POOR CO

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

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.

NO MORE BLOCKS

I Have Wood Enough for all Winter.

My terms are strictly **CASH**, and my customers will understand that my work is labor, and labor has to be paid for, so don't ask for credit, for you will be refused.

All parties owing me now will please call and pay inside of THIRTY DAYS, otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of a collector. To carry on my business successfully I am compelled to do this.

W. E. SEERY.

Fredericton, Nov. 6th.

R. COLWELL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc. Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.

FACTORY

KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

APPLES!

APPLES!

We are Selling and will continue to Sell until the New Year,

AMERICAN BALDWIN APPLES

FROM $1.75 to $2.25.

G. T. WHELPLEY,

810 Queen Street.

Fredericton, Dec. 13th, 1888.

LAURANCE'S Spectacles and Eye-Glasses AT A BARGAIN.

I have a lot of LAURANCE'S BEST ENGLISH GLASSES, both in Glass and Pebbles, which I will sell at 20 per cent. LESS THAN COST. This is a rare chance to secure a first-class article at a LOW PRICE.

GEO. H. DAVIS.

Cor. Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, Oct. 9th, 1887

GENT'S SCOTCH L. WOOL

UNDERWEAR

All Qualities and Sizes.

TENNANT, DAVIES & Co

202 Queen Street, Fredericton.

Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 22, 1888.

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.

[Copyrighted by Rose Publishing Co.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Continued.)

"A thousand pardons, my dear, a thousand pardons," he said, as he entered the room; "but, well, if you will forgive particulars, I was quite unable to discover the whereabouts of a certain necessary portion of the male attire. Now, Col. Quaritch, will you take my daughter? Stop, you don't know the way—perhaps I had better show it to you with the candle."

Accordingly he advanced out of the vestibule, and turning to the left, led the way down a long passage till he reached the dining room. This apartment was commodious, though not large. It was lighted by three narrow windows, which looked out upon the moat, and bore a considerable air of solid comfort. The table, made of black oak, which was of extraordinary solidity and weight, was matched by a sideboard of the same material and apparently of the same date, both pieces of furniture being, as Mr. de la Molle informed his guests, relics of the old castle.

On this sideboard were placed several very massive ancient plate, on each of which was rudely engraved three falcons or, the arms of the De la Molle family, one piece, indeed, a very ancient salver, bearing those of the Boisseys—a ragged oak, in an escutcheon of pretense—showing thereby that it dated from the De la Molle who, in the time of Henry VII, had obtained the property by marriage with the Boissey heiress.

As the dinner, which was a simple one, went on, the conversation having turned that way, the old squire had this piece of plate brought by the servant girl to Harold Quaritch for him to examine.

"It is very curious," he said. "Have you much of this, Mr. de la Molle?"

"No, indeed," he said, "I wish I had. It all vanished in the time of Charles I."

"Melted down, I suppose," said the colonel.

"No, that is the odd part of it. I don't think it was. It was hidden somewhere—I don't know where, or perhaps it was turned into money and the money hidden. But I will tell you the story, if you like, as soon as we have done dinner."

Accordingly, as soon as the servant had removed the cloth, and, after the old fashion, placed the wine upon the naked wood, the squire began his tale, of which the following is the substance:

"In the time of James I the De la Molle family was at the height of its prosperity, that is, so far as money goes. For several generations previous the representatives of the family had withdrawn themselves from any active participation in public affairs, and living here at small expense upon their lands, which were at that time very large, had amassed a quantity of wealth that, for the age, might fairly be called enormous. Thus Sir Stephen de la Molle, the grandfather of the Sir James who lived in the time of James I, left to his son, who was also named Stephen, a sum of not less than £33,000 in gold. This Stephen was a great miser, and tradition says that he trebled the sum in his life time. Anyhow, he died rich as Crœsus, and abominated alike by his tenants and by the country side, as might be expected when a gentleman of his name and fame degraded himself, as this Sir Stephen undoubtedly did, to the practice of usury.

"With the next heir, Sir James, however, the old spirit of the De la Molles seems to have revived, although it is sufficiently clear that he was by no means a spendthrift, but, on the contrary, a careful man, though one who maintained his station and refused to soil his fingers with such base dealing as it had pleased his uncle to do. Going to court he became, perhaps on account of his wealth, a considerable favorite with James I, to whom he was greatly attached, and from whom he bought a baronetcy. Indeed, the best proof of his devotion is, that he on two occasions, lent large sums of money to the king which were never repaid. On the accession of Charles I, however, Sir James left court under circumstances which were never quite cleared up. It is said that, smarting under some slight which was put upon him, he made a somewhat brusque demand for the money that he had lent to James. Thereon the king, with sarcastic wit, congratulated him on the fact that the spirit of his uncle, Sir Stephen De la Molle, whose name was still a byword in the land, evidently survived in the family. Sir James turned white with anger, bowed, and without a word left the court, nor did he ever return thither.

"Years passed, and the civil war was at its height. Sir James had as yet steadily refused to take any share in it. He had never forgiven the insult put upon him by the king, for, like most of his race, of whom it was said that they never forgave an injury and never forgot a kindness, he was a pertinacious man. Therefore he would not lift a finger in the king's cause, but still less would he help the Roundheads, whom he hated with a singular hatred. So time went, till at last, when he was sore pressed, Charles, knowing his great wealth and influence, brought himself to write a letter to this Sir James, appealing to him for support, and especially for money.

"'I hear,' said the king in his letter, 'that Sir James de la Molle, who was aforetime well affected to our person and more especially to the late king, our sainted father, doth stand idle, watching the growing of this bloody struggle and lifting no hand. Such was not the way of the race from which he sprung, which, unless history doth greatly lie, hath in the past been each found at the side of their kings striking for the right. It is said to me also that Sir James de la Molle doth thus place himself aside, blowing neither hot nor cold, because of some sharp words which we spake in heedless jest many a year that's gone. We know not if this be true, doubting if a man's memory be so long, but if so it be, then hereby do we crave his pardon, and no more can we do. And now is our estate one of grievous peril, and sorely do we need the aid of God and man. Therefore, if the heart of our subject Sir James de la Molle be not rebellious against us, as we cannot readily credit it to be, we do implore present his aid in men and money, of which last it is said he hath large store, this letter being proof of our urgent need.'

"These were, as nearly as I can remember, the very words of the letter which was written in his own hand, and show pretty clearly how hardly he was pressed. It is said that when he read it, Sir James, forgetting his grievance, burst into tears, and, taking the paper, wrote hastily as follows, which last he certainly did, for I have seen the letter in the museum: 'My liege—Of the past I will not speak. It is past. But since it hath graciously pleased your majesty to ask mine aid against the rebels who would overthrow your throne, rest assured that all I have is at your majesty's disposal, till such time as your enemies are discomfited. It hath pleased Providence to so proper my fortunes that I have stored away in a safe place, till these times be past, a very great sum in gold, whereof I will at once place 10,000 pieces at the disposal of your majesty, so soon as a safe means can be provided of conveying the same, seeing that I had sooner die than that these great moneys should fall into the hands of the rebels to the furtherance of an evil cause.'

"Then the letter went on to say that the writer would at once buckle to and raise a troop of horse among his tenantry, and that, if other satisfactory arrangements could not be made for the conveyance of the moneys, he would bring them in person to the king.

"And now comes the climax of the story. The messenger was captured, and Sir James' incautious letter taken from his boot, as a result of which he, within ten days' time, found himself closely besieged by 500 Roundheads, under the command of one Col. Playfair. The castle was but ill provisioned for a siege, and in the end Sir James was driven by sheer starvation to surrender. No sooner had he obtained an entry than Col. Playfair sent for his prisoner, and to his astonishment produced to Sir James' face his own letter to the king.

"'Now, Sir James,' he said, 'we have the hive, and I must ask you to lead us to the honey. Where be these great moneys whereof you talk herein? Pain would I be fingering these 10,000 pieces in gold, the which you have so snugly stowed away.'

"'Ay,' answered old Sir James; 'you have the hive, but the secret of the honey you have not, nor shall you have it. The 10,000 pieces in gold is where it is, and with it as much more. Find it if you may, colonel, and take it if you can.'

"'I shall find it by to-morrow's light, Sir James, or otherwise—well, or otherwise you die.'

"'I must die; all men do, colonel; but if I die the secret dies with me.'

"'This we shall see,' answered the colonel, grimly, and old Sir James was marched off to a cell, and there closely confined on bread and water. But he did not die the next day, nor the next, nor for a week, indeed.

"Every day he was brought up before the colonel and questioned as to where the treasure was, under the threat of immediate death, not being suffered meanwhile to communicate by word or sign with any one, save the officers of the rebels, and every day he refused, till at last his inquisitor's patience gave out, and he was told frankly that if he did not communicate the secret he would be shot at dawn the following day.

"Old Sir James laughed, and said that shoot him they might, but that he consigned his soul to the devil if he would enrich them with his treasures, and then asked that his Bible might be brought to him that he might read therein and prepare himself for death.

"They gave him the Bible and left him. Next morning at the dawn a file of Roundheads marched him out into the court yard of the castle, and here he found Col. Playfair and his officers waiting.

"'Now, Sir James, for your last word. Will you reveal where the treasure lies, or will you choose to die?'

"'I will not reveal,' answered the old man. 'Murder me if you will. The act is worthy of holy Presbyters. I have spoken and my mind is fixed.'

"'Bethink you,' said the colonel.

"'I have thought,' he answered, 'and I am ready. Slay me and seek the treasure. But one thing I ask. My young son is not here. In France hath he been this three years, and naught knows he of where I have hid this gold. Send to him this Bible when I am dead. Nay, search it from page to page. There is naught therein save what I have writ here upon this last sheet. It is all I have left to give.'

"The book shall be searched,' answered the colonel, 'and if naught is found therein it shall be sent. And now, in the name of God, I adjure you, Sir James, let not the love of lucre stand between you and your life. Here I make you one last offer. Discover but to us the £10,000 whereof you speak in this writing'—and he held up the letter to the king—'and you shall go free—refuse and you die.'

"'I refuse,' he answered.

"'Musqueteers make ready,' shouted the colonel, and the file of men stepped forward.

"But at that moment there came up so furious a squall of wind, together with dense and cutting rain, that for awhile the execution was delayed. Presently it passed, and the wild light of the November morning swept out from the sky, and revealed the doomed man kneeling upon the sodden turf, with the water running from his white hair and beard, and praying.

They called to him to stand up, but he would not, and continued praying. So they shot him on his knees."

"Well," said Col. Quaritch, "at any rate he died like a gallant gentleman."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and the servant came in.

"What is it?" asked the squire.

"George is here, please, sir," said the girl, "and says that he would like to see you."

"Confound him!" growled the old gentleman; "he is always here after something or other. I suppose it is about the Moat farm. He was going to see Janter today. Will you excuse me, Quaritch? My daughter will tell you the end of the story if you care to hear any more. I will join you in the drawing room."

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF THE TALE.

As soon as her father had gone Ida rose and suggested that if Col. Quaritch had done his wine they should go into the drawing room, which they accordingly did. This room was much more modern than either the vestibule or the dining room, and had a general air and flavor of the Nineteenth century young lady about it. There were the little tables, the draperies, the photograph frames, and all the hundred and one knick-knacks and odds and ends by means of which a lady of taste makes a room lovely in the eyes of brutal man. It was a very pleasant place to look upon, this drawing room at Honham castle, with its irregular recesses, its somewhat faded colors illuminated by the soft light of a shaded lamp, and its genuine air of feminine dominion. Harold Quaritch was a man who had seen much of the world, but had not seen much of drawing rooms, or, indeed, of ladies at large. They had not come in his way, or if they had come in his way he had avoided them. Therefore, perhaps, was he the more susceptible to such influences when he came in contact with them. Or perhaps it was the presence of Ida's gracious self which threw a charm about the place that added to its natural attractiveness, as the china bowls of lavender and rose leaves added perfume to the air. Anyhow, it struck him that he had never seen a room which conveyed to his mind such an idea of gentle rest and refinement.

"What a charming room," he said, as he entered it.

"I am glad you think so," answered Ida; "because it is my own territory, and I arranged it."

"Yes," he said, "it is easy to see that."

"Well, would you like to hear the end of the story about Sir James and his treasure?"

"Certainly; it interests me very much."

"It positively fascinates me," said Ida, with emphasis. "Listen, and I will tell you. After they had shot old Sir James they took the Bible off him, but whether or no Col. Playfair ever sent it to the son in France is not known.

"The story is all known historically, and it is known that, as my father said, he asked that his Bible might be sent, but nothing more. This son, Sir Edward, never lived to return to England. After his father's murder the estates were seized by the Parliamentary party, and the old castle, with the exception of the gate towers, razed to the ground, partly for military purposes and partly in the long and determined attempt that was made to discover old Sir James' treasure, which might, it was thought, have been concealed in some secret chamber in the walls. But it was all of no use, and Col. Playfair found that in letting his temper get the better of him and shooting Sir James, he had done away with the only chance of finding the money that he was ever likely to have, for to all appearance the secret had died with its owner. There was a great noise about it at the time, and the colonel was degraded from his rank in reward for what he had done. Is was presumed that old Sir James must have had accomplices in the hiding of so great a mass of gold, and every means, by way of threats and promises of reward—which at last grew to half of the total amount that should be discovered—was taken to induce these to come forward if they existed, but without result. And so the matter went on, till after a few years the whole thing died away and was forgotten.

"Meanwhile the son, Sir Edward, who was the second and last baronet, led a wandering life abroad, fearing or not caring to return to England, now that all his property had been seized. When he was two-and-twenty years of age, however, he contracted an imprudent marriage with his cousin, a lady of the name of Ida Dofferleigh, a girl of good blood and great beauty, but without means. Indeed, she was the sister of George Dofferleigh, who was a cousin and companion in exile of Sir Edward's, and, as you will presently see, my lineal ancestor. Well, within a year of this marriage poor Ida, my namesake, died, with her baby, of fever, chiefly brought on, they say, by want and anxiety of mind, and the shock seems to have turned her husband's brain. At any rate, within three or four months of her death he committed suicide. But before he did so he formally executed a rather sinkorate will, by which he left all his estates in England, now unjustly withheld from me, contrary to law and natural right, by the rebel pretender Cromwell, together with the treasure hidden thereon or elsewhere by my late murdered father, Sir James de la Molle, to John Geoffrey Dofferleigh, his cousin, and the brother of his late wife and his heir forever, on condition only of his assuming the name and arms of the De la Molle family, the direct line of which became extinct with himself. Well, of course, this will, when executed, was to all appearances so much waste paper, but within three years from its execution Charless II was king of England.

"Thereon John Dofferleigh produced the document, and on assuming the name and arms of De la Molle actually succeeded in obtaining the remains of the castle and a considerable portion of the landed property, though the baronetcy became extinct. His son it was who built this present house, and he is our direct ancestor, for though my father talks of them as though they were—it is a little weakness of his—the old De la Molles were not our direct male ancestors."

"Well," said Harold, "and did Dofferleigh find the treasure?"

"No, ah, no, nor anybody else. The treasure has vanished. He hunted for it a great deal, and he did find those pieces of plate which you saw to-night, hidden away somewhere, I don't know where, but there was nothing else with them."

"Perhaps the whole thing was nonsense," said Harold, reflectively.

"No," said Ida, shaking her head, "I am sure it was not; I am sure the treasure is hidden away somewhere to this day. Listen, Col. Quaritch—you have not heard quite all the story yet—I found something."

"You what?"

"Wait a minute and I will show you," and going to a cabinet in the corner she unlocked it, and took out a dispatch box, which she also unlocked.

"Here," she said, "I found this. It is the Bible that Sir James begged might be sent to his son, just before they shot him, you remember," and she handed him a small brown book. He took it and examined it carefully. It was bound in leather, and on the cover was written in large letters, "Sir James de la Molle. Honham Castle, 1611." Nor was this all. The first sheets of the Bible, which was one of the earliest copies of the authorized version, were torn out, and the top corner was also gone, having to all appearance been shot off by a bullet, a presumption that a dark stain of blood upon the cover and edges brought near to certainty.

"Poor fellow," said Harold, "he must have had it in his pocket when he was shot. Where did you find it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ida; "in fact I have no doubt of it. I found it when I was a child in an old oak chest in the basement of the western tower, quite hidden up in dust and rubbish and bits of old iron. But look at the end and you will see what he wrote in it to his son Edward. Here I will show you," and leaning over him she turned to the last page of the book. Between the bottom of the page and the conclusion of the final chapter of Revelation there had been a small blank space now densely covered with crabbed writing in faded ink, which she read aloud. It ran as follows:

"Do not grieve for me, Edward, my son, that I am thus suddenly done to death by rebel murderers, for naught happeneth but according to God's will. And now farewell, Edward, till we shall meet in heaven. My moneys have I hid, and on account thereof I die unto this world, knowing that not one piece shall Cromwell touch. To whom God shall appoint, shall all my treasure be, for naught can I communicate."

"There," said Ida, triumphantly. "What do you think of that, Col. Quaritch? The Bible, I think, was never sent to his son; but here it is, and in that writing, as I solemnly believe," and she laid her white fingers upon the faded characters, "lies the key to wherever it is that the money is hidden, only I fear that I shall never make it out. For years I have puzzled over it, thinking that it might be some form of acrostic, but I can make nothing of it. I have tried it all ways. I have translated it into French, and had it translated into Latin, but still I can find out nothing—nothing. But some day somebody will hit upon it—at least I hope so."

Harold shook his head. "I am afraid," he said, "that what has remained undiscovered for so long will remain so till the end of the chapter. Perhaps the old Sir James was hoaxing his adversaries?"

"No," said Ida, "for if he was, what became of all the money? He was known to be one of the richest men of his day, and that he was rich, one can see from his letter to the king. There was nothing after his death, except his lands, of course. Oh, it will be found some day, twenty centuries hence probably, much too late to be of any good to us," and she sighed deeply, while a pained and wearied expression spread itself over her handsome face.

"Well," said Harold, in a doubtful voice, "there may be something in it. May I take a copy of that writing."

"Certainly," said Ida, laughing, "and if you find the treasure we will go shares. Stop, I will dictate it to you."

Just as this process was finished and Harold was shutting up his pocketbook, in which he put the fair copy he had executed on a half sheet of note paper, the old squire came into the room again. Looking at his face, his visitor saw that his interview with "George" had evidently been anything but satisfactory, for it bore an expression of exceedingly low spirits.

"Well, father, what is the matter?" asked his daughter.

"Oh, nothing, my dear, nothing," he answered, in melancholy tones. "George has been here, that is all."

"Yes, and I wish he would keep away," she said, with a little stamp of her foot, "for he has always some bad news or other."

"It is the times, my dear, it is the times; it isn't George. I really don't know what has come to the country."

"What is it?" said Ida, with a deepening expression of anxiety. "Something wrong about the Moat farm?"

"Yes; Janter has thrown it up, after all, and I am sure I don't know where I am to find another tenant."

"You see what the pleasures of landed property are, Col. Quaritch," said Ida, turning toward him with a smile which did not somehow convey a great sense of cheerfulness.

"Yes," he said, "I know. Thank goodness I have only ten acres that my dear old aunt left me. And now," he added, "I think that I must be saying good night. It is 10:30, and I expect that old Mrs. Jobson is sitting up for me."

Ida looked up in remonstrance, and opened her lips to speak, and then from some reason that did not appear changed her mind and held out her hand. "Good night, Col. Quaritch," she said. "I am so pleased that we are going to have you as a neighbor. By the way, I have a few people coming to play lawn tennis here to-morrow afternoon. Will you come too?"

"What!" broke in the squire, in a voice of irritation; "more lawn tennis parties, Ida! I think that you might have spared me for once—with all this business on my hands, too."

"Nonsense, father," said his daughter, with some acerbity. "How can a few people playing lawn tennis hurt you? It is quite useless to shut one's self up and be miserable over things that one can't help."

The old gentleman coughed with an air of pious resignation, and meekly asked who was coming.

To be Continued.

$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of Catarrh in the head by the proprietors of

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, Discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, blood streaked, offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely Vegetable. A Laxative.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet is a dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

HAMILTON'S

BARBER SHOP

IS ONE OF THE FIRST CLASS PLACES IN the City to get a Good Shave and a First Class Hair Cut. Having employed a First Class Barber, late of Boston, he is now prepared to do the finest work in the City. Shampooing and Dyeing in the latest style. Razors carefully honed. Ladies and Children's Hair Cutting the latest specialty.

BOYD HAMILTON, Barber
Next to W. Gulon.
York Street, Fredricton, N. B.
Also Dealer in Switches, Braids and Curls.
Fredericton Oct. 15—3m

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

Furniture Repaired.

Jobbing in Carpentry

Attended to by

W. S. HIMELMAN,

192 GEORGE STREET

SEWING MACHINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct. 15, 1888.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON APPROVED REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister.

Fredericton, Nov. 6.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A capital skylight—The moon.

A SEVERE ATTACK.—"I never felt better in my life than I have since taking Burdock Blood Bitters. I had a severe bilious attack; I could not eat for several days, and was unable to work. One bottle cured me." John M. Richards, Sr., Tara, Ont. For all bilious troubles use B. B. B.

A cultivated ear—An ear of corn.

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Mrs. Robert Williamson, of Gleniln, Parry Sound, Ont., says: "I could not keep house without Hagyard's Yellow Oil at hand. I have used it in my family for croup, sore throat, and a cut foot, and can highly recommend it to every body."

The way of the whirled—the waltz.

BEYOND DISPUTE.—There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

A stump speaker—"Mister, give me the bun."

A LUCKY ESCAPE.—"For six years I suffered with my throat and enlarged tonsils. I was very weak; I doctored four years and had advice from three doctors; they said I would have to undergo an operation. I tried B. B. B. instead. One bottle cured me." M. A. Squelch, Raglan, Ont.

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION.—"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster of Unfravilla, Ont. "Having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it.

A room very rarely rented—Room for improvement.

A SEVERE TRIAL.—Francis S. Smith, of Emsdale, Muskoka, writes: "I was troubled with vomiting for two years, and I have vomited as often as five times a day. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."

A grate nuisance—Bad coal—A greater—The price of it.

A Madman at Large!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about it? Listen: his appetite is gone, he is low-spirited, he don't sleep well, he has night-sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough. These symptoms are the forerunners of consumption and death, and yet he neglects them. Is it any wonder that we call him a madman? If you are his friend tell him to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miraculously create new lungs when the old ones are nearly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in his case delay means death.

How many passengers will a train of circumstances carry?

Wonderful Popularity.

The fact that the sale of Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little 'Pellet' is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size.

Man is 80 per cent. water. That is why a boil makes him hot.

BURDOCK PILLS

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS. SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. HARVEY, - - - - PHOTO-ARTIST, is now prepared to make NEW STYLES OF PHOTOS to take the place of CHRISTMAS CARDS, and wishes his numerous patrons TO CALL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE and ENGAGE SITTINGS for CHRISTMAS PHOTOS.

STUDIO 164 Queen Street, - Fredericton.

KEEP THE GRIDDLE ON THE STOVE.

Ely Perkins.

Receiving this Day, per Train.

2,700 lbs. New Buckwheat Meal,

FOR THE PEOPLE.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1888.

'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.

Fredericton, Nov. 3.

SKATING.

THE CURLING RINK will be open for Skating during the coming season, on

Friday Evenings.

BAND, ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Further Announcements hereafter.

T. C. ALLEN, President. J. W. McCREADY, Secretary.

Fredericton, Dec. 5th, 1888. 1w. fin.

IMPERIAL HALL.

FALL AND WINTER, 1888-9

NEW GOODS.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

OVERCOATINGS

In Naps, Meltons, Satarras, Tweeds, Elysians, Diagonals, Pilots, &c.

SUITINGS

all the Latest Shades and Patterns, Prices low. Also

Gent's Furnishings, Gloves, Caps, &c, &c.

THOMAS STANGER,

280 QUEEN STREET.

Fredericton, Nov. 1.

BERRY BROS.

Will, during the Holiday Season, show one of the Finest Displays of

CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONERY AND NOVELTIES,

Foreign and Domestic ever seen in this City. Look out for particulars in a future issue.

Berry Bros.,

QUEEN STREET, - - BETWEEN THE TWO LEADING HOTELS.

Fredericton, Dec. 11, 1888—9m tw.

COLOSSUS.

GUNTER'S BIG SLEIGH,

Seating nearly Half a Hundred, Drawn by Four or Six Horses,

ON HIRE AT REASONABLE RATES.

Parties of any number wishing to visit Marysville think will be called for at their residences.

Telephone your Orders.

GEO. I. GUNTER.

Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1888.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO

STANLEY'S ENGLISH SPECTACLES

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

GEO. C. HUNT,

Agent, - - - - - Fredericton.

See later Advertisement.

Aug.

In Transit and Now at Station.

1,125 Barrels Flour;
500 " Cornmeal;
250 " Beans;
125 " Oatmeal;
90 " Sugar;
90 " Pork;
50 Tubs Lard.

FOR SALE LOW BY

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.

Fredericton, Nov. 29th, 1888

WEATHER STRIPS.

Weather Strips.

GO TO

LIMERICK'S

FOR

Weather Strips.

Fredericton, Nov 27th, 1888.

FRESH EGGS!

JUST RECEIVED

—AT—

W. H. VANWART'S

150 DOZ.

W. H. VANWART.

Fredericton, Dec. 6 1888.

1000 Bushels of Oats for the People.

For Sale Low from the Cars.

ELY PERKINS.

Fredericton, Nov. 27, 1888.

To Travellers

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 22nd, 1888.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

6 25 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, McAdam Junction Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Fraser's Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

12 00 M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points east.

3 15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

9 25 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

2 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock.

7 15 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

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.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. | F. W. CRAM, General Manager.

A. J. HEATH, General Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 20th, 1888.

Northern and Western RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 28th, 1888.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A Passenger and Freight Train will leave Fredericton every morning (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

7:10, a. m; Gibson, 7:15; Marysville, 7:35; Manzer's Siding, 8:05; Durham, 8:20; Cross Creek, 9:05; Boiestown, 10:30; Doaktown, 11:20; Upper Blackville, 12:45, p. m; Blackville, 1:30; Upper Nelson Boom, 2:20; Chatham Junction, 2:40; arrive at Chatham, 3:30.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

8:00, a. m; Chatham Junction, 8:40; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:55; Blackville, 9:50; Upper Blackville, 10:25; Doaktown, 11:35; Boiestown, 12:35, p. m; Cross Creek, 2:00; Durham, 2:40; Marysville, 3:20; Gibson, 3:40, arriving at Fredericton, 3:45.

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 all Western points and 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., Nov. 28th, 1888.

HARD COAL.

Daily Expected by Train.

500 Tons Best Anthracite Coal,

In Broken, Nut and Chestnut Sizes.

ALSO:

By Train.

200 Tons Best Sydney Coal.

By Train.

200 Tons Joggins House Coal.

E. H. ALLEN,

18 Regent Street.

Fredericton, Dec. 6th, 1888.

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 183

Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

NOW IN STOCK FOR FALL TRADE

—AT—

WM. JENNINGS

Merchant Tailor.

WIDE WALE WORSTED OVERCOATINGS IN A GREAT VARIETY OF PATTERNS.

ALSO:

A Fine Selection of Fashionable Trowserings and Suitings.

WM. JENNINGS

COR. QUEEN ST. AND WILMOT'S ALLEY

Fredericton, Sept. 4th, 1888

RECEIVED TO-DAY.

Cape Cod Cranberries, Florida Oranges, S. C. Hams and Bacon, New Dates and Figs, Mixed Pickles in kegs, Cucumber Pickles in kegs, English Biscuit in tins, New Raisins and Currants.

APPLES. APPLES.

IN STORE BEFORE THE COLD WEATHER.

160 Bbls. No. 1 American Baldwins, 40 Bbls. No. 1 Bishop Pippins.

20 KEGS GRAPES

W. R. LOGAN.

Queen Street, Fredericton.