#### POETRY.

ACROSS THE WAY.

"Have you no friends across the way?" My little city darling said: "And when there comes a rainy day, Can't you look out and nod your head To some one else, as I can do To Will and Fred and baby Sue? I heard you tell mamma to-day You had no friends across the way."

"But I have friends - dear friends," 1 cried, on the ladder of fame. With quick, remorseful thought of home "A band of brothers, side by side, To greet me if I go or come. How dear they are, I cannot say! Nor how it cheers me day by day To see across the vallev far How strong and beautiful they are!

"And you should see the robes they wear-Their mantles thick and soft of green, Then rainbow-tinted, yet more fair, On ermine wraps with silver sheen. But yet I think I love them best When, all in sombre shadows drest. Their broken ranks in silence lie Beneath the solemn midnight sky.

"Sometimes a misty curtain drawn-Between us hides these friends from me But when at sunset it is gone, Dear child how fair the sight I see! For where the nearer ranks divide. The gates of glory open wide; And lo! in that unearthly light The farther hills transfigured quite; While 'yet another and another Peeps o'er the shoulder of his brother, And smiles through rosy mist and seems to

say, 'Heaven lies beyond us—such a little way.'

"Such friends are nice." she softly said. "For any one as old as you; And when I'm old and you are dead. Perhaps I'll go and see them too. But now I'd rather watch to see Children across the street from me; And nod to Will, and play peep-bo With cunning little baby Sue

### SELECT STORY.

### AUNT STAFFORD'S LEGACY.

BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

"Earn your own living!" cried Ralph Stanton, earnestly, as he looked down with loving, pitying eyes, on the liitle, fragile, black-robed figure, standing, with an air of most pathetic patience, before him. "No, no, Estella, that must never be. You are not fit for rough contact with the world, my child. How hard it is to those who seek to win a place in it unaided and unknown may you never know!" He sighed heavily as he said this. "My position is a poor one yet so poor that, had you any better prospect, I should hesitate to ask you to share it; ful, my dear. As my wife you will at least have a home, however poor, and be sheltered and cherished by the heart that loves you best, instead of being exposed to the insolene and caprice of strangers. My gentle little love," he added as he took her tenderly to his breast, "how could I ever bear to think of you toiling alone? We will be married, dear, at once, in spite of your sad bereavement; circumstances make our haste excusable; and we will be happy, too; love will make our happiness, Essie, notwithstanding our

Essie never doubted that. She was the kind of woman for whom love makes up all the happiness of life. She nestled closely to her lover's breast. "Oh, could she but cling and rest there

loving, and her conscience told her that

"It would not be fair to you, Ralph," can't be a help to you, I won't be a burden, dear. When I promised to marry you, I supposed that Aunt Stafford would leave me the little fortune she talked so much about; you know she always taught me to believe so. I can't think why she should have deceived me. It wasn't like her to deceive. And in that case I should have helped you, not added to your difficulties. But when she died, we found that she had nothing except the annuity, which died with her. Even the furniture of the house had to be sold to pay her funeral expenses. Nothing was left for of them too old-fashioned to be of any use; and vet — and vet — she seemed to were with her—'the trunk and all that's had not even ascertained his patron's speaking of. in it for my niece.' And afterwards she whispered me-'It is your fortune.'

was wandering at the last." "I'm not so sure of that," cried Ralph eagerly. "She was a very eccentric woman, and did peculiar things sometimes; it would be just like her to have hidden money in the old trunk. Why did you never tell me this before, Essie,

idea, and it pained me to disappoint you. so. Rich folks can afford to dress badly, on ice. So it was embalmed. To tell the truth the same thought oc- you know; besides we'll alter all that An ordinary coffin is 26 inches wide The form she had seen go under water curred to me, for I had read of such presently. My picture's sold! It's going and 13 inches high. A plain cloth- came up again, and now, to her horror, things sometimes; and I searched -oh! on exhibition again. Brush said it was a covered box, 37 inches wide and 20 inches she perceived that it was a huge sea lion, deny it. most carefully and thoroughly; there's fine thing! I've got five hundred dollars high, enclosed the corpse. The hallway which, uttering a loud, gurgling roar, and nothing at all but old clothes, Ralph, dear in hand, and success is sure to follow. of the house being only 35 inches wide, displaying its sharp fangs, dashed straight - nothing but worthless old clothes!" But he could not be satisfied so easyily.

"One will succeed where another fails sometimes," he said. "Look again, dear, we could find only a few hundreds, how

nounced it, disappointedly. "If there's money, it's hidden in the chest itself," he decided. "A lumbering old thing! Let me break it up, Essie. is it, darling?" Don't let us throw a chance away."

clothes could lie just as well at the bot- cause Christmas was so near at hand, and tom of her own trunk she thought. And, I had no money to buy gifts for you and oh! if they only could find some money, old Nurse Holmes. I believe I cared so that she could help Ralph!

clothes, the anxious, harassed expression lected having noticed an old quilted silk the house was intested of his handsome face, attested that pain- petticoat among them. 'The very thing ful fact quite sufficiently without one for nurse,' I thought, and ran and got it large cloth with water strongly impreg-

spoken word.

"Oh, to help him! To win for him a chance—an opportunity—to let his work be seen and judged!" Her pale out. I shook it floht its folds. It should be fol cheeks flushed and her hands clasped a packet. A curiosity struck me as to the nap on the carpet. Go over the entire

"No use," he said, when, after half an | bit, and see,' I thought. So I got the an hour's hard work, the chest lay in cissors and opened a seam -a seam that fragments over the floor, and he arose looked as though it had been opened befrom the task of examining them. "She fore; and, Ralph, it was lined with bank was either wandering in her wits, as you notes." think, Essie, or her riddle is too hard for | "What? Bank notes?" us to read The chest will do for firewood now, and if I were you I'd burn the rest further. There was the queerest old muff of the rubbish with it."

"No," she said: "I will puzzle over the riddle a little longer before I decide

died while speaking them. I haven't so | "Ten thousand dollars!"

So the things were stowed away again, poor auntie's legacy!' and the lovers parted, with many kisses

"And if I succeed," he said, "if my and a purchaser, I'll come to you once name be known. more and ask you to marry me, and then, Essie, you must not say me nay."

In the winter! It was summer now, and him heartily. he had several months of hard work and privation before him, but his spirit was a brave one, and the thought of Essie gave him strength. He put the rememberance and bent to his work with a will. A little around his arm and looked up into his her for her fault, but, perhaps, not so sebefore Christmas the picture was finished, face. and sent to an art academy for exhibition.

Oh, the hope, the joy, the pride, with which he attended on the opening day! his work with that of others. At last he is. might hope for admirers, patrons, the promise of future success, the certainty of daily bread. With light heart and elastic, him from the wall. springing step, he entered the brilliant, crowded rooms, and gazed around him. His picture was nowhere to be seen.

Surely there was some strange mistake. He procured a catalogue, commenced a long tedious search, and found it, at last, worst possible position in the room.

The disappointment crushed him. He had not even the heart or spirit to complain. It was the old, old story, he thought, wearily. The story of unknown and unpretending merit, pushed aside to make room for interest and wealth.

"I should have had money or interest to secure me a good position," he groaned, "and I have neither. There's no hope for Essie or for me."

Nevertheless, when the first cruel shock of disappointment was over, he did not

with the sickness of the soul.

and introduced himself abruptly.

age. What do you say, sir?' was at once concluded.

despair to the fulfillment and frutition of hope and joy - from the bitterest poverty me but a great, big chest of clothes, most to present ease, and the expectation of future success - this was the marvellous change that had befallen Ralph Stanton attach the utmost importance to that so suddenly. It was not until Mr. Brush stupid old chest. It was in her thoughts had gone, and he himself sat bewildered to the very last. 'For my niece,' she said | counting over the money in his hands, to the clergyman and the friends who that he remembered his own neglect; he

"But I can learn it at any time from Mr. Brush," he thought. "God bless Poor aunty! I suppose that her mind him, whoever he is, and a merry Christ-

Essie!" not spare time to renew it.

love! we can be married to-morrow."

and let me help you. Think, Essie—if we could find only a few hundreds, how "And you came to me first of all?" she undertakers' wagon carried the body to strangely humanlike in their expression.

said—"to me, your poor, penniless girl! Calvary cemetery, followed by five carSo they searched again—this time in Oh! I knew you would come! Thank riages of mourners. company — and examined closely the God for the good fortune that has come to A grave is ordinarily dug 24 inches she only retained self-possession enough contents of the old chest. "A motherly us both and that we shall share together! wide. Ground had been bought for two to pull the light boat out of its way by collection of old rubbish," Ralph pro- For I have good news for you, dear. I graves, giving a width of 48 inches. Six- seizing a projecting spur of the rock have found Aunt Stafford's legacy!"

"What!" he cried. "This is a day of the coffin into the double grave. surprises. How did you find it, and what

"It is something well worth having. She consented. Aunt Stafford's old Two days ago I was feeling rather sad be-He was an artist. Talented, ambitious, possessed of a genuine love of art, but very poor. The well-worn, shabby me of poor auntie's old clothes, and recolumn recommendation r

each other nervously as she watched him. what it could be lined with. 'I'll rip it a

"Bank notes, dear! Then I searched

"Essie!" 'The chest - in the chest!' - and she than ten thousand dollars."

"Yes, yes, yes!" she threw herself into much property in the world, dear, that I shou'd refuse to keep poor auntie's legacy his arms. "Our sorrows are over; good fortune has come to us both - thanks to

They were married in the following and some tears, and went each to the spring. Their's was a pretty, modest performance of their duties. Estella to little house, where Ralph proposed to fill the position of companion in the house | work as hard in comfort and happiness as | coast of Alaska, his daughter Minnie, a of a widowed lady friend, and Ralph to he had already done in poverty and sorrenew the good fight against "iron for- row. His picture had been taken from tune," and gain, in spite of poverty, ob- the Academy to Mr. Brush's gallery, and scurity and long discouragement, a footing | had achieved a genuine success. Larger sums had been offered for it than the one for which it had been sold, but the purpicture, which will be on exhibition in chaser steadily refused (through Mr.

> "An eccentric fellow, evidently," Ralph John Tombs. lecided, and his pretty wife agreed with

"Eccentric enough to be a relative of Aunt Stafford's," said she. One day, when he returned from some usiness in town, she came to the door to of her worthless legacy steadfastly away, meet him; she slipped her little hands

"Don't be angry with me," she said. "I have been keeping a secret from you, but now I want to tell you all the truth. At last he would have a chance to be seen | Come to the parlor. I have been making and judged. At last he should compare a purchase, and I want you to see what it

> He followed her, wondering. There, in the parlor, his picture smiled down on He uttered a cry. He turned to his wife with outstretched arms.

"Essie! You were my first patron!"

She flew to his embrace. "The very day on which I found the money!" she whispered. "Could I bear in a dark and out-of-the-way corner—the that another should possess it? Besides." she added, archly, "you had said that as soon as your picture was sold you would wanted it to be sold as soon as possible." He kissed her smiling lips.

"My best darling!" he murmured. And so then, after all, we owe all our good fortune to Aunt Stafford's legacy."

A PECULIAR CASE. Summerside Farmer: Joseph Trowsdale, of Crapaud, who has been away in feel disposed to bear the matter quite so the states for the good of his health since calmly. Next day he waited on some last fall, returned home a few evening gentlemen of the committee who had ago. Mr. Trowsdale is troubled with a charge of hanging the pictures and made | disease which manifests itself in a somewhat peculiar and annoying way. It has It did no good. He was unknown, un- the appearance of fever and ague, the important, uninfluential. Such com- fever being the most pronounced, alplaints were always being made. Some though it is perhaps the effect of this people always were dissatisfied. Others disease rather than the disease itself had had more prominent claims than he. which gives trouble. He perspires so "Yours is an unknown name," they freely that he is compelled to change his underclothing some ten or twelve times He answered, with some irritation, that a day. So profusely does the sweat roll looking face. it was likely to continue so with their off his body that when he does not at disposal of his work. An indifferent the proper time change his underwear I live to reach the Sandwich Island." but your prospects are altogether sorrow- shrug of the shoulders was answered, and: his garments become drenched and even "Some one must take the bad places, of his boots will fill with the perspiration. course." With which remark the com- Strange to say, too, this takes place more mittee gave its attention to other business. in a cool or cold climate or season of the ment that I will never reach the Islands He wandered away to the wretched year than when it is warm. It is the place he called home, and lay down there dampness, too, occasioned by the clothing alone with his despair. Hope, ambition, becoming wet, which causes the chills he energy, forsook him wholly. He was sick experiences. Mr. Trowsdale's peculiar state - so far as the physicians who have So passed two days. The third was examined him (and they have been chievous light in her averted eyes, "I can-Christmas Eve. Quite early in the morn- many) can determine - is occasioned by ing a knock upon his door surprised him. | blood poisoning. About four years ago in | for awhile be left to my own sad thoughts." An elderly man stood there, shrewd- the month of March he found that the looking and well dressed. He stepped in | potatoes and turnips in his cellar—a large one and not properly ventilated -"My name is Brush, sir, of the firm of were rotting badly. So much was this Brush & Co., picture dealers. You know the case that the dampness caused large the firm, of course? A customer of mine | beads of water to accumulate on the cellar has seen your picture at the academy -a beams and underneath the house floor. fine thing, sir, but villainously hung—
and offers you, through me, five hundred saturated with the dampness and gave dollars for it. I named what I thought a signs of rotting and it was the fear of the fair price myself, as you had neglected to beams rotting to pieces and to save the do so. It's worth more, of course; but potatoes that he began feeding off the she said with patient sweetness. "If I you are as yet but little known. My custurnips to his stock as fast as possible. tomer is willing that the picture shall go Mr. Trowsdale and his son also spent

which will be to you a very great advant- these days the disease was contracted His son also took sick but his young con-What could he say? Very little, in- stitution was able to overcome the disease deed, in words. As little as might suffice Mr. Trowsdale was, however, prostrated to express brief thanks and acceptation of and confined to his bed and it was at one the offer. Mr. Brush paid the money time thought he would succumb. He was down then and there, and the bargain attended by Dr. Taylor from Charlottetown; afterwards he was removed to one From the depths of disappointment and of the hospitals there and last fall he went to Boston and was an inmate of the People's hospital there for some months. While in Boston he was attended by six doctors and they told him they had never in their experience come across such a strange case. Since the first few months Mr. Trowsdale has so far recovered that he is able to go out but he is

> BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE 650 could see nothing of her father and his POUND CORPSE.

mas to him! May he be as happy as he ble through the East-Side streets, New to feel afraid. "I must hurry back to the has made me to-day! And now for York, everybody stopped and stared at schooner." Away he went to carry the good news, and weighed 650 pounds. Her husband thing sprang, with a loud splash, from a without a moment's delay. His dress was dead and she at one time lived with hollow in the rock into the sea. The was more than shabby now, but he would an only daughter. Heart disease set in young girl just caught a glimpse of a great, and on Saturday morning Mrs. Mulhaney | shining body ere it went under the sur-"I'm rich!" he cried, catching her in died. Charles McCollum, the undertaker, face, and in her terror she dropped her Because I knew you would form this his arms; "never mind that I don't look found it impossible to put the huge body paddle, and forgot to try to recover it ere

Kiss me, my own — oh, my little, patient | the box had to be tipped sideways, while | towards the canoe. 12 brawny men strained every muscle to This monster was about twenty feet She kissed him frankly and tenderly, carry it through the hallway. The task long, with a broad, enormous head, stiff and then drew herself away from his lasted 20 minutes. No hearse was big bristles, a thick mane, and fierce, round,

teen of the cemetery employes lowered which was within her reach.

## AMONIA FOR CARPET MOTHS.

From the frequent inquiries made regarding moths and carpet beetles, it would appear that, in spite of all that has been written upon this subject, there are still most about the poor old woman, dear, to rid themselves of these small pests. unfortunate housekeepers who are unable where at one time nearly every carpet in

To exterminate carpet moths saturate a out. I shook it from its folds. It was nated with amonia. After wringing it carpet in this manner. The hot steam not only kills the little pests and destroys their eggs, but with the addition of the ammonia freshens and brightens the

## PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

carpet also.

Symptoms - Moisture; intense itching | great. in the trunk, made of silk like the petti- and stinging; most at night; worse by Lighted by the moon, the long, sharp Essie looked at him with eager, glowing | coat, and almost as large as a small pillow; | scratching. If allowed to continue tumors | fangs, round greenish orbs, and that part and, Ralph, dear, the muff rustled, too-" form, which often bleed and ulcerate, be- of the creature's body visible above the coming very sore. Swayne's Ointment surface, with clumps of dirt and small "And I opened it, and there was more stops the itching and bleeding, heals ul- shells adhering to the hair, looked even to give it up. Auntie's last words were: bank notes. Lots of them, dear. More ceration, and in most cases removes the worse than it would have done in the day- Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 time. cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. On came the monster, and soon not

## MINNIE'S MISCHIEF.

BY RUFUS HALE.

Captain Walker, a grim-looking sealhunter, took with him, on a voyage to the rosy, bright-eyed girl of seventeen.

Minnie was a good girl in most every respect. Her only fault was a certain penchant she had for teasing those who were fond of her. In that way she was full of mischief, and at times she caused both her father and lover no little anxiety. the winter, should meet with approval Brush), either to part with it or let his The latter personage was the second officer, a rather grave young man, named

Although Minnie loved him very much, she would often torment him in a fashion which would have put some men out of patience, but which Tombs, who was very good-natured, endured with great resigna

Her father, however, often reprimanded

verely as some parents would have done. Twice during the voyage Captain Walker and Mr. Tombs, had been driven almost to distraction with the fear that Minnie had been lost overboard and was drowned: but each time, just as they were about to lower the boat to look for her, out she popped, laughing, from the roundhouse, where she had hidden herself amongst the balls of twine and heaps of

spurn-yarn which were kept there. Mr. Tombs, concluding that marriage would have the effect of making her more womanly, "proposed" to her as soon as

This happened one evening while the schooner lay at anchor off Alaska, and the captain, with all the crew and officers, except the second mate, who had been seask me to be your wife. Nat rally I lected for ship-keeper, was ashore after seals. The wife of the first mate was aboard, but she had discreetly withdrawn into the companion-way that the lovers, who were now on deck, might be left to

> "I know that very well," answered "And I want you to marry me when we go to the Sandwich Island, a few months from now."

"I love you," said Tombs, earnestly.

"What's that about sandwiches?" inquired Minnie, suddenly, looking up. Tombs repeated his words. Will you?" he continued, in a grave voice, as the girl, with downcast eves, re-

mained silent. "It shall be done," answered Minnie, in a voice even more grave than his own, "that is—" she began, and then stopped. "Go on, dear girl," said Tombs, a shadow of anxiety stealing over his good-

"I was going to say I would be yours if "Why, what can you mean? Your

"Yes; but somehow I have a presenti-- that I shall be lost overboard or something of that kind." "It grieves me that you should indulge

so gloomy a fancy," said her lover. "Nevertheless," she answered, a misnot help it. Go below, John, as I would Tombs, looking much distressed, went

down into the cabin. "Now," murmured Minnie to herself, "I will have some fun. The bay to which father and his men have gone for seals is his breast. only about three hundred feet from here. I will get into the sealskin canoe and paddle off to papa. That big rock on the edge of the bay will hide me from John | children by the time he comes up. Missing me, at night and broken of rest by a sick and not being able to find me anywhere child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth about the ship, he will think of what I send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. said about my presentiment, and will con- Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children clude that I have fallen overboard and Teething. It will relieve the poor little on exhibition at my art gallery, where it some days in this damp and fetid atmos- been drowned, until he misses the canoe, will be properly appreciated and seen, phere picking over the potatoes. During and then he will think I got into it, that

somewhere and may be lost." of one of the natives of the coast, and it | per bottle by all druggists throughout the was now in the water, astern, secured to a world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winspin on the after rail. This pin was a loose one, and the mischievous damsel, as soon as she had stepped into the canoe, pulled it out with a jerk.

Seizing the paddle she urged the light vessel on, and twenty minutes later she was behind the huge rock which, projecting on the edge of the bay, would screen her from the sight of any one aboard the anchored schooner. weak and is unable to do any work worth It was a clear night, and a full moon lighted the shore ahead of her; but she

"They have gone somewhere else to When Margaret Mulhaney used to wob- hunt," murmured Minnie, now beginning

her. Margaret was fifty-five years old Scarcely had she spoken when someit drifted out of her reach.

Terrible as it looked, however, the animal would not have molested Minnie had

As it was, she lost all control of herself, and, with one wild, piercing shriek, she dropped on her knees; then, frantically motioning the hideous creature back with her little hands, she kept crying out, in a faltering, terrified voice:

"Go away! Go away!" But the brute had no intention of going away. His only response was another deep, gurgling roar, as he came steadily on, cleaving the water with his broad

Every sealer knows with what savage ferocity the sea-lion will attack the person who attempts to stop it when it is making what is called "a break;" that is to say, when it is hunted on shore, and it makes a dash for the water in order to escape. Now it chanced that this monster approaching Minnie had lately been pursued by some of Captain Walker's men, and had been so closely pressed that it had been obliged to take refuge in a deep hollow in the rocks, whence, as shown, its enemies having now gone elsewhere, it had sprung into the sea.

The peril of the young girl, who was exactly in its track, was, therefore very

it and the canoe.

It were impossible to express Minnie's

feeling's at that moment. Of course, all mirth - all thought of the mischievous fun she had anticipated, was gone the instant she saw the great body leap from the rock.

Terror - wild, unreasoning terror had ossession of her, and she could think of nothing but her danger. Now, seeing the animal so near, she

gave up all hope. The sea-lion, with a sort of leap, threw itself upon the frail vessel, capsizing it in an instant, and its sharp fangs caught in the young woman's dress. But just then something descended

ipon its head with tremendous force, and

it let go its hold of Minnie, who seized

the gunnel of the dingey -her lover's boat, in which he had been searching for the girl, after missing her. Attracted by her cries, he had arrived at this critical instant and now, as he battled with his savage antagonist, he told her to get on the rock, and not into the

A spur of the rock was close to her; she seized it and pulled herself upon a rugged shelf, where, shivering with cold, terror, and anxiety, she crouched, watching John Tombs as he fought with the flerce monster in front of him.

Blow after blow, with the iron-bound club used by sealers, did John aim at the head of the lion, but the latter contrived to avoid each stroke, and, finally, during its rapid, nimble evolutions, it caught the arm of its antagonist with its teeth, and pulled him down across the bow. With his left hand, which was still free,

John clung to the thwart of the boat to

save himself from being pulled overboard But what was his strength compared to that of the gigantic monster? The latter tugged at the arm, and then with a sudden backward movement, drew the young sailer quickly over the bow of the dingey into the sea.

But now the blows of several huge clubs fell upon the head of the sea-lion, as Cap tain Walker, in a whaleboat, with his mer arrived upon the scene, to which he had been drawn from a neighboring bay by the cries he had heard.

The savage animal let go its hold of John; but, as he was being helped into the boat, it made a snap for his head, over which its jaws must have closed, but for another blow dealt by the Captain. This nearly finished the animal, which accumbed to one more stroke from a club And now, Minnie, with tears of contri-

tion streaming down her cheeks, was assisted into her father's boat, to the side of her lover, whose wounded arm caused her much anguish, and excited all the tender pity of her nature. She felt that she was the cause of his injury, and after she had told him of the mischievous impulse which had actuated

she said she could never have forgiven herself and that her grief would have killed her had he been lost. John, although his arm was badly hurt made light of it, and endeavored to soothe the young girl. But, for days after, she

her to leave the schooner as she had done

would cry like a child every time she saw his bandaged limb. But the serious mischief Minnie had caused had one good effect. It entirely cured her of her kittenish pranks at the

expense of others. By the time the schooner arrived at the Sandwich Islands, John's arm was well enough to clasp Minnie, a happy bride, to

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mstake about it. It it got loose, and that I have drifted off | cures Diarrhoa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to The canoe to which she alluded was a the taste. The prescription of one of the WATCHMAKER and JEWELER light one, made of sealskin drawn tightly oldest and best female physicians and nurse over a frame. The captain had bought it in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents

#### LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. UNDER THE WRONG WINDOW.

He bought a guitar and practiced for six long, weary months. But at the end of that time a smile of joy lit up his wan and weary face, and his brow grew radiant with joy as he inspected the corns on the C L O C K S thumb of his right hand. The hour was 10 p. m., and as he wandered through the stilly night to the boarding house where she lived, and directly under that window which had been so often sanctified by her presence, he commenced to toot (Twang, twang, bim.) "I wandered b-i-i the brookside (cling, clang, boo), I wandered b-i-i the mill"—and the sash was On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly gently raised with a crash, and a deep bass voice velled out: "I vish as you fall into your brook off your brookside and trown yourself in dose mill, odor I plow my vissil and call a polizeidiener." It was cruel of her to have changed her

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R. CHESTNUT & SONS. MORRISON,

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Dealer in FLOUR, MEAL,

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**HARDWARE** STORE. Fishing Tackle,

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THE IVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

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Assets, 1st January, 1889, - \$39,722,809.59 Assets in Canada, " - 870,525.67 Fire Insurance of Every Descrip-

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THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large surply 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 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.

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THE publishers of the FREDERICTON GLOBE will present \$35.00 in cash as a first, \$10.00 as second and \$5.00 as a third prize, to be given to the persons sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "Fredericton 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\*RICTON GLOBE to be employed more frequently than it appears in those words.

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

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