Before the final exeunt all. We gathered once, a joyous throng; The jovial toasts went gaily round, With jest, and laugh, and shout, and song,

We made the floors and walls resound. We come with feeble steps and slow, A little band of four or five. Left from the wrecks of long ago, Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they Whose memories it is ours to share! Spread the long table's full array; There sits a ghost in every chair! One breathing or no more, alas!

Amid our slender group we see; With him we still remained "the class;" Without his presence what are we? The hand we ever loved to clasp,

That tireless hand which knew no rest, Loosed from affection's clinging grasp, Lies nerveless on the peaceful breast. The beaming eye, the cheering voice, That lent to life a generous glow,

Whose every meaning said "Rejoice," We see, we hear, no more below. The air seems darkened by his loss, Earth's shadowed features look less fair, And heavier weighs the daily cross

His willing shoulders helped us bear. Why mourn that we, the favoured few Whom grasping time so long has spared Life's sweet illusions to pursue. The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of Friendship's heart There breeds unfelt a throb of pain; One hour must rend its links apart. Though years on years have forged the

So ends "the boys," a lifelong play; We, too, must hear the prompter's call To fairer scenes and brighter day; Farewell! I let the curtain fall! -Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SELECT STORY.

THE HIDDEN HAND

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH. AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE CHANGED BRIDES," ETC. ETC. CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL CONCLUDED.

The young turnkey took up a lamp and a great key and walked before, leading the way down stairs to a cell in the interior of the basement, occupied by Black Donald, He unlocked the door, and then walked off to the extremity of the lobby as he was accustomed to do he when he let in the

preachers. Capitola entered the cell. It was very dimly lighted from the great lamp that hung in the lobby nearly opposite the Hal in a melancholy vo

By its light she saw Black Donald, not only doubly ironed but confined by a chain and staple to the wall. Cap.'s heart bled for the poor banned and blighted outlaw, who had not a friend in the world to speak a kind word to him

in his trouble. He also recognized her, and rising and coming to meet her as far as the length of the chain would permit, he held out his

"I am very glad you have come, little one it is very kind of you to come and see a poor fellow in his extremity! I wanted to see you, I wanted to say to you yourself again, that I never was guilty of murder, and that I only seemed to consent to your death to save your life! Do you believe this?"

"I believe you, Donald Bayne," said Capitola, in a broken voice.

"I hear that you have come into your estate! I am glad of it. And they tell me that you are going to be married to-morrow! Well! God bless you, little one!" "Oh, Donald Bayne! Can you say God bless me, when it was I who put you here?" "Tut, child, we outlaws bear no malice!

Give me your hand in good will, since I must die to-morrow!" Capitola gave her hand, and while he held it, she stooped and said:

"Donald! I have done everything in the world to save your life!"

"I know you have, child. May yours be long and happy." "Donald, may your life be longer and

better than you think. I have tried all other means of saving you in vain; there is but one means left.'

The outlaw started violently, exclaim-

"Donald, yes! there is! I bring you the speak to Miss Cap. one minute. means of deliverance and escape. Heaven knows whether I am doing right-for I do not. Oh Donald! use well the life I am about to give you, else I shall be chargeable with every future sin you

"In the name of mercy, do not hold out "But you were not prepared to meet just the escape of Black Donald! your Maker. Oh, Donald! I hold out no false hope! Listen, for I must speak low and quick-I could never be happy again, if, on my wedding day, you should die a felon's death. Here! here are tools with the use of which you must be acquainted, for they were found in the woods near the Hidden House!" said Capitola, producing from her pockets a burglar's lock-pick, saw, chisel, file, etc. Black Donald seized them as a famished

wolf might seize his prey. "WILL, they do?" inquired Capitola, in

breathless anxiety "Yes! ves! ves! I can file off my irons. pick every lock, drive back every bolt, and freedom with these instruments!"

thousand dollars. I thought never to have it to-day for you. Take it - it will help picked your way out of this place, go to the passion. great elm tree at the back of the old mill, and you will find my horse, Gyp, whom I shall have tied there. He is very swiftmount him and ride for your life to the nearest seaport, and so escape by a vessel lead a good life, and may God redeem you, Donald Bayne! There! conceal your tools and money quickly, for I hear the guard coming. Good-bye! and again,-God re- Hall.

deem you, Donald Bayne?" "God bless you, brave and tender girl! advice!" said the outlaw, pressing the of Hurricane Hall, in the presence of as hand she gave him, while the tears rushed | large and splendid an assembly as could | to his eyes.

The guard approached, Capitola turned to meet him. They left the cell together,

and Black Donald was locked in for the in white satin, honiton lace, pearls and tacked with "la grippe." He grew rapidly That winter Mr. Lorne died. He had last time. Oh! Lord grant that Black Donald may get clear off to-night, for he isn't fit to die!"

said Cap. to herself as she hurried out of the prison.

Mr. Cassell's livery stable, and get a gig, settle upon their patrimonial estates. and put your horse into it, and come back | Major Warfield and Marah live at Hur- sah - fust come, fust served.

here to drive me home, for I cannot ride." ricane Hall, and in his heart is satisfied "Jem, who never questioned his im- and at rest, his temper is gradually imperious little mistress's orders, rode off at proving. As the lion shall be led by the

Cap. immediately dismounted from her gentlest woman that ever loved or suffered, pony, and led himunder the deep shadows and she is leading him in his old age to of the elm tree, where she fastened him. the Saviour's feet. Presently the boy came back, bringing

"An' leab the pony, Miss?"

that they would not pursue so painful a And, in respect to Cap.'s sympathies, they changed the conversation

That night the remnant of Black Donald's band were assembled in their first old haunt, the Old Road Inn. They had met for a two-fold purpose-to bury their old matron Mother Raven, who, since the death of her patron and the apprehension of her Captain, had returned to the inn to die-and to bewail the fate of their leader, whose execution was expected to come off the next day.

Suddenly, in the midst of their heavy grief and utter silence, a familiar sound was heard—a ringing footstep under the the back windows.

among them:

dear Captain!"

embraced them in silence. While Demon Dick growled forthme-Capitola!"

the extremity of wonder. "It's to be hoped, then, you've got her at last, Captain," said Demon Dick.

to the last words of their chief.

Black Donald commenced and related gold, he poured it upon the table and me, sir, what is your name?" divided it into two equal portions, one of which he handed to "Headlong Hal." man addressed.

distant parts of the country, where you may | constable should masquerade as the swell livelihood! As for me, I shall have to joke, a rare and mighty joke. quit the country altogether, and it will more to give you! So once more pledge ha! And who are you, sir?"

your Captain, and away!" The men filled their mugs, rose to their feet, and pledged their leader in a parting toast, and then-

"Good luck to you all!" exclaimed Black fied, and complicated the joke. Donald, waving his hat thrice above his head with a valedictory hurrah. And the | chuckled grimly. "Sir Charles Beresford, next moment he was gone!

That night, if any watchman had been | Sir Charles, you do; splendid! splendid! on guard near the stables of Hurricane And now tell me, my boy," said the in- And as papa approves my course, and Hall, he might have seen a tall man nounted upon Capitola's pony, ride up in | your name?" hot haste, dismount and pick the stable lock, take Gyp by the bridle and lead him in, and presently returned leading out Fleetfoot, Old Hurricane's racer, upon which he mounted and rode away.

The next morning, while Capitola was and, in great dismay, begged that he might of Wellington."

"Well what is it, Jem?" said Capitola. "Oh, Miss Cap. you'll kill me! I done Jem's unspeakable amazement. For to ence of nations on the labor question:a false hope. I had nerved myself to die." | Capitola the absence of her horse meant

The next minute Cap. sighed and said: "Poor Gyp! I shall never see you again!" That was all she knew of the future! in, with a little canvas bag in his hand, wages of labor it was a wise act.

red chalk:

"Three hundred dollars, to pay for Fleetfoot Black Donald, Reformed Robber." dislodge every bar between myself and Cap.'s pony, that was supposed to have destruction of domestic life resulting from Mr. Lorne was at that juncture by other send, free of charge, to all who desire it, "Listen, further, Donald. Here are a this bag of gold tied around his neck.

"It is Black Donald! he has escaped! taken it from the bank, for I would never | cried Old Hurricane, about to fling himhave used the price of blood. But I drew self into a rage, when his furious eyes encountered the gentle gaze of Marah, that to his children? How can a woman who well enough to marry her without a foryou to live a better life. When you have fell like oil on the waves of his rising is absent from home all day long do the tune. The great Lorne mansion was sold

"Let him go! I'll not storm on my silver wedding-day," said Major Warfield. As for Cap., her eyes danced with debright sky were removed. Black Donald ture? to some foreign country. And oh! try to had escaped to commence a better life, and Gyp was restored!

That evening a magnificent, old-fash- statesman ioned wedding came off at Hurricane

The double ceremony was performed by the bishop of the diocese, (then on a visit And God forsake me if I do not heed your to the neighborhood,) in the great saloon neighborhood.

Her young groom was waiting for her, given by the wedding guests. And when posed corpse turned over on his side. To At length her mother went to live in and she mounted her horse and rode until all these old-time customs had been the astonishment of those present, he was Eleanor's handsome home, as the elder they got to the old haunted church, at observed for the satisfaction of old friends able in a very short time to take some daughter had urged her to do. Tiny, too, the end of the village, when, drawing rein, the bridal party went upon the newfashioned tour for their own delight. They way to recovery. "Jem, I am very tired. I will wait here, spent a year in travelling over the Eastern and you must just ride back to the village, Continent, and then returned home to Next gentleman! — Cannibal (to newly "Work is the best gift that God has

little child, Old Hurricane is led by the

Clara and Traverse live at Willow the gig. Cap. once more hugged Gyp Heights, which has been repaired, enabout the neck pressed her cheek against larged and improved, and where Traverse his mane, and with a whisper "Good-bye, has already an extensive practice, and dear Gyp," sprang into the gig, and ordered where both endeavour to emulate the enlightened goodness of the sainted Doctor

"Oh yes, for the present; everybody | Cap. and Herbert, with Mrs. Le Noir, knows Gyp,—no one will steal him. I live at the Hidden House, which has been Laine have left him length of line enough to turned by wealth and taste into a dwelling move around a little and eat grass, drink of light and beauty. As the bravest are from the brook, or lie down. You can always the gentlest, so the most highcome after him early to-morrow morning." spirited are always the most forgiving. The little groom thought this a queer And thus the weak or wicked old Dorcas arrangement, but he was not in the habit | Knight still finds a home under the roof of criticising his young mistress's actions. of Mrs. Le Noir. Her only retribution Capitola got home to a late supper, and being the very mild one of having her to the anxious inquiries of her friends she relations changed in the fact that her replied that she had been to the prison to temporary prisoner is now her mistress take leave of Black Donald, and begged and soverign lady.

I wish I could say "they all lived happy ever after." But the truth is, I have reason to suppose that even Clara had sometimes occasion to administer to Doctor Rocke dignified curtain lectures, which no doubt did him good. And I know for a positive fact, that our Cap. sometimes gives her "dear, darling, sweet Herbert," the benefit of the sharp edge of her tongue which of course he deserves. But notwithstanding all this, I am happy

to say that they all enjoy a fair amount of

DER DOOK OF WELLINGTON. An Amusing Story Told in London Clubs. An amusing story is told in London club

And the next instant the door was flung | circles of Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. wide open, and the outlaw chief stood Gerald Coxe, two of the most conspicuous swells about town. They were walking in Hal leaped forward and flung himself | Piccadilly one afternoon when a dirty litaround Black Donald's neck, exclaiming— the crossing-sweep importuned them for angle in white tulle over yonder waltzing "It's you! it's you! it's you! my dear! tu'pence. "No, I'll not give you a penny," my darling! my adored! my sweetheart! said Sir Charles, gruffly; but then, as if a my prince! my lord! my king! my dear, bright idea occurred to him, he added: "But I'll tell you what I will do. You see Steve, the lazy mulatto, rolled down that constable yonder? Well, if you'll run upon the floor at his master's feet, and across the street and mop your broom up and down his back I'll give you half-acrown." "I'll do it, sir," said the boy, and "How the foul flend did you get out?" away he started. Of course the policeman "Not by any help of yours, boys! But | very properly resented the shocking indon't think I reproach you, lads! Well I sult of having a small boy mop a muddy know that you could do nothing on earth | broom up and down his constabulary unihelped me except the one who really freed and proceeded to drag him to the station. away. His conscience pricking him, Sir Charles "That girl again!" exclaimed Hal, in stepped across the street and remonstrated he asked. with the officer, but, so far from tolerating calm, dispassionate argument, the officer took Sir Charles into custody, too, upon

time—for to-night we disband forever!" | came up and protested against the arrest to me of your strong-minded Miss Lornes | Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with "Twas our intention, Captain," said of his friend. "Aha," quoth the officer, "so Hal in a melancholy voice.

"Twas our intention, Captain," said of his friend. "Aha," quoth the officer, "so fixer looking upon that exquisite, womanly face!"

Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The raphage of the result want to interfere, do you? Well, I Black Donald then threw himself into fancy I'll have to run you in, too." "I don't a seat at the head of the table, pourd out mind," said Mr. Coxe, indifferently. So ing with silent laughter, which he mana mug of ale, and invited his band to the procession moved to the police station. fully repressed. Just then the music and Marasmus of long standing. In every pledge him. They gathered around the The inspector in charge gazed at the table, filled their mugs, pledged him stand- three culprits austerely; he was a shrewd partner to a seat, then hastened away to Main M. D., New York Put up in 50c. and ing, and then resumed their seats to listen | and august man—he had dealt with crime | procure her an ice. in all its phases all his life.

"So you've been interfering with the conthe manner of his deliverance by Capitola; stable, eh?" said he, solemnly. "A serious and then taking from his bosom a bag of charge—a most serious charge. Now, tell

"Mr. Gerald Coxe," answered the gentle-Now even this august and solemn inspec-"There, Hal, take that and divide it tor had a certain sense of humor, and that among your companions, and scatter to any man charged with interfering with a

yet have a chance of earning an honest Mr. Coxe struck the august inspector as a "Oh, you're Mr. Gerald Coxe, are you?" take nearly half this sum to enable me to said he, sarcastically. "Yes, you look like do it. Now I shall have not a minute Mr. Gerald Coxe; very good-capital-ha.

"Sir Charles Beresford," said that gen-This, to the thinking of the august and

solemn inspector, simply deepened, rami-"So you're Sir Charles Beresford, eh" he eh? Well, this is splendid-you look like spector, turning to the small boy, "what's

The ragged little urchin was in a serious Mr. Coxe. "Look a-here," said he, "I don't know who yes are or wat's yer game, but I'aint goin' back on a pal" Then, turning boldly to the inspector, he said in a tone dressing, her groom rapped at the door full of heroic confidence: "I'm der dook

CARDINAL MANNING'S VIEWS.

Cardinal Manning has written the been got up long afore day and gone to following letter to Richard Fleischer, Tip-Top arter Gyp; but somebody done editor of the Deutsche Revue, by whom he been stole him away afore I got there!" was asked to give his opinion on the "Thank Heaven!" cried Capitola, to little | Emperor's action in summoning a confer-

Archbishop's House, Westminster. Feb. 10, 1890.

SIR-You ask me what I think of the European Powers to meet in conference on | ble," as he was called — went down before That morning while they were all at the subject of labor and the state of the this slip of a girl, and his heart passed into breakfast, a groom from the stable came | millions in every country who live by which he laid, with a bow, before his I think this imperial act the wisest and

worthiest that has proceeded from any | The very next morning there was ter-Major Warfield took it up; it was full soverign of our times. The condition of rible news for the household of Lorne of gold and upon its side was written, in wage earning people of every European an accumulation of calamities. The old, country is a grave danger to every Euro- old story of mad speculation; "a sure inpean State. The hours of labor, the em- vestment" turned out to be a rash venture; While Old Hurricane was reading this scantiness of wages, the uncertainties of lost at sea, a huge warehouse burned down felt it his duty to make it known to his inscription, the groom said that Fleetwood employment, the fierce competition foswas missing from his stall, and that Miss tered by modern political economy and the not yet been renewed, overwhelmed as and desire to relieve human suffering, I will been stolen, was found in his place, with all these and other kindred causes have misfortunes. Before a week was passed it their recipe, in German, French or English,

society reposes. If the foundation be telling her of his great love for her, beglight; the only little clouds upon her ruined what will become of the superstruc- ged her to be his wife. He met with a

> The Emperor William has therefore Believe me always, yours faithfully,

HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING. Archbishop of Westminster

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Cook, a young man, son of J. Cook, typewriting at home nights. Mine will be The two brides, of course, were lovely of that place, was a short time since at- a busy life, but I shall not be unhappy." orange flowers. "Equally," of course, the worse until the attending physician con- never held up his head since the loss of bridegrooms were handsome and elegant, sulted another, and finally, he was pro- his wealth, and he died and was buried, proud and happy.

To this old-fashioned wedding succeeded over closed up and the usual preparations of them. His eyes were closed up and the usual preparations of them. His eyes who had loved him so. But still she worked every brave little heart! a round of dinners and evening-parties, for burial were being made, when the sup- worked away, brave little heart!

arrived missionary) — "Step right dis way, given us," she said, bravely. "I should die if I were compelled to be idle.

THE YOUNGEST MISS LORNE

A Strong-Minded woman! Bah! I detest the very name! I can see her before me in my mind's eye, Horatio - tall, gaunt,

laughing at, Mark?" Mark Laine checked his risibilities with an evident effort. They were standing in a bow-window in Mrs. Clayton's drawingroom, where a grand reception was taking place. Herbert Lester - tall, dark-eyed, extremely handsome, wealthy, courted, flattered, in short, quite spoiled by adulation; and his Fidus Achates - Mark

"But how do you know that Miss Lorne is all this, Bert?" Mark asked, when he have merely told you that she is a young lady with an independent mind of her own: Believes in the equality of the sexes -in your secret heart, Bert Lester, you believe it yourself-and that no woman

in full possession of her health and faculties has any right to depend solely upon her husband or father for support. In other words. Miss Tiny Lorne thinks that women should possess business educations; for although the oak and the ivy, that timehonoured simile, is very well in its place, it sometimes transpires that the clinging ivy finds no convenient oak upon which to twine. And so — well, Hubert, you are making a mountain out of a molehill. Miss Lorne has only horrified ultrafashionables by learning stenography and type-writing, that's all!'

"But, Mark" - in unfeigned surprise-"I thought that the Lorne's were wealthy?" "So they are - so they are! Mr. Lorne is a millionaire twice over, a merchant orince and all that; but I will leave you to earn from Miss Tiny's own lips her ideas in regard to a woman's education."

"Excuse me" - languidly-"I don't care to hear them. Miss Lorne may be all very well in her way, but I detest strong-minded women. By Jove! Mark, who is the

with Clavering?" Mark Laine glanced across the drawingroom to where the dancing-room beyond opened, revealing a sea of changing color. of that?" "Certain, sure. I've just served A slight, fairy-like young girl in fleecy white tulle, with pink rosebuds her only decoration; a girl with pansy-blue eyes and waves of shinining golden hair, was waltzing like a sylph with a tall, dark, his eyes upon the sweet, shy face with admiration - and more - plainly expressed. Mark Laine started as with an electric to save me! No one on earth could have form. He laid hands upon that small boy shock; he suppressed a smile and turned

"Would you like to be presented, Bert?"

Hubert Lester's face was really enthusi-"I would indeed! are you acquainted "No-Heaven bless her!-she's in better | the grounds that he sought to interfere | with her, Mark? Lucky dog! You know hands. Now listen, lads, for I must talk with a constable in the performance of all the prettiest girls! She is the most fast! I am happy to meet you for the last duty. About this time Mr. Gerald Coxe beautiful woman in the room! Don't talk

crashed into silence, and Clavering led his | case the improvement was marked,"-J. M. "Now is your time, Bert! Come!"

Two minutes later Hubert Lester was standing before the "angel in white tulle," bowing lowly, while Mark Laine presented

"Miss Tiny Lorne - my dear friend, Hubert Lester." Well at first Hubert could not believe it: he refused to credit the fact that the fair, delicate girl before him, who danced like a sylph, believed in a woman's right to help herself in the battle of life - to work, if she desired to do so. Miss Eleanor, her elder sister, was the personification of

fashion — a typical society girl whose heart was with balls and crushes, the atest fashion, and the richest "catch," all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, while Tiny held opinions of her own, and and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, was not afraid to express them in a modest | whether arising from teething or other causes way qute bewitching. Before Hubert had | Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask known her quite an hour he had managed to gain the information that he had coveted in regard to her work. "I do not need to work, Mr. Lester," the

girl said, quietly, "but riches sometimes take to themselves wings and fly away mamma does not object, I am fitting myself for possible reverse. Think how nice it would be - in case of our becoming quandary. He looked at Sir Charles and poor — to be able to support the family." "But" - hesitatingly - "Miss Lorne, even in adverses there is always the prob-

ability of marriage, and - and -" He found himself stammering like a school-boy as she turned upon him with

flashing blue eyes. "Mr. Lester. I would die before I would marry a man solely that he might take care of me! No, sir! I prefer independence -as do many other women; but there seems no provision for such cases unless a free as advertised in another column. girl has the courage and decision to battle for herself. But I would work until I died before I would marry for gold!"

The sweet, proud voice rang out clear as a silver bell; the little, golden head crested itself proudly; the great panse-blue eyes flashed with a brave light: and right then invitation of the Emperor of Germany to and there Hubert Lester-"The Invinci- is very little waist about them. her keeping. He never forgot that night;

and Tiny Lorne was fated to remember it ployment of women and children, the a bank suspended payment; a ship was rendered it impossible for men to live a was generally known that the Lornes were

How can a man who works fifteen or Eleanor Lorne had become engaged withsixteen hours a day live the life of a father in a fortnight to a rich man, who loved her duties of mother? Domestic life is im- under the auctioneer's hammer, and the possible; but on the domestic life of the family disappeared. But before they left people the whole political order of human the place Hubert Lester went to Tiny, and

decided refusal. "You pity me for our misfortunes," she shown himself to be a true and far sighted returned quietly; "you have more sympathy than love in your heart for me, Mr. Lester."

And all his pleadings gained no other

You are rich, and I am poor now: our paths lie apart. I am going to work for A striking case of suspended animation | my dear father and mother," the girl ancomes from Dulcemaine, or Sand Bay, in nounced. "I have already obtained a be gathered together from that remote the township of Lansdowne. Robert situation as stenographer, and I can do

same roof, but the girl only shook her

"'It is better to work than live idle:

It is better to sing than to 'grieve." More than one suitor came to Tiny Lorne, but she always gave the same answer - to all she said, "No." She had and spectacled, with—What are you given her heart elsewhere, but she did

not suspect the truth. She might never have suspected but for a notice in the daily paper one day, to the effect that the wealthy Hubert Lester had failed in business and was bankrupt. Tiny's first act after reading the news was entirely womanly. She bowed her head upon her hands and indulged in "a good cry." Then she seated herself at her desk and wrote Hubert Lester a letter. In it she expressed sweet sympathy, and in a delicate way managed to convey to the could command his voice sufficently. "I young man the true state of affairs. Undine had found her soul at last.

"Tiny, darling Tiny! you do care a little

The sweet face was rosy with blushes. "I-I think-I believe I do," she faltered. "Only when you were so rich I would never own it. But now - oh. Hubert!" He held her hands in his own, his eyes

upon the sweet little face, with a look of "Tiny, listen; you have made a slight

mistake. It wes not my failure of which you read, but the failure of my cousin Hubert Lester; our names are the same, you see. I am rich enough to help Hebert up again, and he is already re-established in business. Darling, you have confessed that you care for me; you cannot take it back now. Be my wife and make me the happiest of men - my dear, independent little Tiny!"

Mark Laine smiled when he received the wedding-cards; but heartfelt and sincere were his congratulations over the marriage of his best friend, Hubert Lester, to his bete noir—"a strong-minded woman" - Tiny, the younger Miss Lorne. NEWS AND NOTES.

Judge-"Have you ever been punished before?" Prisoner-"Well, at all events. not in the last ten years." "Are you sure out a ten years' sentence."

Prof. Loisette's Memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the Celebrated country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column Grocer: "Where did you put the dust

from the floor, Jakey?" New Boy (winking): "I aint been in tea-store six months for nothing."

A World's fair has been talked of for 1897 in Berlin. FOR RICKETS, MERMASUS, AND ALL | Call and see the Stock and Prices.

WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN Strange as it may seem, Mark was shak- strength upon it is very wonderful, "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column

The increased cost of wood and ivory is said to have increased by one-third the cost of English pianos. ADVICE TO MOTHERS. - MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when

children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

Hereafter Austria is to make the ammunition for her army, which hitherto

has all come from England. Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column

Cotton seed, which until quite recently has been thought useless, now makes 28,-000,000 gallons of oil yearly.

A man declares that it is the frost that makes this a iand of freeze peach. Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus

always begun by the singing of the national hymn by the entire audience.

Some of our fashionable young ladies are very economical; that is to say, there

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption. Bronchitis Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyles 194 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A new Milford girl has made a wager with a young man to whom she is engaged that he cannot raise a respectable mustache within four months. If she wins it will not be by a close shave.

It is said that Mexico boasts of a lake which contains petroleum of a quality sufficiently good to serve the natives as a



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition ith the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., New York.

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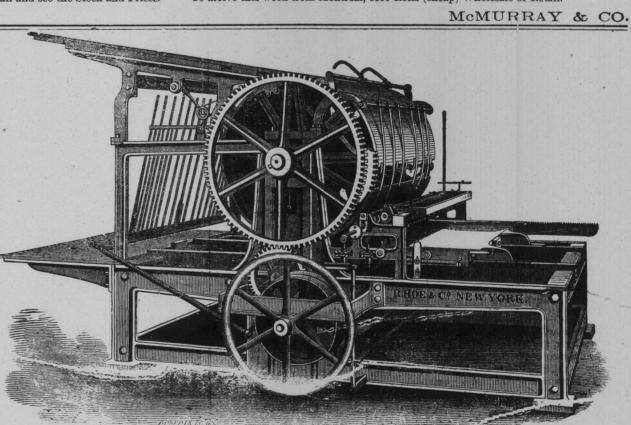
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