

POETRY.

GRANDMOTHER'S LETTER.

"A letter for Grandma, Jamie, Who can it be from, my dear? For I have had no letters For many a long, long year. Here Kate, you must read it, My 'spec' I've left somewhere, An' I guess it holds no secrets But I can let you share. "Now Jamie, you and your brother Run out to the yard, and play, For I shan't hear if you stay here The half that he will say. Just turn the key in the door dear, To keep the weasels out, Then sit down here beside me, An' read me all about "What the stranger in this letter Has got to say to me,— To save my life I cannot think From where or who it can be!" And pretty, blue-eyed Katie Drew her low chair near To grandma's by the window, Through which the sun shone clear, Tore open the yellow envelope, The letter did unfold, Disclosing a noble bank note, And a tress of hair, like gold. Grandmother took her treasures, Speechless with glad surprise, And held them fast with trembling hands, While great tears filled her eyes. Then she began the letter, Read every word it said,— 'Twas from her wayward firstborn, Whom long she'd mourned as dead;— Yes, from her own boy, William, Her oldest darling child, A noble son and loving son, But reckless, brave and wild,— Who had run away in boyhood, Had shipped, and gone to sea, In a staunch old whaling vessel, The long-lost Nancy Lee. He was married now, he told her, And the little golden curl, Headed clip from the head of her namesake His only little girl. Now, after years of absence He was coming home again, Coming with wife and daughter To live with her and her mother, Why he had never written A line in all these years,— Coming home a rich man To kiss away her tears; To drive the wolf from the threshold, To gladden her life so lone, To father his sister's orphans As though they were his own. Her tears fall faster and faster— And great sobs shake her frame— For years has her life been burdened With care and poverty's shame; For years has she toiled and struggled To keep the little home, And the orphaned folk together, But the time was soon to come When the home would be theirs no longer For a mortgage given one day, Was nearing its sad foreclosure— Taking their all away. In the lonely midnight watches She had often asked her Lord To save them from the almshouse, Could he hear her prayers have heard?— Now, all would soon be lifted Off from her shoulders old, For William is coming home wealthy, And the old home will be sold. (E. B. Lowe in Portland Transcript.)

SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS.

CHAPTER VI.

The little gift time piece was striking ten when Captain Beamish moved forward to welcome the guest of whom he and his wife had been talking. Sir Cyril was not the earliest arrival; one or two men were already standing about smoking cigarettes while they chatted. Nessa moved forward, then suddenly stood still, her arms falling to her sides. "Yes, I was at supper with him; he asked for you. I say, how do you think he is carrying those diamonds?" "I don't know." "You thought he might bring you a letter from Nessa, didn't you, mother?" "Yes." "You are always looking out for a letter from her, aren't you?" "Yes, Tom." "Well, why doesn't she write?" "That is what I cannot tell,—captain Ernestine." "Mrs. Mabin said, speaking to herself rather than to the boy beside her, 'I fear she is ill. Oh, is that you, Floxy? How nervous you are, Charlotte.' "How nervous you are, Charlotte," cried Ernestine, approaching the window. Talking about Ernestine again! I believe you think of nothing else; for my part I see nothing extraordinary in her behaviour. She is well off and we are poor; she wants to drop the connection. I dare say that I should do the same myself." "You would!" said Tom with an uncomplimentary emphasis upon the un- "The last letter," continued Floxy, argumentatively, "that we received from them was from Captain Beamish to papa. It was clear enough. Papa had been applying to him for a loan, and Captain Beamish replied that to write him darning letters was utterly useless, that his income was barely enough to cover his own expenses, and that he should not trouble in future to answer such impossible demands. As Ernestine was so delicate, he must spend the rest of the winter in the south; and then he omitted to tell us the address. To me it is all clear as daylight; he found that Tina's relations were likely to prove a plague, and he took the most effectual means of shaking us off." "Oh, it is strange! I cannot understand it," Mrs. Mabin cried. "I dare say I am weak and foolish but I can't help worrying and wondering. I dream of her at night, and I always dream that she is ill." This April morning, fair here in England, was fairer still in Italy; but the sunshine, the soft air, the perfume of spring flowers did not reach Ernestine, whose head she sat alone with her head buried in her hands. High up on a lonely hillside, looking down on the blue Mediterranean was an old ruined castle. It had little pretension to architectural beauty, and its age in a land where the old was not great enough to give it a high market value. Captain Beamish had bought it for a mere trifle. Captain Beamish was much pitted in the little town that lay in the valley, struggling along beside the sea. Every one knew that the English lady, whom the doctor climbed the hill every day to see, was dying. Nothing could save her. A doctor had come all the way from Naples to see her, but he could only shake his head and say that the little doctor of the little town had said. The lady—so young! so pretty!—was dying of consumption; and could only live a few weeks longer. The doctor had just paid his daily visit. Captain Beamish lingered a few minutes in the garden, whether he had accompanied him, then turned slowly back in the house. A voice called to him from somewhere in the distance; he went in answer to the summons, through a tortuous passage to a

cool, shady stone-paved, stone-walled little room where an old woman was seated cutting vegetables. "What does the doctor say?" she asked in an unemotional voice. "What he always says. She is a little weaker than yesterday. The end may come now at any time." "Well, well, I wouldn't wish to shorten Besta's life; she's my only son's only child, and one has a sort of feeling for one's own; but as it has to be—well, it has to be; and when it's over I shan't be unthankful." "That's a sensible way to look at it," observed Beamish approvingly. "Have you seen Nessa to-day?" "Yes." "Well?" "She is excited," the old woman returned, shrugging her fat shoulders. "She clung to my knees and would not let me move, and she begged and implored me to take her with me. She said she should go mad if she was left alone there for another day and night, and she cried like a creature mad already." "Give me the key; I'll go down and see her." An iron-studded door opened upon a flight of time worn, crumbling stone steps. The old woman lit a candle and brought it to Beamish, who stood at the top of the steps waiting and looking down into the darkness. Candle in hand he descended, passed through the subterranean stone-walled passage, and finally passed before another door, high up in which was a tiny iron-barred grating. The key turned rustily in the lock, and he entered the small cold dark vault within. The candle light showed four bare black walls, a rough stone paved floor, a narrow bed in one corner, a wooden table, a wooden chair. A woman in a thin dress was sitting on the bed, her bright hair falling about her bent figure, her hands clasped in prayer. She raised her white face, the dim candle light seemed to brighten a glare for her eyes, and she passed her hands over them in a dazed way. Beamish seated himself on the chair, creeling stretching her for an instant without speaking. "Liking your lodging better, Nessa?" he asked at length. She looked at him in silence—the silence of utter hopelessness. "Do you repent of your obstinacy? I give you more—the last. Swear that you will not betray what you know about that diamond robbery and you are free." "You know that I cannot swear that. If I took the oath I should break it." "Very well. That's final. Your devotion to Linda is wonderful." "Mrs. Mabin's second son, Ernestine, cannot repay his generosity by business," she returned with a flash of passion. "He thinks that I wrote that letter, that treacherous letter which led him into the hands of your confederates. He thinks that I was under a mistake idea that I am anxious and unhappy and beset by difficulties. By-the-by, you saw the pretty yellow haired girl who lives upstairs?" "Old Anita's daughter? I saw her." "She is dying of consumption. She will live a few days longer. The doctor comes every day to see her. A second doctor came last week from Naples to add the weight of his skill to trying to prolong her life— "Why do you tell me this?" "Wait. Do you know the name by which the doctors know her? She is to them and to all the little world round here, Ernestine Beamish, my wife. In a day or two, or less, when she dies, Ernestine Beamish will be dead—do you understand? The doctors will give me a certificate of death, my dear, and sympathize with me in my bereavement; I shall write to your father and beg him to come but when he comes the funeral will be over. Old Anita, the doctors, everyone will be saying that she actually was done to save her life, and your father will go back again satisfied and not inconsolable." Ernestine had risen from her seat, and was standing erect but tremulous, her face blanched with horror, her eyes large with some frightful thought, her thin lips tightly and painfully clasped together. "And I—where shall I be?" "Here." A little cry escaped her; she came a step or two nearer, raising both her hands to her brow, and pushing back her wealth of hair. "You would not keep me here forever?" "Why not?" "Again she made a half moaning, half cry of despair. "Percy, have you no pity, no mercy?" "Have you no pity, no mercy?" "Why should I study yours?" "The blackness!—the loneliness!—the horror of this silence and darkness!—oh, Percy, find some other place to put me—find some other place to put me—find some other place to put me—I shall go mad if you keep me here!" TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH. Eleven Mutilated Sepoys Hurled Into Hell. LONDON, Oct. 8.—A dispatch to The Times from Calcutta says that serious disturbances occurred at Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, previous to the arrival there of the mission under the command of Sir Mortimer Durand. The assistant commander-in-chief, it appears, a Sepoy of the Serit regiment, upon which the regiment became terribly enraged, loaded their rifles and fired a volley, killing the assistant commander-in-chief. A terrible disturbance followed. The mutinous Sepoys fled from Cabul, but were pursued and captured by the Ameer's royal troops. A number of the mutinous Sepoys were tried by court-martial, and eleven of them were sentenced to be blown to pieces from field guns, which sentence was promptly carried into effect. All the troops at Cabul were thrown into a state of excitement by the execution of the 11 Sepoys, and it was found necessary previous to the arrival of the Durand mission to make all the Ameer's troops swear on the Koran to behave well in view of the coming of the British mission. But the disturbance does not seem to be at an end, as Gen. Farnham Khan has been arrested, and the governor of Herat has been ordered to make further arrests. LOOK HERE. Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will afford certain and speedy relief? If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Nervine never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps, headache, rheumatism, and all internal or external pains. J. B. Carman, druggist, Morrisburg, writes: "All the parties I supply speak very favorably of Nervine, and always purchase a second bottle." Dr. Williams' Nervine is sold in bottles at 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere. Friend—Well, Tom, now that you've started to school, what do you like best? Tommy—Recess. FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. WISLOW'S SCOTCH EMULSION has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. WISLOW'S SCOTCH EMULSION" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, it cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach, and cures Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. WISLOW'S SCOTCH EMULSION" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the best London medical physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WISLOW'S SCOTCH EMULSION." He—How do you like Lord Foppington, Miss Barrow? Miss Barrow—Not at all. He can't pronounce his P's and I don't best being addressed as Miss Barrow. A GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY SAY: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physicians first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure." Mabel—What makes you think you are a Christian? Blanche—Well, last night when Fred snacked me on one cheek I turned to him the other. ARE YOU DEAF? Do you suffer from noises in the head? Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home care which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. Chase, Orillia, Ont.—13 w. Mrs. Scudwell—Never once since the day of our marriage has my husband come home intoxicated. Mrs. Colpel—What an exemplary man! I suppose he stays away until he has sobered up, if it takes a week. Dr. Arthur F. Abbott, 50 Main street, Waterville, Me., U. S. A., says: "I have received great benefit on several occasions from the use of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, and can heartily recommend its use to any one requiring a bracing and invigorating Tonic." A CYNIC. Miss Gunnington—Why don't you follow Ruskin's suggestion and write a novel which doesn't stop at the marriage of a couple, but goes right on? Old Bachelor Author—No use; no publisher would print it. Oh, the publishers nowadays insist that every novel must end pleasantly. Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American 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, Mack & Co. The Earnest Youth.—I thank you, sir, for your kind permission to call on your daughter. Remember that I turn out the gas at 10 o'clock. All right, sir; I'll not come before that time. Mr. S. S. Hall, of the well known firm of Hall and Fairweather, St. John, N. B., writes: "The Hawker Medicine Co. (Ld.) St. John, Gentlemen:—I have found most excellent results on several occasions from the use of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, and heartily recommend it as a most valuable restorative tonic and appetizer. S. S. HALL. Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animal, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co. Yellowly—Edison thinks the future may be able to go without sleep. Bromley (who is having an experience with his first baby)—The future man! Bless you, the present man does now. English Spavin Lincture removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Swellings from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Bleemish Cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co. Do you take this man for better or for worse? asked the minister. I can't tell until I have had him for a little while returned the bride.

Chronic Coughs and Shortness of Breath. Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles should resort to that Most Excellent Remedy, Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. No other preparation effects such cures. CAUTION.—Beware of substitutes. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, New York. Sold by all druggists. One and 1/2.

NEW DRUG STORE, 2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK, QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON. Having severed my connection with the firm of DAVIS STAPLES & CO., I have opened up business on my own account, in the store formerly occupied by the CANADIAN Express Company, two doors below People's Bank. With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the business of the late firm for thirteen years, I feel with every confidence that I can fully meet the requirements of my friends and the public generally. Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES, April 29, 1893. Executor's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executor of the last will and testament of the late John A. Morrison. All persons indebted to said Estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having any legal claims against said Estate are requested to present the same to me duly attested to within three months from this date. FRANK K. MORRISON, Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison. June 19, 1893. MIXED PAINTS. I have received several cases Ready Mixed Paints, all of the popular colors in one and two pound cans, quarts, half and one gallon tins. They are easily applied and dry quickly. Very handy for house keepers who have painting to do. Call and get one of our sample cards. R. CHESTNUT & SONS, For sale.

General and Nervous Debility, LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors of Excess in Old or Young, Robust, Nerve Manhood Fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen Weak, Underdeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unflagging Home Treatment—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE. 196 Queen Street. 5 Gross HIRE'S ROOT BEER Daily expected. Just Received: LACTATED FOOD, MELLIN'S FOOD, BUTTER COLOR, DIAMOND DYES. JOHN M. WILEY, Druggist.

R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, and TINSMITH, WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has removed his business to Queen Street, where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c. It is BEYOND QUESTION! That Our PAPER AND ENVELOPES are the Best for the Price, you can get. For QUALITY and VALUE. OUR ACCOUNT BOOKS Are Unexcelled. YOU WANT THE BEST GOODS AT THE BEST PRICES, THEN BUY YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS AT Hall's - Book - tore. Fram for Sale. THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 500 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation. There are two houses, barns and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair. For further particulars apply to JOHN A. EDWARDS, Queen Street, April 9, 1892. BICYCLES. WE have several Bicycles on hand from last year which we will sell at a Bargain to all who are under cultivation. We prefer having some other goods, and we recommend of the wisdom of the old injunction, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." New this year! Last try, and if not sold this month, we will either give the owner of it or send them to Newfoundland. Come early and get a bargain. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

McMURRAY & Co. Have Just Received A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian and American Makes. CALL and SEE the GOODS. Also a lot of REMNANTS, Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods. P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents. McMurray & Co.