

POETRY.

DO IT NOW.

If you have a kind word—say it, Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest; If you owe a kindness—pay it, Life's sun buries to the west.

SELECT STORY.

QUEEN OF HIS HEART.

CHAPTER I.

CONTINUED.

Then she fell to dreaming—dreaming of what? Of a few softy spoken words at the close of a small party; of a few glances that had seemed to mean so much, and in reality meant so little.

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Downstairs in the drawing-room Mrs. Palmer had dismissed her admirers and was also looking in the glass, peering her head first on this side, then on that, taking a step or two back, smiling and making eyes.

"This gown does not suit me," she declared, pettishly. "What a fool I was to put it on; it makes the shoulders so high and broad. I can't think what Elise could have been about. I believe he's in love already," she went on musingly, "and I do believe I hate the man, a conceited, stuck-up old brute. Oh, Evie, dear, as the girl came in, 'do you think you can alter these sleeves for me, they are frightful!'"

"Why, mother, I like them. I think they suit you very well." "Do you?" she responded eagerly. Mrs. Palmer prized her daughter's opinion, it was always so candid. "Do you really think it suits me—the color and the trim?"

"Yes, indeed I do. You look very nice this afternoon." The gentle voice raised Mrs. Palmer's falling spirits; she gave a coquettish shake of the head, and sitting down to the piano, played a waltz, stopping to say with great decision— "That man's engaged."

Evie was busy with some embroidery, a piece of red silk; she did not pause in her work, though the color seemed suddenly to blend together, and she made two or three stitches wide of the mark. "What man, mother?"

later he had entered into conversation with the stranger, who seemed as anxious to strike up an acquaintance as Denny was. Evie was fond of rinking; the quick movement, the whirr of the flying wheels, the music, all had a charm for her. She was a graceful skater, and as she skinned past the man, his eyes followed her with unvoiced admiration.

"I am afraid you are very much shaken," the former said, courteously. "Will you allow me to fetch you a glass of wine?" "No thanks; please do not trouble. I shall be all right directly," and she gazed up into the odd looking face bent above her with a faint smile.

"A cup of tea?" Dick suggested full of anxiety. "I'll allow me to get you one," and without more ado, the stranger hastened away. Mrs. Palmer at once forgot her tumble, and turning to her boyish admirer, with a little sigh of satisfaction said eagerly— "Who is he, Dick?"

"In the army, staying at 'The Grand,' a swell, I think," poor Dick answered bravely, and unflinchingly cutting his own throat; for when the swell reappeared Mrs. Palmer bestowed on him one of her sweetest smiles, which caused the boy a sickening pang of jealousy.

"It is most kind of you," she said gratefully taking the cup he offered her, and then, somehow, they managed to discover some mutual friend, whom both had known long ago and had not met for years, but who served as a sort of introduction.

"It is odd that you should be acquainted with the Greys," she said. "They are connections of my late husband's family, Gregory Greg? Ah! he must have been one of the sons. I mix them up so; such a big family; and I haven't been for quite ten years."

"No—I have quite lost sight of them," he replied, and then he won the widow's good opinion for ever. "How splendidly your sister skates!"

"My sister! People always make that mistake. Evelyn is my daughter. Dear girl, she looks old for her age; any one would take her to be nineteen. Ah, I was married long before I was that age," and Mrs. Palmer sighed softly.

It was a falsehood, but she had told it so often she had grown to believe it was true. "Really!" her new friend ejaculated. "You astonish me. I don't like to doubt a lady, but at the same time I can hardly credit it. I imagined there was about two years' difference in your ages."

"Well, I assure you it is true, and what is more she keeps me terribly in order. I know she will scold me dreadfully for talking with you," Evelyn's mother added with a babyish pout.

Mrs. Palmer tossed her golden curls, and gave Evelyn a disdainful glance, as much as to say, "You do not like him because he only noticed me." "I thought I should have said something rude once or twice," the girl went on scornfully. "He must have thought us simpletons, mother, to talk as he did."

"I admit nothing of the sort. Naturally, as most of his life had been spent abroad, his ways and manners must be un-English, but he is a perfect gentleman."

Evelyn stuck staunchly to her colors. "I don't think he is, and if those are Anglo-Indian manners, I don't like them," but despite her opposition, the intimacy between Captain Valentine Gordon throve apace.

Hardly a day passed that he did not call, either with tickets, flowers or bouquets. Evelyn rarely saw him; she disliked him intensely, and to her idea he did not improve on acquaintance. In appearance he was not particularly prepossessing; a narrow forehead, with small light eyes close together; heavy hair moustache hid the mouth, that Evelyn felt instinctively was hard and cruel; his closely cropped hair was growing thin at the top and bare about the temples; and his skin was a network of wrinkles.

In her secret heart Mrs. Palmer neither liked or admired the man, but she did both. She was really greatly flattered by his obvious admiration for herself, though at times she felt rather uncomfortable and doubtful when she found the small eyes fixed on Evelyn, who was never even civil to him—in fact she was often downright rude, refusing to accept any trifling gift from him, and only speaking when obliged, generally taking her seat off the minute he arrived and spending the time with her young brothers and sisters.

Mrs. Palmer in no way objected to this; she found the let-a-tes-very pleasant. And so three weeks passed by and Sir Ralph Tempest did not return.

CHAPTER II. "He will never come again," Evelyn often told herself—that is whenever she allowed her thoughts to dwell on the subject, which was not often. But she was wrong. He did come again, and as it often happens, she was not even thinking of him. It was on a cold dull afternoon; Mrs. Palmer had gone to an 'At-home,' and Evelyn, who had been kept in the house by a bad cold, was curled up in a big chair before the fire, reading the novel she had just bought, and was deeply interested in it. In the midst of a thrilling scene, the sound of a gently given double knock came to her, but she paid no heed and had forgotten it before the door was opened and someone entered—entered in a polite, friendly way, and she was aware. She made a pretty picture in her ruffled reddish hair showing in soft little curls about the nape of her neck; her head was bent over the book, which she was resting on the arm of the chair.

Then she looked up and saw him, and the book slipped to the ground, her eyes of a sudden grew soft, dark and misty; she held out her hand at once and he felt it tremble in his.

"I never heard you come in. Did you tell your mother you were out?" she asked, looking slightly at him. "Yes, and I must ask you to forgive me for coming in unannounced."

He had taken a chair close beside hers, and leaning forward picked up the book she had dropped, and the girl let her starved eyes rest on his. Her countenance was so different, so entirely different from Captain Gordon, she shuddered at the very thought of that new friend of her mother's. Little did she guess of the perplexing thoughts that were crowding through Sir Ralph's mind, as he turned the leaves and talked of the book he had been reading. He was wondering all the while if Evelyn Palmer was what she appeared to be, or if she was vain, shallow, and frivolous like her mother. "Like mother, like daughter." How those words troubled him now! How they troubled him even now he had known the girl. He longed to call her his own; he loved her as he had never loved any woman, and yet he was afraid—held back by the fear that she might grow like her mother.

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

JULY 1.—Robert Mackay of Campbell, was visiting at Jas. P. Boies today. George and Daniel Spencer have made an improvement on their barn and out buildings. Our road master, L. A. Smith, has commenced work today with a large force under statute labor. He intends doing it as well as possible. Every young man should do their road work, for they need it as much as anyone to drive on.

Our esteemed school teacher, Miss M. E. Parker, is giving up teaching. She intends going to Boston to take charge of a school there at a higher salary. She will be missed very much. All our young ladies and gentle drivers drove to Boiesstown yesterday, to see the Foresters parade. In the evening Rev. E. Bell preached a Forester's sermon. E. Bell has gone to P. E. I. on a visit for his health. He left another young man in his place.

Sandie Johnston has returned home from Houlton, where he has been working the last two years. Rev. J. McArthur, Presbyterian minister, preached yesterday to a large congregation. William McLellan has gone to Houlton to work. Bob. McNeill of Nashua, is here today with his grey stallion. David McLellan had his house, barn, and other buildings, with all their contents burned on the 24th. He had one thousand dollars insurance on the buildings.

James McLellan of Taxis river, has returned home from out west, where he has been working for some years. George W. Parker is doing some fine painting on the new church. Sanders Price commenced to build a new wagon house. It is the talk that Miss Gertrude Gilmore of Stanley, has applied for our school. Edith Spencer and Isabel Standish, have gone to Ludlow to visit friends.

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There was a brief silence between them, during which Sir Ralph looked tenderly at the girl who attracted him in spite of himself and that strange barrier of mistrust that rose between him and the wish like his heart. The thought of his former repelled him when he would have told the girl all that was in that heart. It was cruel to judge Evelyn by her mother, cruel and unjust, and afterwards he bitterly regretted the doubt that had caused him to hesitate as he had.

"Did you have a pleasant time in town?" she asked speaking first and blushing a little under his persistent gaze. He shook his head, smiling at her. "No, I cannot say it was very pleasant, and an glad to get down here again. I suppose you are waiting forward anxiously for the season?" "I don't know," she said, puckering her brows. "Sometimes I think I shall not like it at all, and at others I feel as if I should enjoy myself immensely. I love dancing, so I ought to."

WILL BE BURIED ALIVE.

Mrs. Seymour to be Planted in Six Feet of Earth. A despatch from Toledo, Ohio, says: "Seymour, the mind reader, was in Toledo yesterday on his way to Chicago, where he is going to be buried alive after the manner of the Indian magicians who say they can suspend animation by swallowing their tongues and controlling the heart and mind."

"My coffin has gone ahead," said Mr. Seymour. "It is a facsimile of the one in which General Grant's remains now rest and cost \$3,000. It is made in three sections, one fitting inside the other. I will be buried six feet deep in this coffin. Signals will be arranged so if things do not go right I can communicate with soldiers on the outside who will guard the grave. Directly after I am buried a crop of barley will be sown over the grave. I will remain buried till the germs sprout, grow, ripen and are harvested. Then the distance between the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. I am positive I can do it and the scientific men who are assisting me are beginning to think so too."

DISCOVERED AT LAST—A remedy that is safe, sure, and Painless. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. It is that it is made by Putnam & Co., Kingston.

THE FIRST PATIENT.—Young Dr. Meyer is staying in a crowded tavern. Enter Johann, his servant, who says in a loud voice, "Oh, doctor, come home at once, there's a patient waiting for you. Then he whispers into the doctor's ear. He has locked the front door so he can't get away."

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENTS. Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion, from all parts of the world, in consequence of its use, in Consumption and Scrofulous diseases. None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

THE CAREFUL WIFE.—Why don't you eat your pudding? Husband.—I'm afraid the pudding will put my stomach out of order. Well, suppose it does. That's better than throwing it into the slop barrel. Have some more.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

ACCOUNTED FOR.—But you are not French; you are Irish. I want a French nurse. Sure, mum, an' o'm French. Nonsense. I can tell from your brogue that you are Irish. Ah, mum, that's due to me havin' been employed in Dublin for tin years.

F. G. BLACKLOCK, of Cape Spencer light station, tried all kinds of remedies for rheumatism, that had left him almost unable to walk, and at last got Dr. Manning's German Remedy. Before he had finished a bottle he could walk without a cane. This marvelous painkiller is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Strains, Bruises, Colic, Chills, Cramps and all pains and aches, either internal or external. An invaluable household remedy. Sold everywhere. Price 50 cents.

HARSH TREATMENT.—Judge Duffy—You have been up here twenty times for being drunk. I'll have to punish you. O, yes, nobody ever offers to reward me for being sober, and I've been sober time and again, but let me get drunk, and then I get it in the neck every time.

MR. JOHN NICKERSON, an officer of the International S. S. Co., says: For years I have suffered with Catarrh, and spent hundreds of dollars on Doctors and Patent Medicines until my case was pronounced incurable. I was finally cured by Herwick's Catarrh Cure, which I consider to be worth its weight in gold. I would not be without it at any price.

No-Fund's Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "No Fund." Take SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL & HYPOPHOSPHITES to increase your energy and to make good your account at the bank of health.

Just Received. Two dozen Grand Rapid Carpet Sweepers. For sale low by James S. Neill.

NEW DRUG STORE, 2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK, QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.

DAVIS STAPLES & CO., I purpose opening up business on my own account on or about May 15th, in the store formerly occupied by the CANADIAN Express Company, two doors below People's Bank.

The Sun. During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Dally, by mail, - - - \$6 a year. Dally and Sunday, by mail, - - - - - \$8 a year.

Meat Choppers. 4 DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned, with the best Cutlery in the country—well established firm. The tin is much better than the Galvanized Iron.

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

PAPER. 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.

JOHN M. WILEY, Druggist. R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, and TINSMITH.

W.M. WILSON, Agent. NEW SEEDS. G. T. WHELPLEY, Has now on hand, a Large Stock of Timothy Seed, Glover Seed, White and Black Seed Oats.

HALL'S BOOK STORE. REFRIGERATORS. JUST RECEIVED. 12 Refrigerators, the best value of any in our market, in several styles and sizes, and well finished. Experience has taught us after handling many other kinds, that this style are away ahead of anything yet. Price as low as your own.

Farm for Sale. THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 500 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation. There are two houses, barns and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair. For further particulars apply to JOHN A. EDWARDS, Queen Hotel, Fredericton, N.B.

Per. Woodboat Templar. 30 Barrels Corn Meal, 20 Barrels Raw Linseed Oil, 4 Barrels Pure Wool Oil, 1 barrel each of Pure Lead Fine Oil, Pure Olive, Castor and Safflower Oil, 100 lbs. Best Cut Nails, 1 cask Mince Shovel, 1 doz. Long Handled Fish Hooks, 3 cases Common Tins, 2 cases Sheet Zinc, 2 cases Mixed Putty, 2 cases mixed Bar Iron, 1 case Cast Tacks, 3 cases Common Pickaxes, 1 doz. Hinges, 3 boxes Strap Hinges, 1 case Angles and Angle Bars, 1 bale of new Twine, 1 bale Gilling Twine. For sale low, by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Meat Choppers. 4 DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned, with the best Cutlery in the country—well established firm. The tin is much better than the Galvanized Iron.

McMURRAY & Co. PAPER. 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.

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