

POETRY.

THE BABY IN THE CASE.

'Twas midnight in the sleeper
And all had gone to rest;
For four long days they'd travelled
Far from the golden West.

Wearied, tired, and wanting sleep,
They'd just begun to doze,
When loud and loud, with piercing strength
A baby's cry arose.

'Twas just a three-month's baby
With lungs enough for ten,
And one by one that youngster's cry
Awoke those sleeping men.

Then some began to curse and swear,
And from the curtain peep,
With "Darn the child! Confound the brat!"
We've paid to get a sleep.

Trying to hush the little one,
His face with sorrow stamped,
Still up and down the sleeping car
The youthful father tramped.

Then a crusty Western magnate,
With anger in his eye,
Burst forth in furious temper,
At the baby's piercing cry.

"Take the brat to mother,
She is the proper nurse;
I guess she's in another car,
Asleep without a crutch."

"Where is his mother? Damn it!"
But the father sadly said:
" My wife is in her coffin
In the baggage car ahead."

Then a hush fell on the passengers,
The angry man grew mild,
"Go with my little friend;
Give me your little child."

SELECT STORY.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

A TALE OF THE ROCKIES.

CHAPTER I.

The dawn light of a new day
Descended with chilling stealth,
Dispelling the dreamy darkness of night,
And heralding the approach of the King of Light in all the splendor and majesty of his golden sovereignty.

Along the eastern horizon a glow of yellow light is discernible. The color changes to gold. Dashes of blushing crimson dart up in lively confusion and spread quickly over the golden radiance.

The mountain lion, crafty and bold
Under cover of darkness, steals to his lair
As the sunbeams beat back the shadows,
And there indulges in stilly yawns until
The effects of the orgies of the night force him to wedge his nose between his paws and quietly yield himself captive to the Queen of Slumberland.

The grizzly, cinnamon and black bears,
Their piggish eyes betraying gluttonous appetites,
Growl through the pines, their early growls starting the timid doe and fawn into flashing flight.

"I'm Jack Lester!"
" My name is Angus Macdonald!"
Two young men clasped right hands and regarded each other silently and with a blending of astonishment, pleasure and curiosity expressed on their faces.

hood, and I assured him that place was a fort in the Canadian Northwest.

"Papa, papa! I'm getting hysterical!"
"His clerk produced a map, and in a second I had my finger on the spot marking the fort and its name, and then the letter was passed through the wicket to me. If he had a son like Jack, and the boy was wandering within a thousand miles of Fort Macleod, he would wear out a map in a week, running his finger over and over it to locate the whereabouts of so precious a child!"

His daughter, quick to notice any change in her father, had her arms around his neck in a moment, kissing him on each cheek and betraying no knowledge of the tears standing in his eyes. Quietly and swiftly she brought a glass of water, and left him to recover whilst she inspected the letter or parcel from her brother, for from its appearance it might be either.

Mr. Lester drank the water slowly, with hands still trembling from the excitement of receiving a letter from his son, and being forced to almost wrench it from the postmaster, he drew open the drawer at the side of the table, wherein lay a large meerschaum pipe and a plentiful supply of tobacco.

"Why, papa, it has a United States stamp, and the stamp is not inverted!"
"Grace, show me that letter! Do you not see 'J. L.' plainly written in this corner? and does not that stand for Jack Lester?"

"Oh, papa, this is a funny sort of ribbon. Let me untie it," she exclaimed. Her father handed her the letter, and tenderly watched her vain endeavors to open the knot.

"Why, papa, it is birch bark!" she exclaimed, exchanging the clumsy scissors for her dainty pen-knife, then the fracture might be more easily accomplished.

"Wonder who her correspondent is," the clerk soliloquized. "I fancy her father don't like him or she would not coax me into holding her letters for her. I'm not breaking rules, but I wish she would not blind me with her beauty and force me into helping to deceive Mr. Lester."

"Come into my snug den and have a pipe with me," he turned, and he turned as if to a rising pipe of ground on which was planted a square-walled, heavy-duck tent. It stood in the centre of a circle of smouldering fire which formed a thin curtain of smoke—made more dense at evening and morning, when the mosquitoes were inclined to be doubly pugnacious.

"I threw these skins down here to keep me from catching pneumonia during my lay flat," Jack remarked, feeling his position as best obliged him to prevent a repetition of the awkward pause in the conversation which followed upon the meeting of his guest and himself.

Kananaasik Pass, branched over on the White Man's Trail, again forded the Bow, went as far as Castle Mountain, fell in love with it, wandered into this lovely valley, and here I have been for two weeks and yet cannot tear myself away from sight of that wonderful piece of natural architecture."

"Were you without a guide?" Macdonald asked.
"I am not certain," replied Jack, and a flash of tenderness illumined his features. "I imagine, in fact, I feel certain—that an Indian has preceded me on my trail from Morleyville. The missionary there insisted upon sending a Stoney Indian along with me; but I was firm in my refusal, because I wished to be alone."

"And you are positive this missionary outwitted you?" Macdonald queried, as he tried to detect the Indian on the watch at some point in the valley.

"Certainly," replied Macdonald, his eyes twinkling merrily. "The dog has been on the scent of a leader possessing rare intelligence."

"Your experience becomes intensely interesting," Macdonald said, forgetting his first feeling of amusement, and becoming more than ever attentive to the remarkable tale which Jack seemed to find pleasure in relating, every sentence evidently relieving him gradually of the burden which mysterious secrets inevitably force upon mankind.

"At first," said Jack, "I was vain enough to fancy the Good Spirit of the Mountains had welcomed me with the protecting love of a father for his first-born; and, imbued with that exhilarating idea, I plunged boldly and fearlessly into the torrents and successfully whittled my outfit at every venture. But during the past few days I have come to believe in my silent and invisible Indian guide, and have become reconciled to his distant companionship."

"Pardon my reverie; but your tale is one of the strangest and most interesting I have listened to for many a day."
As Macdonald spoke, he surprised himself with the indulgence of a long sigh and a strong desire to win the friendship of a man so original in his innocence, courage and manliness.

"At last, papa! I am so glad, and mamma will be very happy!"
"Hidden from view of her home by a clump of maples, Grace found the privacy she so ardently desired. Tenderly she regarded the hand-writing, and then, after a moment's additional joy by surmising the loving messages awaiting her person.

"My noble lover," she softly breathed; and then for a second time that day, she applied her dainty pen-knife.

"The reverie into which Grace had fallen was broken by a cold touch on her hand, and she looked down to see her brother's

pet spaniel had discovered her hiding-place, and was supplanting for a carter by pushing his nose into her lap. Fondly she caressed the beautiful animal, and then ordered him to lie at her feet while she read her letter. It was brief:

IN CAMP, June 2, 1879.

My DARLING,—An Indian has just brought our mail bag from Morleyville and he has returned at once. You will then forgive my slow reply to your loving letter, which I read while the contents of the bag were being distributed. You can imagine my surprise and delight at meeting your brother yesterday where we are now camped. He is in good health, and will I hope accompany me to the summit. Already we are boon-companions, and I find him the most interesting mortal I have ever known. He does not know of the loving relationship which you and I have formed. Shall I tell him? The usual address. With fondest love,

"Grace! Grace! where are you?"
"Here, mamma!" cried Grace, hastily concealing her lover's letter, and almost tripping over the spaniel in her swift flight from the arbor.

"Oh, Grace!" Mrs. Lester exclaimed, when she had her arms around her daughter's waist, and with a mother's deep love, she laid her hands on the forehead of the girl, who had just returned from the office, looking pale and ill, and had given me a letter he received by the noon mail from Jack."

"The faint tinkle of the bell which had brought Jack and Macdonald to their feet on that glorious morning in the valley, sounded clearer and clearer as the pack-train moved down the winding trail. Now and again the packers could be heard voicing the more stridently animals where the path became narrow and dangerous. Louder and louder grew the clamor of the approaching party. The tinkle of the bell changed to a most unusual clangor. The hoofbeats of the laden horses came with a rattling din, and a merry laugh rang through the air, and rippled overhead in circling wave-sonds. Statches of popular airs from a comic opera proclaimed a tenor fresh from civilized haunts. The bloodhounds, which had vacated the tent when Jack brought forth his field-glasses, stood beside their master, growling ominously, notwithstanding repeated commands for silence. Jack's saddle pony and pack mule left the rich pasture near the marsh and came up to the tent on a gallop. The pony neighed again and again, betraying a curious mixture of fear and delight upon receiving a chorus of replies. Then, as though aware that an appreciative audience awaited his entry, a horseman dashed from the shrubbery to the open, flung himself from his saddle, and with a flourish of his arms, as if he were in time to catch the bell-mare by her forelock, and lead her to where Macdonald had taken up a position to mark the camp-ground. The other horses, a dozen in all, rushed into the path of pleasure, and, greatly crowding the lumbering pack-train, they crowded the lumbering pack-train, and remained in his saddle, ready to round-up the stock when the necessary arrangements were made for forming camp. At short intervals fourteen young men, clad in all manner of stylish and manly, emerged from the coupe and looked curiously at Jack and his outfit as they strode onward to their chief. And, finally, the cock, bearing two sheet-iron pots on a long-handled shovel balanced on his shoulders, shuffled forward, ending the parade that afforded great amusement and entertainment to the once lone traveler.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, dimness of vision, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden irides, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its function, every function wastes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent free sealed. These diseases, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart which beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pains about the breast, loss of appetite, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave, Toronto, Canada.

A porter of a Wagner car, who was caught by the conductor taking a "smile," said it was the only one he had taken on duty, his lone grin, as it were; but this availed him not.

INTENSE SUFFERING!

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 2 St. John's Road, Kirkcaldy, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable. They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or some affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP had been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child 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 the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING.

GENTLEMEN,—I have suffered very much from inflammatory rheumatism, which through wrong treatment left my right arm and hand stiff and swollen. With these I suffered for seven years, during which time I had neither shoe nor stocking on. I commenced using B. B. E. externally and internally, using the pills also, and I can say now that the sores are entirely cured, and have been for some time. I believe the bitters were the means of saving my life.

RAPID RELIEF.

HOW TO CURE A CORN.

MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A CHILD SAVED.

HELD UP BY A TRAIN.

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"August Flower"

BILLIUNNESS, "I have been afflicted with billiunness and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested, but none of these disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration with which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is an affection to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful relief of suffering men—Jesse Barker, it should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness." G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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G. T. WHELPLEY,

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R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street.

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

BELL HANGING,

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STAMPING. - -

EMBOSSING.

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Steel Monograms Cut To Order.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.

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ALABASTINE.

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BURDOCK. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD BITTERS. CURES BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SORE THROAT, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION. Children always enjoy it.

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