

EVERY CHILD A MONARCH.

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;

For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
That thou art very near.

MISS GAYFORD'S GROOM.

"That's a remarkably handsome young man for a groom," said Lady Dormer dryly.

Dick Dimsdale turned to look at a man in a smart livery who was leading a lady's hunter up and down the drive.

"Handsome?" repeated Capt. Dimsdale, with a queer laugh. "O, you think so, too, do you? I can't say I see anything in him myself."

"By Jove! isn't that rather hot?" muttered Dimsdale to himself. "The girl is actually whispering to that infernal groom!"

"Isn't Eileen lovely?" cried Lady Dormer, with the supreme generosity which one noted beauty can afford to show another.

"Somehow or other, men fought rather shy of Dick Dimsdale. Several vague but shady stories were afloat about him.

So thoroughly, indeed, had Capt. Dimsdale swum with the tide, that he was now on the verge of ruin; and so, much as he revolved at the prospects of matrimonial fetters, he determined in his desperation to make the running with the Irish.

As yet, however, he had made very little way. He had been nearly a week with the heiress under Lady Dormer's hospitable roof, and more than once Miss Gayford had administered to him an unmistakable snubbing.

friendships all ended in the same old story. By some means or other, St. Leger must be got out of the running.

But Fate was against the gallant captain's matrimonial projects. Coming home that afternoon with Miss Eileen, in a dark lane, he hazarded some love-making, and received a very serious rebuff.

"Confound that girl!" he muttered to himself, as he dressed for dinner. "She made me feel a thorough fool just now! She shall pay for that some day."

On Sunday morning, when the carriages came round to take the guests to church, only one of the party failed to put in an appearance, and that was Miss Gayford.

Lady Dormer was very punctilious on the subject of church, and insisted on as many of her servants attending morning service as could possibly be spared.

"That will do nicely," muttered Dick, closing the door softly, and going out. "So that's why we don't care about peers or military men. Quite romantic upon my soul!"

"That night in the smoking-room he detained St. Leger after the rest of the men had turned in. The young Earl's face was a study as he heard Captain Dimsdale's whispered communication.

"My dear girl, don't get angry. The truth is, I love you, and I am willing to forget and forgive everything if you will consent to be my wife. No living soul shall ever know that story if you marry me."

"Thanks, awfully," replied the heiress, with an amused laugh. "Ever since I met you, Captain Dimsdale, you have persecuted me with your insulting attentions, but you have never insulted me so much as by asking me to be your wife."

"You told Lady Dormer —?" "That John Weston is my husband. I married him by special license more than two months ago."

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MANCHESTER. ROBERTSON, and ALLISON.

day he rode out with me, and every day I learned to like him more and more. It came to this: that I could not live without him; but until I could settle my affairs and make arrangements for leaving England, I thought it best to keep my marriage a secret.

"And may I ask," sneered Dick, "as we are entering into details, what was your game with St. Leger?" "Why, he is one of the best and oldest friends I have in the world. Lord St. Leger was the only witness at the registrar's office in Dublin, where I was married."

The £2,000 not being forthcoming, her Majesty was shortly afterwards deprived of Capt. Dimsdale's services; and that young gentleman went to reside on the Continent. He is, however chiefly to be met at Monte Carlo, where he is a familiar, if rather out-of-elbow, figure in the room devoted to rouge-et-noir.

Mr. and Mrs. John Weston have settled in Colorado, where they devote the whole of their fortune and leisure to the breeding of race-horses, and are perfectly happy.—Edmund Yates, in London World.

THE FATE OF WI-JUN-JON

Wi-jun-jon was an Assinaboine chief. He went in all of his Indian toggery to see the Great Father at Washington.

When Wi-jun-jon stood before Catlin for his first portrait he wore his leggings and shirt of mountain goatskin. Quills of porcupine were worked into the skin, and the edges of the garments were fringed with scalps.

The Indian went on to Washington. The artist remained in St. Louis that winter of 1831-32. Artist and Indian met in the spring. They were fellow passengers on the first steamboat which ascended the Missouri, the Yellowstone, commissioned by the American Fur Company.

gold-lace trimming they made a pair of gaily leggins for Mrs. Wi-jun-jon. The rest of the coat the returned chief bestowed upon his brother. The band of silver lace disappeared from the hat and made its appearance around a squaw's leg.

At length the suggestion came to him in a dream. He hung around the fur company's store at the mouth of the Yellowstone until he found the opportunity to steal the handle of an iron pot. This he took into the woods and battered until it was straight and round and would go into the barrel of a gun.

Some Interesting Facts About These Too Common Afflictions—Encouragement for the Sufferers—How Even the Worst Cases Can be Cured, and the Patient Live to Good Old Age.

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Advertisement for Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion featuring a portrait of a woman and text describing its benefits for skin and scalp diseases.

Advertisement for Dyspepticure, a medicine for indigestion, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its effectiveness.

Advertisement for The Big Profits Made in Stocks, featuring a portrait of a man and text promoting investment opportunities.

Weird Ornaments for Women. "The proper brooch to have nowadays," said a leading jeweller recently, "is an orchid flower pin, and stranger, weirder jewelry never was devised."

The Jumbo of Oysters. At the Baptist ministers' weekly conference yesterday the topic was "Heaven—is it a place or a condition?"

He Was the Man. A young man led a blushing female into the presence of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

Enjoy Sleep Awake. Bridget—Enjoy sleep, is it? How could I? The minute I lay down I'm asleep, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up.

A Doubter. The Man with a Scheme—It's a big thing, to tell the truth. The Man with the Money—Then why don't you tell it.—Terre Haute Express.

Knew How She Felt. "I feel ejected!" exclaimed Mrs. Fangle. "You mean dejected," said her husband with a superior air of wisdom.

Like Easter Lilies. Like Easter lilies, pure and white. Make them our lights, O Lord of Light!

Almost a Hint. He—Give me a kiss? She—You should be ashamed of yourself. "Ashamed of what?" "Of asking for a kiss when you have such a chance to take one."—Texas Siftings.

Little protection can deposit as much margin as they desire. We also buy and sell all speculative articles and commodities for cash.

RAILWAYS

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing April 7, 1890. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 16.15 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

Trains marked \* run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Monday. ‡ Daily except Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. § Daily except Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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 intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.

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 Accommodation for Point du Chene.....11.10 Fast Express for Halifax.....14.50 Day Express for Quebec and Montreal.....16.20 Express for Sussex.....16.35

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

TICKETS

MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

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

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