## POETRY.

HARD TIMES.

"How goes the times?" asked neighbor Brown Of one complaining Joe;

Tremendous hard in our town, The mill's shut down you know; No money stirs-the times are dull And everybody's waiting; But one thing helps us in the lull, And that is first-rate skating.

"That's right," says Brown, 'Go in for fun. While fun is all the go: We were not made to drag along A stupid life, you know. If times are hard, let's make them soft, And if no money's stirring, Let's raise the wind-set sails aloft-

Though better times preferring. Know this one fact and set it down, Hard times won't always last: "There's better times ahead:" says Brown. Than any that have passed. Let's live in hope of better days,

'Twill break the ice that round us lays, And melt it in to rivers. Then we will say, "what fools we were At trifles thus cast down; Why, 'tis for us the times to stir, So true's my name is Brown. When business is dull let's sharpen it, Be up and have it grinding:

This course pursued will make us fit

This hope will courage give us;

For duty on us binding." "That is a new idea," said Joe. With evelids wide distended: I did not see, but now I know For whom wealth is intended 'Tis not for those who run in vain, But those who run in season: This is the secret way to gain

## SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO:

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES. CONTINUED. CHAPTER XXXVII.

VALENTINE. VALENTINE was expecting Morrel. Uneasy and almost wandering, she seized his hand and led him to her grandfather. adventure had made in the world; the No one at Villefort's doubted that a duel from an electric shock. would ensue from it. Morrel could read an indescribable joy in the eves of his beloved when he related to her how the

affair had terminated. Now." said Valentine, motioning to Morrel to sit down near her grandfather, "let us talk about our own affairs. You know, Maximilian, grandpapa once thought of leaving this house, and taking an apartment away from M. de Ville-

"Yes," said Maximilian, "I recollect the project, of which I highly approved." "Well," said Valentine, "you may approve again, for grandpapa is again think-

"Bravo!" said Maximilian. "And do vou know." said Valentine. "what reason grandpapa gives for leaving

"Oh! whatever may be M. Noirtier's reason," answered Morrel, "I will readily believe it to be a good one." "An excellent one!" said Valentine

He pretends the air of the Faubourg St. Honore is not good for me." "Indeed!" said Morrel; "in that M. Noirtier may be right; your health has not appeared good the last fortnight." "Not very," said Valentine. And grand-

papa is becoming my physician; and I cause he knows everything." "Do you then really suffer?" asked Morrel, quickly.

feel a general uneasiness, that is all. I have lost my appetite, and my taste struggles to become accustomed to some-

"And what treatment do you adopt for this singular complaint?"

"A very simple one," said Valentine. "I swallow every morning a spoonful of the mixture prepared for my grandfather. When I say one spoonful, I began by one -now I take four. Grandpapa says it is "But," said Morrel, "I thought this

mixture, of which you now take four spoonfuls, was prepared for M. Noirtier?" "I know it is very bitter," said Valentine; so bitter that all I drink afterwards appears to have the same taste." Noirtier looked inquiringly at his granddaughter. "Yes, grandpapa," said Valentine; "it is so. Just now, before I came

down to you, I drank a glass of eau sucree : I left half, because it seemed so bitter." Noirtier turned pale, and made a sign that he wished to speak. Valentine rose to fetch the dictionery. Noirtier watched her with evident anguish. In fact, the blood was rushing to the girl's head already, her cheeks were becoming red. "Oh!" cried she, without losing any of her cheerfulness, "this is singular! A dimness! Did the sun shine in my eyes? And she leaned against the window.

"The sun is not shining," said Morrel, more alarmed by Noirtier's expression than by Valentine's indisposition. He ran towards her. The girl smiled. "Comfort yourself!" said she to Noirtier. "Do not be alarmed, Maximilian; it is nothing, and has already passed away. But listen! Do I not hear a crrriage in the courtvard?" She opened Noirtier's door. ran to a window in the passage, and returned hastily. "Yes," said she, "it is

made a sign that he wished to speak. or rather forced the door open. "Ah!" "Why are the glass and decanter empty?" asked he; "Valentine said she only drank

half a glass." the housemaid is in Mademoiselle Valer.

"Ask her," said Morrel. The servant went out, but returned almost immediately. "Mlle. Vllefort drank | Valentine's turn!" what remained in the glass," said he; "as for the decanter, Edward emptied that to with grief and surprise. make a pond for his ducks. From that "You see you were deceived," mur- to resist it. He pressed the count's hand moment the old man's eyes were fixed on the door, and did not quit it.

It was indeed Mme. Danglars and her pardon for having suspected her."

daughter whom Valentine had seen; they had been ushered into Madame de Villeceive them there. That is why Valende Villefort received them with great pursue him." solemnity. Valentine entered at this sumed. "My dear friend," said the baron- the doctor. "Come." ess, "Eugenie and I are come to be the first to announce to you the approaching marriage of my daughter with Prince

cere congratulations," replied Madame de

"Listen," said the baroness; "speaking does not yet appear all he will be. However, he gives evidence of great kindness of disposition, and as to suitableness. M. Danglars assures me his fortune is ma-

"And then," said Eugenie, "add that you have taken a great fancy to the young

"And," said Madame de Villefort. "I need not ask you if you share that fancy." "I?" replied Eugenie, with usual candor. "Oh, not the least in the world, Madame! My wish was to be an artist, and consequently free in heart, in person, and in thought. At any rate, since I am to be married whether I will or not, I ought to be thankful to Providence for having released me from my engagement

with Morcerf, or I should have this day have been the wite of a dishonored man." "It is true," said the baroness, "that had not the Morcerfs hesitated, my daughter would have married M. Albert. The general depended much on it; he even came to force Danglars." "But," said Valentine, timidly, "does all the father's shame revert upon the

"Excuse me," said the inplacable young zirl, "M. Albert claims and well deserves his share. It appears that after having challenged Monte-Cristo at the opera yesterday, he apologized on the ground to-

"Impossible!" said Madame de Ville-

"Ah, my dear friend," said Madame Danglars, "it is a fact! I heard it from M. Debray, who was present at the explanation." Valentine had ceased for a moment to join in the conversation. She would have found it impossible to repeat what had been said the last few minutes, when This uneasiness, amounting almost to suddenly Mme. Danglars' hand, pressed wildness, arose from the report Morcerf's on her arm, aroused her from her lethargy. "What is it?" said she, starting at Mme.

affair of the opera was generally known. Danglars' touch as she would have done "It is my dear Valentine," said the

> "I?" said the young girl. "Indeed," cried Eugenie, "you are very

"Oh, do not be alarmed! I have been so for several days.

Madame de Villefort came to her assistance. "Retire, Valentine," said she; "you are really suffering, and these ladies will excuse you. Valentine kissed Eugenie. bowed to Madame Danglars, and went out. "That poor child," said Mme. de Villefort, when Valentine was gone, "she makes me uneasy, and I should not be astonished if she had some serious illness." Meanwhile Valentine, in a sort of excitement which she could not understand, had crossed Edward's room, and through her own had reached the little staircas She was at the bottom excepting three

steps, when suddenly a cloud passed over her eyes, her stiffened foot missed the step, her hands had no power to hold the baluster, and falling against the wall, she rolled down these three steps rather than walked. Morrel bounded to the door, opened it, and found Valentine extended on the floor. He raised her in his arms have the greatest confidence in him, be- and placed her on a chair. Valentine

opened her eyes. "Oh, what a clumsy thing I am!" said she, with feverish volubility; "I no longer know my way. I forgot there were three more steps before the landing. However, it is all past, and it was nothing. Now, let me tell you some news; Eugenie is to be married in a week, and in three days there is to be a grand feast, a sort of betrothal festival. We are all invited, my father, Mme. de Villefort, and I-at least,

I understood it so." "When will it be our turn to think o these things?" asked Morrel. "And do you," said Valentine, "depend

on me to stimulate the tardiness and arouse the memory of grandpapa?" "Yes," cried Morrel, "be quick! So long as you are not mine, I shall always think I may lose you."

"Oh! indeed Maximilian, you are too timid for an officer, for a soldier, who they say never knows fear. Ah! ah! ah!" She burst into a forced and melancholy laugh, her arms stiffened and twisted, her head fell back on her chair, and she remained motionless. The cry of terror, which had stopped on Noirtier's lips, seemed to start from his eyes. Morrel understood it; he knew he must call assistance. The young man rang the bell violently; the housemaid and a servant ran in at the same time. Valentine was so pale, so cold, so inanimate, that, without listening to what was said to them, they were seized with the fear which pervaded that house, and they flew into the passage crying for help. Mme. Danglars and Eugenie were going out at that moment; they heard the cause of the dis-

"I told you so!" cried Madame de Villefort. "Poor child!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CONFESSION. At the same moment M. de Villefort's voice was heard calling from his study, Madame Danglars and her daughter who "What is the matter?" Morrel consulted are come to call on us. Good-by! I must | Noirtier's look, who had recovered his run away, for they would send here for self-command, and with a glance indime; or rather, farewell till I see you cated the closet where, once before, under again. Stay with grandpapa, Maximilian; similar circumstances, he had taken I promise you not to persuade them to refuge. He had only time to get his hat, and throw himself breathless into the Morrel watched her as she left the closet; the proctor's footstep was heard in room; he heard her ascend the little the passage. Villefort sprang into the had Morrel witnessed such an expression staircase which led both to Madame de room, ran to Valentine, and took her in Villefort's apartments and to hers. As his arms. "A physician! a physician! soon as she was gone Noirtier made a M.d'Avrigny!" cried Villefort; "or rather sign to Morrel to take the dictionary. I will go with him myself." He flew "complaints are unavailing; be a man, comes filled with an effusion of serum Morrel obeyed. Having to repeat most from the apartment, and Morrel, at the be full of hope for I am here to watch from the blood, and the urine is darkly every word in the dictionary, it was ten door. Monte-Cristo's voice seemed to re- tell you to hope. Do you understand me?" minutes before the thought of the old sound in his ear, who had said, only two cried Monte-Cristo. "Remember that I There is little hope from any treatment, man was translated by these words, hours before, "Whatever you want, never uttered a falsehood and am never but as the disease usually affects many of "Fetch the glass of water and the de- Morrel, come to me; I have great power." deceived. It is twelve o'clock, Maxi the flock, those that have not yet shown canter from Valentine's room." Morrel Meanwhile M. de Villefort arrived in a milian; thank heaven that you came at the marked symptoms may be saved by rang immediately for a servant, and in cab at M. d'Avrigny's door. The porter noon rather than in the evening or to-Noirtier's name gave that order. The knew him, and let him pass, only calling morrow morning. Listen, Morrel-it is magnesia with a teaspoonful of powdered servant soon returned. The decanter and to him, "In his cabinet, M. le Procureur noon; if Valentine is not dead, she will gentian root and alternately with this, glass were completely empty. Noirtier du Roi, in his cabinet!" Villefort pushed not die."

said the doctor, "is it you?" "Yes," said Villefort, "it is I, who am come in my turn to ask you if we are and this time he was as calm as a child American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism "I do not know," said the servant, "but | quite alone. Doctor, my house is accursed!"

tine's room; perhaps she has emptied it.'s | coolness, but with deep emotion, "have | not to stir-attempt nothing; not to let | markabe and mysterious. It removes at you another invalid?" "Yes, doctor," cried Villefort, "it is will send you tidings. Go!"

"Your daughter!" cried D'Avrigny, mured the magistrate; "come and see

"Each time you have applied to me," fort's room, who had said she would re- I will go. But let us make haste, sir."

tine passed through her room, which was have to reproach me with weakness. This invalid with all the care the circumon a level with Valentine's. Madame time I will know the assassin, and will stances demanded, and with an interest

"Let us first try to save the victim be- At last he slowly uttered these words: moment and the formalities were re- fore we think of revenging her," said

The same cabriolet which had brought Villefort took them back at full speed, at the same moment when Morrel rapped at she is still alive, and I am astonished at Monte-Cristo's door. The count was in it." "Allow me to present to you my sin- his study reading, with an angry look, something which Bertuccio had brought count rose, and sprang to meet him. to you as a friend, I would say, the prince | "What is the matter, Maximilian?" asked | rich and full of thought, that the phy-

> rolls from your forehead." "Yes," said Morrel; "I have just left a run to you."

"You have hastened to me; can I have peared to anticipate and commend all he the happiness of being useful to you?" did. "Have you something to tell me?" "Yes, I need your help; that is, I asked the doctor. The old man blinked thought, like a madman, you could lend his eyes expressively. me your assistance in a case where God alone can succor me."

constrains me, count---' "Do you think I love you?" said

hand affectionately in his. "Oh! you encourage me! and thing tells me there," placing his hand on his heart, "that I ought to have no secret

from you.' "You are right, Morrel; God is speaking to your heart, and your heart speaks to you. Tell me what it says." "Count, will you allow me to send Bap-

tistin to inquire after some one you "I am at your service, and still more

my servants." "Oh! I cannot live, if she is not better." "Shall I ring for Baptistin?" "No, I will go and speak to him myself." Morrel went out, called Baptistin, and whispered a few words to him. The

valet ran directly "Well, have you sent?" asked Monte-Cristo, seeing Morrel return. Yes, and now I shall be more calm.'

"You know I am waiting." "Yes, and I will tell you. One eveconcealed me; no one suspected I was most clever diviner. there. Two persons passed near meallow me to conceal their names for the present. Some one had just died in the ouse to which that garden belonged. baroness, "that you are doubtless, suffer-One of those persons whose conversation I had overheard was the master of the he could not answer. house; the other, the physician. The

grief and fear; for it was the second time within a month that death had entered uddenly and unexpectedly that house." "And what did the doctor answer?" asked Monte-Cristo

"He replied that the death was not a natural one, and must be attributed to "Indeed!" said Monte-Cristo, with a slight cough, which, in moments of extreme emotion. helped him to disguise a blush, or the intense interest with

which he listened; "indeed, Maximilian, did you hear that?" "Yes, my dear count, I heard it: and the doctor added, that if another death occurred in a similar way he must appeal to justice." Monte-Cristo listened with the greatest calmness. "Well!" said Maximilian, "death came a third time, and neither the master of the house nor the doctor said a word. Death is now, perhaps, striking a fourth blow. Count,

of this secret?" "My dear friend," said Monte-Cristo. you appear to be relating an adventure which we all know by heart."

"You know of whom I speak, count, do you not?" "Perfectly well, my good friend. You d'Avrigny about the death of M. de Saint-Meran, and that, no less surprising, of the countess. D'Avrigny said he beieved they both proceeded from poison; and you, honest man, have ever since been asking your heart, and sounding your conscience to know if you ought to expose or conceal this secret. Why do you torment them? My dear fellow, let them sleep on, if they are asleep; let

them grow pale in their drowsiness, if they are disposed to do so; and pray do you remain in peace, who have no remorse to disturb you." Deep grief was depicted on Morrel's features; he seized Monte-Cristo's hand. "But it is beginning again, I say!"

"Well!" said the count, "let it begin again; it is a family of Atrides; God has nned them, and they must submit to their punishment. They will all disappear, even if there are two hundred of Saint-Meran; Madame de Saint-Meran

a paroxysm of terror that Monte Cristo

must I lose the one to save the other? victim I have no choice."

"But I," cried Morrel, groaning with sorrow, "I love her!" "You love? - whom?" cried Monte-Cristo, starting on his feet.

"I love most fondly-I love madly-I love as a man who would give his lifeblood to spare her a tear-I love Valentine de Villefort, who is being murdered at this moment! I ask God and you how

I can save her?" Monte-Cristo uttered a cry which those only can conceive who have heard the roar of a wounded lion. "Unhappy man!" cried he, wringing his hands in his turn, "you love Valentine - that daughter of an accursed race!" Never -never had so terrible an eve flashed before his face. He drew back terrified.

"How so?" cried Morrel, "when I left sulphite of soda. her dying?"

Monte-Cristo raised his head once more, awaking from its sleep. "Maximilian,"

Morrel, subdued by the extraordinary fits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, ascendency Monte-Cristo exercised over | Staples & Co. everything around him, did not endeavor and left. He stopped one moment at the her, and on her bed of agony entreat her door, for Baptistin, whom he saw in the No, my pet, why? Daughter - Because Rue Matignon, and who was running. I have a pain in my sash.

Meanwhile Villefort and D'Avrigny said the doctor, "it has been too late; still had made all possible haste. Valentine had not revived from her fainting fit on "Oh! this time, doctor, you shall not their arrival, and the doctor examined the which a knowledge of the secret doubled.

> "She is still alive!" "Still?" cried Villefort; "oh! doctor. what a dreadful word is that." "Yes," said the physician, "I repeat it;

"Yes, since she lives." At that moment in haste. Hearing Morrel announced, the D'Avrigny's glance met Noirtier's eye. It glistened with such extraordinary joy, so he: "you are pale and the perspiration sician was struck. He placed the girl again on the chair; her lips were scarcely discernable, they were so pale and white, house where death has just entered, to as well as her whole face; and remained

"What is the matter with this dear child?" said Mme. de Villefort who had "Tell me what it is," replied Montejust entered, "she complained to me of feeling unwell, but I did not think serious-"Oh!" said Morrel, "I know not in- ly of it. This poor child would be better deed if I may reveal this secret to mortal in bed. Come, Fanny, we will put her ears; but fatality impels me, necessity in." M. D'Avrigny, who saw that would be a means of his remaining alone with Noirtier, expressed his opinion that it

> given her besides what he ordered. They carried Valentine away; she had revived, but could scarcely move or speak. | the far-famed Yellowstone Park. D'Avrigny followed the invalid, wrote a To reach and see all this the Northern prescription, ordered Villefort to take a Pacific railroad furnish trains and service cabriolet, go in person to a chemi 's to of unsurpassed excellence. The most apget the prescribed medicine, bring it to proved and comfortable Palace Sleeping himself, and wait for him in his daughter's room. He then went down again to Noirtier. "We have no time to lose; I will question and do you answer me." Day coacnes, with Daggage, Express, and Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin Noirtier made a sign that he was ready to Locomotives, make a train fit for royalty answer. "Did you anticipate the acci- itself,

grand-daughter?" " Yes." "Do you think the same hand which unintentionally struck Barrois has now attacked Valentine?"

"Yes." "Then will she too die?" asked the "No!" replied Noirtier, with an air of ning I was in a garden; a clump of trees triumph which would have puzzled the son—De truft is, Jedge, I made all ma

"Then you hope?" said D' Avrigny, in surprise "Yes." "What do you hope?" The old man made him understand with his eyes that

"Then you hope the poison will take no effect on Valentine?"

"Do you hope the assassin

"How do you hope Valentine will escape?" Noirtier kept his eyes steadily fixed on the same spot. D'Avrigny followed the direction, and saw they were fixed on a bottle containing the mixture which he took every morning. "Oho!" said D'Avrigny, struck with a sudden thought, "has it occurred to you-" Noirtier did not let him finish. "Yes."

said he. "To prepare her system to resist poison by accustoming her by de-"Yes, yes, yes," said Noirtier, delighted to be understood.

"Truly! I had told you there there was rucine in the mixture I give you!" "And by accustoming her to that poison you have endeavored to neutralize the effect of a similar poison?" Noirtier's what am I bound to do, being in possession joy continued. "And you have succeeded!" exclaimed D'Avrigny. "Without this precaution Valentine would have died before assistance could have been procured. The dose has been excessive, but she has only been shaken by it; and this time, at any rate, Valentine will not neard M. de Villefort talking to M. die." A superhuman joy expanded the old man's eyes, which were raised towards heaven with an expression of infinite

gratitude. At this moment Villefort re-"Here, doctor," said he, "is what you sent me for." "Was this prepared in your presence?

"Yes," replied the dignitary. "Have you not let it go out of your hands?" D'Avrigny took the bottle, poured some

drops of the mixture it contained in the hollow of his hand, and swallowed them. "Well," said he, let us go to Valentine; I will give instructions to every one, and you, M. de Villefort, will see that no one deviates from them." At the moment when D'Avrigny was

returning to Valentine's room, accompanied by Villefort, an Italian priest of serious demeanor and calm and firm tone. hem. Three months since it was M. de hired for his use the house adjoining Villefort's house. No one knew how the two months since; the other day it was three former tenants of the house left Barrois; to-day, the old Noirtier, or young | it, about two hours afterwards; but rumor ran that its foundation was reported to be unsafe; which did not prevent the new with his modest furniture the same day

occupant from establishing himself there "And what is it to me?" replied the at five o'clock. The lease was drawn up count, "do I know these people? and for three, six, or nine years by the new tenant, who according to the rule of the Faith, no, for between the culprit and the proprietor, paid six month's rent in advance. The new tenant, who, as we have said, was an Italian, was called Il Signor Giacomo Busoni. Workmen were im mediately called in, and at the same night the passengers at the end of the faubourg saw with surprise carpenters and masons occupied in repairing the lower part of the tottering house.

TO BE CONTINUED. STIFF NECK IN SHEEP.

dicate inflamation of the peritoneum or lining membrane of the abdomen. This disease causes blood poisoning when it has advanced to a late stage, and this produces the stiffness of the muscles, which becomes a prominent symptom, mostly perceived when the disorder has gone beyond any "Come, come," continued the count, availing treatment. The abdomen beever you." Morrel shook his head. "I tinged with the red matter with which

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY .- South and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 "What!" said the latter with apparent said he, "return home. I command you days. Its action upon the system is reyour countenance betray a thought, and I once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly bene-

and given daily, a teaspoonful of hypo-

Punster's little daughter - Papa, do you know why I am like a window? Papa-

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill. to be inaugurated president of the United friends and neighbors, in which he said, 'NEIGHBORS GIVE YOUR BOYS A CHANCE." These words come with as much force today as they did thirty years ago.

How give them this chance? Up in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young, and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition

and get on in life. Here is their chance! The country referred to lies along the Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley, or North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Da kota, and Montana, are stock ranges limitmotionless, looking at Noirtier, who apless in extent, clothed with the most nutri-

If a fruit farming region is wanted there is the whole state of Washington to select As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade mountains, the greatest mountain scenery to be seen in the United States from the car window is found. The wonderful bad lands, wonderful in graceful form and glowing color, are a poem. Lakes Pend d' Oreille and Cœur d' Alene, are Monte-Cristo, taking the young man's would be the best thing that could be while they are the fisherman's Ultima alone worthy of a trans-continental trip, done; but he forbade anything being Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the

Columbia river is a daylight dream. To cap the climax this is the only way to reach Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers; easy riding Day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and

dent which has just happened to your Those seeking for new homes should take this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to CHAS. S. FEE,

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in', and I wanted ter sleep whah I cud THE MOON'S INFLUENCE

nam's and no other. What could you have been thinking of to engage yourself to three men? Well, mother told me my fiance must be rich, intelligent, handsome and of the best moral character; and as I couldn't hope for all that in one man I had to take three.

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes 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 blemish cure ever known.

bel, I thought you said you would never accept Arthur? Mabel - So I did, dear. But he just put his arm around my waist when he proposed, and - well, I yielded For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach Loathing of Food, Dyspepsia or Billious

Force Majeure. - Florence - Why, Ma-

will cure you. Recommended by leading Physicians as a most reliable medicine. Wife - Oh, George, the water pipe leaking and the water is spoiling the new hall carpet. Go and get a plumber, quick.

it go; it's cheaper to get a new carpet. OPEN AS DAY. It is given to every physician, the form ula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been

One little word, he pleaded, Daily, by mail, - - - \$6 a yea One that will move me, pet His tender request she heeded By softly murmuring - Get!

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Dropped on sugar, children love to take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for coughs

Yapsley - Miss Passay seemed offended at you last evening. What did you say Mudge - Blessed if I know. I only asked her if she didn't dread having to wear

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GROCERIES

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> FLOUR ROLLED OATMEAL

Warranted by Davies, Staples& Co.

The ness, take Hawker's Liver Pills. They

Husband - That's all right, my dear; let

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