But said wet weather suited him; 'There never was too much rain for me And this is something like,' said he. When earth was dry as a powder mill

He did not sigh Because it was dry, But said if he could have his will It would be his chief, supreme delight To live where the sun shone day and

When winter came with its snow and ice He did not scold Because it was cold. But said, 'Now, this is real nice; If ever from home I'm forced to go

I'll move up north with the Esquimar A cyclone whirled along its track And did him harm -It broke his arm And stripped the coat from off his back;

'And I would give another limb To see such a blow again,' said Jim. And when at length his years were told, And his body bent

And his strength all spent, And Jim was very weak and old; 'I long have wanted to know,' he said 'How it feels to die' - and Jim was

The angel of death had summoned him To heaven or - well. I cannot tell: But I know that the climate suited Jim;

And cold or hot, it mattered not -It was to him the long-sought spot.

SELECT STORY.

AUNT DALRYMPLE.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD

"I send you a check for fifty dollars, as in answer to an appeal for a loan from a favor of you. I like the society of her will hereafter." young people, and I am getting too old to attract them to my house on my own for her and you, too.

Mrs. Searle read the letter with a look | "Oh, I never, never can," sh of dismay. Then she tossed it angrily to her daughter Juliet. "See there," she said, "what you have

missed by marrying Max Chilton." Juliet glanced through the letter; then she read it aloud to her sisters.

She was older than the other three, who were only her half-sisters. Mrs. Searle, her step-mother, was a woman of somewhat elastic principles, but fond, in her way, of Juliet, as was Juliet of her, though there were strong points of difference between them.

Juliet was much handsomer than he ness and resolve in the flower-like face which none of the others possessed.

"Oh! dear," murmured the girls in chorus, when they had heard the letter, avoiding Aunt Dalrymple's eyes. "what a pity you are married, Juliet!" "And after all," added Emma, "Max may die off in that Southern climate, and then you will have thrown yourself away

Juliet turned upon her with flashing "You will be good enough not to speak

of my husband in that manner before me. I had rather have him than forty fortunes like Aunt Dalrymple's." "Don't be silly, Juliet," said Mrs. Searle. "Emma meant nothing. Oh, dear, I

wish we could pass one of the other girls off upon her for you." "Well, why can't you!" asked Georgie whose tresses were unmistakably carrotty

and her face freckled. "Georgie fancies that because she has

red hair, she looks like the beauty of the family," sneered Letty Searle. "But you never could fool Aunt Dal., my child. It must have been you she was thinking of when she called the rest of us toads." A storm seemed imminent, when Mrs.

Searle said: "There is a way, if Juliet would agree to it;" and she looked at her step-daughter anxiously.

"I am ready to do anything reasonable and honest," said Juliet, smiling, "and I am sure you would not suggest anything

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Searle, coloring. "There would certainly be nothing wrong in your going to Aunt Dalrymple's without saying anything about your marriage one way or the other. She might think as she liked. If she supposed you to be single it would not be your fault, would it?"

"I think it would, most decidedly," said Juliet, laughing. "That would never do. I remember Aunt Dalrymple very well-a little slim woman, with a pale face, a nose like a parrot, and eyes as sharp as needles. I liked her as much as she did me. I shall write her a letter and tell her all about my marriage, and what a nice fellow Max is."

Mrs. Searle groaned. "You are so impracticable, Juliet. You ought to think of me and the girls." "Do you think she will write?" asked Emma, as Juliet left the room.

"Let her," said Mrs. Searle, compressing her lips. "Aunt Dalrymple may get the letter, or she may not.' "Have you said anything about visiting

her?" questioned Mrs. Searle, entering the room where Juliet was, just as she was sealing her completed letter. "I thanked her for the invitation, of and the sapphire, and was pronounced the tracts considerable interest from the fact

course. If I know anything about Aunt Dalrymple, she will not recall that invitation just because I am married." "Perhaps not," said Mrs. Searle.

have written her, too. Give me your letto introduce to you after awhile. His in or performed any duties in connection noon, and Miss Heyward was again seated ler, and George can take them both to name is Chilton." the office at the same time."

Juliet obeyed. In due time came a reply from Aunt Dalrymple for Mrs. Searle; none for

It was only a line, appointing a day for Juliet to arrive at Pleasant Summit, Aunt | the same."

Dalrymple's residence. "It is very odd she did not write to room.

me," said Juliet. "Aunt Dalrymple always was odd," remarked Mrs. Searle, dryly. "It is quite How I wish I had insisted upon an exmied being the author of certain much given them such a charm for her lover. evident she is disappointed to hear of planation with Aunt Dalrymple. If I discussed letters alleged to have been your marriage. I wouldn't say much live until to-morrow - " about my husband at first if I were you. And then she saw her aunt coming

If she wants to hear about him, she will back with a gentleman. It was her husband. ask you." It was evening when Juliet arrived at Taller and handsomer than ever he No internal medicine required. Cures but yesterday he had parted from her-Pleasant Summit. 'Aunt Dalrymple's was, but she had never seen his face so tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the Arthur Grant, her whilom lover, bent elegant parlors were filled with guests stern. He was looking straight at her, face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin over her, and taking the ring from her gathered to welcome her, and she was al- and even at that distance Juliet knew clear, white and healthy. Its great heal- yielding, nerveless nand, he put it on the lowed barely time to change her dress that what she had vaguely feared all ng and curative powers are possessed by slender forefinger, where once before he before being proudly presented as "my along had come to pass; Max despised no other remedy. Ask your druggist had placed it with fond kisses. niece" by the old lady. her.

Everybody went away early, and when they had gone Aunt Dalrymple embraced Juliet rapturously.

"You are a girl after my own heart, she said; and Juliet fancied she meant because she had written so frankly, when, in fact, Aunt Dalrymple was thinking how handsome she was, and how many suitors she was sure to have

Several times Juliet made allusion to would never acknowledge it, was quite deaf, and never caught a word of what Max! don't be so angry with me!" her niece said about Max.

The next morning Aunt Dalrymple was quite ill and feverish with a cold, and kept her room for three days in conse quence. Jullet stayed with her and proved a good nurse. Aunt Dalrymple naturally called her Juliet, and said nothing about her match-making projects. If Juliet referred to her husband, the old lady either did not hear it at all, or if she did, fancied she had misunderstood, and would not ask for an explanation, lest she

should betray her defect. In about a week after Juliet's arrival at Pleasant Summit her step-mother wrote

"Aunt Dalrymple is delighted with you," she said; "but she does not know | self." you are married. I kept back your letter to her for your own good. She has written me, offering to settle a fair income on me and your sisters, and to make you her heiress. So much for my management. Now, do as you will. She need never hear of your marriage unless you choose, and I don't believe you are selfish enough to betray me, and thus beggar your sisters and myself. Besides think what a wonderful thing it would be for Max if you could some day surprise him with a fortune. He is not likely to return plans in that way. She would never for- did you get it, auntie,?" for a year at least; and if he should suddenly make his appearance, I will agree

keep him quiet. Think well, now, before you decide to betray to your Aunt Dalrymple that I kept your letter back from | you come?" her, thus bringing upon me her lasting a gift," Aunt Dalrymple wrote Mrs. Searle, enmity, and depriving me and your sisters not only of a present subsistance, Poor Juliet did not know what to do.

She was fond of her step-mother and her to be a little beauty, with a tongue of her | hope of inducing Aunt Dalrymple to do | to herself: own. If she is not married yet, I should something for them, than on her own aclike to have her come and make me a count, that she had come on this visit at visit, and if she pleases me as well as she all. But she was very sorry and a good used to, I may do something handsome | deal angry because her letter had been kept back, and it was quite out of the question to go on this way, suffering Aunt "P. S. - Don't send me any of the Dalrymple to believe she was not marother girls. They were ugly as toads, if I ried. She felt she could not do it for any disowning him, as it were.

"Poor Max, wearing himself out in that far Southern city, to earn a competence for my sake."

And then, like a subtle, sweet whisper, came those words in her step-mother's "Think what a wonderful thing it

would be for Max, if you could present him with a fortune some day." Just then the dinner-bell rang, and Juliet, laying aside her letter with a thoughtful and pre-occupied look, went slowly down to dine with Aunt Dalrymple.

"Good news from home, I hope," said sisters. She had red-brown eyes, and Aunt Dalrymple, smiling at her, with a red-gold hair, and a complexion like a fond, anticipating look, for she thought white rose leaf. She was small and slight Mrs. Searle might have written Juliet that like a child, but there was a look of firm- she proposed to make her her heiress. Juliet started guiltily. Then she smiled

> "They are all well, I believe," she said, She did not know what else to say. She was not prepared either to betray her

step-mother or to disown her husband. and she could not help thinking how pleasant it would be if she could present Max with a fortune, so that he need not work so hard, or be away from her so much. Still she never meant to go on deceiving Aunt Dalrymple. She was only putting off telling her the truth, she said to herself, and trying to devise some way of screening her step-mother.

"However much I might like to be her heiress," she thought, "it would be impossible for a girl of my principles and conscience to deliberately deceive her."

But, after dinner, callers came in, and lakeside picnic, and after that a ride to flattered and made much of everywhere. They all addressed her as Miss Searle, and she, having in a first weak, undecided moment, allowed herself to be so-called, did not know how afterward to tell them it was not her name. Beside Aunt Dal-

rymple ought to be told first. The third day there was to be a ball somewhere.

Aunt Dalrymple presented her niece with a lovely set of sapphires for it, and a blue silk dress, embroidered with pale

"Now is my time," thought Juliet, and began: "Aunt Dalrymple, I want to tell

you something." But before she could say any more, Aunt Dalrymple interrupted her. "Not a word now. I'm going to bed, so

better do so too." With that she put her imperatively out of the room, and Juliet went back to her own, saying to herself:

"I have done my best to tell her, and she will not let me. It is not my fault." Then she tried on her new dress and the sapphires, and admired herself in the glass. The dress certainly became her ready knocked the stuffing out of him.

"If Max could only see me now," she thought, and then she turned pale. "I don't believe he would ever speak to me again if he knew what false colors I am sailing under here. Oh, it is shameful! I will tell Aunt Dalrymple to-morrow, and

I wish I need not wear this dress." She half resolved she would not, but it was so lovely. They went to the ball; Aunt Dalrymple in a black satin train most beautiful woman in the room. But Presently Aunt Dalrymple came to her.

her face. Dalrymple. "I know a gentleman of that name,"

she thought. "But what if it should be? tion of the enemy." Campbell also de-

She saw that he did not mean to recognize her, and her heart turned cold. Aunt Dalrymple presented him.

Max Chilton looked at his wife with chilly distant eyes. "Did you say Miss Searle?" he asked Aunt Dalrymple. She bowed and Juliet looked as if she

was goint to faint. "You have danced too often," said her husband, contrary to her step-mother's Aunt Dalrymple. "You had better rest advice; but Aunt Dalrymple, though she awhile." And she left them together.

"Max!" said Juliet in a whisper - "oh, Max Chilton turned his head slightly. "Did you speak to me, Miss Searle?" he asked emphasizing the name.

you knew all," said Juliet, with difficulty repressing her agitation. "I know more than I wish I did now," was the chilly answer. "Pray remember where you are, Miss Searle, and let us assure you I am quite resigned to the condition of things.'

"I will not make a scene," said Juliet, proudly. "Did you know I was here benot believe her. I came to see for my-

are mistaken. I have been to blame, but says." not so much as you think. As you say this is no place for a scene, come to Aunt Dalrymple's to-morrow, and hear what I have to say for myself." "I don't think anything you could say

would alter my opinion of the facts." "Not if I tell Aunt Dalrymple everything in your presence." "It would be a pity to spoil all your

give you." "I don't expect her to do so. Perhaps to take all the blame, if there is any, and I don't deserve either her forgiveness or happy girl like you, I, too, loved an Ar-

"I'll think of it." He rose, and bowing ceremoniously, as to any comparative stranger, left her just that impecunious lady, "and now I want but of all hope of being remembered in as her partner came to claim her for the next dance.

manner, leaving her husband behind, account. Your step-daughter Juliet, used half-sisters, and it was more with the deeply offended with her. But she said

"I deserve it. I ought to have done what I knew was right, let the consequences be what they may." She said nothing to Aunt Dalrymple that night. She waited to see if her husband would not come the next day.

Max Chilton was very angry. At first remember rightly. But you need not be of them. Besides, how shocked Max wife again. But he loved her in spite of

In his presence Juliet told Aunt Dalrymple the whole story, not sparing herself, but acknowledging that, beside wishbeen tempted for herself. She humbly begged her forgiveness. Aunt Dalrymple would hardly hear her

through. She was furious.

sight of my friends, and I will never forforgive you for it," she said, "As for your step-mother, I hope I shall never hear her name mentioned again." Juliet turned to her husband. "And you?" she said sadly.

Max Chilton extended his arms.

"Your mother never told me about your letter. It is not half so hard as I supposed it would be to forgive you. Let us go home." Juliet clung to him weeping. Aunt Dalrymple turned and went to

refused to see them again. They went away at once. Juliet left all Aunt Dalrymple's presents Aunt Dalrymple lived many years after that, but she never forgave either Juliet

she left all her money to a charity. CORNERED.

There was half a dozen of us waiting in by one of the crowd started off with:

asked a man wearing a soiled linen duster. "Yes, sir." "Car went into the water! It was at Fort Dayton, Ia.? What river, please?" "The Mo - Moline," choked the drum-

mer, and it was plain to see that he had only made a stab at it. "Moline river, eh! when was this?" "In 1883."

"What month?" "August." "What date?" "The 17th."

"Thank you. Let us see. Here is my note book. Let me turn to the date. Ah! I have it. Aug 17, 1883. Well, sir, I find that on that date the Moline river was as to get strong for to-night, and you'd just 130 miles distant from Fort Dayton. and that Fort Dayton had neither a bridge nor a railroad. You must have made a mistake, sir. Wasn't it a cider mill or a cheese factory on the Wabash river in Indiana you escaped from?"

The liar pulled off his coat and offered to fight any man in the crowd, but it was no use. The man in the duster had al-

AN OUTCOME OF THE PARNELL CASE.

London, June 22.—The action for libel brought by Henry Campbell, member of Cork Herald, for stating that while other and diamonds; Juliet wore the blue silk was commenced to-day. The suit atsubpoenas have been issued for the ap- Winifred had said, and scarcely had he she was not happy or comfortable. pearance at the trial of Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. Mr. Campbell testified he left the house. "There is a gentleman here that I want had never in any way interested himself Juliet started and the blood rushed to he did not at an earlier date investigate half hidden by the lace window hangings, the charges brought by the Cork Herald, which threw softened shadows across her "Do you know him?" asked Aunt Mr. Campbell replied that his delay was sweet, calm face. stammered Juliet, "it is not likely to be about that it was impossible to immetime, was gathered in a graceful knot at But she looked anxiously round the particular. Campbell said the episode, cheeks were yet fresh and fair, softly tintwhich is popularly referred to as the "fire ed with pale pink, like the inside of some "Of course it is not Max; it can't be," escape incident," was a myth, "an inven-

> signed by him. "HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DIS- ing it caressingly, and wondering, sadly, if she should ever know why her lover Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." | had deserted her, when -as if it were for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

THE OPAL RING

Miss Elsie Heyward sat in her pretty parlor, thinking about old times, for she was no longer very young, and the past had many memories stored up for her. One thought haunted her sadly to-night, ring. While she was looking at it, simply: through tears that dimmed her eyes, the

door softly opened and a young girl en- to forgive now." tered, who, hastening to her, said: "Kiss me, auntie, dear, for I'm so hap-"You would not blame me so much if which gleamed a lovely, great opal.

avoid a scene. You see how cool I am. I which brings misfortune to its wearers?" "Fred, darling, you shall have plenty of "Yes. I saw your mother. I could ing forth such beautiful rays is like the lover with her, of whom he had been "And you think you have seen all and stone pales and grows dim. He will be All this, and more, Miss Heyward now know everything," said Juliet. "But you true to me; for he came of a true race, he learned.

"A true race!" exclaimed Miss Elsie. "Ah, Winifred, if you only knew! Child, you have often asked me why I never married. I will tell you my story tonight. I must save you from my fate. See!" and she held up the opal ring which had lain hidden beneath her hand. "A ring! Almost exactly like mine!" cried Winifred, wonderingly. "Where

"It was my engagement ring," replied Miss Elsie. "When I was a light-hearted, yours. But I should like to have you thur, and was engaged to him. We were hear how I came to do as I have. Will very happy, and my happiness was increased when your dear mother, my only sister, returned unexpectedly from Canada, where she had been for three years as governess to a rich English family. The evening of her return we were sitting on the porch, waiting for my Arthur, and I It was terrible to her to go away in this told her of him, and my great love and happiness. She kissed me, and murmured loving words of congratulation, and leaned her curly head on my shoulder, (her hair was short because of the illness which had sent her home to me, and curled in close

rings about her pretty head), and so we waited — I for my lover, she for him who was to be a dear brother to her. But he did not come - he never came again. The next morning brought me the coldest, he said to himself he would never see his cruelest letter releasing me from my en- come after years of pain. God grant that gagement, bidding me keep the opal ring, | yours may begin with the New Year." offended at my saying so. It is only my would be, if he knew it, at the idea of her all he thought of her, and love tugged at since its flickering, changeful light would For then was to be Winifred's wedding. his heart strings, till he went to Aunt remind me of woman's faithless, changing day. was almost crazed with grief, but what could I do? If I had had a father or a brother it might have been different,

ing to screen her step-mother, she had but we were only two orphan girls; and come electrified in a short time and will when I recovered from the brain fever that attacked me then, I learned that my coat, as if it had glue on it, and you will lover had gone abroad. Then, two years | not be able to get rid of it. later, I heard that he had married a lovely Italian girl. He was dead to me, and "You have made me ridiculous in the I lived my lonely, heart-broken life as and you will see that as with sealing wax, best I might; and when your dear mother glass, sulphur or rosin this card can atmarried I found somewhat of my lost tract light bodies (small pieces of cork. peace and happiness in her happy home. etc.). Balance a cane on the back of a But, my dear, I did not know then —I do chair and wager any one in the audience not know now — what caused that cruel that you will make it fall without touchletter. We had parted so lovingly the ing it, blowing on it or moving the chair. night before that my hopes were never brighter; and alone in my room I had before the fire, rub it vigorously with kissed my dear ring as it flashed its your sleeve and put close to one end of brightness at me, and exulted in my the cane, which will follow it as iron fol-

lover's faithfulness in spite of the old saying about the stone. And before two days equilibrium, the cane will fall to the had gone, alas! I was heart-broken. Winher own room without another word, and ifred, darling, my Arthur was your Arthur, s father! Now do you know why I | used by millions of mothers for their dread to see on your finger an opal ring, children while teething. If disturbed placed there by Arthur Grant? "But there! it is late. Kiss me good

night. Keep your bright hopes; and do not let my story sadden your dreams. I or her step-mother, and when she died must believe that all will be well with Winifred went silently and thoughtfully Buffalo for a midnight train to go, says a father dear aunt Elsie's false lover! Then the taste. The prescription of one of the

writer in the New York Sun, and by and that was the reason why he had refused oldest and best female physicians and nurses to call on aunt Elsie since his coming in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc. "It was just such a night as this, and from Italy — more than three months be- per bottle by all druggists throughout the stayed late, and the next day there was a just about this hour, when I went through fore; and why Arthur said he had been the bridge at Fort Dayton, Ia., and was so moved when told of their love; and visit a certain famous glen, and Juliet was the only one to escape alive. All the had asked so many questions concerning the aunt, who had filled a mother's place "The car went into the water, eh?" to the orphaned Winifred. Perhaps he loved her still (his beautiful Italian wife had died long ago, when Arthur was a baby; and he had never married again); she would tell Arthur. And she fell asleep with a smile on her lips, thinking of the handsome, noble, dark-eyed lover who had come to Hartford from sunny Italy two years ago (to study law with an old friend of his father's), and whom she had

loved ever since - who would be true to her in spite of the world. The next day she did tell Arthur; and they wondered if they could not find some way to clear up this mystery; for what

will not brave young hearts dare? A way came sooner than they had thought. One day Arthur surprised his father looking at an old picture of a sweet girl's face, with wistful, blue eyes, and a wealth of golden curls shading a high, white brow that looked the very innocence and purity. As Arthur approached. Mr. Grant looked up with an almost boyish blush tinging his bronzed cheek, and thrust the picture hastily into his desk. But not before Arthur had seen it and

guessed his father's secret. "Father, she loves you yet," he said.

"What do you mean, boy?" cried Mr. "I mean that Miss Elsie Heyward wears your opal ring next her heart," parliament for South Fermanagh, and said Arthur, boldly, "and that she does private secretary to Parnell, against the not know, to this day, why you left her." "Oh, false, false!" murmured Mr. members of parliament were attending to Grant, sinking down into his chair and their duties he (Campbell) was hiring burying his face in his hands. "Did she houses for immoral purposes for Parnell, tell only of my defection, and not of her own perfidy?"

Then Arthur told his father all that ended than Mr. Grant abruptly rose and It was a lovely, bright summer afterwith Mr. Parnell's affairs. Asked why in her pretty parlor, behind closed blinds,

caused by the fact that there were at that She was very pretty yet. Her hair, time so many false statements flying whose golden hue defied the touch of diately pay attention to any of them in the back of her well-poised head. Her Again she held the opal ring, which she had taken from its golden chain, touch-

She had not heard him enter the room

(though admitted by the servant), and it seemed as if she awakened from a dream

to hear him say: "Elsie, dear, will you forgive me, and wear it again for my sake?" She saw her lover's face before her, changed, and yet the same; for the love that had once been hers shone again in and at length she unclasped from her the deep gray eyes that had met hers so neck - where it had lain hidden among entreatingly. Then she forgot the years the soft folds of lace she wore - a slender of lonely suffering; forgot all doubts and golden chain, and took from it an opal pains; and laying her hand in his said,

"I love you, Arthur; there is nothing

When they could speak calmly he told her how, on that memorable evening, he py! Arthur loves me, and - we are en- had come softly up to the porch intending gaged. See!" And she held up her to surprise her; had heard voices, when limpled left hand, on the forefinger of he supposed her alone; had seen in the dim starlight a masculine head leaning on "O, my child!" cried Miss Elsie, "not her shoulder; had heard murmured voices an opal! Do you not know it is the stone and kisses; and heard her say, distinctly: "Oh, you old darling!" exclaimed kisses when Arthur isn't here; and I will Winifed, gayly. "I don't believe one love you just as much as if I were not enword of it. And Arthur likes the opal gaged." Had gone home in an almost inbest of all the precious stones. He says sane state of jealous rage, and never doubtthe fire gleaming in its depths and send- ing but that he had surprised some former love that burns in his heart for me. I kept in ignorance, had written her that will trust him always, even though the cruel letter, and had gone at once abroad.

> "It was my sister Winifred!" she exclaimed. "Fred was my pet name for her. O, Arthur, how could you doubt me so? That was her only reproach. Like a true woman she took back the lover who still had her heart, and was supremely happy in his return. As they sat side by side, deep in memories of the past, the door again softly opened, and Winifred and Arthur stood on the threshold like two culprits.

"Ah, these are our two little matchmakers!" said Mr. Grant, smiling. "May I tell them, dear Elsie, that theirs is not to be the only wedding?" And blushing deeply as Winifred herself, Miss Elsie said:

Before the summer was ended there was a quiet wedding one evening in the pretty parlor. Miss Elsie, in a soft gray silk, almost covered with rare lace, a gift from her happy, if elderly bridegroom, was the

"What do you think of the opal rings now?" asked Winifred, mischievously, as she stood watching the happy light that filled her dear aunt's eyes and gave such a placid beauty to her sweet face. "I think that one must not put faith in

blind superstitions," said the newly made bride. "Dear child," she added, with tender solemnity, "my happiness has

A VERY GOOD TRICK. On a dry day rub with a brush or with the hand a thin piece of paper, it will beadhere to your hand, your face or your

Electrify, in the same manner, a thick piece of paper, a postal card, for example, All you need do is to dry the card well lows a magnet, until, having lost its

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been 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 mstake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and to her room. Much that had been strange Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums before was explained now. Her Arthur's and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINS-

LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

GREETING THE NEW MOON IN FIJI. In Colo, the mountainous interior of Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fiji group, the natives have a very curious method of greeting the new moon. On seeing the thin crescent rising above the hills they salute it with a prolonged "Ah!" at the same time quickly rapping on their open mouths with their left hands, thus producing a rapid vibratory sound. An old chief when asked regarding the meaning and origin of this curious custom said: "We always look and hunt for the moon in the sky, and when it comes we do as you see to show our pleasure at finding it again. We don't know the meaning of what we do; our fathers always did so."—St. Louis Re public.

Got hay-fever? Some say Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure it. Try it and report to us.

Stop that

CHRONIC COUGH NOW! For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda-It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

A wonderful flesh producer.

ant Di **Tartar**

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Phosphates, or any Injuriant. E. W. CILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

-WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK OVER-

30,000 Rolls Room Paper,

And a large consignment of Fine Felts and Ingrains, with Borders to Match, now on the way from New York, which we will sell at Lower Prices than ever known in the history of Wall Paper.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

M'MURRAY & CO

P. S.—On hand, a large stock of

PIANOS,

- AND THE -CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

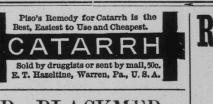
Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months. money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

URGANS.

M'MURRAY & CO.



R. BLACKMER,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.

HAS IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF WALTHAM WATCHES in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases

and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store. A FULL LINE OF CLOCKS

SILVERWARE In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality." ENGRAVING

On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.

One Door Below the People's Bank Carriage Bolts. JUST RECEIVED:

5 Cases containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 9,000 Tire Bolts. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS. MORRISON,

FLOUR, MEAL, NEILL'S

TEA, COFFEE,

> MOLASSES, TOBACCOS,

SUGAR,

---AND---General Groceries.

CANNED GOODS

QUEEN STREET.

OPP, CITY HALL, FREDERICTON, N.B.

SPRING STOCK JUST ARRIVED.

SEE HALL'S BOOK STORE

> Better Value! Greater Variety!

Single Rolls!

HOUSE PAPER

Double Rolls!

Hall's Book Store.

PURE PARIS GREEN.

pound boxes, for sale **NEILL'S** HARDWARE

HAYING TOOLS.

Just Received direct from the manufacturers

85 Dozen Scythes, 40 " Hay Forks, Boxes Scythe Stones. For sale wholesale & retail.

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

Just Received one car load Grindstones, good gri for sale wholesale and retail HARDWARE

Direct Importation Just received per Steamer "Carthaginian" fro Liverpool 15 barrels pure Linseed Oil for sale low at **NEILL'S** HARDWARE

STORE. IVERPOOL AND LONDON AND

INSURANCE COMPANY.

WM. WILSON,

Fresh GARDEN, and FLOWER

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of Garden, 'Field and Flower Seeds for the Season of 1890, imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction last season.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the President in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

Deans, Peas, Beets, Carrots,

ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF

and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages— Wholesale and Retail. My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets. FF Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND, GEO. H. DAVIS,

Druggist and Seedsman

CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS. FREDERICTON TEA. TEA.

JUST RECEIVED

Direct from London per Str. Damara.

119 Packages Tea,

These Teas are of a Superior qualtiy and fine flavor.

IN HALF CHESTS,

quality.

310 Queen St. Fredericton.

GIVEN AWAY.

CROCKET & MACHUM. Props. Fredericton Globe.

Grindstones. Caddies & Boxes, **ALSO IN STOCK** STORE. PURE PAINT OIL. INDIAN and CEYLON TEAS of the Is-st G. T. WHELPLEY.

Assets, 1st January, 1889, - \$39,722,809.59

Assets in Canada, "- 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at State of the Frederictor of Lobe to be given to the persons sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "Frederictor of Globe." This offer is open to paid up subscribers only, and parties desirous of competing for these Cash Prizes must send in their names and P. O. address, accompanied by \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Globe.

No letter in the words "Fred-Rictor Globe to be employed more frequently than it appears in those words." In case of a tiet the first, souler will be sentilled. words.

In case of a tie the first sender will be entitled to the prize. Send your list in early.

Write on one side of the paper upon which you send your list. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will govern the contest. Address. LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

Agent P. O. Box, 315

Fredericton, N. B.