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J. C. RISTEEN & Co.
Have now in stock a large quantity of
DOORS, SASHES and MOULDINGS
Which, with all Manufacturing Material for Building, will be
SOLD LOW.
We invite those who contemplate building to call and see
our stock before purchasing.
SASHES GLAZED AS USUAL.
CLAPBOARDS DRESSED, READY FOR USE
FREDERICTON: Corner Queen and Smythe Streets

204
AUGUST 14.
NOW OPENED:
Silk Plushes,
Broche Velvets,
Striped Velveteens,
Jerseys,
JERSEY JACKETS.
Dress Goods,
Ulster Cloth,
Jacket Cloths,
Flannels,
HOMESPUN,
Shirts and
Drawers,
Cardigans,
Blankets,
Blanketing,
Suitsing.

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S
LOOK! HARK!
An Echo From Last Week's
Gleaner—No "Fooling"
About It.
Apes Never Fall Until Forced
To Do So, and Then They
Jump.
OUR SEVEN PIECE SOLID WAL
NUT
PARLOR SUITES
House Furnishing Goods
FURNITURE, CARPETS AND
BEDDING,
LAMPS, CUTLERY, SILVERWARE
AND FANCY GOODS.
James G. McNally.

WEST END
Saw Mill & Lumber Yard
Season 1886.
12 RIMINGTON Breechloading SHOT
1 RIMINGTON Breechloading RIFLES;
1 new REVOLVER;
4 new cutting and Lumber Tools, Cartridge
Bags, etc.
NELLIS HARDWARE STORE
Opposite County Court House.
J. NEILL.

R. A. Estey.
Jelly Tumblers.
20 BUNDLES Shovels, equal and superior
to any other, and D handles and traps
scoops, direct from the manufacturers, and to
be had at the lowest rates.
Z. R. EVERETT.

F. B. EDGECOMBE'S.
CAMP SUPPLIES & LUMBERMEN'S DRY GOODS.
FREDERICTON.
NO. 194 - QUEEN STREET.

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON.
Carriages,
WAGONS,
SLEIGHS AND PUNGS
Built to Order
IN THE LATEST AND MOST
DURABLE STYLES.

Geo. W. Schleyer
IF YOU WANT
**PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUR
CHILDREN.**
OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.
FREDERICTON, N. B.

T. A. SHARKEY.
FREDERICTON, July 14.
SPORTING GOODS.
Just received from New York:
12 RIMINGTON Breechloading SHOT
1 RIMINGTON Breechloading RIFLES;
1 new REVOLVER;
4 new cutting and Lumber Tools, Cartridge
Bags, etc.
NELLIS HARDWARE STORE
Opposite County Court House.
J. NEILL.

Revolvers and Cartridge.
1 CASE Revolvers and Shot, Cartridges and
Lever's Brass Shell, done from the
manufacturer.
Z. R. EVERETT.

WIT AND HUMOR.
The woman who has a handsome bonnet always carries her parasol high in the air.—Philadelphia Herald.
West's World's Wonder or Family Liniment is a remedy that is well regulated household should be without, as it is a positive cure for rheumatism. It is invaluable for sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds and all diseases requiring external applications. 25 and 50c. per bottle. All druggists.
The fat woman at the dime museum may not be "all wool," but she is generally "a yard wide or more."—Norristown Herald.

West's Liver Pills, the world's best remedy for liver complaint, sick headache, indigestion and dyspepsia. Family vegetable, sugar coated, 30 pills, 25c. All druggists.
"Are cigars offensive to you, madam?" he asked. "Then five-cent cigars, by," she replied, with her nose in the air.—New York Sun.
Thousands of testimonials and an increasing demand attest the popularity of West's Cough Syrup, the popular remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Try a 25c. bottle. All druggists.
The melancholy days have come,
Which make young men look blue;
Which make the old folks sigh,
For cream and oysters, too.

West's World's Wonder, the magic cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, cuts, burns, bruises, wounds and all diseases requiring external remedy. 25 and 50c. All druggists.
The latest gem in the line of connoisseur's wares comes from Dakota, where a jury found that "she came to her death from a felonious desire to reach a happy hereafter."—Los Angeles Herald.
West's Liver Pills, a never failing remedy for all liver and stomach diseases. Purely vegetable. All druggists.
Geryman (overaking young couple of his congregation on their way to church)—"Won't you and your friend get in and drive with me to church, Miss Blanche? Miss Blanche (innocently)—"Oh, no, thank you; we only go for the walk."—Life.
Consumptive, do not despair. There is hope. Try West's Cough Syrup. It will always cure you. Druggist and be cured.
"Laura," said Mrs. Parvum, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter—"Laura, ask and ask the leader of these orchestra to play that 'Symphony from Medtela' ever again. It's such an awful favorite of mine and your father's, too."—Boston Traveller.
Wonderful is the effect of West's World's Wonder or Family Liniment, rheumatism, neuralgia, cuts, burns, bruises, wounds and all diseases requiring external application. It stands without rival. 25 and 50c. per bottle. All druggists.
If eastern journalism wants to keep pace with the enterprise of the west, it must dish up its news in this shape: "Rev. William Wacker, the strange and big in the vest of sinners at Hayfield and bagged 500 converts in four weeks."—Norristown Herald.
Remedy of cholera and mineral poisons. West's Liver Pills are a sure and reliable remedy. All liver troubles yield to this magic power. All druggists.
A man from Detroit, silent sat on third street, singing 'Cago, Chicago, Chicago. In vain did he wipe the hot tear from his face.
Singing 'Cago, Chicago, Chicago,
"It is weakness of pitching or mauling," I cried.
"Or a big lot of base hits all the wrong side?"
He sang very faintly and slowly he died.
Chicago, Chicago, Chicago.—Life.

West's Cough Syrup, pleasant to take and always effective. It is a sure and reliable remedy. All liver troubles yield to this magic power. All druggists.
A canine with a tin can attached to his tail by a stout cord passed hurriedly down street. "What that dog mean?" responded another. "I caught a glimpse of his countenance as he passed and he didn't look the first bit pleased."—Pittsburg Dispatch.
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Chicago, Chicago, Chicago.—Life.

MOONDYNE.
THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSK.
This tender thing had stolen inside her guard. Its sweet fragrance, before she knew of its presence, had carried her back to the happy days of her girlhood. She kept the flower to her lips, kissing it. She fed her wistful eyes on its beauty. She had been so long without emotion she had so carefully repressed the first groupings of imagination, that her heart had become thirsty unto death for some lovely or lovable thing. This sweet young flower took for her all forms of beauty. As she gazed on it, her soul drank in its delicious breath, like a soft and sensuous music; its perfect coloring filled her with still another delight; its youth, its form, its promise, the rich green of the two leaves, its exquisite completeness, made a very sympathy for the devotee heart.
Two hours passed, and still she fondled the precious gift. She had not once thought of how the flower had come into her cell.
"You are pleased at last, Number Four," said the warder, who had been looking into Alice's cell.
Number Four raised her eyes from the flower, and looked solemnly at her answer. For the first time in five years, the warder saw that her eyes were flooded with tears.
She did not see any more that day, and strange to say, the officers took no notice of her. There was a change in her face, a look of unrest, of strange, of timidity.
When she looked upon the flower, a well had burst up in her heart, and she could not stop its flow. In one hour it had swept away all her barriers, had snatched her from her dreary cell, and had carried her to the land of the living, to the land of the loved and loving heart of the true Alice Waulsey.
She was happy. She feared to think it, but she knew it must be so. When the warder spoke to her, she shrank back, and she felt like the harsh wind, who had been looking into Alice's cell.
That night, unlike all the nights of her imprisonment, she did not lie down and sleep as soon as the lights were extinguished. With the little flower in her hand, she sat on her bed, looking into the still darkness, feeling through all her nature the returning rush of her young life's sympathy with the world.
The touch of the rosebud in her hand thrilled her with tenderness. She made no attempt to shut out the world's memories. They flooded her heart, and she drank them in as in a parched field, where the dew had fallen, and the grasses were green.
Toward midnight the moon rose above the city, silver-white in a black-blue sky, lovelier than ever she had seen it. Alice thought, as she looked through the bars of her window. She stood upon her low bed, she sat on her bed, looking into the still darkness, feeling through all her nature the returning rush of her young life's sympathy with the world.
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"I don't know," said the warder.
This was true: the hand that had dropped the flower into the watch-gate had done so unseen. The warder only knew that orders had been received from the governor that Number Four was not to be disturbed, nor the flower taken away.
The door closed again, and Alice raised the flower to her lips and kissed it. She was not alone in the watch-gate. This reflection she could not drive away. She sat down on her work, but she could not see the cloth—her eyes were blurred with tears, her hands trembled. At last she rose, and pressed her open hands to her streaming eyes, and then sank on her knees beside her bed, and sobbed convulsively.
"How long she remained so she did not know, but she felt a hand had softly on her head, and heard her name called in a low voice."
"Alice!"
A woman had entered the cell, and was kneeling beside her.
Alice raised her head, and let her eyes rest on a face as beautiful as an angel's face as white as if it were a prisoner's, but calm and sweet and sympathetic in every feature; and round the lovely face, Alice saw a strange, white band, that made it look like a face in a picture.
It was a Sister of Mercy she had seen before when she worked in the hospital; she remembered she had seen her once sit up all night tending the low of a sick girl, dying of fever. This thought came into her mind as she looked at Sister Cecilia's face, and saw the meekness and devotion of her life in her pure look.
"Alice," said Sister Cecilia, "why do you grieve so deeply? Tell me why you are so unhappy—tell me why, and I will try to make you happy, or I will give with you."
Alice felt her whole self commended to her, and her heart melted at the kindness of the voice and words.
"Turn to me, and trust to me, dear," said Sister Cecilia; "tell me why you weep so bitterly. I know you are innocent of crime, Alice, I never believed you guilty. And now, I have come to bring you comfort."
Sister Cecilia had put one arm around Alice, and she spoke, with the other hand she raised her eyes, with a sweet smile on her face, as if she were carrying a lost soul to the angels, and in a voice as simple as a child's, and as beautiful, said the Lord's Prayer, Alice repeating the words after her.
"Never before had the meaning of the wonderful prayer of prayers entered Alice's soul. Every sentence was full of warmth and comfort and strength. The words that sank deepest were the same mysterious effect—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." She did not know why these words were best but they were.
"Now, dear," she said at length, "we are kneeling, let us pray for a little strength and grace, and then you shall tell me why you grieve."
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Every word she said, somehow, touched Alice in a tender place. Was this the wise little nun choosing her words? At any rate it was well and kindly done.
"When she kissed Alice, and pulled the signal wire to go out, her smile filled the cell and Alice's heart with brightness. She promised to come and see her every day till the ship sailed; and then they would be together all the day.
"As you go to Australia," asked Alice, in amazement.
"Certainly," said Sister Cecilia, with a smile of such surprise. "Why, those poor children couldn't get along without the city of them. Now, I'm very glad I shall have you to help me. Alice, we'll have plenty to do, never fear."
She was leaving the cell—the warder had opened the door—when Alice quickly touched her dress, and drew her aside, out of the warder's sight.
"I'm not an outsider," said Alice, in a tremulous whisper.
"No matter, child," said the little nun, taking her face between her hands and kissing her eyes; "you are a woman, God-bless, till to-morrow, and say your prayers, like my own good girl."
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The little flower that had touched her heart so deeply the day before lay upon the low shelf of her cell. Alice took it up with a movement of the lips that would have been a sad smile but for the emptiness of her poor heart. "It grew in its garden, and loved its sweet life," she thought; "and when the sun was brightest, the selfish hand approached and tore it from its stem, to throw it next day into the street perhaps."
Then she looked for the first time into her mind the question "Why had she placed the flower in her cell? Had she been unjust—and had the hand that pulled this flower been moved by kindness and kindness to her?
The thought troubled her, and she became timid and impressionable again. Who had brought her this flower? Who ever had done so was a friend, and pitied her. She was—had perhaps every prisoner in the ward had also received a flower. Her heart closed, and her lips became firm as the thought, to throw it next day into the street perhaps."
A few moments later, she pulled the signal-wire of her cell, which moved a red board outside the slats, so that it stood at right angles from the wall. This brought the warder to know what was wanted. The door was opened, and the warder, a woman with a severe face but a kind eye, stood in the entrance. Alice had the flower in her hand, and she became firm as the thought, to throw it next day into the street perhaps."
"Have all the prisoners received flowers like this?" she inquired, with a steady voice.
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