PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18.

IN AN OLD CHURCHYARD.

In one of England's sweetest spots A little old gray church I found; Around it lies-dear restful ground-God's garden with its sacred plots.

With myriad arms the ivy holds Its time-worn walls in close embrace; So memory sometimes keeps a face Half veiled in tender misty folds.

With sleepy twitter and with song The tower, bird-haunted, is alive; In leafy seas they dip and dive, Those tiny warblers, all day long.

Like sentinels grown hoar with age, The crumbling headstones guard the graves That softly swell-green, voiceless waves, That will not break though tempest rage.

"Concerning them that are asleep," In this sweet hamlet of the dead, In broken sentences I read The record those old tablets keep.

Each told its tale, for hath not grief A voice whose echoes never die? Adown the ages Rachel's cry Still rings o'er some God-garnered sheaf

Mine eyes, ne'er prodigal of tears, Did fill with such as seemed to rise And drown the glory of the skies, O'er those who slept two hundred years.

-Chambers' Journal.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

"Well, Lee, going to do the Catskills this summer ?" "Catskills? Why, no-if I know myself."

"Not? Why, Nell is going."

"Yes, but I am tired-been gay enough the past six months to last six years, so I've decided to go away where it is quiet." "And desert your wife! Well, it's the

strangest thing-the world must be coming to an end when you and Nell can stay apart for two whole months. Where are you going?"

"Down to Ardale-pretty little spot recommended by by my cousin-full of nice girls she says. I have engaged board with a widow who has two sons, so I shall be at liberty to pay court to all the fair damsels in the neighborhood. Expect to make love to one, especially, whom my cousin just raves over-and wants me to fall in love with her."

"Tell me the fair dame's name, so that I can give Nell a few points, and see if I can't raise jealousy enough in the dear soul's breast to make the whole summer miserable."

"No." laughing and shaking his head, "you must not do that, although I have no objection to telling you the young lady's name. It is Celia Brown Know any one in that locality?"

"No, I'm not acquainted down there. Say, if you do decide to get married again let a fellow know. Don't break the little girl's heart, though. There's Anderson

take heed of nothing but in reality noting all that happens as he passes. He smiles slightly as he sees several frizzy heads appear behind the curtains, for it is well known that he is the stranger who is to spend the summer in Ardale; and as the owners of the heads see his manly form the plans some of them have laid to capture this young man-and his money--are strengthened.

He passes along quietly and reaches the home of Mrs. Johnson, the widow with whom he is to board. That very evening he pays his respects to Miss Brown and her aunt. He finds a small party present, and quite a lively conversation going on. Mrs. Cator receives and welcomes him as Lelia's cousin, and calls Celia, who welcomes him cordially, but with little warmth. He glances at her cautiously, but his thought is, "What can Lelia see in her to make her talk so much about the girl? I'd like to get a good look at her eyes, and see if they are as pretty as Lelia tries to make believe."

He is introduced to every one, and manages to impress them all favorably. Indeed he is taken at once to the hearts of the ladies, and the other young men became a trifle jealous. considering him a formidable rival.

Finally he has a chance to speak to Celia.

"I am delighted at last to have the pleasure of meeting Lelia's friend, of whom I have heard so much. I hope we shall become as great friends as she desires." "We both think so much of Lelia that it would be impossible not to like each other,"

she says, smiling sweetly, and that smile is accompanied by a glance from those eyes that sends a thrill through him. Then she droops them, and begins searching for a piece of music, and though he tries he can

do nothing to win another look like that. Celia performs the selection and Lee turns the music. Then she is asked for a song. She knows Lee has a good voice, and asks him to sing with her; but he wants to hear her, and so declines.

The power that lies in her eyes is also in her voice. It is one to which you must listen, and you wish almost to still your heart-beats to be sure of catching every with a deep breath:

"Miss Brown, you have afforded me the greatest pleasure tonight I have ever en- invitation from Mrs. Cator to a garden oyed. Thank you very much for that party, and Celia is compelled to be pressong. As long as I live I shall never for- ent. get it.

from those glorious eyes. Her soul is in them, for music is her one passion. Is his nature so shallow that he is not moved by it? His thought is, "To what sublime like that ever beside him !"

She takes his arm and allows him to lead

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Bleached Damask Sets, with open work border and fringed ; Pillow Shams, Sheet Shams, with open work border, Honey Comb and Marsella Quilts, Linen Crumb Cloths, Stair Linen.

N. B.-Sheets, Cloths, Napkins, Towels, Pillow Slips,

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Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

all probability would have done so, had not a friend come suddenly in upon him who declares his intention of remaining to see what is the attraction in Ardale that is keeping his friend chained there so long. He finds Lee Moody, distrait; but he ssund. How Lee's soul is carried out of brightens up considerably, and introduces him! For a moment after the song is Mr. Duvall among his friends. He tries finished he remains motionless, then says to think it is only a girlish freak of Celia's, and that she is just trying him.

At last the week passes. They have an

At last he may tell his love. With what Now he is rewarded with another glance | impatience does he wait the hour when he may behold her! It comes-he sees. Alas! the change. She glances coolly at him, coolly gives him her hand and bows to his friend. Then he is called away, and and in fifteen minutes are close feiends.

Everybody likes him He has a fair her out into the garden. Both are silent, Saxon face, light curly hair and baby blue for the song seems to have affected them, eyes that are so soft and appealing; no and neither is in the mood for light talk. moustache hides his girlish mouth. All the

is warded off. In three weeks she has quite recovered.

While she is ill Lelia comer down and stays with her. Then she takes her back A SHAS BEEN OUR CUSTOM IN PREVIOUS ducements in our Linen and Cotton Departments, we now intend placing on our several counters in the above mentioned Departments, viz: Bleached Linen Damesk C

now she declares she can stay no longerthat she wants to go home and rest.

One evening, at dusk, she is sitting in the library alone. Only the firelight tells of her presence in the room. Some one opens the door and comes to her. Some one opens with a startled cry of "Lee!" He seems some vision out of the many dreams of him. He had not known she was there still—he

had thought she had gone home, and that is Lelia he sees by the fire.

"Oh, Lee," she whispers gently, "I am so glad you have come back! Can you ever forgive me ?" "Miss Brown are you seeking to make

me your slave again-His voice breaks. Tears stream down

her cheeks as she tells him her mistakehow she had overheard him when in the carriage, and his never mentioning anything about Nell had misled her. By this time he has her in his arms show-

ering passionate kisses upon brow and lips. Ah, how happy beat both their hearts!

Then she tells him how she has suffered, and how the shock of Lelia's letter affected her

"Oh, my darling, such anguish was mine when I thought you false! I have been so wretched! We have both suffered so much, that to compensate for it you must promise to become my wife when Lelia and Nell are married. Say yes, dearest !" this very pleadingly, and holding her tight. Brightly blushing, with only the fire-

light's bright eyes to note it, she gives her promise, and seals it with a happy, tender kiss.—Toronto Saturday Night

The Autocratic Architect.

Assistant-Mr. Jones was here today and says certain alterations must be made in the house you have planned for him. Architect--No alterations can be made. I hope you told him so.

Assistant-I told him I didn't think you would consent to altering the plans. Architect-Of course not. I have my reputation at stake in the house, while all he has got to do is to live in it. I am the authority in the matter of design and construction.-N. Y. Press.

For Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Cramps and Pains in the Bowels, there is no remedy than can be more heights might a man climb with a woman Celia and Mr. Duvall stroll off together, relied upon than Kendrickts Mixture, for OVER THE TEACUPS, children or adults .- Advt.

The Reason Why.

Little Willie (at the table)-I know why

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3

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

19.40 a. m.-Express for Bangor, Portland. Bes-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, Tor-onto 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, 17.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.

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

. m. 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 †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 15.45, †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 4.00 p. m. train from

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 fbs.-not large in bulk-vill 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

O^N and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :--

coming up the street; he looks rather tired, doesn't he ?"

The two young men who had been laughingly holding the above conversation walked off to meet their friend. Neither noticed that a few yards from them stood a carriage in which sat a young lady; but so it was, and that young lady was no other than the Celia Brown under discussion.

She did not intend to listen, but it was impossible to keep from hearing. Then when she has heard she is sincerely glad of it. To describe her feelings would be impossible. She is so taken aback for the moment that she seems incapable of thought. Then slowly an angry flush mounts her cheek, and the gleam in her eyes bodes no good to the man who has boldly declared his intention of making love to her-a man already married.

"So that is Lee Rodgers, the cousin whom Lelia is constantly raving over And it's the dearest wish of her heart that we might fall in love and marry! How wofully mistaken she is in him! He is decidedly nice looking, and when he smiled it seemed impossible that he could be so false as his own words showed him to be, but now I know him-

She is cut off in her reflections by her aunt's asking her what else is to be done before they return 10 the hotel. Celia does not feel in the mood for any more shopping, and so she tells her aunt. All during the homeward drive she is pre-occupied, but says nothing of the conversation she has overheard to Mrs. Cator. But her brain is busy trying to decide what course to pursue.

"It would never do to leave home-I could offer no reasonable excuse. Shall I treat him coldly, taking no notice at all of him? It I do that he will flirt with all the other girls, and probably break two or three hearts. They ought to be warned, but what right have I to say anything about it?

In this wise run her thoughts, and she is at quite a loss to decide what course to pursue. At last she thinks, "Why not, to save mischief, take him in hand myself? He is coming to Ardale particularly to make love to me. Why not make him my devoted slave, and thus give the other girls a chance, frustrate all designs and, if necessary, expose his perfidy in the end? If not it will serve to teach him a lesson, at least. Playing with fire—pshaw! as if I could ever feel anything but disgust for such a wretch! Well, it's worth thinking about anyway.'

And think about it she does, and finally decides to adopt the plan-to save the other girls' heartaches and teach him a lesson. She feels greatly disappointed indeed. for she had woven quite a romantic garland

around this young man's head and does not like to take him from his bright pedestal. She thinks it best to say nothing, but

tells her aunt she must have some "rea sweet dresses for the capture of Lelia's cousin." She knows just what suits her, and although they do not cost hundreds of dollars, when she puts them on they are the prettiest things imaginable, and she is not pretty, either.

a look at her face would feel no desire to a woman can invent but that timeworn dubs him Nell. He and Lee were roomlook again unless he received one deep excuse, a headache, when it is the heart mates, and such close chums at college that

Soon some one calls Celia. They have been talking of a picnic to

some distant hills, and wish to consult her. As soon as all is arranged, Lee, who has kept close to Celia, asks softly if he may goes to her. be her escort, and with her "yes" she again glances softly at him, letting the lashes cover her eyes almost instantly, and slightly droops her head. Lee goes home that night feeling as he

never felt before. He tosses feverishly, with those eyes ever before him, and when sleep finally visits him it is only to bring him dreams of Celia-Celia and himself floating down the river, and those eves ever burning into his very soul.

The next morning he finds an excuse to call by taking several new selections of music which Leha had sent her. He finds Celia and her aunt in the morning-room, again, sir!" and also a young lady who has come to spend a few days.

The visit is eminently an unsatisfactory one to him, for he had hoped to see her alone for a few minutes. Miss Carson he scarcely notices, but his eyes follow Celia again, for I will hear nothing. I began wherever she goes. She is very gay this morning, and at last rallies Mr. Rodgers to a sense of how ridiculous he must be making himself, and he rises and takes his leave, promising to be on hand tomorrow to accompany them to the picnic. That picnic ! What means that feeling

as he takes her hand to help her into the boat?

not been aware of his perfidy ?" she thinks. Mr. Duvall gets back he finds his friend Playing with fire, indeed, but little does ready to start for the city next morning. she imagine her danger. Already she feels the warmth, and at that rate a month-

blending in different songs, she does not away, and he would accompany his friend, try to analyze her feelings. He could take and sincerely regrets his inability to call. her in his arms and pour out all his passion in her ears. It is with difficulty he restrains himself.

The next five weeks glide by like a golden dream. Deeper and stronger grows deliberately flirt. So they all remain unhis passion, and she realizes with unceasing decided as to what happened. She cerregret how she could have loved him.

When any one teases her or laughs about her being caught in Cupid's net, she only smiles and thinks, "Ah, you do not know! He does not love me as you think. We are both playing with fire but will neither of us be burnt." watering places for a few days each, joins a party up the Hudson, and then spends several weeks in Camden with some friends. of us be burnt.

His passion is not so plain to her eyes; she does not dream for one instant that he is really deeply in love.

"For how could a man who is already married love another woman?" she argues "He avowed his intention of flirting with me, and I have made it so pleasant for him had an unhappy love affair? The second that he likes carrying it out. But what shall I do when the end comes?"

At thought of the end her spirits sink to zero; a sudden pain fills her heart, and at last she realizes that she is being burnt. news to tell you! I am engaged, and to whom do you think? No one in the world last she realizes that she is being burnt. "Oh, sir, what have you done?" Alas,

alas ! how foolish she had been ! But it must be stifled; no one must ever guess, for what right had she to think of himanother woman's husband?

ladies pet him, so do the men. The day is far spent before Lee is able to catch Celia alone. Then he sees her

leaning against a tree. How gladly he "Celia !" is the one word he says-He does not see her heaving breast nor

pained, shadowed eyes; but when she turns to him there is a haughty uplifting of the head.

"Sir !" she exclaims indignantly.

"Oh, Celia, you know that I love youthat you are the one woman in the world to me, and I have seen love in your eyes when they were raised to mine. Oh, darling, how I have missed you !"

"How dare you speak such words to me -to me! I hate you, scorn you, despise you! Never address such words to me

"O Heaven! Tell me you have not been trifling with me all this time !" he says. "Celia, you are no coquette."

"Well, I have been since I have known you," she replies bitterly. "Don't speak to flirt with you for a purpose-But hear she feels a lump in her throat, and realizes that unless she leaves him she

will betray the secret of her love. When she goes he falls upon the ground and buries his face in his hands. After a while he sobs like a woman; then, when his emotion dies away, he gets up and boat? "Ah, I would have loved this man had I home he packs up all his things, and when

Two weeks pass, and Celia is the gayest of the gay. Many have been the conjec-Ah, well, we'll see! She is just as agreeable to him all'day, and returning by moonlight their voices to Mrs. Cator that business calls him Many are the question asked Celia, but she evades them all. Some think they have quarreled, some that she rejected him, and she has never been known to

tainly is not wearing the willow for him in any case.

At the end of two weeks Celia asks to leave home. Her aunt takes her to three But that look of pain in Celia's eyes does not vanish, so they go back to Ardale, where Celia finds several letters from Lelia awaiting her.

The first is filled with wonder at Lee's changed appearance and manner. Has he is begging to know why she has not written -is she unwell?

"And oh !" she continues, "I have such but Lee's wife! Lee pretends to be heartbroken because I am taking Nell from him. Does it not sound absurd? Of course Lee told you all about it; and don't you think Nell Duvall is just splendid ? His name is "She is neither too tall nor too short, neither too fat nor too lean. One casting she has a headache. Is there nothing else he is so much like a girl that everybody

you keep your coat buttoned up so tight, Mr. Saintly (the parish clergyman)-Why is it, Willie?

Little Willie-'Cause you ain't got on any vest -- Clotheir and Furnisher.

Prefer Whist in St. John.

The fashionable entertainment in some of the Western cities is called the "Literary Salad Party." Each guest brings with him a quotation written on a slip of paper with the author's name attached. These slips are all tumbled into a salad bowl and well mixed, then the hostess or some one else selected for the purpose, reads them off one by one, and the person who makes the greatest number of correct answers in regard to the authorship receives a prize. -N. Y. Press.

Weak eves and inflamed lids indicate an impure condition of the blood. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price \$1. Worth \$5 a bottle.-Advt.



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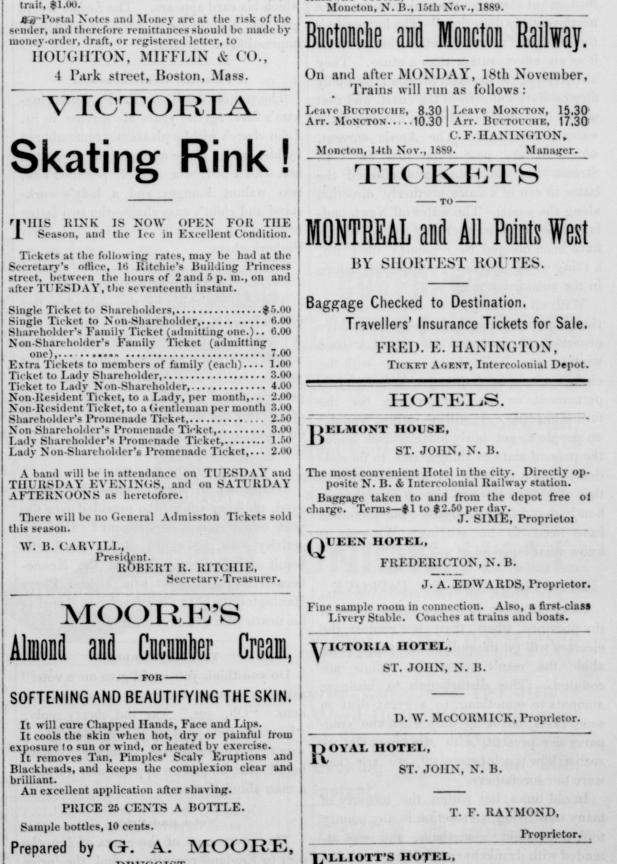
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.30 commodation for Point du Chene......11.10 Express for Sussex......16.35

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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex. 8.30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec. 11.10 Fast Express from Halifax. 14.50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton. 19.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave ... 23.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

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