

POETRY.

BEN BROWN AND THE EDITOR.

Fur lawyers and fur preachers, I wouldn't give a straw, But I knuckle with an editor in double-barreled awe.

He's so handy with the tariff, an' revenue an' such, That a fellow kant see how on sirth he cum to know so much.

He'minds me of an engineer that runs a roarin' train, With his hand upon the throttle, he keeps his bearin' plain.

He don't go thunders' round a bend twer jump the reglar track, But of there's broken rails ahead, he slides his critter back.

When you see the happy journal that is worked by such a power, A whitin' toward the station jest at the ap'pointed hour.

You recognise a hustler, tuned strictly up to date, With all its columns crowded like a heavy loaded freight.

You take it from the office, when it's mailed to your address, And open up its pages, still steamin' from the press:

You read its sharp opinions, and masticate its news, An' wind up on advertisements tew drive away the blues.

If a fellow 'lows tew sell a horse, or buy some real estate, Or hire a driver or a groom, he haint no call tew wait.

He should shove it down in writin' 'es fast as he kin swipe, An' let some high-class editor jest harness it in type.

I've done some calculatin' on right prof'able concerns, An' I believe in usin' money when it fetches quick returns.

I'm stuck on printer's ink spread out in varigated ways, Fur when you settle up accounts, you'll allers find it pays.

An' I claim the busy editor suits everybody's needs, Fur he knows just how tew mix the stuff that everybody reads.

An' in tacklin' gen'ral principles, and maulin' 'em about, He's the best 'round performer the kentry hez put out.

SELECT STORY.

A CRUEL WRONG.

By the author of "That Fair Face," "She Knew Best," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTINUED.

"No, Sir Giles, I cannot entertain your overtures for one instant. Noreen is not for you—I have other plans!"

It was like a thunderbolt crashing over the young man's head. He started to his feet—hotly, impetuously.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Ardleigh!" he exclaimed, proudly. "What objection can you make to this?"

"Merely that I shall not suffer it to take place, Sir Giles Massinger. I presume you would not care to marry a girl against her will?"

"Against her will? She loves me, even as I love her. The whole business may seem sudden to you, but believe me, we have been courting unwittingly ever since my trip from abroad."

"Clandestinely, I presume!" sneered the elder man. "A grand confession for an English nobleman to make."

"I did not know it was your niece; I own at first the acquaintance was made in sport. I took her for a pretty child, and she crept into my heart that way by her voice, her innocence. Soon I discovered she was an earnest, loving woman, the sweetest, the purest, I had ever met with; I felt there was no happiness on earth for me without her."

"I fear you will have to do without her. It is really quite useless to continue this conversation, Sir Giles."

"It is a gross insult! I demand an explanation!" and the young man paced the room excitedly. "You can hardly hope for higher rank for your niece, if you went on. Few families in the county can show so stainless a pedigree as the Massingers; few coffers—which fact, in this degenerate age, perhaps has greater weight—are more amply filled."

The elder man's heavy brows were knit, his face was colorless, his thin lips pressed tightly together; in some way the young man's agony affected him, but he could not or would not give in.

"The match may in every way advantageous, Sir Giles," he said, with a sneer. "I know nothing against you; but it can be for the reason the lady herself refuses you."

"That is a lie—a wicked, base lie! The young man was beside himself, and he made a rapid move forward, his hand raised and clenched, but dropped it almost immediately. The words were wrung out of him by the other's frontony, by the cynical smile with which Mr. Ardleigh regarded him.

"Tut, tut!" he said; "not so fast. I will pardon your language, young sir, seeing you are over excited. We will send for Noreen; doubtless she will explain herself more explicitly than I can; the child should not have laid all the burden upon me."

He touched a silver hand-gong near. "Tell Miss Noreen," he said to the man-servant who answered the summons. "I desire her presence in my study."

A few moments elapsed, and then the man returned, his face expressive of astonishment.

"Miss Noreen was not in her room," he explained; "she was nowhere to be found."

"How very extraordinary! Does your mistress know?"

Denise gave a shrill, little scream. "Now all is explained," she said. "The child was afraid to face him. She never intends to marry; she has told me so over and over again. I cannot tell her reason, but she appears to have a settled repugnance to matrimony."

Sir Giles moved impatiently, so that Denise was forced to remove her hand; he looked from one face to the other, asking himself whether their grief was real or assumed. He would not believe Noreen did not love him; he was confident of the girl's truth. For some reason she had been spirited away, with or without their leave. He would find her, his Noreen, his beautiful love.

He scarcely knew his own voice, so great was his emotion, when addressing Mrs. Ardleigh, he asked— "Have you no idea where she has gone? Has she no relatives, no friends? Perhaps she can find the whereabouts of her colored nurse. My mother was speaking about her and her most mysterious disappearance the other day."

The countenances of both husband and wife became livid; it was the woman who answered, the man appeared to have no power to speak. She laughed strangely, as she said— "My dear Sir Giles, what a curious idea to enter your or your mother's head, there was nothing of mystery about that woman's movements. She returned to—her home three days after she brought Noreen. No one has heard of her since—that is the entire story."

"The child is a regular elf; she is playing us a nasty trick to frighten us," Denise said suddenly. "Probably she is prowling about the grounds. Come let us search for her."

It was a curious coincidence, they all went straight toward the river; they came upon a group of domestic standing still, with scared faces, speaking in low, concentrated tones. That Noreen was missing, had spread through the mansion.

A suddenly gardeners stepped forward, touching his hat respectfully. "We fear we have found traces of the young lady, sir," he began, "there appears to have been an accident."

Sir Giles thrust him to one side; he saw eyes directed towards the water; he reached the river's brink.

There lay her hat amongst the lilies! there was her tiny footprint! Close by his side was Denise, screaming wildly— "Always the woods or water! She was like a crazy thing after either! She would be in the water if this was to be the end! My poor, unfortunate Noreen!"

Sir Giles heeded her not. His face was pale and haggard; the great agony of his soul shone in his eyes.

"This must be inquired into," he said, sternly. "It is hardly to be supposed I should let my own niece perish without making some inquiries," Norris Ardleigh answered, with asperity.

Everyone can testify she was treated as my own child," echoed his wife. "Pardon me, sir," said the same gardener, "if what we fear has happened, there is small chance of finding the young lady; she has been carried out to sea long before this time."

"We must do our best! We must follow the entire course of the river, scour its banks even, till we reach the seashore!" Sir Giles exclaimed excitedly. "I do not believe she is drowned; if so, there has been foul play. This was no accident!"

"He loved her," the servants said afterwards; "he did not know what he said, he was mad-like. Poor master, he regularly glared at him, and there was mischief sobbing like anything, and Miss Denise as white as a sheet."

"A most melancholy affair! A strange calamity! Those poor Ardleighs, how terrible for them!"

So was Noreen's fate commented upon. She had been little known till the Esmond's had the party at Lady Massinger's. At the former, her conduct had been severely criticised; it was a great sin, in the eyes of mothers with marriageable daughters, her monopolising the girl, the great catch of the evening, but all delinquencies were forgotten now the crystal waters had washed away her shortcomings. She spoke of her as that "little darling," she was hallowed by the sanctity of death, by her untimely end, that sudden cutting off in the first blush of her ears budding womanhood.

Sir Giles' reflections were now so secret, he bowed his head in grief, and refused to be comforted.

"She was cruelly used, I know it," he remarked, pushing his untasted breakfast from him, some weeks afterwards.

"My dear Giles, how can you be so unjust?" his mother answered. "You must see how Denise grins; I wonder you are not kinder to her."

His brow darkened at mention of that name.

"That girl disgusts me when she comes near me," he replied angrily. "I look upon her as her cousin's murderer."

"Giles, this is madness. Who but you dares to throw a stone at the Ardleighs? The girl's death was pure accident. To me it seems a merciful dispensation of providence, to prevent your making a *mal-alliance*."

He did not appear to notice the last part of her ladyship's remarks; he had risen and walked towards the window. He was gloomily looking towards the Kingscote woods, where, with sweet Noreen, he had passed so many happy hours.

"I doubt these Ardleighs, I doubt these Ardleighs, I doubt everything belonging to them," he said at last. "That short note my poor little Noreen left—why use it been withheld? Because it was condemning evidence against them."

"To me that's the most satisfactory point, proving that she left her home voluntarily—there was no outer influence brought to bear upon her."

"Do you mean to say that she left my arms that night, full of her sweet girl's promises, only to destroy herself in the morning? I don't believe it."

At his death the property devolved on Norris."

"He became a rich man after the arrival of Noreen. Strange! By the same rule he will become poor again on her departure."

"Giles, your remarks are foolish. Norris Ardleigh's fortune is too well established to be shaken now."

"Be it so. Mother, I have little to work upon, such as it is, must suffice; this woman must be found alive or dead. I firmly believe that Noreen lives, that she is spirited away to serve some devilish purpose of Norris Ardleigh's, as the other was. Did he think by my marrying her I should inquire too closely into his affairs? They little understand Giles Massinger. I should have asked for no fortune with my darling, she was a fortune in her precious self."

"Giles, you will go mad if you dwell so much on this dead girl. I shall be loth to lose you, but it would be better for you to travel once more, than stay at home and brood."

"I shall go mad if I remain inactive; my darling cries to me for vengeance."

CHAPTER VII.

In three months' time Sir Giles Massinger set foot on an ocean steamer bound for the Cape from Dartmouth. He had tried to forget the past in London with ardor; he had endeavored to gain a clue to the missing colored woman—even by employing detectives to work quietly and secretly, but no success had attended his most strenuous efforts. Filled on all sides, something impelled him to leave the shores of Albion, where his heart had been so cruelly lacerated, and seek for better luck in distant lands.

He stepped on board the "Gordon Castle," early in the day, leaving his man to attend to his luggage and berth. He paced the deck gloomily, nothing there interested. How could it? His heart was too full of his lost Noreen.

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OF SOME USE.

"Depend upon it children," said the benignant old gentleman who was addressing the Sunday-school, "We are fashioned by a wiser power than ourselves. There was no mistake made in putting us together. If our hands were placed where our feet are, and our feet where our hands are, how could we get along? It would be exceedingly awkward, children; exceedingly awkward. I stretch my hand out this way. I move my fingers like this. Now, what is this an evidence of, children?"

There was no reply, and after waiting a moment the speaker answered the question himself.

"It is an evidence of design. Don't forget that, children," he continued, impressively. "It is an evidence of design. Suppose my eye had legs. How could I use them?"

"You could use them in running your eye over the congregation, couldn't you?" replied a deeply interested little boy near the door.

Safe and pleasant to take, sure to cure, Hawker's Balsam tolu and wild cherry.

WHEN WOMEN HAVE RIGHTS. "My dear," she said, laying with her fork after the dainty little repast he had set out was finished, "I shall have to go to the office to-night. I've got a little work I want to catch up with."

"Why, Jenny," he said, tears coming into his eyes, "I have been looking forward all day to a quiet little evening with you."

"There, there, Charlie," she said with some show of annoyance, "don't be a gander, and I'll buy you that fur overcoat you have set your heart on. There's a dear boy."

At the long hours of the evening work away he sat rocking by the little table listening for her familiar footfall on the walk.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow'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 sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Pair Traveller—What does this mean? The expressman says he can't find my trunk. Here's the check for it. Baggage man—The trouble is, ma'am, that you changed cars too often. The check and part of the baggage has arrived, but the other pieces haven't.

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 and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

HE MIGHT WELL SIGH. "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" she asked, as she re-arranged her rumpled collar. "You are," he replied with emphasis. Then he asked: "Were you ever kissed by a man before?" "Never," she replied. The messenger who flew up to heaven's chancery with the foregoing dialogue giggled as he gave it in, but the recording angel, when he looked it over, shook his head and sighed.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases." Simply apply "Swaney's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures Itch, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swaney's Ointment.

A quick and pleasant cure for coughs and colds and Hawker's balsam and wild cherry. "My lord," said an overworked parson to his bishop, "I have not had a holiday for five years." "I am very sorry for your congregation," replied his lordship with a smile.

A BOOK TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it is safe with mysterious promptness in the removal of horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, swellings, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROSS, Farmer Markham, Ont. Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

THE SOUL OF FRANKNESS. Mr. Beetleson—Would you like the date put in our engagement ring, my dear. Miss Beryl—By all means; and then if there's room, run in some little motto like "Any port in a storm," or "A bird in the hand," or something pretty like that.

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

A recent visitor to Nova Scotia heard through an anecdote of a little woman who was one day urging upon her guests a choice of refreshments, which they, not being hungry, refused. "Now, do let me go and get you some pie," said the hostess. "Just say the word, I've got three kinds of apple pie, open-face, cross-hair and kiverlid."

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 cures at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Teacher—Children, now that the Fourth is so near at hand, let me ask you if you know what inspired Patrick Henry to utter these great words, "Give me liberty or give me death." Bright Boy—My pa says he must have been a married man.

Not only relieves, but positively cures catarrh, Hawker's catarrh cure. At Sacramento, Cal., Tuesday, Otto Zeigler wheeled a mile in 1.50 flat, clipping three-quarters of a second from the world's record.

Blood should be rich to insure health. Poor blood means Anæmia; diseased blood means Scrofula. Scott's Emulsion the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood; cures Anæmia, Scrofula, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, and Wasting Diseases. Physicians, the world over, endorse it. Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Sold at D. Ross, Distributor. All Druggists. No. 491.

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James S. Neill. BOSTON TRANSCRIPT. A trustworthy, clean and interesting family newspaper, free from sensational and objectionable matter, in both reading and advertising columns offering to the educated and intelligent public, the most instructive and entertaining selection of news, literary, political, financial, art, music and general topics of the day and season.

McMURRAY & Co. Have Just Received 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. CALL and SEE the GOODS. Also a lot of REMNANTS, Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods. 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. Fredericton, N. B.

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PUMPS! R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, TINSMITH, Would inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity, that he has resumed business on Queen Street, Opp. County Court House. Where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including Electrical and Mechanical. BELL HANGING. Speaking Tubes, etc.

FOUNDED A. D. 1710 THE OLDEST PUREST FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE SUN LONDON. A. S. MURRAY, Agent, Fredericton, N. B. ALSO AGENT FOR THE "Yost" Type Writer. GEO. L. WILSON, Barrister, Notary Public, etc. Office next door below J. J. Weddalls, Queen St. Fredericton, N. B. March 4, 1895. 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, Fton, April 9, 1895.

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