#### THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

What though the radiant thoroughfare Teems with a noisy throng? What though men bandy everywhere The ribald jest and song? Over the din of oaths and cries Broodeth a wondrous calm, And 'mid that solemn stillness rise The bells of Notre Dame.

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say, "Thy weak and erring child; And thou, O gentle mother, pray That God be reconciled;

And on mankind, O Christ, our King, Pour out Thy precious balm." 'Tis thus they plead and thus they sing-Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God, bending down To ken the things of earth, Heeds not the mockery of the town Or cries of ribald mirth; Forever soundeth in His ears A penitential psalm-'Tis thy angelic voice He hears, O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice May still forever be And intercession to rejoice Benign Divinity; An that thy tuneful grace may fall

Like dew, a quickening balm

Upon the arid hearts of all--

O bells of Notre Dame!

-Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

## A VERY PRETTY QUARREL

Addie was at the piano, singing a new song that Frank had brought, while he turned her music, and threw in a hint now and then as to expression. Miriam and Will flirted outrageously in the bow window overlooking the street, whither they had gone for the "view." To be sure, Miriam invariably sat there every evening for an hour or two before Charlie Leonard could possibly be expected, but she need not have coaxed Will to sit with her; I'm very sure he never would have gone of his own accord, even if I did snub him unmercifully when he said he had "something sweet" to tell me. I hate love-making in public, and he knows it very well by this time. Will and I are fond of each other; but that is no reason why one should continually pose as Juliet or Ophelia, and make a nuisance of one's self generally; so I spoke to my gentleman pretty sharply, and he left me in high dudgeon.

The professor, busy as usual, copied music at a side table, making a wry face every time Addie struck a wrong note, which she did pretty often; how can a girl manage new music and love with equal facility? And Charlie has such an embarrassing way of looking at her-though who can wonder at that? For my sister is a beauty, if ever one lived-blonde, you know, and blue-eyed, and angelic.

Yes, I must say all this, even if I do resemble her, and so may be accused of vanity. What an ill-used word that is, by the way! Is it a pretty woman's fault that her mirror reflects a charming picture? For my part I'm thankful for the gift, and do my duty to society by making the most

But just then I was not thinking of anything so ephemeral as beauty. What could induce Will to sit out there so long with Miriam? He did not usually take my snubs in such serious fashion, though Addie was continually saying that the day would come when he'd pay me back in my own coin. It was not nice in either of them. Not that I was jealous-oh, no !but I didn't want other people to think my lover lacking in devotion. I'm sure I would not serve him so!

It is true that the night before, when we all went for a stroll, I refused Will's armmoved by a spirit of mischief-claiming Charlie's instead. But surely neither he nor Miriam was foolish enough to be jealous of Charlie and me? Besides, we did not stay more than an hour, and this tete-a-tete had lasted for at least-well, for twenty minutes, anyway! I could not understand it, and felt aggrieved.

Addie sang on and on; both she and Frank were delighted with the song, and seemed unwearied it its performance. Mechanically I listened to the words:

"Ah! methinks I see that vision As it haunteth me each day; In walking and in dreaming evermore; And wherever I may wander, In the street or in the lea, That face, that form of godly grace— Doth guide and comfort me."

Comfort, indeed! I gave a glance at the window, to see what the owner of one particular face and form of godly grace was doing. How pretty Miriam looked in the moonlight, with her dancing eyes and flashing teeth! And Will liked dark beauties. Suppose he were to transfer his attentions from me to her? My foot went tap-tapping on the floor, and a dagger began to

"Miss Kate," suddenly asked the professor, during a pause in the music, "what's the matter? Are you indisposed?"

So stupid of him to say that, in a loud, distinct voice that Will could not help hearing! Men have no tact. I gave him a fierce glance and shook my head vehem- tirely my lover's fault in not asserting himently, which frightened the dear little man to such an extent that his mouth involuntarily opened and remained fixedly agape as he looked at me.

"Dear me!" I said, crossly, "I should think from your expression that I was a Gorgon's head, professor!"

"Not so, Miss Kate; you are everything that is charming," answered that pink of politeness. "But I'm sure you're not

well! You cease to enjoy yourself."
"I shall cease to exist if Addie doesn't stop playing false chords," Miss Kate reusual; and rising with decision I approached the piano. "Addie, dear," said "Kate, if you wronged anybody in your proached the piano. "Addie, dear," said her amiable sister, sweetly, "if you are quite sure that you're not tired of singing "Never to Meet Again," you might repeat it twelve times more, and then ask Miriam to give us a banjo solo. She plays and sings the professor's last in a ravishing manner; and it would be a change, you | him forever!" know."

Poor Addie turned scarlet. "Why, Kate, how cross you are? Frank likes the song, if you do not." Then, in a whisper, "It isn't my fault that Will is playing tit for tat, you wicked little flirt! And it will take more than a banjo to drag | said, after a pause. Miriam from that window before Charlie

comes!"

And as for Will playing tit for tat, what can a poor man do when a girl throws herself deliberately in his way? Charlie, indeed! Much she'd care for him if she could secure my handsome Will! That was just her art; women are never to be depended upon-no, not even the best of them-where a man is concerned.

But I only thought all this; not a word INFANTS', 7 inch. did I say. I just gave Addie a scornful look, tossed my head, and went out of the CHILD'S,

Was it possible that they laughed as I shut the door? No, it could not be; Will wouldn't dare to join in a laugh against me-his new-found independence never

could carry him as far as that!

Perhaps Addie was right, and her sister did feel a little cross. But there's reason for anger in the mind of any well regulated young woman when her lover allows another girl to openly devote herself to him. And it stung me to know that Addie noticed the little farce. It wasn't Will's fault, of course; still, men should not so readily yield to temptation. One thing was sure; back into that room I would not go for an hour, at least, even if I had to walk down Broadway alone.

There—Addie was singing again. What a doleful sort of song it was!

"Never to meet again, never again to see; Never to see her face—never save in dreaming; Unless perchance we meet on some fair golden street, Never to see her face, nevermore to meet;

Never to see, never to see, never to meet again." Never to meet again! Suppose that were true of me and Will? Cold little shivers ran all over me at the bare

thought. Poor Will! how good and kind and patient he was, and how I plagued him at times-always, one might almost say. Should I go back and be good? But no —he had no right to flirt with Miriam, and I would teach him a lesson in return.

So I put on my prettiest hat and jacket, pinned a bunch of flowers at my waist and opened the front door with a jaunty air, knowing that Will would see me from his perch and wonder where I was going. There was one comfort—he was very jealous, and my mysterious flight would just about madden him. Tripping down the steps I met Charlie Leonard on the lowest one.

"Oh, Charlie, you're just in time. Do come down street, like a good boy; I shan't stay very long."

Good-natured Charlie looked at me doubtfully. "Another moonlight stroll, eh, Kate !

What will Will say?" "Oh, he won't mind; he's flirting with

"Well, then, what will Mirry say?" "She won't mind, either; she's flirting | ings?"

Charlie roared with laughter at that. He is always laughlng—thinks life's a joke that's just begun, like three little maids.

"Come, now, Katie, you can't induce me to believe that, you know. There's only one man in the world who can make love to my little girl with her own consent. the house in the highest of spirits. Don't get jealous of Miriam, whatever else

"Thank you for your advice, Charlie, but I'm not jealous of anyone; only, as Will and Miriam seem to enjoy their tete-atete so well, it would be a pity to disturb

them, would it not?" And then I laughed with a great show of killing glance, one which had done deadly execution on Will in days agone, and which I hoped would finish him quite under the circumstances; for of course he was watch-

Charlie looked astonished when I made such wonderful eyes, and a comical expreshave occasional gleams of intelligence. "Well, what do you want me to do?" he

"Only to come down Broadway a little

while-just to give Addie time to learn her "Is she learning one? Glad of that; Addie has such a lovely voice. Well, I'll

go with you—only I must report myself to Miriam first; I'll be down in a minute." But it was at least ten before he reappeared, and then his face was black as a

hunder-cloud. "Mercy! Charlie," I exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

"You may ask Miss Bertram that," was the grim response. "Come, are you ready ?"

"Miss Bertram!" He must be seriously angry to speak of her by that name and in that tone. I felt my own anger melting away, and began to think that I had done mischief enough by my jealousy—tor that Reynolds' disposal this morning, thinking it was jealousy I was now ready to admit. Reynolds' disposal this morning, thinking that you would surely make one of the But I had gone too far for retreat, and party. walked meekly away with Charlie, not say-

ing a word for ten minutes. It seemed so odd for Charlie to be cross, float in mid air in approved Macbeth of all people; really, he looked quite imbrought up standing, as the boys say, when you know; only if I did, it would be en-

> At the outset, Charlie's walk and mine I trotted along in sober silence, feeling me in this way very much like a naughty little girl under punishment. But I defy any one to be velvet runners, the air scintillates with room light, and even sound seems crystalized. We were soon chattering like magpies-

acts or thoughts, and were brought to see

your error, would you apologize? "That would depend very much upon who the somebody was."

"Well, Will, for instance." "I'm sure I wouldn't. It would spoil How Charlie roared at that!

"You little vixen! There's no danger of your spoiling a man by kindness." And that's all he knew about it; I'm very kind to Will-sometines. "Why did you ask me that, Charlie?"

"Oh, I hardly know-it seems to me that you don't treat Will just right, some- him awfully. I'm so sorry, and if he ever

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abruptly paused. "You were vexed yourself at Will Miriam-you know you were. Your face was awful to look upon when we left the house."

Charlie smothered another laugh. What did he find so funny in the situation? I never knew jealousy to have such a laughing gas sort of effect upon anyone. "As for Will and Miriam, even the best

of us do wrong sometimes," he said after a while; "or we might have been too hasty. And are we doing right ourselves, Kate? You'd better apologize to Will this time."

"Never!" was the emphatic answer. "What! n—" Charlie stopped just in time to save his life. "You'd better Katie!" ' No, sir!"

"What'll you wager that you won't tell him you are sorry for tonight's proceed-"The whole world, if you like."

"No, I don't want the world—shouldn't know what to do with it if I had it; but I'll take a box of cigars."

"And I a box of gloves, number six, if you please.' "Agreed!" And then we went back to

But Charlie, who suddenly seemed to remember his grievance when we reached the front door, would not come in, and my mental barometer indicated stormy weather when he marched off with a lofty air, leaving his "compliments" for Miss Bertramhe would call upon her when she was disengaged. Persuasion was useless, even merriment, and gave Charlie a perfectly though accentuated by upraised, appealing killing glance, one which had done deadly eyes, coaxing smiles and all the little airs and graces which Addie condemns so severely in her sister; and I finally crept upstairs and into the parlor, feeling like a guilty wretch and dreading to meet the in-quiring gaze of Miriam's soft dark eyes, which, after all, had never looked upon me sion crept into his face. I guess he knew with anything but kindness. Why had I I was acting at Will; these stupid men do made such a mountain of a mole-hill? If it tell upon and crushed me I had but my-

self to blame. There was no one in the parlor, when I softly opened the door, but Professor Rogers still hard at work, and oblivious of everything save the new melody that was singing itself in his brain. Miriam once told the dear man that though he had no bee in his bonnet, he certainly carried a nightingale under his hat: and he was so pleased. It is like Mirry to say pretty things like that; she's so bright and ready. No wonder the men like to talk to her. At my entrance the professor looked up

blandly, but in a preoccupied manner. "Why, Miss Kate," he asked, evidently surprised by my appearance on the scene, "how is it that you are not at the theatre

with the others?" "At the theatre?" was the blank response. "I did not even know that they were going." "Is it so? Yet I placed a box at Mr. Reynolds' disposal this morning, thinking which acts promptly to allay inflammation;

"He never said a word about it," gasped. Then I suddenly remembered Liniment has, after eighty years' trial by a Will's "something" and my refusal to listen; and then he went off and sat with Miriam posing in his anger, and I no longer won- in the window. It was all my own faultdered at Miriam's infatuation for him. If every bit. If I hadn't gone out, Will men only knew it, too much forbearance is surely would have relented soon, but my thrown away upon women, who like to be flight had put it quite out of his power; and now they were all at the theatre, and they go wrong. Do you suppose I'd dare Miriam would look her prettiest, and Will flirt if Will forbade it? Not that I do flirt, would devote himself to her, while I must stay at home, a maiden all forlorn indeed.

It was too much. I sank on the carpet in a little heap, and wept dismally. Next to Will, I loved the theatre better than anydid not seem the rosiest thing in the world; thing in the world, and now I had lost both. he marched forward like a grenadier, while | For Will must be very, very angry to serve

"Tut, tut, tut! What's this?" cried the professor, springing from his chair. Then, long morose or sorry on gay Broadway, with a change of tone, he said, "Ah, goodwhen the frost glitters, sleighs glide by on evening, Mr. Leonard," and hastily left the

So Charlie had repented and come back. He had not left Miriam for a whole evening, like one magpie, at least-and I'd almost as Will had left me. I heard him enter, torted, making poor Sis the scapegoat, as torgotten my grievance when Charlie asked but was too grief-stricken to look up or in any way change my position.

"Oh, Charlie," I sobbed, "I'm so wretched! Just think, they've all gone to the th atre without me, and Will is with Miriam, and-I'm so wretched!" was the lame and impotent conclusion. Who would have thought that Charlie's.

hand could so tenderly smooth my hair.

But I was too miserable to pay much atten-

tion to so unusual a demonstration on his

"And it's all my own fault, Charlie, every bit of it! I had no cause to be jealous, but just felt contrary and perverse. You're right about Miriam, she would'nt flirt for anything. And as for Will, he's the kindest, dearest fellow in the world, and I tease I a flirt! Kate Hunter a flirt! Did how. Now this evening—"
ever anyone hear anything so outrageous? how. Now this evening—"
Well, this evening?" I said, as he me just right," with a fresh burst of woe. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

And then some one lifted me from the floor, and some one kissed me a dozen times, and I looked up and there was my Will, with love and laughter in his true

"Of course, I've served you right, mistress!" Another kiss here. "But I didn't go to the theatre, you give me variety enough, my love, to keep me contentedly at home.

"That wicked professor!" I cried, struggling from Will's arms; for really, one doesn't care to be kissed more that a hundred times a minute, even if one deserves punishment. "He told me you had all gone to the theater."

"That was one of my playful inventions, Miss Kate," broke in the maligned man's voice just here; and then the folding doors were thrown open, revealing Addie and Frank, Charlie and Miriam, with dear Professor Rogers in front, all laughing and pointing at me. Yes, they were all in the plot, and Charlie had only pretended to be vexed.

"I say, Kate, you don't happen to have those cigars about you, anywhere, do you?"

he said with a saucy look. I shook my head at him, but it was of no use; out came the whole story, and I had to admit that the wager was fairly and squarely lost, even though a little trickery was used to secure my defeat.

Well, I forgave them. Addie said her perverse sister needed the lesson and you will agree with her, I'm afraid. But it cured me, and Will shall never again have reason to complain of my exactions.

All's well that ends well, and we made quite a jubilee of the occasion. The professor sang his latest song, and then Miriam, who plays the banjo charmingly, gave us a solo, passing from that to plantation melodies, in which all joined. But, re-membering the way in which I had snubbed poor Addie an hour or so ago, I was still unsatisfied, and finally crept to her side. and while pretending to pull one of her golden curls, slipped an arm about her

"I was very cross, dear," whispered the penitent, who, since she had taken to the wearing of sackcloth and sprinkling of ashes, was bound to complete her penance, "and very rude. But you know that I love to hear your voice always. Won't you prove that you quite forgive me by singing something ?"

"You're a little goose," said Addie with that lovely sparkle in her blue eyes that always comes there when she is moved, "but a little darling, too. Of course I forgive you! What shall I sing, Frank?"

The blonde young man appealed to looked at her fondly—but that he was always doing-glanced at me with something like disapprobation, and then deliberately said, with the air of one evolving an entirely new proposition:

"Sing Never to Meet Again?" So Addie sang her song the twentieth time that day. But I listened to it, well content, my hand in Will's, knowing that now the words could never, never apply to him and me. - Selected.

#### After Dangers of the "Grip."

Boston papers facetiously remark that 'La Grippe is seldom fatal unless you use all the remedies recommended for it." They are correct. The writer fully believes | C. S. WILLIAMS & CO., that the end of the poor "grip" victim, if he tried all the patent medicines that have adorned (?) the pages of our leading news- 26 Congress Sq., 66 Devonshire Street, papers as "sure cures for La Grippe," would be like Mark Twain, who for his famous cold tried every remedy advised by friends, until his stomach became so weak he began to vomit and continued until, as he avers "he was like to throw up his immortal soul." We notice one of the leading advertisers of the day has been conspicuous at this opportune time by the absence of any claim to cure the "grip." They certainly deserve a "chromo" and we feel like giving them a free "ad" for their compassion upon our readers. The more so for the reason that probably more people have used their remedy, that good old family medicine, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for this foreign influenza, than all others combined. And why not? Certainly no other will relieve catarrhal colds, coughs, bronchial troubles, or neuralgic pains, as promptly as that same old Anodyne Liniment, and the above are all symptoms or results of La Grippe. Herein lies the real after dangers from this epidemic of influenza; it leaves the mucous membrane linings of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes tender and very susceptable to the catarrh, bronchial troubles and pneumonia, which come with February and March in our northern climate. We shall still pin our faith to a remedy for this after danger for therein lies the chief dangers from throat and lung troubles. And surely a remedy that has the friends that Johnson's Anodyne critical public, and has been used for the "grip" more extensively than all the advertised remedies, deserves, as we said, a medal, and has before it we hope a prosperous vear as an octogenarian. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., the manufacturers, will send a valuable pamphlet

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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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LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p.m., St. John FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 fbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER

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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 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 Que-bec 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.

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

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. Manager.

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