POETRY.

WHERE THE OLD TROUT HIDE. The rosy lips of morning kiss the blushing

The first bluebird of summer is already or the wing, gentle breeze. The buds are swelled to bursting on the

cheek of spring,

sappy maple trees, The wine of life is mingled with every breath you take-

All nature is responding to the summons to And the resurrection lifts you like a mighty rolling tide.

And you early seek the deep pool where Hide

How unwilling you left them when las year's season closed; How you labored for that big one who only calmly dosed In the shadow of the rock there, while he

winked the other eve! "Do you take me for a baby to be tickled with a fly' How dignified and lazy from his lair. And smelled your scarlet ibis and you

royal coachman there! How every speckle glinted like a ruby in And you almost got to swearing where

Old There never was a fishermen, so I've heard the old fokes say, Who caught the biggest fish-always sure to get away. And it's just as true

other things, That blessings seem the brightest when they spread their golden wings And soar where you can't touch them; but only stand and wish That you had them in the basket, with the

other little fish. If wishes were but fishes, how your hear would swell with pride, As you landed that three pounder where

Yet after all the sportsman, though he doesn't catch his fish, Catches all the life and sunshine that a happy heart can wish: Old Mother Nature takes him and smoothes

life's wrinkle out. So get your rod and basket, for this morning's made for trout; You'll go back unto your labor, to your dry and musty books,

In your soul's a little laughter. ter of the brooks In your heart a little singing, like the singing of a bride:

SELECT STORY.

BETSEY SOMERSET.

BY MARY E. WILKINS. Betsey also took out of a little box a small mosaic brooch which Hester had given her, which she had always gloated over with the inmost joy of possession, but wore few times. There was, too, a yellow letter which Hester had written her in her girlhood, when she was away on a visit; it was the only letter which Betsey had ever received. There was a scrap of blue and orange changeable silk from Letitia's first silk gown, a little pincushion of painted velvet stuck between two scallop shells which she had given her, and a little red rose from a beautiful old bonnet of Hester's. There were other little treasures of which nobody but the old woman herself knew the value, and which indeed had no value except in her own heart, which had stamped them, like coins, with the royal mark, to her eyes

She gathered up her dark cotton apron into a bag; she heaped therein all her dearly beloved little treasures which were in any way connected with Hester and Letitia; she carried them out in the kitchen, and lifted a cover from the stove." The flames from the wood fire leaped up toward her face; she dropped the treasures in, one after another, and put the cover on again. Then she drew a chair close to the stove, and sat down

huddled over it, bent almost double. ll the afternoon the snow-water ran along the eaves, and gushed noisily from the spout at the corner of the house. The sunlight, full of watery reflections, lay upon the kitchen floor, and the old woman's dark curved back never stirred. It was twilight when she heard the She heard the sisters voices, full of strange cadences which she had never heard in | cough of the child.

them before, but the wail was persistent. The kitchen door was opened and Letipeal. 'You there, Betsey?" she said, and cooked a slice of ham. peering out into the dusky room.

touched Betsey's shoulder, which seemed to resist her likewise - "Betsey, you are Betsey grunted.

quick!" Hester's voice called from the

"Betsey —" Letitia began again. Then she stopped, and fled back to her sister. Betsey sat still. She did not stir when she heard Hester's voice close at her side. It rang more decidedly than Letitia's: there was a faint touch of temper in it. That piteous wailing had almost overcome the absolute power of her old servant. She and her sister had started off with an actual sense of guilt and shame; they their undertaking to Betsey; but now

Somerset. Hester's voice, which had grown tender and tremulous on the last words, sharp- they called a serious talk with Betsey him, and he had cried all the way. Her Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin ened suddenly. It might almost have Somerset. They reasoned and argued brown dress was wet nearly to her knees been Dr. John Lymanwho spoke. "Bet- with her; they explained with a certain where it had dipped into the slush of the sey," said she, "please start up the fire, dignified pathos their notions for taking roads, her face was rigid, but there was this train and go and spy out the land. To and make some hot porridge for the the child; they fairly pleaded for her an effect from it like a smile—a smile baby. He is cold and hungry.

The old woman did not move. "Immediately," said Hester, but she until they finished talking, then she went in Hester's lap.

her tone, have held a glorified cherub instead of a little mad mortal baby.

She laid her thin long old maiden hand | coral clasps in his sleeves, and an attempt on the little downy head which bumped at a curl on the top of his head, to Betsey, her shoulder. "Betsey, just look at him," and move her heart. But she was obdurshe said. "See how pretty he is. See The pussy willow heads are nodding in the how smart he is for only six months old. had the baby nearly a week. And he's hungry, poor little thing. Won't. you make his porridge for him right away, Betsey?"

looked at each other; Letitia's own eyes little heaving back. We ought to have told her," she whisp-

"It wouldn't have made any difference," returned Hester, moodily. "She would this was the best way."

tia. "But she never looked at him." porridge, or the child will starve," said selfishness must stay. she, desperately. "You take him back to the sitting-room and see if you can't stop | left him in charge of a woman who would

Perhaps you can trot him." trotted," responded Letitia, piteously. pay her well. The Lyman sisters had 'Some children don't; I heard mother quite a large property. say I never did."

She went away into the sitting-room with the poor baby, and employed all the braiding or blame in it. Betsey became tradition. She trotted him on her thin black-draped knees, she strove to make it cuddle down into the great feather cushions of the chintz-covered rocking-chair, with the other. She laid it on the haircloth sofa, and pushed her thin forefinger in a vain attempt to coax a responsive

The baby wept and wailed until Hester came with his supper. That was what he for life with which he was born. Hester said that Letitia was run down. She which had used to delight her own child- door, and Betsey stood in the gloom at ish eyes. The baby swallowed greedily, the end of the hall and heard that. his head tipped back in the hollow of comfort. The porridge was spluttered all his two little fists. Letitia stood over her eves before she returned to Letitia. sister and the baby. "Just see him eat," she sighed out. She watched as exultingly as if he nad been her own baby, and her elder sister's face bending over him took

on all the maternal light of which nature had made it capable. They almost forgot the old maidservant of the matter." ling alone in her dark bedroom nursing her jealousy and injured love. They for-Burton's Anatomy; then, between them, ain't the stew," she muttered. they brought the old cradle down-stairs. It had been fitted up with new pillows

and coverlids, and hidden in Hester's closet, but Betsey had seen it there. room off the sitting-room, which their cradle stood in full view from their bed. the air-tight stove and fed him; then he fell asleep again. The sisters did not properly, and called her sister to see.

her slippers, wrapped a shawl over her house to the old study, where her father She came back with a bottle of croup ter. Still, after that, both of them slept indeed, no parallel. Probably Dr. John with their ears all ready to catch the first Lyman had been somewhat responsible

handy to the medicine bottle. Betsey Somerset, lying in her bedroom knowldged quality in him. off the kitchen, knew all about it. She heard them come down stairs with the them, and knew that she was after medi-

In Betsev's veins flowed still a certain slew where it hated. It was crossed and ples and nobler practices; but that night her father's shelves. front door open, and almost at the same | the old savage blood seemed to surge over instant a wailing cry. She never moved. the other. Betsey opened her door a little way and listened for the croupy

She had not had any supper that night tia spoke. When that soft curl, now knew that Hester had made a cup of tea her flagging spirits. And Hester also ashes, had hung from her childish head, for them. The next morning she got up grew thin, and Betsey saw that she did. she could not have spoken more timidly, as usual and prepared breakfast. She with a more anxious and deprecating ap- made the biscuits that the sisters loved,

Hester came out to the kitchen looking worn but radiant. She greeted Betsey "Betsey"-Letitia came forward and with joyful readiness, but the old woman turned the spluttering ham and made no response. She saw Hester make more not sick, are you?" she cried out, quickly | porridge for the baby, and carry it to the sitting-room with some hot water. She The wail from the sitting-room was set the ham and the hot biscuits and the more peremptory. "Ask her to please be silver teapot on the table in the diningroom and went to the sitting-room door. "Breakfast is ready," she announced. Then she went back to the kitchen. She

had caught a glimpse of the baby, naked and rosy, and crowing on Letitia's lap.

"I have heard mother say so." Betsey sat out in the kitchen huddled over the stove. The breakfast was cold when the sisters came to eat it. They brought the baby with them wrapped up had quaked at the thought of discovering in a shawl, and Letitia held him while

she felt suddenly courageous. She stood After breakfast there were always family the baby well, don't you, Hester?" which she and Letitia had planned with Lyman had set up his family alter as soon the same question many times a day. as he was married, and his descendants it wise and best for us to adopt a child, a always present, and she was today; but soothingly. little boy, whose father and mother died she did not kneel when Hester and Letita little while ago over in the North vil- ia went down with soft flops of their black her sister's arm hard. "What's that? lage. We have brought him home to- skirts, Letitia keeping one guardian hand what's that?" said she. Hester gasped Pacific railroad furnish trains and service night. We trust that you will be as fond on the baby's cradle. She sat upright and looked at her. They both listened. of unsurpassed excellence. The most apof him as we shall, and that he will grow and inflexible. The baby crowed and to be a comfort to us all in our old age. | gurgled, and something like a shadow | Betsey Somerset strode in. - She held the | cars; the best Dining cars that can be made;

not a muscle strayed perceptibly. sympathy and forgiveness. Betsey an- which did not depend upon any action of swered not one word. She stood waiting the muscles. She put the baby forcibly

out into the kitchen. She stood waiting. Letitia appeared in She did her work and prepared the the doorway with the weeping baby. meals as usual, but she did not speak. The threw her arms around Betsey, and wept kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 His little red convulsed face showed over armed peace went on for several days. hysterically upon her shoulder. Betsey minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. her shoulder, his little legs kicked widely The sisters cared for and worshipped the stood stiff and straight, her arms hanging Warranted by Davis, Staples & Co.

the baby in his best dress, with little rapture

ate. She did not speak until they had "You dear, blessed woman!" sobbed Then, one pleasant afternoon, the two Letitia.

sisters earried the baby back to the North village. They carried the baby and all bedroom, and shut the door. The sisters and they came back patient and lonely. Betsey Somerset standing before them and make his porridge.' filled with tears as she patted the baby's grim and inflexible, had told them that morning, that unless the child left, she

So they carried the baby back. They his crying. I'm afraid he'll hurt himself care for him faithfully; they gave her his little clothes over which they had toiled "I did, but he didn't seem to like being so secretly and lovingly, and arranged to

Their manner towards Betsey was just

the same; there was not a tinge of upcajoleries which she knew by instinct or more inflexibly protective than ever. She cooked their favorite dishes, and often under her eye they ate when they would fain have not. When she saw that Letitia looked paler than usual, she brought up a holding it with one hand and rocking little of the doctor's old port from the cellar, and Letitia drank a glass three times a day. It became quite evident at its unhappy little face, and chuckled that Letitia was not well. She had caught a cold, and she had never had much power of resistance. Presently the chess game was cut short, and she went to bed earlier. They called in the doctor who had had wanted, and insisted upon having in taken their father's practice when he his blind, innocent wrath and the passion | died, and Betsey listened at the door. He held him in her lap and fed him his por- needed change, a little pleasant exciteridge with one of the old Lyman tea- ment, that the cold was not her malady.

Presently Hester came out into the Hester's shoulder, his eyes upturned with kitchen and pretended to be busy about flour sifted with the dry ingredients, and over his little weary face. He doubled up the redness should disappear from her Roll out about a quarter of an inch thick, "He thinks she's pretty poorly?" said in a quick oven.

Betsey, with harsh interrogatary. "She wasn't ever very strong," Hester replied, evasively. Then she said, as if in spite of herself, "She's been terribly disheartened lately. That is at the root

Betsey did not say any more. She made a stew of which Letitia had always got that they had not had their own supbeen very fond for dinner, but Letitia | shallow pan about twenty minutes. | w dodge. |
While it is yet warm, cut off the edges | even if ye fall into a kittle of hot soft-soap." per. After the baby had finished his, could scarcely eat a mouthful in spite of and spread the cake with any kind of they laid him carefully in the rocking her efforts. When Betsey carried out her chair, drawn up to the wall, and the plate, she tasted it herself. Then she rockers braced with a book—a copy of shook her head with a tragic gesture. "It ing time."

Hester tried faithfully to fill the doctor's instructions regarding her sister. They had always led rather a reserved life, and not mingled to any extent with their That night the sisters slept in a bed-neighbors. Although not realizing it themselves, the two old gentlewomen had parents had used to occupy. They kept a certain innocent sense of exclusiveness the lamp burning all night, and the and a mild appreciation of their position as Doctor John Lyman's daughters, aside The baby slept quietly, he awoke only from their natural retiring dispositions. once, and Hester heated his porridge on | They had always felt themselves in their youth a little aloof, by the order of Providence, from the other village girls. Then sleep much; one or the other tipped too, their education had been superior softly to the baby's side many a time. They had read Bacon and Young when Once Letitia thought he did not breathe the other young ladies had read the story page of a religious newspaper, and even Hester listened awhile, then she put on the almanac. Their pencil drawings of bouquets of roses, and fine landscapes, night-gown, and stole through the icy wherein churches and castles and winding up rivers were sweetly represented, had kept his books and medicine bottles. hung on their walls instead of samplers. They had played chess instead of checkmixture, but they did not give it to the ers; they had even played the piano, for baby, for they thought he breathed bet- which in their early girlhood there was,

sound of that terrible croupy cough of for this half-unconscious pride of his which they had heard, and the spoon lay daughters, and it was the reflection in their obedient natures of a like unac-But now Hester invited two ladies, her cradle. She knew they slept in the sit- tea. She took out the best India china ting-room bedroom to take care of the and the little solid silver tea service, and cream of tartar), the whites of eight eggs, agony, and a sample bottle affords a baby. Her room was in the L, and she was anxiously and painfully social. She one teaspoonful almond extract. Mix as quantity sufficient for 100 applications.

saw the light flash from the study win- even had a wild dream of inviting an old usual, adding the beaten whites last. 10 cents fills the bill. Polson's Nerviline dows, and Hester's figure pass before bachelor, whom village gossip had always Bake in three shallow pans; make frost- is the only positive remedy for toothache proportion of the blood of an old race that of whist. But she did not quite venture put together, and sprinkle grated cocoa upon that, considering it a rather desperpurified by that of a race of finer princiate and dangerous remedy, like some on Hester read aloud to Letitia the most | When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill.,

more and more in spite of the unwonted she had not got any for the sisters. She festivity which was to serve as tonic to The baby had been gone six weeks when, one day after dinner, Betsey disappeared. Hester missed her and supposed she had gone to the store. As time went on, and she did not return, she felt a little anxious and ouzzled, since Betsey never went into a neighbor's house. However, she said nothing to Letitia, who was lying upon the sofa. All that afternoon Hester read aloud to her sister, who tried to

smile in the proper places. At six o'clock Betsey had not returned for Hester had kept a sharp eye on the window as she read. The sisters were in the dusk, Hester had laid down her book and was wondering, with growing alarm what she had better do - whether she "There are very few babies who don't had better go to the neighbors or set out crv when they are washed," said Lutitia in search of Betsey herself. Suddenly she gave a start of relief. "There she is,"

"Who?" asked Letitia, weakly. "Betsey. She has been gone all the afternoon, and I have been wondering

"You suppose Mrs. Knowlton treats over Betsey, and made a little speech prayers in the Lyman house. Old Doctor asked Letitia; and she asked her sister "Betsey," said Hester, "we have thought bowed before it faithfully. Betsey was best women I ever saw," replied Hester, Columbia river is a daylight dream. To

Suddenly Letitia sat up, and clutched the far-famed Yellowstone Park. There was not a sound from Betsey seemed to move over her dark face, but wailing baby with a stern clutch across Pullman Tourist cars good for both first After breakfast the sisters had what from the North village, four miles, with Day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and

> "There," said she. Letitia sprang up from the sofa and Itch, mange and scratches of every

under her arm. "Betsey," she said softly, baby in troubled happiness. They plead at her sides like a soldier. Hester was "just look at him!" and she might, from ed with Betsey, and worried over the soothing the baby. "He knows me, I do matter to each other. They tried to show believe he knows me!" she cried in a

Betsey disengaged Letitia's clinging hands, and urged her towards the sofa. 'You'd better lay down again now." said

"I've always thought more of you two wanted anything else. I'll go out now, Retsey Somerset as she made the por-

ridge saw no reflection of herself in her would go upon the fown in her old own thoughts. Her hand slipped as she poured out the boiling milk, and she burn-The sisters had not hesitated for a ed it severely. But she carried in the moment. The old woman belonged to all porridge before she bound it up, that the never have approved of it. I thought their past. She called out all the loyalty sisters might not know. She even stood of their conservative natures; the baby for a minute and watched the baby eat. "I thought, when she saw him, she merely filled and satisfied a hunger of Then she went back to the kitchen, bound couldn't make any objections," said Leti- their hearts from which they had always an old linen rag around her hand and got suffered. They could suffer it again, but supper. The fiery smart of a martyr shot Hester took off the stove cover. "I am the old woman with all her sacred prior through her whole body from her hand, going to start up the fire and make the claims which had no roots in their own but the triumphant peace of a martyr was

Taylor Cake. INGREDIENTS: Half a cupful of butter, two and a half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, three and a half cupfuls of pastry flour, three eggs, two heaping teasponfuls baking powder (or one teaspoonful cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful soda), flavoring to taste. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and beat again, next the eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; the flavoring, milk, and lastly of getting us out. The husband was nearthe flour sifted with the baking-powder. utes in loaves, or twenty-five minutes in

This makes an excellent cake baked in sheets and frosted, it is equally nice for Hev you found that satchel?"

INGREDIENTS: Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, six cupfulls of

flour, a nutmeg, one teaspoonful powdered cinnamon, one teaspoonful powdered spoons out of an old pink china bowl, He talked quite seriously to Hester at the cloves, one cupful of raisins, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and beat again, next the well-beaten eggs, milk, something, but it was only in order that lastly the raisins, stoned and chopped. and cut with a round cake-cutter. Bake Jelly Roll.

INGREDIENTS: Four eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the he sat down and felt his ribs, and said: yolks of the eggs with the sugar, add the well-beaten whites, and the flour sifted durned glad that Providence happened to with the baking powder. Bake in a large be away from hum and give ye a chance shallow pan about twenty minutes. to dodge! Ye'll never hev a closer call, jelly or firm jam, like raspberry jam. Roll

Macdonald Cake INGREDIENTS: One cupful of butter, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, half a cupful of milk, half a cupful corn starch, one and a half cupful of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder (or one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda). Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, the well-beaten yolks, the milk, corn starch, flour sifted with the baking powder, and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Bake in two shal-

low pans, in a moderate oven. INGREDIENTS: Half a cupful of butter. easpoonful of cream of tartar), whites of

one and a half cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of milk, half a cupful corn starch, one and a half cupful of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder (or half a teaspoonful of soda and one and a half six eggs, and half a teaspoonful of almond flavoring. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, milk, and the other ingredients in the order named. Bake in

ful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, half a gate inflicts more suffering than perhaps cupful of milk, two and a half cupfuls any other single complaint. A one minpastry flour, a teaspoonful and a half of ute cure is just what every person desires old schoolmates, with their husbands, to baking powder (or half a teaspoonful of to possess. Nerviline - nerve pain curesoda and one and a half teaspoonful of acts almost instantly in relieving the paired off with one of the Lyman girls, ing and divide in three parts, and flavor and all nerve pain. Sold by all dealers in and the doctor's uncle, who was a widow- one part with lemon, another with vanilla medicine. er, to spend the evening and have a game and the third with rose. Frost each cake nut over the top.

cheerful and humorous of Lamb's Essays, to be inaugurated president of the United and even John Gilpin's Ride, by way of States, made a farewell address to his old extreme diversion. But Letitia drooped friends and neighbors, in which he said, "NEIGHBORS GIVE YOUR BOYS A CHANCE." These words come with as much force today as they did thirty years ago. How give them this chance?

Up in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young, and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life. Here is their chance!

The country referred to lies along the a sofa put in my cell. Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minesota, and in the Red River Valley, or North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutri tious of grasses.

If a fruit farming region is wanted there is the whole state of Washington to select

As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter racking cough in two days by Hawker's Root and Cascade mountains, the greatest | Tolu. mountain scenery to be seen in the United States from the car window is found. The wonderful bad lands, wonderful in graceful form and glowing color, are a poem. Lakes Pend d' Oreille and Cœur d' Alene, are alone worthy of a trans-continental trip, "Of course she does. She is one of the Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the while they are the fisherman's Ultima cap the climax this is the only way to reach

To reach and see all this the Northern Suddenly the door was flung open, and proved and comfortable Palace Sleeping her bosom. She had walked all the way and second class passengers; easy riding

G. P. & T. A.,

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PLACING THE BLAME.

Henry Would Go, the Cars Upset, and the Bottle of Ketchup Was Lost

I had a seat just behind an old couple evidently man and wife, who had been fault-finding for some considerable time, and I was reading an account of a railroad accident, when the wheels suddenly left the rails and the coach fell over the embankment. It turned over twice and the first outcry had scarcely died away when I heard a woman's voice asking:

"Henry are you killed?" "No: are you?" was the answer. "Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say it was flyin' in the face of Providence? I didn,t want to come, but you coaxed and coaxed and I hope you are satisfied now!" "Keep your gab shet 'till we see what happens!

his legs across me!"

"I'm glad on it. When you knowed is busted everything will be ruined. Hunt | pet Sweepers. For sale low 'round for the satchel."

get out of this. Be you fast?" "Yes, I can't move an inch. Henry Williams, you jest knowed this was goin to happen, and you spected I'd be killed If the Lord spares me I'll make you suffer!' "That won't be nothin' new."

est to the window and the easiest to be Bake in a moderate oven, forty-five min- got at, and as he was hauled out, the wife shouted to him: "Henry Williams, if I was out there I'd give you a piece of my mind purty quick!

> 'Durn the old satchel! My back's purty nigh broke!" When they got her out she had left a

> "Henry Williams, if you don't git up and yell fire and police and find that satchel,

He stood up and rubbed his back, and "Lucy, you shet up, You orter be gaul-

used by millions of mothers for their chil-dren while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Infla gives tone and energy to the whole system.

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ny, is a man who loves not wisely, but D. McLeod, of C. P. Pidgeon & Co., a well known St. John firm, was cured of a



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than anything else in the world," said then rested bottom side up. The twenty Suddenly Betsey arose, stalked into her | Village. They carried the baby and an than anything else in a slow voice. "I ain't never of us were considerably mixed up, and

> "I won't do it! Have you got that sat-"No. This hain't no time to inquire about satchels. Some critter's lyin' with

VARIOUSKINDS OF SWEET CAKE. fur that satchel! If that bottle of ketchup "Durned if I will! I'm goin' to try and

Just then some of the passengers came with ropes and axes and began the work

shoe behind; her nose was skinned, bonnet crushed, dress torn and spectacles lost, but as soon as she got on her feet she limped along to where Henry was sitting on a stump and describing his sensations to a group of passengers and said:

and make the conductor pay us \$10,000 damages, I'll never step foot inside your house ag'in. The hull generation of Williamses put together hain't got as much spunk as an old blind gander! Git a move! Holler! Do somethin'!" But Henry was not equal to the emerg-

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disappears. The first dose greatly bene-Have you any remarks to offer that may

a cough that followed la grippe, by using Hawker's Tolu. He wrote Mr. Hawker a grateful letter of acknowledgement.

