WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?" I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court; Knowledge, said the school; Truth, said the wise man; Pleasure, said the fool; Love, said the maiden; Beauty, said the page; Freedom, said the dreamer; Home, said the sage; Fame, said the soldier; Equity, the seer ;-

Spake my heart full sadly; "The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom Softly this I heard: "Each heart holds the secret; Kindness is the word."

-John Boyle O'Reilly.

AN OLD SONG.

Her Story.

"It was all the fault of that old song! wish I had never learned it! I wish I had never seen it! I firmly believe I deserved everything for learning a song that surely must have been sung by my great grandmother. It was so old-written in manuscript-and so vellow and faded that I could not even make out the melody till I him had copied it two or three times.

And how curiously persistent I was about it, too. Who can disbelieve in Fate or something higher? Who can doubt that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we wiil"?

Surely it must have been my evil genius I had a long life before me still. that prompted me to pounce on that forgotten old song, lying hidden away in a neglected corner of mother's desk, which she came upon one day, when she was sorting her old letters. I chanced to be sitting near her, and caught a glimpse of the yellow music paper. So I seized upon

I suppose it was just because the song was unfamiliar that I fancied it. I can't tell, I am sure, just what prompted me to lavish so much time and energy over a thing which was to prove the instrument of happiness went. And try as we will to convince our aching hearts that there are other things in the world besides happiness, we will meet with but indifferent success. Our minds may accept the theory in a lukewarm fashion, but our hearts are doctrine. They want happiness, and they will keep crying out for it, try as you may to stifle them. Try as I have been doing for six long years, and then find, as I have found, that it has all been wasted labor, and you are no nearer the coveted plane of intellectual superiority than you were at the beginning.

The very fact of my being so anxious to lay the blame of my one great mistake on that inoffensive old piece of music, proves how very far I am still from superiority of any kind, mental or otherwise. It was all my own fault, if I only had the courage to confess it mine, and perhaps Philip's, too, for surely he should have known me better.

Perhaps it will be the wisest plan to write it all down here, just as it happened. It will be a relief to me, this lonely Christmas eve, and a journey into the past may keep my mind from dwelling too much on the present, for it is at Christmas that I always miss Philip most. He used to seem the very spirit of Christmas to me in the old days, and each of the six Christmas days that have passed since we last met has seemed more dreary than the preceding one. Philip and I were not exactly brought up together, but we have known each other since we were little more than children. He was an orphan, with little but his bright disposition and his clever head to help him along in the world. A wealthy old uncle, who was a great friend of my father's, was giving him his profession, and so he came to be a law student in my father's office.

Now, Philip was not only destitute of the slightest aptitude for law, but he loathed it with a bitter loathing, that grew and flourished day by day. He had once gone so far as to tell his uncle that he would much prefer being apprenticed to

But his relative was firm. It was to be sing it any more, if I were you." the law, or nothing. Philip should have his profession and all his expenses while he was engaged in acquiring it. Not only that, but he should have an allowance for the first year he was practising. After that he must fend for himself.

That was thirteen years ago, and Philip or wrong?" was seventeen and I fourteen. At his uncle's request, he lived in our house, so wrong thing at the wrong moment? I have elected to end my days a lonely old that naturally we saw a great deal of each That I answered as I did? My maid, there is a certain satisfaction in other during the next four years. Many a brilliant castle in Spain did I help the vic- the agony of losing Philip, and of trying to does love company. tim of adverse circumstances to build, and hide it from him. If I agreed with Mary by the time Philip passed his examination, it would be almost like asking for his love, and was admitted to the bar, we were and at least he should never pity me, never hear his familiar step now, his light touch something more than friends.

out interest in his studies, and he passed ing his eyes, I answered carelessly:

"It is useless for me to stay on here, bound. No, I can't agree with Mary. I first, and an occasional gasping snore from

Helen," he said. "I have wasted nearly a year already, and I am determined not to waste another. I shall take my next quarter's allowance, the last I shall have, and start for the Northwest. I want to make money, and I want to make it fast. I can't be content to crawl like a caterpillar, and I won't try."

I did not ask why he was in such a hurry to gather up lucre—it would scarcely have been good form—but I thought I had a pretty clear idea of his reason, all the same, and I had little doubt that he would tell it to me before he went away.

The days slipped by with the swiftness of all last days; but Philip never gave me a hint of what I felt sure was in his heart. To be sure he was very busy, and we seemed to have so few chances of speaking to each other, but "love laughs at locksmiths," and "where there's a will there's a way." These two old proverbs kept haunting me, and the more I thought about it the more inexplicable did Philip's conduct appear. I must have been mistaken. I thought he only cared for me as a dear friend, a sort of little sister. If he loved me, he could not go away for years without telling me of it, without giving me some hint that he wanted me to wait for

Well! I had made a great mistake, but it should be a lesson to me, and one that I would never forget. I had pride enough not to let Philip know how easily I had been won, and somehow I would get over it. No one ever died of a love affair, and

The day of Philip's departure came at last. He was to go by the night train, and mother had gathered together a few young people to spend the evening and cheer us all up. The very last evening at home is always such a sad one, and our house was Philip's real home.

He was very pale and quiet, but otherwise showed little feeling, I thought, and insensibly I grew stiff and cold myself; the terrible ache at my heart was growing more than I could bear, and that was the only way I could hide it. One of the girls my own destruction, as far as my life's had been singing, and when she finished he

> "It is your turn now, Nell," he said. 'Sing something I can remember when I

"Then you must choose it yourself," I answered. The old, childish name "Nell" not to be put off with any such husks of was almost too much for me; it was so but his eyes softened as they met minc. long since he had used it.

And he choose that fateful old song. It was appropriate, he said, because he, too, was going away to seek his fortune.

It was more appropriate than he seemed to have any idea of, I thought; and steadying my voice as best I could, I began to

He oft hath said that I was fair As lily or as rose, And plucked for me in summer time The fairest flower that blows. He watched me in the festive hall, And trembled if I moved, But though his whisper softly fell, He never said he loved.

He left his home for sunnier climes, Till many years were past. The hopes that fanned my spirit's flame. Had faded all at last. He came! The wealth of other lands,

Had crowned him as he roved, A star was gleaming on his breast, And then he said he loved.

No one spoke for a moment. The song was a sad one. And it fitted the occasion almost too well. Then Mary Churchill, a great friend of mine, broke the silence.

thoughtfully; "but the sentiment is all wrong, and not only that, it is very unnatural, too. No man who loved a girl would go off and leave her that way, without telling her. Why, it is out of the question; he would not be doing right. And how could he expect her to wait for him if he did not ask her to? Besides that, pliment to take it for granted that you about her to even tell her he had leanings well in time. in her direction. In fact, the song contains a mean sort of hint that no one else had

Philip was watching me. I could feel his eyes on my face, and I was sure he could hear my heart beating.

"What do you think about it, Helen?" he asked, in an odd voice. "I will abide

very soul was sick and faint with knowing that Philip is better off-misery think I had given mine unasked, so I on the door, and his voice that was always He had worked faithfully, though with- thought a moment, and then without meet- so clear and boyish. If there was anything

well; but his dislike for the law had increased instead of dimishing. He took an office and tried to practice, but after struggling along for nearly a year, he came to me one day and told me that he could stand it no longer, and so he was going away. Going to the Northwest, where so many young men were making where so many young men were making too honorable to ask her to share his pov- she dozes in her arm chair, the slight rustle their way so much more quickly than they erty, and he preferred to leave her abso- of the fire as the flames hurry after each lutely free, while he regarded himself as other to see which will get up the chimney

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A SHAS BEEN OUR CUSTOM IN PREVIOUS years (after Stock Taking) to offer great inducements in our Linen and Cotton Departments, we now intend placing on our several counters in the Back Store an immense variety of Goods from the above mentioned Departments, viz:

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think he acted wisely according to the light that was given him."

My voice almost died away at the last word. I knew I had sealed my own fate, even before Philip spoke.

"I am glad to know your opinion," he said coldly, and immediately afterwards he

I envied the other girls who could openly lament his departure, and beg him not to be too long away; who could tell him how much they would miss him, and that no one | too well to dream you could be mercenary, could ever take his place. Their frank, hearty friendship and warm good wishes must have been very cheering to him, while I could only stand in dumb misery, how cold your hand was as I held it in afraid to speak least I should break out mine. "Unmarried still"—the last news into wild sobs.

He said good bye to me, last of all; his face was stern and cold and his voice harsh, not quite a rich man yet, but neither am I

"Good bye Helen," he said. "Think of me sometimes." And then, without another word, he was gone. I don't know how I got through the rest of that night. My pillow was not soaked with tears in the morning, after the fashion of the average young lady in the average novel. Indeed, I question very much whether the heroine in real life ever does dampen her pillow to that extent. If she was suffering from a very bad attack of toothache, she might, "But not for love," generally speaking.

The deepest love, the deepest grief, The deepest joy, are dumb.

I had ever seen, and I found it very long indeed. That I had a bad headache the next day, and most firmly believed that no other girl had ever suffered since the world began, as I was suffering then. A love affair or a headache, taken separately, are bad enough at all times. But together! Well, if many people have them, I don't wonder suicides are so prevalent! I did not put an end to my life, and I did not die "It's a pretty song, Helen," she said of my own accord. I did what was harder -I lived. But as the weeks and months crept by, I learned that my wound had been even deeper than I thought; and that, though I might never see Philip again in this world, I would go down to my grave unwed, for his dear sake.

I never heard from him directly. Father had two or three letters the first year after it would be paying her such a poor com- he went away; and he always sent kindest regards to Mrs. Marshall and Helen; but would find her just where you left her-a that was all. He was in the office of a hopeless, patient old maid, clinging to the large land company in one of the towns. memory of a man who did not care enough He liked his work, and hoped to do very

Two years after his departure my father died, and mother and I were left quite ever cared for her in the meantime. It is alone. We had enough to live upon comfortfalse sentiment, Helen, and I would not ably, so we kept on the old house where I had been born, and settled down to our quiet life. I heard nothing more of Philip beyond an occasional scrap of news from some one who had friends in the North West, and who casually mentioned having heard of Phil. Parker. He was doing in my husband's and my life; so we thought by your decision. Did the hero do right very well for so young a man, and he was it worth framing." not married. I suppose it does not matter Is it any wonder that I said the to me whether he is or not, but as long as

> But oh! how I would like to see him again. What would I not give if I could in the power of the will, how quickly he

the old tortoiseshell cat that Philip used to be so fond of, as she chases imaginary rats through the happy hunting grounds of

A strange thing happened to me today! I was sorting some of my old paperspapers and letters that I brought from home with me-and from between the leaves of one package something dropped. I picked it up carelessly and found that it was a spray of dried leaves tied with a scrap of embroidery silk. They were so old and so dry that they crumbled at my touch, but sweet even in death, there was no mistaking that perfume. It was lemon verbena, Helen's favorite plant. How that bit of withered vegetation brought back my boyhood! Summer or winter, Helen always managed to have a sprig of it near her. She crumpled it up amongst her handkerchiefs, she pressed it in her favorite books, she decorated my buttonhole with it whenever we went to a party together. Its very odor seemed to bring her near to me.

I picked up the scattered papers, and looked them over. Scraps of poetry and fragments of songs, all in Helen's writing. We had a habit in the old days of collecting bits of poetry that struck us particularly, and giving them to each other, and this was a bundle I had treasured up and finally

I read them slowly, one by one, and last of all I came upon the words of that memorable old song, that she sang the night I left home. The very sight of it gave me a faint, sick feeling, and I laid it N. B.-Sheets, Cloths, Napkins, Towels, aside hastily. As I did so, I saw something written on the other side. It was only a little poem called "Happiness," but it was wonderfully sweet and tender. The last two line ran thus:

So I find in summer or winter weather And just underneath was written a fragment of a song:

If some song I have been wont to sing you, Or the perfume of some flower or tree, Steals across your senses, let it bring you

And the words were slightly blurred, where the spray of verbena had been laid over them before they were dry.

Surely, Helen, it was a silent message from you, and have I ever quite known what happiness meant since we have been apart? Oh, my little sweetheart! Perhaps I have been misjudging you all these years. Surely I ought to have known you could give a thought to what is commonly called the main chance! You bade me good-bye so coldly, and yet the look in your eyes contradicted your words; and from home said-"though plenty of good fellows have cared for her.

Why should I wait any longer? I am poor. "Happiness means to be together." Why should I delay, when I may still have a chance for that happiness! I have been homesick for months past. Why not go home in time for Christmas? This is the 16th; ample time to make all arrangements, and reach home on Christmas eve, to answer Helen's "silent message."

The Author's Story.

And so it came to pass that, whether there was anything in will power or not, even as Helen had gathered up the ancient tortoiseshell, and hugged her so convulsively, the asthmatic dame protested with a sound between a squeal and growl, and while sundry hot tears were being dropped on the black and yellow head, just because that same head had been rubbed against I remember that it was the first whole night | Philip's cheek so often, a step did sound on the snow outside the window, not quite so light or so quick a step as of old, but still familiar to loving ears. And some one opened the hall door, as if he knew the ways of the house, and crossed the hall quickly, in time to meet some one else, who had dropped a startled cat suddenly on the floor, and was standing with wide eves and beating heart on the threshold of the parlor, almost afraid to believe the evidence of her senses. I don't think that any of them had any set speech ready, that either knew "who should plead or who forgive." I only know that he said: " have come, Nell!" And she answered simply: "I know, Philip! I waited for

And the Christmas bells were ringing loud and clear before three very happy people thought of separating for the night. "A happy Christmas, Helen! the happiest of our whole life, darling!"

"You didn't bring the star, Phil. I don't see see any 'star gleaming on your "No, dear; the star brought me: the

Star of Bethlehem.

L'Envoi.

In a certain room in Mrs. Philip Parker's nome there hangs an odd little picture. which vet is not a picture at all. It is only a sheet of manuscript music framed in a curious carved oak frame, where dots and bars and semibreves chase each other in picturesque confusion across the wood.

It attracts a good deal of attention from visitors, and when questioned about it Mrs. Parker blushes and answers, "It is only a bit of sentiment like the old tortoiseshell pussy downstairs. She always reminds me of the happiest Christmas I ever spent, and that old song played a very important part

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THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing December 30, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at †9.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland. Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. t11.20 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. 18.45 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Portland,

Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heulton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.
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Bangor at †6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. 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.; †10.20 p. 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, †2.30, †6.50 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.30 a. m. for Fairville and West.

13.15 p. m.—Connecting with 4.00 p. m. train from EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Trains marked † 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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EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

O^N 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 lbs.—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-

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 TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton.... 7.30 Accommodation for Point du Chene......11.10 Fast Express for Halifax. 14.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal. 16.20
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.

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.

Moneton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctouche 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,

Moneton, 14th Nov., 1889.

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