

POETRY.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S WIFE.

You have heard of the country editor's life, With its care and worry and doubt, Of the shabby gent of his daily repose, Of his diamond pins and his velvet shoes, His happiness, money and gout.

But say, have you heard of the editor's wife? Of that silent companion, who, With a blending of sentiment, beauty, skill, With a temperate knowledge, tact and will, The whole of his labor can do?

It is she who embroiders the garments worn By the editor's hard old chair, Now dressed with cushions, soft and neat, And trimmed up with tidies and ribbons sweet, Which was once so poor and bare.

If the editor's sick, or away or behind, In need of more hands or more haste, She directs his wrappers so they can be read And writes his letters right out of her head And wittily makes his paste.

She reads the magazines, papers and books, As the cradle she softly rocks; While the editor sits in his easy chair, With his fingers thrust in his tangled hair, She quietly mends his socks.

Then she reads the ads. with the editor, Just to find what each has paid. "But the column ad of the jeweller there," So he says, "the harness and human hair Must be taken out in trade!"

So she wears the corsets he gets for ads, And mends his sewing machine; She uses the butter and eggs and things, The country subscriber so faithfully brings, With a cheerfulness seldom seen.

But her life, so full of merry delight, Has one dark cloud, alas! Though she shares his ticks to the circus and play, To lecture and negro minstrelsy, She can't use his railroad pass!

When time hangs heavy on his hands, She beguiles the hours away With jokes and laughter, music and song, And pleasant talk, and thus ripples along The whole of each leisure day.

Oh! who would exchange this sweet content This simple and trusting life, For that of a queen of royal birth? For the happiest woman on all this earth, Is the country editor's wife.

SELECT STORY.

ZILLOH ST. CLAIR.

By the author of "The Gypsy's Revenge," "A Woman Sinned," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOMAN WHO ASKED FOR LORD BRUCE.

CONTINUED.

"I do not know, I wish I did. I have come to London to-night purposely to see him. But did I not hear you tell the servant that you yourself had seen Lord Bruce in London to-night?"

"Yes I have seen him, but not to speak to. He was in a hansom, driving along Ludgate Hill. The cab was going very fast and he did not see me; but I could swear to him. Oh, I must find him! I must—indeed I must," and her voice trembled, and she seemed about to break into passionate weeping.

"Hush! hush!" said Val, in tones of kindly soothing. "If you will only trust me, I will try to help you. Indeed you may trust me," he went on. "I am in too much trouble myself, am too and at heart to mean anything but kindness to you, who seem unhappy as well as I. I have come in search of Lord Bruce, because he has tricked a young girl into leaving her home; a young girl who is dearer to me than my life. She is even younger than you, I think, and she is so ignorant of wickedness. But I will trace her; I will follow that villain to the end of the world, if necessary, and force him to give her up, or else make her his wife."

"That he can never do," exclaimed the girl, in her tone a strange mingling of pain, horror and exultation, "that he can never do, because he is married already—married to me! I am Lord Bruce's wife!"

"You!" Val started back as though he had received a blow. "The villain! Oh! the false, black-hearted villain! Oh! Heaven's sake, do not deceive me!" he continued, turning passionately upon the girl at his side. "As there is a heaven above us, tell me whether you are speaking the truth?"

"It is the truth," she answered firmly and sadly, and still with that mingling of pain and exultation in her tone; and Val felt an overwhelming, a horrible conviction, that it was indeed the truth she had told him. His thoughts well nigh maddened him; he leaped against the wall and groaned aloud.

The girl seemed affected by his grief; she touched him softly, and said— "I am sorry for you, and sorry for your friend. Was it a sister or a friend?" she asked timidly.

"Neither; it was my love! my love, that was like a part of me!" cried Val bitterly. "The villain! let him beware how he crosses my path, for if ever there was murder in a human heart, there is murder in mine to-night. The cowardly traitor! I could shoot him like a dog!"

"No, you must not hurt him," cried the girl, with all a woman's eagerness to save from hurt or harm, the man whose hand had loved—aye, and loved still, Heaven help her.

Val, recovering from the first feverish thrill of passion, and even reproaching himself already for its violence, looked curiously at the girl, whose slender hand was still clinging timidly to his arm. She was a little, slender creature, barely twenty years of age, and her face was very lovely with its fair, rose-leaf complexion, blue eyes and shimmering golden hair. It was a good, pure, truthful face enough, though timid and perhaps even a little weak. Her dress was neat, and of good materials, but it was certainly not such as one would expect to see on the wife of a vicar.

If she were indeed the wife of Lord Bruce, it was clear that he had not acknowledged the marriage. "When were you married and where?" he asked, controlling his emotion, and forcing himself to speak with something like composure.

She answered his questions straightforwardly enough. That statement of his about the young girl whom he had come in search of, had sufficed to arouse both her jealousy and her alarm, and setting aside prudence, she seemed anxious to convince him that she was indeed what she claimed to be—Lord Bruce's wife. He had met her at her home in Scotland she said, six months ago, and had married her almost at once; but no one knew of the marriage, not even her own friends. He had made a home for her in a quiet, country place, and up to a few weeks ago, had visited her frequently, and had assured her that the day was not far distant when he would be able to acknowledge her as his wife. Latterly, however, he had failed to come, his letters were short and unsatisfactory, and at last, grown alarmed and desperate, she had determined to disobey his commands and come to town in search of him. Chance had

favoured her, inasmuch as that she had caught a glimpse of him in that hansom in the city, but now it seemed as though there was nothing for it but to wait till morning to make further inquiries. "I must get back to my apartments," she said wearily; "I shall find him to-morrow."

She had poured out her story tearfully and incoherently, but with the unmistakable accents of truth. Val owned this, and he thrilled with agony as he thought of the probable doom of Zilloh. If this girl had not been deceived, if she was in truth Bruce's wife, then any ceremony he chose to go through with Zilloh, must, of course, be null and void; and even if she had been deceived, and was not his wife, what then?—what did that prove, but that Zilloh might be deceived in like manner? His beautiful Zilloh—high-spirited, proud, and noble; was that to be her fate? The thought maddened him, and again he felt the demon of murder rise within his heart.

"He shall not escape me!" he cried passionately. "He may be at his home even now—what servant may have led to you. If you will stay here just for one moment or two, I will inquire at the house whether he is at home. It is quite possible that the servant might be more truthful to me than to you."

The girl assented willingly enough, and while she stood in the shadow of a large gateway, Val stepped back to No. 27 and rang the bell. The footman whom he had before seen answered the summons. "Is Lord Bruce within?" he asked; his voice and manner spoke of culture and refinement, and the footman answered him with far more respect than he had shown to the late inquirer.

"No sir, he is not," he said; "in fact, his lordship is out of town."

"When do you expect him to return?" "We really can't say, sir; his lordship's movements are so uncertain. He might return at any hour, or be away for weeks."

"And you cannot give me his present address, or any address at which I might be likely to find him?" perished Val, and remembering that many works wonders, he slipped half-a-crown into the man's hand as he asked the question.

"No sir, I really can't; I wish I could. There's his club, that's the only place I can think of; you might enquire at the Carlton Club?"

"Thanks," and Val turned away, disappointed and dissatisfied. He was inclined to believe that the man had spoken the truth, but whether he had or not, it was plain that there was no further information to be got in that quarter. If the man had been instructed to deny his master to all comers, he knew his lesson too well to make a mistake in it.

He made his way back to the spot, scarce a dozen yards away, where he had led the girl who had claimed to be Lord Bruce's wife, but what was his amazement and dismay to find that she was nowhere to be seen. Vainly he looked in every nook and corner, in every door and gateway; vainly he watched and waited for her reappearance; she had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed her up.

A little further up the street, a policeman was standing; Val remembered having vaguely noticed him standing there just before he parted from the girl in the doorway. He went up to him, slipped a coin in his hand, and asked whether he could tell him in which direction the young lady had gone.

But the constable had seen no young lady. "I have been standing on this spot, and not moved for five minutes," he protested, "but there's no lady come past me—of that I'm quite sure."

He spoke with manifest truthfulness. Val felt impelled to believe him; and yet his testimony made the puzzle all the greater, inasmuch as that, if the girl had not gone up the street, and passed the constable, she must have come down street and so passed Val; and for her to have done the latter without his seeing her, was, he knew, utterly impossible. It was indeed a strange mingling of pain, horror and exultation, that he can never do, because he is married already—married to me! I am Lord Bruce's wife!"

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FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by thousands of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and 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, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Wislow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. "Be sure and ask for 'Mrs. Wislow's Soothing Syrup'."

A CAREFUL LAWYER. Inocuous Wife—"It is impossible to live with him, the way he goes on. Why, the other night he came home and broke my plate. Why do you let me do that?" "Polite Lawyer—"You will have to excuse me, madam, but it is impossible for me to give my opinion. You must remember that I never have a party."

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal of horses of hard, soft or caloused humps, blood spavin, splinters, curbs, swellings, stifles and sprains.

GEORGE ROSS, Farmer Markham, Ont. Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

AN INNOCENT QUERY. A caller had mentioned that Dr. Spalding was dead. "I wish to know if that is true," because it had grown old and cross. "After he had gone little Edith, who had been very quiet since the dog was spoken of, surprised her mamma by saying: "Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah!"

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief, send for your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE. A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that, as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens, a well-to-do Englishman and his wife, the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "Now is it, really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

THE AMERICAN \$8 DOLLAR \$8 Typewriter. THIS is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price, for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a Typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen, and has the advantage of such simplicity, that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

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Easy to understand, learned in five minutes. Weighs only four pounds, most portable. Compact, takes up but little room. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike, easily mastered. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work. Takes good letter press copies.

Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address, on receipt of price, \$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all enquiries for further information.

A. S. MURRAY, Special Agent, Fredericton, N. B.

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Club Rates for 1894. Two Subscriptions in one remittance \$4 Ten Subscriptions do. do. 10 Six Subscriptions do. do. 15

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Loss of Flesh is one of the first signs of poor health. Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Diseased Blood follow.

Scott's Emulsion the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, cures all of these weaknesses. Take it in time to avert illness if you can. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Scott's Emulsion is the only one that will cure you.

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EVERY man who would know the grand truth, the plain facts, the new discoveries of medical science as applied to married life, who would alone for past errors and avoid future pitfalls, should secure the wonderful little book called "COX'S PLEASANT MARRIAGE, AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT."

Write to the GREAT MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "Complete Marriage." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope without any charge, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

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Gives Best Results. Purest and Best Materials used in Manufacture. Best Value for the Money. in the Market. PRICE 50 cts. Readily taken by Children. No preparation equal to it. Everywhere For Building up the System.

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THIS preparation will mend anything that is broken and will hold the grain dead, and is pronounced by experts to be the greatest article ever invented for the purpose. It will mend Leather, Wood, Crockery, Glassware, Iron, and everything else. Crockery or glassware, best with it. It never breaks in the same place, but will be found to mend a thousand different articles for mending Furniture and cementing tips on Billiard Cues as well as for a thousand other purposes. Anyone can use it. It is in liquid form, and always ready for use. Nothing so lasting, but use quickly. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Made by East Manufacturing Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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A. S. MURRAY, Agent, Fredericton, N. B. ALSO AGENT FOR THE "Yost" Type Writer.

GEO. L. WILSON, Barrister, Notary Public, etc. Office next door to J. J. Weddalls Queen St. Fredericton, N. B. March 4, 1892.

REFRIGERATORS. JUST RECEIVED: AMERICAN manufacture, best made and all charcoal filled, several sizes in Pine, Oak and Ash, and also in every respect and guaranteed to do the work, and for sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS, Fredericton, N. B., April 9, 1892.

THE AMERICAN \$8 DOLLAR \$8 Typewriter. THIS is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price, for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a Typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen, and has the advantage of such simplicity, that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

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Enjoy it! But you will Have to ANNOUNCE The date. Then when you do, have IT DONE NICELY.

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