As a spell is cast —

"The mill will never grind With the water that is past." Take the lesson to thyself, Loving heart and true: Golden years are fleeting by, Youth is passing too;

Learn to make the most of life, Lose no happy day; Time will never bring thee back Chances swept away. Leave no tender word unsaid; Love while love shall last -

"The mill will never grind With the water that has passed." Work while the daylight shines Man of strength and will;

Never does the streamlet glide Unless by the mill. Wait not till to-morrow's sun Beams upon the way; All that thou canst call thine own Lies in thine to-day. Power, intellect and health May not, cannot last -

"The mill can never grind With the water that has passed." Oh, the wasted hours of life, That have drifted by, Oh, the good we might have done, Lost without a sigh.

Love that we once might have saved By a single word; Thoughts conceived, but never per Perishing unheard. Take the proverb to thine heart Take - oh, hold it fast -

SELECT STORY.

With the water that has passed."

The mill will never grind

MRS. PLUMP'S PLOT.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"I never, never can tell her in the among the blue larkspurs and tall, red lilies by the garden gate. "She'll say 'I gether, dear little Calla and I." told you so!' And the worst of it all is that she'll be right. If I could only -"

"Shoo - shoo - shoo - oo !" broke in a shrill falsetto - and at that very moment old Mrs. Plump herself bounced out of the kitchen door with streaming capstrings and uplifted broom, driving a flock of marauding ducklings before her.

"Why, Calla is that you?" She lowered the broom and adjusted the cap, while her eyes beamed with welcoming light.

"Good-morning, Aunt Persis, dryly, "I'll bet a big apple I can guess what you've come for." Calla was silent. She dropped wearily

into a splint-bottomed kitchen chair and rested her cheek on her hand. "Lemme see," said Aunt Persis, count ing on her fingers, "you've been married

just six months, and you've found out a'ready that life ain't all honey and molasses. Well you'll remember that I told of his speed until he stood out in the you so. I had my doubts about Charley Wayne from the very beginning. He's been sort of onstiddy ever since he settled in Valleycroft." "But, Aunt Persis -" "Yes, I know. You needn't go on.

but what I hear, thanks to old Ma'am Wheeler that lives on the hill and goes out tailoring by the day, and Jim Hopkins that tinkers clocks and mends well chains, and Louisa Jones that always stops in to pass the time o'day on her way to and from telegraft office. He's

"Oh, Aunt Persis!" "He has!" nodded the old woman, who had taken up a ginger-colored yarn panels; Mrs. Plump herself trundled comstocking and was knitting away with lightning rapidity. With Hal Morrison and Bill Peters and them fellers at the hotel, 'only a game o' cards and a social Calla!" glass' - don't I know what that amounts to? As I've told your uncle Noah, time and ag'in, before he went to be a partaker of glory, I never would stand that sort o' thing. I'd ha' left him first! And if I mother had named her, a white shawl was you, Calla, I'd take the same stand!

Yes. I would!" Calla looked at her aunt with troubled blue eyes, like rain-drenched forget-menots. She had been an orphan from her been the only mother she had ever known, first, and - and there was a drunken and Aunt Persis' advice was generally good of its kind. Yet all these wifely in- your clothes, Calla! Tell me, in Heaven's stincts of her heart rebelled against these

she cried, piteously.

last. It's what it's got to come to!" "But, Aunt Persis, I love him." "Fiddle-strings!" cried the old woman. "Hain't he promised you, over and over

hain't he broke his promise, like it was a brittle pipe-stem? "How did you know, Aunt Persis?"

eagerly questioned Calla. "I know more than you suspicion, Calla Wayne," said Mrs. Plump. "Charley Wayne ain't a bad fellow. There's plenty of good in him. But Le needs a lesson!

Calla sighed softly. This trial that had come upon her seemed to imbitter all her to culminate in a portion of bad spirits. life. To her girlish eyes Charles Wayne the certainty that poor Betsey Pidget had appeared a sort of demi-god, and would get no further. now, that he was tottering on his high possible that her gay, handsome young | Charley Wayne has got his lesson!" husband would ever degenerate into a

voice struck short and sharp on her ears. "Leave him!" said Aunt Persis. "Let him know you ain't goin' to put up with this sort o' thing. Bring your clothes

listen to common sense!" do that," said she. "Oh, I couldn't, Aunt | have told her that! Persis. When I stood by the altar I break my word!"

ing the glittering steel needles as if every | kind of a bottle it was, did I?" one were a dagger which she would like "I see," said Wayne, after a brief sil- minutes, 22 seconds. ley Wayne!

Calla went back across the buttercup- Mrs. Plumy, firmly. spangled meadows to her home, with the | "And you have done so," said Wayne. heavy weight still dragging at her heart- "I thank you for it." strings. Aunt Plump sat there by the And when Calla cried triumphantly, form, which often bleed and ulcerate, "Oh, booh! A patent medicine." window where the blue morning-glory "Didn't I say that Charley would come coming very sore. Swayne's Ointment Wait until you try Johnson's Anodyne cups swung to and fro, and knitted away, out all right?" Aunt Persis had the self- stops the itching and bleeding, heals ul- Liniment my friend. and as she knitted she thought.

"If she won't do it I will!" said Aunt | and answer only:

and he shall get it. I ain't going to stand by and see two young people go to rack and ruin all for lack of a helping hand." The very next afternoon as young

Wayne walked past the Plump farm-gate. on his way to the village store where he was a clerk, Aunt Persis' thimble finger tapped a summons on the window-pane. "I'm in for a lecture, I suppose," mut-

didn't hear!" This inspiration, however, was nipped in the bud by the appearance of Mrs. Plump's face at the window, and Wayne reluctantly presented himself before her. "I wanted to speak to you," said she. "Indeed?" and Wayne mentally prepared himself for the fray.

"About Calla," added Mrs. Plump. Wayne looked surprised. "Charles," mysteriously uttered the old woman, "ain't vou never had no suspici-

"About Calla, Aunt Plump?" Mrs. Plump nodded. "I don't think I understand you," said

ons about her?"

Wayne, vaguely. "Charles," whispered Mrs. Plump, with her lips close to his ear, "p'r'aps you never knowed that Calla's poor dear mother was dreadful partial to the bot-

Mrs. Plump shook her head mournfully. "And Calla takes arter her mother in evergthing," said she. "I just mentioned it, so's you might sort o' be on your guard. She's alone a good deal, you know, and-" "I don't believe a word of it!" flashed out Wayne, turning on his heel, and striding off in a rage. Aunt Persis watched him with an in-

comprehensible twinkle in her little gray "The spell's a-workin'," said she. "Does the old hag mean that my wife drinks?" thought Wayne. "Calla! my

lieve it if ten thousand people swore it with one accord." And he laughed aloud at the bare idea. It was perhaps half an hour earlier than usual that Wayne came home that

"Calla hasn't lighted the lamp yet," he thought, as he walked up the garden path. "I wonder why? I shall tell her world!" sighed Calla Wayne, as she stood | what that old raven of an Aunt Persis says, and we'll have a laugh over it to-

He opened the door and went in, crying out cheerily: "Calla! Calla Lily!"

There was no answer. In the twilight shadows of the room a on the table, both hands spread out. The overwhelming fumes of spirits filled the room — a bottle three quarters empty and a cloudy glass stood on the table.

He stood like one appalled. He lifted the arm to call attention to his presence it fell heavily to the table again. "Great heavens!" he muttered between

his set teeth; "I never saw such a revolting spectacle in my life! What have I done that such a horror as this should de-

With both hands clasped over his eyes, he fled from the house as if pursued by some avenging fiend. He abated nothing open road, under the pale light of the stars, his heart full of fevered pain. Could it be possible that Cala had ever felt like this, when he had come home late at night from the society of his gay companions? Was it through any fault There ain't much happens in Valleycroft or example of his that she had thus fallen from the high estate of her woman-

hood? Involuntarily he turned his footsteps toward Aunt Persis Plump's farm-house. She could perhaps counsel him what to do in this terrible emergency. It was a long, dark walk, but he took no note of been on a reg'lar spree, that husband of time, and was rather startled by hearing the clock strike nine as he stood on the doorstep. He tried the door; it was locked. He knocked impatiently at the

> fortably to the door. "Why, I declare if it ain't you, Charles!" said she. "Just in time to go home with

"What!" cried Wayne. There, in the full shine of the lamp light, stood Calla herself, fair and lovely as the stately flower after which her dead wrapped around her shoulders, a rose in her hair. "How did you know I was here, Char-

ley?" said she, brightly. "I - I didn't know," stammered he. " babyhood up. Aunt Persis Plump had just happened in by chance. I went home woman in the house - a woman wearing

name, who it is!" "Well, I am beat!" leisurely uttered "Oh, Aunt Persis, what shall I do?" Mrs. Plump. "It's poor old Mrs. Pidget. I told Calla it would be a real charity to "Leave him," said Aunt Persis, jerking give her that cast-off suit o' hers, and I out the words between the loops of ginger- only wonder she hain't pawned it for colored yarn. "May as well do it first as drink a'ready. And I had one of my bad dyspeptic turns and I sent Mrs. Pidget after Calla to take care o' me. But I didn't s'pose she'd set down there and go to drinkin', poor old creetur'. Oh! yes, again, to leave off the use o' spirits? And thankee, I'm better now. I guess the worst is over. But I'd advise you to go and turn her out-doors as soon as vo

> can, for once she gets into one o' these spells, they're apt to last two or three Sly old Mrs. Plump! She never explained how carefully all this series of circumstances had been planned—the cast-off gown, the errand to Calla, the fifty-cent piece which was morally sure

"'Tain't always the things that happen pedestal, all the world, in poor Ham- exactly as you s'pose they're goin' to," said TIME REQUIRED FOR TELEGRAPHlet's phrase, seemed "out of joint." What Mrs. Plump. "But this time they have! was to be the end of it all? Could it be And I calculate by the look of his face

"Calla," said the young husband as mere wreck like old Miles Spooner, who arm in arm, they walked home together trudged past in tatters, with bloated face, through the dew and the star-light, "I've dim eyes, and a black bottle hid away under his rags? As the horrible idea made up my mind to one thing that after that hideous sight to-night. From this to different places and get a reply, and he passed through her brain. Aunt Persis' moment henceforward no drop of spirits shall ever cross my lips again!"

here and stay with me until he's willin' to half hour he had believed that she, his first reply came from Portland in 3 But Calla shook her head. "I couldn't lost her radiant glory! He never could New York, in 3 minutes, 10 seconds,

"What did I mean by sayin' that Cal-"You're a fool!" said Mrs. Plump, ply- such like as she was. I didn't say what "cold and misty"; and the reply "misty have it said that old 'Frisce gives the

to plunge into handsome, reckless Char- ence, "you meant to set me to thinking." "I meant to give you a lesson," said

tered he. "Confound it all, I've half a mind to run the blockade, and pretend I

FLY BOOTBLACKS. How They Put in the Time-De Game

The newsboys and bootblacks of Toronto are dead game sports. What they don't know about gambling isn't worth knowing. During these warm days when business is a little slow they retire to some cool retreat in one of the lanes or behind some of the big warehouses and there in their own little Monte Carlo they "play de game" with all the shrewdness of old timers. Of course they are sharks among these juvenile sports, sharpers who have retired from the legitimate business, and who spent their time in luring "de new jays" who have been "holdin' de even ings" for a few weeks only and who are not in it when they try their hand with these alley gangs. They haunt the down town lanes, the docks, vacant buildings, and other retreats where they are safe from the police, and the whole tribe is proud of the reputation of some of its members for handling the cards.

Corky is a Coo-Coo. game's straight," said an enthusiastic onlooker to an EMPIRE reporter, as he stood watching a swift game that was in progress in the Toronto Opera House lane. It was "Nonsense!" exclaimed the young a novel sight. Squatted on the smooth ground were five young sports from 12 to 15 years of age, and the way they handled the dirty cards would make the old-time gambler envious. There was the "sucker" in the party at this little sitting. It was a case of shark watch shark. The personnel of the party was as follows: Against the theatre wall sat "Jimmie" and "Corky" both old timers, and perhaps the slickest pair in the gang. "Jimmie" is the scion of a famous family whose ancestral halls are situate in St John's ward. He wore a black slouch hat which completely covered his eyes from the scrutinous gaze of the other players, and didn't say two pure, sweet Calla Lily? I wouldn't be- words during the whole game. He simply "played de game" for all it was worth. Corky was a little more garrulous, but he talked for a purpose, and used pretty nearly all the rest of the lane as a spittoon. Beside "Corky" was a tall, slim bootblack who is known in the select circle as head.

He Was Out Seven Cents. and he got nervous. He was considered a "boss" player, and had often cleaned out the dock gang, but he was travelling in pretty swift company. "Swoppy" and "Irish" sat on the outside. They are east-enders and their reputation extends from the cow byres to the Winchester figure was seated, its head bowed down street bridge. They came up to "do up" the Yonge street sports, and being loaded down with "stuff," they rushed the game for a while. Select and wealthy, the party had furnished cigarettes, and all except "Corky" were enjoying them. In the midst of all the excitement he remained true to his old love, chewing tobacco. 'Swoppy" was the dude of the party. There were no holes in his pants, and a pair of over-worn tennis shoes gave him a rather aristocratic appearance. His gaudily colored cigarette holder was the envy of every man around the "table." There was considerable discussion as to what game should be played, but pedro was finally decided upon. The game was fast and furious, and the coppers changed hands pretty lively. All the while a scout was sitting in front of Underwood's ink

manufactory on Johnson street On the Lookout for Cops He was promised three cents to watch and give warning if necessary. The signal was given once during the game, three shrill whistles, and in an instant the lane was deserted. Another signal, to warn them that the coast was clear brought the party together again, and the game proceeded after the cards had been counted at the request of the east end representatives. Corky had a streak of bad luck. "I aint sayin' that de game's crooked," they so assiduously perform.

he said. "but I aint in de habit of losin' seven cents every five minutes." "Aw, y' allus shoot of yer mouth when yer drop a nickel," retorted Skinny, and after this there was a flow of choice vocabulary that made the odorous atmosphere of the lane almost sticky with blasphemy. Finally the east enders commenced to drop their pile and suspected crooked work. The cards were again counted and the dust rubbed off them. The excitement was too intense, however, and there was nothing for it but a free fight. "Irish" grabbed "Corky," pulled him out in the lane and was about to go through him, when Corky pulled out a jackknife with a vicious-looking blade and kept the Don sport at a distance. A rough-and-tumble fight had just got nicely started when the

three whistles were heard again, the lane was deserted and the game over.

mon in Toronto nowadays.

Scenes like these are not at all uncom-

AWFUL CRUELTY. Bird's Eye, Ind., was visited by a did not cost very much, and they certainly body of thirty men, who tied her to a do not disfigure the locality. The people post and applied fifty lashes to her bare have not been slow to show their gratibody. She was found tied to the post tude for the boon thus conferred upon naked, with the exception of one under- them, and near the well which gives the garment, which was turned over her inhabitants a constant service they have head. Her body was torn from head to erected a beautiful marble memorial, on foot as if by a knife, one terrible wound which is a tablet bearing in gilt letters bleeding from every pore, while across the following record: "To the glory of her abdomen was a gash twelve inches God, and in honor of John Ruskin. long and so deep as to leave the bowels | Psalm 78, 'That they might set their hope exposed, and scattered around were the in God, and not forget to keep his comgreat hickory switches with which the mandments, who brought streams also woman had been flogged. No one knows out of the rock." who composed the mob nor whence they came. The community is enraged that such a thing should have happened in An old their midst. Mrs. Harmon and her daughter were whipped in Bird's Eye two years ago, just before they moved to

A large company of telegraphers recently met in San Francisco to celebrate the opening of a new telegraph office. After showing the instruments, the superintendent said that he had often she?" proposed to answer the question by actual demonstration. He therefore wired an "Oh, Charley! dear Charley!" She enquiry, as to the weather to Portland, clung with tears of happiness to his arm. New York, Washington, Seattle, Tacoma, But she never knew that for one agonized | Canso, (Nova Scotia), and London. The | potter's field?" pearl among women, could possibly have minutes, "Weather fine"; the next from "misty and warm"; Washington in 3 minutes, 11 seconds, "misty and warm"; to have a square deal and be buried right. vowed to take him 'for better, for worse!' la's mother was fond of the bottle?" | Seattle in 3 minutes, 24 seconds, "misty | Here's \$20 to get her somethin' to wear The worse has come sooner than I asked Aunt Persis. "Well, she was. and calm"; Tacoma in 3 minutes, 28 what's fit to be planted in. Here's \$20 to dreamed possible, but all the same, I can't Never in my life did I see a woman so seconds, "misty, cool and calm"; Canso get a better coffin with, and here's \$10 for partial to cologne and lavender water and (Nova Scotia) in 4 minutes, 20 seconds, a broken wheel of flowers. Let's not

PILEST PILEST ITCHING PILES. an act of rare generosity." Symptoms - Moisture; intense itching "Have a drink, pard, but my name' and stinging; most at night; worse by my own biz." scratching. If allowed to continue tumors restraint to keep her little plot to herself, ceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 Plump. "Charley Wayne needs a lesson, | "I guess you're right for once, Calla!" | ents. Dr. Swanye & Son, Philadelphia. | part of the public?

A GHASTLY FUNERAL stentatious Parade of a Decaying Corpse in Constantinop

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 27 .- The death of the man who calls himself the rightful head of the Christian church universal is rare, because advancing age commonly gives the incumbent of the Greek patriarchal chair time to resign before the fatal hour. Hence the funeral of the patriarch Dionysius called together an normous concourse of people. Along the whole line of four or five miles traversed by the procession, the streets were packed with men, women and children who might not have an opportunity to see this pageant again. Turkish troops formed the escort of the procession, but were not used to prorect it from the mob of Greek sight-seers. It had hardly left the Patriarchal church at the Fanar when its orderly structure was annihilated by the rush of the rabble bent on seeing the awful thing which the priests had brought out of the church. It was nothing that prince and shoemaker, bishop and boatman, diplomat in cocked "I tell yer, der aint a man in dis town hat and pacha in massive gold embroidery that can empty Corky's pockets, if de struggled together and with the pallbearers for the right of way. The awful thing, the haunting horror of the spectacle, was the ostentatious parade of the decaying corpse of the white-haired old man, crowned with gold, bedecked with ecclesiastical finery, tied, like a criminal who has been executed by electricity, into a chair, with head left to hang nodding on one side, with one hand held aloft by strings in grim caricature of the attitude of benediction, and with attendants spraying perfumery over the ghastly thing in order to conceal its odor. As if this was not enough, when after several hours of such exposure in the streets the corpse reached the place of sepulture, proceedings were stopped in order that the robes of the defunct might be saved. The poor dead patriarch was thoroughly stripped of his garments. Dressed in a bare white shroud he was seated on a stone in the corner of his last resting place and the place was closed up. Then

with their last homage to their spiritual

at length the men who had taken such

liberties with his body retired, satisfied

"Skinny." The game had been in progress HOW FLIES CARRY CONTAGION. but a few minutes when "Corky" found (From the Brooklyn Eagle). There can be little doubt that infections of various kinds may be more or less readily conveyed by flies. Wherever they alight they must bring with them traces of the objectionable matter they flies which have come straight from some | pany." fever-stricken dwelling. Any one who by flies. The many victims of ophthalmia to be seen there usually have their open sores covered by sworms of flies, which makes the presence and obtrusiveness everywhere in that country of this

nsect pest doubly abhorrent, from the possibilities of contagion by contact with them. The prevalence of opthalmia in Egypt is attributed specially to these swarms of flies, which convey infection from affected subjects to those unaffected. In our own country there is no specific malady which may be thus mainly attributable to the germ-carrying action of flies, but it is quite possible that many cases, where the sources of infection can not be traced, may have had their origin in the presence of flies unwittingly admitted from tainted places. It is said that the late Father Damien attributed the leprosy which brought about his death to inoculation by flies which flew from leprous patients to a wound on his head. It must be remembered that though cases doubtless occur in which infectious diseases are conveyed by flies, these insects do an immense amount of useful services by the scavengering which

RUSKIN THE ENGINEER.

Very few people are aware that John played with remarkable success the part of a hydraulic engineer. The inhabitants of Filking, a little village in Sussex, not far from Brighton, had for a long time great difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of drinking water. A hilly gathering ground was near, but nature other localities. All sorts of expedients were adopted to arrest the mountain streams, but one after the other proved failure. It happened that Mr. Ruskin occasionally visited the district, and the idea occurred to somebody that he might be able to assist the villagers in their difficulty. The request was a strange one but Ruskin began to think what could be done, and in the end devised a scheme which has given Filking as much water MPERIAL

DRUNK, BUT TRUE BLUE

Does a Good Deed. It was a tender hearted American who saved the murdered Severa Cisneros from burial in a pauper's grave, says the San Francisco Report. When he visited the undertaker's where lay the bodies of murderer and murdered he was perceptibly under the influence of liquor. "Say pard," said he to Carl Sohuss "that gal died afore she wanted to, didn't

"And that feller there murdered her?" "And ye'r giving him a big burial?" " His friends are."

"Yer say the gal's got to go to the "I am afraid so."

"Where's her mother?" "She has none."

"But she had one onc't, and she's got and cold" came from far off London in 6 | murderer a better send off than the poor girl what he killed. Goodby, old pard." "What is your name, please? This is

Are you a man or woman, or are you a

ON THE HOSE.

He Stepped On It Just For A Little Joke But Like Most Funny Men Didn't Relish The Joke On

The early riser was out watering his grass when the funny man came along and stepped on the hose. The early riser turned around to see what had shut off the water so suddenly, and the funny man laughed at him. "Get off that hose!" exclaimed the

"O, don't mind me," said the funny man. "Go on and water your grass." Then he noticed that the nozzle was carefully pointed in his directon. "Here. Point that the other way! The early riser glanced down at the nozzle and his face lit up with pleasure.

"Amusing to shut off a man's water, isn't it?" he asked. "But, my dear sir," expostulated the funny man. "I didn't-" "It's intensely funny," said the early iser; "you'd better get off that hose." "But I can't," said the funny man.

"Don't you see the nozzle's pointed right at me and if I d-" "O, well, I'm in no hurry," interrupted the early riser. "If you enjoy it I don't know that I have any reason to object." He sat down on the railing surrounding his grass plat and rested the nozzle on his knee, still keeping it pointed toward the funny man.

that the other way I'll get off." "O, I wouldn't put you to so much trouble," said the early riser. "Enjoy The early riser held the nozzle between

"I say," said the latter, "if you'll turn

his knees while he took out a cigar and lit it. The funny man watched him puff it for a moment. Then he said: "See here, old man, my leg's getting

"Why don't you shift legs?" asked the early riser disinterestedly. The funny man tried it, made a slip, and the stream almost reached him before he could get his foot on the hose again. The early riser chuckled.

"Say, I'll break your head!" cried the funny man excitedly. "All right," returned the other man, carelessly. "But be careful or you may slip off the hose again." The funny man glared at the early riser

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER, moment and said: "If I were as mean as you I'd go into the pawnbrokers' business." "If I were as funny as you are," said WALTHAM WATCHES may have been assisting to remove. The I the early riser, as he leisurely puffed his window open for fresh air may admit | cigar, "I'd hire out to a burlesque comin Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases.

has been in Egypt will have had an ob- hose to get farther away from the nozzle, each step and he stopped. Then he got desperate, stepped off, and started to run. The stream caught him in the middle of the back.

When he got out of range he turned and shook his fist at the impassive early riser and male some terrible threats. And the early riser muttered as he began watering the grass again. "Funny that a tunny man can't take a

joke on himself." nsed by millions of mothers for their at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it nothers, there is no mstake about it. It Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gum oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wins-

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meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumptionhis stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

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