

POETRY.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story told in a different strain, Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain; Sometimes a flash of sunlight, against the driving rain.

SELECT STORY.

"MY BROTHER'S WIFE."

When I arose on the morning of my twentieth birthday, and nodded merrily to my own reflection in the glass, the bright young face that laughed back at me was that of a handsome, happy, and very fortunate girl.

Tom was my twin brother. The usual strong affection existing between twins was exceptionally powerful in our case—from circumstances. One of us was born strong and robust, and the other frail and small. Notwithstanding my sex, I was the favored one by nature, while Tom was the weekly twin.

That was the first of his misfortunes, which naturally gave him a claim on me, and made him cling to me as a heartier, manlier boy would have done.

So the best I could do was to spend as much money on him as possible, and lend him all he wanted to use. He had no objection to that, because he would say: "Some of these days, when I'm partner in the bank, I'll pay it all back again, Lyddy."

And, of course, it was quite probable that some day he would be partner, since I was about to be married to the banker's only son and heir.

As I thought of him on that birthday morning—of course, it was his birthday too—the face in the glass ceased to smile, and a new anxiety crept into my thoughts.

He had come in at about ten o'clock, to the little parlor where Harry and I were sitting together, and had remained with us, restless, agitated, nervous and showing so plainly that he wished to see me alone that presently Harry, half-veiled, half-amused, took the hint and left us. And then he asked me for money.

No trifling sum, either. He implored me, almost wildly, to give him three thousand then and there, for God's sake!

bitly at first—I who had been so proud of him. But by and by, indignation, shame, anger, all gave place to love and love's anxiety. Tom was missing.

What mattered it to me that he had stoned? He was still my brother, and I loved him. My thoughts flew back to his despair that night—his tears, his self-reproach, his prayer for my forgiveness.

I had not waited for that, however, before taking steps to shield him from the consequences of his crime. Mr. Hatton was merciful. He had no wish to bring public disgrace upon the family of his old friend—upon the girl whom his own son was engaged to marry.

A pitiful letter—the outcry of a penitent and almost broken heart. He had not appropriated the three thousand dollars, thank God! but he had been out and drinking, with the money in his possession, and had been robbed of it. Oh, how grateful I was. Every other misfortune in the world might be borne with patience now, since Tom was not dishonest.

I returned home discouraged. I didn't want to see any one, but for one just then, so it was peculiarly annoying to find that a young woman, whom I had thought to do something more than a year ago had called and was waiting to see me.

I went down to her. She arose to meet me, and had been robbed of it. Oh, how grateful I was. Every other misfortune in the world might be borne with patience now, since Tom was not dishonest.

For an answer she burst into a passion of tears, and, rising suddenly, came and laid the infant in my lap.

She was a dear little thing, too, after all; little the baby charming. Ah! I had reason to be thankful for the comfort of her presence soon. For the very next day, meeting an acquaintance on the street, said she:

"And so I hear that your marriage is postponed, my dear?"

"My heart sank down like lead."

"Who informed you?" I asked inquired.

"Your intended bridegroom, Mr. Hatton, himself. Is it not true?"

"Indefinitely," I answered.

"You desire your freedom; take it. You will never be called upon to fulfill your engagement with me."

He called, certainly, and made a pretense of explanation and regret. The almost entire loss of my fortune had influenced his father, not himself; but my brother's conduct—

"Do you excuse his destruction of an innocent girl, and abandonment of her and her child?" he said.

small-income still, and Tom obtained a lucrative position. The lesson of the past was not lost upon him. The sacrifice I had made was not in vain. Dear Tom was a changed man—changed for the better. Whatever I had lost had been regained.

And what had I lost? The money I counted less than nothing; and Harry Hatton's love was not worth a regret. What was it then? I sighed for the trust betrayed—the glamor and illusion gone from life so early.

"Oh, to be well and truly loved!" I thought. And then—my thoughts never went back to Harry.

Another filled them. Strange impression that had made upon me; seen only once; never to be forgotten. I thought of him constantly; and I heard from him through Eva, now and then.

"What is your brother's wife like, Eva?" I asked her once just to try her.

"He has none," she answered. "I know what I should wish her to be like, though." And her eyes dwelt on me in a way that made my heart ache.

"I told John of your question, and only hear what he says." She read aloud: "Tell Lyddy, my wife (my wife that is to be) loves in your city. In a few days that every time I hear pretty Eva speak of me—as I spoke of her—as 'my brother's wife.'"

While driving on Davis Brook, James Vail had his ankle badly jammed, laying him up for some time.

The two sons of D. B. Myhrall of Calais, Maine, and settled down on the house of W. Davis.

A. Gibson and James Robinson of Marysville, passed through here last week en route to St. Stephen.

Rev. E. Chapman gave us a farewell visit last Sunday, but owing to the heavy rain he was unable to hold service in the church. He will be succeeded by Rev. Wm. Bennett, Methodist.

The many friends of Misses Mary Brockway and Phoebe Sinclair will welcome them home from Boston, the 8th inst.

Daniel McLeod goes to Harvey Station to-day to meet his mother and sister from Cape Breton, whom he has not seen for twenty-four years.

But I did. I may have shrunk from her an hour, perhaps, in the first surprise, but not a minute the thought of that other disgrace, which Tom had not brought on himself and me, and in my gratitude at escaping that I could not murmur.

She was a dear little thing, too, after all; little the baby charming. Ah! I had reason to be thankful for the comfort of her presence soon. For the very next day, meeting an acquaintance on the street, said she:

BENTON. York and Carleton Units to Make a Bustling Town.

Settled behind Squire Connolly's spy bay team the road from Eel River to Benton is soon traversed, the choice highland bordering upon Carleton county being especially observable.

Benton is a rural town situated on the C. P. R., about eighteen miles from Woodstock and ten from Canterbury. By the highway the village is fifteen miles from Woodstock. Benton has had more or less fame especially as it is the smallest town in the dominion to carry on two newspaper enterprises, the Echo and Canada, both well got up and neatly printed.

The village is a manufacturing rather than a farming centre, the town having grown up around the two saw mills known as Sawyer's and Murchie's. These mills are located on Eel river which flows through the centre of the town and affords innumerable. Each mill has a gang and rotary with lath and picket machines as well as a planer. The cars are hauled up to the mill from the station by horses and the lumber is run out on these and sent to the markets.

The post office is kept by Geo. Murray who carries on a large general store and takes time to see after the interests of the town especially regarding the roads. He superintended the laying out of a government grant of \$125,000 on a road uniting Canterbury and Benton and has 1000 passable for teams and light carriages. Mr. Murray is a go-ahead business man and general good fellow. Wm. Gibson has been in business here for the past twenty-three years. He has a large well filled store, paying especial attention to dry goods. He carries on an agency for the Bank of Montreal and in this line alone does a large amount of trade.

A. F. Campbell is the popular and enterprising clerk for A. H. Sawyer. Mr. Campbell has a good share of public patronage, is careful about his employer's interests and is a good Forster.

The town boasts two very neat little churches, a union and Episcopal, having for incumbents, Rev. Mr. Knight, Rev. S. Neale, Rev. Parson Warford and Rev. Mr. Shaw. Rev. Father Kiernan of Woodstock has also a field of labor at Benton.

There are two schools, an advance and primary, taught respectively by Miss M. Flemming and Miss H. Green. The roll is about 100 all told. The school is a good building but it appears to be a feeling among the people that it would be better to have two houses so that the children would not be together.

The blacksmiths are Wm. Harris and Theo. Boyle, each of whom equals Longfield's blacksmith in most ways that one. Mr. Boyle is a first class smith and a genial, hospitable son of the old.

The undertakings of the townfolk are cared for by John Chittick, who can care or mend a shoe equal to the best.

Every correspondent says some very fine coats here. Jeremiah Galan has a handsome Hilmont fly, six years old that is worth some money. She is neat and stylish and can haul a cart very swiftly.

Robt. Sharp has a Bay Douglas, six years old that is a good one. He is built for speed and can do it every time. It takes ages to get down him when he gets the word.

Benton has a base ball nine that are able to uphold the honor of their town on any field. It is known as Sawyer's nine and is composed as follows: Ed. Laferrière, capt.; Tom. Smith; Geo. Mills, p.; McLeod Mills, 1 b.; Fraser Vones, 2 b.; John Boyle, 3 b.; Ed. McGrath, 1 f.; Norman Mills, c. f.; Harry Mills, r. f.; and John Boyle, umpire.

The C. P. R. have a very fine station building here with J. Lynch as agent in charge. Mr. Lynch is well liked by all and besides maintaining the electric key can take a turn at the violin as well.

Benton is in the centre of a great park country and the firm of Arscott & Co. of London, Ont., have decided to put up and run a large tannery here. The river affords a grand chance for any kind of factory there being plenty of power and a good head and no restrictions. Taxes are light while land is cheap and direct outlet to the world's markets. Benton will in time become a town and the time may not be far distant.

Ms. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Wislow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislow's Soothing Syrup."

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of heating, cooling, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING. GENTLEMEN,—I have suffered very much from inflammatory rheumatism, which through wrong treatment left ugly staining scores on my hands and feet. With these I suffered for seven years, during which time I had neither shoe nor stocking on. I commenced using B. B. B. externally and internally, using the pills also, and I can say now that the scores are entirely cured, and have been for some time. I believe the Bitters were the means of saving my life. Mrs. ANNIE BARR, Crewson's Corners, Acton P. O., Ont.

There is nothing in the world more aggravating to a man with a secret, than to meet people who have no curiosity. The tobacco of Martinico was once the favorite with the smoking world, and when old Father Hennepin descended the Mississippi about 1680 the Indians were much surprised to see a European with such an excellent sample of their native plant. But the smokers of the "Myrtle Navy" would give a poor account of the once celebrated Martinico. Their favorite brand is as much superior to it as it was to the raw and uncured leaf which the Indians of that day smoked.

A bore is a person who spends so much time talking about himself that you can't talk about yourself.

A CHILD SAVED. My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhoea, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only bear a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child. Mrs. Wm. STEWART, Campbellville, Ont.

JOHNNY, are you teaching that parrot to answer? "No, I'm just telling it what it doesn't say."

THE TORONTO HOME FOR INCURABLES. PARKDALE, Ont., Feb. 27th, 1882.—Gentlemen, it gives me pleasure to let you know I have derived great benefit from the use of Morrill's. I have been a great sufferer from Neuralgia in the face, and last two years was quite a martyr to the malady. So soon as I observed the Nervine advertised I obtained a bottle from our druggist, Messrs. John Gray & Co., Parkdale, and the effect was marvellous; pain ceased and I can enjoy sound sleep at night, and rest refreshed. I cannot speak too highly of it and heartily recommend it. ALEXANDER STEEN.

The girls cannot resist the impression that there is something engaging about the marriage proposal.

Cholera morbus and diarrhoea yield to Johnson's Aodyne Liniment taken often internally.

All men do not get their deserts. Some consider themselves lucky if they get as far as a second course.

PACKING. JUST RECEIVED: 1 PACKAGE of Glass Packing, the best in the world for pumps, hot or cold water; all sizes in general use. And for sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Lawn Mowers. FOR SALE LOW AT NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

Horse Shoes and Wire Nails. JUST RECEIVED: 200 K BARS of Horse Shoes and Wire Nails, assorted sizes, at market rates. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

"German Syrup" Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of heating, cooling, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

THE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDICK BLOOD BITTERS. Unlocks all the clogged arteries of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions at the same time. Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Distensions, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDICK BLOOD BITTERS.

Z. MILLER & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

VERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Assets, 1st JANUARY, 1880, - \$39,722,809.69 ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent. FEED, - SEED

FERTILIZERS. OF HAND AND TO ARRIVE: Choice Canadian and Western

TIMOTHY SEED. Alsacia and Northern Red CLOVER SEED.

SEED BARLEY, 2 AND 4 ROW SEED BUCKWHEAT; SEED OATS; SEED RYE; SEED VETCHES; SEED PEAS—different varieties; SEED ENSILAGE CORN, White and Red Cob; SEED RED TOP; BRADLEY'S FERTILIZERS; LIME, LAND AND CALCIUM PLASTER; HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN and MIDDINGS; HOUSE and BLACKSMITH COALS.

JAMES TIBBITTS, 300 B CAMPBELL STREET, CITY HALL.

G. T. WHELPLEY, SEEDS, SEEDS,

Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, White Seed Oats, Black Seed Oats, Superphosphate.

Feeding Oats, Heavy Feed, Chop Feed, and Bran, Sell low.

G. T. WHELPLEY, 310 Queen St. Fredericton.

HALL'S BOOK STORE. STAMPING. - - EMBOSsing.

HALL'S BOOK STORE. Steel Monograms Cut to Order.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay. Just Received from Glasgow. BRISTOL Fire Bricks, 20 Bags For sale by JAMES S. NEILL.

HIS LAST SEASON. THE FAMOUS STALLION, SIR CHARLES, 2745.

WILL make this his last season in this province, at his owners' orders, 47 Waterloo Street, St. John. This horse has proved himself such a good sire. It is hardly necessary to say anything about him. He is the sire of Maggie T. 2, 3, 5; Mast C. 2, 3; King Charles, 2, 3 and a score of other fine ones. Mr. M'Coddy positively for his last season as Mr. M'Coddy intends removing his stud to the States in the fall.

TERMS \$30 FOR THE SEASON. JOHN MCCOY, 47 Waterloo Street, St. John. ALABASTINE. JUST RECEIVED: 1 TON of Alabastine, sixteen different shades all ready to mix in cold water. No boiling or hot water needed. This is without doubt an improvement on the old style. Try it. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

"Per S.S. Edinmore." DIRECT. JUST RECEIVED: 300 BOXES Window Glass, 4 Cases 6 ground and figured double thick. For sale at market rates. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

GRAND SALE OF WALL PAPERS. MCMURRAY & CO. will offer on MONDAY next, March 21st, over 20,000 ROLLS WALL PAPER. Having purchased the stock in trade of Mr. E. B. Nixon, at a very low price, consisting of Fine Bronzes, Gilt and Plain Papers, Together with the balance of our own stock we will sell at PRICES lower than ever offered in this city. The stock must be sold to make room for our NEW PAPERS to arrive in a few days. MCMURRAY & CO. P. S.—On hand a large stock of Window Shades, Plain and Fancy, at lowest prices. MCMURRAY & Co.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You! THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from RHEUMATISM, COLIC, OR ANY FORM OF WARTING DISEASES, after they have tried SCOTT'S EMULSION Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES. It is the most PALATABLE AS WELL AS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c, and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Philadelphia.

COAL. The Subscriber has now in stock a large quantity of best quality LEHIGH HARD COAL. In Stove and Chestnut sizes. ALSO Old Mine's Sydney, Reserve Sydney, Victoria Sydney, Soft Coal. These are considered the best House Coals, mined in Cape Breton. I will sell and deliver any of the above Coal at merely a living profit, as my motto is quick sales and small margins. Orders left at the Office of P. L. Morrison, Queen Street, will receive prompt attention. P. FARRELL, Fredericton, July 4th, 1882.

EXCELLENCE. RHEUMATISM.—Mrs. Wm. HOWES of Red reliability—that gave me comfort, through. I found myself thinking: "If it had been my fate to love such a man as that I should be nearer happiness than I am to-day." But I kept my thoughts to myself. Only from that hour I was sensible that I regretted my lost hopes and happiness accompanied by his wife and child, joined him in a western home. One week later all my property was sold. I had paid off Tom's debts; and accompanied by his wife and child, joined him in a western home. There we began life anew. I had a

IT HAS NO EQUAL. NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1880, years and have been greatly benefited by the use of Jacobs Oil. SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1880. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." STRAIN.—Mrs. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C. London, Eng., says: "I strained my right and the severe pain yielded like magic to Jacobs Oil." LAME BACK.—Mrs. J. WIGLAND, Kinross St., Brookville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by very severe lameness, which Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."