

POETRY.

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE.

There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful!
When human kind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful.
Before a love for rolling gold
Became man's ruling passion
And before each maid and maid became
Slave to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense
And plety all support;
They could take and brew, and had taught
School, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown
bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather:
When the flower sang to the summer dawn
Of the bee in his billowy choir,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Rehobed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, but we pine again
For that precious gaze, God gave us!
So we dream and dream of the good old
times,
And our hearts grow tender, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing
gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER I.

THE "LION" OF PARS.

"That was an oversight, certainly," replied the count. "But tell me, does the Count de Morcerf never visit the opera? I have been looking for him, but without success."
"He will be here to-night, in the baroness's box, I believe."
"Is the charming young female with her—her daughter?"
"Yes."—"Indeed! then I congratulate you," Morcerf smiled. He did not pursue the subject, and Monte-Cristo himself fell into a silent reverie. The bell rang at this moment for the raising of the curtain.
"You will excuse my leaving you," said the count. "I pray everything to the Countess G— on the part of her friend, the Vampire."
"And what message shall I convey to the baroness?"
"That, with her permission, I propose doing myself the honor of paying my respects in the course of the evening."
The third act had now commenced; and during its progress the Count de Morcerf, according to promise, made his appearance in the box of Madame Danglars. The Count de Morcerf was not one of those persons whose aspect would create either interest or curiosity in a place of public amusement; his presence, therefore, was wholly unnoticed, save by the occupants of the box in which he had just seated himself. The quick eye of Monte-Cristo, however, marked his coming; and a slight though meaning smile passed over his lips as he did so.
The third act passed off as usual. The count proceeded, on the opening of the fourth, to Madame Danglars, who could scarcely restrain a cry of mingled pleasure and surprise.
"Welcome, my lord!" exclaimed she, as he entered. "I have been most anxious to see you, and might repeat verbally those thanks writing can so ill express."
"Surely so trifling a circumstance cannot deserve a place in your remembrance. Believe me, madam, I had entirely forgotten it."
"But it is not so easy to forget, that the very day following the one in which you kindly prevented my disappointment respecting the horses, you saved the life of my dear friend, Madame de Villefort, which I had placed in danger by lending her the very valuable you generously restored to me."
"This time, at least, I cannot accept of your flattering acknowledgments. In the latter affair you owe me nothing. All my Arabian slaves, and Madame Danglars' individual who enjoyed the privilege of rendering to your friend the trifling assistance you allude to."
"Was it all?" asked the Count de Morcerf, "who rescued my son from the hands of bandits?"
"No, M. le Comte," replied Monte-Cristo, "prossing with friendly warmth the hand held out to him by the general; 'in this instance I may fairly and freely accept your thanks; but you have already tendered them and fully discharged your debt—if indeed there existed one—and I feel almost mortified to find you still revert to the trifling aid I was able to render you.—May I beg of you, Madam, to honor me with an introduction to your charming daughter?"
"Oh! you are no stranger—at least not by name," replied Madame Danglars, "and the last two or three days we have really talked of nothing else but yourself. Eugenie," continued the baroness, turning towards her daughter, "the Countess de Monte-Cristo." The count bowed, while Madeleine Danglars returned a slight inclination of the head.
"You have a charming young person with you to-night, Count," said Eugenie. "Your daughter, I presume?"
"No, indeed," said Monte-Cristo, astonished at the coolness and freedom of the question. "The female you allude to is a poor unfortunate Greek left under my care."
"And what is her name?"
"Haydee," replied Monte-Cristo.
"A Greek?" murmured Count de Morcerf.
"Yes, indeed, count," said Madame Danglars; "and tell me, did you ever see at the court of All Tobin, whom you so gloriously and valiantly served, a more exquisite beauty or richer costume than is displayed in the fair Greek before us?"
"Did I hear rightly, M. le Comte," said Monte-Cristo, "that you served at Junina's?"
"I was inspector-general of the pasha's troops," replied Morcerf, "and I seek not to conceal that I owe my fortune such as it is, to the liberality of the illustrious Albanese chief."
Albert shook his head, and looked thoughtful.
"There is still something else," said he. "I confess," observed Monte-Cristo, "that I have some difficulty in comprehending your objection to a young lady who is both rich and beautiful."
"Oh! said Morcerf, "this repugnance, if repugnance it may be called, is not all on my side."
"When can it arise then for you to tell me your father desired the marriage?"
"My mother is the dissenting voice; she has a clear and penetrating judgment, and does not smile on the proposed union. I cannot account for it, but she seems to

entertain some prejudice against the Danglars."
"Ah!" said the count, in a somewhat forced tone "that may be easily explained; the Countess de Morcerf, aristocracy and refinement itself, does not relish the idea of being allied by your marriage with one of ignoble birth; that is natural enough."
"I do not know if that is her reason," said Albert; "but one thing I do know, that if this marriage be consummated, it will render her quite miserable. There was to have been a meeting six weeks ago in order to talk over and settle the affair; but I had such a sudden attack of indisposition—"

"Real?" interrupted the count, smiling.
"Oh, real enough, from anxiety doubtless, that they postponed the rendezvous for two months longer. There is no hurry, you know. I am not yet twenty-one, and Eugenie is only seventeen years of age; but the two months expire next week. It must be done. My dear count, you cannot imagine how my mind is harassed. You will give me your advice, will you not? I am possibly a victim to some unpleasant position; I think rather than give pain to my excellent mother, I would run the risk of offending the count."
Monte-Cristo turned away; he seemed moved by this last remark. "Ah!" said he to Debray, who had taken the opportunity to enter the room, and who held a pencil in his right hand and an account book in his left, "what are you doing there? are you making a sketch after Foucault?"
"No, no! I am doing something of a very opposite nature to painting. I am engaged with arithmetic."
"Arithmetic!"
"Yes; I am calculating—by the way, Morcerf, that indirectly concerns you—an calculating what the house of Danglars must have gained by the last rise in Haiti stock; from 206 they have risen to 409 in three days, and the prudent banker had purchased at 206, therefore he must have made 300,000 livres."
"That is not his best stroke of policy," said Morcerf; "did he not gain a million from the Spaniards last year?"
"My dear fellow," said Lucien, "here is the Count of Monte-Cristo, who will say to you, as the Italians do,—
"Donar e sanita, meta della meta."
When they tell me such things, I only shrug my shoulders and say nothing."
"But you were speaking of Haiti?" said Monte-Cristo.
"Ah, Haiti!—that is quite another thing! Haiti is the carte de French stock-jobbing. They may like la bouillotte, which in which, he embraced with the best, and yet grew tired of it; but they always come back to cartee—that is the game par excellence. M. Danglars sold yesterday at 405, and pockets 300,000 francs. Had he not waited until today, the stock had fallen to 385, and instead of gaining 300,000 francs, he would have lost 20 or 35,000."
"And what has caused the sudden fall from 409 to 206?" asked Monte-Cristo.
"I am profoundly ignorant of all these stock-jobbing intrigues emanated from the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin. In short, Madame Danglars, not being able personally to examine in detail the domestic economy and household arrangements of a man who gave away horses worth 30,000 francs, and who went to the opera with a Greek slave wearing diamonds to the amount of a million of francs, had deputed those eyes, by which she was accustomed to see, to give her a faithful account of the mode of life of this incompetent individual. But the count did not appear to suspect there could be the slightest connection between Lucien's visit and the baroness's curiosity."
"You are in constant communication then, with the Barons Danglars?" inquired the count of Albert de Morcerf.
"Yes, count, you know what I told you?"
"All remains the same, then, in that quarter?"
"It is more than ever a settled thing. I am not more than a few days ago, but mark was all that he was at that time called upon to make, he adjusted the scale of his eye, and sucking the top of his gold headed cane, began to make the tour of the apartment, examining the arms and pictures."
"Ah!" said Monte-Cristo, "I do not expect the affair would be so promptly concluded."
"Oh, things take their course without our assistance; whilst we are forgetting them, they are selling in their appointed order, and when, again, our attention is directed to them, we are surprised at the progress they have made towards the proposed end. My father and M. Danglars served together in Spain, my father in the army and M. Danglars in the commissariat department. It was there that my father, ruined by the revolution, and M. Danglars, who never had possessed any patrimony, both laid the foundations of their different fortunes."
"No," said Monte-Cristo, "I think M. Danglars mentioned that in a visit which I paid him; and" continued he, casting a side glance at Lucien, who was turning over the leaves of an album, "is Madame Eugenie pretty—for I think I remember that to be her name?"
"Very pretty, or rather, very beautiful," replied Albert, "but of that style of beauty which I do not appreciate; I am an ungrateful fellow."
"You speak as if you were already her husband."
"Ah!" returned Albert in his turn looking round to see what Lucien was doing.
"Really," said Monte-Cristo, lowering his voice, "you do not appear to me to be very enthusiastic on the subject of this marriage."
"Madeleine Danglars is too rich for me," replied Morcerf, "and that frightens me."
"Bah!" exclaimed Monte-Cristo, "that is a fine reason to give. Are you not rich yourself?"
"My father's income is about 50,000 francs per annum; and he will give me, perhaps, ten or twelve thousand when I marry."
"That, perhaps, might not be considered a large sum, in Paris especially," said the count; "but everything does not depend on wealth, and it is a fine thing to have a good name, and to occupy a high station in society. Your name is celebrated, your position magnificent; and then the Count de Morcerf is a soldier, and it is pleasing to see the integrity of a Bayard united to the poverty of a Duguesclin; disinterestedness is the brightest ray in which a noble sword can shine. As for me, I consider the union with Madeleine Danglars a most suitable one; she will enrich you, and you will ennoble her."
Albert shook his head, and looked thoughtful.
"There is still something else," said he. "I confess," observed Monte-Cristo, "that I have some difficulty in comprehending your objection to a young lady who is both rich and beautiful."
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"When can it arise then for you to tell me your father desired the marriage?"
"My mother is the dissenting voice; she has a clear and penetrating judgment, and does not smile on the proposed union. I cannot account for it, but she seems to

behold, then, uttering a faint cry, threw herself back in her seat. The sound that burst from the agitated Greek quickly reached the ear of the watchful Albert, who instantly opened the box-door to ascertain the cause. "Bless me!" exclaimed Eugenie, "what has happened to your ward? she seems taken suddenly ill!"
"Very probably!" answered the count. "Do not be alarmed on her account! Haydee's nervous system is delicately organized, and she is peculiarly susceptible of the odors of flowers—nay, there are some which cause her to faint if brought into her presence. However," continued Monte-Cristo, drawing a small phial from his pocket, "I have an infallible remedy for such attacks." So saying, he bowed to the baroness and her daughter, exchanged a parting shake of the hand with Debray and the count, and quitted for the box. Upon his return to Haydee, he found her extremely pale and much agitated. Directly she saw him she seized his hand, while in his coldness she made Monte-Cristo start. "With whom was my lord conversing a few minutes since?" asked she, in a trembling voice.
"With the Count de Morcerf," answered Monte-Cristo. "He tells me he served your illustrious father, and that he owes his fortune to him!"
"Base, cowardly traitor, that he is!" exclaimed Haydee, her eyes flashing with rage; "he it was who sold my beloved parent to the Turks, and the fortune he boasts of was the price of his treachery! Knowest thou not that my dear lord?"
"Something of this I heard in Ephesus," said Monte-Cristo; "but the particulars are still unknown to me. You shall relate them to me, my child. There are, no doubt, both curious and interesting."
"Yes, yes! but let us go hence, I beseech you. I feel as though it would kill me to remain longer near that dreadful man." So saying, Haydee arose, and wrapping herself in her white cashmere cloak, embroidered with pearls and coral, she hastily quitted the box at the moment when the curtain was rising upon the fourth act.

CHAPTER II.
THE RISE AND FALL OF THE STOCKS.
Some days after this meeting, Albert de Morcerf and Monte-Cristo sat at his home in the Change Elysees, which had already assumed that palatial appearance which the count's princely fortune enabled him to give even to his most temporary residences. He came to renew the thanks of Madame Danglars which had been already conveyed to the count through the medium of a letter signed "Baronne Danglars, nee Hermine de Seruville." Albert was accompanied by Lucien Debray, who, joining in his friend's commendations, added some passing compliments, the source of which the count's talent for finesse easily enabled him to guess. He was convinced that Lucien's visit to him was to be attributed to a double feeling of curiosity, the larger half of which sentiment emanated from the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin. In short, Madame Danglars, not being able personally to examine in detail the domestic economy and household arrangements of a man who gave away horses worth 30,000 francs, and who went to the opera with a Greek slave wearing diamonds to the amount of a million of francs, had deputed those eyes, by which she was accustomed to see, to give her a faithful account of the mode of life of this incompetent individual. But the count did not appear to suspect there could be the slightest connection between Lucien's visit and the baroness's curiosity.
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"My mother is the dissenting voice; she has a clear and penetrating judgment, and does not smile on the proposed union. I cannot account for it, but she seems to

will he would not advance another cent. It was awful to see him ragen when Stockton was put in leader. The only friends I have now are you, Pinder and McNally. I can't trust Black, he would do anything for me anyway. I tried to catch Geo. Kitchen but he was a little to sharp for me. The old boss at Maryville and the late John Packer bought the press I am using. I stack Gibson sick and clear. There was to much decency about him to deal with me. He trusted to my manhood and I hav'nt any, a clear sum of \$1100, and then I gave a bill of sale on a press that I never owned. I had Fred Thompson for he looked after the Packer estate and made me anti up."
"What about the O'Brien, Robinson business?"
"Oh that is all bluff. I thought that they would buy me off, but they won't. They felt that that they have not violated any law and they will stand the test. I thought I had struck something rich when I went for them but it was dirty and failed."
"You were up to see Geo. Colter a few days since, what did he do for you?"
"Nothing, he looked as black as a thunder cloud when I met him! He knows that quite a bit of his money went into my hands at the last election, and that I didn't pay out a cent; even jumped my board bill."
"Where is the opposition then in the county?"
"All you see of it is here, me and you. Why Jevett came in to-day from the county and says there is no opposition; he could't get one subscription for the Gleamer while THE HERALD is in every house. I'm done, broke disgusted," and here he broke down completely, his sobe reaching the outer air as he silently withdrew.

PREFERENTIAL TRADE.
Prefential trade properly consists in giving the preference to Burdock Blood Bitters when seeking for a cure for constipation, dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, jaundice, scrofula, poisonous humors, bad blood, rheumatism, or kidney complaint. It is the true cure, and has cured cases which had resisted all other treatment.
Prof. Scope—Yes, my dear Mrs. Malapp, men may live on Mars, but it would be impossible for anything on Mercury. Mrs. Nalapp—Oh, now, Professor, you say that because you have never tried to exterminate bad bugs with it.

UP TO DATE.
Facts, statistics, information, things useful to know, the biggest and best budget of knowledge, reliable and up to date will be found in a new publication, "Facts and Figures," just issued by Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., of Toronto, Ont. Our readers can obtain it by addressing the above firm and enclosing a three cent stamp.
"I am banking on you," as the farmer said as he proceeded to till up his potatoes.
RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South America Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 Cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

A BIT OF HISTORY.
Truthful James and Will witness Discuss the Situation.
Truthful James was sitting in a back room of a three story building in the alley. His head was bowed on his arms and he looked morose. Little dependence is to be placed on the count, since you are at the fountain head, surely you ought to prevent it," said Morcerf with a smile.
"How can I, if her husband falls in controlling her?" asked Lucien, you know the character of the baroness—no one has any influence with her, and she does precisely what she pleases."
"Ah, if I were in your place," said Albert.
"Well?"
"I would reform her; it would be rendering a service to her future son-in-law."
"How would you set about it?"
"Ah, that would be easy enough—I would give her a lesson."
"A lesson?"
"Yes. Your position as secretary to the minister renders your authority great on the subject of political news; you never open your month but the stock-brokers immediately stoppage you words. Cause her to lose two or three thousand francs in a short space of time, and that would teach her prudence."
"I do not understand," stammered Lucien.
"It is very clear, notwithstanding," replied the young man, with a voice totally free from all affectation; "tell her some fine morning of an unheard of piece of intelligence—some telegraphic despatch, of which you alone are in possession; for instance, that Henry IV. was seen yesterday at the house of Gabrielle. That will cause the funds to rise; she will certainly lose when Beauchamp announces the following day, in his gazette. The report which has been circulated by some individuals, stating the king to have been seen yesterday at Gabrielle's house, is totally without foundation. You can positively assert that his majesty did not quit the Pont-Neuf."
"The report which has been circulated by some individuals, stating the king to have been seen yesterday at Gabrielle's house, is totally without foundation. You can positively assert that his majesty did not quit the Pont-Neuf."
"Do you not think, on reflection," said he to him, "that you have done wrong in thus speaking of your mother-in-law in the presence of M. Debray?"
"M. le Comte," said Morcerf, "I beg of you not to apply that title so prematurely."
"Now, speaking without any exaggeration, is your mother really so very much averse to the marriage?"
"So much so that the baroness very rarely comes to the house, and my mother has not, I think, visited Madame Danglars twice in her whole life."

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.
A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL FAT DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT TERRIBLE FLESH PRODUCER, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK—ENJOYED BY PHYSICIANS—SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS, SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00.

"August Flower"

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no older than the bigger, older, halder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brief. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right—alongs—it cures Dyspepsia.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES, RIZINES, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES

TERRA COTTA PIPE.
1651 PIECES
Cotta, Cotta, Pipe.

JAMES S. NEILL
BOYCE BROTHERS.
Next store above Mr. Hodge's,
IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE:

1,000 BURELL White and Black Feed
Largest Meal, Prime Middlings and Coarse Bran in bags, direct from the mills. Also, Barley and Stockfeed for sale in town. A few barrels of good Flour from home grown Wheat. Champion Swede Turnip Seed, etc. Fried Hay and Straw.

JAMES S. NEILL
WALL PAPERS.
MCMURRAY & CO. will offer on MONDAY next, March 21st, over
20,000 ROLLS WALL PAPER.
Having purchased the stock in trade of Mr. E. B. Nixon, at a very low price, consisting of
Fine Bronzes, Gilts and Plain Papers,
Together with the balance of our own stock we will sell at **PRICES** lower than ever offered in this city. The stock must be sold to make room for our NEW PAPERS to arrive in a few days.
MCMURRAY & CO.
P. S.—On hand a large stock of Window Shades, Plain and Fancy, at lowest prices.
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G. T. WHELPLEY.
Has just received 8000 Bushels extra quality
FEEDING - OATS.
To arrive one carload
FLOUR AND FEED.
Always in stock, and at low prices.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 Queen Street, FREDERICTON.
THE GLOBE
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Assets, Jan. 1st, 1889, \$30,722,800.50
Assets in Canada, " 870,825.87
Now landing per schooner Etolia B,
1651 PIECES
Cotta, Cotta, Pipe.

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R. C. MACREDIE,
Plumber, Gas Fitter,
TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has removed his business on Queen Street, to
OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including
ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING,
Speaking Tubes &c.

(CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT!)
A FOUNTAIN PEN.
None of your twenty-five cent arrangements, but a good
CAW'S

FOUNTAIN PEN.
You had better call at
HALL'S,
And get one.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.
Just Received from Glasgow.
5000 A SHEET'S Fire Bricks, 30 Bags Fire Clay.
For sale by
JAMES S. NEILL.

HARD COAL.
800 TONS to arrive and now on the way ex. Best "Mary George," "Valais,"
SUPERIOR QUALITY OF ANTHRACITE,
Is Broken Egg, Stone and Chestnut sizes.

E. H. ALLEN,
Campbell St. above City Hall.
ALABASTINE.
JUST RECEIVED: 6 sizes of Alabastine, different shades all ready to mix in cold water. No boiling or hot water needed. This is without a doubt an improvement on the old style. Try it.
For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & BONS.

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Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service at St. John's Road, Kirkcaldy, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from a rheumatic affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable. They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia, the rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never be cured. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door I was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and happy, and have had no return of the trouble."
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