Kind o'cute, and slick, and tonguey -Guess he was a graduate. He could gab on any subject From the Bible down to Hoyle, And his words flowed out so easy -Just as smooth and slick as oil. He was what they call a skeptic And he loved to sit and weave

Hifalutin' words together, Tellin' what he didn't b'lieve. One day, while we were waitin' For a flood to clear the ground. We all sat smokin' nigger head, And hearin' Bob expound. Hell, he said, was humbug; And he showed as clear as day

That the Bible was a fable,

And we 'lowed it looked that way. Miracles, and sich like, Was too thin for him to stand, As for him they call the Saviour, He was just a common man. "You're a liar," some one shouted. 'And you've got to take it back.' Then everybody started;

'Twas the voice of Silver Jack. And he cracked his fists together, And he shucked his coat, and cried --"It was by that thar religion That my mother lived and died: And although I haven't allus Used the Lord exactly right, When I hear a chump abuse Him, He must eat his words or fight."

Now this Bob he wer'n't no coward, And he answered bold and free: "Stack your duds, and cut your capers, For there ain't no flies on me. And they fought for forty minutes, And the lads would hoot and cheer. When Jack spit up a tooth or two, Or Bobby lost an ear.

Till at last Jack got Bob under, And slugged him onc't or twic't, At which Bob confessed, almighty quick, The divinity of Christ; And Jack kept reasonin' with him Till the cuss begin to yell,

In his views concernin' Hell. So the fierce discussion ended, And they riz up from the ground, And some one brought a bottle out And kindly passed it round: And we drank to Jack's religion In a quiet sort of way, And the spread of infidelity Was checked in camp that day

And 'lowed he'd been mistaken

SELECT STORY.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Mrs. Bacon! Mrs. Bacon! Mrs. Bacon!" cried Mrs. de Luce. "Yes, ma'am."

the sound of her lady's voice. self, and smiled, and looked amiable, hop- to poor folks." ing to conciliate; but the lady did not

with a dirty, little tenement-house boy." Mrs. Bacon turned red.

continued the lady. "I refused to believe Bacon? Who is he?"

Mrs. Bacon "This boy is that?"

"No, ma'am," said Mrs. Bacon, plucking | face of the great musician, as he advanced up spirit. "I only said that my first toward the footlights. cousin's second wife's aunt by marriage's

exclaimed Mrs. de Luce. "If the lodger street below her window many a winter died, I'm sure its to be lamented. But night. It was the tune little Giacomo why should Gladys be set to play with had bidden her keep in mind — "I'll Rethe child? and how are you sure that the member Thee." Yes, he had remembered; disorder wasn't catching? Send the boy for he saw her—he was playing it to away at once, and tell him never to come her, and this was Giacomo. again. He looks like a foreigner."

Mrs. Bacon; "but as good a boy and -" "Call Gladys and send the boy away!" after the performance. interrupted Mrs. de Luce. "Really Mrs. Bacon, I thought you could be trusted." For one moment it occurred to the each. housekeeper that it would be delightful

entered her carriage; the housekeeper neath your window?" he asked Gladys; bustled into the little room she called her and she answered:

ful boy were sitting opposite each other lonely street." on little benches. The boy was singing a

child, with her blue eyes shining - "so to you I owe it all." "Yes, it's lovely," said Mrs. Bacon.

"And now I'll give you each a bit of cake, ends just as well as I do. Imagine the and then Giacomo must run away. Your wedding, and make it as splendid as you ma doesn't like you to play with little please, only I will tell you this much: In boys, she's just told me. So you'd better the elegant home to which Signor Giaconot come again, Gia."

"Can't he play with me any more?", of honor for good Mrs. Bacon. obbed Gladys. "Oh, he must, he must.' "I shall be so sorry not to come here." said the boy, wiping away a tear; but I will go nowhere that they do not want

poor," said Mrs. Bacon. "And it's not their pet names, which has led a member me, Gia; I'd like you to stay here, poor of the board, who is a woman, by the way,

boy." Mrs. Garth doesn't; I heard her say so. | cognized. Speaking of this, the Boston |

never."

I play well enough." Bacon. "Well, I never."

music books. I shall never learn the like Semiramis Hypatia Johnson." violin. Mamma says the piano is right for girls. So I will give you that. Uncle

Gladys ran away. Up in the nursery the violin lay, on an upper shelf. After Clover blossoms are the bon-bons of the vain. Am I wrong? Ah! if you love me, butting property—The suburban resident some teasing, the nurse-maid consented to | bees.

moment and get it down.

Then, in the housekeeper's room, the boy proved his skill. "Such a little creature to play tunes!" cried the housekeeper. "Now kiss and

say good-bye," she said.

Gladys began to sob. "Good-bye," said Giacomo. "Some times, when everyone is asleep, I will come and play on the pavement before your house. Listen, that you may know it is I. I will always begin with this tune. It is a song called, 'I Remember Thee.' He played it over and over again.

"I shall not forget it," said Gladys. The boy sighed and lifted his lips to those of the housekeeper; then he kissed the little white hand of baby Gladys and

For a long time Gladys used, now and then, to be awakened from her baby sleep by the sound of a violin. Listening she would hear that air-"I Remember

"It is Giacomo," she would say. And tears would fall upon her pillow to think of the child alone in the dark midnight

At last he came no more. "Come here, little fellow," a musician had said to him, one night. "You are a genius. And, in the name of Heaven, how do you come by such a violin?"

Then he had talked to the boy, and it had ended in his taking him abroad with him. He had called to see Mrs. Bacon, to tell her what had happened; but she was away and the waiter did not think it worth while to remember his message. Fifteen years had passed. In a little room, in a small suburban house, sat an old woman and a young one. No one who

had ever seen Mrs. Bacon could have failed to recognize her, though she had aged considerably. The girl was Gladys de Luce. Strange things had happened since those old days when Mrs. Bacon was her mother's housekeeper. That mother, left a widow, had married a rascal, who had wasted her fortune, and finally broken her heart. Gladys had found Mrs. Bacon her only friend. The old woman humble home for them both in this little

piano to young children. She was no genius, but had had good masters, and taught patiently.

To-night she was busy trimming a pretty though simple bonnet for evening wear. Two tickets had been given her for a grand affair. A violinist, said to be unequalled, was to appear for the first time in America, and tickets were utterly beyond her reach; but the bachelor uncle of one of her pupils had given her two, which he had intended to use, but could not being obliged to leave the city on

"It was so kind," said Gladys, "and we will enjoy the music, I know. Oh, Aunty Bacon, do you remember little Giacomo? I believe he was a genius. I wonder what became of the sweet little

"I wish I knew," said Mrs. Bacon. "I do, indeed. I hope it was no harm. He was a good little fellow, and he might The housekeeper started to her feet at have stayed in that big house. His meals would never have been missed by any "Missus is in a temper," she said to herone; but your ma wasn't very apt to take

So they talked over the past, and Gladys felt herself on the verge of tears, as she "Mrs. Bacon, my daughter is playing recalled the memory of those nights in which she was awakened in her warm bed to hear the little violinist playing, "I'll "Phœbe told me there had been a child Remember Thee," in the cold street bethere for several days, and that you actu- low her window. She had never heard ally allowed Gladys to play with him," any one else play that air in all her life. The night of the concert came. Gladys it, but she asked me to see for myself. He | chaperoned by Mrs. Bacon, took her place is there. What does this mean, Mrs. in the large room, filled with fashionable women and men of society. The lights "My first cousin's second wife's aunt by were bright, the dresses elegant. Great marriage's daughter, ma'am —" began pots of plants adorned the stage. Beyond hung a rich drapery of cream-colored "This boy —" gasped Mrs. de Luce. velvet. It formed an exquisite background for the splendid figure and beautiful, dark

He played; none who heard him ever daughter lets lodgings since she was a forgot. Thunders of applause filled the widow, left with a house of her own; and hall. He played again amidst a rapture one of them died on her with a week's of silence. In reply to one of these, he rent owing, a fortnight ago, and this was stepped forward and turned his face tohis child; and as for sending it to the ward the seats in which Gladys and her poor-house, who could have the heart? old friend sat - his eyes met those of the and I thought I'd have him in my room girl across the heads of the other listeners, a bit; and he'll do anything you bid him; and suddenly she heard music like a reand Miss Glady's just run in; and though velation from an angel's heart, so sweet, shabby, he is not dirty; and I've given so low, so tender. Not the less great for those old clothes master said I might have its simplicity was that to which the for any poor person, to be made over for audience now listened; they did not know the name of the composition, but "I fail to understand you, Mrs. Bacon," Gladys knew. She had heard it in the

Shortly after an usher brought Mrs. "I believe his pa was Eyetalian," said Bacon a card. It was from the great violinist, begging them to remain seated

That night they drove to their humble abode in his carriage. He held a hand of

"But for your gift, I never should have to give a month's warning and speak her been what I am," he said to Gladys; and mind; and, to do her justice, it was rather then he spoke of the old times, of the because she loved little Gladys so well little cakes Mrs. Bacon had given him, than because of her good salary that she and of the kindness which had kept him from suffering when he was left an or-Mrs. de Luce swept out of the door and phan. "Did you ever hear me play be-

"Oh, yes; I have always remembered A fair-haired girl and a dark but beauti- how I used to cry for you there in the

"Poor little fiddler," said the great man. "I can hardly believe it was I! Yet here "Listen! it is so pretty," cried the other beats the same heart; and remember it is over history, biography, and mastering all Newfoundland would be left to try con-

Well, reader, you know how this story mo conducted his bride, there was a place

ABOUT TIME TOO.

More than 100 female teachers in the to offer a resolution that hereafter the "No one wants me," said the child. baptismal names only of teachers be rethat there are more than 100 Susies and | there: "You might get to be cash boy," Mrs. Kitties and Hatties teaching school in

matic pains."

"Mother, I am going back to New York with Mrs. Wilton as nursery governess to

May and Ethel." Just one moment before this speech was made there had been a placid group of four people sitting round a very scanty fire, all sewing busily. But one moment later, three of the faces were lifted in angry astonishment, three pairs of hands dropped their work and were raised in consternation; three shrill voices cried "Bertha!" in tones of expostulation. Then, after a moment of silence, Mrs. Bryerson, the pale, careworn mother,

"May I ask the meaning of such a disgraceful speech, Bertha?"

"I am sorry you think it disgraceful, mamma. I am weary of this false life we are leading. Look at us!" she cried, hotly-"We are all as pale as ghosts, as ragged as beggars. In these rooms in which we live we have not one comfort—no carpet, half a fire, shabby clothing. Our food is mean and insufficient-and for what? That every dollar of the narrow income father left us may be spent in keeping up a lie! A lie, I repeat. Our house is handsome, our show-rooms splendidly furnished, our dress, in public, of the richest materials. We sew till we are cross and weary upon finery we have no right to wear. We starve that we might give one brilliant party each winter. And we gain-what? A reputation for wealth we do not possess. I tell you, mother, I am hungry and cold, and I mean to earn sufficient to make my life honestly com-

"Have you quite finished?" inquired Mrs. Bryerson, in a tone of polite sarcasm. "If so, let me remark that I will not overlook it if you act in defiance of my wishes as you propose. If you go with Mrs. Wilton, you shall not return. Your sisters shall not be disgraced by having a governess here. Think of a Bryerson

earning her living!" had taken her little savings and kept a Bertha, quietly. "In a small house, cottage, while Gladys gave lessons on the quietly dressed, we might easily cover our expenses with the income father left

"Left to me!" said Mrs. Bryerson. "Left to you," repeated Bertha. "If I could control the sum now spent upon my street and evening dresses I would opals and buy the clothing necessary for my position, as I presume Mrs. Wilton pass muster."

'Aunt Eliza gave them to me." will say when she hears of your disgrace- it had been bought.

ful conduct?" asked Mrs. Bryerson. "I imagine she will disown and disin-

ner work — an elaborate puffing for a ball and cold, missing every comfort of life; shot down. and only the previous evening, with her

There was more than that in her tears. | says: One little week before Ned Haven, the son of the best physician at N --- had no - because she loved him.

will not have it so."

friends in New York."

living, Lavinia married a man who juries against them. thought her rich, and made her believe he was so. It was mutual deceit, and the marriage was the beginning of years of misery. Marcia died in consumption.

starvation; Marcia was in her grave.

and fretful, and Mrs. Wilton put her in pendence of Newfoundland, and she has that her position was that of a servant, forcing the treaty rights and duties to though she had her meals in the nursery secure a suspension of the act. Only the the children were asleep or she had made the people of Newfoundland listened to them happy with some simple amusement | friendly warnings." she found comfort in the schoolroom | The Standard says: "Were the posipiano, or the many books that she was al- | tions created by the Baird judgment tol lowed to take from the library. She studi- erated, our treaties would be waste paper ed in every leisure moment, perfecting and either our men-of-war would be piraher German, French and music, poring | tical junks or the enterprising people of the school-books she found most persistent- clusions with the French marines. We ly, to fit herself for a position in a school. | trust the report that the government did She did not know how her beauty was not inform the colony that such bill was developing in her new life. Early hours, contemplated, is incorrect and that the

plentiful food, the quiet of home, the love colonists will behave sensibly in the matof her little scholars, the hours of study, were all aiding the work of development; ter. Do they believe they can fight France single-handed?" and as her figure rounded in the curves of perfect health, her eyes grew luminous inence to a communication from a gentle-

not invited. One morning two letters reached her -

two shocks of surprise, sorrow and joy. The first she opened she kissed before And I will never go to the poor-house, Transcript says: "It is not a small matter she read. And this was what was written

"You bade me forget you when we Bacon said; "or you could sell papers."

"I could do one thing," said the boy.

"I could do one thing," said the boy. "If I had a violin I could play on it; but most of them regret that they are not ed. Other love I would not seek. But it of tea." I have none. I could go to places I know, Susan, Katherine and Harriet, since it is is only since yesterday that I knew you and play, and they would give me money. very much the fashion now to have the were with Mrs. Wilton. I have thought more dignified names. The women's of you visiting in New York the gayest of "A little creature like you!" cried Mrs. | colleges cultivate this dignity in the mat- | society's butterflies. I know to-day how ter of names. Look through the next | you have been taxed, and how nobly you | and stinging; most at night; worse by "I have a violin," said Gladys. "It is Wellesley list. You will find no girl have met every duty. But, oh! my own scratching. If allowed to continue tumors all my own. My poor uncle William gave named Pettie Dere. You will find plenty love - my only love - will you not re- form, which often bleed and ulcerate, beit to me before he died — that and his of names that will roll under the tongue consider those words that parted us? I coming very sore. Swayne's Ointment am not rich; that you know. But I can stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulmake a home of comfort, and my love ceration, and in most cases removes the "I could not get my coat on, but John- shall never fail you. Sometimes I think tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 would like it, because then you can earn son's Anodyne Liniment cured my rheu- there was regret in your soft blue eyes cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. when you bade me farewell; sorrow in

leave her fluting of her own caps for a KEEPING UP APPEARANCES. by refusing to see me, to listen to my orayer. I will call to-day at three o'clock. If you will not see me I will never trouble your life by further pleading. But if you will be my wife, may Heaven deal with

me as I am true to you. EDWARD HAVEN."

ed with iewels.

Now, in the softened daylight, coming in through curtained windows, he saw the and hear yourself snore, and then yell tall graceful figure in a simple house dress 'Maria!' Go to sleep, will you, and reof inexpensive material, on jewels to brighten the fair face, no flowers in the this family, and that's you!" waving bands drawn back from the low

soft cheek, the smile of happiness upon the childlike lips. He knew his answer before he whispered his love again, and Bertha no longer

love light in the sweet blue eyes, more

beautiful than flowers the blush upon the

was afraid to let her be known. There is no dash or extravagance in the home over which Bertha Haven presides at N -..... Her husband's happiness and comfort are her study, and there is every ample hospitality for friends. Many a liberal check Lavinia finds in her sister's letters, and Mrs. Bryerson has a happy

But nothing is sacrificed to "appear ances," for as things appear in the wellordered household, so they are.

LYNCH LAW IN NEW ORLEANS. The Jail Broken into and Eleven Italian

A dispatch from New Orleans dated the think of leaving home. As it is, I am 15th inst., says that city has not yet repositively engaged to Mrs. Wilton, and covered from one of the most bloody leave on Tuesday. I shall sell my set of massacres that ever occurred there where

would scarcely like me to appear in a rag- Friday several of the Italians who were ged street dress of three years ago, or a under arrest for the murder of Chief Henblue silk ball dress, and I have nothing nessy on October 15th, 1890, were, much spectable citizen, acquitted of the charge "Sell your opals!" Lavinia said, regret- of being participants in the crime, and held perfect brute to-night, to drag us home so only as accessories. Knowing the charact-"They are mine," said Bertha, quietly. er of these men, who have been steeped in crime for years, the citizens were in-"What do you suppose your Aunt Eliza | dignant at the actions of the jury, claiming

A mass meeting was held Saturday morning, fiery speeches were made, and herit me," said Bertha, coolly. "And as finally the whole crowd rushed for the she has threatened every one of us some prison crying: "Lynch the Dagos, lynch fifty times with the same dire threat, I | the Dagos!" It was a mob led by lawyers can bear the prospect quite philosophical- and merchants, men of the highest wealth and standing, so strong that the author-The girl rose as she spoke, and putting | ities made no show of resistance and succumbed before it. Indeed, the officers of dress — in Lavinia's lap, went to her own | the law threw up their hats and cheered room. She had been cool, defiant and re- the mob while it was executing its murd- you?" solute before them all, but she broke into erous word. The jail was broken into and bitter sobbing when she locked herself in 11 of the 19 accused Italians were killed. her room. She was, as she said, hungry two suffering death by the rope and nine

The New Orleans Times-Democrat comrich dress and her opals, she had been the | menting editorially on the events of Saturbelle of the most brilliant ball of the season day, after referring to the laxity of criminal justice in that city for a year or two past,

"This paralysis of justice was due, neither to incompetency of the police nor asked her to be his wife, and she had said | incapacity of the officials appointed to administer laws, but due to the settlement That was the true reason why she had in New Orleans, of lawless bands of men gently and tenderly set his great love aside, hailing mostly from Southern Italy, who and asked Mrs. Wilton to take her away. | brought to this country of freedom and "He thinks we are rich," she thought, free institutions, pernicious ideas and bitterly, "and his own fortune is not made. | murderous methods which planted con-Shall I burden his life with our petty, spiracy, asassination societies in their sordid cares? Mother will expect him to quondam home, which enables members of do so much for Lavinia and Marcia. I these societies to defy detection and laugh children while teething. If disturbed But the poor, sore heart ached bitterly, cisive drama of yesterday had in it more-child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth as, in the few days that followed, Bertha over a warning for another class, which send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. made her preparations, to go to New York. | they will do well not to disregard; we re- | Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children She told no one her love story, and when fer to jury fixers, who are experts in get- Teething. It will relieve the poor little Ned Haven met Lavinia soon after Mrs. | ting at salesmen and jurymen and filling | sufferer immediately. Depend upon it Wilton's departure, he did not doubt her the jury box, partially or wholly, with mothers, there is no mstake about it. It statement that Bertha was "visiting men pledged to consult above all things cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and the interests of criminals, and see that After Bertha went out to earn her own convictions shall not be arrived at by the and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The London Post, referring to the bill In two years Mrs. Bryerson found her- introduced by the colonial secretary in self alone, for Lavinia was in a distant the house of lords relating to Newfoundcity, writing often for money to keep off land, says: "Lord Knutsford's bill is the logical result of the state of the law revealed by the judgment in the Baird-Bertha had not found her new life a Walker case. Lord Knutsford has shown bed of roses. The children were sickly all possible consideration for the indesole charge of them, showing her plainly only to co-operate with the Empire in enwith the children. But she was brave consummate tact of the French and Engand true to herself. Many hours when lish commanders averted war. It is time

The Pall Mall Gazette gives great promwith deeper intellectual culture, and her man who occupies a position of influence mouth took new beauty in lessons of in Newfoundland, and who is now in London. In this communication the She had been two long years with Mrs. Newfoundlander declares that any atpublic schools of Boston are officially republic schools of Boston are officially reWilton, only going home to Marcia's tempt on the part of the imperial government to enforce martial law in Newfound-"You're a little gentleman, if you are cognized by the Boston school board by funeral. To Lavinia's wedding she was lead will be recipted adding: "The Tories cannot come the Trafalgar square

business over us." In the conclusion of a long editorial article upon the subject, the Pall Mall Gazette says: "Unless something is done quickly to bring about reapprochement between the colonies and the colonial of-

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms - Moisture; intense itching

do not wrong your own heart or my love who keeps a goat.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Heard Through the Open Window of our

Open house windows on still summer nights afford good entertainment for those The happy tears were not yet dry upon | sleepless individuals who spend their time her cheeks when Bertha opened the kicking the sheet off and pulling it up. second letter. It was from her aunt's "For heaven's sake, Maria," peals out a lawyer. Miss Eliza Bryerson had gone to voice as startling as if from a church yard, Italy one year before for her health, and "don't snore so loud. I've done nothing failed to find the cure she sought for lung | but invent ways to wake you up ever since I came to bed. The neighbors will certain-The letter informed Bertha that her ly think I am strangling you. Can't you aunt was dead, and had left her sole heir- put on the soft pedal a little? Ease up, ess to her property, because she was the any way, till I get a cent's worth of nap." only sensible member of her brother's "Me snoring!" Maria replies, in sleepy disregard of grammar. "It's your own When Edward Haven entered Miss echoes you hear. I haven't had a wink Wilton's handsome parlors his heart of sleep. I can't sleep, with you coming throbbed thickly, and his breath seemed in at all hours of the night and turning up to come painfully with true, deep emotion. the gas full tilt to see if you had dampen He had seen Bertha last in just such a ed your patent leathers. Me snoring! room, standing in the light of a great Never snored in my life, and you know it. chandelier, her silk and white lace. There You didn't know what you were about, were flowers in her waving golden curls, anyway, when you came in. You said and her bare arms and throat were adorn- you had been down in Taft's, and there isn't any Taft's now. Think I'm a fool? You get into one of your stupid snoozes

member there's only one person snores in And a deadly silence reigns behind those windows. But more precious than jewels was the "Mar-mar, is you here?" "Yes, darling." "Is par-par here?"

> " Yes, darling." " Is we goin' away to-morrow?" "Yes, darling." "Is I goin'?" "Yes, darling?"

"Yes, darling." "Is par-par goin'?" "Yes, darling." "Is we goin' in choo-choos?" "Yes, darling." "Is I goin' in choo-choos?"

"Yes, darling." "Is you goin' in choo-choos?" "Yes, darling." "Is par-par goin' in choo-choos?" "Yes, darling."

"Mar-mar!"

"Is you goin'?"

"Yes, darling." " Is we goin' granmar's?" "Shut that child up, will you, Helen, or I'll come in there." And silence falls on another happy nocturnal talk. "Maud!"

"Yes," in eager shrillness.

"Are you awake?" "Yes; are you?" "Yes, I can't sleep." "Neither can I." "Wasn't he splendid?" "'Sh' 'sh! Your brother will hear us." "Don't care if he does; he acted like a

early." "Well, Ruth?" "What?"

"Don't you think?" "What?" "Don't you think" (subdued giggle)-

"Do tell me what I don't think." "Don't you think your brother" (snick-"Don't be an idiot, Maud; what do you

oillow rammed into mouth)— "Maud Newbury, if you can't stop being a fool at midnight what hope is there for "All right, Ruthie; I'm going away next week, and you can be as wise as you

"I think your brother is" (sound as of

please, only I was going to say something that you might"-"Well, what is it?" "Why, I" (ecstacy of snickers)-" Maud !" "I know it."

"What do you know?"

"That I am a fool; but there" -"But what?" "But your brother is so very" (gyration of giggles)— "So very what?" "Why, so very" (chokes in a spasm of mirth) a window suddenly bangs, and the sheet kicker is left in the summer midnight slough of silence again.

justice to scorn. The short, sharp and deat night and broken of rest by a sick Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums the taste. The prescription of one of the 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-

> LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Troy Press: The father gathers his dollars in cents; his son scatters the cents

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To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

LANADIAN LARD in Tubs and Cases of 5 lb. and 3 lb.

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Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR. PAPERING and GRAINING. EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted a

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ALWAYS IN STOCK: HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS. MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN,

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COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL

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SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT, " OATS, BARLEY,

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all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST. Office and Warehouse: Campbell St ...

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THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large surply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the Season of 1890, imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisf ction last season.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the President in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF **Deans, Peas, Beets,** Carrots,

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My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I eve

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets. Beef Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers. REMEMBER THE OLD STAND.

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For sale low, wholesale and retail, at **NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.** RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice

Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from \$100 to \$200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms, and the test goods in the market. Write, R. G. CLYNE, Nurser, man, Perth, Ont. Coal Tar.

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