

THE PLANETS IN SEPTEMBER.

'Mid flashing gems that deck the dome on high, As stars of morn, the lovely planets see, Of Venus, Saturn, Neptune, Mercury— And Regulus, last chance, the naked eye With unassisted vision may descry;

Upon the morning of the twentieth day Of this fair month, and at the hour of three, Saturn and Mars, in close proximity, You may 'st behold with fond eyes far away.

This harvest month still inspire my song, As at its close I see as morning stars The planets Venus, Saturn, Neptune, Mars!

Moncton, N. B.

BRUIN AND THE COOK.

To one who visits the lumbermen's winter camps, deep in the backwoods of Maine, New Brunswick or Quebec, the life led by the loggers is likely to seem monotonous after the strangeness of it has worn off.

In chopping and hauling logs the lumbermen are at work unrelentingly from dawn until sundown, and at night they have little energy to expend on the hunting of bears or panthers.

At intervals, however, the monotony of camp life is broken. Something occurs to remind the careless woodsmen that, though in the wilderness, indeed, they are yet not truly of it.

A yoke of oxen are strained at their load. A great branch reaching down catches the nearest ox by the horn, and the poor brute falls in its track with its neck broken.

The cook, it must be borne in mind, is a most important personage in the lumber camp. This is a saying of camp cooks in general, and I assert it in particular of the cook who figures as one of the heroes in the story about to be related.

It was a bright March morning at Nicholson's camp on Salmon River, in northern New Brunswick. There had been a heavy thaw for some days, and the snow banks under the eaves of the camp were shrinking rapidly.

The dishes were washed, the camp was in order, and in a little while it would be time to get the dinner ready. The inevitable pork and beans were slowly boiling, and an appetizing fragrance was abroad on the quiet air.

The weather being mild, he left the camp door wide open, and, swinging up to his berth, soon had himself luxuriously bedded in blankets—his own and as many other fellows' blankets as he liked.

Then the cymbals and the big drum grew unbearably loud, and, waking with a start, he remembered where he was, and thrust his head in astonishment over the edge of the bunk.

Then the bear noticed that the precious pork had got deliciously cool, and in the charms of that rare morsel cook was soon quite forgotten.

been waked up too soon, they were prowling through the forest in unusual numbers. Food was scarce; in fact, times were very hard with them, and they were not only bad-humored, but lean and hungry withal.

While cook slept sweetly Bruin had rooted off the cover of the pot, and this was the beginning of cook's dream. But the pot was hot, and the first mouthful of the savory mess made him yell with rage and pain.

What met his round-eyed gaze, as he sat up in his blankets, was an angry bear, dancing about in a confusion of steam and smoke and beans and kettles, making ineffectual snatches at a lump of scalding pork upon the floor.

With smarting jaws and vengeful paws he made a dash for the bunk. Its edge was nearly seven feet from the floor, so Bruin had to do some clambering.

This episode brought the woodsmen to their senses. Axe in hand, they closed in upon the bear, who rose on his hind-quarters to meet them. The first few blows that were delivered at him, with all the force of practised arms and vindictive energy, he warded off as if they were so many feathers; but he could not guard himself on all sides at once.

In their indignation over the cook's torn hand, their comrade's broken arm, and—perhaps most aggravating of all—their thoroughly demolished dinner, the lumbermen undertook to make a meal of Bruin; but in this attempt Bruin found a measure of revenge, for in death he proved to be even tougher than he had been in life, and the famous luxury of a fat bear-steak was nowhere to be had from his carcass.

Had cook acted upon his first impulse, he would have been overtaken before he had gone a hundred yards, and would have perished hideously in the snow. As it was, however—evidently Bruin's deep chagrin—he stuck close to the chimney hole, like a prairie-dog sitting by his burrow, ready at a moment's notice to plunge within, while the bear stalked deliberately twice around the camp, eyeing him and evidently laying plans, as it were, for his capture.

At last the bear appeared to make up his mind. At one corner of the shanty, piled up nearly to the eaves, was a store of fire-wood which "cookee" had gathered in. Upon this pile Bruin mounted, and then made a dash up the creaking roof.

Cook prayed most fervently that it might give way beneath the great weight of the bear, and to see if it would do so he waited almost too long; but it did not. As he scurried, belated, through the hole, the bear's paw reached its edge, and the huge claws tore nearly all the flesh from the back of the poor fellow's hand. Bleeding and trembling he crouched upon the friendly rafter, not daring to swing down into the bunk.

The agility of that great animal was marvellous. Scarcely had cook got under shelter when Bruin rushed in again at the door, and was up on the bunk again in a twinkling, and again cook vanished by the chimney-place. A moment later the bear was again on the roof, while cook once more crouched back faintly on his rafter. This performance was repeated several times, till for cook it had quite ceased to be interesting.

At last the chase grew monotonous even to the indefatigable Bruin, who then resolved upon a change of tactics. After driving cook out through the chimney, he decided to try the same mode of exit for himself, or at least to thrust his head through the opening, and see what it was like. Embracing the woodwork with his powerful fore-paws, he swung himself up on the rafter, as he had seen cook do so gracefully. The attempt was quite successful, but the rafter was not prepared for the strain, and Bruin and beam came thundering to the floor.

As cook gazed down through the hole and marked what had happened, his heart sank utterly within him. His one safe retreat was gone. But Bruin did not perceive his advantage, or else was in no hurry to follow it up. The shock had greatly dampened his zeal. He sat on his haunches by the stove and gazed up sullenly at cook, while cook gazed back despairingly at him.

Then the bear noticed that the precious pork had got deliciously cool, and in the charms of that rare morsel cook was soon quite forgotten. All cook had to do was to lie on the roof, nursing his lacerated hand and watching Bruin as he made away

CHILDREN'S Corded Waists!

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Manchester, Robertson & Allison. with the lumbermen's dinner—a labor of love in which he lost no time.

At this juncture a noise was heard in the woods, and hope came back to cook's heart. The men were returning for dinner. Bruin heard it, too, and made haste to gulp down the remnant of the beans. Just as teams and choppers emerged into the little cleared space in front of the camp, Bruin, having swallowed his last mouthful, rushed out of the camp door, to the breathless and immeasurable amazement of the lumbermen.

Finding himself to all appearances surrounded, Bruin paused a moment irresolutely. Then charging upon the nearest team, he dealt the teamster a terrific cuff, bowling him over in the snow and breaking his arm, while the horses plunged, reared, and fell over backward in a tangle of sleds and traces and lashing heels.

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THE BELLE'S VOCABULARY.

What She Says When She Wants to Talk as They Do in England, You Know. Accent and intonation are two prominent factors in the curriculum of the four hundred. There are really two voices in use in fashionable society today, either of which is considered quite proper.

James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

Lucius Alexander, of Marblehead, Mass., was long a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, complicated with enlargement of the Liver, most of the time being unable to retain any food in his stomach. Three boxes of Ayer's Pills cured him.

Frederic C. Greener, of East Dedham, Mass., for several months troubled with Indigestion, was cured before he used half a box of these Pills.

In her speech the fashionable young lady has her vocabulary as she has her code. Lately she has permitted herself the use of a good many English expressions. She says "fancy" always for "suppose," and never says "guess" she says "chemist" for "druggist," "stop at home" for "stay at home," and she "tubs" oftener than she "takes a morning bath."

Some phrases she leans rather heavily upon, notably "such a blow," when a rain postpones a visit or a friend dies, and "such a pleasure" alike to hear Patti and spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance.

She has, too, and index expurgatorius which she is very careful to respect. There are no more "stores" for her, they have become "shops," "servants" also have ceased to exist as such, they are "men servants" and "maids," although she permits herself to designate as laundress, housemaid or butler; "gentleman" she avoids; "a man I know," she says, referring to a male acquaintance; or "there were lots of delightful men out last night," she confides to some sister belle who missed the opera; "all right" she never says, making "very well" do much better service, nor does she add "party" to dinner, speaking of such an entertainment. Her home no longer has a "parlor," pure and simple, but a "blue room," a "red room," a "Japanese room," or possibly an "east parlor."—N. Y. Press.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to day if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed."—T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa. Ayer's Pills are sold by all druggists.—Advt.

Drummer (to fellow traveller whom he mistakes for commercial tourist)—How do you find business? Traveller—Never better. "Strange! All the other boys are kicking about the dull times and the numerous bankruptcies. You must have a pull. What is your line?" "Foreclosing mortgages and closing out merchants."—Time.

The world-wide reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the natural result of its surpassing remedy as a blood medicine. Nothing, in the whole pharmacopoeia, effects more astonishing results, in scrofula, rheumatism, general debility, and all forms of blood disease, than this remedy.—Advt.

Joe and His Jokes. "I saw Joe laughing at one of his own jokes this morning." "Oh, well, you must remember that 90 per cent. of Joe's jokes aren't his own."—Harper's Bazar.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and purely diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

\$100 WELL INVESTED. In Stocks, Grain or Petroleum will bring splendid profits. The stock markets offer unusual opportunities just now to the conservative investor and speculator. Buy and sell stocks as you would do any other business, with intelligence and discrimination, and you will make money. \$100 used as margin controls 1000 shares. You can buy and sell from 10 to 1000 shares of stock, and proportionate amounts of grain and petroleum, on one per cent. (equal to \$1 per share) margin, or as much more marginal percentage as you desire. We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest information, and give customers the benefit of private wires to New York and Chicago.

Dyspepsia

Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequalled.

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The GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER 120 YEARS, IS

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These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar mixture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangements of the digestive organs, and for obstructions and torpid action of the liver and bowels which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. Sold by all Chemists.

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

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 ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 8.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889. SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked 1 run daily except Sunday. 1 daily except Saturday. Daily except Monday.

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, 7.50 a. m.; Accommodation for Point d'Acadie, 11.10 a. m.; Fast Express for Halifax, 11.30 a. m.; Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 11.30 a. m.; Express for Sussex, 11.30 a. m.; Express for St. John, 11.30 a. m.

Trains will arrive at ST. JOHN. Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 8.50 a. m.; Fast Express from Halifax, 11.19 a. m.; Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 11.25 a. m.; Express from Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi, 11.50 a. m. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway. On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows: Leave BUCTOUCHE, 8.30 a. m.; Leave MONCTON, 10.30 a. m.; Arr. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30 a. m. C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.

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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HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor. BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMÉ, Proprietor.

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