

IN WINTER.

Oh, to go back to the days of June,
Just to be young and alive again,

Wearily wander by dale and dune
Footsteps fettered with clanking chain.

Now we chant but a desolate tune—
"O, to be young and alive again!"

ENVOI.

Youths and maidens, blithe and vain,
Time makes thrives that you cannot parry;

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE BUTT OF THE CAMP.

He was a mean-looking specimen, this
Simon Gilsey, and the Gornish Camp was
not proud of him.

His body started forward from the hips,
and he used his hands in a deprecating
fashion that seemed to beseech so much

He was muscular to a degree that would
never be guessed from his make-up, but
the camp was possessed with a sense of

Simon seemed quite unconscious of the
difference between the truth and a lie.
It was not that he lied from malice—the

He used to steal tobacco and other trifles
whenever he found a good opportunity,
and when he was caught his repentance

At the same time, the poor wretch was
thoroughly courageous in the face of so
much physical and external dangers.

In spite of their contempt, however, they
could ill have done without this cringing
axeman.

When one of the hands was in a particu-
larly bad humor, he could always find some
relief for his feelings by kicking Gilsey

Then again the Gornish Camp was waggish-
ly inclined. The hands were much
addicted to practical jokes. It was not

For instance, whenever the men thought
it was time to "chop a fellow down," in
default of a greenhorn from the older settle-

This diversion, though rough and danger-
ous, is never practical, save on green
hands or unwary visitors; but all signs fall

As the tall trunk began to topple with a
sickening hesitation, Gilsey's eyes would
stick out and his thin hair seem to stand

The men usually consoled him after such
an experience with a couple of plugs of
"black-jack" tobacco—which seemed to

In camp at night, when the hands had
all gone to bed, two or three wakeful ones
would sometimes get up to have a smoke

If the joker's mood happened to be more
boisterous, the approved procedure was
softly to uncover Gilsey's feet and tie a

Presently some one would give a smart
tug on one of the strings, and pass it over

hastily to his neighbor. Gilsey would
wake up with a nervous yell, and grabbing
his toe, seek to extricate it from loop.

The game would be kept up till the
bunks were screaming with laughter, and
poor Gilsey bathed in perspiration and

These are only instances of what the butt
was made to endure, though he was prob-
ably able to thrash almost any one of his

At last, however, it began to be suspected
that Gilsey was stealing from the pork
barrels and other stores. This was serious,

This peace, strange to say, did not seem
to please him. The strange creature hated
to be ignored, and even courted further

A word of explanation is needed here.
The "deacon-seat"—why so called I cannot
say—is a raised platform in front of the

The hands were all apparently asleep
when Gilsey, after a long solitary smoke,
reached for his blanket, and rolled himself

Soon in the bunks arose a whispered
consultation, as a result of which four stal-
wart woodmen climbed down, braced their

With a yell he bounced out of his
scorching quarters and plunged into his
bunk, not burnt, but very badly scared.

At last the unfortunate wretch was
caught pilfering the pork. It became
known in the camp, somehow, that he was

One Sunday night he was tracked to a
hollow about a mile from camp, where he
was met by a gaunt, wild, eccentric-looking

The girl threw herself upon the food like
a famishing animal, devoured hugh mouth-
fuls, and then, gathering all promiscuously

But the boss knew all about him, even
to his parentage. He lived about ten miles
from the camp, across the mountains, on

It was the pathetic savagery and haggard-
ness of the young girl that had moved the
woodmen to let her off with her booty; and

Gilsey's tears of fright were of no avail.
He was wrapped in a sort of winding-sheet
of canvass, smeared from head to foot with

When the man was unhitched, unbound,
and set upon his feet,—not physically the
worse for his punishment save that,—pre-

When he had got well out of sight the
woodmen returned to their camp. As for
the wretched Gilsey, after the lamentations

The snow was unusually deep in the
woods that winter, and toward spring there
came a sudden, prolonged and heavy thaw.

Out at Sea.

CORSET DEPARTMENT!

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Odds and Ends, Broken Lines, Etc.

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Lot 2, " - 75c.
Lot 3, " \$1.00
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Our lady patrons are respectfully solicited
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all laid out on our counters in the

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

a great circuit to get round a spur of the
hills, it was hardly less than three times as
far.

To Gilsey, in his log hut on a lofty knoll
by the stream, the winter had gone by
rather happily. The degradation of his

At last, on a soft moonlight night, when
the woods were full of the sounds of melt-
ing and settling snow, a far-off, ominous

"Hackett's dam bust, shore!" she ex-
claimed in a moment.
Gilsey turned upon her one of his depre-
cating, toothless smiles.

"Warn 'em!" said the girl, laconically,
not stopping her pace.
"Stop! stop! Come back!" shouted her

"Blame the'r skins! Blame the'r skins!"
murmured Gilsey to himself. Then, seeing
that he was not gaining on the child, he

Gilsey went by the child, at a long trot,
without answering, and disappeared in the
woods; and at the same moment the flood

That lanky youngster's word was law to
the father, and she had set his thoughts in
a new channel. He felt that the camp

Before long the tremendous effort began
to tell. At first he would not yield; but
presently he realized that he was in danger

His mouth was dry as a board, and he
gaped painfully for breath, as he stumbled
against the camp door; and the roar of the

As the men came jumping wrathfully
from their bunks he found voice to yell:
"The water! Dam broke! Run! Run!"

Then the boss of the camp looked back
and saw him lying motionless in his tracks.
Already the camp had gone down under

Seeing the situation of the boss, several
more of the hands, who had climbed to a
level of safety, rushed to the rescue. They

After a rest of a few moments Gilsey
quite recovered and began most abject

apologies for not getting to camp sooner,
so as to give the boys time to save some-
thing.

The demonstrative handshakings and
praises and gratitude of the men whom
he had snatched from a frightful death seemed

Then it seemed as if a transformation
was worked upon the poor cringing fellow,
and he began to believe in himself. A

When the camp was established in the
same place the following winter, Gilsey
came seeking to be employed, and was

"Sis," too, came several times to the
camp, openly, and though she was rough
and uncouth, the men had heard how she

Her Presence of Mind.

A handsome young woman, with short,
curly hair, wearing a double helmet cap
and a tight walking jacket, was passing

Under the old regime the situation would
have been indescribably embarrassing.

It was embarrassing as it was. The
young woman looked down in dismay at
the limp garment around her feet. But the

Quickly recovering, she walked compos-
edly, as a man might, into the store and
up to the cloak department. Then she

"Any child will take McLean's Vegetable
Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly
pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds

His Position in the Firm
Smith—I understand you have formed a
co-partnership.

"Indeed!"
"Yes, I was married last week."
"What position do you hold in the
firm?"

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me
great relief in bronchitis. Within a month
I have sent some of this preparation to a

He Moved On.
Palmer—It's mighty funny, but there are
no less than six people with whom I have

It Materialized.
Lie One (time 11 a. m.)—Mother—Now,
mind, Johnnie, there's a ghost in the dark

Mr. Williams—Wha' yo' doin' dat fo,
Mr. Jo'son—puttin' mosquito nets up dis
time in de year?

A Clearer Statement.
"Now, Patrick, in regard to wages, I'll
give you thirty dollars a month, with board,

Keep on Trying.
If with a maiden you're in love,
And round her waist are trying
To get your arm, while she resists

Don't get excited, fume nor prance,
Nor beat your breast and pound it.
Upon her waist just keep your eye,
And you'll discover if you try

4 Park street, Boston, Mass.

When You Need

An Alternative Medicine, don't forget
that everything depends on the kind used.
Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla and

"For a rash, from which I had suffered
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recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville,
Ind., writes: 'I have been selling
Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It

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COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT
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18.30 a. m. for Fairville and West.
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St. Stephen and St. John.
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ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will
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LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at

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(Sunday excepted) as follows:
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