POETRY.

HOW SHALL WE GIVE?

Sometimes a heart is prompted to a deed Designed to aid a brother in distress, Yet in its action it forgets their need Of fellow-feeling, whose good will can

The gift is taken with raised, pleading eyes, For look or word with sympathetic ring But vain the search - they fall in mute sur-

Beneath the stony glance that held a sting.

Another, having less to give of gold, Throws o'er his mite the radiance of

And with a tenderness sweet to behold, Offers a boon, hiding no sting or guile. Thus coming, with remembered smile and

Despair retreats, while Hope returns to bless, Hearts lightened thus to efforts fresh are spurred, Which may at length be crowned with

sure success. To give aright the soul should be aflame With love and pity, charged with smiles for all:

Then sums, though small, a large return may claim, While lavish ones unblessed around may

Our aim should be to cheer when we bestow, So with each boon let loving smiles be

given Impoverished hearts may leap by smiles To hopes exultant, thence to love and -[Sophie L. Schenck.

SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS.

CHAPTER III.

A spacious beautiful old room, th oriel windows of which faced the sea. At the open window in the soft evening light sat Mrs. Mabin and the young mistress of Mount Lipson. For many minutes they had been sitting silent looking lovingly into each other's eyes.

"It's so good to see you again, "Tina," said the elder woman with a long dee sigh of supreme contentment. "I have been waiting to have a long

quiet talk with you, mother, all alone." "Christopher is busy in the library, out of doors: we shall have a little time at last to ourselves, dearest. "Oh, Tina, I've missed vou so! I have hungered and thirsted for a sight of your face!" the girl remorsefully.

You couldn't bear it at home-things "I couldn't bear to be dependent on Mr. | custodian," she said.

Mabin. Mother, you are looking thin, and careworn and anxious." "I shall be better now that you are at

pride on the sweet young eyes of her first born, best beloved child. The girl lovingly smiled back at her.

She was a daughter of whom any mother might justly have been proud. The last bright rays from the west fell upon her where she sat, and her soft abundant hair looked like burnished gold; her clear transparent skin was delicately colored; sunny hazel eyes shone out from gave bliss to the oppressed. a shady fringe of darker lashes; her face was a small oval and cut most daintily; her head was set proudly on her shoulders. | tine's side to the village one morning. Her slender figure was exquisitely graceful. In her pose, in her expression, there was a strange subtle charming union of girlish simplicity and womanly dignity.

"You have much to tell me, 'Tina." "Very much," returned the girl with a half-checked sigh. "But what I tell you must be a secret, mother."

"Yes, dear-you can trust me." "Miss Featherstone left me this propfond of me, but partly from another wear such jolly frocks now-no wonder as her cheeks-"no one knew that you motive-

Mrs. Mabin waited patiently while the girl paused. After a minute Earnestine "The secret, mother, is Miss Feather-

stone's. She told it to me two or three days before her death. Long ago during her father's lifetime she married. She was married secretly; no one but her father knew and he only knew afterwards when the marriage could not be undone She said she had passionately loved the man she married; but he was far beneath her-one of the factory hands whom they employed. He died a month after she had married him, and it was in her grief furiously angry; he said she had disever when later she broke the news to Linden than for Captain Beamish." him that she was going to have a child. She went away and the child was born. and then he offered her two alternatives

-he said she might give up her child hers, or then and there he would cast her off; she might go her own way live as she could he would never again acknowledge her as his daughter. She | Flossy?" chose the first alternative; she gave up her boy. Her father took him and found a home for him; she was not allowed even to know where he had been taken. Her son grew up knowing nothing of his parentage, but old Mr. Featherstone had promised to be generous to him, and he educated him well, and when he

him?" cried Mrs. Mabin wonderingly. "Not content, mother. She was unmade her so restless; she was perpetually | Flossy's." striving to distract her thoughts; she travelled hither and thither as though she hoped to travel away from her discontent.

"But did she make no effort to find her son?"

"Never, I think, whilst her father lived. On his death-bed, on the very day started. Along the road came a gentleof his death, he made her solemnly swear again that she would never acknowledge her marriage, and that her son's name should be never mentioned in her will when she came to dispose of the property that would be hers. And she made both promises.

the sunset across the sea.

"Mrs. Featherstone has left the property to me—because—she hoped that—

"Well, 'Tina?" "She hoped that I would accept Captain Beamish."

"I don't understand, 'Tina, dear."

"After Mr. Featherstone's death, mother, she found by accident an old pocket book of his which contained the address of a got to know him. She saw him often, first in London, then in Paris-"

Again the girl paused a moment. She steadily.

"It seems—that he wished to ask me to be his wife; but he could not afford to

Miss Featherstone told me this the day lowered tone, "since my poor mother's before her death; she told me that by her | death." will she had bequeathed everything to me, and that she had done so in the full assurance that I cared for Captain Beamish, and would accept him when he pro-

"Tina! And is it true?" The girl ignored the question. "She tried to make me promise was dying, she pleaded hard, very hard,'

posed to me."

"And did you promise?" "No, I did not promise," returned the cheeks burned with the excitement of she tells me?" some disturbing recollection. "Mother, I behaved badly. I take myself to task for the way in which I replied to Mr. Featherstone's request."

"I don't believe you ever in your life behaved badly, 'Tina." "Listen, mother. Miss Featherstone was ill; she was feverish and very much excited. I was afraid to refuse to promise I wanted to soothe her, for I was eager

that she should sleep, so I answered sleep. I meant next day to discuss the her wishes." question again with her, to tell her that what she wished was impossible. I had no idea that she was so near death; next

day she died." There was silence for a minute then Mrs. Mabin asked-

"Is it impossible, Tina?" "I think so, mother." "You don't love Captain Beamish?"

"But he is fond of you?" "I don't know," returned the girl, sighing slightly. "I never liked the attention he paid me. He was kind to me, very kind; he went everywhere with us used to feel that I ought to have been not love you."

more grateful." "If Captain Beamish is fond of you and will be good to you, marry him, 'Tina. Is there no one whom you yourself are

The girl's clear skin flushed; she turned her head aside and looked down at the speech sounded like self-satire in her ears. waves dashing in at the Cornish shore far

away below the window. "I am not sure that I care for anyone," she answered in a would be careless tone. I am not sure."

The children who ran in at that moment and the girls and the children have gone earlier, and were in the highest of spirits me, I wish it had been yours. I will not and proportionately unruly.

"It was cruel of me to leave you," said only got through two each when the Lipson to me. On the night before her ! gardener came and turned us out. I say, death she tried to extract a promise from "No, now; it was right of you to go. 'Tina, get rid of that gardner, will you?" me." Ernestine laughed. "I am glad the fruit has such a good

> Before many weeks had passed, great changes had taken place in the Mabin family. Little Mrs. Mabin, for the first time since her marriage, found herself treated with consideration by her stepdaughters. For the first time too, her husband remembered that good breeding required him to treat his wife with due respect. Flossy and Minnie fell into a subordinate position in the household The young mistress of Mount Lipson held

"I say, Tina, haven't you altered?" Tom ejaculated as he walked by Ernes-She laughed gaily.

"Have I Tom? How?" "Oh, every way. You've grown so grand. You've grown pretty, 'Tina, too," added the boy. "I was always pretty, Tom," returned

his sister with sweet frankness. Tom, with his his hands in the pocket of his sailor suit, reflected on this point. "Frocks make such a difference to erty, partly I suppose, because she was girls," was his mature conclusion. "You

> you look so nice." "Tom, you are cruelly truthful." "'Tina, do you think you'll marry?" The abrupt change of subject, the grave

> voice, the calm inquiry of the boyish eyes that were raised to her face, made Ernestine first blush then laugh. "Shall you marry Captain Beamish 'Tina?"

> The girl's laughter ceased suddenly. "Where did you hear of Captain Beamish. Tom?" "Sophy, your maid, was talking to Daddy Longlegs-" "To whom?"

that she betrayed the secret to her father. | call that great long-legged footman - miles away from town, I found the entry It was a secret which sooner or later he James, you know. Sophy said you'd -Sarah Featherstone and Paul Beamish must have known. He was angry - marry Captain Beamish now you'd got were there made man and wife forty-one the money, but Daddy Longlegs said he'd graced him. He was more angry than bet ten to one you cared more for Mr. birth. I could have proved my parentage "Tom !"

"What's the matter, 'Tina?' "Nothing-nothing." "I say, 'Tina, is your Mr. Linden any

forever, swear never to acknowledge it as relation to the Mr. Linden who is in love with Flossy?" "You musn't talk of my Mr. Linden, Tom. Is there a Mr. Linden in love with truths are better spoken."

"Yes; she and Minnie got to know him when they went to the lakes. He bar for support. came to see her when we were living at Hyperion Lodge; he came the same evening that we got the letter from you fully. telling us about the money. He said he knew you. He can lots of times after that. He use to bring mother grapes and was old enough he entered the army-" things, but Flossy said they were really meant for her. We rather liked Mr. Linden, but we didn't like him quite so

"And she was content never to see well as Mr. Woburn, Mr. Woburn was happy; it was that secret trouble which | Minnie's property, and Mr. Linden was "Yes, I see."

"I say, are you tired?" "No-why, Tom?"

"Your voice sounded so." They were walking through fields, and as Tom cpoke they reached a gate which opened on the highway. Ernestine man whom she recognized, and who smiled, raised his hat and came quickly towards her with hand outstretched. "Miss Heather!"

"Captain Beamish!"

shoulded and strongly built. He had a of which lay a tempting pile of monster The girl paused for a moment; she self assured glance and manner; his black blackberries and the tete-a tete was at an looked out with dreamy wistful eyes at eyes looked boldly and approvingly at end. the beautiful young face and lithe grace-"Well, dear?" Mrs. Mabin gently ful figure of the girl before him; his short black moustache did not hide his mouth; as he smiled the parted lips revealed strong teeth of a dazzling whiteness; his chin | bright bedroom, were dressing for a dance was clean shaven; somewhat square and The dance was at the house of a ten-mile thick. The hand which took Ernestine's distant neighbor, and the girls with a long was large and strong and held hers in a drive before them were dressing betimes firm close grasp.

"I came to see you," he said frankly. Ernestine was unprepared for such the sisters. directness. She looked quickly at him; school and some school bills. With that then, suddenly her sweet self possession clue she was able to trace her son. She forsook her; the color sprang swiftly to Floss; you've monopolized that glass all her lips and her eyes drooped.

"You were going this way. May I I'm looking." walk with you?" he asked, taking it for "It's far more important that I should was making a little effort to tell the tale granted that she acquiesced to his request. look well." Tom had fallen behind and was exploring the hedge for blackberries. "I have not seen you, Miss Heather," | "Dick Woburn wont't be there, And marry, for he had nothing but his pay. | said Captain Beamish, speaking in a clear | Mr. Linden will be."

Ernestine grew pale and raised her eyes with a quick, questioning glance.

"How did you learn it?" the girl stammered.

"I received a letter from her written a short time before her death. Though she accept him. When she knew that she writes ambiguously, both her words and her actions admit of but one reasonable interpretation. She does not acknowledge me as her son, but she tells me-Miss girl, doubtfully. She sighed and her Heather, you are probably aware of what

"N-no," Ernestine murmured in a faltering tone below her breath. Captain Beamish paused before a gate which overlooked a far reaching stretch of open country; Ernestine stood still too. She looked fixedly away before her: but he, resting his elbow on the gate, turned and faced her.

"She told me this; that she would have wished to leave her wealth to me, but that a vow prevented her from doing so evasively, and my evasive answer satis- she added that she had left it to you in fied her. She kissed me and went to the full assurance that you would fulfil

He was watching every change of expression on the mobile face; his glance darkened as he saw the death-like pallor that crept over it. He banished the frown however, and his eyes looked with

a soft passionate glance into hers. "The wishes of the dead are sometimes hard to fulfil," said he speaking low and looking steadily into her eyes all the while he spoke; but not in this case

You must know that I love you, Nessa And I think that you love me." She shrank a little, looking back at him with a startled glance. "No-no," she exclaimed in the same

in Paris' and showed us everything. I low voice. "You are mistaken. I do "You will let me teach you how?" he

returned softly. "It's an easy lesson to learn, Nessa, and you I am sure will prove a willing pupil." Her cold white face, her fixed gaze, her set lips daunted him a little; his assured

"Captain Beamish," she began, and paused with a little breathless gasp. His dark eyes sought hers questioningly, and after a minute she found her voice again, and continued steadily enough. "You must not be deceived. You must not think from the garden cut short the conversa- that I shall ever love you. I am very tion. They had arrived a few hours sorry that this property has been left to conceal the fact that Miss Featherstone-"We've been picking peaches in the Mrs. Beamish I mean-did explain to me greenhouse," declared Tom, boisterously. before her death the wishes, the hope I've eaten seven; Poll and Gertie had that had induced her to leave Mount

> "Which you refused to make?" The girl's truthful eyes fell in sudden confusion; she did not catch his triumph-

ant glance. "You made the promise?" he questioned quietly. "No; but I gave an evasive answer. The doctor had charged me to keep her quiet; I feared to excite her. I meant to speak to her freely and frankly the next

"And did not do so?" "There was no time." There was a minute's silence; then Cap- her. She awoke with a start.

tain Beamish, looking at her with a quiet smile, spoke again. the reins of government and her rule "It did not suggest itself to you I suppose, that by your evasive answer you secured the property which is now yours? If you had returned a different answer,

she would scarcely have left you Mount "Captain Beamish, you forget-there was no time-no time to make another will."

enough to destroy a will. If she had destroyed her will that night, I as her son, would have rightfully inherited all of which she died possessed." "But"-ventured the girl in a fluttering tone of voice, her lips almost as white

were her son. It was a secret which died with her." "A secret which died with her? How can you say that? You were told the secret and I guessed it!"

"But proof?-there is no proof-the law would have asked for legal proof." "True, and I could have furnished it My mother's interest in me awakened my suspicion; it afforded me a clue; I followed up that clue. I have been searching the registers of every church in Great Marlow, where old Featherstone's factories were. For a few weeks my search was unsuccessful, but at last in a little "Daddy Longlegs. That's what we out of the way parish church, some ten years ago, some ten months before my

satisfactorily-could have satisfied even the dense intelligence of the law. Miss Heather, I do not wish to speak harshly, but I do wish you to face your position; you have-unwittingly, no doubt-done me out of my inheritance. It is an unpleasant truth, both for me to speak and for you to hear, but even unpalatable

He stood watching her. Her hand resting on the gate, grasped the topmast "You must have the property! Oh, I

know that-I see that," she said distress-"You will fulfil the condition which my mother laid upon you? I knew your sense of honor would induce you to re gard her wishes as obligatory in this matter. You will be my wife, Nessa?" "No-no. Take the property; let it be

a simple business matter. It is yours; I transfer it to you." "It is difficult for a gentleman to accep a gift-so large a gift-at a lady's hands. "But you will?"

"I must think of this," he answered re flectively; then he smiled. "Nessa, why do vou dislike me?" he asked. "Dislike you?" she repeated, he glance falling before his smile, her cheeks reddening a little as she realized the im-

possibility of denying his accusation. "You disdain my offer of marriage." "I do not disdain it. It is only-only that I do not love you," returned the girl; and at that moment Tom ran up He was a man of forty, tall, broad and held out a stained hand on the palm

CAAPTER IV.

It was the evening of the same day. Flossy and Minnie, in the former's warm "Do run and see if Charlotte's nearly ready, Minnie," exclaimed the eldest of

"Oh, go yourself," was Minnie's petulant retort. "Get out of the way for a minute, the time, and I havn't an idea of how

"To you but not to me," laughed

"Are you sure of that, Floss?"

"Quite. I strolled over to Pengar beach this morning and met him; he said he had meant to leave the Trevarras a "You see I know the truth," he quietly week ago, but that when he heard that we were coming to the dance he had resolved to stay. 'We' there meant me. Oh. 'Tina, is that you?-how am I looking? Come and tell me."

Ernestine's face was strangely pale; she gave a word or two of praise to Flossy's white beaded net dress, then went towards the fire, and stood with her back towards the girls. "I wish you were coming, Tina," said

Minnie, half kindly, half carelessly, as she put a little star of brilliants coquettishly mongst the fluffy masses of her hair. "It's rather nonsense your wearing mourning for Miss Featherstone; she wasn't a

"I don't care much about dances." "Too old for them?" laughed Flossy. Don't you get partners? Poor Tina! rich. I do pity girls who get no partners! Braunstein. I wonder how they feel. I wonder how imes with him-it looks so pointed." "Is-Mr. Linden-at Trevarra?" asked

"Yes. Oh, I forgot; you know him, "I met him abroad." "I think he told me that. Do you like him? Now, 'Tina, be careful what you say-I won't have him abused."

"I was not about to abuse him."

Ernestine, in a quiet voice.

"How would you like him for a brotherin-law. 'Tina?" "Do you mean that this is likely to come to pass?" Ernestine said in a tense, strained sort of voice.

"Oh, I don't wish to be immodest, and to speculate upon the subject!" Flossy answered archly. When the bedroom door had closed again, and Flossy and Minnie were left

alone together the latter proceeded to expostulate. "Tina has gone away with the idea that you and Mr. Linden are on the point of becoming engaged with one another."

"Well suppose she has?" "Floss, I don't want to be disagreeable out you know as well as I do that Mr. Linden is far more likely to be in love with 'Tina than with you, and I got a glimpse of an expression on her face just now that was a sort of a revelation to me -I believes she cares awfully for him." "Then I'm glad I spoke as I did. It wouldn't do for Tina to marry." "Why not?"

with the golden eggs; don't let any one else take our goose away from us. If wife as the law could make her she could Tina marries, our taste for wealth is at an never look upon him except with loathing. Minnie, but I think on the whole my if they were joined for a century to co white net is the prettier dress; I shall go and coax 'Tina to lend me old Miss lent them already to Charlotte. Bother

In the small hours of the morning long before day broke, Ernestine was awakened from her sleep. Flossy, candle in hand, stole into her bedroom and bent over "Are you back?" she asked, rousing

"Yes; it has been such a lovely ball!" "I'm glad. Is mother tired?" "Well, she was looking sleepy. I want you to kiss me." The request was an unusual one; Er-

nestine obeyed it wonderingly. "Flossy, how happy you are looking! she cried, and took herself to task for the spasm which seemed to contract her heart as she spoke. "Yes; I am so awfully happy, Tina."

you guess?" "Has-has-" ask me questions, for I can't answer them. Oh, 'Tina, I am so happy!—I know you

"What has happened?"

will be glad. Good night." As Flossy went away to her own room "You have been to see 'Tina?" the sold by druggists and country dealers. younger girl said, wonderingly. "Yes. I have been wise. All the

night I have been haunted by what you said before we started. If 'Tina really cares for Mr. Linden, she had better get over her affection as soon as possible; we ried, can't I? can't afford to transfer our golden goose." "What have you been saving to her?" "Nothing-absolutely nothing." "I don't understand you, Flossy."

"Innocent little dear! don't you? I purify the blood. have only been implying something which after all may by and by become a truth. Mr. Linden certainly paid me atmilitia colonel, did you see me marching tention to-night." up Broadway to-day? Yeth, said Mollie,

TO BE CONTINUED. BROCKWAY.

SEPT 21.—The weather is getting quite fall-like, and now as the partridge season is about to open the boys are beginning to rig up their guns.

Wm. Little, one of our most enterprisfield; his crop this season proving a perfect success. The home of Thos. Cloney was glad- Stomach Tonic, three or four bottles of lened last week by the arrival of his which completely restored them to health daughter, Miss Lizzie, not alone but as and strength.

the bride of Horace Wallace, of N. H. On Thursday evening men, women and chillren, with numerous noisy instruments, gathered in the yard and serenaded them all others, shall you wish to see when you until the happy couple stepped out and get to heaven? With a face brightening received the hearty congratulations of all, up with anticipation, the little fellow after which all were invited into the shouted, Cleopatra! nouse where dancing was indulged in for several hours. After partaking of a sumptous lunch, the company dispersed wishing the like would soon happen again. Mrs. Walker will remain at her father's home during the winter, while Mr. lars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deaf-Walker returns to work in New Hamp-

John Vail and Sandy Sinclair went to Fredericton yesterday to attend the exhi-

ing friends here. Miss May Stinson visiting her sister, Mrs. Edw. Davis. The young people of this and the neighporing village held a dance at the resilence of Wm. Little on the evening of

the 20th.

Mrs. Grant, of St. George, is visiting elatives here. School has again started under the careful management of A. H. Libbey. John Brockway presented his daughter Miss Dollie, with a fine organ last week, from A. L. Moran, of St. Stephen.

A pleasant surprise party was held at he home of Miss Mary Brockway, on Tuesday evening, the 12th inst.; also one at the home of Miss Phebie Sinclair on Saturday the 9th. On Wednesday, the 13th inst., a large gists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing anmber of the young people drove to the picnic on Pleasant Ridge. The weather

oleasant day was spent. Wm. Ruddock is making some imnuch to its appearance.

ON THE WIFE'S LIPS A SEAL. Forced Into an Odious Marriage She Won't Talk to Her Husband.

New York, Sept. 23,- In the town of Brest-Litovsk, Russia, lived six weeks ago Gittel Rosenblaum, a young peasant girl. Her parents were Hebrews, and when the girl became enamored of Kelkel Barrak, a young Christian, she incurred their displeasure. She was commanded to renounce her lover, and responded by arranging to marry him. When her parents learned this they placed the girl under strict surveillance and laid plans to prevent the

In the same town lived a young man, Simon Braunstein, who was known throughout the country for his beautiful soprano voice. A little over a month ago while the girl was brooding over her troubles, her parents burst into the room, leading a procession formed of a rabbi, her family with its connexions and immediate But you will, you know, now that you're friends and, in the extreme rear young

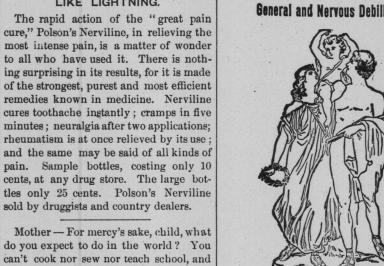
The girl was ordered to rise. She did

meant she was his wife. friends she looked at her soft-voiced hus- formerly occupied by the band with scorn but said nothing.

When the immigrants arrived here they were unable to proceed to Denver until ing. The immigration officials noticed source of the trouble. Whenever he addressed her with the most commonplace queries she turned her back and kept

This action finally became so apparent to all that one of the officials interviewed the girl. She told her story without reservation. Not only had she been torn from her lover, she sorrowfully declared, but she had been mated to one who would "Why not? Oh, Minnie, don't turn be despised by any woman. She knew and the public generally. silly and childish. 'Tina is the goose him by reputation before he became her husband, and while she was as much his end. Your blue grenadine suits you, She never would speak to him, she said April 29, 1893. She has applied to be allowed to land in New York instead of being sent to Featherstone's diamonds—if she hasn't Denver, it is probable that the immigration commissioners, for the first time in the history of the bureau, will destroy a bond that has not been binding.

Little Dick — Dot isn't going to give me any candy. I know it. Mother - Didn't she say she would? Little Dick - Y-e-s. but she said it just the way sister Clara says "Don't" when some feller is going to kiss her.



Well, Mollie, said her papa, who is a

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> Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES.

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.

Fredericion, June 9, 1893.

FRANK I. MORRISON,
Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison, june 10

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It is beneficial for SICKLY CHILDREN because they can assimilate it wh they cannot ordinary food. It is beneficial for COUGHS AND COLDS "CAUTION,"—Beware of substitutes, Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 500. and \$1.00.

many times Mr. Linden will ask me to so. The young man was brought forward dance; I shan't dance more than three and before the girl really knew what it all

At the conclusion of the ceremony Simon attempted to kiss the bride, but she repulsed him silently yet severely. He entreated with endearing words and 2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK she merely gazed at him with scorn, answering never a word. He stood abashed and humiliated before the company, and during the ceremonies of the days that Having severed my connection followed the wedding it was apparent to all that something was lacking in the harmony of the occasion. A few days ago after the wedding Simon Braunstein, his wife, mother and five brothers and sisters set sail for this country on the State of I have opened up business or California. The bride still refused to speak to her husband. When chided by my own account, in the store

they received funds from friends in that city. They are now at Ellis Island waitthat something was strange between man and wife, but saw nothing to indicate the

A RAILWAY MANAGER SAYS "In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

LIKE LIGHTNING. The rapid action of the "great pain cure," Polson's Nerviline, in relieving the most intense pain, is a matter of wonder to all who have used it. There is nothing surprising in its results, for it is made "I-I have promised not to tell. Can't of the strongest, purest and most efficient remedies known in medicine. Nerviline cures toothache instantly; cramps in five "Hush! You musn't guess; you mustn't | minutes; neuralgia after two applications; rheumatism is at once relieved by its use; and the same may be said of all kinds of pain. Sample bottles, costing only 10 cents, at any drug store. The large bottles only 25 cents. Polson's Nerviline

> you are not an heiress; what can you do? Daughter - Well, mother, I can get mar-Hawker's Liver Pills cure all stomach ills. They assist digestion regulate the bowels and liver, tone the stomach and

and I was real mad, papa. They might have let you have a drum to play on like those others had. Andrew J. Stephens, St. John, N. B., says: It affords me great pleasure to certify to the remarkable virtues of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic. A year or two ago, my two daughters, aged 15 and 17 years, became very weak, pale and ing farmers, has commenced to dig his nervous. They had no appetite, and potatoes, of which he has an immense were listless and low-spirited. I tried various remedies without success, until I was advised to try Hawker's Nerve and

> ARE YOU DEAF Or do you suffer from noises in the head Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particu-

George, asked the teacher of an up-

ness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. Chase, Orillia, Ont.-13 w. New Girl - What does your papa like Jas. Young, jr., of Fredericton, is visit- for breakfast? Little Mabel — He always likes most anything that we hasn't got.

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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 of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve th poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stom ach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, soften the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.
"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all drug-

was all that could be desired and a very Neighbor - Does your father rent that house you live in? Boy - No, indeed. It's his own house, every bit of it. It's provements on his house which will add been bought and paid for, and insured, and mortgaged, and everything.

Scott's **Emulsion**

because it heals the irritation of the throat and builds up the body and overcomes the difficulty.

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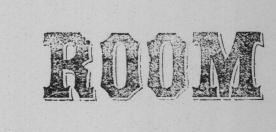
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