'Tis not a motto, fine as some, Perhaps, in tone high sounding: But as from coal rare colors come, Truth richly worth expounding, Lies in this adage-truth sublime-And I would here declare it; And if a bore you deem my rhyme Why, simply "grin and bear it."

When cherished projects come to naught, Or pain embitters pleasure; When banks and bonds your firmest thought Bring loss to hoarded treasure ; When friends forsake, and foes increase. Put on, though hard to wear it, A sunny smile of perfect peace-'Twill help-just "grin and bear it."

When woes come thick and still more thick Disasters gathering daily , When hope deferred, the heart makes sick While round you jesting gaily, The world knows not how sad your soul, Dreams not what griefs do tear it, Keep over self a calm control; All bravely "grin and bear it."

Ah neath these homely words there lies, Vast mines of deepest meaning, Whole tones of sound philosophy, Well worth most careful gleaning; Yet not mere stoic's lore I urge-Forever I forswear it-Let earth's and heaven's best wisdom merge Trust God, then grin and bear it."

SELECT STORY. BONNY ADAIR.

By the Author of 'Mrs. Delamotte's Lover' 'Black Pool Grange, Etc.

TO BE CONTINUED. "I know there are," he agreed, cheerfully, "and I have chosen the prettiest of them all. What have you done to your self? You look simply charming."

"Please don't," Bonny implored. "I saw myself in the glass before I came, and though I look better than usual, I don't look up to much." "I wish everyone else thought so," he

said, passing his arm about her; and Bonny, trembling slightly, was whirled away among the waltzers. Light as a feather, swaying and gliding with him in the slow, dreamy dance, with

one hand in his and her flushed face so near his breast, what wonder that Alec Doyle's good resolves almost broke down. He longed to kiss the ruffled, dark hair, to whisper into those small, delicate ears; and grew, taking a stronger hold upon on the staircase him, and he had not the strength of will moral courage to step into the narrow, fully. rough path of duty—a path he had never

When at length they paused, Bonny's not been happy?" calm, innocent gaze seemed to quell the it dispelled the vain dreams and visions of an impossible future. Her purity and formed an opinion from her altered looks, had beer to breaking down their friend- the afternoon. ship for ever, by begging her to defy the world—to cut herself adrift from all—for his sake. Together they wandered through closely by Dixon. In the general buzz of the many spacious rooms and beautiful conservatories, and Bonny was so lively observed by a few, among them Mr. Doyle,

that evening—in fact, to enjoy the rest of bright smile of welcome, and then had aching sight. her life, by striking out from it all sinful seated herself in a corner between two and harmful thoughts. She was going to ladies. be Alec's friend, staunch and true to the very end, and his wife's, too, if she would girl's, she was a thorough society woman and cared for little beyond gaiety. After the two first dances, Bonny's card

filled rapidly, and Mr. Dixon had not the pleasure of sitting out more than one dance, which rather annoyed him, though he carefully concealed the fact. Still, when he saw Bonny taking her third dance with Mr. Doyle, he did mention to his mother that she ought to give Bonny a hint that it was not quite the right thing to do, but as it was the end of the ball, the suggestion came rather late, and Mrs. Dixon, who was sleepy and just a trifle cross, forgot her little visitor's misdeeds grown, he knew not how, but which had in her anxiety to get home and to bed. She slept peacefully during the drive; Nelly did likewise, curled up snugly in a corner, and George Dixon, leaning back in the shade, watched Bonny as she sat upright looking out of the carriage window; the cold, grey light of early morning making her face look pale, almost unearthly, with its tender mouth and pathetic, grey eyes. By-and-by he leant forward and gently touched her hand.

"What are you thinking of, Bonny?" "All sorts of strange things," she said, softly, withdrawing her gaze from the weird, ghostly dawn. "But what sort of things?" he persisted,

and Bonny answered with a smile. "I don't think I can put them into words," and just then the carriage stopped at Lyndhurst, and Mrs. Dixon awoke with

"Dear me, I should have dropped off to sleep in another minute. Come, wake up,

guessing how it hurt her to hurt him, Nelly." nor what an effort it had cost her to act The next afternoon Doyle called, and as she had done. So the afternoon ended the next overtook the girls in their walk; after that he was always dropping in on Doyle trudged home through the gathersome pretext or another. There was never ing shades of evening, and Bonny sought anything but the most friendly intercourse between him and Bonny; he was never | refuge in her room—heart-sore and weary. She had made up her mind to leave off his guard; he never scared her with an approach to love-making; he felt that Boombridge at once; the trial was bethe slightest allusion to anything of the | yond her strength. That night before she kind would frighten her away from him retired, she pulled the curtain aside, for ever. He knew that it could not last, opened the window, and leaning forth yet he would not give in and go before it tried to take to herself a little of the calmwas too late; he was drifting with the ness of the moonlight; half kneeling on tide and dragging Bonny with him to the sill she gazed up at the eternal blue

and George being away, she had no one to prayer for strength and light. Below, in draw her to him, but she would not. consult; still she could not let it go on. the shadow, a man was standing with So at last she spoke to Bonny. It was one folded arms, watching her; and long after breath with a sob. "I can bear to hear afternoon, when a party from The Towers she had closed the window and drawn no more. If you have any pity go!" was expected for an "At Home," and her blind-even long after the light was Bonny had just come down ready dressed. put out, he remained standing there, "Your love, at least, is not worth much.

"No, dear, his train does not get in till | turned away the evil had conquered; he | deep affection." 3.30. But, Bonny, dear, why not call him | could write to Bonny, asking her to meet | His castle in the air was falling about and you are quite one of the family now, tender pitiful eyes his hateful life; his future was turning to a nightmare, goad- tarrh Cure. Sold everywhere, only 25 so much so that I am going to say some- misery and his love, and beg her, implore ing him to madnes, with pain and disap- cents. thing that may offend you very much." her, beseech her, to brighten it with her pointment.

girl said, kneeling on the hearthrug beside him lead her away from the rough, dark trust in-you are all alike-but I put is food enough for two meals. Tramp Mrs. Dixon's chair. "Why, fancy my feel- side of life, to where they two could dwell such faith in you. I am a bad man, (piteously) — And what will I do for the Weekly Transcripting offended with you over anything, when in happiness and love.

you are always so good and kind to me." He knew how she loved him; when he given my life for yours, and you would 'Well, dear, I want to be kind now, or thought over her coldness of the after- not even sacrifice the opinion of this vain I should say nothing, which would be much | noon he had seen through it all; and had | hollow world." easier. It is about Mr. Doyle, Bonny." he not just seen her in the moonlight, He laughed a jarring, mocking laugh, minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion Bonny's face flushed scarlet, but Mrs. | sad eyed, pale faced, so different from the | turned on his heel and strode away.

Dixon considerately stared into the fire, little girl he had met in the train at Hepand went on in her placid, quiet way— | worth Junction?

too!' Mr. Doyle is a nice and very charm-

ing man, and one, I think, to be rather

pitied than otherwise for possessing a wife

who is a mass of falseness and affectation;

solace in friendships with every pretty

girl he meets. I must say he has earned

the gap so much wider; but a short time

difficulties, not they hers.

are asking for you."

possible to get near her.

was fast slipping by. To-morrow he

awakened thoughts and feelings of which

he had not deemed himself capable. But

it had come too late in life. He inwardly

cursed the folly which had tied him to a

woman he could not love, but one whom

Once during the afternoon he managed

"What is the matter?" and she replied,

women at the bottom of the sea, and him-

self well out of the whole thing. He

upon her restless young life.

George Dixon's voice called out-

ago Alec Doyle had been her friend, her turn.

run and tell Nelly."

don't let him monopolise you, as he seems | no idea whence it came until she opened | they might find peace and happiness.

ALEC DOYLE." Bonny read and re-read that short

but still she is his wife, and he was not make the best of her, and not go seeking for himself the reputation of being an outrageous flirt; so you see, dear, what people will think when you are so often That afternoon a man paced the mossy

together. You might easily manage to be paths alone, while the girl he was waitless alone with him, and yet keep on quite ing for was flying from temptation. Bonny friendly terms. Ah! here are the first; had thrown herself on Mrs. Dixon's mercy, had told her something of the Bonny flew upstairs, but did not stop at truth, and had begged to be allowed to go Nelly's door; instead, she rushed into her home at once.

own room, shut and locked the door, threw Mrs. Dixon gave her good sound adherself down by the open window, and vice, mingled with motherly sympathy, buried her face in her arms as they rested and so Bonny's visit abrubtly ended. on the broad sill. Poor Bonny! that brief That night she slept in her own little bed, lecture had stirred up a multitude of feel- or rather lay in it, for her eyes were wide ings. It was the first time, too, that any open and wakeful all through the long, third person had interfered between them; somehow it seemed to her to have made Mrs. Adair was glad, though exceeding-

ingly astonished at Bonny's sudden re-

brother: now he was neither—never could Lenore was away, staying with Mrs. be either brother, friend, or anything else. | Charters, who had returned to England, The scales had fallen from her eyes; she and as Mrs. Adair had grown tired of her saw and knew that she had been deluding own company, she welcomed her youngherself, and that for ever and ever they est daughter with delight. Poor Bonny! From morning to night she had to talk It was a bitter awakening; the old pain | about everyone and everything at Lyndhad started into life, but a hundred times | hurst, especially about Mrs. Dixon, whom more stinging, more unendurable. She Mrs. Adair still looked upon as a future tried to pray, but the words froze on her son-in-law. On the second day Bonny lips; she tried to look into her future life, escaped, and without any definite idea as but the narrowness and darkness fright- to where she was going, wandered on and ened her. There was no one to advise or on until she found herself on the heath. help her, for weak, indulgent Mrs. Adair | She had never been there since that possessed her daughter's love, but she was summer evening, which belonged to the not the one they could turn to in great painful past. It all looked so different

distress; it was she who was always de- now. The tall ferns, through which she manding their sympathy and help over loved to pass, had withered down; around the place where she had thrown herself Whilst the girl knelt there, battling with in such heart-broken misery, a clearing herse,f, someone knocked at her door, and had been made for some purpose, and looked hideous with blackened stumps of "Are you not coming, Bonny? They burnt gorse bushes. She wondered if the narrow rustic bridge still spanned the She rose at once, and went out to him. little rushing stream, or had that run dry to tell her how desperately, madly, he She had not been crying, the inward and the bridge fallen to decay. She had loved her-better, yes, even better than in emotion was too great and real for out- a great longing once again to see the the old days at South Bay. It seemed to ward lamentation, but the white, scared place where she had been so intensely him that every time they met, every face, with the feverishly bright eyes, rather happy, where she imagined that the route to the home of the girl with the recurs. They are easy to take, exceedminute he spent with her, that love grew alarmed Mr. Dixon, whom she overtook brief taste of joy would make up for every view of visiting the grave, when he met ingly wild in their action and effective Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely un-

or mind to shake it off. He had not the come?" she asked, trying to speak cheer not raining outright, but from over the to him once, and was astonished not to "I have been in the house about half- making everything feel chill and clammy. cared to pursue, and which now appeared an-hour, and find they have an 'At-home' It swept across the desolate heath and on. You are not looking well. Have you soon wet Bonny to the skin, but she ist minister who pronounced her funeral "Quite," she declared, with emphasis, passion that was swaying through him; and blushing hotly beneath his inquiring through the past again, through the which she will be one of two principal gaze, and straightway George Dixon pleasure and the pain of it all. She had participants. reached the bridge now, that at least was goodness, and, above all, her trust in him, which was extremely flattering to him- unaltered. She did not pass over it, but made him feel ashamed of his weakness. self, and which caused a very self-satisfied stood leaning against the rail, with the She should never know how near he smile to linger on his face for the rest of gurgling eddying water sweeping on its The long drawing room was full of across the drenched soft sward she saw

people when Bonny entered, followed | Alec Doyle coming towards her. She did not feel surprised; she was conversation, her entrance had only been dazed and bewildered, and he had come upon her in the midst of her dreaming. and happy, so full of fun and merriment, who, though apparently making himself | She had no time to realize that at last he that Doyle's dark mood was forced to give agreeable to everyone, had been watching had brought her to bay, that her weak way to a lighter one; and when he left for Bonny Adair ever since he had ar- attempt at escape had proved futile. He her with her next partner, he felt some- rived. For one brief second her eyes met was pale and haggard, the sleepy look how a happier and better man. Bonny his, went straight to his as if by magic, had left the deep blue eyes, which were Adair for the time had put aside dull care. the moment the door opened. She had strained and bloodshot, as if the lips had She had made up her mind to enjoy looked away at once, without the usual never closed for many a night over their

"Bonny, you ran away from me, cruel child," he said, and she noticed that even George Dixon stationed himself before his voice was different. "Why did you her, and a meek young curate had squeezed do it? You don't know what I have let her, but Lydia Doyle was not fond of his small person in too, so it was im- suffered, what torture it has been. I thought to let you go, but I could not: I thought to put an end to myself, but, oh. He felt disappointed and annoyed at child, I felt I could not even die without the turn of affairs; he had looked forward seeing you again. I hungered for you, to sitting near her, watching her, talking Bonny, love. My darling! my litle sweetto her, and now the golden opportunity heart! Don't turn from me. Don't leave love as ours; the sin is in the unholy though, had it been possible, he would bond which binds me, which would gladly have given up the day's sport just not afraid. You can trust to my great him many suggestions in modifying really in love-not a boy's fancy, but a grow cold or less. Oh, my love! my man's deep, passionate love, that had darling! you will not let me go away

The hands with which he sought to

himself, speaking with a studied calm. with unvarying kindness and patience. He was not thinking of these things that afternoon; he was puzzling over Bonny's to get near, near enough to ask softly, in her usual voice, "Nothing that I know of-why?" and without waiting for an answer, moved away, and began talking doorways, with a face like a thunder-

cloud, wishing the crowd of chattering would not look at Bonny again, little and blew cold and wet on the pallid faces quire considerable animal food. of those two as they stood side by side her stiffened lips to give.

seemed as if on the chill wind a whispered

"Bonny, think!" he urged. You are

"Oh! go, go!" she cried, drawing her "I thought I should be late," she said, weakly fighting with his better nature, I have no doubt the next I hear of you, glancing at the clock. "Has Mr. Dixon arguing—excusing—in the vain attempt you will have become Mrs. Dixon, or Mrs. to make a sin look sinless. Yet when he | Somebody else; women are incapable of

"I don't think you could do that," the presence, to put her hand in his and let | "You are the last woman I will ever I know, but I can love. I would have other one?

Yet, even in his madness and anger, he knew she was right, and afterwards—yes, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been Early the next morning the maid later on—he thanked heaven that she brought Bonny a cup of tea, and on the had not fallen, that she had not let him dray was a thick square envelope directed large her down to the low, degraded large her down to the low, degraded child suffering and crying with pain of your thoughts before, but you ought not brought Bonny a cup of tea, and on the had not fallen, that she had not let him to see quite so much of him. I mean, tray was a thick square envelope directed drag her down to the low, degraded

innocent and inexperienced; but they don't mind saying, 'What a horrid little flirt—carrying on with a married man, too!' Mr Doyle is a nice and very charminto her work. It had been uncongenial work at first, but she so wished to do some good with her life, that she would not epistle, then she slowly tore it in halves, and assetting fire to it, watched it brown, slike it; till Alec Doyle found her out, and humbly begged her to be his wife. For and blacken, and curl, till there was nothing left but a few charred flakes. She life. He had done his duty to his wife, would never go again to that little wood and afterwards had endeavored to become in the hollow, never meet him there or anywhere else, never again in fair weather did not let him go away again, without the promise he craved, a promise that gave equal happiness to both.

> WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD." A Dramatic Scene Between Lovers at a London Railway Station.

[From the London Telegraph.]

A curious scene was witnessed outside Paddington station. A respectably-dressed young woman who had arrived at the terminus from the country was quietly proceeding in the direction of Edgware road when a young man, also respectably dressed, met her, turned deadly pale and you were dead!" and would probably have fallen to the ground in a fainting condition had not the young woman and sympathetic wayfarers who witnessed the sual occurrence assisted him into a temperance refreshment house where res- and Alonzo Staples. toratives were obtained.

Their case proved to be a strange one The girl ad for some time been a shor assistant at a village on the outskirts of South London, and had there become engaged to the young man. She left her place and returned to her parents in the country for a holiday. Somehow or other a report was spread in the village that she had suddenly died from influenza, and the news appeared so circumstantial and detailed that it obtained general credence. The lover was disconsolate, mentioned his grief to the pastor of the Methodist chapel where he and his sweetheart had worshipped, and the minister next Sunday preached a funeral sermon, drawing

ally on his way to Paddington station, en | are always southt for when the trouble | her in the flesh, alive, and looking very "How do you do? Have you only just It was a wretched day, damp and cold, well. She declared that she had written hills a grey mist kept sweeping down, have got an answer. He, on his side. him. It is very probable that the Methodheeded it not; she was blind and sense- oration will soon be asked to officiate

THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.

Farmers who take the pains to raise ation during leisure minutes and hours, and Alonzo Staples. removing the soil above the roots and tracing them out. Some of them at least between the rows. The corn roots will be mostly found much nearer the surface than those of potatoes, suggesting several practices in potato culture. Young apple trees, which have been planted in mellow amined by the very simplest means withseparate us forever. But, Bonny, you are in time a practical fund which will give

HENS FOR MOTHERS.

Ducks are best hatched and reared by a touch her were trembling; his wild words | quiet motherly hen, when one does not and altered looks frightened her, and she use an incubator and brooder. Those ses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is shrank from him. He noticed the slight who rear them in large numbers for mar-scrofula of the lungs. In this class of disaction at once, and with an effort steadied | ket, use incubators and brooders, finding | ease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably them economical. The food of young the most reliable medicine "Bonny, I followed you down here to ducks may consist, for the first three or implore you to put an end to this misery. four days after hatching, of hard-boiled Life is so short, why should we not take | eggs and bread crumbs, crumpled fine and what happiness comes in our way? Be- mixed in the proportion of three parts of fore us are two lives; one spent together, bread to one of eggs. After this, a very Bonny, you and I cut off from the world, good food is made by mixing three parts living for one another-child, I would of Indian meal and one part of shorts take you to some lovely, foreign land, with boiling water. Once a day the ducks where I could spend my life in trying to should have a meal of boiled potatoes or make you happy; the other would be other vegetables. Cracked corn, wheat spent apart. What more is there to add and water to drink, not to swim in. than that? What words could make it can be kept before them all the time. sound more hateful? Apart! Forever! The addition of one part of ground beef scraps to the Indian meal and shorts, after There was silence between them; the the ducks are a week or ten days old, driving mist blotted out the distant hills, will be found advantageous, as they re-

They should be prevented from getting the girl leaning against the wooden rail- wet for the first two weeks of their lives, ing; the man standing upright with his and do better if yarded than if allowed to arms folded over his heaving chest, his run at large. If properly cared for, they features set and rigid, his eyes fixed, wait- are ready to market at ten to twelve ing for the answer she could not force weeks of age. If they are to be retained for breeders, after reaching ten weeks of "For heaven's sake, end this suspense!" age they can be allowed more liberty, and he at last cried, hoarsely; and to him it | will become more vigorous from the exer-

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemdriving me to desperation. You did not ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, say 'apart!' My darling, you could not Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes, destruction; but he would not, and she heavens—serenely peaceful, looking down be so hard, so cruel. Bonny, I love you Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. War-Mrs. Dixon had noticed the growing As she knelt there, her whole soul He took her dress and pressed it to her ranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure intimacy, and at first knew not how to act, seemed to go forth in one passionate lips; he tried to put his arm about her to ever known. For sale by W. Carten and

> A Betrayal.— I'll never invite an editor to my home again, said the young author. "And is that your answer?" he sneered. I had Bluepencil up over Sunday, and my boy brought out the mucilage pot and said, Dat's what my papa w'ites storwies wid.

"It cured me of a severe cold in the head," is what Mr. A. D. McDonald, of George? He never calls you, Miss Adair, him, and then he would lay bare to her him in ruins; his dreams of a golden Framboise, C. B., says of Hawker's Ca-

Overlooked .- Lady (to tramp) - Here

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when he is here, or you meet him out, in a very masculine hand. The girl had depths in which he had vainly imagined they might find peace and happiness. children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twen-ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS. Husband (at the close of the first act)-

guess I'll go out and stretch my legs a Wife - The last night we were at the theatre you went out to stretch your legs so often that it was all you could do to

hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain exclaimed: "Oh, Helen, we thought in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten

NOT GIVEN WHAT ASKED.

Emily had been eyeing the newly arrived baby with some disgust, and her mother thought it time she should be nade to appreciate the blessing. "My dear" she said. "You should be thankful for a dear little baby sister. God sent her to you from heaven." "Huh," sniffed Emily. "I don't see what He did that for. What I've been praying for is a tricycle."

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS. Mr. M. Rooney, a well known Halifax merchant, writes: "Iam using Hawker's suitable lessons from the unexpected de- Liver Pills and can recommend them as a cease of their young friend. All was sure cure for Biliousness." What Mr. Rooney says is endorsed by thousands who The young man was, it appeared, actu- have tried these pills. Once tried they in a marked degree.

> NEWS TO BOTH. Mamma — What is the matter?

Little Jack - Me an' sister was playin' keep house, an' I was the papa an' she was the governess, an' she told me to kiss her, an' when I did, she slapped me hardless to outward events, she was living at a still more interesting ceremony, in boo, hoo! I didn't know that was in the

Mamma (thoughtfully) - Neither -

American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumagood crops every year, and give to them tism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to good cultivation, and who have not studied 3 days. Its action upon the system is vegetable physiology, would find great remarkable and mysterious. It removes practical advantage in examining and at once the cause, and the disease immedstudying the length and form of the roots | iately disappears. The first dose greatly of plants. They can perform this examinbenefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten

A Model Son .- My son, said Mrs. Sprigwill be surprised to find that roots of the gins, proudly, is a very thorough young corn plant when only half a foot high man. He ain't going to go through colhave already grown horizontally a foot or lege like most boys does. He's just wrote occasionally a foot and a half; and potato home that he's goin' to take his Freshplants, long before the new tubers have man year over agin, so's there won't be set, will have met together in the spaces no question about his knowin' what he'd

The modiste may have the artistic and esthetic sense, but except she have the ground, can have their roots traced to a will be, not a creation, which every lady distance on each side greater than their desires in a costume. Priestly's well entire height; trees 12 feet high and 12 known dress fabrics, by their softness, years old have sent out roots 16 feet long. richness and wonderful quality of perfect These sew examples are given to show fitting and draping, achieve beautiful rewhat an interesting field for exploration sults in the hands of the tasteful dressevery farmer has before him, to be ex- maker. Ladies should ask for Priestly's famous black dress goods.

Mistress.—So you are going to leave my service! Now what motive impells you to go away? Servant - It's no motive, madame; It's a soldier.

THE CHILDREN'S ENEMY.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, absces-

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get home on them at the end of the performance. Really, I think this leg stretching exercise is too violent for you at your time of life.

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