

TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE.

The weather leach of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds
slacken,
The braces are taut and the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud
blacken.

Upon one point on the weather bow
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island head;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
As the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed to "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas
As the pilot calls "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coils on his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
As, trumpet winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go,
And the captain growls "Down helm hard
down,"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw.
While heaven grows black with the storm-
cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-head flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay.
As I answer, "Ay, Ay, Sir! Hard a lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slaps and the mainsail flaps,
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

Mid the rattle of blocks and tramp of the
crew
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "Mainsail haul!"

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks
tong.

"Let go and haul!" 'tis the last command,
And the head sail, fill to the blast once more;
A stern and to the leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay there all!"
And the captain's breath comes once more
free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle-bunk in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is be-
low.

LITERATURE.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

Among the sources of social and domestic disquietude, one of the chief is the habit of husbands and wives correcting each other in public. I mean that the habit of correction which lets no slip of the tongue pass without a reminder, making the corrected party feel cheap, and casting a shadow upon the listeners.

At a party one evening Charles Lee was telling a knot of his friends about the wonderful yield in his strawberry bed. He prided himself on that bit of horticultural success.

We shall gather a hundred quarts of berries from that bed this season, he said with a flourish.

Oh, no, Charles, interposed his wife, who had just come up. If we get fifty quarts we shall do well.

Why, you have picked as many as fifty quarts already.

No, no.

But, Laura, you forget how many are eaten direct from the vine. And, again, when I say a hundred quarts I mean as we have to buy them with the hulls on.

Oh, Charles, that strawberry bed is your pure delight!

And the wife laughed. But the husband did not laugh. He was cut to the quick, and turned away without speaking further.

Now, any experienced gardener over-looking Charles Lee's strawberry bed during the month of July, would have risked a goodly wager that its yield for the season would be over a hundred quarts. And Charles had meant to tell only the truth.

Laura, he said, after he had reached home, do you know that you made me very unhappy this evening?

Unhappy—I?

Yes—unhappy because indignant.

Oh, you mean what I said about your strawberry bed?

Yes.

Well, Charles—now I believe if you were to measure every lot of berries—

Stop, Laura. I shall not discuss that. We cannot measure the berries tonight. I only wish to remind you that the habit of correcting me in public is a most disagreeable one to all who hear.

It makes me feel unpleasantly, and it perplexes others. And, my dear wife, the habit is growing upon you.

Really, Charles, one would think, to hear you talk, that I had been doing something awful. What harm can there be, I should like to know?

There is a great deal of harm, Laura. The habit is an evil one, and can only lead to evil.

Evil!

Aye, Laura. Of all the evils to be dreaded in social life an unguarded tongue is one of the most dangerous. I wish you would—

Oh, pshaw! I will listen to your lecture.

Then, Laura, a greater evil may be yours. I speak now from my heart. If you do not try to restrain—

Before he could finish the sentence his wife had swept from the room. Two weeks later, Charles Lee and his wife sat one evening in their cosy drawing-room when Mr. Fuller came in. He was Laura's father, a genial and large hearted man, dearly loved by his children. He owned a large woolen mill, and manufactured a good deal of cloth, most of which was sent to consigners in the east. He kissed his daughter and took into his arms and kissed the two little children and then sat down. Gradually the smile faded from his face and an expression of deep concern took its place.

Charles, said he, I have received a letter from Claxton & Simmonds. I have got to extend their papers. I should have a remittance from them of two hundred pounds a week ago; and another like remittance will be due next month. They cannot make either of them. It is bad, isn't it?

Very bad, said Charles.

Why don't you push them as you call it? demanded Laura. If they owed me, I think I would know why I didn't have the money.

Ah, my child, said the old gentleman, smiling, pushing them might be the worst thing I could do. They are not men to be driven.

I'd drive them if they owed me and didn't pay! How can you run your mill if you don't get pay for your cloth?

That's a sober question, Laura; and there's where the pinch comes in.

Well, I'd pinch Claxton & Simmonds, I think.

Let me look at the letter, said Charles. Mr. Fuller handed it to him, and while he was reading it Laura went away with the children to put them to bed.

It doesn't seem so bad after all, Charles said laying the letter upon the table.

Oh, no, responded Mr. Fuller. If I can only give them time they will come out all right. I know I can rely upon their word. They have sent a heavy consignment of clothing to America; and there's been a hitch in exchanges.

As they say, I believe both ventures will turn out remarkably well. In fact I am rather inclined to be pleased with the prospect—only I must help them to open these markets.

My dear sir, if my name can be of assistance to you, you may command it.

It can be of great assistance, Charles. With your name I can get all the money from the bank that I shall absolutely require for two months to come.

And by that time Claxton & Simmonds will have heard from their American correspondents?

Yes. I have no fear of their ultimate success.

Laura returned at this point and shortly afterward her father went out. On the next day Charles called at Mr. Fuller's counting room, and the papers were made out for the bank.

A few evenings thereafter there was a party at the house of a friend, where many of the chief business men of the place were present. Charles and his wife were of the number. In the course of the evening a gentleman approached Charles and tapped him on the shoulder.

By the way, Lee, have you heard lately from Claxton & Simmonds of Liverpool?

There were standing within hearing several gentlemen, who gathered nearer as they heard the question.

Charles replied in the affirmative.

And what is their condition?

Do you mean financially?

Yes.

Their condition is undoubtedly good. Can they meet their maturing obligations.

I have perfect confidence in them.

Oh, Charles, cried Laura, who had been hanging upon his arm, how can you say so? How can you have confidence in them?

Laura!

When they wrote to papa only a week ago that they couldn't pay him a shilling! And you know how worried he was. I declare, I don't believe they ever mean to pay a farthing. Didn't poor papa tell me with his own lips he dared not push them?

Charles Lee was ready to sink from shame and mortification. Of those gathered to listen were three directors of the principal bank in the town. He would have stopped his wife's speech had it been possible, but she rattled on in spite of his imploring look.

Laura, he said, you do not understand. Your father has no fears.

Oh, Charles, when he said distinctly that the two thousand pounds, now due, and the two thousand more in a month, he wouldn't get.

The bank directors turned away and so did Charles Lee. His wife saw that he was very pale, but she thought it was from anger, so she embraced the first opportunity to slip away from him.

On their way home Laura said.

I suppose you are put out, Charles?

About what?

About what I said concerning Claxton & Simmonds.

I am distressed, Laura; but if you

think you did right I have nothing to say.

Goodness mercy! anybody would think I had done something dreadful.

Don't speak of it now, please; I wish to give you no more lectures. For the present let the matter rest as it is, so far as you and I are concerned.

But, Charles, you were telling Mr. Burbank that Claxton & Simmonds were good.

I was telling what I firmly believed to be the truth, Laura. You did not hear the whole of your father's disclosures the other evening. He and I both believe Claxton & Simmonds to be financially stronger than ever before, but the opening of new and distinct markets for their goods has, for the time, absorbed their surplus capital and has thus cramped them. At all events, I have so much faith in their soundness that I have lent my name to carry their paper.

They had reached home at this point and the conversation was dropped. On the very next evening Mr. Fuller came in pale and haggard.

Papa, what is the matter? cried Laura, in alarm.

He kissed her gently and put her aside, and having taken a seat, he said to his son-in-law—

Charles, I am, crushed!

Father!

The banks won't touch our paper. The directors know that my sole reliance is upon the solvency of Claxton & Simmonds, and somebody has told them of the letter I had received from the firm; but the whole truth has not been told to them. They only know that my Liverpool consignees are short in their returns four thousand pounds.

What will you do?

What can I do? If I cannot raise two thousand pounds within a week I must suspend. Oh, this is dreadful!

Charles, have you told anybody the substance of that letter?

I have not whispered it outside of my own house.

It is certainly known. Some of the directors have heard of it.

Thus far Laura had listened in silence and now, gasping and trembling, she sank down at her father's feet, and bowed her head upon his knees.

Oh, papa, I did it! I am the wicked one! Oh, what can I do—what can I do?

Her father gathered her up in his arms, and with her head upon his shoulder she confessed her fault.

Oh, papa, I shall die if I have ruined you!

Hush, my child. I shall not be ruined. Charles and I shall find some way out of the start. But surely this should be a lesson to you.

It will—it will! Never, never, never will I do that wrong again!

Laura's misery, for the time, cast other troubles into the shade, and both her father and her husband tried to be cheerful. But she could find no joy.

A great grief was upon her, and she was to suffer more bitter hours than she had ever suffered before in her life. On the second evening from that Mr. Fuller entered the cozy drawing room radiant.

Hi! Charles! Laura! I've good news. Read that.

And he threw upon the table a bit of paper. Charles took it up and found it to be a telegram. Laura looked over his shoulder as he read—

Liverpool, September 12 1886.—To John Fuller, Esq., Manchester:—America all right. We mail to you this day a draft for four thousand pounds. Send consignment as soon as possible. Put on your whole force for manufacturing.

CLAXTON & SIMMONDS.

In one week from that time the directors of the Manchester Bank took off their hats to John Fuller, and asked his pardon. And Laura was happy, not more for the good fortune which had come to her father, and in which she was sure to share, than for the change in her own life. She was resolved henceforth to study the right, and to do it—to set a guard upon her tongue—to be silent when necessary, and to be circumspect always.

SOME THINGS I HAVE LEARNED.

That if your egg beater is worn so it will slip cogs and seems of no use, that the rivet which holds the large wheel can be filed off and taken out, then the projection and wheel both filed some and when the rivet is replaced the cogs will fit together as well as when it was new.

That if your apple jelly is too hard to spread on warm cake that it can be made the right consistency by putting pieces in a teacup and stirring with a fork.

That partly worn red woolen underwear makes nice, soft, warm shirts for the little ones, by sewing all the seams over and over without turning the edges in. You will need a seam under one arm only.

That old mosquito netting taken from the windows in the fall makes good scrubbing or wash rags if it is folded about twelve inches square, and six or eight thicknesses, then stitched three or four times across on the machine.

Constipation

Is a universal and most troublesome disorder. It causes Headache, Mental Depression, impairs the Sight and Hearing, destroys the Appetite, and, when long continued, causes Enlargement of the Liver, Inflammation of the Bowels, and Piles. Constipation is speedily cured by Ayer's Pills.

For a number of months I was troubled with Constiveness, in consequence of which I suffered from Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and a disordered liver. My eyes also troubled me. I was compelled to wear a shade over them, and, at times, was unable to bear exposure to the light. I was entirely

CURED BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this medicine to be the best cathartic ever made.—James Eccles, Poland, Ohio.

I suffered from Constipation, and, consequently, from Headache, Indigestion, and Piles, for years. Ayer's Pills, which I took at the suggestion of a friend, have given me effectual relief. I commenced taking this remedy two months ago, and am now free from Constipation, the removal of which has caused my other troubles to disappear, and greatly improved my general health.—W. Keeler, Amherst, Mass.

I suffered from Constipation, which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me, completely.—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

That a dumb waiter to the cellar is a great saving of steps and strength and that those who are not building a new house can have them made without any great expense if their cupboards or pantry are over the cellar.

That boiling silver spoons in the water in which the potatoes have been boiled and rubbing them with soft linen or a chamois skin is an easy way to brighten them.

That if you wipe the steam from your windows before night there will not be such a coating of frost on them.

That it is more convenient not to have a threshold under the door from the kitchen and pantry and also under the folding doors into the parlor. But if there are children and you have no fire in the parlor, you need to have a long bag filled with sand to lay down to keep the cold out, in the winter. I found when I filled mine that it just fitted over the mouth of my large tunnel which I have for filling my fruit jars, so it took only a minute to fill it. They can have a cover crocheted of yarn to slip over, or one made of crash and worked in some simple outline pattern, then it can be easily slipped off and washed. These sand bags are just the thing to lay down at all outside door where the threshold is worn down in the middle. We have oak thresholds for the outside doors.

For an Anxious Mother, I copy a part of an article on the 'Cure of Stammering,' by Dio Lewis. Now I propose to give my readers a simple art which has enabled me to make happy many unhappy stammerers. In three-fourths of the cases which I have treated, the cure has been complete. The secret is this: The stammerer is made to mark the time in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. He begins to read one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger or by moving the large toe in the boot. I doubt if the worst case of stuttering can continue long if the victim will read an hour every day with thorough practice of this art. I take great pleasure in publishing it to the world.

Mrs W. L. KETCHUM.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We need to be always watchful. When alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; in society, our tongues.

As Christ stands at the end of the ancient world, so he stands also at the beginning of the new. He is at once the ripened fruit of the history before, and the fertile seed of the history after his coming. He is the turning point in the biography of our race, the glory of the past and the hope of the future. [Schaff.]

I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown. [Prof. Agassiz.]

He that has something to do has less temptation to doubt than the man who has nothing to do but to doubt. Heresies in the Christian church come never from the city missionary, never from the faithful pastor, never from the intense evangelist; but always from the gentleman at ease, who takes no actual part in our holy war. [Spurgeon.]

Life, life war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may secure that, but he is the best who wins the most splendid victories by retrieval of mistakes. Christ has lived, and he asks living followers. He has died, a sacrifice, and he asks the spirit of self-sacrifice in you. [Bishop Huntington.]

204

OCTOBER, 27.

FALL GOODS.

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We have always in stock the best and cheapest line of gent's furnishing goods; men's and boys' fur and felt hats and soft hats, very cheap also.

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