

FALL.

1886
NOW OPENED:
Dress Goods,
Ulster Cloth,
Jacket Cloths,
Flannels,
HOMESPUN,
Shirts and
Drawers,
Cardigans,
Blankets,
Blanketing,
Suits.

JOHN HASLIN.
Fredericton, Sept. 14, 1886.
"GOLDEN FLEECE."

CHEAP SALE

DRESS GOODS,
PRINTS, COTTONS,
HAMBURGERS,
TWEEDS,
HOMESPUNS,
CRETONNES,
FLANNELS,
STILL CONTAINS: ALSO A LOT
DRESS GOODS

For 8 & 10 cts, former price, 25 & 30 cts
Call and see for yourself.

T. A. SHARKEY.
Fredericton, July 14.

204

AUGUST 14.

Silk Plushes,
Broche Velvets,
Striped Velveteens,

Jerseys,
JERSEY JACKETS.

JUST OPENED
—AT—
JOHN J. WEDDALL'S

WEST END
Saw Mill & Lumber Yard

Season 1886.

THAT Subscribers, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, keep in mind the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and DEMOLK LUMBER on hand or raw to order, will keep constantly on hand

DRY SPRUCE FLOORING and SHEATHING,
FINE SHEATHING, DAY HEMLOCK,
SPRUCE, and FINE BOARDS, and PLANK
PLANED as ONE SIDE.

Also intended to keep LATHES and PICKETS constantly on hand,
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and smoothly sawn and Very Carefully Selected.

Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill.

R. A. Batey.
Fredericton, May 1, 1886—15 wts.

MORE PLUMS.

RECEIVED TO-DAY.
30 BOXES GREEN GAGE.
For sale at
sept 15

W. R. LOGAN'S

CAMPBELL'S TONIC ELIXIR

THIS is a powerful yet potent purgative, especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders, accompanied by a low or morbid state of the system, and usually attended by biliousness, indigestion, and a general debility of the system. It is a powerful purgative, and usually attended by biliousness, indigestion, and a general debility of the system. It is a powerful purgative, and usually attended by biliousness, indigestion, and a general debility of the system.

Sole Agents,
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
MONTREAL, P.Q.



BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla

The Great Purifier

FOR THE CURE OF
PAIN-KILLER

IS RECOMMENDED BY
Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries,
Managers of Factories, Work-shops,
Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals,
—Is sold, everywhere—
—It never gives it a trial.

TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH
A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK
AND IT WILL BE FOUND
A SWEET PAINING

CURE FOR
FEBRUEN COLIC, CHILLS, CON-
GESTION OR STOPPAGE OF
CIRCULATION, CRAMPS,
PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUM-
MER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
SORE THROAT, &c.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY,
EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST
EFFICIENT AND RELIABLE REMEDY
FOR THE CURE OF
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED
FACE, TOOTHACHE,
BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.

BeWARE OF IMITATIONS.

CAMPBELL'S
CATHARTIC COMPOUND

IS EFFECTIVE IN SMALL
DOSES, AND WITHOUT THE
GRIPPING, DOES NOT
OCCASION NAUSEA, AND
WILL NOT EXCITE
IRRITATION OR
CONSTIPATION.

FOR THE CURE OF
LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS
DISORDERS.

FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF AP-
PETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR CONTINUOUS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A
DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH.

THIS medicine being in liquid form,
the dose can be easily regulated to
meet the requirements of different per-
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to the adult. Put up in three ounce
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MOONDYNE.

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE.

Alice did not answer; but the iron of
the question pierced her soul.

There lived beneath all the burden
of her suffering a love that thrilled her
day and night, a yearning that never
slept, a memory and pity of unspeakable
tenderness for her dead child. It was
grief in love and love in grief. She had
tried to reason it away, but in vain. God,
who had tortured her, or allowed her
torture, had seized her labors for reason.
While she was wronged before Him, He
held a hostage for her silence.

How could she answer the dying wo-
man's question?

She walked from the ward straight to
the matron's office, and asked to be sent
to the cells—she could work no more in
the hospital.

Exposition, argument, threats, had
no effect on her determination. Her
resolution troubled every one in the hospi-
tal, for her services were highly prized.
But she had settled the question. The
matron may delay in solving a problem,
but the cell's solution is instantaneous
and unalterable. She was sent to the cell.

II.
A FLOWER IN THE CELL.

Five years of silent imprisonment had
passed over Alice Walsley—years of
daily and hourly change and excitement
for the outer world. Five years in soli-
tary confinement are only one day, one
day of dreary monotony repeated one
thousand eight hundred and twenty-five
times.

Take a starving beggar from the street,
and seat him at your table, and tell him
that he shall have food and money if he
will turn his plate face downward, and
return it face upward, one thousand
eight hundred and twenty-five times.

And the hungry wretch will drop from
exhaustion before half the turnings are
done, and will run from your house with
curses. The solitary prisoner turns the
same number of days with harrowing
weariness a thousand times multiplied
in five years. The days and nights of
those years had passed like a black and
white vibration over Alice Walsley's
life. They had brought little change to
the outward eye; and the inward change
was only a settlement of the elements of
doubt and disbelief and despair into a
solid deposit in her heart.

No friends had visited her. When her
mother died, there was no living relative.
She had no love nor attraction beyond
her cell—beyond her own soul. Every
tie worth keeping had been torn from
her. Some lesser bond than she since
had unlocked herself. Why should any
happy thing be united to one so forlorn
and wretched?

For God's pleasure she was undergoing
this torture—so they told her. She
had neither stinned nor rebelled.
She had been given life and she had
grown to love it—but when the summer
of her life had come, she was drenched
with affliction and wrong, which she had
not earned, of the cause of which she was
as innocent as her babe, murdered be-
fore her eyes. Her heart, hope, love,
trust, had been flung down and trampled
in the dust.

The slant of prayer that were doled
out by the nasal Scripture-readers had
long since been carried past her door.
They regarded her as hopelessly lost.
She never spoke her dissent; but they
could see that she did not hear them,
that she did not believe them. So they
left her to herself.

One day a man sat in the governor's
office with a large book before him, in
which he had been carefully reading a
page on which the governor, standing be-
side him, had placed his index-finger.

"It is a remarkable case," said the
governor, "and she certainly is not in-
sane."

"She was not a criminal by associa-
tion," said the visitor, closing the book.
He was a powerfully built, dark
faced man, with a foreign air, and a deep
voice. The studied respect of the go-
vernor proved him to be a person of im-
portance. It was Mr. Wyville, who had
recently arrived in London, and who was
visiting the prison, with authority from
the Ministry itself.

"No," said the governor, "she was a
village girl, wife of a sea-captain. Here,
at page 42, we find the police reports—
see, only one short entry. The police
didn't know her."

"She has never defended herself, nor
reproached others," said Mr. Wyville.
"Never," answered the governor.
"She has never spoken about herself?"

"It is very strange, and very curious,"
said Mr. Wyville to the governor. And to
himself he murmured, "She must have
suffered fearful wrong."

Soon after, in company with the
governor, he passed along the corridor,
and stopped at Alice Walsley's cell.
The warden opened the door. Mr.
Wyville did not look at the prisoner, but
walked across the cell, as if observing
the window bars, upon which he laid his
hand.

"The iron is covered with rust," he
said to the governor. "The windows of
this range certainly need repainting."

"Then, apparently looking around in
the same practical way, Mr. Wyville re-
mained, perhaps a minute, in the cell.
He had scarcely turned his eyes on the
prisoner; yet the mute intensity of her
face had sunk into his heart.

"She has been terribly wronged," he
repeated to himself, as he left the prison.
"God help her! she is very young to be
calm."

When Mr. Wyville emerged from the
prison arch, he walked rapidly along the
river toward Westminster. He was in
deep thought. He proceeded a little

SCROFULA

I do not believe that
Ayer's Sarsaparilla has
an equal as a remedy
for Scrofulous Hu-
mors. It is pleasant
to take, gives strength
and vigor to the body,
and produces a more
permanent, lasting re-
sult than any medicine
I ever used.—E.
Haines, No. 12, Lindsale, O.

I have used Ayer's
Sarsaparilla in my fam-
ily, for Scrofula, and
know it is taken
faithfully. It will
thoroughly eradicate
this terrible disease.
—W. F. Fowler, M. D.,
Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I
have suffered with Ery-
sipelas. I have tried
all sorts of remedies
for my complaint, but
found no relief until I
commenced using
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
After taking ten bot-
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am completely cured.
—Mary C. Amesbury,
Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for
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It is good, also, for a
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June Police, South
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Alice Walsley sat in her cell, sewing
tirelessly. The morning had opened
like all the other mornings of her im-
prisonment; there was nothing new,
nothing to suggest a new train of
thought.

Some one who walked along the cor-
ridor about ten o'clock had seemed to
hesitate a moment at her cell, and then
had passed on. The governor, she
thought, who had glanced through the
watch-gate.

In the wall of every cell there was a
minute hole, about two inches square on
the exterior, cut in the solid stone. The
opening, which grew wide towards the
interior of the cell, was in the shape of a
wedge. A warden outside could see a
large part of the cell, while the prisoner
could only see the eye of the warden. As
the officers wore woollen slippers, they
could observe the prisoner without
being heard or seen.

At this opening, Alice Walsley
thought, the governor had stopped as he
passed, and had looked into her cell. It
was not unusual.

A few minutes later she paused in her
work, almost impatiently, and tried to
put away from her an unwelcome
thought. After a short pause she re-
sumed her sewing, working rapidly for a
few minutes; and then she laid the
coarse cloth aside, and buried her face
in her hands.

She was thinking of her old life, of her
old self, she had tried to escape from it,
but could not. For years she had sepa-
rated the past and present until she had
actually come to think of herself as two
beings—one, who had been happy, and
who was dead—the other, living, but
separated from all the world—alone,
with neither memories nor hopes, neither
past nor future.

Yet to-day, without apparent cause,
the two selves drawn together—the
happy Alice had come beechingly to the
unhappy one.

For an hour she remained motionless,
her face bowed in her hands. Then she
raised her head, but she did not renew
her work. She stood up, and walked
across the cell, and re-crossed it, in the
rapid way of restless prisoners; but on
the second passage, she stood still, and
a bewildered air. Her eye had caught a
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She trembled as she reached her hand
to take it. She did not try to recover
her dissonant calmness. She took
it in her hand, and raised it to her lips
slowly, and kissed it. It was a sweet
roselike, with two young leaves. She
had not seen a flower nor heard a bird
since she left her own little garden.

To be Continued.

Despite not the Day of Small Things.
Little things may help a man to rise—a
best pin in an easy chair for instance. Dr.
Fowler's "Pleasant Purgative Pills" are
small things, pleasant to take, and they cure
tick-headaches, relieve torpid livers and do
wonders. Being purely vegetable they
cannot harm any one. All druggists.

HONEST PRAISE.—The well-known druggist
of N. Y. City, Dr. Fowler & Co., of Kingston,
writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild
Sawberry has long been considered the
best remedy for Summer complaints in the
market, and adds that their customers seek
in the highest terms of its merits. Wild
Sawberry is the best known remedy for
Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and all Bowel
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Intending Advertisers should
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GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY,
FOR
Select List of 1000 Newspapers
Will be sent FREE on application.

Majolica Ware.
JUST opened 5 Casks containing a splendid as-
ortment of Pitchers, Plates, Flower Pots,
Cups and Saucers, Bowls, Larders, Sugar
and Cream Jugs, Dishes, Biscuit Pans, Sinks,
etc., etc., very cheap.
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Apple Parers.
A VERY good Apple Parer, Corer and Slicer,
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