Brogans for 85c.; Infants' Button Boots and Slippers, 25c.; Children's very heavy solid leather wired Boots, only 55c.; Misses' spring-heeled button grained Boots, \$1.00; Children's ditto, 55c.; Boys' very heavy Bal. Boots, 6 to 10, with laces, 95c.; Boys' Bal. Boots, from 11 to 5 inclusive, only 75c.; Boys' Suits, from P. E. Island Tweeds, \$3.50; Mens' very heavy P. E. Island Tweed Pants, only \$1.50; Mens' ditto Vests, only \$1.25; Boys' P. E. Island Tweed Suits, to measure, \$8.00; Mens' P. E. Island Tweed Suits, made by a scientific cutter, only \$12.00 and \$15.00, worth \$18.00; P. E. I. Blankets, \$4.75 per pair, worth \$6.00; Womens' very fine Kid Boots, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.85; Mens' Leg Boots, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and up; Very heavy all-wool Tweeds, 50c., 65c., 75c., and up.

POPULAR 20th CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET. TRYON WOOLEN MFG. CO., of P. E. I., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE. We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

DID YOU SEE THAT the best Frame-Cutting Machine at the Exhibition was secured by the

GORBELL ART STORE, : : 207 Union Street. This Machine will do the work of two ordinary machines, and is the completest machine made. This will HELP GORBELL to MAKE PICTURE FRAMES CHEAPER THAN EVER.

YES, On Market Square, No. 5.

DO YOUR CLOTHES FIT YOU? — IF NOT, —

JAS. KELLY can make you a suit that will. Try him, while here.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. ST. JOHN, N.B. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.

ENAMEL LETTERS. D. M. RING, THE BUSINESS SIGN PAINTER. Has secured the Agency for New Brunswick, of Enamel Letters and Nickle Numbers, from the Canadian Letter Co. PRICES AWAY DOWN. 10-11-41.

ISAAC ERB, Photographer, 13 CHARLOTTE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Photography. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY. That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by

CLIMO. This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully wrought portraits.

COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES. 85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

The Sun. FOR 1891. Some people agree with THE SUN's opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN's fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read THE SUN.

Daily, per month, \$ 5.00 Daily, per year, 60.00 Sunday, per year, 2.00 Daily and Sunday, per year, 8.00 Daily and Sunday, per month, 1.00 Weekly Sun, one year, 7.00 Address THE SUN, New York.

Wanted—Farms for Sale. AS I am expecting to spend some of the coming winter months in England, in the interests of New Brunswick agriculture, I am anxious to have an extensive list of Farms to put before the public there, so that intending emigrants may, if possible, be attracted to this province. Persons having property for sale are requested to communicate with me at once, personally or by letter. A small fee charged for registration.

WM. H. FOYCE, (Late of Norfolk, Eng.), REAL ESTATE AGENT, FREDERICTON, New Brunswick. 10-18-31.

CITY OF ST. JOHN, N. B., WATER RATES, 1890.

ALL PERSONS assessed for Water Rates for the current year are hereby notified that unless the said rates are paid immediately into Chamberlain's Office, City Hall, Prince William Street, EXECUTIONS, Distraint or Sequestration Warrants will be issued to recover the same, according to Acts of Assembly. FRED. SANDALL, Chamberlain.

LADIES' AND MISSES' ONLY. 95 - CENTS - 95 - MENS' AND BOYS' TWEED AND RUBBER COATS. All kinds of Rubber Goods and Light Hardware. FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 179 UNION STREET.

THORNE BROS. KING STREET.

Seal in Astrachan Sacques.

LADIES' SEAL IN ASTRACHAN SACQUES.

THORNE BROS. KING STREET.

Seal in Astrachan Sacques.

LADIES' SEAL IN ASTRACHAN SACQUES.

THORNE BROS. KING STREET.

Seal in Astrachan Sacques.

LADIES' SEAL IN ASTRACHAN SACQUES.

THORNE BROS. KING STREET.