

POETRY.

THE OLD BACK STAIR.
Of all the sports of childhood
I know of none so rare
As sliding down the banisters
Of the old back stair.
I remember well the circus,
And the fun it used to bring;
While watching fearless riders
A-dashing round the ring.
But this jolly old attraction
Could never near compare
With sliding down the banisters
Of the old back stair.
Then I recollect the barn loft,
Chucked full of clover hay;
Mother used to send us there
To pass a rainy day.
But I often stole away from that,
And while mother wasn't there,
Be sliding down the banisters
Of the old back stair.
I have grown into manhood now,
And often wonder how;
The old folks always welcome me—
They're glad to have me come;
But while they're not looking
I'll tempt 'em, I declare,
To slide down the banisters
Of the old back stair.
—C. E. Edwards in Kansas City Journal.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO.

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

YANINA.

CONTINUED.

"I fight in the cause of honor."

"Ah! Let us speak of nothing till we get home. Ah, bring me water." The count turned up his sleeves, and passed into the little vestibule where the gentlemen were accustomed to wash their hands after shooting.

"Come in," said Philip in a low tone, "and I will show you something droll."

Morcel entered, and instead of the usual mark, he perceived some playing cards fixed against the wall. At a distance Albert thought it was a complete suit, for he counted from the ace to the ten. "Ah! ah! Albert, I see you were preparing for a game of cards."

"No," said the count, "I was making a suit of cards."

"How?" said Albert.

"Those really seen and true which you see, but my balls have made them into three, five, seven, eight, nine, and ten." Albert approached. In fact, the bullets had actually pierced the cards in the exact places which the painted signs would otherwise have occupied, the lines and distances being as regularly kept as if they had been ruled by pencil.

"Wonderful!" said Morcel.

"What would you have, my dear viscount?" said Monte-Cristo, wiping his hands on the towel which Ali had brought him.

"I must occupy my leisure moments in some way or other. But come, I am waiting for you." Both then entered Monte-Cristo's brougham, which in the course of a few minutes deposited them safely at No. 30.

"We will say no more about it, then."

Good-bye, count. Morcel took his hat and left the room. He found his chariot at the door, and doing his utmost to restrain his anger, he drove at once to Beauchamp's house.

Beauchamp was in his office. It was one of those gloomy, dusty-looking apartments, such as journalists offices have always been from time immemorial.

The servant announced M. Albert de Morcel. Beauchamp repeated the name to himself, as though he could scarcely believe that he had heard right, and then gave orders for him to be admitted.

Albert entered. Beauchamp uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing his friend leap over and trample under foot all the newspapers which were strewn about the room.

"Indeed! what do you wish to say about it?"

"I desire that a statement contained in it should be rectified, which implies the honor of a member of my family."

"What is it?" said Beauchamp, much surprised, "surely you must be mistaken."

"Is the officer alluded to a relation of yours, then?" demanded the journalist.

"Yes," said Albert blushing.

Morcel experienced such intense delight

in gazing on her that he felt that he could almost have dispensed with the conversation of her grandfather. But the easy-chair of the old man was heard rolling along the floor, and he soon made his appearance in the room.

"What is that?" said Beauchamp, looking by a look of supreme kindness and benevolence the thanks which Morcel lavished on him for his timely intervention on behalf of Valentine and himself—an intervention which had saved them from despair.

"Oh, I am listening with the greatest impatience," replied the young man; "speak, I beg of you." Valentine cast down her eyes; it was a good omen for Morcel, for he knew that nothing but happiness could have the power of thus overcoming Valentine.

"My grandfather intends leaving this house," said she, "and Barrois is looking out suitable apartments for him in another. I shall not leave my grandfather, he is so good to me."

"And with my grandfather's consent I shall fulfil the promise which I have made you," Valentine pronounced these words in a low voice, but she said nothing but Morcel's intense interest in what she was saying could have enabled him to hear them.

"Oh! cried Morcel, almost tempted to throw himself on his knees before Valentine, and to address them as two superior beings, 'what have I done in my life to merit such unbounded happiness?'"

"And that time," continued the girl, "in a calm and self-possessed tone of voice, with the excitement and ardor which were guided by the wishes of our friends, so that those wishes do not tend finally to separate us; in one word, and I repeat it, because it expresses all I wish to convey—we will wait."

Norriel regarded the lovers with a look of cordial tenderness, whilst Barrois, who had remained in the room privileged to know everything that passed, smiled on the youthful couple as he wiped the perspiration from his bald forehead.

"How hot you look, my good Barrois," said Valentine.

THE "NINE OF SPADES."

An elderly woman named Valogues, who oddly enough came from Valogues, in the department of the Manche, has just been found dead under rather peculiar circumstances in the small room which she occupied in a house in the Rue de l'Abbaye.

On Sunday morning she went out as usual apparently in the best of spirits, but on Monday, when her door after her passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apartment and found her dead in her bed.

On Tuesday morning she went out as usual apparently in the best of spirits, but on Monday, when her door after her passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apartment and found her dead in her bed.

On Tuesday morning she went out as usual apparently in the best of spirits, but on Monday, when her door after her passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apartment and found her dead in her bed.

On Tuesday morning she went out as usual apparently in the best of spirits, but on Monday, when her door after her passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apartment and found her dead in her bed.

On Tuesday morning she went out as usual apparently in the best of spirits, but on Monday, when her door after her passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apartment and found her dead in her bed.

On Tuesday morning she went out as usual apparently in the best of spirits, but on Monday, when her door after her passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apartment and found her dead in her bed.

On Tuesday morning she went out as usual apparently in the best of spirits, but on Monday, when her door after her passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apartment and found her dead in her bed.

On Tuesday morning she went out as usual apparently in the best of spirits, but on Monday, when her door after her passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apartment and found her dead in her bed.

Kill The Cold.

Kill it by feeding it with Scott's Emulsion. It is remarkable how

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites will stop a Cough, cure a Cold, and check Consumption in its earlier stages as well as all forms of Wasting Diseases, Scorbutic and Bronchitis. It is also most palatable as a tonic.

Prepared only by Scott & Bown, Baltimore.

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.

Granite Iron Ware in Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Sauce Pans, Pudding Pans, Rice Boilers, etc.; Pearl Agate Ware in the above lines; Carpet Sweepers, Mrs. Potts' Irons, Clothes Wringers, Hearth Brushes, Cold Hods, Cold Vases, Fire Iron Sets, Dinner Bells, Call Bells, etc.

With a large line of Fancy and Plain House Furnishing Hardware. For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

NEW GROCERIES.

New Valencia Layer Raisins; New London Layer Raisins; New Currants and Figs; New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels; New Fresh Ground Pure Spices.

THE BEST.

WILEY'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Best Quality of Pure Norwegian Oil. Best Preparation of Hypophosphites. Best Value for the Money. 50c.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Assets, 1st JANUARY, 1889, - \$39,722,909.56

Granite Iron Ware in Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Sauce Pans, Pudding Pans, Rice Boilers, etc.; Pearl Agate Ware in the above lines; Carpet Sweepers, Mrs. Potts' Irons, Clothes Wringers, Hearth Brushes, Cold Hods, Cold Vases, Fire Iron Sets, Dinner Bells, Call Bells, etc.

With a large line of Fancy and Plain House Furnishing Hardware. For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

NEW GROCERIES.

New Valencia Layer Raisins; New London Layer Raisins; New Currants and Figs; New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels; New Fresh Ground Pure Spices.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter, AND TINSMITH.

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has removed his business on Queen Street, to OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE, where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c. FANCY GOODS AT FAIR PRICES.

Gold Pens, Albums, Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Manicure Sets, Ladies Companions, Smokers Sets, Fancy Baskets, Purse, Satchels, Opera Glasses, Ink Stands in Olive Wood, Books of Poetry, Books of Adventure, Books on Travel, Books on History, Books on Theology, Books for Children, Books for Sunday Schools, Teachers Bibles, Besides many other requisites too numerous to mention.

Hall's - Book - Store. EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having any claims against the Estate of the Hon. Richard Bellamy, deceased, of the Parish of Southampton, York County, N. B., are requested to present the same daily attended, to the undersigned, at the office of the undersigned, in the City of Fredericton, N. B., within three months from this date. All claims must be in writing and accompanied by a receipt for the same. Dated the 7th day of December, 1888. GEORGE S. BURNHAM, Executor of the Estate of RICHARD BELLAMY, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the professional partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name WILSON & WILSON, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. WILLIAM WILSON, GEORGE L. WILSON, Fredericton, Nov. 8, 1882.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay. 5000 A Fire Clay. For sale by JAMES S. NEILL.

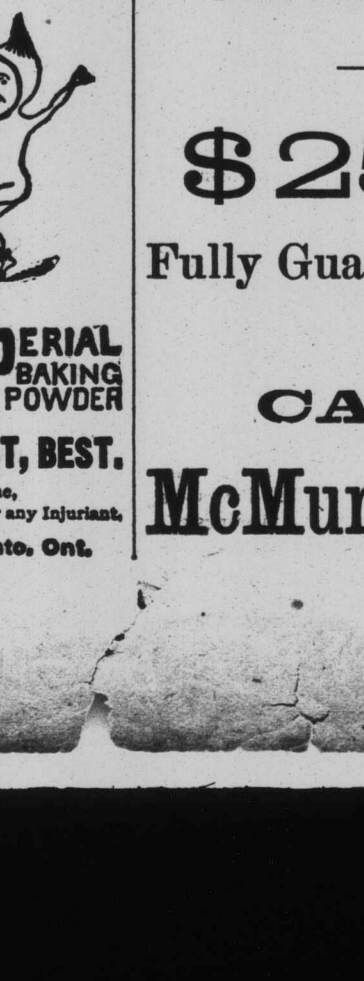
Meat Choppers.

These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one. For sale by R. CHESNUT & SONS.

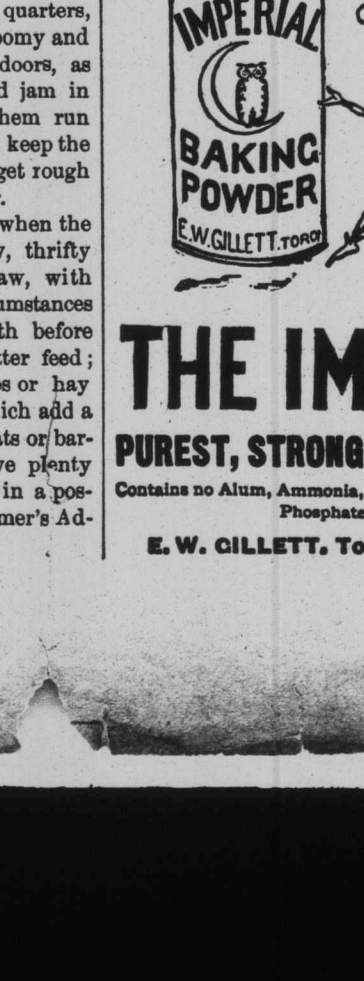
THE SUNDAY SUN.

McMURRAY & CO.
Have now on hand an immense stock of ORGANS AND PIANOS which they will sell at the lowest possible prices; also a few new SEWING MACHINES First Class in every respect. Fully Guaranteed. If not entirely satisfactory after three months trial, Money refunded. CALL AND SEE THEM. McMurray & Co.'s Book and Music Store.

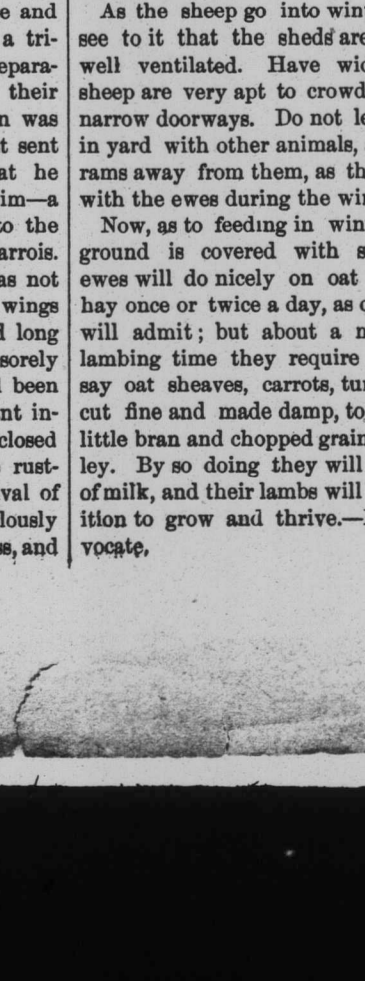
THE IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. E. W. GILLET, Toronto, Ont.



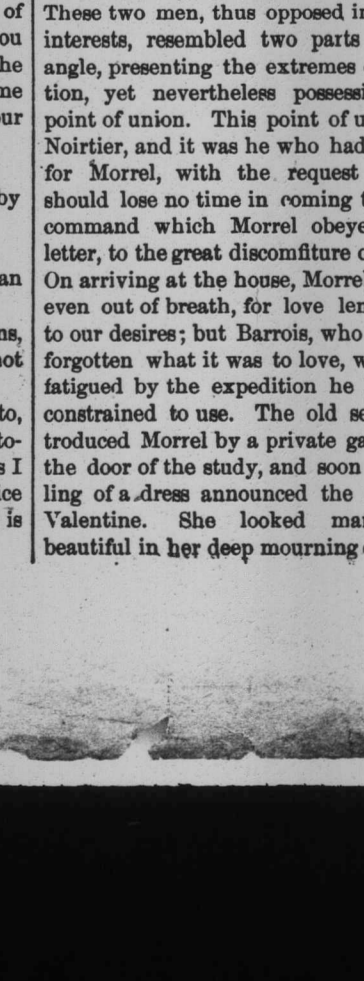
ROLLED OATMEAL
GRAHAM Flour, OATS, BRAN AND HEAVY FEED. G. T. WHELPLEY.



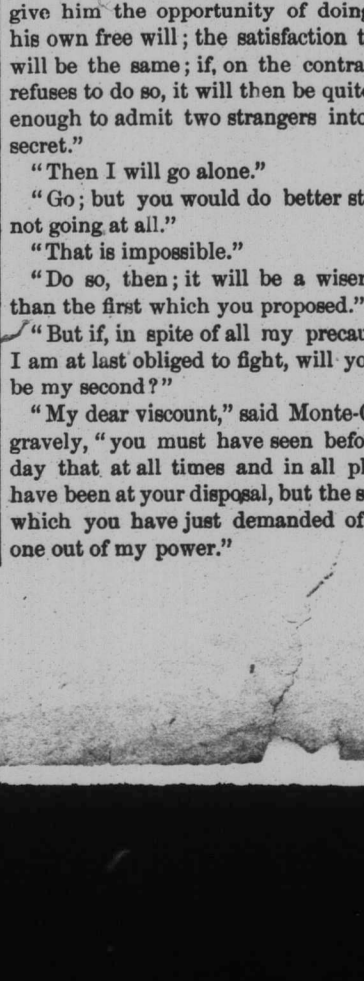
THE SUNDAY SUN.
During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.



HOW TO CURE A CORN.
It is one of the easiest things in the world to cure a corn. Do not use acids or any other preparation, and do not cut a hole in your foot. It is simply to apply Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, and in three days the corn can be removed without pain. Sure, safe, painless. Take only Putnam's Corn Extractor.



English Spanish Liniment removes all hard, soft, or calloused lumps and blisters from the feet of horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stiffs, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful bleaching cure ever known. Warranted by Devis, Staple & Co.



Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a simple, safe, and effective device for removing corns without pain. It is made of pure rubber and is used by simply placing it over the corn and applying a little pressure. The corn is drawn out and falls off without any cutting or blistering. It is a true blessing to all who suffer from corns. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is sold everywhere.

