

VANISHED HOURS.

Where are they gone, those dear dead days,
Those sweet past days of long ago,
Whose ghosts go floating to and fro
When evening leads up through her maze?
Where are they gone? Ah! who can tell?
Who weave once more that long-passed
spell?

They did exist when we were young,
We met our life with strength and trust,
We deemed all things were pure and just,
Nor knew life had a double tongue.
We lightly sang a happy song,
Nor dreamed our way could e'er be wrong.
And then all changed; as life went by,
The friend deceived, or bitter death,
Smiled as he drank our dear ones breath,
And would not let us also die.
Day followed day; as on they went
Each took some gift that life had sent.

Yet it was ours, that perfect past!
We did have days that knew not pain,
We once had friends that had not ta'en,
And flowers and song that could not last,
Were ours in that most blessed time,
When earth seemed Heaven's enchanted
clime.

And so I think, when lights burn low
And all the house is fast asleep,
From out a silence vast and deep
Those dear dead days were worshipped,
Breathe on us from their hidden store
Their long-lost peace, their faith once more.

God keep those dear old times; ah me!
Beyond our vision they may rest
Till on some perfect day and blest
Once more those dear dead days will be,
For death, who took all, may restore
The past we loved, to us once more.

-Ez.

Selected Serial.

The Wife's Engagement Ring.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER X.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

Down, down, slowly, step by step, into the valley of sorrow and humiliation. Up, up, slowly step by step, to the old heights. It was easier to go down than to struggle back; but Henry Donaldson is back again, thank God! Has he lost nothing? Ah, if we could answer No. Does a man fall among thieves and robbers, and escape without loss! He had been among thieves and robbers, and they had plundered him at will. But his life was saved; his strong active, self-reliant life—and that was the main thing.

He came home a little earlier than usual on the day of his formal admission into the firm of Oldham, Lee & Co., walking with a firmer step, and with his eyes lifted away from the ground where they had so long been inclined to rest. A beautiful woman stood looking out through the half-drawn curtains of one of the parlor windows, as he reached his own door, and at sight of him she bowed and smiled with a gentle courtesy. The smile he gave back was a shadow in comparison with the light that glowed in hers.

"Good-evening," he said, in a tone of repressed familiarity, as he entered the parlor, pausing at a short distance from the lady, with an air of deference, as of one standing in presence of a superior.

She turned with a gracious manner, still smiling; and dropping the curtain she had been holding back, stood looking at Donaldson with a pleased expression on her countenance. Then she offered him her hand, which he raised to his lips. Familiarity went no farther.

"Everything is so beautiful," she said, glancing about the room. "I came down to enjoy these pictures. I've been looking at this one ever so long."

It was a small painting of no particular merit; the subject, a child sleeping on a green shady bank.

The lady's face grew serious as she turned towards the side of the room where it hung.

"I had a baby once." The voice lost its light, happy tone, as she said this. Donaldson started and threw upon her a quick glance.

A dear little baby, just like that. I wonder—she drew her hand across her eyes and stood motionless.

"Isn't it strange! What was I saying?" She reached out her hand and caught hold of Donaldson's arm, as one who felt herself drifting from the land might catch at some object on the shore.

"You were speaking about the baby in the picture," he said.

"Oh, yes," the light coming back into her face again. "Isn't she lovely?"

"Very lovely indeed. Just like a living baby—your baby."

He paused, holding his breath. There came a swift change into her face, the eyes opening widely and fixing themselves in a frightened stare. But it passed as quickly as it came.

Annie, who had heard her father's step in the hall, entered the parlor at this moment. She had grown into a tall young maiden, and as you looked from her fair face to that of the more matured and stately lady who was standing by her father's side, you saw that they were mother and daughter; and yet, in their bearing towards each other, there was no sign of this near relationship.

"You are home earlier than usual, father dear," said Annie, as she drew her hand through Mr. Donaldson's arm and leaned her head against him.

"A little earlier," he answered, as he kissed her, "I have some good news to tell you."

"Good news! what is it? I like good news," she raised her head and looked at him.

"I'm a partner in our business from to-day."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Annie exclaimed.

"Glad! Glad about what?" asked the lady in a voice that caused both Annie and her father to turn and look at her in surprise. But the old placid expression which had left her face for an instant, was back into it again.

"We were looking at this charming picture before you came in," said Mr. Donaldson. "Did you ever see a more beautiful child?" Such rich golden hair! And the eyes—if they were open—I am sure you would find them as blue as April skies."

Mrs. Donaldson, for so we must call the lady, turned once more to the picture, and stood gazing at it intently.

"Alice! Alice!" she called in a hushed voice, bending forward; "Alice!"

Mr. Donaldson and Annie stood motionless, and with suspended breath. There followed a long silence. It was broken by Mrs. Donaldson, who said in her usual pleasant tone, out of which all emotion had departed;

"I want this picture taken to my room. It's charming!"

Promptly, at the expression of her wish, the picture was removed to her chamber. She watched the process with interest, giving directions where to hang it; and then, with a little wave of her hand, which was well understood, gave an intimation that she wished to be alone; at which Annie and her father retired.

"Have you observed anything unusual in your mother to-day?" asked Mr. Donaldson, as soon as they had left the room together.

Annie reflected for a moment, and then said:

"Now that you speak of it, I remember two or three things that did seem a little strange at the time."

"What were they?" her father asked, looking earnestly at Annie.

"She's been in the parlor oftener than usual, to-day. Once when I went in, I found her standing before the picture you've just taken to her room, and as she turned to me, I saw a new expression in her face; but it passed off so swiftly that I tried to think it was only a fancy."

"What was the expression like?"

"I can hardly say."

"What else did you notice?"

"She had Katy with her more than usual; and two or three times I saw her eyes fixed upon her with a curious gaze. Once she said:

"I knew a little Katy ever so long ago. She was my Katy. Did I ever tell you about her?"

"But she went off on something else a moment afterward. I don't know why the child did it; but she got up, and going to mother, said, as she leaned her arms upon her lap and looked up into her face.

"Tell me about her, won't you?"

"About who, pussy?" she asked, patting Katy's cheek.

"Your little Katy."

"What!" I saw a sober expression creep into her face.

"About your little Katy," the child said.

"I haven't any little Katy," she answered as a half-amused smile

broke over her face. What put that into your foolish young head?"

"Mother was quieter after this for a long while, and seemed to be thinking."

Mr. Donaldson drew a deep sigh. There had fallen upon him a strange pressure and suspense. He said nothing more to his daughter about the change in his fortunes. Things that lay nearer to his heart were in his thoughts.

Sometimes Mrs. Donaldson took her meals with the family, and sometimes had them served in her own room, as fancy or inclination dictated. The option was always left with her. On this evening, she chose to have her tea alone. When a servant went to remove the tea things, it was found that she had tasted nothing. She was sitting in a large arm-chair, in front of the picture which had been removed from the parlor, fast asleep. On report of this, Mr. Donaldson went up to his wife's apartment, entering noiselessly, and taking a seat close to where she still slept in her chair. One side of her face was laid against the cushioned back, leaving the other side, with the clear profile, exposed to view. The lips were shut softly together; the lashes lay still upon the rounded cheeks; the countenance was expressive of sweet repose.

Tears came into Mr. Donaldson's eyes as he sat looking at the sleeping face of his wife; all its old beauty restored. The love which, since he had regained his lost manhood, had never tired in its efforts to promote her happiness, was crying out for the recognition which had failed so long. How he yearned to take her in his arms, to hold her against his heart, to make her conscious of all he was living and doing for her sake! He had been almost content that she should live on in the world of her fancy, seeing that it was such a beautiful world, and so fully enjoyed; at least for a while, as some compensation for the dreary and sorrowful life she had known for so many years. But now he was able to make all her surroundings as comfortable and as luxurious as in their best days, he wanted her restored to him in her real, loving self. How he had longed and prayed for the return of her reason, watching for the smallest indication with an eagerness that never rested!

The sleep into which Mrs. Donaldson had fallen was very heavy. Nearly an hour passed, and still she gave no sign of waking. Annie came in, after awhile, stepping noiselessly, and stood looking at her mother for several moments. There was something almost oppressive in the air. As she turned and left the room, her father arose, following her into an adjoining chamber. They talked for a little while in repressed tones, then Annie went down-stairs to see after some household matter. She had scarcely reached the hall below when she was startled by a heavy jar in her mother's apartment, as if something had fallen. A moment after came a cry of distress from her father. Running up-stairs, she was in time to see him lifting the body of her mother from the floor. There was a cut on the forehead, which had struck against a bureau in falling, and the blood was flowing down over one side of the face.

Repressing a cry of terror that rose to her lips, Annie sprang forward and assisted to raise the insensible form of her mother and bear it to the bed. With cold water, and pressure above the wound, which was but slight, the flow of blood was soon checked; but there came no sign of returning animation. A physician was immediately summoned. He remained for two or three hours, doing all that he could to revive his patient, but she continued to lie in a heavy stupor, which did not pass off with the night. All the next day she remained in about the same condition. Her physician did not consider the brain as having sustained any injury, but could not account for the long-suspended consciousness. There was no apparent congestion of that organ.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Fierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels. By druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

"I have got done giving to the Lord; I pay," said a Christian lately at a dedication service.

Dr. E. Judson, N. Y., pastor of the Berean Baptist church, has three ordained ministers and one student for the ministry as his assistants. That looks like an approach toward the plurality of pastors which obtained in the apostolic churches.

J. A. Bostwick, a member of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, N. Y., is building a house of worship at his own expense costing \$80,000, to be held in trust by that church for fifty years as a mission station and then to become its property in fee simple.

A Mississippi Baptist church wished to put a stove in the house of worship; but a party of its members threatened to leave the church if it was done, and the church forbore to do it. We hardly know which betrayed the greater folly—the party that made the threats, or the church in being intimidated by them. —Chn. Index.

Dean Stanley, in his preparatory school, used to kneel down at his bedside in the midst of jeers from all quarters of the great apartment, and sometimes under missiles hurled at him from this corner or that, and offer his prayers as he did aforetime on his father's hearth. A shy boy, perhaps, never went into a rough public school; but in after life this man exhibited the same bravery to the very end that he manifested as a mere youth. His character in his public career, like that of many another scholar, was formed, in part, by the experience he had of standing up with vigor in defense of his moral ideals when he was in the preparatory school and in college.

"It is easier to convince a man against his senses than against his will." When a sick man has given Kidney-Wort a thorough trial, both will and senses join in unqualified approval of its curative qualities in all diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Among the wonderful products of art in the French Crystal Palace was shown a lock which admitted of 3,674,385 combinations. Heuret spent 120 nights in looking it, and Fichet was four months in unlocking it. After this, neither could shut or open it.

"Lydia E. Pinkham, whose benevolent face is shown in almost every paper we pick up, appears to have discovered what Addison calls 'The grand elixir, to support the spirits of human nature.' It is quite evident that she has the patent and has secured the contract for making over and improving the invalid corps of American Womanhood. —Globe.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood" and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful. "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Linctum in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the stomach and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 1y-13

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth, who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic, it is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. 1y-13

THE AVERAGE BOY

and a good-sized lump of maple candy, form the material from which we might deduct self-evident conclusions regarding the faculty with which attachments are formed in early life, when the circumstances are all favorable. Among other illustrations we might also particularize the case of the little fellow, who, as an inducement to his indulgent maternal relative to make an addition to customary dose of

Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion, suddenly brought the matter to a focus by exclaiming appealingly—"Just gimme one more teaspoonful and I'll go right to sleep."

Prepared solely by Hanington Bros., Pharmaceutical Chemists, St. John, N. B. For sale by druggists and general dealers. Price \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.

If you are unacquainted with "Penetrating" Liniment some neighbor who has used it will tell you of its merits. For sore throat, swollen tonsils, and any unnatural enlargement of the glands of the neck, a few applications is all that is necessary to effect a perfect cure. While Diphtheria is so prevalent it would be well for every family to have a bottle of "Penetrating" Liniment in the house, a timely use of which is a safeguard against the attacks of this terrible disease. For sale by druggists and general dealers in Canada.

No lady who delights in Flowers, and

likes to see them do well and bloom abundantly,

should be without Hanington's Food for

Flowers. Ordinary packages 30c.—sufficient

for 20 plants for one year.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILL

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any man who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills are equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MA.

DIPHTHERIA

GROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

MAKE HENS LA

L. L. SHARPE,

Watchmaker

and Jeweller,

No. 42 Dock Street.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

CHEAP FOR CASH.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY Repaired in a thorough manner and at reasonable rates. Remember the place,

No. 42 Dock Street.

JAMES McNICHOL & SON,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

And dealers in

Ready-Made Clothing.

MARKET SQUARE,

apls 1yr St. John, N. B.

Commercial Palace,

1883. OUR 1883

ANNUAL

Stock-Taking Sale

WILL COMMENCE

On Monday next

AN IMMENSE LOT OF GOODS, the accumulation from last year's business, will be offered, REGARDLESS OF COST.

UNUSUALLY GREAT BARGAINS WILL BE FOUND IN THE STOCK,

DRESS MATERIALS

of every description, have been seriously reduced. Every department will have its

BARGAINS!

FRENCH FLANNEL SUITINGS will be sold under Wholesale Prices.

An immense lot of REMNANTS, every of description, at mere nominal prices.

The remaining portion of MILLINERY, Mantles, Shawls and Fancy Goods, will be offered at Prices that must compel a sale.

COME EARLY AND SECURE FIRST CHOICE.

Jas. Manson

12 King Street.

NEW CARPETS!

Per English Steamers, via Halifax and Boston

80 PACKAGE

Containing—

BRUSSELS

Carpets,

in new and elegant designs: Tapestry Carpets, all grades, from 60 cents per yard, upwards, Wool Carpets in all qualities, Dutch, Java and Hemp Carpets, Napier, Cocoa and India matting. Also, English Oilcloths and Linoleums, cut to fit any size room or hall. American Oilcloths, all widths, from 45 cents per yard, upwards.

These Goods have not been placed in Bond, but are in my Warehouses ready for inspection, and intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to give us a call before making selections elsewhere. The Stock is without exception the largest and best assorted that has ever been exhibited in this city, and the quality of every article guaranteed to be as represented.

A. O. Skinner,

Doherty Building,

58 KING STREET

Special Announcement.

NEW GOODS.

SPRING, 1883

JAMES S. MAY,

Merchant Tailor,

Would announce to his Customers and the Public that he has opened a

Splendid Lot of Spring Goods

Consisting of ENGLISH and SCOTCH TWEED, FINE DIAGONALS, SPRING OVERCOATS, and a Large Variety of FANTASY GOODS, which have been selected with care, bought close and on the most favorable terms.

Cash Customers would find it to their advantage to call and examine.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY,

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFF, Cincinnati, O

dec137mo

C. & E. EVERETT

11 King Street.

Have just received from the principal

factories of Europe, United States and

their spring stock consisting in part of

150 cases of black soft wool hats, 65 cases of

fur hats, 50 cases of soft wool hats, 100

col'd soft fur hats, 140 cases of men and

straw hats, 400 doz English stiff hats,

American hats, 200 doz. Glengarry caps,

cloth caps, 60 doz. Alma caps, 24 doz

The above Goods were purchased at

tom prices for Cash and will be sold at

advance for Cash or approved credit.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

5000 FLORES DE REISUM DE ORO;

5,000 Londres de Corte Agulla de Oro;

5,000 Concha Flores La Gloria;

5,000 Londreco El Morro;

5,000 Londrinos Germania;

5,000 Concha Lafayette;

5,000 Ranales Flor de Bunto;

5,000 Regalia de Rana Ynelaw;

10,000 "De Company of

10,000 La Yladiola;

15,000 Anatos;

10,000 Londris Divan La Diva;

10,000 Romeo and Juliet Londries;

10,000 La Catholie;

5,000 Windsor;

40,000 Henry Clay Concha;

20,000 Kings;

20,000 La Africana;

50,000 Royal Owl Cigarettes;

20,000 Vegueros Cerochos.

Will sell low to the trade for cash.

Taylor & Dockrill

84 King Street

apl261yr

Caledonia Coal

FRESH MINED AND WELL SCREENED

DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE

OR PORTLAND, at

\$6.50 Per Imperial Chald

RILEY & MASTERS

OFFICES: 39 Brunswick Street, (op

Simms' Brush Factory) and Corn

ney and Main Streets Lower Co