

## Polly's Papa's Home-Coming.

'Are you a soldier?' The old man who sat facing the little girl looked at his wife and smiled encouragingly.

'Yes, I am a soldier.'

'Why ain't you fighting then?' and the child laid down the popcorn candy and wiped the sticky kernels from her lips.

Inside the car it was close and hot. The rain had begun at Washington and the windows had been closed to keep the seats dry. The child had tired of watching the water form in pools on the window, break into rivers and slowly trickle down into the sea at the bottom of the pane. Through the clouded glass she had looked at the dreary, wet landscape until her eyes ached. Then she turned to the old man for entertainment and information.

'If you are a soldier why ain't you dressed like one and why ain't you fighting, like my papa?'

'The colonel fought all through the old war, dear,' answered the old lady, pleasantly, 'and—'

'I know,' put in the child eagerly, 'he couldn't be spared. Uncle John couldn't be spared, either. That's why my papa went away.'

'How are you getting along, little woman?'

'A man had come in from a front car and sat down by the child's side.'

'All right, Uncle John,' answered the child, and she took his rough hand in hers and pressed it affectionately.

'How's the popcorn?'

'Pretty good; but it isn't as good as Aunt Mary makes.'

'Well, I guess not. Tain't every one that can pop corn like Aunt Mary. Shall I get you some more, or maybe you want some candy? I seen a boy with some a little while ago.'

'I don't want any candy, Uncle John. When are we going to get home?'

'In a little while. I hope she won't bother you,' she added to the old man, as he rose to go. 'We've been down to Georgia to see her papa and she's right tired. I'll be back, Polly, after a while.'

'That's my Uncle John,' exclaimed the child, as the man left the car. 'He didn't go to the war because he couldn't be spared. You see, grandpa said some one had to stay home and do the work. Uncle John, he lives with me and grandpa and papa and Aunt Mary. He stayed home.'

'Why didn't your papa stay home?'

'He said he could be spared better than Uncle John.'

'Where is your mama, little girl?' asked the old lady, after a pause.

'She's dead. I never saw my mamma, but Aunt Mary says I look like her. I'm not sure, though. I asked papa one day, and he said he hoped not. Have you got a dog? I've got a great big dog and his name is Tom. He carries my basket to school, and he can swim. I've got a colt, and Uncle John says he'll break him for me when he is old enough. I've got some doves and lots of chickens.'

'We haven't any dogs and horses,' said the old lady; 'we live in New York and we can't keep pets there.'

'I don't like New York,' answered the child, gravely.

'What do you know about New York? Did you ever live there?'

'No, but papa did, and so did mamma. I was borned there, but I've lived with Uncle John ever since I was a little baby. Papa hates everybody that lives in New York. Once when I was a little girl a man came up to Uncle John's in a great big carriage with two horses and he had a beautiful lady with him. They drove right up to the kitchen door and asked for a glass of milk for the lady. Uncle John took it out to her, and when she saw him she screamed awful loud, and they made the horses just run out of the gate. Uncle John was terrible mad, and said if papa'd been there he'd shot him. They came from New York, and I guess that's why papa didn't like them. Can you paint pictures?'

'No, my child,' returned the old man.

'Why do you ask?'

'My papa can. He is a beautiful painter. Uncle John says that if he wanted to he could make money enough to pay off the mortgage in no time. But he doesn't like to paint. Once he painted a picture of me and a man gave him a hundred dollars for it. Aunt Mary wanted to keep the picture but papa sold it. He said it reminded him. What does reminded mean?'

'Does that horse look like your colt?' asked the old lady irrelevantly as she wiped her eyes.

The child peered through the window n'tly. 'I don't see any horse. My colt is named Dick, after papa. He is a bay, and has a white star in his forehead. Did you have a uniform when you were a soldier? (This to the colonel) My papa's uniform is just lovely. It has gold buttons on it, and he's got a bag just like I carry to school, only its longer and rounder, and he's got a great, big gun, almost as long as—as this car almost. It's so heavy I can't lift, anyhow. Was you ever in camp?'

'A great many times,' answered the old soldier. 'I lived in camps for nearly twenty years.'

'My, but that's a long time!' continued the child. 'I'm only seven—going on eight. My papa was only in camp two weeks. I was out to see him once. He looked just splendid only it took and awful long time to see him. He was in the middle of a whole lot of soldiers standing in a line, but he looked better than any of em, because he wears his hair so long. Don't you like long hair? Aunt Mary made some hair for my dolly, but it wouldn't stay on. It was really true hair. She cut it from my cousin Kitty. Kitty's dead before I was found. But it kept coming off no matter how tight we sewed it on, and it didn't

match. My dolly's rag, you know. It's a beautiful dolly. Grandpa used to play with it when she was a little girl. It's named Polly, after her and me. Papa said he's got me a real wax doll when he comes back I wish he was back now—not for the doll though, she added with a little blush, 'but because I love him. He tells me such beautiful stories.'

'That's nice,' put in the old lady, 'do you remember any of them?'

'All of them, every one. He told me one just before he went away. It was about a little girl who was borned in the country just like me, and she grew up a beautiful woman. She could sing and play on the piano and melodeon. Once upon a time a young beautiful man came to her house and asked her to go to the city with him. He told her he would give her silk dresses and a gold ring, a bangle bracelet, a big album, and lots of things if she'd only go to the city with him. He said she could do anything she wanted to. She needn't milk or churn or feed the chickens, or make bread or set the table or wash the dishes or sweep or dust. She could do just precisely what she wanted to. And she thought, and thought, and thought.'

'Did she go with him?'

'No, indeed. She thought and thought and then she stayed at home and married the farmer's son and lived happy ever afterward. Isn't that a nice story? I know lots more I—'

'I wouldn't tell any more stories just now,' interrupted the old lady, not unkindly. 'I'm afraid it will make you tired, dear. Don't you want to lie down in my lap and let me sing a pretty song to you?'

'I like singing,' returned the child, 'but I ain't a bit sleepy.'

So she made room for the old lady by her side, and after much fussing laid her curly head in her lap and closed her eyes, while the old lady softly sang about 'Old Mother Hubbard' and 'Little Boy Blue' in a sweet, low voice, that quivered a little on the high notes, but was very musical for all that. And before the next stop she was fast asleep.

'Poor little tot!' repeated the old lady, and she pressed the child closer to her.

So the long afternoon wore on, until at last the train reached the broad marshes of Jersey City. The other passengers were putting on their coats and hats and taking their parcels down from the rack and just as the old lady was about to rouse the child the man from the front car came in.

'I'm very much obliged to you,' he said warmly. 'I hope she didn't bother you. We change cars here for home. We've been down to Atlanta to meet her father, but we got there too late. He's in the baggage car now. She doesn't know it yet. I didn't have the heart to tell her. Come on, Polly,' and he took the child gently by the hand. 'Come on, Polly, dearie. We are going home now to Aunt Mary and grandpa. Come on.'

'I—I want my papa,' cried the child softly, as she rubbed her eyes. 'Will he be home when we get there?'

'Jersey City! All out!' called the brakeman from the end of the car.

'Good-by and thank you!' said Uncle John.

'Good-by!' added Polly, smiling through her tears.

'Poor little tot!' said the colonel, and the old lady, his wife.

### EASY TO MAKE MISTAKES.

A Customer of the Bank of England Finds This to be True.

On the day after the recent robbery of a bag of one thousand sovereigns from the Bank of England was announced, says a Companion correspondent, a depositor at a private banker's office near by expressed his opinion with great emphasis while transacting his own business.

'Such monstrous carelessness was never known!' he declared. 'The gold was taken from the counter under the eyes of the bank clerk and the messenger. The thief got away with it before he was seen by any detective, and before anybody knew that anything had been taken. Everybody seems to have been asleep except the light-fingered robber.'

'Clerk, messenger and detectives ought to be sentenced to prison for four months of hard labor. It would be a timely warning against the consequences of criminal carelessness. Everybody in a bank ought to have his wits about him and to keep his eyes upon the gold that is in front of him.'

The worthy man grew red in the face as he expressed his scorn of careless and sleepy clerks and messengers, and strode out of the banking office with an air of virtuous indignation. Two hours afterward he returned with an anxious face.

'Did I leave my money behind me when I was here this morning?' he asked, abruptly.

'Yes,' said the clerk, grimly. 'We found it on the side-counter after you had gone.'

The severe critic, who had wished to punish careless clerks by condemning them to hard labor as convicts, had left behind him a bag containing several thousand pounds in securities.

'I am greatly relieved,' he said, 'to find it here. I could not tell whether I had left it in a cab, or whether I had been robbed in the street.'

This man had been as confident of his own vigilance as the chief of the coin delivery service of the Bank of England had been a few years before. He had boasted that it would be impossible for anybody to rob a delivery-wagon which was under his charge.

The officials decided quietly to put his vigilance to the test. One day he was sent with four men to a railway station to receive from an incoming train a large amount of gold. They carried the gold to their delivery-wagon, but while they were putting it in, a bank detective, cleverly disguised in appearance, succeeded in snatching up a bag containing a thousand sovereigns, and walking away with it under his coat.

The bag was not missed until the delivery messengers arrived at the bank and transferred the gold to the vaults. They were utterly dismayed when the bags were counted, and the detective produced the missing one.

The most careful man sometimes is off his guard, and makes a mistake. It is never judicious to be boastful, or merciless in judgment.

'You are the most worthless man that ever made a woman's life intolerable, John.' And a week afterwards she sued a railway company for £5,000 damages for killing John. The perversity of some women is past comprehension.

'How can one tell whether or not a man has wheels in his head?' By the spokes that come from his mouth, my boy.



THESE DOMINION SUSPENDERS WILL PLEASE MY BOYS AT HOME

WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Truro, Oct. 14, to the wife of W. H. Buck, a son.  
Westport, Oct. 10, to the wife Elisha Titus, a daughter.  
Bear River, Sept. 30, to the wife of J. A. Crouse, a son.  
Tiverton, Oct. 12, to the wife of Hadley Blackford, a son.  
Bear River, Oct. 1, to the wife of B. Wentzell, a son.  
Windsor, Oct. 14, to the wife of John Daniels, a son.  
Colchester, Oct. 7, to the wife of Rev. Wm. Dawson, a son.  
Belmont, Oct. 14, to the wife of E. C. Fletcher, a son.  
Fredericton, Oct. 20, to the wife of W. A. Lindsay, a son.  
Linden, Oct. 9, to the wife of W. Staveland Mitchell, a son.  
Windsor, Oct. 19, to the wife of Frank Sheppard, a son.  
Freeport, Oct. 14, to the wife of Bernard Morrell, a daughter.  
Gloucester, Oct. 6, to the wife of W. J. Allen, a daughter.  
Colchester, Oct. 14, to the wife of Dr. McIntyre, a daughter.  
Tatamagouche, Oct. 9, to the wife of E. V. Cassidy, a daughter.  
Kentville, Oct. 15, to the wife of B. G. Yould, a daughter.  
Bear River, Oct. 5, to the wife of W. J. Shields, a daughter.  
Freeport, Oct. 8, to the wife of M. G. Crocker, a daughter.  
Port Lorne, Oct. 11, to the wife of George Neaves, a daughter.  
Fredericton, Oct. 20, to the wife of Matthew Tennant, a son.  
Little Bass River, Oct. 11, to the wife of W. C. Lewis, a son.  
Clark's Harbor, Oct. 14, to the wife of W. A. Crowell, a son.  
Bear River, Sept. 23, to the wife of Melbourne Ruggles, a son.  
Queenstown, Oct. 13, to the wife of George T. Williams, a son.  
St. John, Oct. 15, to the wife of George N. McDonald, a son.  
Bridgewater, N. S., Oct. 7, to the wife of H. H. Archibald, a son.  
Port Williams, Oct. 18, to the wife of G. H. Hilsley, a daughter.  
Mill Road, Queens Co., Oct. 14, to the wife of Wm. F. Simpson, a son.

### MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Oct. 19, Henry A. Jones to Marion Murray.  
Wolfville, Oct. 19, Edward Jenner to Elizabeth Thompson.  
Kentville, Oct. 12, by Rev. Mr. Gaetz, Cecil Harris to Jessie Leach.  
Truro, Sept. 28, by Rev. S. H. Morgan, J. F. Ross to Mary Scotthorne.  
Preston, Oct. 18, by Rev. E. Dixon, David Ross to Christina Dessert.  
St. John, Oct. 24, by Rev. John Read, C. F. Freeman-Lake to Alice F. Tuck.  
Westport, Oct. 19, by Rev. C. E. Pines, St. Clair Dakin to Gertrude Benson.  
Halifax, Oct. 18, by Rev. J. F. Dugan, Edwin A. Daly to Sarah O. Bennett.  
Westville, Oct. 17, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Charles Porter to Maggie Dunbar.  
Burlington, Oct. 6, by Rev. Mr. Whitman, Wm. Sanford to Edie Sanford.  
Parrsboro, Oct. 19, by Rev. Fr. Butler, Richard Duhanty to May Black.  
Hopewell, Oct. 13, by Rev. A. Maclean, Allan Fraser to Margaret Mann.  
Sussex, Oct. 19, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, Albert M. Aldrich to Frances Teakles.  
Lower Millstream, Oct. 6, by Rev. Gideon Swim, Howard Lander.  
Avondale, Oct. 12, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Jas. A. Ross to Mary DeWolf Allison.  
Shediac, Oct. 19, by Rev. Mr. Howie G. Harley White to Laurie G. McFadden.  
Salem, Oct. 19, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Capt. Irving A. Durkee to Oressa Churchill.  
Worcester, Mass., Oct. 12, by E. W. Kenyon, William T. Macomber to May E. Lyne.  
Vancover, B. C., Oct. 3, by Rev. L. Norman Tucker, Samuel O. Turner to Cordelia Black.  
Welsford, Oct. 18, by Rev. A. D. McNulty, Hedley L. Kirkpatrick to Lillie G. Wallace.  
Rockville, by Rev. D. W. Fardon, Oct. 19, John Killam Fleet to Emma Porter Killam.  
Yarmouth, Oct. 19, by Rev. W. F. Parker, James Albert White to Mary Francis Logan.



## Rain and Sleet Don't Injure

### THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

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### STEAMBOATS.

## Star Line Steamers

—FOR—

## Fredericton.

(Local Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.30 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John. Stmr. Oliveette will leave Indianstown for Gagetown every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

## CHANGE OF SAILING.

On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indianstown same days at 3 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

### RAILROADS.

## Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

### Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.00 a. m.  
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

### EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m.  
Lve. Halifax 5.00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday, arr. Digby 12.45 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.45 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 8.35 a. m. Mon. and Thur.  
Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Digby 10.25 a. m.  
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Business express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

### S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

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W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.  
P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

### Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.30  
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....13.30  
Express for Sussex.....16.40  
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney.....22.10  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 for Truro.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....8.30  
Express from Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.30  
Express from Quebec, Montreal.....13.30  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....19.25  
Accommodation from Moncton.....22.4  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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