SOME TIME.

Last night, my darling, as you slept-I thought I heard you sigh, And to your little crib I crept And watched a space thereby;

Then, bending down, I kissed your brow-For, oh! I love you so-You are too young to know it now,

But some time you shall know. Some time, when in a darkened place, Where others come to weep, Your eyes shall see a weary face

Calm in eternal sleep, The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow, The patient smile may show-You are too young to know it now,

But some time you shall know. Look backward, then, into the years, And see me here tonight-See, O my darling! how my tears Are falling as I write;

And feel once more upon your brow The kiss of long ago-You are too young to know it now, But some time you shall know.

-Eugene Field.

WORDS OF CHEER.

"Do you need a man to work about your place, sir ?" Judge Parker looked up from his law

books and papers to the questioner, a stalwart man about thirty years of age, poor, in manner and speech.
"Take a chair," said the judge, politely,

motioning to one near him.
"No, thank you, sir; I prefer to stand,

if you please. The door was open and I made bold to walk in. I knocked several times on the door frame, but you didn't hear me. I came in just to ask if you need of continued employment upon his work. a man to do any sort of work about your place. If you do not, I'll not take up any more of your time, as I see you're busy. badly."

"You are a stranger in Pixley, are you not?" asked the judge leaning back in his

"Partly so. I lived here years ago." "Your name?"

"John."

"Your surname?"

' I would like you to call me just John, sir, if you please."

"Don't you know, my man, that withholding your name is not a recommendation, and very likely to make an unfavorable impression?"

"I know it, sir; but if you'll only try me I think you'll find that my faithfulness, and desire to do everything right will make up for the rest of my name."

Something about the man's bearing and appearance strongly impressed Judge

him, and he said: "Well, I'll tell you candidly, that I like your appearance and manner, but when a man refuses to give his name there's always something wrong.

"There is something wrong, sir; I'll be honest with you, there is something wrong with the name, but not with me-not now. I could easily give you a false name. Ain't the fact that I don't give one some sign of honesty, and won't you please look at that as a recommendation, sir?"

"It is an indication, certainly," responded the judge. "Now, it just happens that I do need a man about my country place here; need one badly. Summer is upon us, bringing a great deal of work to be done about the grounds. I have a man for the stable and horses, so the new hand would have to do the rough work, be willing to do that?"

"Certainly, sir," John hopefully responded. "I'll be only too glad if you'll

"But you're an able-bodied young fellow, who could make at some trade much more than I could give you for the work mentioned, and if I mistake not your apthis kind of work.

more at other work, and I have had higher aims, but you've seen how misfortune steps glad to do such work as you said for the summer, if you'll only give me a trial."

"What are your terms?" "That is not important, sir-"

"Not important? Why, my man, it is becoming plain to me that you have some object other than this work; some plan which such a position is to subserve. Haven't you?"

"Not exactly plan, but I have a reason for coming to you that I'd rather not tell, if you please. It's not a wrong purpose, and I hope you won't refuse me the work on its account.'

"It gives rise to unfavorable suspicions, though. An unusual number of things are against you. You refuse to give your name, you seek work plainly beneath your abilities, wages are unimportant, and lastly, the work is not your chief object. You must certainly be aware these would be good grounds for turning you away."

"I am aware of that, sir, and was afraid that when I came to you that I would appear in a bad light, but I concluded to be honest about it, anyhow. Try me, though, sir; you'll not regret it. I want the place sorely: more than I dare tell. I'm in distress. I have nothing else to say. My appearance is my only recommendation. If that won't do I must go."

He looked pleadingly at the judge, who, rising, came from behind his desk, and standing close to the applicant, said:

"Well, John, let me tell you that your candor and evident truthfulness have impressed me very strongly in your favor, despite the appearance against you. I'll try you for a month, but you must not who has proven himself trustworthy, or if your actions are more closely watched."

"I've seen those consequences, sir, and it's all right. They are to be expected under the circumstances, and I won't complain. Do as you please with me till you them." feel I can be trusted. Show me the work "We at once, sir, it you can. I couldn't find words to thank you, sir, even if you had laugh. "If you doubt my story call the spend the smallest portion of it on this time to hear them. My work must show man in and face him with it." spend the smallest portion of it on this path. Come out a pure man. You will you how grateful I am."

Donning a broad-brimmed straw hat, Judge Parker conducted the new man out

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over his spacious estate, indicating what work would be expected of him, and set him to do some weeding at a spot in sight

of his study windows. He then returned to his paper and books, but as the afternoon wore on he cast frequent glances through the window at John. It was plain that he had become deeply interested in the man whose history had been so candidly and honestly withheld. He could not fathom the mystery with which the applicant chose to envelop himself, but he trusted that his purposes were honor-

able, though he was somewhat suspicious. Judge Parker was a large-hearted man, widely known and beloved for his geniality, benevolence and uniform justice. The humblest citizen, if worthy, might apply to him for help, certain of a patient and responsive hearing. Knowing that his liberality had drawn to him many unworthy supplicants, he now suspected that John had some design upon his philanthrophy, and accordingly believed that he needed

But each glance through the window showed John working industriously, with an earnest vigor and care that cut the sharp edges from his suspicion.

And so he worked throughout the trial month. Faithfulness and a painstaking interest were stamped upon each detail of his work, and many persons commented to the judge upon the improved appearance of the place.

John was an unsually quiet and unobbut genteel in appearance, and respectful trusive man. He seldom volunteered remarks save to ask instructions concerning his work; he never presented himself unbidden. Judge Parker's several efforts to elicit some account of his life failed; he was respectfully candid in answering that he did not wish to tell anything about himself, saying that he entirely rested his hope

When the month ended he was re-engaged, and still he maintained the same scrupulous care in every piece of work, But I hope you do, sir; I need work however trivial. He was not a "new sent upon errands, and, retiring early to he said: his room, spent his evenings in quiet pur-

> The judge's interest in him grew into life; that was a sealed book.

The summer wore uneventfully away, entered the judge's study. It was Joshua Skiles, a member of the bar in the judicial His face indicated an important mission.

"Judge," he said, after a few remarks at work on your place.'

spoken to me of the improvement. But he's no eye server; he's thoroughgoing to kindly; "it may be a long interview." the smallest detail."

Skiles grinned expectantly at this enthusiasm, as he asked: "What is his name?"

"He calls himself John." "No surname, eh?"

"No; well, the truth is, he declined to give it, and he's been so faithful that I have respected his reasons for concealing at last." it, whatever they are."

"Is it possible you don't remember him, Judge ?

him, either in his motions or in his looks, me who you were." I can't tell which."

Europe, been most all over the old country, get up?" mowing the lawn, raking, weeding, sawing and the moment I set eyes on your new wood, keeping the grounds in good order, man I knew the fellow, if he has disguised says I sentenced you ten years ago to the running errands, and so on. Would you himself with whiskers. I'm not often de-

ceived in people, I tell you." "I dare say not, but I am, if I've ever seen him before.'

"Well, then, judge," said Skiles, with manifest pleasure, "you sentenced him ten | did." years ago to the penitentiary."

Judge Parker looked closely at Skiles before replying or showing any feeling at pearance, you have had higher aims than the statement. The man was not a favor- from place to place. I've tried hard, ite at the bar. He bore a reputation for "That is all true, sir. I could make pettiness, his cases usually being trivial, more at other work, and I have had higher ims, but you've seen how misfortune steps self upon trifling disputes between parties, tary door is at the very foot of a hill, and in sometimes on our aims. But I'd be and he was given to volunteering services as bids for favor.

So the judge looked at him, secretly displeased at the disclosure. He didn't want to hear evil of John; he liked him, and designs upon his favor.

"His name, Mr. Skiles?" "John Dorker," replied Skiles, effusively. "You sentenced him ten years ago last March for burglary, which was proved beyond the slightest shadow of doubt. There wasn't a scintilla of evidence in his ten minutes. I was present during the it. trial, and I can truthfully say it was the plainest case of guilt in my legal experience.

You sent him up for five years." "Are you certain of this, Mr. Skiles?" the judge asked, coldly. "It's a very serious | had turned me away then, whymatter to brand a man as a convict. He is doing well here. May you not be mis-

"No, indeed; I never forget a face." "It seems that I do, then. What is your purpose?"

"Simply to warn you, sir." "What good will it do you if I discharge

These questions cut close, and Skiles winced a little as he replied:

"Not at all, sir. I didn't expect it to, except that inward consciousness of doing a service. I thought you would certainly not wish to have a man sleeping in your house whom you sentenced yourself and who served his term in prison.'

"Well, now. Mr. Skiles, to be frank with you, I don't believe in always putting the foot of virtuous scorn on a man's neck complain if you are denied certain privi- because he was once a criminal. There's dangerous path. The way of crime never leges that would be accorded to a man no reason why such a man shouldn't reform leads upward, always down, down to the and lead an honest life. I've sentenced many men to prison, but have never had a chance to do one a kindness. I honestly with wrecks of noble lives. When you believe that many a criminal would rise to rectitude if helped, and John is one of them."

with wrecks of hote lives. When you believe the friends, true friends, ting, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura You are going to prison. In the quiet

did not want to give Skiles the expected and to retrieve this false step. Let me say

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satisfaction of seeing John's disgrace laid broom." He never left the place unless | bare. A sincere sorrow for him arose, and

"No, Mr. Skiles, I'll not confront him with it now." The pettifogger therefore bowed himself

genuine fondness. He liked to talk to out somewhat crestfallen, as he confidently him, and found him well posted and shrewd expected to win the judge's influence in an in the ways of the world and ever ready to appointment he aspired to, and to have converse on all subjects except his past seen the criminal ignominously dismissed. kraken's the matter?" Looking after him Judge Parker mused:

"I do wonder why some people love so until one morning, late in August, a visitor | much more to find evil than good in a person. A noble character is to them as a whitewashed fence, against which they dedistrict over which Judge Parker presided. light to throw mud. I hate to tell John of this, but I suppose it must be done."

John promptly obeyed the summons, en-

on general subjects, "you have a new man tering respectfully and enquiringly. A av it." shade of distrust upon the Judge's face "Yes, indeed, I have. I don't wonder made him uneasy, but he calmly and with Parker, inspiring a desire to know more of you've noticed it. Many others have manly dignity awaited the communication. 'Sit down, John," the Judge began

He complied, and began nervously revolving his straw hat by shifting his fingers along the edge of the brim, but he looked firmly at his employer. "John-your surname, is it Dorker?"

A slight pallor swept over the honest face, as he replied: "It is, sir. You have remembered me

"You expected me to?"

"I did, yes, sir."
"No, I didn't recognize you, John," said "No, I don't, yet several times I've the judge, with a note of disappointment in thought there was something familiar about his voice, "but a lawyer at the bar told

"Always some one to give a fellow a "Well, I've just got back from a trip to kick, no matter how hard he's trying to "Yes, it seems so. Now, John, he

> penitentiary. Is it true? "It is, sir," was the humble reply. "And you served your full term of five

"Lacking the time of commutation,

"What have you done since your re-

"Nothing but try, sir; shifting about desperate hard, to lead a true, honest life, when a poor fellow comes out and tries to walk up there's always some one who is glad to push him down again."

"Were you guilty of the burglary?" "I was, sir. It was my first crime. The was disposed to believe this one of Skiles's easy gain looked tempting, and I fell. needed money; but there is no excuse, I deserved the punishment. Those awful years, sir, gave me time for reflection, and determined that when I got out, with God's help, to pick myself up. It's been or a cactus off there in the field?"—N. Y. hard, cruelly, fearfully hard, but I haven't | Sun. fallen again. I'm an honest man in my favor. Why, the jury were only out about heart, sir, if the world won't acknowledge

"But why didn't you tell me this when you came? It would have been better." "I suppose it would, sir. But I was too weak. I needed work so badly, and if you

"What, John?" "Never mind, if you please, sir, you didn't turn me off."

"Very well, John, I'll not ask you. But you said you had a special purpose in coming to me. Can you tell me that?" John Dorker arose, laid his hat upon the

chair, and facing the judge, said impress-"Do you remember, sir, what you said when you sentenced me?"

"No, I do not." "Well, sir, your words burned themselves into my heart as if they'd been sparks. I used to fancy I saw them written in fiery letters at night upon the back wall of my cell. You spoke feelingly, sir, like you pitied me, and that's what made them take such a hold of me. They were: 'Young man you have set your foot on a You are going to prison. In the quiet "We generally try to get rid of a stumbling horse, Judge," said Skiles with a weak langer than the first state of the stat man in and face him with it."

This was exactly what Judge Parker did not wish to do. He believed the story, but path. Come out a pure man. You will still be young with much of your life before you; many years to be useful and good in,

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from my heart, young man, don't blight your life."

He dashed the tears from his eyes and proceeded:

"My mother sat weeping behind me, sir, as I stood at the rail. I was her only support. God alone knew how she was to live during those years. Your words were knife-thrusts sir. I did have to leave her, friends, peace, heaven and the God she had so earnestly taught me to pray to. And I did reflect, sir, in those quiet years, and I came out a pure man. God knows how I've tried not to let that false step blight my life. But wherever I went some one spread the truth—'Employing that man, that John Dorker? Why, he's a convict.'

"I became desperate; a temptation stared me in the face. I felt myself weakening. Starvation, gloom, despair, a broken-hearted mother, were about me, and I wavered, sir, when a thought came. 'Surely, surely, the judge who spoke those words would help me; he wouldn't turn me away.' And I came. It was my last chance. Too much depended upon my getting work, sir, to risk telling you my story. But now I'm found out, I'm ready for your decision. Can you trust a convicted burglar in your house? Will you give me a trial? If not, I'll go away and try it again sir, but I don't know-'

Judge Parker sprang up and warmly grasped the trembling hand.
"Trust you, John? Give you a trial? You have been tried, and I again sentence you, John Dorker, to five years in my service, in my most earnest help, in my best effort to place you on the road to prosperity. God bless you!"

And when the sentence was served, John Dorker was an honest and useful citizen .-Selected.

THE AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.

An Interesting Story About an Egg and an Irishman.

Little Marshall P. Wilder told a Washington Post reporter the following gem: Finucane called in on Mike Leary's oldest boy, Tim, one day and found that fine broth of a boy pale about the gills, losing flesh and the picture of despair.

"Howly Moses, Tim, it's murtherin' ill ye're lukin! Fwat in the name av th'

"Finucane!" "Yis."

"Ye know that blatherin' spalpeen av a widdy Costigan's second husband's step son, Jamie? "That I do."

"He bet me a dollar to a pint I couldn't schwally an egg widout br'akin' th' shell

"Naw"!" "Yes."

"Did you do ut?" "I did."

"Then twhat's ailin' ve?" "It's doon there. If I joomp about I'll br'ak it an' cut me stummick wid th' shell. If I kape quiet the dom thing'll hatch oot, and I'll have a Shanghai rooster a clawin' me insides."

Played It to Perfection.

Three little girls were playing together. One that she was Mrs. Lincoln, one that she was Mrs Grant and the third that she

was Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Garfield was calling on Mrs. Lincoln, and when about to leave Mrs. Lincoln said: "I should be pleased to have you remain all night, Mrs. Garfield," to which she replied that she would like to, but she

had no night dress with her. "Oh, well," exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln, "I can lend you one of Abraham's night shirts."-Christian Observer.

A Nocturne.

The man is deemed unfortunate Who in the winter wild Must walk the floor at night to hush

But greater misery knows he Who, just as he begins To dream, must rise and do the same With twins.

-Boston Courier.

That tired, debilitated feeling, so peculiar to spring, indicates depraved blood. Now the time to prove the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the system, restores physical energy, and infuses new life and vigor into every fibre of the body .-

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"Well, why don't you speak out-don't you like it?" said the artist. "I don't know yet-ah-is that a goat

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop more serious trouble in the way of congestion or laryngitis, or perhaps consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.—Advt.

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Courtship is sweet when the nights are long, And the north wind is blowing fierce and strong, Aud the lamp in the parlor is turned down low, And the only light is the grate's red glow, And she is close to your bosom pressed, And she lays her head with a sigh on your breast, And you look in the depths of her lovelit eyes, That mirror the blue of the noonday skies And you kiss her lips and her dimpled chin— But marriage. Ah! that's where the httch comes in.



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PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. †11.20 a. m .- Express for Fredericton and inter

4.10 p. m.—Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. \$8.45 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Portland,

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m, Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at ¶1.15, †10.20, †10.45 a. m.; †12.25 p. m. Woodstock at †6.15, †10.35 a. m.; †8.00 p. m. Houlton at †10.25 a. m.; †8.00 p. m. St. Stephen at †8.50 a. m.; †10.20 p. m.

St. Andrews at †8.05 a. m.

Fredericton at †7.00, †10.00 a. m.; †2.55 p. m.

Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45, †10.00 a. m.; †1.30,

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †8.30 a, m, for Fairville and West.

13.15 p. m.—Connecting with 4.10 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. ¶Daily except Monday.

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EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after THURSDAY, Oct 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.;

St. Stephen, 6 p. m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.45 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 tbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carle-

ton, before 6 p. m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway. 1889---Winter Arrangement---1890

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :-TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.30 mmodation for Point du Chene......11.10

Express for Sussex......16.35 A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex. 8.30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec. 11.10 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889. BOSTON, Mass., U. S. A. Buctonche and Moncton Railway.

> On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows: Leave Buctouche, 8.30 | Leave Moncton, 15.30 Arr. Moncton....10.30 | Arr. Buctouche, 17.30

C.F. HANINGTON, Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

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