POOR COPY

THE GLEANER, FREDERICTON, N. B.; SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

Grandma in a Box.

NARK THE NIHILIST.

Narka went straight home, and hu ed up to her room, locked the door, and took out Basii' letter. It was not long one. This is what he said :

id disappeared along the roa

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.) 'I never could have believed Basil w 'You have not misunderstood ence. It was safest for you, and you such a fool,' continued Ivan, turning his face to Narka, with his slow smile, and are my first care in life. It was enough his eyes brimming over with hilarity. for each of us to know that the other

'What do you think he did? He guesse as well. Don't lose heart. The time will not be long, please heaven! Let as the Prince had so many good friends in the imperial closet, there was little this hope sustain you as it does me. chance of this letter being allowed to Every day I remember our last mo-

reach the Emperor's hands, so he conments together. I am yours forever, fided it t) the servant who had brought through life and death.' him the Prince's letter, and gave him a It was a cold love-letter. But Narka lot of money to take it to a person in St read between the lines all that she

Petersburg, who was to convey it to the mted to see written there, and the mperor. Could you have believed very absence of any terms of endear-Basil would be such a fool ?' Ivan seem ment had in it a strength of assurance that satisfied her. It surprised her a ed quite to enjoy the revelation of Basil's

little that Basil should not have confided 'The servant did not deliver the letter?' the truth about their mutual relation. said Narka, breathless and impatient. ship to Ivan; but she quickly raminded 'He did deliver it to the Prince, of herself that this contrast between his re-

'Ah! And what did the Prince do?' 'He put it into the fire. What else new proof of his whole-hearted love. could he do?

Narka tried to steal a deep breath unmother's ring on her finger. And the noticed. 'I suppose,' she said, 'one could not expect he would have done other memory of those words thrilled Narka wise.' Then, after a pause, Did Basil do with such a great joy that for the moanything after this ?' ment fear, doubt, anxiety, every feeling

Basil, in due course, received an anbut perfect trust and secure happiness swer from Brinee W____, his Majesty's in his love gave way. What could Sibyl secretary, is forming, him that his august and Marguerite and all the world togeth-master was not deceived by his generous er do against that love which had bterfuge for saving the life of Father grown with his growth, and was strong ober; and, moreover, admitting enough to make him trample pride and even that this particular charge against Father Obristopher was false, there were kissed the letter tenderly, put it into a score of others proved, some that would ber pocket, and made herself ready to

rather christopher was table, there were a score of others proved, some that would have hanged him had not the imperial clemency been extended toward him for the sake of Prince Zorokoff. After this, Baail gave up the game. He had played badly, luckily for himself.' Narka in her heart, sohoed 'luckily for himself.' But she was proud to know that Baail had done his utmost to set Father Christopher free, even at the sac rifice of his own liberty, and the risk of his life. After a pause, she said, 'Do you believe Basil shot Larchoff.' 'No, I don't,' said Ivan. 'You think he accused himself to ob-

Grandma in a Box. Bobby (who is visiting his kind old grand-mother)—I wouldn't mind eatin' some of that nice hot bread, grandma. Grandma-Well, Bobby, You can have all you want of it. Bobby—Yes, but ma won't let me eat hot bread. Grandma (testing the lad's moral strength)—She won't know anything about it, Bobby. Bobby—All right, grandma; just give me a piece, pieze.—Harper's Bazar. es, are an old fancy in earrings. AN OLD IRISH TOWN WHERE THE ULCERATED STOKACH --- "For three years I was unable to work, suffering from ulcerated stomach. Medical aid having failed, I was told to try Burdock Blood Bitters, of which 7 bottles made a permanent cure. This was two years ago, and I feel that I have to thank B. B. for being alive and well to-WOMEN ARE BEAUTIFUL. The Legend of St. Mary's Bells, Whose Chimes Tolled Their Maker's Death-A B. B. for being alive and well to Mrs. Rose Ann McCloskey, Marmor Little Scene at the Sta

ODDS AND ENDS

of English Novels. After Skibbereen and many of the West In umbrella Cork towns it is delightful, indeed, to find one's self in pleasant Limerick. To the lover hook.

of the ancient and the modern the city offer FATHER HA equal attractions. In the English town,

ON THE RIVER SHANNON.

excellent for weakenes, and eadache. Father also suffer-quinsy, which B. B. B., by rifying properties, completewhich is the oldest portion, the narrow streets are as quaint as any one could mee in Normandy. At one time this was the choicest residence quarter, and here, defend-

choicest residence quarter, and here, defend-ed by high walls, the freemen of the city lived, and did all its business in dignified so-clusion, apart from the more "Irishry," their Rubies and

s, who, being neither Protestant no were religiously kept from al A CURE FOR LUMBAGO. - That painful emplaint can be quickly cured by the right re-medy. Miss hary Jane Gould, of Stoney Orcek, Ont., says: 'I was troubled with lumbago, and could not get relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, one bottle of which cured me entirely." chances of money ous Irish town. ounds and restrictions which hedged in the Celtic inhabitants were devised, and from here at the ou reak of the Amer three volu corps started to aid King

A hairpin which claims attention in topped with a platnum star, jewelled in

 ship to Ivan; but she quickly reminded herself that this contrast between his re-serve toward: a true and devoted friend and his absolute trust in her was only a new proof of his whole-hearted love.
'And so have I loved you all my life,' he had said to her when he was placing his
the set of the set o THE SAME PLAN.-When suffering from a troublesome cold, a tacking cough, hoarse-ness, asthma, bronchitis, or other forms of throat or lung troubles, is to use Hagyard' Pectoral Balsam to loosen the phlagm and sooth and heal the inflamed mucous surface Crescent, it extends for about a mile one long oth and heal the inflamed m t cures where others fail. attractive shops. The women of Limeric A late fashion in hairpins consists o for their beauty, and in the reet we saw many in the rustic

green gold leaf, glittering with small A FRIGHTENED MOTHER .- "My littl

He Says He Likes to Shop Better in Bos-ton Than In Gotham. I always go and visit the Old South church when in Boston, because I like to see the old and pleasant cannon halls with which disagree-able people were killed when they acted im-properly. I also like to attend a church where I can eriticise things without hurting any one's feelings. After I visit the old church I like to go around over the Hub and buy things. I hate to contrast any city with my own town, but a nervous person with a shrinking nature can do better and enjoy it better while shopping in Boston than in New York. The Boston merchant evidently bough this goods for the purpose of selling them to the consumer, while the New York merchant appears to have purchased them more for the wild excitament of looking at them himself. A renormal moran. "My little girl, spears old, frightened me one night by a croupy cough, but I gave her a dose of Hag-rard's Yellow Oil, which relieved her at bace, and she slept well all night. I have since used it in several cases of croup, frost hites, etc., and find it always reliable." Mrs. Eva Bradley, Virden, Man. THE SWEET CHIMING BELLS. Wellesley bridge and Thomond bridge across the Shannon are noble structures, well worthy of the river they span, and be idde these four other bridges compart various

e an actor! He-Worse

sides these four other bridges connect various portions of the city divided by the Abbey stream. King John's castle, St. Mary's church and the treaty stone are the princi-pal historical lions of Limerick, and very in-temating they all are Exquisitely new are double pronged mother of pearls hairpins with engold headings.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE, and on its largely depends the general health. No one is free from danger, and nine-tenths of bumanity actually do suffer from one form or rather of impure blood. No one remedy s such a wide range of cu s Burdock Blood Bittersood purifiers and tonics

them himself. Nice cuff buttons are those fashione tings.

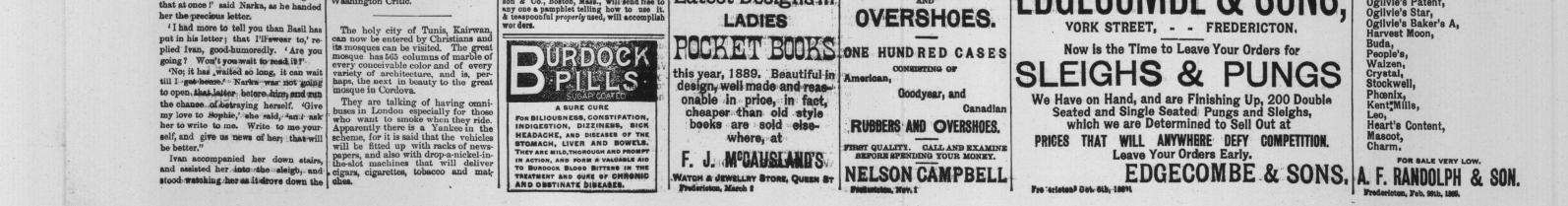
"If a woman is pretty, To me'tis no matter, Be she blonde or brunette, So she lets me look at her." ealthy woman is rarely, if



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I always have my feelings hurt when I shop in New York. In the first place, I am en-raged before I get to the store by 957,336 poo-ple who knock me over and get on the ele-vated trains before the passengers can get off. Then I go to a store and wait near a stack of wet unbrellas until several total <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> stack of wet umbrellas until several tota strangers, with a haughty air, jostle me A Poor Theory. Stranger-I see it reported that those splitter' orphans were only shamming insan-ity so as to save the trouble of going to their maals. Philadelphian-Were you ever a boy! Philadelphian-Were you ever a boy! Philadelphian trans." Verheard in a Cambridge car: "Don't you love Shakespeare?" "Oh, yesi I just dote on him. I saw 'School for Scandal' the other night. You know that's one of Shake speare's best plays!"-Boston Herald. There's them 'at's high 'nd crooked, Jammed in 'nd skewed awry— The durndest skopes 'nd fixin's All p'inin' to the sky; You wouldn's know they wus hats, Encop' for bein' on a Girl fixed up all scrumptious— Elke she wus's preeny donns. There's jest one little peewse hat 'At sets close on the head, 'Nd all made out of feathers like-A-ginthi-blue'nd red; 'Etsmighty peer'nd snuglike, 'Nd takin'-yes, you bet! But 'tian't much on bein' warm 'Nd keepin' of the wet. There's just a nothin' to it (Gapt its beauty 'nd its grace, A snurgin' close as it kin git To jest the purtyes: face 'affs in the full enboothe O' the girls lat's in the choir-Catty with 'at I wus it 'Nd could get jest an nigh 'er' -Chie THE KEY TO HEALTH.



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