

SUNSET.

Slowly on all attainment or defeat. The day dies out far in the darkening west; Leaving the earth, its golden stage complete, To muse an hour away, then sink to rest.

A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

[The reason for the publication of the following unpretending story will be found in the letter which accompanies the manuscript. It is hard for a "good-natured" editor to resist such a plea.—ED. PROGRESS.]

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I do not know whether you will think this story worthy of publication or not. The incident of the lost money is true. It happened to a little girl, a dear friend of mine. She was telling me of it, and I suggested writing a story about it. My friend was delighted with the idea, so I commenced the story at once.

The week before Christmas my friend took a rather severe cold, but nothing serious was apprehended. On Friday I had been to see her, and she was recovering rapidly; so I decided not to send in the story until she was thoroughly well, but on the following day, Saturday, I was unexpectably shocked to hear that she had died quite suddenly and unexpectedly.

Olivia Greville was hastening to her work one wet, muddy morning in November. It had rained all night and at every crossing was a little pool of water, but Olivia could not take time to pick her footsteps, for Miss Atkins expected her girls at eight o'clock sharp, and the chimes had already sounded the quarter past.

Miss Atkins' dressmaking establishment was reached by three flights of stairs. Up these Olivia ran hastily, removed her wet waterproof and entered the workroom. Her timid "Good Morning, Miss Atkins," was met with a frigid stare.

Olivia faltered out some excuse which Miss Atkins did not deign to notice. "You will please bear in mind Miss Greville," she went on in her harsh disagreeable voice, "that if this happens again you will be dismissed."

It was nearly dinner hour when Miss Atkins discovered that she needed some silk of a peculiar colour matched. "You can get it on your way back from dinner, Miss Greville," she said.

The morning passed slowly with Miss Atkins constantly fault-finding. She was especially hard on Olivia, objecting to every piece of work she did. It was nearly dinner hour when Miss Atkins discovered that she needed some silk of a peculiar colour matched.

Yes, gone! In vain did Olivia turn her pocket inside out, and look on the floor. In vain did Mr. Brown, and old friend of the family, join in the search and lift everything off the counter. The money could not be found; Olivia was in despair.

Her agitation had attracted the attention of a young man who had been standing in another part of the store. As she left he went up to Mr. Brown and asked him what had happened. "Poor little thing," he exclaimed, commiseratingly, when Mr. Brown had told him.

Poor Olivia could only bow confusedly, she seemed so agitated and nervous, for it seemed impossible that she could find the money in that busy street. She walked on hastily. "Oh, what shall I do," she cried,

with difficulty restraining her tears. She had forgotten all about Mr. Sherwood until she suddenly heard him exclaim aloud. She turned hastily, and O, happy sight! he was holding up a bill.

"You passed it unnoticed," he said smiling, as she ran back. "O, I am so glad," she cried, as he placed the five dollar bill in her hand, "and so grateful to you," she added impulsively.

"O, you have nothing to be thankful for, Miss Greville," Sherwood said earnestly. "I assure you it has given me great pleasure to help; and he certainly did look pleased as he gazed into her bright little face, to which the pretty color had returned.

Olivia and Mr. Sherwood met several times after that. Somehow or other it seemed to Olivia that Mr. Sherwood always happened to be passing Miss Atkins' at the hour that she left to go home. After a while when he had become a regular visitor at her little home she grew to expect him and to feel disappointed if she did not see him; though without stopping to analyze her feelings.

One day about two months after their first meeting, Olivia was buttoning on her water-proof. It happened that this was the first rainy day since the memorable one on which she had lost the money, so the sight of her waterproof reminded her of the circumstance.

Mechanically, she pulled the pocket inside out and noticed at the bottom there was a neat laid over in it. To smooth this out it was necessary to pull it rather hard. To her utter surprise and astonishment she found folded up tightly, a five dollar bill!

On examining the pocket it was evident that the rubber had melted—she remembered that the gossamer had been hanging near the stove, so the crease had been fixed in it and she had not noticed it at the time.

It was after six when she saw Mr. Sherwood, he was waiting for her as usual and as he came up and offered his arm, she took it with a little confident gesture, and after a few greetings told him the wonderful story of the bill.

He did not answer her directly, and as she looked up, surprised at his silence, he said hurriedly, "Miss Greville, I have to ask your pardon for a little deception I practised on you, Olivia! dear little Olivia forgive me, but you looked so distressed and I pitied you so much that I only pretended to pick up that bill.

For all answers she placed her hands in his as she raised her eyes to her face, and Eugene Sherwood drew her to his heart. PAULINE GRIFFITHS.

An Unpleasant Piece of Jewelry. The latest odd thing in jewelry is a bracelet of gold wire with a toad from an inch to an inch and a half long in the attitude of hopping along one side of it.

He Had Waited a Long Time. Young Bride (pouting)—Here we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you are scolding me already.

He Accepted the Proxy. Husband—Where is my wife, Anna? Maid—She's just gone up stairs, sir.

Leading physicians recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Old and young take it with perfect safety. It cleanses the blood, strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes the system.

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ANNUAL Linen and Cotton Sale.

AS HAS BEEN OUR CUSTOM IN PREVIOUS years (after Stock Taking) to offer great inducements in our Linen and Cotton Departments, we now intend placing on our several counters in the Back Store an immense variety of Goods from the above mentioned Departments, viz:

Bleached Linen Damask, Cream Damask, Tableing, Bleached Damask Cloths, Turkey Damask Tableing, Bleached Damask Napkins, Bleached Linen Sheetting, Bleached Damask D'Oyleys, Bleached Pillow Linen.

Our Towels are selected personally from the Largest Manufacturing Houses in Belfast; therefore we guarantee satisfaction.

WHITE COTTONS. Bleached Cotton Sheetings, 54 to 100 inches in width; Bleached Pillow Cottons, 38 to 54 inches in widths; Tray Cloths, Sideboard Strips, Sideboard Damask Genesee Damask Cloths, Fancy Damask Sets.

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, Hemmed Free of Charge for One Month.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison. "CAW-CAW" CROAKED THE CROW.

It was the 20th of May in the environs of Quebec, and the flowers had come. Dog tooth, violets and columbines were growing by the roadside and merigolds were blooming in the marshes, while the Gomm bogs were studded with trilliums, twisted stems, and many rose-colored flowers that should give berries in the fall.

And on this 20th of May, old Francois Lapointe, the Sexton of the church at Silery, was gathering wild flowers along the edges of the graveyard. He wanted to make a wreath to place on the wooden cross on which were inscribed the names of all his kith and kin, for his wife and four children were buried there, and "as for relatives," he used to say, "I have none."

And as Francois was bending to his task, the crow was passing, and turning to Francois he said: "Good morning, Francois." "Good morning, mon pere," the Sexton replied.

"For your own plot, I suppose," the crow asked, looking at the flower Francois held in one hand. "Yes, mon pere," Francois answered. "Then add a little cypress; it means death and mourning," the crow said.

Now, Francois was not as superstitious as the average French-Canadian of his class. The crow had laughed and reasoned him out of the most of his ghostly follies. If he saw a "Will-o-the-Wisp" he would not place two sticks across each other on the road to prevent the "tormentor" from following him, because Francois knew, or supposed he knew, all about "Will" and his wanderings.

But there was one superstition that defied all the crow's power to destroy in Francois' mind, and that was the "loup-garou" or "were wolf," and that had as much an awe-inspiring effect on the old Sexton as it ever had on any of his more youthful neighbors. Practical and prosaic as the old man was in his general character, yet he never could be reasoned out of the belief that there was not an evil spirit abroad, and that that spirit did not assume different shapes, but generally that of a wolf.

"he was" of his own! And unfortunately for Francois' peace of mind, a crow had perched on the wooden cross he called his own, just one month preceding the death of his wife and each of his children, and Francois saw it, and as drops of water wear the stone, so did this re-appearance of the crow wear away whatever shadow of doubt existed in his mind about the loup garou.

He was a weak old man, but he tried to be brave. There was a short, sharp struggle between superstition and decaying manliness, and then manliness triumphed when, stepping forward, Francois flung the flowers he held in his hand at the bird's head!

"Caw-caw" croaked the crow. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," the Sexton piteously prayed, stepping back to the railing. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," he repeated, holding up his hands half in supplication

and half in fear. And then his lips moved as if in prayer, his old frame trembled, his hands shook, and then flinging his tuque upon the ground he knelt and begged for mercy.

"Caw-caw" croaked the crow. "And just then the crow was passing again and he found Francois in a faint. "Mon Dieu," the Sexton groaned again when he came to his senses.

"What has happened, Francois?" the crow asked. "It has come again, mon pere; it has come again," the old man said. "What has come?" asked the crow. "The loup-garou—the crow—mon Dieu, mon Dieu."

"Nonsense," said the crow. "No, no, mon pere; look at the cross; it has picked another mark on the board—first one for my wife, then one for each of my children, and now one for myself," the Sexton replied, betraying all the fear of a man who is suddenly called on to meet his doom.

"Go and look," he added, and the crow smiled and looked, and sure enough there were six marks, five old ones and one just newly made, and about two inches long and made as if with a rough nail and "tallied" on the cross.

And late into the night the crow reasoned and quoted scripture and smiled, but all to no avail, the old man was satisfied that he had seen "it" again, and it was time for him to attend to those duties which all good Catholics, when on the point of death, believe essential, when possible, for the peace of their souls.

Of course the incident became the talk of the neighborhood, and the crow found it necessary, on Sunday, to preach a sermon on "Superstitions," and it had its effect in allaying uneasiness in many weak minds, while the strong ones always laughed them to ridicule. But yet there were people who refused to agree even with the crow, as they said the question was not one of faith or morals, and they declined to believe that the cloudlets could not be made to skip playfully, on a calm evening, by repeating an air or song out of doors; and they were "sure" that there was danger in enjoying oneself when the celestial spirits were dressing the fair tresses of the Aurora Borealis; that they "knew" the loup garou to be an historical and living fact; that it was certain that birds had carried trees into the clouds, and so on through a long list of many of the myths which have been known to tradition through all the ages, and when old Francois left the church that day, and the white violets and the columbines along the roadside he thought of the graveyard, and looking at the wooden cross under which his family lay, he once more saw a crow perched upon one of its arms, and he heard it creak—"Caw-caw; caw-caw," and he again took it as a signal of his doom.

The citadel in Quebec has been described by many pens. Lever, Dickens, Trollope, Sala, Dilke, Henry Ward Beecher and many others have written of its geometrical lines which in the distance, look clear cut against the sky. But, perhaps the finest description ever given of the lofty eminence on which it stands was when the pilot of Jacques-Cartier exclaimed, as he saw it first time, "Que bee!" ("What a peak!") That tells the situation almost in a word—"What a peak!"

For historical interest and scenic beauty combined there is no spot on this continent to compare with the views from "Queen's Bastion," and on this bastion, one day about the middle of June, a young soldier, dressed in the blue uniform of the Canadian Regiment of Artillery, was on duty. He was a French-Canadian, as were about half the men of the battery to which he belonged, and on the muster roll he answered to the name of Jean Beauchamp. He had been in the service some time, for the medal he wore was given to him for the campaign he passed through in the Canadian North-West, against Riel and his followers, in 1885.

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"Caw-caw" croaked a crow, and looking towards the flag staff he saw the black plumage the bird peched upon its truck. And Jean Beauchamp thought he had never seen so owlish looking a crow before. Feathers like horns protruded above its eyes, and its body appeared flattened. And then it opened its beak and flapped its wings and peered at the staring soldier beneath it. Again it gave little bounds from its perch, and moved its feet as if it wished to tear him.

"It's mad," said Jean. "Caw-caw," croaked the crow, with unnatural rapidity and anger, as Jean thought. "It would make a good shot," thought Jean.

"Caw-caw," croaked the crow, but this time it almost spat its croaking from its swollen throat. And then Jean fancied he could see froth dripping from its bill and its feathers assuming the appearance of bristles, as, with its beak, it fiercely struck the stump of the flag staff five strong and rapid strokes. And then Jean Beauchamp was sure that the bird was mad.

"A mad crow," he said, and he almost laughed. Then down it came with a swoop, the feathers on its neck ruffled, and the bird looking mad indeed. Jean's side-arms were out in an instant, and the flashing sheen of his sword-bayonet glittered for a few seconds in the sun, when stepping back he fell, and the last thing he remembered was hearing, "Caw-caw—caw-caw," uttered with mocking regularity, as the crow flew lazily away.

The next day when Jean opened his eyes he was in the hospital, and then he found the doctor bending over him, and he felt a dull, blinding pain in his head, and when he was strong enough to hear the news he was told that his skull had been fractured by the fall, and that he might recover. And as he lay there, the minor misery of the existence of the crow would crowd from his mind the more important question of his recovery. Man is constituted so, and do what he may, small troubles will, like the blue devils in Don Giovanni, thrust up their heads. And then the superstitions of his youth forced themselves back on the sick soldier's memory. He lived it all over again, and the myths of his childhood were gaining a foot on his fears, when—he died.

The old sexton was in the graveyard at

Sillery again. The dreaded month had passed and he was still alive and for his years hearty. And once again he was gathering wild flowers from the edges of the graveyard and this time there was a carnival of flora to choose from. There were pigeon berries, rosette bells, ragwort, pitcher plants, forgetmenots, and many sweet scented flowers that gave a subtle influence to the air and induced soft languor to the old man's senses. Trilled vines and gracefully trained creepers wound through the latticed fence which surrounded the "God's acre" in which he labored, and all about him the oaks, maples, elms, beeches, spruce and hemlock, nodded under the pressure of the summer breeze, while festoons hung from their branches and many of their trunks were mantled with Canadian ivy. The waters of the St. Lawrence were rippling on the shore a few yards away and the crows "caw-caw'd" over the fields. And the old sexton worked on until he had finished his task when he hung on the arm of a cross on which were painted the words:—

Jean Beauchamp Died June 20th, 1887, Aged 29 years. "Yes," said the Sexton, as he placed the wreath on its resting place. "Yes, poor Jean, I had forgotten you. But we all thought you were dead. You left us, and we heard no more about you until we were told the story about your encounter with the loup garou and your fall. That time it came for you, my brother's child, and the next will be for me—peace to your ashes."

"Caw-caw," croaked a crow.—M. W. Kirwan.

The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

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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 7.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

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. 1.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

18.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.10 p. m. train from St. John. 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 intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 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

Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 14.30 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 Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and the Sleeping Car at Montreal.

Trains will arrive at St. John. Express from Sussex, 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11.10 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 14.50 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.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, 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, 15.30 ARR. MONCTON, 10.30 ARR. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30 C.F. HANINGTON, Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889. Manager.

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