

ONLY A WORD.

Only a word his lips let fall,
A careless word in wanton play—
He did not think of it at all,
And idly went upon his way.

ADOPTED.

Horace Moreton had been absent from home for a week. Business, connected with a lawsuit he was conducting, had called him to a distant city, and, uncertain of its movements, he had directed that his letters should not be forwarded to him.

It was still early in the day when he came home and entered his office. A large pile of letters awaited his perusal, and, lighting a cigar, he went leisurely to work, his face earnest without sadness, his attitude one of careless ease.

"I can only tell you that I know," this gentleman had said to Horace—"that Miss Mary believed herself to be Miss Jane Stedman's niece until the will was read, which left the old lady's entire fortune to her adopted child, known as Mary Stedman."

"Absolutely nothing, Miss Janet's old servant, Margaret, went with her."
Just four days before this conversation, Mary Stedman had returned from the funeral of her adopted aunt, wondering that Horace had not been present, and ignorant that his absence from the city had prevented her note, informing him of her bereavement, from reaching him.

She had not known how anxiously Miss Stedman had tried to avoid her old friend and her son, nor how reluctantly they were admitted to an intimacy that came to Mary like a revelation of happiness.

On the day when the Moretons left Bankton, Miss Jane had been stricken with paralysis, and from that hour, through ten weary months, had lain speechless and imbecile, the object of Mary's devoted care.

"To be opened after my death, if you contemplate marriage."
"If I contemplate marriage?" thought the wondering girl. Why, she knew—

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And there she paused. Did she know? The engagement was but a few hours old when the blow that paralyzed every faculty had fallen. There had been no time for Mary to whisper her tidings of new found happiness before she was called upon to act as nurse.

The large envelope lay sealed before the girl, a strange horror of its contents holding back her fingers from opening it. What was there within to separate her from Horace? Separate her from Horace! It seemed a death warrant. One love only remained to her, now that death had taken her only other friend, and to lose that was a possibility of despair that Mary could not face.

Then she opened the letter. Her blood seemed to turn to ice as she read the contents. Ignorant of the world as she was, she knew the brand of dishonor that must be her life long shame.

Words of love and comfort followed, but the stricken girl could not take in their sense. The blow had fallen so suddenly and was so overwhelming that but one idea occurred to her—to escape somewhere, to hide where Horace would never find her.

"My cousin is quite a heroine," the young man told Horace. "She is my uncle's grand-child, and her mother ran away, years ago, to marry a shady sort of man. I don't know all the particulars, but the old gentleman met his daughter's child in some out-of-the-way country place, recognized the name, and became fond of her."

"Wait in here a moment, and I will tell my uncle you are here."
A lady standing near the window turned as the door closed, and in spite of the change that made his heart ache, Horace recognized Mary Stedman. Paler she could scarcely be, but her eyes were full of anguish as she shrank back from his eagerly outstretched hands.

"No, no," she said. "You and I can be only strangers. You do not know—" and here her voice failed.
"I know," he said, steadily, "the secret of your birth, Mary. Miss Stedman told me when I asked permission to make you my wife, and she promised me to destroy the letter that told the truth, trusting to my love to conceal it as she had done."

"She was taken ill so soon after," Mary said, "and she never had control of her mind. And you, Horace, you know, and yet would have married me?"
"I knew it, and held it, as I still hold it, the dearest wish of my life to make you my wife. You cannot send me away again, or if you do I will not go."

The summer girl is going to look like one of Watteau's young ladies when, in a frock of white challie that has a rosebud here and there upon it, with a straw broad rose-colored sash about her waist and a great lace hat laden with rosebuds upon it, she holds over herself a parasol made of plaitings of point d'esprit, and having a handle of ivory, in the ball of which is set a tiny watch that warns her that if the summer days are long, still they are going, and that she must gather her rosebuds while she may.—Ex.

Mrs. Bunting—What does hors du combat mean?
Bunting—Its meaning is clear—self-explanatory, in fact. It means a war horse.—N. Y. Sun.

"No, sir. I tell my wife everything—I conceal nothing."
"Whatever a miserable, unhappy woman she must be!"—N. Y. Sun.

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BESIEGED BY WOLVES.

On a bright summer morning there are few pleasanter places in all Europe than one of the great pine forests of northern Russia. The whole air is fragrant with the rich scent of the woods, and stray sunbeams play peep-ho amid the floating shadows, and bright eyed squirrels flit hither and thither among the trees, and birds twitter merrily overhead, and every now and then a sturdy little Russian boy, round-faced and yellow-haired, comes trudging past, with a basket of mushrooms in his hand, looking up at you as he passes with wide wondering eyes.

But the forest is a very different place when the winter winds are howling and the winter snows are lying deep, and not a gleam of sunshine breaks the cold, gray, lowering sky, over which the great clouds roll up thick and dark, in grim warning of the coming storm. Then is the time to pull your fur cap well over your face, and head as straight as you can for the nearest log hut, glancing warily about you as you go, lest you should suddenly find yourself confronted by the gaunt gray body and sharp white teeth of a hungry wolf on the lookout for something nice for supper.

So thought Vania (Johnny) Masloff, a Russian peasant boy belonging to the hamlet of Pavlovsk, in the northernmost corner of the Province of Volodga, as he straggled homeward through the frozen forest at nightfall. He had been sent on an errand by his father to another village several miles off, and had spent so much time in games with some of his playmates there, after his work was done, that the sun was setting when he started on his way back.

It was a dismal evening. The chilliness of the frosty air felt that a cold hand pressed against Vania's face to push him back. The rising wind moaned drearily among the frozen trees that stood up white and gaunt on every side like giant skeletons, and the darkening sky showed that there would be more snow before morning.

Vania was a brave country boy, accustomed to "rough it" in all weathers; and he would have cared little for either wind or snow had that been all. But there was something else which was troubling him much more. In the thick wood that he was traversing—a gloomy place even in broad daylight—it had grown so dark the moment the sun sank that even he, who knew every foot of the way by heart, began to fear that he must have got off the right track, for the snow drifts seemed to grow deeper and deeper and deeper as he advanced.

This thought (in itself anything but a pleasant one) was quickly followed by another, even more disquieting. Out of the cold black depths of the forest rose a hollow, long-drawn dismal sound, which Vania had heard too often not to know it at once for the cry of a wolf, or rather of several wolves together.

The boy started to run, for with such enemies on his trail there was no time to be lost. But any one who has tried running through knee-deep snow (especially with the stifling cold of a Russian winter taking away one's breath at every step) knows what fearfully exhausting work it is. He had barely advanced fifty yards when the horrible cry broke out again, sharper, fiercer, nearer than before. The monsters had scented their prey, and were in full chase of him!

Vania looked around him as he ran, with a numb horror, such as he had never felt before, tightening round his heart. He was now in the very worst place of all—a wide clearing in the forest, where all the trees had been felled except a few. If the wolves caught him there, he was lost, and their yells seemed to come nearer and nearer every moment.

All at once a dark shadowy mass loomed up right in front of him, plain even amid the blackness against the ghostly white of the snow. He knew at once that it must be the huge pile of split logs which he had noticed in passing that afternoon, and he sprang up it like a wildcat; but he had barely reached the top, when the gloom around him was alive with whistling tails and gnashing teeth and fiery greenish yellow eyes.

The next moment the wolves were leaping up at him on every side; but luckily the woodpile was too high for them to reach the top with one bound, and Vania, snatching up a piece of wood, struck so fiercely among the scrambling monsters that at every stroke a wolf dropped back into the snow, howling with pain, with a crushed paw or a broken head.

The yells of the wild beasts and the shouts of Vania himself made such a din amid the dead silence of the lonely forest that the boy began to hope that some one might hear it, and come to his assistance? But the help for which he was looking

seemed likely to come too late; for the constant scrambling of the wolves up the sides of the wood-pile, and Vania's violent leaps to and fro on its top, had begun to loosen the logs, which were already tottering, and must soon roll down altogether, flinging the poor lad right among the bloodthirsty jaws that were gaping and gnashing for him below?

But just when all seemed over, an unlooked for way of escape suddenly presented itself. A pale gleam of moonlight breaking through the gathering storm-clouds showed over her a single tree standing behind the wood-pile, and only a few feet away from it. Could he make a spring and clutch one of the branches, and so swing himself up into the tree, he would be safe.

Gathering all his strength for the perilous leap—for he knew that if the first attempt failed he would never live to repeat it—the daring lad shot out into the empty air. The wolves yelled and leaped up at him, but it was too late. Vania had seized the nearest bough. The slender limb bent and cracked terribly beneath his weight, but it did not give way, and in another moment he was safe among the higher branches, just as the whole pile of logs came crashing down at once, burying three or four of the wolves underneath it.

But now that he was sitting up on this uneasy perch, cramped and no longer kept warm by the violent exertion of beating off the wolves, the piercing cold of the wintry night began to tell upon him in earnest. Vania was a true Russian, and could bear without flinching a degree of cold that would have killed a native of a warmer clime outright; but even he now began to feel that he could not stand much more of this, and must either drop down among the wolves or be frozen where he sat.

A flash, a grasp, a sharp cry from the nearest wolf, a lusty shout of several voices at once and a broad glare of light through the gloom scared the cowardly beasts into a general scamper. The last of them had hardly vanished into the thickets when Vania's father, three or four other peasants with axes and pine torches and the village watchman with his gun, came just in time to catch the half-frozen boy as he fell fainting among them.—Selected.

RHEUMATISM.

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Think Work. "And to think," said he, as he pressed her little hand, "to think that I never saw you before tonight."

"It is sudden," she answered, but then—"Yes," he said impulsively, "it is the old, old story—the old, old story of love at first sight."

"And added to that," she gurgled, "my being a widow."—Boston Courier.
Pimples, pustules, rash, eczema, all humors and all diseases of the skin, piles, ulcers, sores and wounds, chapped hands, roughness of the skin, are quickly healed and cured by the use of Baird's French Ointment. Sold by all dealers.—Advt.

A Harm of Interval. She—I can't imagine what makes our parrot swear so!

He—Wasn't he brought up in bad company?
She—No, indeed! We got him from a missionary, and he has lived in my own parlor ever since—except for a few days after the donation, when he was in papa's study.—Burlington Free Press.

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PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in the event of the electors of the section of the City of Saint John, which was lately the City of Portland, by their votes in the present month of March adopting the petition for repeal of "The Canada Temperance Act, 1878," in that section of the City of Saint John; a Bill will be presented at the session of the Provincial Legislature for enactment to extend the time in the present year within which applications may be made for licenses to sell liquor by wholesale or retail in that section of the City of Saint John under "The Liquor License Act, 1887," and for the granting of licenses to sell liquors in that section of the City, to expire on the thirtieth day of April next. St. John, N. B., 9th March, A. D. 1890. 4w, 1eaw

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

RAILWAYS NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "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. 11.20 a. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points. 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. 8.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and other points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Esopus, etc. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 7.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanocboro at 11.15, 11.20, 11.45 a. m.; 12.15 p. m. Woodstock at 10.15, 11.25 a. m.; 18.00 p. m. Houlton at 11.25 a. m.; 18.00 p. m. St. Stephen at 10.50 a. m.; 11.20 p. m. St. Andrews at 10.50 a. m. Fredericton at 10.10, 11.00 a. m.; 12.55 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 9.45, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 12.30, 1.50 p. m. LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.30 p. 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 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 intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.; Carleton, 6.15 p. m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., and Carleton, 9.40 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, Carleton, 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.

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 Chevre, 11.10 Fast Express for Halifax, 11.40 Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12.30 Express for Sussex, 12.35 A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.20 o'clock. Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.20 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal. The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 10.20, will run to destination on Sunday. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex, 8.30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11.10 Fast Express from Halifax, 11.40 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 12.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Milgrave, 12.30 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, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Montreal, 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, 13.30 ARR. BUCTOUCHE, 10.30 ARR. MONCTON, 17.30 C. F. HANINGTON, Manager. Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

TICKETS

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