POOR COPY

NARKA,

THE NIHILIST.

(Continued.)

Marguerite could bear no more; she burst into tears, overcome with horror and compassion.

'Ah! I have suffered for my crime!' Ivan went on; 'ay, the torments of the damned.....It so chanced—God in His judgment so decreed—that I was passing when the police were carrying him away.....I saw him driven on between the two policemen. Oh my God! my God! the look he gave me!.....it has haunted me like a dead man's eye..... I felt sure at first that the Prince would have obtained his release; when that failed, I did what I could.....I spent my whole fortune trying to purchase his escape, to bribe the jailers, trying to get alleviations for him. I have lived in poverty..... my life has been a hell of remorse..... And now I am dying accursed and unforgiven, murdered myself.....It is just! it is just!'

Marguerite dropped on her knees, shaken to her soul with pity for the miserable man who had sinned and suffered so terribly. But her strong sense and habit of self-restraint quickly brought her back to the practical question of how to make this confession available for Father Christopher. She had presence of mind enough to remember that either it must be made verbally before another witness, or Ivan must sign what she had written in presence of a witness.

'Is it any good my confessing now?' said Ivan, as if he guessed what was in her mind. 'Will it help to set Father Christopher free, do you think? If it did, if I know that before I died, it would make hell less horrible to me.'

'I have not a doubt,' replied Marguerite, 'but that as soon as your statement is known to the authorities, they will liberate him at once; but you will have to repeat the confession, or else sign it in the presence of another person. May I send for the commissary?'

'Yes, yes; send for as many as will come. I will swear before the whole world that I committed the murder, and confessed it to Father Christopher.'

Marguerite went out, intending to send for the commissary. She found him in the entry, surrounded by the cure, the doctor, several police-officers, and others who had been attracted by the news of the murder. She told rapidly what had happened, and when the commissary, accompanied by the cure and the doctor, came in, Marguerite read aloud what she had written, and then asked Ivan if it was correct, and if he would swear to the truth of the story.

'Yes, I swear, as a dying man, that what you have written is true. So help me God! Get me up that I may sign it.'

They lifted him, and put the pen in his hand, and he wrote his name; the others then added their signatures. The commissary was putting away the pen, when Ivan made a sign that he wanted it again. They gave it to him, and he clutched it fondly. It was Narka's pen. He remembered seeing it on her little writing table.

'What have they done to her?' he asked—'to Narka Larik; what is the sentence?'

'She is acquitted on all points,' replied the commissary, who had heard it from a police-officer just come from the court.

'Thank God!' muttered Ivan, and his face brightened; then, changing suddenly, a look of hungry, wolfish hate came over it. 'Now let them catch Schenk,' he said. 'It was Schenk's doing—it was Schenk that stabbed me. I would die easy if I knew they would hang him!'

He fell back exhausted on the pillow.

CHAPTER XLI.

The verdict of acquittal was received with loud and general applause, the Villette element making itself conspicuous in the chorus by yells of triumph, which might have easily been mistaken for howls of rage. When M. de Beaucrillon and Sibyl led Narka out of the court, half fainting, she hardly knew where she was going, and allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage without asking where they were taking her. It was only when she found herself before the steps of Sibyl's house that she realized where she was. It was then too late to protest, even if she had had strength to do it.

Sibyl took her upstairs, and put her to bed; she was kind and tender as a sister; and Narka, worn out in mind and body, submitted unresistingly to the soft ministrations. She was thankful to be at rest. She slept through the night from sheer exhaustion. Sibyl would have her lie in bed next morning; she forbade her to get up till the afternoon, and gave orders that Mlle. Narka was not to be disturbed, even if Sœur Marguerite came.

Immediately after the second breakfast Sibyl went out with Gaston. They were both anxious to see Marguerite, and learn the cause of her mysterious summons from court the day before. The moment they were gone, Narka rose and dressed herself, and slipped down to the boudoir. She could not lie quiet in bed, when Basil might arrive at any moment and call for her. She had not been long in the boudoir when a carriage drove into the court. It might be Basil! Narka started up and went to the window. A coupe was drawn up before the steps; the hall porter was parleying with some one inside. Presently he opened the carriage door and assisted a lady to alight. Narka recognized Marie Krinsky. The thought of meeting this girl, who loved Basil, who had been her rival, would have been intolerable; but it did not occur to her that Marie was coming upstairs; she was, no doubt, going to wait in the drawing room, or perhaps to write a note in the library. It was only when the sound of silk rustling on the landing became audible that Narka knew the young Princess was going to appear. She glanced round for a way of escape. There was a panelled door that opened into a tiny closet, a sort of *debarras* where the tea-table, etc., were kept. There was just time to spring across the room and open this door and draw it after her, without daring to shut it, when Marie entered.

'You will find everything here, Princess,' said the servant, and soon the click of an opened inkstand, and then the noise of a pen scratching the paper, announced that Marie was writing.

The time seeming long to Narka, but in reality ten minutes had not elapsed when Marie started up, exclaiming: 'Sœur Marguérite! I am so glad! I was writing a line for Madame de Beaucrillon. We only returned from Fontainbleau last night. You were at the trial; tell me about it. Was Narka Larik guilty? Did she conspire against the life of the Emperor?'

Marguerite lifted her eyebrows. 'Why, did you not read the trial? It is all in this morning's newspapers. She was completely acquitted.'

'Oh, I know that. M. de Beaucrillon is rich enough to buy up the jury. And he was quite right to do it; but is she guilty? Is she the dreadful woman they say? I want so to know the truth.' She spoke earnestly, nervously.

'Narka is no more guilty than I am,' said Marguerite, with the warmth of conviction. 'She is a noble woman, and she has suffered cruelly.'

'Ah! But now they say— Is it true, this story of Prince Basil's being in love with her and wanting to marry her?'

'Yes, it is quite true.'

Marie grew pale, and Marguerite saw that the words cut into her like a knife. Poor child! So she was to be a victim, through no fault of her own. She looked as if a touch would have overthrown her courage; but she struggled bravely, and kept up.

'I am glad she is good, since he is going to marry her,' she said; 'it would have been dreadful for Madame de Beaucrillon; and I should have been sorry for her brother, who—'

Marie stopped short, blushed violently, and then grew white, and an expression between terror and defiance came into her eyes. Marguerite turned to see what had wrought the sudden change, and saw a gentleman advancing quickly toward the open door of the boudoir; he was unkempt and travel-stained, like one come off a journey; but Marguerite recognized Basil at a glance. He went straight up to her, and took her hand and raised it to his lips; he did not say a word, but his face, his whole manner, were eloquent with feeling. Suddenly, as if he had not noticed the presence of the young Princess, he made her a low bow. Marie took up her parasol.

'I am not sending you away, I hope, Princess,' said Basil.

'No; I was going.' She shook hands with Marguerite, and then, looking Basil steadily in the face, 'I am glad to be one of the first to congratulate you on your approaching marriage, Prince,' she said. He read insolent contempt in her glance; but it was the defiance of desperation.

'Thank you, Princess,' he replied, and held back the portiere with an ostentatious pretence of making wider room for her exit.

The girl's retreating footsteps made no sound on the soft carpet, and Narka did not know she had left the room when Basil spoke:

'Sibyl is out?'

'Yes; I believe she is gone to La Villette,' Marguerite replied, and she laid on the table a parcel that she took out of a basket on her arm. There was nothing so far to inform Narka that Marie was not still present. Marguerite looked tired, and Basil thought agitated; she sat down and with a certain hesitation in her manner, 'A dreadful thing has happened,' she said; 'Ivan Goriff was stabbed yesterday during the trial.'

'Good God! Ivan! By whom?'

'By a man named Schenk.'

'Schenk!' Basil repeated, aghast. 'My God! And is Ivan dead?'

'He is dying. He sent for me to make a confession—a terrible confession.' Narka held her breath, while Marguerite paused, as if the words were hard to speak. Then, almost in a whisper, '*It was Ivan who murdered Larchoff!*'

Basil's vehement exclamation covered another sound that came at the same moment from the wall behind him. He dropped into a chair too stunned to utter a word. Narka felt sure they were alone now; but she also was too stunned to speak or move; her heart gave a great leap, and then sank; she felt sick and faint, but she remained motionless, rooted to the ground.

To be Continued.

He Was Excused.

"Excuse me," he said, as he bit off the end of a cigar and held out his hand to secure a light from the other, who was smoking.

"Beg pardon."

"I said excuse me."

"Oh, certainly. Always willing to excuse."

And he took the fresh cigar, lighted it, threw his old stub away, and as he began on the new one he walked off with the remark:

"Very good cigar, sir—very good. Of course I'll excuse you."—Detroit Free Press.

Unanimity at Our Boarding House.

Our Food Dispenser—What do you prefer, Mr. Pipegrass?

Chorus of { Mr. Switzer / Mr. Chubbs / Mr. Goway / Mr. Holder } —I want a leg.

Our Food Dispenser—Gents, this ain't no centipede.—Judge.

A Terrible Tale.

In the growsome glum of his chamber dim, as the flapping flame burnt low, he thought him a think of a female grim, as he dreamt of the long ago, and his memory dwelt on the sourful scene when Lucretia bowled him o'er for a Turk whose figure was lank and lean, but who wallowed in gold galore.

Oh, the sniggering wall of a jilted lad,
In the dunful drear of night—
Deal a dole of tears for the story sad
Of a youth in a plaintsome plight!

And the gallful thought of the whole blamed thing did so settle upon his brain that the deepsome state of his suffering made him jibber and jounce with pain, till the blank blank fool at the end gave way to the glamour of suicide—alas, for the cold of his clamsome clay, for he blew out the gas, and—died!

Oh, the sniggering wall of a jilted lad,
In the dunful drear of night—
Deal a dole of tears for the story sad
Of a youth in a plaintsome plight!

—Judge.

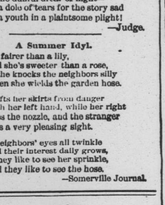
A Summer Idyl.

She's fairer than a lily,
And she's sweeter than a rose,
And she knocks the neighbors silly
When she wields the garden hose.

She lifts her skirts from danger
With her left hand, while her right
Grasps the nozzle, and the stranger
Gets a very pleasing sight.

The neighbors' eyes all twinkle
And their interest daily grows,
For they like to see her sprinkle,
And they like to see the hose.

—Somerville Journal.



BRISTOL'S

PILLS

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For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

HEAR THE BELLS.

Something About the Origin of the Chimers and Their Uses.

"Bells," says Coleridge, "are the poor man's only music," and, indeed, what would the world be without the music of their ringing? Many learned philosophers have ground out column after column of metaphorical essays in their attempts to depict to us the awful consequences that would fall upon us should we be transported to a world without color or instrumental music; the result would surely be equally disastrous should some evil genii deprive us of all the bells in the world and of the art of manufacturing a new supply to fill their places.

What would London have done for a lord mayor for three whole terms between the years 1389 and 1419 had not Richard Whittington heeded the gentle admonition of the bow bells as they told him in silver tongued tones: "Turn again, Whittington, thrice lord mayor of London."

The name of the inventor of bells has been lost in the wide revolving shades of centuries past; but what is in a name? It little matters who he was or where he lived. We surely know as much of his personal history and habits as we would if told his name was William or Thomas, Dan or Moses, and that he lived an indefinite period so many years B. C.

Bells are mentioned as being part of the vestment or ornaments attached to the wearing apparel of ancient Jew high priests as far back as the time of Aaron and his brother, Moses the meek man.

Even in more remote times we are told that religious assemblages and caravans about to start on a journey were called together by the ringing of hand bells and cymbals.

Polomus, bishop of Nola, Campania, a small Italian principality, was the first to use a bell on or near the building wherein Christians congregated for worship. This was about the year 400 A. D. These primitive church buildings were not provided with a belfry, that very necessary adjunct being a separate building or tavern erected either at the front or the rear of the main building and used for the sole accommodation of the bell. These towers were usually called "Campanile," in honor of the Italian state, Campania, in which they were first erected. In early times the bell itself was called a "Campane," throughout Europe, and may be so called in Italy until this day, for aught the writer knows.

In the Fourth century Christians attributed to Bishop Polomus' bells a two fold efficacy, believing them to be as useful in warding off lightning as in admonishing dilatory church goers of the duty they owed themselves and God. A favorite inscription on bells of the Fourth and Fifth centuries, and even down through the Middle Ages, was: "Vivos voco—mortuos plango—Fulgura frango." Schiller, in his immortal "Song of the Bell," uses the above as a motto. If translated it would read something like this: "I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning."—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

"As in a Looking Glass."

On the piazza of a Bar Harbor cottage, now unoccupied, two young people found themselves one evening seated upon a garden bench, near a window at the corner of the house. It was a bright moonlight evening, and happening to look in at the window the gentleman spied across the room through another window on the opposite side another couple sitting on the piazza, with their arms lovingly entwined and evidently wrapped in sweet oblivion to all things mundane. Whispering softly to the lady with him, he cautiously stole to the corner and looked round, but the couple had gone. Returning to his seat, he was astounded, on looking through the window again, to behold the same couple in the same attitude. Waiting a few minutes, but still keeping their eyes on the strange couple and noting their manœuvres, they planned that they should both jump suddenly round the corner and surprise the pair. They jumped, and lo! the mysterious two had again vanished. Another ghost story was well under way when our young friends discovered that they had been looking in a mirror.—Lewiston Journal.

Russian Records.

It has been known by scientists for some time that more valuable investigation was buried from sight in the Russian language than in any or all others. Few can imagine what activity in geographical, statistical, astronomical and other research has gone on in the empire of the czar. It is predicted that within ten years more students will take up the Russian language than the German, simply as a necessity. The youngest family of the Aryans is moving westward with its ideas and literature, as well as its population and empire. There are no better explorers and no better recorders of investigation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Styles in Whiskers.

It is said that the traditional English mutton chop whisker is destined to become a thing of the past if present styles of shaving are persisted in. Among the rising generation the mustache is the favorite, the remainder of the face being clean shaven. Naturally the older men cling with the affection of life long custom to the old fashioned method of wearing the beard, but except with them the practice is said to be almost obsolete.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Successful Struggle.

"Charley stayed pretty late last night, didn't he, Lil?" asked Sister Kate the next morning.

"Yes," said Lil, sleepily, "we were trying the pigs in clover puzzle till nearly 11 o'clock."

"And did you get the pigs in the pen, Lil?" asked Kate eagerly.

"No, we didn't; but I got my finger in this solitaire diamond ring."—Somerville Journal.

PALMO-TAR SOAP

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ALL DRUGGISTS KEEP IT

DAVIS & LAWRENCE Co. LIMITED MONTREAL

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WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Municipality of York.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Semi-Annual Meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of York, will be held in the County Council Room in the Court House in the City of Fredericton, on TUESDAY, the 2nd day of July, 1889.

Dated the 5th day of June, A. D., 1889.

WILLIAM WILSON, Sec'y. Treas.

ODDS AND ENDS

The tea gown bids fair to live for ever.

NERVE TORTURED.—"I suffered with neuralgia and obtained no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Since then I have also found it an invaluable remedy for all painful burns and cuts, rheumatism and sore throat." Mrs. F. Cameron, 137 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.

The new shade of pink is called raw veal.

GIVES INSTANT RELIEF.—"I have been troubled with asthma and a bad cough for years. I get nothing to help me like Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and would recommend it to others as it gives instant relief." Extract from letter from Walter McAuley, Ventnor, Ont.

Spring willow is a lovely shade of golden green.

IN 10 DAYS TIME.—"Was troubled with headache, bad blood and loss of appetite, and tried all sorts of medicine without success. I then tried one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and found relief in 10 days." A. J. Meindle, Mattawa, Ont.

Black mull, drawn hats and bonnets are in fashion for country wear.

PICTOU PENCILLINGS.—Mr. Hazen P. Murray, of Pictou, N. S., writes: "I was affected with dyspepsia and nervous debility, and tried many remedies without avail, but one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters much improved me and two more made me a well man."

Round waists and belts are gradually displacing pointed bodices and basques.

A CONFECTIONER'S CONFIDENCE.—"I can plainly state that I can find nothing better than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. I have rheumatism occasionally, and Yellow Oil does me great good. You can use my name if you wish." Yours truly, H. Dickinson, Confectioner, St. Thomas, Ont.

Dressed of pale green crepe de chine are now fashionable with black gloves and ribbons.

MANY THANKS.—"My age is 58 and for 20 years I have suffered from kidney complaint, rheumatism and lame back, and would have been a dead woman if it had not been for Burdock Blood Bitters, of which two bottles restored me to health, and strength." Miss Maggie Hendsby, Half Island Cove, N S.

Danger of a Little Knowledge.

The average layman considers that, when he employs a physician, he has the right to know what drugs are used in the treatment. He can scarcely be persuaded that in witholding such information his attendant has no selfish motive, but does so purely in the interest of his patient. Generally, the physician is ready to give such information if he is dealing with a person of intelligence, but in some instances it is clearly his duty to decline. If a person has been much benefited by a certain drug, of course, if he knows the name of it, he is certain to recommend it to every friend who has a complaint like his. Or if a prescription has been given him calling for agents which he knows nothing of, he loans his friend the empty bottle, or copies for him the number on the label; the same medicine can then be obtained of the druggist who holds the prescription. In this way a great deal of harm is often done, leading, as it does in some cases, to the abuse of powerful drugs, while in others to the application of the most erroneous treatment. The same disease in two persons often demands quite distinct methods of treatment; a drug, or mixture of drugs, which is indicated for one might be clearly forbidden for the other. A correct application for drugs requires a discrimination which no non-professional can possess. Regarding the danger of popular prescribing The Medical News says: The self prescriber has already heard of sulphonal, and is taking it in the maximum dose in order to produce sleep. He is also recommending it to his friends who cannot sleep, in doses which are not free from danger. The popular use of antipyrin, which has been going on for over a year, has done no little injury; we have known thirty grains to be advised by one layman to another as an initial dose. We predict that the time must come, through the multiplication of these potent neurotic medicines, when physicians will insist upon the non-renewal of these potent prescriptions by pharmacists without a written order. It seems to us quite probable that we have simply arrived at the threshold of this department of chemical work, and that the profession will be compelled to throw additional safeguards around the unauthorized use of these powerful agents.—Boston Herald.

Big Trees in New Jersey.

There are some very large oaks and other trees still standing in swamps, or on ground surrounded by swamps, in Cape May county, N. J.—trees which were doubtless there when white men first visited the country; but there are, I believe, no considerable tracts of unbroken primeval forest in that region. Mr. Richard S. Leaming and Dr. Coleman F. Leaming told me of a white oak which was 9 feet across the stump and 40 feet to the first limb, and this limb was over 2 feet in diameter. At this height the tree was more than 4 feet through, and all below this was sound. A Methodist clergyman counted over 800 rings of growth. The same gentleman told me of a tulip tree 10 feet in diameter, with a clear trunk 40 feet or more in length. Both the sweet and sour gums grow very large in that region. Mr. Richard Leaming is a shipbuilder, and has had much experience with different kinds of timber. He says that Cape May county oak and gum timber is more durable than any other with which he is acquainted, except some kinds of wood from certain parts of Virginia.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Spoiled Her Husband's Joke.

A man in Watertown, N. Y., thought it would be to his advantage to frighten his wife, so he tied a rope round his neck and suspended himself from a convenient hook. Then he awaited developments. His wife took the matter calmly and made no attempt to cut him down. Before very long the practical joker was surprised to find himself dead. His wife is said to look very attractive in heavy mourning. It was shabby of her to spoil her husband's joke, but she may not have had a fine sense of humor.

The North American

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HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, PRES'T.

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Full Government Deposit.
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THE various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN," embracing Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontine, Semi-Tontine and Commercial Plan, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to-day present a showing unequalled by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and its progressive record and sound financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims, are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.

The Company's rates are, according to their various plans, so arranged as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontine the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.

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Oct. 20, 1887—w tw—1yr.

THE ATLAS FIRE ASSURANCE CO'Y, Of London, Eng.

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Risks against loss or damage or by fire taken on all kinds of insurable property in both town and country at the lowest rates and losses adjusted in the most prompt and liberal manner. Unsurpassed security given to policy holders by this Old and Reliable English Company.

C. E. DUFFY, Agent.

Fredericton Oct. 5th, 88

A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

Elongatus Whacksiter's First Fatal Round with a Buzz Saw.

The new moon was making a feeble and ineffectual attempt to pierce the dense cloud that overhung the land. It was in the beautiful but billous spring time. May—smiling May—had taken another fit of the sulks. Old winter was in her lap again, and she weeping, scolding, tearing her hair, and howling like a lonely cat sitting on a backyard fence and endeavoring to give the neighbors some idea of the emotions that rack the soul in the first keen agony of disappointed love. The winds moaned dismally, the rain was still breaking the record in its six days' blow-as-you-please falling match, and the country's visible supply of contented men consisted solely of umbrella dealers and American imitations of Englishmen walking serenely about with their trousers rolled up.

Three separate and distinct times had Glycerine McCurdy looked at the clock. Three times had she executed a yawn so frank, so ample, so unrestricted in its architectural plan and front elevation that it could not have been distinguished from the involuntary Delsartean gesture with which the patient reader of a London daily paper turns to the editorial page. Three times had she remarked that the storm outside seemed to be subsiding, but would probably break out again worse than ever and continue all night.

But Elongatus Whacksiter still lingered.

Elongatus knew it was late, but he had something to say, and he meant to say it if he had to stay till he heard the sound of the early coffee mill in the distant kitchen. All he was waiting for was an encouraging opportunity. It seemed to have come at last.

"Miss McCurdy, did you hear that dull, ominous sound?" he asked, in a voice that had a sharp, ominous tremor.

"Yes," she replied, "it was a peal of thunder, was it not?"

"I sounded to me like the bursting of a cannon—perhaps a cannon fired prematurely. Glycerine!" he exclaimed fervently, "if I should tell you what I have been longing to say to you for months and months—if I should give utterance to the feeling that is in my heart, would—would it seem like a premature—er?"

"No, sir, it wouldn't!" thundered old Capt. McCurdy, thrusting his head into the room. "There wouldn't have been anything premature about it if you had been fired out of here three hours ago. Look at that clock, you stork legged, sorrel topped giraffe! You clothing store dummy! Git!"

And Elongatus Whacksiter got. While the wind sobbed, and the clouds wept, and all nature lifted up her voice and grumbled, Elongatus silently took his hat and went forth into the grewsome darkness of the night.—Chicago Tribune.

How the Baby Managed.

Three-year-old Frank is a beautiful, bright little fellow, the only child in the family until a few days since, and petted much more than is for his good. Last week a little sister was born, and Frank was sent to The Holleden to remain with his grandmother for a few days. Frank's nose was decidedly out of joint. He was sure that the dreadful baby was entirely to blame for his first banishment from home, and he could not like her even a little bit. A morning or two after his coming to the hotel a baby was born directly opposite, and he felt happened to meet Frank and his grandmother in the hall, and accosted him with: "What's happened up at your house, anyway, Frank?"

In an instant the sunny little face was angry and flushed.

"It's a baby!" he replied, his childish voice expressing how hurt he felt at the little stranger's intrusion.

"A baby," repeated the lady, in well feigned astonishment: "how did it get there?"

Frank was puzzled for a moment and then answered, contemptuously tossing his head: "Oh, it just sneaked in."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Satiated.

"Willie Johnson," said the teacher, "if you had five doughnuts and your mother were to give you four more, how many would you have?"

Willie twisted the corners of his jacket, moved his lips and tried to think, but he couldn't.

"Don't count 'em up," said the teacher; "tell me right off."

"I should have—a—a—a—a"—

"Well, how many?"

"Huh—I sh'd have 'nough, I guess!" said Willie, grinning broadly.—Youth's Companion.

Not Altogether Her Fault.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billous, with much severity, "do you mean to tell me you paid fifty cents for that lot of worthless auction trumpery? Are you never going to learn the value of money?"

"How can you expect me to learn anything about it, John, when I have only $1.50 a week to practice on?" replied Mrs. Billus, sweetly, and John stole softly out into the woodshed and kicked himself.—Chicago Tribune.

Giving Her Away.

Tommy (to his sister's admirer)—Oh, Mr. Courtman, you ain't a murderer, are you?

Mr. Courtman—I should hope not. What put such an idea into your head?

"Sister said you were murdering something last night."

"What was I murdering, Tommy?"

"The piano, I think she said."—Yankee Blade

A Sad Case.

Mrs. Jones (who is reading the morning paper)—A prominent coal dealer was paralyzed in his office last week.

Mr. Jones—Paralyzed, was he? Probably the driver forgot to weigh himself before he drove off with 1,000 pounds of coal.—Texas Siftings.

A New Make of Scales.

Nickleby—That's a strange pair of scales you have there. I suppose they are of the Ambuscade kind.

Grocer—Ambuscade! What is that?

Nickleby—Why, they lie in weight, as it were.—Lawrence (Mass.) American.

"To Be or Not to Be?"

—Life.

'Golden Fleece.

FALL 1888

New Ulster Cloths,

New Mantle Cloths,

New Dress Goods,

IN SUITINGS & MELTON CLOTHS

New Dress and Mantle

TRIMMINGS

FEATHERBONE CORSETS.

T. A. SHARKEY.

Farm for Sale.

IN THE PARISH OF SOUTHAMPTON, (Lower) York County, containing 100 acres, one Dwelling House, with kitchen and wood shed, two barns and manure sheds. To be sold with stock and farming utensils, together or separately. Information can be obtained from PETER D. MORRISON, On the Premises.

Lower Southampton, May 18th—w—pd

PINE APPLES.

Evaporated Apricots, Sweet Potatoes,
Evaporated Apples, Cucumber Pickles,
Red Bananas, Mixed Pickles,
Yellow Bananas, S. C. Ham,
Blood Oranges, Fresh Lobsters,
Valencia Oranges, Bloaters,
Lemons, Haddies.

TIMOTHY and CLOVER SEED at low Prices.

W. R. LOGAN.

Queen Street, Fredericton.

Canned Goods.

CORN, TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS,
PINE APPLES, PEACHES, OYSTERS,
LOBSTERS, SALMON, CORN BEEF,
LUNCH TONGUE, POTTED HAM,

Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee.

FOR SALE LOW AT

S. L. MORRISON'S

Queen Street, Cor. of York.

Fredericton, June 21st, 1888.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and Doctor's fees included to any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

JUST RECEIVED AT

J. W. TABOR'S,

Cor. King & Westmorland Sts.

FRESH SEEDS-- GRASS, CLOVER, GARDEN and FLOWER.

Fearman's Hams, Shoulders, Bacon; Milk Pans, Jugs and Crocks. Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Setts. 1 cask Assorted Glassware.

Maple Sugar and Honey, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Dates, Prunes, Japan, Oolong, and Black Teas, Choice Labrador and Bay Herring, Haddies and Bloaters, with a full line of Canned Goods.

For sale low at the Old Stand, Corner King and Westmorland Streets.

Fredericton, April 27. J. W. TABOR.

JUST RECEIVED.

1 CAR LOAD

Iron---Well Assorted.

2 TONS DRY AND TARRED

SHEATHING PAPER,

10 CASKS

RAW AND BOILED OIL.

Z. R. EVERETT.

Fredericton, June 19.

We have now the Finest Stock in the City of

ACCORDEONS, STATIONERY, BOOKS FOR

Normal School and College Students.

A Full Supply of Office Requisites always on hand

AT HALL'S BOOKSTORE,

QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.

Fredericton, Feb. 13.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.

Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for

SLEIGHS & PUNGS

We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at

PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.

Leave Your Orders Early.

EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton Oct. 6th, 1887

The Largest, Choicest and Best Assortment of

TEAS!

In the City are for sale by the

LONDON TEA CO'Y.

13 YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.,

Congous, Saryunes, Panyongs, Oolongs, Indian and other Blends, Indian Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, O. S. Pekoe, Ceylon, Hyson, Hoyune, &c., &c.

W. H. TIPPET, Manager.

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME'

A Passenger, Mail and Express Train will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3:00, p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:15 Manuar's Siding 3:35; Durham, 3:45; Cross Creek, 4:20; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:05; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Blackville, 7:10; Upper Nelson Room, 7:40; Chatham Junction, 8:05; arrive at Chatham, 8:30.

RETURNING: LEAVE CHATHAM

5:00, a. m; Chatham Junction, 5:25; Upper Nelson Room, 5:40; Blackville, 6:20; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:35; Boiestown, 8:15; Cross Creek, 9:10; Durham, 9:50; Marysville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30; arriving at Fredericton, 10:35.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN
Superintendent

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 4th, 1889.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, Vanceboro, Bangor Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

11 30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.25 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John, connecting at the junction with Fast Express via "Short Line for Montreal and he West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON

From St. John 6.10, 8.55 a. m., 4.45 p. m., Fredericton Junction 7.40 a. m., 1.05, 6.25 p. m., McAdam Junction, 11.35 a. m., 2 15 p. m., Vanceboro, 11.15 a. m., 12.10 p. m., St. Stephen, 9.30, 11.40 a. m., St. Andrews, 6.30 a. m., arrive in Fredericton 8.55 a. m., 2.15, and 7.20 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON:

8 00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

5 55 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock and points north.

A. J. HEATH, Gen Pass. & Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.

LARGE SIZED HEADS

A Specialty.

Fredericton, Jan. 12, 188

JUST RECEIVED!

Latest Designs in LADIES POCKET BOOKS

this year, 1889. Beautiful in design, well made and reasonable in price, in fact, cheaper than old style books are sold elsewhere, at

F. J. McCAUSLAND'S

WATCH & JEWELLRY STORE, QUEEN ST.

Fredericton, March 2

WE WANT POTATOES.

WE HANDLED 60 000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.

And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO.

General Commission Merchants,

22 CENTRAL WHARF, BOSTON, MASS.

Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 1843

Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

T. W. SMITH

Invites inspection from his numerous customers and friends of his

Fine Stock of Cloths

Both Foreign and Domestic. They are of the FINEST TEXTURE AND LATEST DESIGNS, AND AT PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

☞ Call early and leave your measures. We warrant satisfactory fits at Rock-Bottom Prices.

INSPECTION IS ALSO INVITED OF OUR

FELT AND FUR HATS,

BOTH HARD AND SOFT.

They are of the Very Latest Styles and Prices Very Low

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

OF ALL QUALITIES, IN THE LATEST NOVELTIES

Which we will sell at

THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Wool taken in exchange for Cloths at Lowest Cash Prices, and the Highest Cash Price paid for the Wool.

THOS. W. SMITH,

192 Queen St., Fredericton.

Fredericton, April 10.