#### POETRY.

A THOUGHT.

God knows success is sweet. And yet he

Not best to give the long-for boon to all. Lest the desire to win it had been small. And His most wise design been set naught.

By contrast's law our estimates are made: There were no beauty but for ugliness: No grandeur but for 'ittleness; and less Of joy in heaven's sun, me but for shade. So, friend, if you, or I, must work in vain, Remember that but for our fruitless toil

Success had missed some portion of her Let that thought blunt the stab of the failure's pain.

### SELECT STORY.

### THE SILVER SHOON.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED. Looking at her as she sat opposite him Roger was forced to own that her beauty gained an added charm in the morning light. The exquisite beauty of her skin, and the violet tints in her eyes were more noticable than at night.

"I wonder where on earth Aunt Liz picked her up! She might be a princess or a fairy queen fallen from her airy home to our dull earth. I don't wonder Hetty raved about her!" he mused: then aloud he added: "Do you like Valstonare you content to live here?"

"Yes," Nora answered shyly, lifting her eyes to gaze fully at him. "I love this dear old place now, especially the rivers. In summer I almost live upon one or other of them." "I am glad of that. It is my favorite

amusement to idle away the time on the water. I suppose young Lisle rowed you about? "Yes," it was nearly always Mr. Lisle,

though sometimes Osmond and I went "And who is Osmond?"

"Lady Randall's little boy. We are great triends, he and I," Nora said smil-

Happy days succeeded each other, and if Hetty sometimes found herself deserted for Nora she bore the desertion bravely seeking consolation in her big boy as she called Dunstan. There was no need of petty jealousies now; since Roger's coming the mutual esteem he and Nora seemed to entertain for one another dispelled any tiny suspicion that might have lurked in Hetty's mind regarding her own lover's faith.

And over the keen-eyed studentwhose only love had been for the massive volumes of which he never seemed to tire-a strange subtle change had come: his heart had awakened as it were to the knowledge that there was something sweeter in life even in fame-and that was love!

Still he was too shy to own it, and but for the tender speaking look in his eyes and the many thoughtful attentions with which he surrounded her. Nora would never had gained his secret.

Christmas time drew near-the time for gaiety and happy festivities - and Nora, by Mrs. Clare's express wish, cast aside her black garments for brighter

At Winderfels not one room was left unoccupied, and it seemed almost impossible sometimes that Lady Randall could entertain so many guests unaided. Early in the new year her first great ball was given-a ball to which all the best people were summoned, including the Clares.

"What shall you wear?" was Hetty's constant query, as she danced about from "I do not know yet." Nora answered.

"But have you any dresses fit to appear in? Had not mamma better order yours with mine?" Nora shook her dainty head and point

ed to an immense iron bound trunk standing in the corner of her dressing-

"I think I can find a dress amongst those in that trunk; they belonged to my

"Your mother! You mean Aunt Elizabeth!" Hetty said quickly.

A shade of sadness crossed Nora's face. "No; to my own poor mother. You know she was carried dead into the cottage where the first years of my life was passed? Two or three boxes also remained in Patience's charge, and these contained my mother's clothes and some of my own. Those which could be cut up and used, Patience made into garments for me. That trunk holds nothing but rich dresses Miss Clare thought I might like to keep. It seems almost a sacrilege to wear them, yet I feel as if some day I might be recognized by a dress or jewel

"Have you looked at them? Will you open the box now and show them to me?" Hetty asked.

Nora sought among her keys for the right one, and lifted the lid.

"Your mother must have been remarkably rich; those silks are worth a small fortune," Hetty exclaimed as she bent to peer into the box. "You had better choose the one you intend wearing, in

case it wants altering." Nora touched the glistening robes almost reverently. She and Hetty turned them over many times before they could choose one that would do for the ball.

"And the jewels?" Hetty said present-"I shall wear this," Nora answered,

and drawing a small velvet case from the trunk she opened it revealing a necklet "Splendid! I shall look nothing next to you!" Hetty exclaimed, half laughing.

"Won't Roger be bewitched when you appear before him in all your glory?" The long wished for day arrived at

last, and the two graceful girls in their rich dresses were pretty enough to please So at least Roger thought as he hurried forward to meet them. Nora looked like

robes, her fair head crowned with a her white throat, and a cluster of the same in her hair.

"The Red and the White rose," Roger said, quietly letting his eyes linger with loving admiration upon Nora. "I think there are many men who would gladly risk their lives in war again if only to win one of you."

When they entered the huge ball-room at Winderfels, it was already crowded. and Lady Randall, proud and beautiful. stood in the centre of a charming group receiving her guests with pretty courtesy.

After greetings had passed between her and the Clares, Nora gave a swift look around; she had not yet seen Lord Randall and all her curiosity was aroused.

"Where is Lord Randall?" she whispered, as she placed her hand upon

room, then he turned once more to her.

Nora gave a little start of surprise, and her face "He is very handsome," she murmur quietly, "but I thought he was younger." before the gallery door. "No, he is much older than his wife as

far as I can remember. Osmond Randall Nora looked again at the handsome ace of her host; and chancing to glance up at that moment he chanced to meet an artist Lord Randall must be! Not

What was it that made his cheeks thing with such exquisite taste. grow pale and his breath come in short quick gasps? He staggered a little and

"Tell me-you seem to know everyone -who is that young girl with Roger?" ne said huskily

"An adopted cousin, Miss Nora Clare." he answered. "Shall I introduce you?" "No. thank you, not now-presently, when Fam less occupied," Lord Randall do?" answered, and with a brief apology he nastened away.

"By Jove! I believe he has fallen in ove at first sight with our fair lily," Dunstan muttered, laughingly, as he forced a way through the crowd to where Hetty stood. "I wonder what Lady Randall would say to that? I think she could be very passionate if he roused her

"I thought you were never coming to speak to me," Hetty said reproachfully. Dunstan looked down at her tenderly the girl was so sweetly pretty, so infinitely graceful in her dainty robes, that even he

was struck afresh by her beauty. "And now I have come. I do not in tend leaving you in a hurry, he whispered softly. "No one else is to dance with you, you are to belong wholly to me for this one evening."

"Indeed!" Hetty retorted, smilingly, And suppose I do not agree to that?" "But you will agree-will you not?" "No; I will dance with you but some of the dances are already promised. You hardly deserve to get any, considering

how long you were coming to demand "It was not my fault. Lord Randall wanted to tell me about the new estate he has been buying; I could not escape from him without appearing rude."

"No, of course not," Hetty answered brightly; and she placed her programn Dunstan scribbled his name against several dances, more than Hetty had at

first intended giving him, but she did not make any demur. "Where is Nora?" "With Roger - somewhere. He has promised to show her the beautiful pic-

tures Lord Randall collected abroad. The gallery has been closed during his ab-Drawing her hand through his arm Dunstan led her across the room; and they eventually reached a cool recess,

where they could sit down in comfort. "It is delicious here, and we can see without being crushed in the crowd." Dunstan said, and with a happy sigh Hetty sank upon a low velvet couch, leaning her graceful head against the crimeon cuchione

"Yes, it will be nice enough until my "Then you must send him off. Say you are engaged to me-not only for tonight but forever," he whispered, auda-

"No, that would not be true." "You could make it so." Dunstan went on earnestly. "You know I love you, Hetty, and I have sometimes thought I

was not quite indifferent to you." "No, you are not indifferent," Hetty "Do you love me, darling? Won't you tell me the trurh?"

"How can I when I don't know it myself?" the girl said softly. "You must know." Dunstan insisted getting almost impatient in his eagerness.

"Am I distasteful to you?" Hetty trembled and her cheeks grew a little pale. Raising her eyes she looked steadfastly at him to see if he really meant what he said. There was a grave expression on his usually sunny face, which gave her a sharp pang of pain. He

saw her lips tremble and her hands tighten their grasp over the poor blossoms, but he wisely hid the triumph which "No. I should not like that: I have been to used too seeing you to wish you

absent. But you would not go away?" "It all depends upon you, Hetty. I have been seriously thinking about spending a few years abroad; I only await your "What have I to do with it?" Hetty

"If you tell me to stay, of course I shall be only too delighted to obey; on the other hand if you do not love me well enough to be my wife I shall start at

"I do not want you to go." "Then you want me to stay?"

Hetty nodded, and turned her head

aside that he might not see her confusion. Dunstan, however, was cautious in his wooing, fearing lest he should frighten her, so he just laid a tender caressing hand over her shaking ones. "My darling! You mean it?-you will be my wife?" "Yes, if you really want me; if you

think I shall make you happy." "Happy! I shall be the most envied of child!"

"And you will not go away?" "Not likely! I should be afraid my absence. Hetty, say you care for me a little-just once," he pleaded.

"I care for you very very much," Hetty answered earnestly. "I was always fond of you, but did not know it until Nora came to live with us. The first few times I saw her with you-and you appeared so struck by her beauty-I freed the girl's hands and strode rapidly

"Little goose! As if I could not admire your fair young cousin without fall- still, and yet I do not think he meant to ly enough to turn any man's head, but honor!" Roger whispered, drawing her

mine had already been turned." They would have continued in this Nora rested quietly in his embrace, her strain—soft lover's nonsense which sounded white fingers caressingly smoothing out ach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the drooping petals of a flower he had the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and wreath of white blossoms; Hetty was lively strains of a valse commenced, and perfectly radiant in rose-colored satin, al- Hetty's partner came in hurried search most covered by billowy tulle of the same of her. It was in vain Dunstan tried to lovely hue. She wore no jewels only a screen her. Lord Lennox caught a glimpse tiny circlet of small pink flowers round of the rose-hued draperies and advanced beamingly.

> "This is our dance, I believe, Miss Clare?" Hetty pouted her red lips, but quietly accepted his proffered arm, much against

CHAPTER V. MEANWHILE Roger and Nora had been several times round the room greeting old acquaintances and being introduced to new ones; and when it again come to Roger's turn to whirl her into a mazy valse her eyes eloquently demanded a few moment's rest.

"You are tired, Nora. Would you not like to slip away now?" he whispered

Roger's arm. Roger glanced across the his arm about her slender waist, whirling a light such as had never been seen her round and round until they reached "He is near the door, talking to Dun- the curtained door. Another instant and

they had both disappeared.

Across the marble hall with its profusion of lovely fragrant blossoms, up the oaken staircase, and presently Roger lifted the blue velvet portiere which hung

Within bright lights burned clearly, quivering over the carved gilt frames and the handsome paintings that covered every inch of the dark pannelled walls. "How lovely!" Nora exclaimed. "What

many men would have arranged every-To and fro from the long galleries, admiring everything and unheeding the caught suddenly at the heavy velvet passing time the two young people walked emingly too wrant in the beautiful

place and in each other's society to tire. Presently Roger gave a violent start and a hot flush rose to his brow. "What a discourteous wretch she will think me. I had forgotten I had engaged Miss Sinton for this dance. What shall I

"Go now, as quickly as you can and then return to me. The next dance is

asked laughingly. "No, this place is they thought at last a little rest had charming, and I should like to remain wait, and you will come for me directly abroad.

the dance is over." "Very well," Roger assented, but he went; she seemed such a little fragile thing alone in that great solitary gallery. Nora sank down on one of the low ounges resting her dimpled chin on her white hand; her eyes wandered to and fro from the old family portraits that smiled or frowned down upon her to the beautiful works of art Lord Randall had

She was too absorbed in her attentive examination to heed the slight noise which broke the dreamy silence; someone entered the massive door and walked slowly towards her, unnoticed by her and without the new comer being aware of ner presence, until his foot struck against the bronze pedestal of a statue, making a sharp noise which vibrated through the room. Nora gave a low cry and started erect. It was Lord Randall who first

broke the silence. "How is it you are here alone, Miss Clare?" he enquired.

Nora briefly told him. "Oh, yes! I love it dearly—dearly!" Lord Randall started as those vehement words escaped her; her voice had been there." lowered almost to a whisper before, now

quiet air. His face grew white. The girl looked so lovely standing there—like some pure white robed angel; her golden head was slightly bent forward. Lord Randall noticed the string of priceless pearls clasped about her snowy throat. Instinctively his hand was stretched

out as if to snatch it from her, but he curbed that passionate impulse immediately. His voice was hoarse, however, when he next spoke. "I beg your pardon, Miss Clare, but would you tell me where you found that

necklet? I have never seen any pearls to equal them—but once." "They were my mother's," Nora answered softly, touching them with reverent fingers. "I believe they are of

great value." "Your mother is dead is she not?" Lord Randall questioned. "Yes; she is dead-she died years and years ago—I cannot remember her."

"And your father?" For one moment Nora hesitated, then raised her head proudly, bravely. "Why should I hide it from you?-all the world must know some day. I do not know whether he is alive or deadprobably dead, as more than sixteen

years have passed since he left me a wee baby to the mercy of strangers. Lord Randall laid a tight grasp on her arm drawing her nearer to him. "And these people-who brought you p-were they not good to you?" "Yes; they were the best and kindest of friends; but they also died, and had it

not been for Miss Clare, my dear adopted mother, I do not know what would have become of me!"

"And you say you have heard nothing of your father?" "Nothing."

"Then he must be dead as you sur "Perhaps-I cannot tell." "Do you not even remember your

"Only one-the one he gave me. I am called Lenore after my poor mother." Nora glanced up in some surprise as Lord Randall spoke; his voice was strangled, and his eyes glanced at her so strangely that she felt half frightened

She shrank back a little, trying to loosen his arm from his hold, but he tightened his grasp. "Lenore! Lenore!" he murmured. "Do

not be afraid, my child." He winced as she struggled to escape, but he would not let her go; he caught both her trembling hands in his and bent to gaze earnestly into her pale scared face. "So like! it almost seems as if she stood before me." he said low in his breath. "I had forgotten the child-her

"Let me go, please let me go," Nora said angrily, and that moment the curtains shading the door were flung aside and Roger hastily entered. His face was grave and his eyes full of

fire as he advanced. "Did you not hear what this young lady said!" he demanded sternly. "Re lease her or by heaven I will make you! Stung by Roger's look more than his passionate words, Lord Randall suddenly

"My poor darling! you are trembling ing in love with her! I own she is love- scare you; he is generally the soul of closely to him.

safe. Is it so, sweetheart?—have you

such faith in me?" "The greatest faith," Nora whispered estling closer to him. "Will that faith last through life?"

"Through life-till eternity!" Roger was satisfied with that answer; her love; it was enough for him that she had faith - besides her eyes spoke so much more eloquently than her lips. He took her hands and clasped them about his neck; her fair head still lay against him, but he gently turned it until he could touch her lips with his.

silent gallery; however, reluctantly, they were forced to awaken from their glad dreams and descend to the ball-room. It was almost deserted when they entered: nearly every one had retired to the auge dining hall where supper had been "Would you like anything? Come and see if we can find places." Nora put her hand on his arm, and they crossed the wide hall together.

they approached he lifted a pallid face caused a deep sleep to come over Adar and expressions of profound gloom.

But they could not remain longer in the

cerned at her husband's manner.

CHAPTER VI. THE days following the ball were far from tranquil ones to Lady Randall. First of all there were many visits to re-"Of what should I be afraid?" Nora ceive and others to return; then when come an unexpected visitor in the shape here for the rest of the ball. I shall of Don Ramon de Loyola arrived from

Inez welcomed her cousin graciously: this was the first time he had visited her looked at her rather anxiously as he English home, and for her father's sake she tried to make his stay pleasant. "Could you not induce papa to accompany you?" she asked, the evening after

his arrival. "No: he told me to tell you he might come later on." "Then I hope papa will not forget. How do you think my boy is looking? collected during his long years of travel. Is he not grown?" Inez questioned with all a mother's fond pride in her only

> more after you than his father, though." "You ought to have been here the time of our ball; it was splendid." "You can give another if you want me to see your English dances." Ramon

answered laughingly. "Have you many

neighbors-do you know everyone about "Almost everyone. The Clares are my special friends; they live in that pretty house you can see from the window behind you. The girls are delightful!" "You are fond of art, then?" he said. Inez went on eagerly. "But you will be able to judge for yourself to-night; we

have accepted an invitation to dine "Am I to go, also?" Of course. I sent word this morning that you had arrived, and they assured me any friend of mine was welcome." There were many people assembled in ness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. the big dining hall at Claremont when | Chase, Orillia, Ont.-13 w.

"I am glad to see you, Don Ramon," she said quietly. "We have heard your name so often from Lady Randall that man? No. How could a Cork man you do not seem like a stranger." Ramon replied in a short well chosen

they entered; Mrs. Clare came forward

with a beaming smile to greet them.

speech which made Mrs. Clare move away with strong admiration in her heart for this handsome Spaniard. "My dear, he is simply delightful," she whispered to Nora as she passed the girl. It is also the imperative duty of every

Nora smiled, conscious that it was not cheapest and most effective method is to hers to lose; neither Mr. Clare or his wife take a thorough course of Hawker's Nerve knew of the engagement existing between and Stomach Tonic and Hawker's Liver Roger and their adopted neice as yet, for Pills. Roger preferred keeping the secret until his last year of study was at an end. It fell to the lot of Raman to take Nora into dinner, and even he was struck by

her beauty. "She is lovely; Inez must find in her a formidable rival-rival did I say?- at least not in her husband's heart." he thought, and a grim smile curved his lips. "Have you ever visited Spain?" he

asked her presently. "No, never. I should like to go dearly. You must be very fond of your picturesqe at any price. Dr. Manning's German

TO BE CONTINUED. LITANY OF THE CRINOLINE. From mischief and evil, from craft and assault of the Devil and from

other fraility vainglory, hypoc-risy, envy and hate, the deceits of the world, the Flesh and Old Sat-an, from and rain, plague, pestilen famine, war, murder and pain, from of heart and contempt of thy law deliver us safe as near judgment we draw! When in Time's triblations when death lraweth near whether high to success or low fallen in fear—deliver us then from all evils and sins-

but at present Lord save us from all crinolines! Preserve all who travel by sea or by land, and leave us at least enough footroom to stand. Have mercy on all us desolate

men! Must Eden be lost since Eve's fallen again? This apple is no tempting serpentine's meal. It is Eve's own arrangeent, a clear "case of steal." It is big at the bottom, small at the top, and the wor inside goes kerflippertyflop! Oh, take all men's

away, Lord; frailties but first and sins. from us blank CRINO LINES!

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their chilnight 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 more expensive in the larger sizes.

the drooping petals of a flower he had fastened in his coat.

"Had we better not go?" she questioned shyly.

"No, Nora, dearest, not yet; I must speak to you first. When I came in just now you turned to me so naturally, clinging to me as if you were sure of being to the drooping petals of a flower he had fastened in his coat.

"Had we better not go?" she questioned shyly.

"No, Nora, dearest, not yet; I must speak to you first. When I came in just now you turned to me so naturally, clinging to me as if you were sure of being the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

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More Advanced.—Minister — So you things than I have.

A Fair Suggestion. - Old Party - So you wish to marry my daughter? Young "Yes, if you can manage it."

"My own love! my sweet darling?" not now, sir, but after I've lived without another word Roger placed Roger whispered, and his eyes shone eight or ten years I'll improve.

LEGENDARY ADAM AND EVE. Some Curious Particulars Furnished By

Jewish Writers. To the scriptural account of the creation and fall of Adam and Eve. the Jewish writers of the Talmud have added many curious particulars. According to these myth-mongers, Adam, when first created, was a "giant of giants," as far as stature goes, his head reaching far into the heavens, and his countenance outshining the sun in its splendour. In one place they tell us that "the very angels stood in awe of the man which God had Lord Randall was standing by his wife, created, and all creatures hastened to who was sitting at a little table round worship him." Then the Lord, in order to which clustered a merry group, and as give the angels some idea of his power, and looked strangely at Nora; she re- and while he was in a comatose condition turned his glance coldly, and without a removed a portion of every bone and limb. word he moved away, leaving Inez so The first man thus lost a part of his colos abrubtly that she gazed after him in sur- sal stature, yet he remained perfect and prise, wondering at his sudden silence complete. Next, the first helpmeet for the lord of creation, was created in the "He finds the heat of the rooms op- person of Lilith, who forsook Adam to pressive." Lady Randall thought, conbecome the mistress of the air and the mother of demons. After the departur of Lilith, Eve was created and married to Adam in the presence of Jehovah and the angels, the sun, moon and stars danc-

ing together to the angelic music rend angels, and the seraph Sammael tempted them and finally succeeded in bringing about their fall from innocence. Accord ing to the Koran, all the angels paid homage to Adam, except Eblis, who, on ac count of his refusal so to do, was expelled from Paradise. To gratify a spirit of revenge, Eblis loiterd about the gates of the garden, hatching discord, until he at las succeeded in separating the first couple whom God had joined together. The repair after their expulsion from the garden very interesting, but too long to even give a synopsis of it here. Suffice it is to say that Adam lived as a penitent on the very ground now occupied by the temple at Mecca, and Eve in a cave on the sid of Mount Ararat, where, after a lapse of two hundred years, she was rejoined t

Yes! with invalids the appetite is ca pricious and needs coaxing, that is just

A Big Drop .- Friend Have you dropped any flesh since you bought a bicycle

pounds the first time I straddled it. ARE YOU DEAF Or do you suffer from noises in the head Then send your address and I will send valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deaf-

drowned here last night. She - How sad! Was he a Cork man? He - Cork drown? THE CHOLERA SCARE.

Boards of health are appealing to the people to assist them in having all premises thoroughly cleansed, and it is hoped the response will be general and hearty "Take care you don't lose your heart to person to have their system thoroughly cleansed; purified and invigorated. The

> Colored Philosophy. - Why, Sam, how do you expect to get that mule along with spur only on one side? Well, boss, if I gets dat side to go, ain't de udder one bound to keep up?" A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA. Capt. Grafton, of the St. John bark

Queen of the Fleet, says that Dr. Manning's German Remedy is the best painkiller for general use that he ever had on his vessel and he would not be without it Remedy, is a certain and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Strains, Bruises, Cramps, Colie, Chills and all pains and aches either internal or external use. Sold everywhere. Rewarding Her. - Mistress - I have written out a good character for you. though you have given me but little

ground for satisfaction. Departing Cook -Well, ma'am, as you are so kind, I ought to do something in return, and so I may tell you that the key to the kitchen fits the pantry door as well. NATURE HAS PROVIDED remedy for every ache and pain, and science through ceaseless activity and ex-ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

periment is constantly wresting the secrets of her domain. A new and wonderful discovery has recently been made by means of which tens of thousands will be freed from pain. Nerviline, or nerve pain cure, represents in very concentrated form the most potent pain relieving substrange to say, it is composed of substances solely vegetable in origin. Polson's Nerviline is the most prompt, certain, and pleasant pain remedy in the world. Try Nerviline for toothache, neuralgia, cramps, etc., always safe and efficient.

Aunt Jane - Is the water where you live soft or hard? Wee Niece - I guess its pretty hard. The girl spattered some on the lamp chimney the other night, and it broke all to pieces. Itch, mange and scratches of every

minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davis, Staples & Co. pretty, dear. How much were they? Miss Van Pelt - Only \$6. But they are

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children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomhard, soft or calloused lumps and blem-\$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the

mum, an she's nearly finished now.

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With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Busithe reason they improve so rapidly under ness and being manager of the Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as business of the late firm for thirteen years, I feel with every confidence that I can fully meet Puffer - Gad - I dropped exactly 196 the requirements of my friends and the public generally.

Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES.

Executor's Notice. OTICE 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.

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