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 Katie, you must read it, My 'specs' 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 sha'n't hear if you stay here The half that she will say. Just turn the key in the door dear, To keep the wee scamps 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 anear 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, But reckless, brave and wild -

Who had run away in boyhood, Had shipp'd, 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, He had clipt 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 explain 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 sohs shake her frame_ For years has her life been burdened

With care and poverty's shame; For years she has toiled and struggled To keep the little home, 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 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 won't be sold. [E. B. Lowe in Portland Transcript.

SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS.

CHAPTER VI.

ten when Captain Beamish moved forward to welcome the guest of whom he thing of that sort—the Duke of Seaton, and his wife had been talking. Sir Cyril has commissioned him to buy the best himself stood by and watched her handiwas not the earliest arrival; one or two diamonds he can pick up. Linden came work. men were already standing about smok- back last night; he is going across to-moring cigarettes whilst they chatted. Nessa row." too moved forward, then suddenly stood still, her arms falling to her sides. "Mrs. Beamish," said the lad in his clear voice, "I've taken the liberty to he is carrying those diamonds?" bring a friend with me. He says he

knows you." With an effort she roused herself to welcome the tall grave faced man who a sort of girdle." stepped forward with outstretched hand. Mr. Linden, may I introduce my hus-

band to you?" she murmured faintly. The smileless glance which passed between the two men was expresive. "Captain Beamish and I have met before," said Linden in a quiet voice. A few minutes later in the small inner

room a brief colloquy took place between were sipping Chartreuse and speaking in low tones.

"Play must be above board to-night, Giraud, remember that." "What brings him here?"

"He has found a new fool to act guardian angel towards. It's his old role. You remember the fuss he made two years ago; we must be more careful this time." "The play shall be fit for babes." Play so innocent did not entirely en-

gross Captain Beamish's attention. His eyes had time again and again to stray to the distant window, near which his wife was sitting and Mr. Linden standing. It was clear even from the distance. bespoke emotion

to enlist your kindly feeling on behalf of

"Yes, and I too," she answered, raising her deep eyes with a grave anxious glance. "The lad has no father. He has had his own way too much. If he goes on as he is going now he will have run through his property before a year is over."

"He is so very fond of cards. And I think he must play badly, for somehow he always appears to loose."

Linden looked down with a strange sad half wondering glance at the fair woman

here so often," she went on, with both | what use to ask that question?" eagerness and hesitation in her voice. The concierge and Beamish were stand-down on the blue Mediterranean was an ed to about thirty-five dollars. cards; they generally play in the evening; house. Outside in the cold street a man tention to architectural beauty, and its farm belonging to Mrs I. J. Verner, near and to see them playing is no doubt a was lounging against the wall. His hands age in a land where all is old, was not the post office, and will move his family temptation. If you could keep him away were plunged into his pockets; the collar great enough to give it a high market there in a few days. I think it would be kind to him." "But I cannot," said Linden, gravely.

to ask you to use your influence." "I-I have tried and failed, too; but I will try again."

"Nessa," called Captain Beamish, rising from the card table, "we should like some music." And, as his wife moved towards the piano, he came towards

"You are something of a stranger," he

observed with a curious smile. "To what or to whom are we indebted for this honor?" "Linden's face underwent a change; he

looked sternly at his companion. "I am sorry to find that Cyril Forrest is often here." "Come that language is scarcely com-

plimentary."

you. This lad is going in a fair way to be ruined too. I cannot denounce you now, but I mean to use every other weapon in

out your nefarious plans." "Cannot denounce me? No, have no evidence against me." "I have evidence enough and to spare."

"Then use it." "Would to heaven that I could. If I spare you I spare you for the sake of the woman who loves you - your wife. I would not willingly cause her a moment's suffering. My hands are tied." "So my sins of ommission and com-

you and her." The clocks were striking one when the guests rose to go. As Linden held out his hand to his hostess she smiled up at

"I hope I have succeeded," she said. "Ah! Thank you," he answered in the ame quiet tone. The footsteps went down the stairs; then slowly Beamish shut the door, put

his hand in his pockets, and strolling across the room faced his wife. "There is something I must tell you." she said gravely, looking with a direct promised me not to touch a card for a horse." year; he has promised me that if he

comes here he will not play." has induced you to take such an interest in Cyril Forrest?" The insolent tone brought the blood in

a wave to her fair face. "I am interested in him for his own so little about the world. But it is true She shrank back from the oath he ut-

ference?" he said. "Mr. Linden is to be congratulated."

"I don't understand you." "Oh, I think you do. Understand this too, Nessa; those who offend me always live to rue it; I am always on the laughing side in every game. Mr. Linden and you will pay for that conversation which was carried on so softly in this room tonight. I will enter both debts; I am not

likely to forget them. fagged, do you know. "I say I don't believe Paris suits you."

"Oh, yes, I am very well, Sir Cyril." "I wish you wouldn't tack on that "No, I can't."

"If you were a boy, I would. But you to do its work of stupefaction. as you did when you came here three more. months ago. You're so pale—so thin. I was telling Linden how you'd altered,

has been too severe for you." "Yes that has been it no doubt." "He has had colder weather than us,"

used the lad carelessly. "Has he not been in Paris, then?" has been to Constantinople grubbing for shoulders, passed on.

"There are no diamond mines in Con-

stantinople," said Nessa. "But heaps of diamond dealers. Linden The little gilt time piece was striking him to do; his old relation—thirtieth cousin, thirty times removed, or some-

"To England?" "Yes. I was at supper with him; he asked for you. I say, how do you think "I don't know."

"He has the stones sewn into a strip of chamois leather, and wears the leather as

"A strange garment and rather a burdensome one!" The voice was the scoffing voice of Captain Beamish; that gentleman came lazily forward from the curtained aperture between the greater and lesser salons. "Where is your friend

The young fellow named the hotel; but Flossy? How you startled me!" Beamish and one of his guests. They Beamish, shaking the ashes of his cigar, scarcely seemed to hear.

more of pain than pleasure passed through | self." him as he opened the envelope. The note within was very brief-

"Can you come this evening to see me? I have something of importance to say to you. Do not fail me. ERNESTINE BEAMISH."

"Mrs. Beamish," said Linden, "I want | feeling of delight at her trust.

The concierge looked questionably at

"Monsieur Beamish is gone," he said. Madame and monsieur went away to-"When did they go?"

"Two hours since." "And where?" "Ah! I do not know. They departed "I wish—I wish he would not come have they gone?" Ah! I cannot tell hands.

of his tattered coat was drawn up about value. Captain Beamish had bought it his ears; an old shapeless hat was drawn for a mere trifle. "I have tried and failed. I came to-night | down as low as might be to shelter him

from the icy breath of the night air. "You want to find Captain Beamish?"

"Yes," said Linden eagerly. "I know where he is." "You know?"

vilely he paid me too." "He is here in Paris?"

"Yes-across the river. He has overrun the exchequer and had to flee, I ex-"Can you direct me? Tell me where

to find him if you can?" "I can. But it's a cold night, and I the house. shan't go as far as that with you unless stand the remuneration is worth it."

up a disgraceful matter, not out of pity out a sovereign. The man looked at it cool, shady stone-paved, stone-walled FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH. for you but at the urgent desire of suspiciously, stopped and made it ring your victim. That lad was ruined by against the pavement, then pocketed it.

"Come along," said he, laconically." "I've no need of a guide," said Linden. "I know Paris as well, probably, as you my hands to prevent you from carrying | do, for you too, if I mistake not, are London not Paris bred. Give the name of the street and I'll find it."

"I don't know the name I have been there once, and can find my way there again, but I don't know the name. "Very well, come with me then. We

can take a cab I suppose. You can sit beside the driver. The man lazily and sullenly acquiesced He drew his coat collar a little higher, his hat a trifle lower about his ears. A mission are pardoned for Nessa's sake. I cab was found, and Linden was driven assure you I am much obliged to both through gas-lit Paris, across a bridge which spans the Seine, and away into the heart of the dingier Paris on the opposite side of the river.

"Is this the house?" he asked. They were standing in a somewhat onely ill-lit street, and the cab was rumb-

ling away in the distance. "No; we have five minutes' walk. The roads are freezing hard; it was so slippery that he would'nt drive any further. We turn down here; it is downhill and rather frank glance at him. "Cyril Forrest has narrow and dark; he wouldn't risk his

The street they entered was indeed dark and narrow. Linden, following in "That is it, is it? And who, may I ask, the footsteps of his guide, suddenly remembered the diamonds which he carried about with him: he realized that he was

possibly acting rashly. The street was deserted. No; steps were coming along the pavement from besake, because he is so young and knows hind. He glanced back to see who the new comers might be who were over-takthat Mr. Linden, who is his friend, asked | ing him; two men were close at his heels. me to use what influence I might have." In another moment an iron hand was grasping his throat, and he was thrust through an open doorway, and a door "So that is the secret of your indif- was shut between him and the outer

The passage was dark, but he dimly perceived that he was surrounded by half a dozen men. They spoke briefly but in hushed tones.

"Tie back his arms." The order was no sooner given than

obeved. "Gag him," and that was done. "Brandy," whispered a voice, the voice of the man who had acted as guide; that will finish him off. The stones are "Mrs Beamish," you're looking awfully sewn up in leather, which he wears about

his waist; now for them." Linden, bound hand and foot, lay like a og, helpless. His clothes were roughly loosened, the leather girdle seized upon; beastly title. Call me, Cyril, can't you?" | then rough hands rearranged his clothes, and more brandy was poured down his

are not a boy-and I don't want to treat | Though he resisted the stupefying influence with all his will, it was too much "That's a pleasant way of putting it the for him. He realized that his powers of lad laughed. "But, I say, to go back to thought were growing dull, bewildered, the point-you aren't looking half as well passing from him; then he knew no When he awoke again, day was break-

ing. He was in a pretty little white Paris street and a gendarme was rudely and he says he thinks the Paris winter rousing him. "What has happened?" he asked quick-

"It has happened that Monsieur has supped too well," was the laughing "No, he went away a month ago; he answer; and the gendarme, shrugging his

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Mabin sat sewing at the little bay window of the parlor of Hyperion Lodge. had a responsible bit of business given A basket piled high with socks and stockings rested on a chair beside her; she was diligently repairing a hole which Tom's restless young feet had worn, whilst Tom

"Here comes the postman," he cried lazily looking along the road. "Coming here, Tom?" his mother asked anxiously.

"Yes. No-no, he's passed." Checking a sigh, she went back to the half-accomplished darn. "You thought he might bring you s letter from Nessa, didn't you, mother?"

"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-cannot

inderstand." Mrs. Mabin said, speaking Linden staying?" he asked in an indiffer- to herself rather than to the boy beside her: "I fear she is ill. Oh, is that you,

"How nervous you are, Charlotte,' cried Flossy, approaching the window. A few hours later as Linden turned | Talking about Ernestine again! I bein from the Rue de Rivoli, a servant put a lieve you think of nothing else; for my letter in his hand. He knew the hand- part I see nothing extraordinary in her writing-he had seen it twice or thrice behaviour. She is well off and we are before, and was not likely to forget the poor; she wants to drop the connection. delicate womanly penmanship. A thrill I daresay that I should do the same my-

> "You would!" said Tom with an uncomplimentary emphasis upon the you. "The last letter," continued Flossy, argumentatively, "that we received from of hair.

them was from Captain Beamish to papa. It was clear enough. Papa had been ap-Putting the note back into his pocket plying to him for a loan, and Captain he turned and went out once more into Beamish replied that to write him dunthat the conversation was a serious one. the gay gas-lit streets. He walked fast. ning letters was utterly useless, that his No words reached that end of the room One thought only possessed him. Ernes- income was barely enough to cover his where the card players sat, but Ernes- tine must be in trouble, in difficulty, she own expenses, and that he should not tine's changing color and tense attitude had sent for him to help her. Even in trouble in future to answer such impossihis sorrow for her he could not restrain a ble demands. As Ernestine was so delicate, he must spend the rest of the winter In the windows of the Beamish rooms in the south; and then he omitted to tell Sir Cyril Forrest. I am worried about no lights were shining to-night. He us the address. To me it is all clear as for mercy's sake some other place—I shall benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, noticed that as he crossed the road to the daylight; he found that 'Tina's relations go mad if you keep me here!" 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 daresay 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

This April morning, fair here in Engsuddenly. Monsieur received a telegram land, was fairer still in Italy; but the sunbeside him, a slight very sorrowful smile and immediately dismissed the servants shine, the soft air, the perfume of spring lingered about his lips for a moment, then and bade madame pack. All the evening flowers did not reach Ernestine where gentlemen have been asking me—'Where she sat alone with her head buried in her in the temperance hall at Lakeville Cor-

er in the open doorway of the old half ruined castle. It had little pre-

Captain Beamish was much pitied in the little town that lay in the valley, visited the lakes and Meadows in search As the concierge retreated within doors straggling along beside the sea. Every- of duck, and report them scarce. the lounger, without moving asked a lazy one knew that the English lady, whom A doctor had come all the way from John Ferguson and Mrs. J. B. Davidson, his head and say what the little doctor of Lakeville Corner. "I carried a bag for him to-night—and the little town had said. The lady—so

> The doctor had just paid his daily visit. Captain Beamish lingered a few minutes pickeral fishing, and shipping them to ever known. Warranted by Davies, in the garden, whither he had accom- the Boston market. Prices are reported Mack & Co. panied him, then turned slowly back in good.

each other. A year or so ago I hushed | Linden fumbled in his pocket and held | summons, through a tortuous passage to a | his little son.

little room where an old woman wa 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 Beata's life; she's my only son's only child, and one has a sort of feeling for has to be; and when it's over I shan't be unthankful." "That's a sensible way to look at it,"

bserved 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 im-At last the cab drew up; Linden alight- plored me to let her come with me. She ed and paid the fare, then turned to his 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 ee her."

> 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 Candle in hand he descended, passed

through the subterranean stone-walled passage, and finally paused before another door, high up in which was a tiny iron-

head buried in her hands.

andle light seemed too bright a glare for cents—by all druggists and country Express Company her eyes, and she passed her hands over dealers everywhere. them in a dazed way. Beamish seated himself on the chair, cruelly watching her for an instant with- started to school, what do you like best? out speaking.

"Liking your lodging better, Nessa?"

ne asked at length.

If I took the oath I should break it."

votion to Linden is wonderful." repay his generosity by baseness," she re-turned with a flash of passion. "He oldest and best female physicians and thinks that I wrote that letter, that treacherous letter which led him into the hands of your confederates. He thinks that I was persuaded or forced to write the true with a flash of passion.

Illoudiest and best remaie physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twentures the treacherous letter which led him into the ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." it; and for my sake, to shield my name, he has never disclosed that he was robbed of the jewels he carried. Do what you will with me, I will never give you the at all. He can't pronounce his r's and I promise you demand, I will never promise do detest being addressed as Miss Bowto keep your secret. You keep me here wow. thinking that you will frighten me into A GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNI-

vielding, but I shall not yield." "Very well; let us take that as a final decision. I can bear the result of that decision better than you will do. And seeing that your resolve is made, let us talk a little about the future. I don't wish you to worry under a mistaken idea that I am anxious and unhappy and beset by difficulties. By-the-bye, you saw the pretty yellow haired girl who lives up-

stairs?" "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 | Then send your address and I will send a the weight of his skill to trying to pro-

long her life-" "Why do you tell me this?" "Wait. Do you know the name by which the doctors know her? She is to Chase, Orillia, Ont.—13 w. 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 under- come home intoxicated. Mrs. Coldspell stand? The doctors will give me a cer- What an exemplary man! I suppose he tificate of death, my dear, and sympathize stays away until he has sobered up, if it with me in my bereavement; I shall takes a week. write to your father and beg him to come but when he comes the funeral will be over. Old Anita, the doctors, everyone Waterville, Me., U. S. A., says: —"I have will assure him that everything was done to save her life; and your father will go from the use of Hawker's Nerve and back again satisfied and not inconsolable."

was standing erect but tremulous, her ing and Invigorating Tonic. 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?' step or two nearer, raising both her hands of a couple, but goes right on? to her brow, and pushing back her wealth

"You would not keep me here forever? a prisoner—here!" "Why not?" Again she made a half moaning, half erv of despair. "Percy, have you no pity, no mercy?"

"Have you studied my convenience? Why should I study yours?"

TO BE CONTINUED. SHEFFIELD.

daughter. Oct. 10.—The farmers are about through | 10 o'clock. harvesting, and report the crops good, especially potatoes. The grain is about an time.

The water in the lakes is quite low for were obliged to lay up their large scow. There was a pie and basket social held | The Hawker Medicine Co (Ltd.) St. John. ner a few evenings ago, in aid of the High up on a lonely hillside, looking Methodist church. The proceeds amountmost valuable restorative tonic and ap-

> Thomas Bridges. A number of young men have lately

Mrs. Fred McGowan and daughter, of the doctor climbed the hill every day to Eau Clare, Wisconsin, in company with with his first baby) — The future man! see, was dying. Nothing could save her. her sister, Mrs. A. Cowperthwaite, Mrs. Bless you, the present man does now. Naples to see her, but he could only shake all of Fredericton, are visiting friends at

tion, and could only live a few weeks and sister, C. J. Burpee and Mrs. A. Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, Ferguson. J. S. Jewett & Co., are engaged at the ranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure

F. W. Parker of Boston, is spending a

Eleven Mutinous Sepoys Hurled Into

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 commanone's own; but as it has to be—well, it der-in-chief, it appears, abused a Sepoy of the Seriti 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

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 o An iron-studded door opened upon a the coming of the British mission. But the disturbance does not seem to be at an end, as Gen. Faramus Khan has been

were sentenced to be blown to pieces from

field guns, which sentence was promptly

carried into effect.

LOOK HERE. and always purchase a second lot." Pol-She raised her white face; the dim son's Nerviline is sold in bottles at 25

Tommy - Recess.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS know about that diamond robbery and you are free."

"You know that I cannot swear that."

"You know that I cannot swear that." f I took the oath I should break it."
"Very well. That's final. Your detion to I industry and a large of the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.
"Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Syrup" for repay his generosity by baseness," she re- children teething, is pleasant to the taste

He - How do you like Lord Fopping

VERSITY SAYS: "My children have been treated with

Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years Our physicians first recommended it and immediately resorts to this remedy, which Mabel - What makes you think you are a Christian? Blanche - Well, last

night when Fred smacked me on one cheek I turned to him the other. ARE YOU DEAF Or do you suffer from noises in the head valuable treatise containing full particu-

Coughs

any throat or lung troubles should resort to that Most Excellent Remedy,

Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. No other preparation

NEW

2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK **OUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.**

Having severed my connection I have opened up business on narrow bed in one corner, a wooden table, headache, rheumatism, and all internal or my own account, in the store dress was sitting on the bed, her bright | Morrisburg, writes: "All the parties I | formerly occupied by the

Friend -Well, Tommy, now that you've two doors below People's Bank

She looked at him in silence—the silence of utter hopelessness.

"Do you repent of your obstinacy? I give you one chance more—the last. Swear that you will not betray what you consider the silence of utter hopelessness.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP 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 confidence that I can fully meet

JUST 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.

For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS



Weakness of Dody and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble Manhood fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment-Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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5 Gross HIRE'S ROOT BEER Daily expected.

Just Received:

LACTATED FOOD, MELLIN'S FOOD,

JOHN M. WILEY, Druggist.

IVERPOOL AND LONDON AND

WM. WILSON,

Has now on hand, a Large Stock

INSURANCE COMPANY.

with the firm of DAVIS STAPLES & CO., Assets, 1st January, 1889, - \$39,722,809.59 Assets in Canada, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Descrip-CANADIAN tion at

LOWEST CURRENT RATES. With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the the requirements of my friends

and the public generally. Yours Respectfully,

ALONZO STAPLES.

Executor's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executor of the last will of the late John A. Morrison.

All persons indebted to such Estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having any legal claims against such estate are requested to hand the same to me duly attested to within three months from this date.

Fredericton. June 9, 1893.

FRANK I. MORRISON,

Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison, inter 10

MIXED PAINTS

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are the Best for the Price, Timothy Seed,

-OUR-Clover Seed.

Seed Oats. BEST GOODS

White and Black

-ALSO -Bradley's Superphosphate, In Large and Small quantities.

Fredericton. Scales. Scales. SCASES Counter Scales; 3 cases Union Scales
1 case assorted Weights; 1 case Farmer
Just received and for sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

310 Queen Street,

SCREEN DOORS. Sheathing Paper. R. C. MACREDIE

TINSMITH.

WOULD inform the people of Freder action and vicinity that he has reamed business on Queen Street,

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes. &c.

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-AT THE-BEST PRICES.

THEN BUY YOUR

SCHOOL BOOKS Hall's - Book - tore. Fram for Sale.

THE subscriber's Farm at 8t. 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. BICYCLES

WE have several Bicycles on hand from last year which we will sell at a Bargain to anyone in want, on Easy Terms. We prefer having some other goods, and are reminded of the woman in Harvey Settlement, who is now living happily with her ninth husband, a convincing proof of the wisdom of the old injunction, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Now this is our Last Try, and if not sold this month, we will either Auction them off or send them to Newfoundland. Come early and get a bargain. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y. R. CHESTNUT & SONS. McMURRAY & Co.

Have Just Received A CAR LOAD

> And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian

American Makes.

GOODS.

CALL and SEE the

Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents.

McMurray & Co.

Also a lot of REMNANTS,

with Borders to match.

man may be able to go without sleep. Bromley (who is having an experience P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of Ingrain paper English Spavin Liniment removes all

S. S. HALL.

Do you take this man for better or for A voice called to him from somewhere few days with A. S. Randall, having been worse? asked the minister. I can't tell in the distance; he went in answer to the called there on account of the sickness of until I have had him for a little while

Chronic Persons afflicted with these or

effects such cures.

"OAUTION." —Beware of subsi Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and \$1.00.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed The key turned rustily in the lock, and in finding a remedy that will afford cerne entered the small cold dark vault tain and speedy relief? If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a bottle of The candle light showed four bare Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline black walls, a rough stone paved floor, a never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps wooden chair. A woman in a thin torn external pains. J. B. Carman, druggist, hair falling about her bent figure, her supply speak very favorably of Nerviline

ton, Miss Barrow? Miss Barrow - Not

now whenever a child takes cold my wife always effects a cure."

lars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. day of our marriage has my husband

Dr. Arthur F. Abbott, 50 Main street received great benefit on several occasions Stomach Tonic, and can heartily recom-Ernestine had risen from her seat, and | mend its use to any one requiring a brac-

Miss Gushington - Why don't you follow Ruskin's suggestion and write a A little cry escaped her; she came a novel which doesn't stop at the marriage Old Bachelor Author - No use; no publisher would print it.

Oh, the publishers nowadays insist that

every novel must end pleasantly.

Why not?

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 "The blackness!—the lonliness!—the remarkable and mysterious. It removes horror of this silence and darkness!-oh, at once the cause, and the disease immed-Percy, find some other place to put me- iately disappears. The first dose greatly Mack & Co.

The Earnest Youth. - I thank you, sir

Gentlemen: - I have found most ex-

cellent results on several occasions from

the use of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach

Tonic, and heartily recommend it as a

for your kind permission to call on your

Remember that I turn out the gas a All right, sir; I'll not come before that Mr. S. S. Hall, of the well known firm the season, and Messrs. H. & H. V. Upton of Hall and Fairweather, St. John, N. B.,

> Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co. Yellowly - Edison thinks the future

hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blem-Thomas Burpee and wife, of McAdam ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, young! so pretty!-was dving of consump- Junction, have been visiting his brother | Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. War-