

POETRY.

THEY NOD TO ME NOO.

I'm a grocer, an' an' I've gyan weel aff,
An' I mixed up 'a' crood far from the raff,

An' their friendship for me aye appeared to be true -
But I failed, so they pass an' jist nod to me noo.

I had a bit lassie as snod as could be,
An' I thought that she cared a guid bit about me,
But she turned out to be false as the rest o' the crew,
For she passes me by an' jist nods to me noo.

There is Elder M'Stoorkies who leaves o'er the street,
A God-fearing man, bi' try fond o' his meat,
Weel, he purchased my goods, bi' his bill is aye due,
When I meet him he smiles an' jist nods to me noo.

An' there's mair than M'Stoorkies gy' deep in my debt,
Bi' a smile or a nod's a' the payment I get,
An' I'm sorry indeed, an' it's deeply I rue,
That I fed a crood as whill' nod to me noo.

There are lither that can't to my shop day by day,
Wi' a pettifin' tale asking things to the pay,
When I meet them you'd think I was some wild Zulu,
For they cross o'er the street, an' n'er nod to me noo.

Gi' I'm spared to get oot o' the trouble I'm in -
Should the day come again when I'll have lots o' tin -
You may bet your last mark that I'll never allow
Sie a crood to "do" me as whill' nod to me noo.

SELECT STORY.

THE SILVER SHOON.

CHAPTER IV.

"Have you ever visited Spain?" he asked her, presently.
"No, never. I should like to go, dearly. You must be very fond of your picturesque country."

"I am," Ramon answered.
"Are not the women there very beautiful?"
"Very; though of course you meet a few here and there who could not even be called good-looking. Spain lost one of its fairest flowers when Inez deserted it for an English home."

"But Lady Randall is half English; only her beauty is Spanish."
"Those who inherit from her mother. I suppose you two are great friends?"
Nora smiled, and her eyes were instinctively turned towards Randall, her sparkling face lit up by her companion.

"And my cousin-in-law, Osmond; do you like him?"
"A little shadowy, but the girl's clear eyes."
"Yes, I like him. He is very good and noble."

"So he is. But does it not occur to you that he is a man who in the past must have known some great sorrow? When first I saw him, he struck me as being particularly melancholy. Now I can still trace that vague shadow when his face is in repose."

"Yes, I should think he had lost one dear to him," Nora answered, rather absently; but meeting the inquiring glance he fixed upon her, she trembled a little and averted her head.
"Without appearing to notice what was going on around, Ramon rarely let Osmond or Nora out of his sight. When one disappeared, his eyes always went in search of the other, and when both were absent, he wandered aimlessly about until he found them."

There was great talk that evening of a dance which was to be held at Claremont, and Hetty was mad to have private theatricals the same night.
"Would it be quite easy to arrange?" she urged; "besides, so novel at Valetan. I am sure everyone would be delighted."

"Yes, but who would act?" Mrs. Clare asked, quietly, half-reluctant, yet feeling slightly against the idea.
"Of all of us, and my own self we could include to help. Don Ramon would be only too pleased, I am certain."

She gave Ramon a bewitching smile as she spoke, and had he been the most hard-hearted of men, he would have found it impossible to refuse her. As the idea met with his own views easily, he entered into the discussion with willing enthusiasm.
It took long to coax a few timid girls into helping them—still longer to induce the male portion of Valetan to lend their talents to the aid of this grand play. At last, almost worn out but not disheartened, Hetty found she had triumphed over the shyest of the shy.

So each evening found them busy, rehearsing or designing; and during that time, Don Ramon kept his eyes well open. His future watching was not in vain; often he intercepted a tender smile, or whispered speech, from his cousin's husband to Nora. Clara—proof he stored up in his mind for future use. Once he even caught Lord Randall in the act of holding Nora's white hands in his, and looking down into the girl's face with an unmistakable expression of love.

One evening, after a rather tiring rehearsal, the youthful actors hurried into the big drawing-room where bright fires lent a soothing warmth to the air, and lighted up each happy, half-weary face.
Nora sat apart in an easy chair placed somewhat in the shadow; one lamp had alone been lighted, and its soft radiance was not strong enough to illumine the whole of the room.

With her fair head resting against the blue velvet cushion, and her white hands lightly clasped above it, Nora closed her eyes, and fell into a dreamy reverie. Presently a gentle hand touched hers, and someone bending over her said—
"Tired, little one?"

Nora opened her eyes and smiled; she was accustomed now to Lord Randall's half-familiar attentions.
"Yes, I am rather tired," she answered, quietly.
"Your child! I am afraid they have given you too much to do! Your role is a most fatiguing one; I wish I could make it easier for you."

"But you do," Nora said. "If you had not been so kind in prompting me, and helping me with my part, I am sure it would never have been learnt."
"Then I am of some use? You make me happy when you say that. There is not much I can do for you, but you know I do that little with all my heart. You believe me, do you not, Nora dear? And you hold a little affection in your loving heart for your unhappy friend?"

"Are you unhappy? You ought not to be," Nora answered. "With quiet and irrepresible deliberation, leaned forward and pressed a kiss on her cheek.
Nora sprang to her feet. She dared not speak, though words of hot resentment rushed in a torrent to her lips; before she had quite mastered her agitation, or could force her limbs to cease their trembling, Lord Randall had left her.

She glanced nervously round the room, half afraid of the curious eyes she thought must be upon her. But no, Hetty and Dunstan were flirting outrageously in one corner of the hearth, whilst Roger listened smilingly, his hand grasping his half-lit pipe.
No one else was in view, and Nora did not stop to ask herself where Don Ramon had disappeared to; with quiet steps she crossed the room, and hastened to her own apartment.

"How strangely I feel! I wish Lord Randall would not haunt me as he does. When he is so kind and almost fatherly in his manner towards me, I cannot resent his words. But to-night what possessed him to act so madly?" she thought.
CHAPTER VII.
Poor Nora! Little did she dream of the eyes that had witnessed the scene between her and Lord Randall—angry, jealous eyes, and others full of glad triumph. Don Ramon was to be bitter enemy to let the great girl beneath his feet; when he saw Nora whispering in the gloom with Osmond, a deep curiosity possessed him to know what they were saying.

He noticed the heavy curtains that fell behind Nora's chair, and with a quiet smile he gently left the room.
Some evil genius must have brought Lady Randall across his path at that moment; she was standing in the hall, probably waiting for Mrs. Clare, and her smiling face was full of sweet contentment. No forwarding of trouble shadowed her happy life as yet.

"Where are you going, Inez?" he asked.
"Down to the drawing room. Osmond is there, is he not?"
"Yes; he is there," Ramon answered, and in his voice was a slow hesitation, as if he would be quite easy to arrange," she urged; "besides, so novel at Valetan. I am sure everyone would be delighted."

"Yes, but who would act?" Mrs. Clare asked, quietly, half-reluctant, yet feeling slightly against the idea.
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"Thank Heaven! Now we can begin arranging the characters," Roger remarked, devoutly, when Hetty came in, tired after a long argument with her last victim. "Who will be the 'Silver Shoon'?"
"Who will be fair; Nora will suit the role perfectly," Hetty decided at once. "No, I think you ought to take that part," Nora answered, looking distressed at the very idea of playing 'leading lady'.

"Nonsense!" Hetty broke in, impatiently. "Nora, you are to upset any of my plans. If everyone begins wanting his or her role changed, we shall never come to a definite decision. You will be the 'Silver Shoon'."
"Very well," Nora responded, meekly, smiling at the vindictive glare Hetty had fixed upon her. "Do with me as you will."

Only that it must seem strange to sing such words to one man when another holds your heart."
"I do not understand," Nora said, the delicate color leaving her lips and cheeks. Her heart had never felt such terrible agony and shame as at that moment, when Don Ramon stood gazing at her with that sneer of hideous meaning on his face.

"You know well enough. Do you think I am as blind as my cousin? Poor girl! she will rue the miserable day she ever placed her honor into Osmond Randall's hands!"
"How dare you?" Nora burst out. "It is well for you I am a woman, or I would kill you for your wicked words."

Ramon gazed at her a moment, and laughed, shortly, contemptuously. He stroked his moustache with one white hand, an expression of mocking admiration crossing his face.
"Excellent! You are a clever actress, Miss Clara; I believe the wisest man would be deceived by your air of virtuous indignation. Unfortunately for you, however, I have watched you too closely to believe in your innocence."

Nora did not answer, but white to the lips turned away, every limb trembling so she could scarcely stand. Before she had crossed the room, Roger came towards her, taking her clenched hand in one of his.
"Nora, dear," he said, kindly, without noticing her emotion, "they want you to sing 'The Clang of the Wood Shoon'! Will you?"

The girl hesitated, her hand resting cold and passive in his clasp. Her head was slightly averted, and dropped as though from fatigue.
"If you are too tired, I will coax you off Roger went on, "only they will be just the thing to finish up the play with."

"Yes, I will sing it; I am not tired," Nora said, recovering her self-control. Roger drew her arm through his, and led her once more to the stage; as they kissed his hand, she felt a cold shiver run down her spine, and her glance rested defiantly upon him.
Standing before the admiring audience, she felt some of her old brightness return, and her cheeks suddenly glowed with a strange, lonely color. Never in all her life had she sung as she now sang that evening. Her sweet, low voice rising clear as a lark's in the silent room.

When the last words died away, the stillness remained unbroken, except for the sharp tapping of Nora's silver shoes as she crossed the stage. Then, with hearty praise and many loving greetings, she was welcomed amongst her friends.
"Your must be weary," Lady Randall said, coolly; "you will not think of dancing yet?"

"No, not just yet; I must find more suitable shoes first," Nora answered, glancing down at her shining slippers.
"Could you not dance to-night? They look so pretty, and make such a pleasant, ringing sound whenever you walk. You remind me of the song you have just been singing."

"What a strange question? Was it necessary to ask it? Have I ever given you cause to doubt? What thoughts have been creeping into your dreary brain?"
"I do not know, sometimes a strange doubt enters my mind, a dread that you no longer love me as you did. Are you sure my suspicions have no foundation, that I am first in your heart?"

"The first and dearest," Osmond replied. "You have never regretted marrying me?"
"Never. But why these questions, Roger? Have I by any unkind act made you doubt my love?"

"No, but I am afraid sometimes. Have I always been your only love? Is there anyone in the past for whom your heart was filled with tenderness?"
"Lord Randall colored, and hesitated.
"I know it. What does it matter whether you have answered or not? I can guess I am right in my suspicions," he said, in a low, shaken voice.

Osmond looked at her gravely, and suddenly caught her trembling hands in his, holding them close against his breast.
"Your darling! and if it was so—if in my young days I loved a fair ideal—a boyish fancy, which faded before the passionate love I felt for you? The past is over and done with—the girl who first made my heart thrill with love is dead—died years before I even saw you."

"Do you regret her?"
"Not now. When I last met her I thought the world held nothing but darkness for the future. Life, to me, seemed over. Then, one happy day, I met you, and since my life has been complete."

Inez clasped her arms round his neck, and laid her head against his. How could she doubt, with those true eyes meeting hers, and that eloquent voice ringing in her ears?
"I believe you love me, Osmond. I have been so wretched, fearing that your heart might be slipping from me."

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"I believe you love me, Osmond. I have been so wretched, fearing that your heart might be slipping from me."

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corn from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy leaves no sore spots, doesn't go foiling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

How are sandwiches quoted now? said one railway passenger to another, who was coming from a refreshment stand at the station with a couple in his hand. Firm to hard at ten cents, was the reply.

TESTING HIS HONESTY.
Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

Lady—Has that suburban house you speak of plenty of closets? Agent—Dozens, ma'am. All the top-stair bedrooms will do for closets. It was built for a summer hotel, ma'am.

FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.
Mrs. Cummings, wife of the hon. C. A. Cummings, of Folly Village, N. S., writes to say that she was entirely cured of sour stomach, which had troubled her for over 20 years, by the use of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic and Hawker's Pills.

Hi, Jackson! See that messenger boy running. Let's stop him and ask him why he does it, just for fun. All right. Hi, boy! You that are running for? So? I kin get longer when I has a mind ter, say the boy.

A PILOT'S EXPERIENCE.
Pilot Scott, of St. John, tells his experience. He says, I suffered for months from a severe and constant pain in the side. I was treated for congestion of the liver, but the medicine failed to help me. I finally tried Hawker's Liver Pills, which removed the pain and fully restored me to health. Hawker's Liver Pills sold everywhere.

Hotel Clerk—What were you ponding on the door of No. 75 just now for? Bell-boy—To wake the man. He wants to go to the six o'clock train. Clerk: Didn't I tell you that the train was five hours late? Bell-boy—Yes, but how was the man going to know it unless someone told him.

ARE YOU DEAF?
Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and its treatment. Prof. G. Chase, Orillia, Ont.—13 W.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of children, such as colic, diarrhea, and worms. It is a household necessity for every family.

WILL NOT LEARN THE DUETS.
Mr. Scrapper and Miss Tomsonitis Make a Decidedly Unimproving Discovery.
She was pretty, wore a huge hat, and carried a music roll; he was a cluster of violets in his buttonhole and his cane stamped him as something of a dandy. He dropped into a seat beside her in a Clark street car.

Why, Miss Tomsonitis, this is a great pleasure, I am sure.
"Why, Mr. Scrapper, is it really you?"
"What an age, I've been wanting to call, but—"

"We've moved into a new flat, you know."

"Have you? So have we; I'm boarding with my brother now."

"Are you? I was thinking of you the other day. Do you play the violin as delightfully as ever? It was always a treat to hear you."

SCOTT'S EMULSION
A POOR MAN
Indeed it is his appetite is poor, who has lost his blood and his flesh and seems to be in a rapid decline but...

NEW DRUG STORE
2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BARK, QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.
Having severed my connection with the firm of DAVIS STAPLES & CO., I have opened up business on my own account, in the store formerly occupied by the CANADIAN Express Company.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE
NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, (of the late John A. Morrison, Esq.) have been appointed Executor of the last will of the said John A. Morrison.

MIXED PAINTS
JONES received several cans of Body Mixed Paints, all of the popular colors in one and two pound cans, quart, half and one gallon tins.

VIGOR OF MEN
Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.
Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of overwork, sickness, worry, etc.

McMURRAY & Co.
Have Just Received
A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, AND now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian AND American Makes.

McMURRAY & Co.
P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match.
Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents. McMurray & Co.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE
196 Queen Street.
5 GROSS HIRES' ROOT BEER Daily expected.
Just Received: LACTATED FOOD, MELLIN'S FOOD, BUTTER COLOR, DIAMOND DYES.

R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, and TINSMITH.
WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street.

BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.
"Spring Delights"
New and Elegant

Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, White and Black Seed Oats.
Bradley's Superphosphate, In Large and Small quantities.

HALL'S BOOK STORE.
Farm for Sale.
THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 60 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation.

BICYCLES
WE have several Bicycles on hand from last year which we will sell at a bargain to anyone, on easy terms.

McMURRAY & Co.
Have Just Received
A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, AND now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian AND American Makes.
CALL and SEE the GOODS.
Also a lot of REMNANTS, Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.
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