## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

#### THE DIAL'S SHADOW.

Go, Cupid; say to her I love That roses fall and time is fleeting. I watch the dial's shadow move, And wait-and wait-to give her greeting. For youth is sunshine on the dial, And love is but an old, old story; The years may dance with lute and viol-The shadow moves-so ends their glory !

Go, Cupid, beckon with your wing, 'That sweetest chance may waft her hither; For we must woo, remembering How fast the roses tall and wither. And oft the dial long ago, The pavement sunk with mossy edges, Saw Youth and Love meet all aglow, And whisper by the old yew hedges.

Go, Cupid, tell the maid I prize How many in the courtyard wandered. What laughing lips and witching eyes, In love's delight their beauty squandered! The ruffs, brocade and buckled shoes, How softly down the path they pattered With gallants gay in old world hues, When crowns and kingdoms little mattered.

Go, Cupid, sleep; your cheek is pale, And we can woo among the sages; Romance is but a weary tale, Monotonous from all the ages.

\* \* \* \* \* \* My heart! She comes from yonder door, And time and shadows flit forever. Why, there was never youth before, And love like ours, oh, never-never!

-Chambers's Journal.

# LITTLE LION.

"Untie the dog !" called a gruff voice from the door of the adobe house. "Untie him, I sav !"

The dog, a big, fierce-looking mastiff, was tugging at his chain and snarling vici-ously at a dark, thin little boy, who was evidently atraid to venture within his reach, and totally incapable of untying him, as he was ordered to.

The boy looked timidly at the dog, then cast a frightened glance at the door. He was between two fires, and, with a little gasp of terror, solved the problem by fleeing from both. His bare, brown feet flew over the ground, and he disappeared in the tall growth of mustard that lifted bright yellow blossoms above his head.

How fragrant, and still it was in there! Looking up at the golden tufts that swayed in the breeze, he saw humming-birds flit to and fro, dipping their beaks into one flower after another, and the blue sky over all, without a cloud to mar its clear sapphire.

In the meantime, Joel Edwards had unfastened the dog, given him his supper by the doorway, and stood, with a sullen face, watching him eat.

Mr. Edwards was an American, fearless, hard-working and honest, just the man to child, unclasping her clinging hands. Then bear the hardships of a frontier life, and to he began to undo the fastenings of the

heard Joel's voice reassuring the lad, who seemed excited and terrified, at the same time pulling the dog along by main strength.

Her heart was filled with terror. Had Tiger gone mad, to resist his master in this manner, or had he caught sight of lurking Indians?

Suddenly there came a wild cry repeated by many throats, and answered again and again by the echoing hills-a shot, a heavy

Joel lay just outside the door, motionless. The child, with a white face, tried in vain to raise him, but the strong arms of the wife lifted him into the house, while Leon pulled Tiger in after them, although the creature was bristling with rage, and his eyes glowed like coals of fire as he heard the Indian war-cries.

"No, Tiger, come with us; we need you !" cried Josefe, and the creature answered with a low whine, reaching up and touching his master's face with his tongue. Now all was quiet. The Indians had vanished, and night was coming on.

The doors and windows were barricaded, and Josefe was rapidly loading all the firearms. She had done what she could for her husband. He had been shot between the ribs. Whether it was a mortal wound she could not tell, but his face was gray and drawn, aud his breath came in painful gasps.

Tiger, his fore-paws on the bedside, watched his master with almost human sympathy in his eyes.

Josefe knew the Indians would return as soon as they had perfected some scheme of attack-probably at midnight when the moon had risen. That would give them four hours' respite, four hours of life, for what chance could 'hey have of escape? It would not take long for the Indians to break down their doors, and then death in a most horrible form awaited them all. For a long time Leon crouched by the window, seeming to hear nothing, so deeply was he buried in thought. At last he arose and softly touched his mother's shoulder. She was crying, and reached out and put her arm around him with her face hidden. "Mother," he whispered, "we shall be killed by morning, if no help comes, and father will die long before that. I could not shoot an Indian, but I can run almost as fast as the fox father shot yesterday, and I may reach the settlement, and they

will come and save you and father." "No! no!" cried the poor mother, "the Indians are all about the house, in the bushes, it would be sure death. I can shoot and Tiger is fierce and strong, we may frighten them away." Then clasping him closer in her arms, she murmured, "We can at least die together."

"God will keep you while I am gone. Kiss me and let me go!" answered the

saint. When she looked again they had had almost reached the house. She "Economic" White-wear for Ladies.

For this month we are making a SPECIAL SALE at **REDUCED** PRICES of the "Economic" (untrimmed) White Cotton Underwear, consisting of NIGHT GOWNS, CHEMISE and DRAWERS. The "Economic" Underwear is made from an Extra Quality Cotton, and is manufactured in our own factory; we can, therefore, guarantee the sewing on these garments as being the very best.

They are on sale in our SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for LADIES, and are marked at prices lower than they can be made up for in Ladies own homes.

## Manchester, Robertson & Allison

But at last he thought he was far enough from home to be comparatively safe. Then he ran like a deer and, two hours after starting, was pounding at the door of a house in the sottlement But at last he thought he was far enough house in the settlement.

Half a dozen fierce dogs were leaping son & Co., Boston, Mass., for tull particuand barking about him, but he never lars, which they send free, and which may thought of fear, and when a gruff voice from the window questioned him, he quickly told his story and rushed to the next house and the next.

In a few moments the whole village was astir, horses were saddled, loud, excited voices called back and forth.

Leon was lifted on a saddle in front of Pedro Martinez, who was bristling with pistols and knives. Leon felt quite afraid to sit near such an arsenal, but was ashamed to object and so clung as closely as possible to the pony's head.

The brave Mexicans dashed off as soon as they could vault into their saddles, each trying to outrun his neighbor, and the Indians were taken wholly be surprise. Quick shots were fired, crack! crack! crack ! faster than one could count, the

### A Dangerous Joke. A few months ago a person hardly dared say they had La Grippe for fear of ridicule. And now that one halt of our population have had it, and the other half are in mor-

tal terror for fear they too will have it. We cannot wonder; for no epidemic scourage has ever visited this country and left such a trail of death and sorrow behind. The best loved members of families from state circles down to humblest in life have

It has been the relapses and after dangers from la grippe that have been so appalling. The death rate in many larger cities has exceeded 100 a week from the "grip" alone: and the end is not yet. Physicians are learning to fear, (much more than the epidemic itself,) the serious and fatal extension of the inflammation downward to the throat and bronchial tubes, causing croupous and catarrhal pneumonia, true sequences of the malady; which terminate in death or produce severe laryngitis bronchitis, asthma and a form of catarrh which contributes largely to chronic disease of the ear, nose and throat, causing loss of hearing, smell and taste. Those physicians who have been most successful with the epidemic say, the surest treatment has been with tonic and anodyne remedies. The remedies most relied upon have been Quinine, Antipyrine, Salicilate of Soda, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. etc. A prominent Boston paper announced in January last that more persons had successfully used the last named medicine than all the others combined. That seems reasonable, for the effects from La Grippe cause severe inflammation, and it is a well known fact that for nearly eighty years no remedy has taken the place of Johnson's Anodyne Linement for every form of inflammation, internal or external. Therein lies its value as a household Anodyne, namely, the fact that it is and can be used

send to the sole manufacturers, I. S. John-

Didn't Believe in It.

save you a big doctor's bill.-Advt.

"I don't believe in this woman's rights business," said Mrs. Henpeck, as she sat on the piazza fanning herself, while Mr. speer and the women in their'n; and I ain't no desire to go and onsex myself marching off to the poles like a man. Home is the proper speer for woman. Hurry up and git them dishes done, Henpeck, and then sit down and sew them missing buttons on your coat before it's time for you to put the baby to bed."-Drake's Magazine.

# Impure Blood

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial.

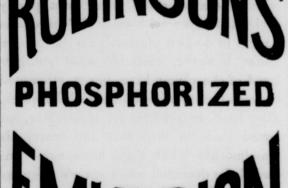
"For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from im-purities of the blood are contained in this medicine." - G. C. Brock, Drug-gist, Lowell, Mass.

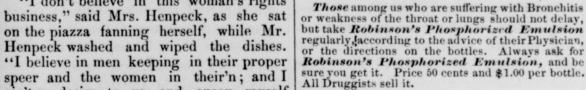
"My wife was for a long time a sufferer from tumors on the neck. Nothing did her any good until she tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure." - W. S. Martin, Burning Springs, W. Va.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier." – W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

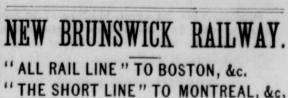
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

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









RAILWAYS.

Commencing December 30, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

19.40 a. m.-Express for Bangor, Portland. Bos-ton, 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, Heul ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Montreal, 17.35 p.m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at tached

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

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 [10.25 a. m.; [10.20 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, [2.30, [6.50 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.30 a. m. for Fairville and West. 13.15 p. m.-Connecting with 4.10 p. m. train from St. John.

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.

# SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

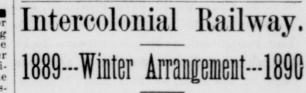
LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and inter-mediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

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, Carlen, before 6 p.m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.



ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Bailway will run daily

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Sunday excepted) as follows :-

physivue and less courage. Years before he had gone to Arizona from an Eastern town, and, after mining a little with no success, had taken up a ranch not far from the Mexican border.

Then he married a pretty Mexican girl, built an adobe house, cleared the land around it, and was now enjoying the re-sults of the hard work and lonely life, for the Mexican girl had made him a good wife, and was perfectly content with her humble surroundings.

Joel was a proud and happy man when his son was born. His mother had named him Leon, and, as he was a perfect little Spaniard in looks, the Spanish name seemed appropriate. His father called him "Little Lion," for "he will grow up brave and strong as the king of the forest," he said.

But as Leon grew older his father lost his love for him, for Leon disappointed him in every way. He was timid and sen- slip so deftly from bush to bush or be so sitive to a fault, disliked the work, and likely to escape notice. shrank from everything rude or rough. His tasks were generally neglected or for-gotten, and, lying on his back at the foot tences came from his fevered lips. of a tall eucalyptus-tree. perfectly happy, he would sing until every bird within hearing grew envious at his superior trills and bird calls. Then his timidity troubled the sturdy father, to whom fear was unknown. "Josefe," called Joel from the door,

"little jack-rabbit is afraid of the dog ! He will be afraid of the cow and hens next."

"He will grow more like you," answered the dark-eyed mother; in a soft voice, "all in good time. You expect him to be a man at ten. Wait a while in patience."

Then she tied a crimson handkerchief under her chin, furtively watching her husband as he took down a rifle to polish its already shining metal, and as he grew interested in his work, she slipped from the house and sped lightly down the path to the growth of mustard where the boy had taken refuge. It looked wild and desolate to the wo-

man, even though the setting sun had flung glorious banners all over the sky. The cactus plants reached threatening arms toward her; the sage bushes trembled as brush and dancing wildly in silent, savage if shaken by hidden foes; even the nodding mustard blossoms looked less cheerful than usual.

"I wish I had told Leon that the Indians had left the reservation. It is dangerous for him to be away from the house," she whispered.

Pushing aside the mustard boughs, she called into the yellow depths, 'Leon! Leon!" Hark! there was a rustling among the waving mass! Loudly she called, "Leon, Leon, come home!" then turned and fled to the house, half-laughing at the nervous terror that made her steps so fleet. fanning her flushed tace with her apron, and sent one more call to Leon. Joel herself to her foes. looked up from his rifle.

"Didn't you tell little jack-rabbit that the Indians might be lurking around, and to keep close to the house ?"

"O Joel, you told him to hoe the trees!

have little or no charity for those of weaker door. But the mother held him fast, while sobs broke from her pale lips.

"O Leon, my boy! stay here with me. I am afraid to let you go."

Then Leon turned to his father, whose eyes were open and who seemed conscious for the first time since he was shot.

"Father, you will let me go, I am not afraid," he pleaded. A joyful light came into the father's dim

eyes and he whispered, hoarsely, "Go, little Lion, and save your mother.

The mother sank weeping into a chair Leon, not waiting for another look or word, opened the door and slipped out into the darkness.

It was three miles to the settlement, a wild, rough road at any time, but now the mother's heart was heavy with misery as she thought of the danger. He was so little and so timid! Why had she not gone in his place? But no, she could not leave her dying husband, and then she could not

Low exclamations of pain came from the bed. Joel grew delirious and broken sen-

"Untie the dog, I say. He is afraid! A son of mine! Don't tell Josefe, poor little Josefe, but it's the Spanish blood, not mine. A coward! my son!" Again in tones of loving pride he murmured, "Little Lion, brave and strong, fierce too, a little, but who cares? So was I once, but don't tell Josefe, pretty Josefe." And so the weary hours passed on.

The clock on the mantel struck twelve. Josefe, peeping out through a crevice in the blind, saw that the moon had risen. It hung, calm and radiant, surrounded by

thousands of glittering stars. Surely the child had safely reached the settlement. It had been so still. Not a sound but the soft sighing of the wind had been heard.

But what thick cloud is this that rolls up between her eyes and the brilliant sky? A pungent odor of burning brush penetrates the house and surely dark forms are mingled glee. A tongue of crimson flame darted up the door, reached across and touched lightly the wooden framework of the window where she stood. A yell of delight

are lost !" cried Josefe.

Then she began to unfasten the shutters, thinking to shoot at the dancing demons, but desisted, for the smoke was rolling heavily across the window and the moon She sank down on the door-stone, had drifted under a cloud. She would only hasten a terrible death by showing

Almost wild with terror she ran to the bed, threw her arms around her husband, besought him to look up, speak to her, save her, and for an instant he seemed conscious, then rambled off into scenes of

.

blazing fires making it impossible for th to slink away unseen.

Josefe, startled by these new sounds, recognized the voices of neighbors and friends. The door, rendered weak by the fire and blows from the Indians' hatchets, now gave

way and fell in upon the floor. Before she could rise to her feet a familiar figure had leaped in and was stamp-ing out the flames and throwing the burning planks out into the yard. "All's well, Josefe !" called Pedro Mar-

tinez: "there's been a thinning out of the redskins. Pick yourself up and get that scared look out of your eyesf" and a large smutty hand gently shook her by the shoulder and held a tin cup to her lips, filled with water and cinders.

"Look up, mother, we are all safe ! some of the Indians are killed and the rest ran away," and Leon's arms were around her neck and his large, dark eyes, misty with tears, met her bewildered gaze.

An old Mexican was bending over Joel, and after working over him some time, nodded wisely to the circle of rough but kindly lookers-on. "He's badly hurt, but he will come round all right. Thanks to the little fellow, though, for I got here none too soon."

Joel soon proved the old wiseacre's prophecy correct and got well and strong. This terrible night's suffering was a happy thing in the end, for it drew father and son together again, and the mutual love and pride with which each regarded the other, removed the only cloud which had ever shadowed Joset's happy life.— Marion L. Parsons, in the Youth's Com-

The Coming Color.

panion.

The leading color of the coming season, according to the Lady's Pictorial, will be violet. We shall not pinned down to one particular shade of this trying color, however, as heliotropes, lavenders and other light hues will be worn. At the private view of the old masters I noticed several coats and costumes of an aggressively violet shade and a few of a dull heliotrope tint, and I was more than ever persuaded that the color is not one which the majority of women can wear with impunity. The orient violet that is just now to be seen about looks well against nothing, but there are certain shades that harmonize exquisitedow where she stood. A yell of delight from the Indians answered the ascending flames. It is a dangerous color to Tiger barked loudly and tore at the door with paws and teeth. "Unless Leon comes with help soon we the apparel of all one comes in contact with as well as with the decorations of one's own and everybody else's rooms.

> 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 Consump-tion. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.

> > So Much An Hour.

E. J. Baldwin went to a hotel in New York for a rest. He was only going to

Bad blood causes dyspepsia and dyspep-sia reacts by causing bad blood. So both go on, growing worse, until the whole sys-tem is poisoned. The surest means of relief for the victim is a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsparilla.-Advt.

WOMAN'S ILL-HEALTH.

Its Cause Looked at from a Common sense point of View.

The poor woman has suffered uncomplainingly for years. Headaches, backaches, eye trouble, spine aches, noise in ears, weak lungs, palpitation of the heart, and other symptoms have driven her al-most crazy. Her doctor tells her that she is a victim to some "Female Trouble". Look at this from a common sense point

of view. For years she has suffered; med-icine, and surgical operations have not helped her. Is it not fair to suppose that the cause of this woman's ill-health should be sought elsewhere?

One of the most eminent specialists in the diseases of women, after long investigation, comes out fairly and squarely with the statement that nerve exhaustion is the cause of these symptoms which are so often ascribed to another source. Loss of appetite, wakefulness, cold feet, a weak and tired feeling, and the different aches and pains which trouble our Canadian women, come from weak nerves and can be cured by Paine's Celery Compound, that great nerve and brain remedy. This is the common sense and scientific explanation of woman's ill-health; this is the common sense and scientific way of making

her healthy and happy. Many a woman has proven for herself that this is true. In Paine's Celery Compound she has found a medicine that has effectually removed her "bearing down feeling," sleeplessness, headaches, and backache. Low spirits, loss of memory, bad dreams, dyspepsia, and the feeling that something terrible is going to happen, are replaced by happiness, strong mind, sound sleep, good digestion, and perfect content-

ment. This remarkable nerve and brain restorative is purely vegetable. It does not contain a single harmful drug. The most delicate can use it with certainty of no ill effect. It never fails to benefit, and gives perfect health wherever cure is possible .--Advt.

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.-Advt.

taining articles bearing on every branch in advertising; in fact the How to Gure Sking Scalp trade journal of American advertisers. A sample copy will be sent for Five Cents. Address DISEASES >with the = Newspaper Advertising Bureau, CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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from 10 to 1000 shares of stock, and proportionate amounts of grain and petroleum, on one per cent. (equal to \$1 per share) margin, or as much more marginal percentage as you desire. We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest information, and give customers the benefit of pri-vate wires to New York and Chicago.

You can buy and sell

Write or telegraph your orders for any of the leading active New York stocks, grain or oil. If you are not posted on speculation, write for our ex-planatory pamphlet (free by mail). References to the best business houses in this city.

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ATES

BOSTON, Mass., U. S. A.

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 Que-bec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton. The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Satur-day at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. 

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

Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.



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. Manager.

> TICKETS - TO ----

## MONTREAL and All Points West

BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

#### HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, Proprletor.

ROYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND,

Proprietor.

W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 TO 32 GERMAIN STRRET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

