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1888.

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## TINWARE,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

PHENIX SQUARE, F'TON.

### Our Story.

#### Grandmother's Signs.

Continued.

After dinner, which was the great event of the day, the entire family, with the exception of grandma and baby Dan, strolled out into the orchard with our visitors. From the orchard we went on over a narrow bit of meadow land in search of wild strawberries, which were abundant.

Then we went up a grassy hillside and into a little grove of oaks and elms. There we all sat down on the grass and enjoyed what we called a "real sociable time," until father, bethought him to look at his watch, and said,

Why, it's nearly four o'clock. We have been away three hours. Danny will have quite worn grandmother out with the care of him. We must hurry home.

When we reached the house, we found grandma fast asleep in her rocking chair on the piazza, a lock of her gray hair blown over her face by the June wind, and her wrinkled hands crossed peacefully in the sunshine that fell across her lap. She heard our footsteps and was awake in an instant.

Where is Danny? asked mother. It isn't possible that he has slept all this time.

I guess he has, said grandma; I haint heard a sound from him.

Mother stepped hurriedly into the room in which Danny always took his noonday nap. She came out instantly, quite pale, and saying, in a trembling voice; He isn't there; he's gone!

What—did—you—say, Susan? asked grandmother rising to her feet and speaking with painful deliberation.

He's gone! said mother again.

Grandmother gave a low moan, sank back in her chair, and said solemnly: I knew it would be so. You laughed at my signs, Susan. You wouldn't hear to them. I feel in my bones that Danny Bertram will never be seen again on this earth. The signs don't fail me.

I remember that I set up a dreadful howl, in which I was joined by my brothers and sisters. Father and our friends began an immediate and thorough search for Danny, but no trace of him could be found.

Grandmother encouraged us by saying from time to time, between her broken sobs: It's no use to hunt for him. He's gone. He'll never be seen again on this earth.

Mother broke down entirely after a short time, and lay crying on a lounge, with one of my aunts bathing her temples and talking soothingly to her.

We looked everywhere—in places that the little feet could never have strayed into.

It looks to me like a case of kidnaping, said one of my visiting uncles to father.

So it does, said father; and yet it don't seem possible that—

It ain't possible, David, interrupted grandmother. I'm satisfied that I hadn't been asleep 10 minutes when you folks came home, and I know that no one was near the house before you came home. No, no, David, human hands never touched our Danny. I didn't dream of white colts with four wings apiece, for nothing.

What on earth would colts of any kind want with Danny? asked one of my aunts.

An hour and more passed, and Danny was not found. We hurried to the nearest neighbors. They had not seen any suspicious characters in the neighborhood, and knew nothing about Danny's disappearance. They came to our house in great numbers, full of sympathy and harrowing reminiscences of similar disappearances, in which the missing children were either found dead or were never found at all.

The evening drew on. The sun went down. Mother had said over and over again that we must find her baby before night came on. She could not endure the thought of having him away when the darkness came. Father began to grow pale, and his voice trembled when he spoke.

Parties of men and boys were searching in the neighboring woods, and planning to drag the streams. It was nearly dark, and we were sitting tearful and anxious, in mother's room, when we heard a loud commotion outside.

In a moment the door was thrown open, and there stood our big, jolly Uncle Darius Bertram, and, high on his shoulder laughing and making a desperate effort to talk, sat—Danny!

Well, such a time and nobody to it! said Uncle Darius, as he put Danny into mother's outstretched arms.

O Darius! where did you find him? cried mother.

I found him lying in his bed about half-past three, this afternoon. My wife and I were driving into town, and called here to

see you, but found no one at home but grandmother and the baby. Grandmother was asleep and baby seemed to be having a lonely sort of time of it kicking up his heels in his cradle. So wife and I thought we'd take him out for an airing, the day being so fine. I wrote a little note on a leaf of my pocket-diary, telling you we had him. Didn't you find it?

No, said father; where did you put it?

Why, I pinned it to baby's pillow, didn't I? I know wife said for me to.

But I'm such a forgetful fellow that I don't really know where I did put that note. It was written on a small leaf like this. He drew out his pocket-diary as he spoke, opened it and sat down looking very foolish.

Well, I swan! he said; if I didn't clean forget to tear off the note, after I'd written it. I must be getting loony!

We were detained in the village much longer than we expected, said Aunt Harriet, Uncle Darius's wife; and I was afraid you would worry about baby, but he has been just as good as he could be, and he seemed to enjoy the ride so very much. I couldn't find his cloak to put on him, but I had a light shawl with me and I found his little every-day sunbonnet out in the yard. It was good enough to wear. To think of the anxiety the little chap's ride has cost you!

Grandmother was down on her knees crying over Danny, and of course not one of us said a word to her about those unfulfilled omens. It was months before the words 'signs' and 'omens' passed her lips. Then she spoke of them as though they were things beneath her notice. They certainly had no power over Danny, for I have often heard him telling this story to his own children.

#### OUR FIRST QUARREL.

Herbert and I had quarrelled. It was all his fault, of course. The young people in our society had formed a dramatic club for the benefit of the church, and I was a member of the club. We had just played a little comedy very successfully, judging by the receipts and the encomiums of the townspeople. I had taken the part of young lady heroine, and George Wakefield that of my devoted lover.

Poor Bert had no histrionic talent, consequently no place on the programme. As George Wakefield lived near the Smith paternal mansion—my maiden name was Smith—he was naturally my escort on rehearsal occasions. The knowledge of this fact, together with the stage love making, had served to render my betrothed quite uncomfortable.

The evening of the entertainment, Bert walked home with mother and me and went in for a few minutes' chat in the parlor. He was rather stiff in his manner, and spent so few words in congratulations that I felt aggrieved. As he seemed not to care for conversation, I sat down to the piano and began to play a waltz, one that the orchestra had used for an opening piece.

It's very evident where your thoughts are, said Bert, angrily; you haven't had an evening for me since this theatrical concern was first thought of, and now it is over, you can't do anything but live it over in your mind. Folks must have easy consciences, any way, to get up theatres and say that they are doing it for the good of the church.

If you think our dramatic club so wicked, I retorted, I'm surprised that you should have patronized it.

Of course I know that you would have preferred me to stay away, then Wakefield could have walked home with you again, was the cutting rejoinder. I hope you don't think I am so blind as not to see how things are going; your lovmaking this evening was very realistic, very, indeed!

Ah? said I, with an exasperating smile. You are observant. George Wakefield was a fop, and I couldn't endure him, but I wasn't going to say so just that moment.

I understand you, said Bert, rising to his feet in wrath. We will call our little love affair child's play, and I will trouble you no more.

To emphasize the last clause he brought down his fist heavily on the table, thereby utterly demolishing my new bonnet, which he had unwittingly made the target of his pugilistic effort. Instead of showing the slightest contrition, he scowled horribly and stalked out of the house.

On the whole I was pleased with the denouement; not that I wished to dismiss Bert—I simply adored him—but it was exciting, and I had always been curious to know how he would act when he was in a rage. We would, of course, make up again shortly.

The next morning I arose at a late hour feeling very cross and disagreeable. I suppose mother found my society quite unendurable, for she speedily asked me if I wouldn't like to go and spend a few days with Aunt Fanny.

Continued next issue.

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## NEW GOODS. Spring 1888.

WHITE COTTONS,  
UNBLEACHED COTTONS,  
SHEATINGS, TOWELS  
AND TOWELLING,  
STAIR OIL CARPETS,  
FLOOR OIL CARPETS.

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Having to vacate the store in Fisher's Building first of May, and having no room for the goods in my New Store, I have come to the conclusion to clear out the stock in the Fisher Building at a great sacrifice.

Call and see the goods and be convinced that I am selling them at prices never known before in the city.

- READ THE FOLLOWING LIST
- 25 Heavy Tweed Suits, \$6.00—regular price, \$12.
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  - 15 Diagonal Suits, \$11.50—regular price, \$17.00.
  - 75 pairs Men's Pants, from \$1.50 to \$3.00, worth double the money.

Special line of CHILDREN'S SUITS in all sizes and styles, marked away down to about cost.

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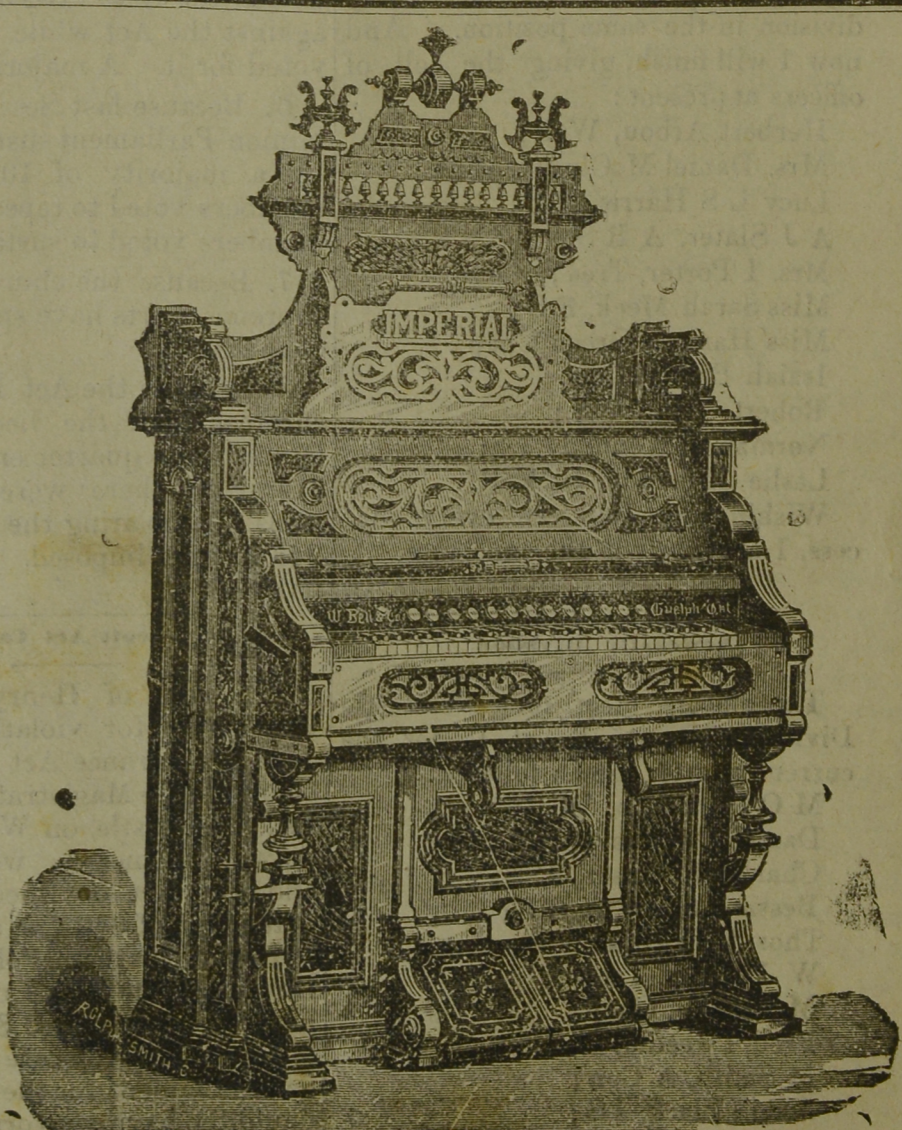
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D. McCATHERIN'S.



## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'87 Winter Arrangement '88

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 28th, 1887, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN  
Day Express ..... 7.30 a. m.  
Accommodation ..... 11.20 a. m.  
Express for Sussex ..... 16.35 p. m.  
Express for Halifax and Quebec ..... 18.00 p. m.  
A Sleeping car will run 18.0 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.  
Express from Halifax and Quebec ..... 7.00 a. m.  
Express from Sussex ..... 8.35 a.  
Accommodation ..... 13.30 p. m.  
Day Express ..... 19.20 p. m.

Trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent  
Railway Office  
Moncton, N. B. November 22nd, 1887.

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LADIES' DRESS GOODS in Cashmeres, Serges, Suitings, and Stuff Goods in all desirable shades and colors, Velvets, Plushes, Jerseys, Shawls, Squares, Scarfs, Corsets, Hose, Gloves, Men's, Youths' and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing, Coats, Vests, Pants and Underclothing, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds and Worsted Coatings, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Ties, Shirts, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Braces. Also, Grey and White Cottons, Paints, Tickings, Ducks, Drills, Swansdowne, Table Linens, Towellings, Cottons Warps, Flannels, all colors, Blankets, Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Carpets etc. Horse Blankets, Steigh Robes, Trunk and Valises.

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