When the purple shadows hover In the twilight gray and still, And the wing of night is resting

Softly on the distant hill: When the bells of sunset chiming Echo with eternal calm Like the last grand chord harmonious Of life's closing evening psalm,

Then the toil-worn millions sleep. When the hush of sleeping myriads Rhymes with the sound of spheres, And the tread of passing moments Marks the end of weary years; When the solemn tide is ebbing Softly from the pebbly shore. And the ships go out of harbor To come back again no more. Then we cease to sigh or weep.

When some day we weigh life's anchor, Slowly drift out on the tide, Death our pilot, and our haven Over on the other side;

When the white mists leave the waters And we hear the signal bell. When the morning dawns before us, Where no midnight ever fell, Then, beloved, all will be well. - Maude Meredith in America

### SELECT STORY.

### DAPPLE'S MISTRESS.

"Stop, Dapple: we must look to this." The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse; the speaker a slight, bright faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small,

gray pony. The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away down the silver bend of the Accoceek came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south, was overrun with soldiers, devasted by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of civil

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home, in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion, and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old ser-

Cantering across the grounds an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted the young lady's notice - a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple; we must look to this!" Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and throwing the went tripping across the grounds to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, soldierly figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face, and an abundance of curling, chestnut hair. Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow," she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow: "I wish I

could help him." The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great luminous, handsome eyes they were, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes; and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond. The compassion in her heart stirred afresh; she smoothed-back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow.

"My poor fellow," she said, "can I do anything for you?"

He struggled up to his elbow with a stifled groan. "My horse threw me," he explained, and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as

Irene smiled, a smile that lighted her dark, bright face into positive beauty. "I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you; at least, I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable." She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast.

came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored man servant. "You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing my reserve forces at a moment's warning.

James obeyed without a word, and by

Meanwhile, on the long veranda, Irene

kept watch, her slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her flossy, raven tresses floating on the winds. By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, arose

the clash and clang, the roar and tramp of advancing troops. Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly

at the door of her guest's chamber. "They are coming," she whispered; "they will take you prisoner if you remain' You must go."

The soldier started to his feet and "I can't walk!" he cried: "there's no on purpose."

hope of escape!" But Irene held out her lithe, young

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river road, and you will overtake your comrades by dawn. Hurry! there is no

The soldier leaned upon the brave, reaching the lawn below.

her clear silver notes, "come here!" The girl stood and looked at the gentle binding screws, and on the ribbon ing over the railing. The woman was creature, and then threw her arms around finely powdered topaz is dusted, and an not with him. Apprehensively I sought

you. Goodby, Dapple!"

eyes flashing through a mist of tears. your utmost speed."

the soldier hesitated. girl impatiently. "Will you remain here

and ruin both yourself and me?" He vaulted into the saddle without a

"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried ally by everyone.

Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate homes of Virginia peace and freedom reigned. Captain Rutherford made it his busi ness to go back to the Potomac hills and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse the moment he was discharged from service: but where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress, not the

slightest tidings could he obtain. Three years went by, and the ex-capwent with him, as he always did since able to look at, even in my best days. that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond the reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's

the Switzer steeps. somewhere in the vicinity of Mount upon the bridge moved there on Sunday Madam Lenoir, her son and two daugh- stopping to look idly down at the dark ters and a young American lady who and sluggish water.

was her companion and interpreter. Captain Rutherford found madam a spreading out a collation under the trees. he lay amid the long, rustling grasses, listening to madam's pretty feminine chatter, and in his turn relating incidents and reminiscences of his own war experience for her edification.

Among other things he told her of Dapple, and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia. Madam was intensely interested.

"And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried with "Safely through, madam, with the

enemy at my very heels," replied the "Miss Morton," cried Madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the claret cup? And pray captain Rutherford, whatever became of Dapple?"

The captain raised himself to a sitting "Dapple, Dapple," he called: "come

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the claret cup in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry and wasted all the luscious liquor on the rustling leaves at her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried. silken reins over the pony's neck, she the young lady's side. She caught his Perhaps in the woman's face I read the

> "Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?" Madam Lenoir, comprehending the deouement, looked on with glistening eyes. Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her party

were going back to France. "And now, Irene," said the captain 'how is it to be? You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by right of possession. cannot give her up. Come, now, give your final decision - are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever? Irene looked up with her old, glorify-

"I could bear to part from you," she said wickedly, "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his

One of the journals devoted to the jeweler's art states that among the many metalic substances employed at present for producing metal closely resembling gold, one of the most perfect as well as admirable imitations is attained by the by weight are taken of pure copper, fourteen parts of tin or zinc, six of magnesia. fifty-six of sal-ammoniac, eighteen of Dapple pricked up his gray ears and The copper is melted, and to this are successively and gradually added the magnesia, sal-ammoniac, quicklime and cream of tartar, each by itself, in the form of Here, James, help this gentleman to the small pieces and stirring resumed and horse, and then ride for Dr. Werter to continued till the whole is melted, the the union soldier, refreshed and made dross is carefully and entirely removed comfortable, lay asleep in the best and the metal poured into moulds. The chamber of the pleasant old southern substance thus produced has a fine grain, is malleable, and does not easily tarnish.

### ORIGIN OF MRS. GRUNDY.

Every one knows what Mrs. Grundy says or will say about everything. Every one fears what Mrs. Grundy thinks or will think? What was her origin, and when did she make her debut in the society whose mentor she is in all things from cards to weddings and divorces? We find that this mythical embodiment of our neighbor's opinions was introduced to the world as a personage in a drama called "Speed the Plough," written and presented in the first year of the present century by one Thomas Morton. She was not in the play a grand lady of fashion; she was rather the wife of a made his way out, but he reeled against prosperous farmer, for whom his neighbor the doorpost, faint and gasping for breath. enviously says, "the sun seems to shine

The play made no impression from a literary point of view. Thomas Morton is a forgotten dramatist. No one ever hears of "Speed the Plough." But Mrs. Grundy is now, as in the play, the personification of the consensus of public opinion, and has attained immortal fame.

#### PLATINUM AND PALLADIUM CRYSTALS.

helpful young arm, and succeeded in The artificial preparation of crystals of did not appear. platinum and palladium is now, it is an- For seven Sundays in succession I did "Dapple!" the young girl called, in nounced, a comparatively easy chemical not meet them upon their wonted walk. achievement. A ribbon of pure metal is On the eighth Sunday I saw the dog no other remedy. Ask your druggist In a breath Dapple was at her side. stretched horizontally between two first then the man. The latter was look- for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. electric current passed through the rib- with my eyes his face. Much grief and "Oh, Dapple, pretty Dapple," she bon of a degree of strength sufficient to loneliness were depicted there. sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part from raise it to a bright red heat. In the Was he or I the greater mourner? I space of about half an hour, on examin- wonder. In the next breath she stood erect, her ing the ribbon with a microscope, it is I suppose two years passed after that found that very small brilliant crystals day ere I again beheld the widower-"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to cling here and there to projecting points whose name I did not and probably never help you to mount. Dapple, take this of the partially decomposed topaz. Under will know — upon the bridge. The dog gentleman down the river road, and at these conditions, if the heat be main- was not with him this time. It was a on diphtheria. I had nothing in the tained the crystals steadily grow, and in fine, sunny afternoon in May. Grief was house but Hagyard's Yellow Oil which I Dapple uttered a sagacious whinny, but about two hours' time some will have at- no longer in his face. By his side was a used with great benefit. I am sure if it tained to a size of about 0. 1mm. The very pretty, animated, rosy little woman had not been for it the disease would

> King among Liniments is Johnson's his face. She evidently was not yet en-Anodyne, because it can be taken intern- tirely accustomed to the wedding ring

### ON THE BRIDGE.

perhaps laugh or doubt. "What!" you will say; "that gaunt love. old specter in his attic, with his books, his tobacco and his three flower pots! He would not know that there is such a and then in his reading."

True, I have divided my days between so brief a time. the books in a rich man's counting room an old uncle and took himself off on a and those in my attic. True, again, I tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple have never been more than merely pass- green and radiant this existence which Yet I have loved a woman.

During the five years when my elder brother lay in the hospital across the inseparable companion in all his wander- river, where he died, it was my custom ings. He was with him now ambling to visit him every Sunday. I enjoyed over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the afternoon walk to the suburbs, where the air has more of nature in it, especially One September afternoon, when the that portion of the walk which lay upon wrote. captain's tour was drawing to a close, the bridge. More life than was usual Blanc he fell in with a travelling party Then the cars were crowded with people from New Orleans. It consisted of seeking the parks. Many crossed on foot,

One afternoon, as I stood thus leaning over the papapet, the sound of a woman's charming woman, and while the young gentle laugh caused me to turn and ocupersons of the party busied themselves in | larly inquire its source. The woman and a man were approaching. At the side of the woman walked soberly a handsome dog - a collie. There was that in their appearance and manner which plainly told me that here was husband and wife, of the middle class, intelligent but poor, out for a stroll. That they were quite trade for men of weak hearts to follow. female sex, and this suggests the interestdevoted to each other was easy discover-

age, was tall, slender and with neither strong nor handsome, but amiable face. He was doubtless a clerk fit to be some-

The woman was perhaps twenty-four. She was not quite beautiful, yet she was more than pretty. She was of good size and figure; and the short plush coat that she wore, and the manner in which she thereof, gave to her a dauntless air which the quiet and affectionate expression of her face softened.

She was a brunette, her eyes being large and distinctly dark brown, her face having that peculiar complexion which is most quickly affected by any change in

The color of her cheeks, the dark rim under her eyes, and other indefinable Dapple heard the sweet voice, and while the woman was smiling, a feeling or have carelessly put his hand within its or have carelessly put his hand within its knew it in an instant. He broke into a of pity came over me. I have never deshells while groping in the gloom. joyous neigh, and shot like an arrow for tected the exact cause of that emotion. "If such a fate shaggy head and held it close to her trace of past bodily and mental suffering; bosom, sobbing like the silly child she perhaps a subtle mark that death had already set there.

Neither the woman nor her husband noticed me as they passed. The dog regarded me cautiously with the corner of his eye. I probably would never have thought of the three again had I not seen them upon the bridge, under exactly the same circumstances, on the next Sunday. So these young and then happy people walked here every Sunday, I thought. This, perhaps, was an event looked forward to throughout the week. The husband, doubtless, was kept a prisoner and slave at his desk from Monday morning until Saturday night, with respite only for eating and sleeping. Such cases are common, even with people who can think and who have some taste for luxury, and who are not devoid of love for

the beautiful. The sight of happiness which exists despite the cruelty of fate and man, and which is temporarily unconscious of its own liability to interruption and extinction, invariably fills me with sadness. And the sadness which arose at the con- hasty man who made her. templation of these two beings begat in A METAL CLOSELY RESEMBLING me a strange sympathy for and interest in

On Sundays thereafter I would go early to the bridge and wait until they passed, for it proved that this was their habitual Sunday walk. Sometimes they would pause and join those who gazed down at the black river. I would, now and again, resume my journey toward following process: One hundred parts the hospital while they thus stood, and I he was somebody's else husband, or bewould look back from a distance. The bridge would then appear to me an abquicklime, and nine of cream of tartar. their two figures would stand out clearly know why — just for fun perhaps.

against the background. It became a matter of care to me to oba beaming glance on the soldier. "I hold powder; the whole is stirred for half an week. The husband, always pale and the idea! why, I never!" and so on to hour, the zinc or tin being added in slight, showed little change, and that incrucible being then covered and kept expression and otherwise, were numerous ton Journal. in a molton condition for the period and pronounced. Often she looked the time the sun was fairly out of sight of thirty-five minutes. After this the brighter and more robust than on the preceding Sunday. Her face would be then rounded out, and the dark crescents beneath her eyes would be less marked. Then I found myself elated.

But on the next Sunday the cheeks had receded slightly, the healthy lustre of the eyes had given way to an ominous glow; the warning of death had returned Then my heart would sink, and, sighing, I would murmur inaudibly:

"This is one of the bad Sundays." There came a time when every Sunday

What made me love this woman? Simply the unmistakable completeness and constancy of her devotion to her husband - the absorption of the woman in the wife. Had the strange ways of chance ever made known to her my feeling, and had she swerved from that devotion even to render me back love for love, then my own adoration for her would surely have departed.

Yes, I loved her - if to fill one's life with thoughts of a woman, if in fancy to see her face by day and by night, if to have the will to die for her or to bear pain for her - if these and many more things mean love. My richest joy was to see her content

with her husband, and the darkest woe of my life was to anticipate the termination of their happiness.

I waited until almost dusk, yet the couple

looked with the utmost tenderness into

which I observed upon her finger.

## I think that tears came to my eyes at

this sight. Those great brown eyes, the plush sack, the lovely face that had borne When I tell you, my only friend, to the impress of sorrow and so speedily had whom I so rarely write and whom I more felt death - these might never have rarely see, that my lonely life has not existed so soon had they been forgotten been without love for woman, you will by the one being in the world for whom that face had worn the aspect of a perfect

Yet one upon whom those eyes never rested has remembered. And surely the memory of her is mine to wed, since he word as love did he not encounter it now whose right it was to cherish it, had allowed himself to be divorced from it in

The memory of her is with me always, fills my soul, beautifies my life, makes

all who know me think cold, bleak, empty, repellent. You will not laugh then, my friend, 000, and in every European country they when I tell you that love is not to me a thing unknown.

So runs a part of the last letter to my father that the old bookkeeper ever

THE PEARL-DIVER'S FOE.

A Giant Bivalve with Yawning Shells

Lies in Wait for Rim.

magnificent costumes covered with fine undoubtedly the surplus of males would pearls know little or absolutely nothing, soon disappear in the whole country. perhaps, about the many dangers en- In less civilized countries, where women the sea by divers. The reason a man doing the best thing in the world in prowith a weak heart is not fit for the work ducing this result. is because the stopped breath and the its weight of sixty-two pounds to the decline in the marriage rate, which has cubic foot, will bring on palpitation of the been almost steadily tending downward heart and burst the weaker vessels, caus- for nearly two decades. Meantime there ing distressing and often dangerous has been an even more decided dehemorrhages. But the divers are all stal- cline in the birth rate, so that not only wart savages, in such rugged health that is marriage decreasing, but marriages are the physical danger never occurs to them. becoming less polific on the average. kept her hands thrust in the pockets Two dangers constantly menace the There is the same tendency in this diver. Wherever the oyster grows there country, prevailing chiefly among the also thrives a giant tridachna, a mons- better classes. trous bivalve, whose shell is from four to six feet in length, firmly anchored to the yawning a foot or more apart. Immesigns indicated some radical ailment. In diver, fifteen fathoms deep, who may the quick glance that I had of that pair, have dropped into the capacious mouth

to amputate himself from the enormous oldest and best female physicians and nurses fight anything from a lion to a python on | world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winsland, but they haven't the courage to run Low's Soothing Syrup. against a bivalve under ninety feet of water and stand the chance of those yawning shells closing in on an arm or a leg and crushing the bones to splinters. If the monstrous mollusk should close down and catch the diver's head of course he would never know what killed him. His head would be smashed to a pulp and it would go off as quickly as if severed by a guillotine. I saw only one native who had been caught by one of these mollusks. It had closed down on his left hand, and the only thing he could do as the monster held him in its grip was to cut off the

### left arm at the elbow joint."

HE KISSED HER. ANYWAY. A loud scream came from a hack at the lower depot, the other day, that was heard only by the reporter and two others besides the woman who screamed and the It was at the evening train, and a Lewis-

ton man was expecting his wife. "What hack is she in?" said he as he arrived rather late at the train. "Over there," said a bystander who thought he knew. He opened the door and kissed his

She screamed, because — well, because she was somebody's else wife, or because cause she was not anybody's else wife, or because he was somebody's else's sweetrupt ascent, rising to the dense city, and heart, or because, well, just because - you

He backed out like a dog out of a woodchuck hole and he found his wife elseserve each Sunday whether the health of where, while the perturbed darling either had varied during the previous in the carriage only said, "O, the idea! frequently. But the fluctuations of the he says he was so clean bowled out that woman, as indicated by complexion, gait, he never saluted his wife at all. - Lewis-

### IT WASNT A CHAPEL.

Two roving Irishmen, who were on tramp, happened to be passing a beehive one day, the like of it never having been seen by them before. "Ach, bad luck!" says Mick, "what, in the name of goodness, kind of a house is that?" "Shure, and it's nothing else but a nice little chapel," replied Pat. Mick went forward to the supposed little house, and put his ear to the opening. Hearing a loud humming inside, he got delighted and turning round to Pat, he said-"Hould your whist, Pat! May I never see ould Irelan' if they are not at mass and singin'!' Pat, being anxious to hear music, forced his way past Mick, and put his ear close to the outlet. Unfortunately for him, one of the bees came out at the time, and seeing what it considered an intruder on their privacy, stung the poor fellow at once. Starting up in twinkling, Pat exclaimed, with a loud roar and a queer grin on his face - "Ach murther, murther, Mick! Be my sowl, ye are entirely wrong; for it is not a chapel at all - it's an Orange Lodge! Ach, bad luck to it! But Shure I moight have known better than gone near anything ov the koind!"

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DIS-

EASES." So the Sundays passed. One afternoon No internal medicine required. Cures face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great heal-

> "My mamma's got whiter teeth than your mamma," said Allie. "She'd oughter have. She changes 'em oftener," retorted Maudie.

A SEVERE ATTACK.

DEAR SIRS,-My children were taken "Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the crystals are opaque, and show a high whom I had never seen before. They have developed into diphtheria. It is a metallic lustre, like that of clean mercury. walked close to each other, and she splendid medicine. Mrs. E. Cameron,

> Nearly everything that a man likes to do is bad for him,

### MEN GROWING SCARCE.

Crop of Old Maids.

Statistics show that the male population of the civilized world is falling further and further behind the female. According to the last British census, the excess of women and girls over men and For Coughs & Colds. boys in Great Britain is about 90,000, an crease in ten years of 200,000. The German census of last December places the number of females about 600,000 above | Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest that of the males in the kingdom of Prus- and Lungs, and let me say to anysia or nearly three times the excess 20 one wanting such a medicineyears ago. There are 1,000,000 more German Syrup is the best. females than males in the whole German empire. In Sweden and Norway the 'weaker sex" is in the majority by 250,-

outnumber the males. In the United States, Canada and Australia the males are in the majority, though not largely so, the estimated excess of males in this country being only 1.100,000 or 1.200,000. It is plain that, but for immigration, which furnishes a tions I had on my files and shelves, much greater number of men than women, the latter would soon be in the majority here. There is a large preponderance now of females in England and in some "Your wealthy ladies of Chicago who other sections of the United States, and if nent cure. assemble at evening parties and soirces in immigration were to materially decrease,

countered in gathering those pearls from are lightly esteemed, it is otherwise, the sea," remarked J. G. Danvers, of India having about 6,000,000 more men London, England, at the Tremont House than women, while the males largely preyesterday. "I was on a trip along the ponderate in China. The obvious decoast of Zanzibar, Africa, a year ago, when deduction is that the higher civilization I learned that sea-pearl fishing is not a is more favorable to the increase of the The pearls are gathered at the bottom of ing question whether civilization is

A fact of hardly less interest brought pressure of ninety feet of sea water, with out by the British census is the marked

bottom. It lies with its scalloped shells need by millions of mothers for their diately anything touches it the shells at night and broken of rest by a sick snap together, and once these large shells child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth are closed not a dozen men out of water send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. could get them apart, far less the single | Winslow's Sootning Syrup to Could get them apart, far less the single | Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums only one thing for him to do, and that is the taste. The prescription of one of the mollusk and rise to the surface, fainting, in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents bloody and mangled. Those savages will per bottle by all druggists throughout the

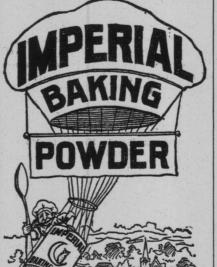
> Gerty - "Florence told me last night that she was engaged to young Downey." Ethel -" Isn't it awful?" Gerty - "Yes, and the worst of it is

that I believe she really means to marry

### A SEA VOYAGE. A sea voyage is an expensive and ex-

ensive prescription, especially when equally good results as regards health, are to be had by simply taking Burdock Blood Bitters according to directions. It is a specific for dyspepsia, cleanses the blood, regulates the liver, howels and kidneys and removes all impure matter from the

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diphtheria. It is a MRS. E. CAMERON, Moore's Falls, Ont. that a man likes to T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WE T, TORONTO ONT.

## German

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat,

B.W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles. R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and prepara-

without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a perma-G. G. GREEN. Sole Manufacturer.

> Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A. Measures.

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Arnold's Selections from Pope.
Fisher's Theistic and Christian Belief.
Mills' System of Logic.
Robinson's Principles and Practice of Morality.
Mills' Political Economy.
Locke's Human Understanding.
Arnold's Johnson's Lives of the Poets.
Butler's Analogy.
Bowne's Metaphysics.
Dana's Text Book of Geology.
Jevon's Logic.
Lamb's Essays.
Mill on Liberty.
Charendon Press Plays of Shakespeare.
Dowden's Bhakespeare.
Brooke's Literature.
Cowper's Task.
Pope's Essay on Mar.
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