

(Continued from First Page.)

climbed up the last few yards by the broken timbers. The earth was torn up around me, my hands were raw and bleeding, and I bear the marks of the rope on my body to this day.

Just then we heard a shouting, and Mr. Little and Mr. Gray rode up, and the latter wasn't ashamed to kiss Bessie just as her father did, and before all the people.

Georgie was up in the lap of Mr. Little, and Smarty lay down at my feet, worn out. A party of the searchers met the poor baby and dog, and caught at the fearful meaning in the baby's incoherent words, dashed up to the well, and found us both on the brink.

They could not believe it was I who had rescued her till they saw my hands and the rope and the crowbar still firm in the earth.

Grandpa was there, and kissed me and cried over me, as if I too had been down the well.

Miss Bessie had lost her way in the dark after a long ride across the plains and her horse had stumbled over the planks and fallen through and broken his spine. Miss Bessie's habit had caught on a projecting beam and she hung there two nights and nearly two days. Yet with all the horrors of her situation, she was only 15 feet down.

When Mr. Little learned that our ranch was mortgaged he went to Mr. Davison paid the money and gave the farm back to grandfather. He made me a present of a sum of money, and Mr. Gray gave Georgie a like present.

In the two years since that time, our ranch has come to be one of the most prosperous in the country. We have a fine herd of cattle and an immense poultry yard and grandfather hires a man to help him while I have a Swede girl to work in the house.

Miss Bessie is Mrs. Gray, now and still is my best friend. She never rides alone and is less dainty than she was.

I am happy to say no one ever reproached grandfather for his careless-ness in leaving the well so poorly protected. He suffered enough for it and it is filled in now.

Though Mrs. Gray never says anything yet I think she often mourns for the noble black horse who with shoes on, saddle and bridle, found a burial on the plains—the plains where he had so often roamed with his fearless young mistress under the blue Colorado skies in the shadow of the Rockies.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Wearv wi' roamin' I sit in the gloamin',
I sit on my ain door stane,
The rocks o' the fauld nestle close fra' this cauld,
I sit an' I sigh here, my lane.

The bent trees are groamin', the sad wind is moanin',
The shadow creeps over the hill,
The burn as it flows tells the tale of its woes,
But I as the shadow am still.

The road at its turnin' my dim eye discernin',
I mark where he cam wi' the kye,
When the day's wark was done at the set o' the sun
In the season forever forbye.

Fond hope that deceived me, could death that bereaved me,
My gudeman he left me sae young,
That, old an' forlorn, he might hold me in scorn,
Should I take his dear name on my tongue.

Still, I oft by my gleamin' lone hearth fall a-dreamin',
And think of that season of auld,
Of a love was sae near, of a love was sae dear,
It has gared everyither seem cauld,

Should the grave in undoin' once bring me re-newin',
More bonny for sairly tried truth,
I wad dare then to name you, my Willie, an
I claim you,
No longer sae fashed by your youth.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A BRIEF LIST OF "DON'TS" FOR THE WIFE TO READ.

Don't disturb your husband while he is reading his morning or evening paper by asking foolish questions. He may be only reading the latest scandal or divorce suit, but he is just as much interested as though it were foreign news or market reports. Be patient, and when he comes across anything he thinks you can comprehend perhaps he may read it to you.

Don't communicate unpleasant news or ask a favour before eating. The heart is not easily touched when the stomach is empty.

Don't ever tell a man he is good-looking. Some other woman probably will some time, and in that case he won't know that her opinion concurs with yours. He carries a pocket hand-glass now, and he will shortly become addicted to peejamas.

Don't put the morning paper at the bottom of the pile, and don't have more than a dozen different places for the button-hook.

Don't impose upon your husband just because he is good enough to assist you a little in your housework. Don't leave the stove handle in the red-hot stove, and don't ask him to empty the ash-hod, and don't run a free horse to death.

Don't gather up all his receipts and notes that he has put carefully away on the sitting room table—and tuck them in the fire the moment his back is turned.

Don't trade off all his old clothes for a pair of china dogs and then tell him about it.

Don't monopolize every hook in the closet. Graciously tender him one nail for his very own—and then, in mercy, hang your 'Mother Hubbard,' your pearl-line, your shopping bag, and your bonnet some other place.

Don't be inexplicit in giving directions. When you ask him to go upstairs for your portemonnaie, tell him it is either on the table, or in the further corner of the left-hand side of the upper bureau, or in the pocket of your brown dress in the closet. He will have no trouble in finding it—if you can tell him just where it is, especially the pocket.

Don't ask him where he has been the moment he enters the house, or where he is going if he starts out for a walk before breakfast. It nettles him, and men hate to have such pointed questions sprung upon them. Besides that, we live under a free flag.

Don't ask him to walk the floor with the baby half the night. A man who tramps industriously around a billiard table three nights in the week or buys an admission ticket to the opera, can't be expected to be on duty at home the other three nights. Have mercy on him and give the man an opportunity to recuperate.

Don't waste your breath in useless vituperation against his favorite chum. Cultivate the chum yourself—ostensibly—when your husband is not around, and matters will assume a different aspect.

Don't put pins in your curl papers or let your crimping pins dangle on your forehead. They are abomination and feminine implements of warfare that men despise.

Don't leave hair in the comb or your neck curls where they will stick to his hair brush. Don't put a long hair on the soap or in his tooth brush—purposely.

Don't mend his hosiery with coarse cotton having knots in it larger than a pea.

Don't be unreasonably vexed if he is not ready for church as soon as you are. If he doesn't start to get ready till the bells begin to ring, you mustn't expect the same result as with yourself, who had the whole morning before you.

Don't scold him because he leaves ashes in his pipe. One of the privileges of a married man is to leave an old pipe full of ashes in just the position to empty the contents on the window-sill or the mantelpiece the moment it is touched.

Don't indulge in flights of temper when your husband suggests how his mother did. If he objects to having eggs boiled in the tea-kettle, and prefers them washed previous to cooking, endeavor to please him by indulging him in his fancies. In the meantime bring your sons up as carefully as you can, and when they are married, you yourself will doubtless be held up as an example of virtue; and revenge is sweet.

Don't be too prodigal in the use of kindling-wood. There is no fruit of his toil that man guards jealously as he does his kindling-wood. He would fain put it where thieves break not through and steal. So, just because you have free access to it, don't burn up enough to last a week in one day.

Don't parley for the last word in a discussion. The sooner you discover that it is a pleasure you must forego, and make up your mind to relinquish it entirely, the sooner you have a chance for peace in the family, and a long life of fireside contentment.

CARE OF THE FEET IN WINTER.—From now until early in May the care which we take of our feet will go a long way toward insuring us good health. No one can with impunity neglect the feet, and it has now become a well established fact that wet and cold feet are a prolific source of disease. Do not allow children to go with wet or cold feet. Provide warm foot wear, and they will more than repay you for your care by being well and strong. The choice between cotton and woolen stockings must be left to the wearer, but care should be taken to use only one kind during the season. It is not wise to wear cotton stockings today and woolen tomorrow, as it is a sure way to catch cold. Select the kind most comfortable to the skin and wear them, and if more warmth is needed add one additional pair. Many people claim that their feet are much warmer by wearing cotton and a woolen pair of stockings at the same time. The warmth and dryness of the feet depend largely also upon the quality of the boots or shoes which are worn. Rubbers and overshoes, during wet and cold weather, should always be worn, whether riding or walking.

It is well known that those people who live in the country are much more subject to "chilblains" than those who live in the city. One reason why so many suffer from this trouble in the country is because the floors of the houses are not warmed. In the city this is usually the reverse, as most houses are provided with furnaces or heated by steam. Women and children, who are confined to the house, often walk about all day with thin stockings and shoes. In addition to this they run out doors without rubbers or thick shoes. In addition they adopt the habit "of toasting their feet." This is equally as bad as the other; the feet soon become subject to chilblains.

Another frequent cause of cold feet is the dampness which arises from incessant perspiration. This is sometimes

caused by wearing woolen stockings, but it can often be prevented by wearing a pair of thin or light stockings under the woolen ones. Those who are troubled with moist feet should not wear cork soles in their boots, as they soon become saturated with moisture, which is held for a long time. Rubber boots, if worn for a long time, will often cause the feet to perspire. For this reason they should be worn only when actually traveling, and not be kept on while in the house.

Never allow the children to go to bed with cold feet. See to it that the feet and legs are dry and warm.

SOCIABILITY

Many people live in a stagnant, miserably way because they will not move around enough to get the 'good joys' of association with their neighbors. Shut up in offices or shops all day, they go home in the evening to shut themselves up again, and often to make the home circle 'shut up.' If they venture out at all it is to church or to a concert or lecture—a very proper proceeding, but not associating them so directly with other people as is necessary to that perfect sanity which comes of somewhat intimate acquaintance with a considerable number. The frequenting of churches and public entertainments is not enough for fellowship with one's kind. A man may hear two sermons and see a play every week, and be clam. He may even go into society often without coming out of his shell or seeing others out of theirs. Not big formal gatherings but little informal meetings are those where one gets to know others as sometimes more than named bodies recognizable by certain garments and stereotyped grins. One needs to know a persons with whom he could talk freely, learning what they think and feels in regard to other than the private matters which interest and should interest only his own family. Be sociable.

The sociable man loses his oddities and angles, his stupid prejudices and brutal intolerance. He acquires that desire to be liked which is a very powerful motive to be well conducted and likeable. Many intimate acquaintances teach him a great deal not to be learned otherwise. There is no reason to fear that the cultivation of intimacies may make one a mere gossip and scandal-monger; in fact, scandal and gossip are the diversions of friendlessness.

Canadian towns are somewhat afflicted by the English prejudice for extreme privacy. As some people build hideous high walls around their gardens, so would they enclose themselves from all association. But complete privacy is the breeding-place of cranks. High walls, material and moral, are appropriate surrounding of lunacy. Quite sane people accept the doctrine of the sage Aurelius, 'we are made for co-operation like the rows of teeth.' And for co-operation to the common good there is no preparation better than voluntary sociability.—*Toronto Globe.*

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.—Civilization has pushed its frontiers forward against barbarism from the time Rome conquered Spain and Gaul till now Imperial Russia is coterminous with China, Japan and India. The contest is now between the stagnant autocracy of Imperial Russia and the progressive sway of the English people. Japan, Corea, China, Afghanistan, Persia and the Turkish empire, are the debatable grounds over which these are now facing each other. Just as barbarism has been driven back in the past, so must imperialism in the future, where it comes in contact with the higher forms of civilization. The difficulty is that the Anglo-Saxon race is just now offered in all these countries a larger protectorate than in its divided state it is well able to assume. The Americans are fast gaining ground in Japan, the English in China, and India has been extended just beyond the Ganges. The Turkish empire is decidedly more barbarous than the Russian, but the Turkish empire as a British protectorate would be far more promising than a Russian satrapy. Lord Salisbury is said to have offered Turkey a qualified protectorate.

IS WATER FATTENING.—It has been observed that water is fattening, that those who drink large quantities of water have a tendency to fullness and rotundity. That there is considerable truth in this observation the Medical and Surgical Reporter fully substantiates. That excessive imbibition of very cold (ice) water, especially when one is very warm, is not to be commended, yet we have reason to believe that the unlimited use of pure spring water, at its natural temperature is not only very conducive to the health, but has a natural tendency to favor a fullness, roundness of body. Whether this is the result of a better action on the part of the digestive, assimilative and depurative functions owing to the internal cleanliness or flushing of the human sewers produced by large quantities of water, or whether water has some specific action in producing this fullness, we do not know neither does it signify, since observation confirms as a fact that the free use of water does have this effect.

ARE YOU THE MAN?

Truly "history repeats itself" In the fifteenth century the Romish church, the supreme authority in matters of law and morals, sold permits to wicked men to commit crimes, even murder, on the plea that as the church was powerless to prevent the commission of crime in all cases it was better to have knowledge in advance of the crime to be committed, thus having the criminal classes under the eye of the church (police).

To-day church members sell for money to wicked men, permission to commit or procure the commission of three-fourths of all the crimes that shadow the homes of America.

They license crime, just as Tetzal sold indulgences, for money, and the same excuse is given, "we can't suppress crime altogether, so it is better to license it and have it under the eye of the police."

Oh! shame upon our boasted civilization that to-day another uprising of the people is necessary to eradicate an evil similar to that which gave birth to protestanism centuries ago. Do you, sir, vote to license crime? Do you vote to license the saloon that is the admitted father of three-fourths of all the crime, of poverty, shame, remorse, all that makes life dark and hateful, that blots out the innocence of childhood with the inky stain of sin? Do not say that license lessens the evil, when you know it only raises a bulwark for the protection of the guilty.

Do not say that prohibition is impracticable, when it is already written in the pages of history that it is ten-fold more effective than any scheme yet devised! For proof, go to the people of Maine, who, after thirty years of trial, have planted it in their fundamental law as a fixed principle, "to go no more out forever."

There was a time when the efficacy of prohibitory laws was a problem unsolved, and admitting of doubt. To-day there is no doubt, and none but the willfully blind or indolently ignorant doubt that constitutional prohibition, backed by the political support of loyal men can wipe out the curse of rum and brighten with joy more than thrice ten thousand hopeless homes a year.

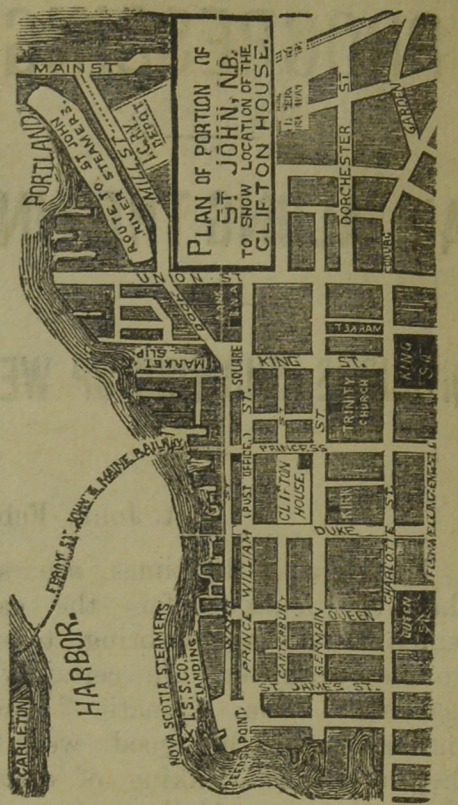
What is your duty? Do you love most your home or your party? Do you allow the horrified stage attitude of office seekers to absord all your sympathies you who never expect an office so that you cannot see the ghastly procession of criminals and their heart-broken widows and soul-starving children that your vote has made?

For God's sake, and for humanity's sake, wake up.—*New Republic*

A WORD TO DOCTORS.

Let it be supposed that in any given case when you have the choice you may administer alcohol, or you may administer something else, and let it be supposed that either will be in the particular instance a successful drug, because it may very often happen that you may have a choice between two modes of treatment. Let it be granted that there are such cases, then I say that on moral grounds it is better clearly that you should not administer the alcohol, because for all that you can see, by administering the alcohol you may be creating a taste which will do moral mischief incalculably great afterwards. You may have turned out your patient in better health than that in which he came in, you may have restored him to perfect health, but if, at the same time you have given him a taste for something which in his weakness, will one day ruin him body and soul, have you fulfilled your duty as a medical man?

Have you fulfilled your duty even if you stand upon the lowest possible ground? Is it right that you should run so terrible a risk, and the risk is undeniable? There cannot be any question that in many cases the prescription of alcohol has done very serious moral harm, even if it be granted that it has done no physical harm, even if it be granted that it was not wrong medically, it was certainly wrong in its moral results, and unless it can be shewn that the medical requirements of the case made it absolutely necessary to give the alcohol, it is quite clear that a very serious evil has been done with no corresponding benefit at all.—*The Bishop of London.*



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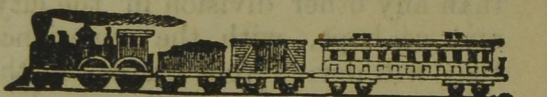
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EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John.
8.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.
10.50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrew's Houlton and Woodstock and St. John.
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

10.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.
2.40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor, and points West, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
5.50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and all points North.
7.30 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.
4.20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.
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J. E. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
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