#### POETRY.

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

Ofttimes when night her mantle folds About the weary dar, And blissful sleep comes noiselessly To steal my cares away, In dreams I seek the dear old home The tree-clad vale within, Safe hidden there like a sparrow's nest. Afar from the city's din.

There's a vegetable garden behind the And a patch of flowers before-Sweet thyme, red roses and mignonette And a woodbine over the door;

And that door which faces the setting sun, In my dreams is always ajar, And a woman sits a-sewing there With face as pure as a star.

Long months have passed since I beheld, Save in dreams, that happy place, Long, weary months since I looked on That pure and star-bright face; But, when glad Christmastide comes And Christmas-fires glow. I'll quit for a while the city's noise, And back to the old home go;

Gaze again on faces dear to me, Kiss mother's furrowed brow, Sing again with them the dear old songs So seldom carroll'd now :-O, my heart grows gladsome at the thought Of the time so soon to come, When I'll greet once more my kindred

In that sweet old country home!

#### SELECT STORY.

### IF HE HAD RULED BY LOVE!

By the Author of 'A Queer Sort of Honeymoon.'

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VI.

He got up with a flood of bitter despair in his heart, then stood still suddenly and pressed both his hands to his fcrehead. What wild, insane, improbable idea had started all at once like a flash into his brain? And the idea once started, a crowd of thoughts, surmises, possibilities, came trooping after. What made him bend over the child and bewilder her with the long searching gaze of those dark eyes of his, seeking, seeking-what? Did he find there what he sought? Did the trembling kiss he pressed on the soft lips seem to enclose something more than the loving tenderness that had always been in it for little Muriel-only Muriel? wild but haunting idea which had taken

"Do you remember, my child," he said. gently, "ever being in any other place than this?"

She looked surprised and shook her "No. never." she answered. "I think I was brought here as a baby. I heard

nurse say so once." Devereux stooned down and kissed her once more, and said he must go, they would expect him in the drawing room. and so Muriel had to part from her dear

Mr. Devereux. friends now," she whispered to herself, "not that I forget Waif and Dick and Bunny, but they don't answer me when I talk. Mrs. Clifford is so beautiful and so kind. I wonder why everyone is kind but Mrs. Erle and Percy."

## CHAPTER VII.

"So you have found out my little protege, Mrs. Clifford," said Devereux. oming over to where Edith sat a little apart that evening after dinner, and dropping into a low seat beside her; if there was a kind of tenseness in every nerve of her body as he did this, if there was a quiver of an evelid, it was all. She had control enough to answer in an ordinary

yes, I met her in the park to-day. She seems a winsome little creature." "She is, and merits a better fate than

seems her lot," said Devereux, with a half sigh. "She is not treated kindly, you know." "So I imagined. She seemed," Edith said, and stooped to gather a fold of her dress nearer, "to-to have-to be very

Poor Edith! with all her self control, she could not keep that falter out of her voice, and Devereux heard it and it made his heart throb madly, his pulses bound with a strange, sweet up-springing of the dear head closer to him. "I took too hope. But he said quite quietly, with a little count of the way you had been

little, because she is such a grateful little soul, and has no love at all in her life. Mrs. Erle told me she has adopted the child in deference to her husband's wish. I don't know whether that is altogether

Edith looked up quickly, then dropped her eyes and said in a low tone-"Why shouldn't it be true?" "How can I tell?" Devereux answered with a slight shrug. He paused a moment and then said under his breath: "You

know I never trusted her. I have not changed-in that," and then rose rather abruptly and went away, and Edith leaned back in her chair for a moment breathless motionless.

In her own room that night she stood with locked hands and quivering lips, and then flung herself down, by the bed, and buried her face in her crossed arms. During the following morning she hard ly saw Devereux, and when once or twice she did come across him, her courage failed her; she could not utter one word of the desire in her heart—that he would give her a little time that day-and weary and heart sick at last, Edith excused her- girl said, looking bewildered. self from driving or riding that afternoon, and went out by herself, seeking the most solitary place she knew of—the said, eye and voice unconsciously softenshrubbery, that was nearly always deling to yet deeper tenderness, as he spoke serted. She could not even seek little of the little one that had been taken from the child, and besides she was much too her face against his breast, told him how

She seated herself on a rustic benchset back in a pretty glade, and fenced round thickly with trees and shrubs-and still in a tumult of passion and pride-I bent forward, her cheek on her hand. could not bear to be still, and Harriet was She had thrown off her hat, and a ray of sunlight, slanting through the trees, fell on the bent head and on the ex- travelled about mostly in Germany. You quisite young face that had on it such a look of desperate pain. And presently I was very ill, Vernon, for weeks before there came to her ear the sound of a light, and after my child was born. I never quick step, a soft musical whistle as someone approached through the trees, and I never saw it even, poor little thing. the blood rushed with a bound back upon | Harriet told me she-it was a girl-had the girl's heart, and she grew blind and lived but a few moments, and afterwards sick and dizzy with the terror, the hope I saw where they had lain it. Harriet that the hour she had sought and shrunk | nursed me through all those weeks. I from was near; and yet, now in this very saw only her, but I heard subsequently moment, the impulse was on her to fly that Mr. Royston had come; I would not from the very man at whose feet she have seen him Vernon, if I had been would fain cast herself, who must pass able. Because then," Edith said falteringher by. And he was coming so close ly, and speaking brokenly, "I was sorry now, so close. Surely he had seen the that I had so wronged you, and I wrote white-robed form as Edith rose and stood | you a few pencilled lines, half fearful that clinging with one hand to the arm of the you would not forgive, and yet I though

her eyes dim with an agony of appeal.

hands stretched out, her head drooped, her until she was calmer, and she could "Vernon!" just came from her lips,

So, for an instant they stood, heart to strange, dearest." heart, the man's clasp enfolding her, his head bent to hers till-perhaps the passion in his heart compelled her, unknowingly she lifted her face and their lips met in a long close kiss, her mouth trembling as it had scarcely trembled in those vanished days, under the pressure of his. Then, with a half sob, she bowed her head

"Forgive, forgive," she whispered, but "Heart of my heart." his voice was low and quivering, "it is all forgotten, all forgiven—from me to you—from you to me." Edith whispered again. "Oh, Vernon! it isn't a dream, is it? You do forgive

me, and-and love me-a little?" "Darling! a little! Ah! Edith-my He bent his face to hers: his voice was speak no other word, and again there was eyes large, wild with intense appealsilence—more eloquent than a thousand

Then Devereux lifted his head with a ong breath, and softly, yet so passionately say quickly." ssed the sweet lips—those deep eyes that fell under the look of his-again and

"I have been heart-hungry for you my own darling," he said, "all these long years. Sweetheart! how much we have foot. "Oh, heaven! is it possible!" to make up to each other. Come and sit here I can't let you go; no one comes here—there is no fear."

He led her to the bench as he spoke, into his arms. With her face hidden against his breast, Edith said with diffi-

orehead. "what do you mean? I had no

you could not have —" He paused. and was silent for many minutes.

ered at lart, with faltering lips. "Never, till yesterday; little Muriel, in even to write you a line-then?" he said.

Devereux looked up. tone, and the girl shrank with almost a wife." shiver from the black look on his face-it emed so vividly to recall those terrible

me," eye and lip softening as he laid his hand caressingly on her head. "My dearest," he added, with infinite tenderness, "you must never, never fear me again. If these years of pain have been an agony, they have crushed out of me

the wild temper that first wrought all the "Mine was the fault," the girl murnured, hiding her face against him. "I was so proud and so wilful. Vernon."

though I loved you so, my darling," Devereux answered softly, and pressing brought up, and enforced my will, my wishes, by bare orders, not ruling by love; but, dearest, we need not be concerned as to who was most in the fault-both have failed and both have repented and suffered. Ah! heaven! I cannot think of it," he exclaimed, with a break in his voice. and now we are one again, my heart and we will never forget in some ways those years of pain, but in another we will forget them and begin again. Dearest,

love can make all things smooth." And both were silent a little space after that, Edith clinging close to her husband, enfolded in his arms, an infinite peace falling on both. Then Devereux said

softly, carressing her dark curls-"Tell me, sweetheart, everything now. Dearest, there are many things that fill me with strange thoughts, suspicions, what you will. Has it never struck you Edith, that that soft-tongued little woman has been playing a double part; that, in order to keep us apart-Percy, remember, being my heir-she sent back my letter to you, she prevented your letter reaching me? And other, darker thoughts yet,

come to me." "Vernon, what do you mean?" the "Tell me first, dearest, about yourselfabout the birth of our child," Devereux Muriel, for fear Vernon would be with them, and Eidth, in a low voice, with The little sister grows apace, you'd hardly the Tchuktchi withdraws into the corner

inwardly agitated to be able to talk with | shortly after leaving her home, she had | juitted her uncle's roof. "He was angry with me, Vernon, and it was not the same, and I-though I was coming to Europe and said I could be with her. So we came together and I were in the east then, till-till I was ill. knew anything certainly after its birth.

chair, for the musical whistle ceased. oh, surely now he will write. I waited Was he looking at her half-curiously, half came. And then I grew hard and prouder with a breathless hope, a passion that yet, and, oh, Vernon," the girl sobbed sent the blood like fire through his veins? and sank down quite low at his feet. She Edith strove to rally. She must say some- could say no more, only those bitter tears thing, anything, but her quivering lips told him the rest. But Vernon gently could form no utterance. She made one drew her up again to his breast, and with tottering step towards her husband, her loving touch and softest whispers soothed

tell him all about the past. "Harriet and I," she continued, "met then she sank down at his feet, as he on the continent sometimes, but I never sprang to her, with sobs that shook her, came to England till about a year ago, onate, dry sobs. The man went when I visited Lady Gresham - we white as death. He bent and raised her seemed, to a certain extent, to drift apart. up, wrapping her to his breast, close, Then, this autumn, I came again to stay close, so that the throbbing of his heart with the Greshams. I think," Edith was felt by her; then with a deep whisper, added, and for a moment lifted her eyes "My darling! my darling!" Her head to her husband's face, "I grew sick with against him, her arms about his neck, all longing to hear some news of you-I don't the long years of pain rolled away in know what else made me come here with those moments of dazzling ecstasy, the them, and I would not have Harriet told And mother, with your boy away, and se girl's very sobs ceasing in that breathless of my coming—I thought to surprise her. You are looking so very, very grave and

> He sat silent a moment, gently stroking "You say, sweetheart, you never saw the child?" he then said. "I knew nothing-I remember noth-

ing," she answered. "And it never came to you dearest. Vernon said, very gently, "that Harriet may have lied to you in saying your child did not live? For she has every you and I separated, her son is secured in an inheritance by right, and in all probability in that which I should leave him-"It was all my fault-all-all my fault," I have no relatives as near. But even a girl would have stood in the way of Percy coming into that property which I can will as I choose. But Harriet would not run the risk of taking even a baby lifehush! darling; listen quietly still," for Edith had started with a low cry, her

> suspense—question, on his. "Yes, yes! go on, go on," she said breathlessly, "I will be quiet, Vernon-"My own heart! it is surmise only: I

will wring the truth from Harriet," Vernon resumed, fiercely. "This child-" "Muriel!" Edith cried, and buried her face on his breast, quivering from head to Moved to the soul, Devereux pressed

the trembling form to him, comprehending—at least, in part—the rush of joy. of anguish unspeakable, that broke in on but she would make him sit; she knelt the 'mother's heart. He let her emotion at his feet only to be gathered again close have way, only trying to quiet her a

"Vernon! Vernon!" the girl said.

you forgive me-this?"

certain, when there may be bitter dissaprest here on my heart," he said softly, near the sound of voices, but he could "Forgive!" she whispered, "I was and made her lean against him, soothing neither see nor speak. He heard a medimad. But for that thought, I had long her the while. "You must try and keep cal man giving a certificate of death; he ago sunk my pride and pleaded for your calm; Harriet must not divine that you heard the measurements of his coffin; he "Dearest," he said softly, "you could till then we will seem to be as strangers old friend entered the room, looked on

"Yes," Edith whispered. Exhausted cling to Vernon, and let him softly press under the touch and by a superhuman efhis lips again and again to hers; and after fort Donnet spoke and moved. The exhere. Edith, and by heaven that woman a time she grew a little stronger, and he perience left such an impression on his rose, lifted her to her feet, standing still with his arms about her.

"We had better go in, dearest," he said, the examinations of doctors before those "Yes." she answered, and gave him given to the earth. his, "and-happy, dearest, so happy."

THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

have you in your bag? The tale of death, the tale of birth : it not strange you lag That last slow mile, as one hand the letters in -Sweet messengers of love and faith

strife and woe and sin. In yonder dingy boarding-house stands a tempted boy -The devil whispers in his ear:

taste my brimming joy. Come, sell your soul, what matters about an other world? This world is here; come, drink my wine with sparkling zest impearled."

Oh! postman, ringing at the door, you're haply just in time; You hand his mother's lett sweetness cannot chime With siren pleadings from the pit; let's look upon the page,

souls are thrown for gaze. Dear Ned." she writes, "old Ponto fails. the dog is growing gray, think he misses you, my dea been so long away. What rambles o'er the hills you

And see how mother's meet the foe, when

other days have had, pet old Ponto for your sake, my precious. precious lad.

She gets to have a look of you about the his side, holding in his hand the instruopen brow; tell her: 'Polly, study hard, be just like brother Ned, Wherever others stood, my dear, he

I go to meeting every week, of course, but in the pew, You would'nt think, dear boy, how much your mother misses you They've got new singers in the choir, a

ways stood up head.'

with me,

tenor and a bass. And little Susie Spalding, with a voice to match her face. She, Susy, is a darling, and she often sits

And puss, though growing wheezy, climbs purring to her knee. The bird is dead - I'm sorry - but he was ten in May, One cannot keep canary birds forever and

a day.

Lame Willie always asks for Ned: 'When iately disappears. The first dose greatly did you hear, and what?'

His step came nearer, every second nearer. and longed in vain for my aswer—none To blame you — men must work in town and mothers understand:

always trust the golden heart, behind the good right hand! God bless you, Ned, Vacation time speeding on so last, l have you when the daisies blo strawberries are past.

love you, love you, darling stupid letter take And pardon any errors for your own dear mother's sake." Oh! postman, trudging in the day angel went before,

And left a blessing on the note you handed in that door. And, skulking outward on the devil left his prey, Apollyon put to flight before a mother's love to-day.

much out of sight, Do more than love, and more than pray to shield him in the fight; Waite often of the simple things that hold him to the farm.

fast its mystic charm.

BEING BURIED ALIVE.

Mrs. Chestnut, whose melancholy suiide quite shocked the people of Toronto lately, in the letter addressed to her hushand wrote two remarkable sentences theory of insanity advanced in the case. alive. See that all is right before I am laid away for ever."

Thousands of people who are not at all insane have a dread of being buried alive. broken, and died in his throat. He could hands clasped lightly on his arm, her The novels of highly imaginative authors may be held in some measure responsible for these horrible fears, but it is in rare cases that persons who entertain them are unable to quote the alleged occurrences of some such experience. The newspaper not infrequently report stories of this kind, in good faith of course, but probably lacking the test of thorough and searching investigation - they are invariably tele graphed from some far away place in the Western States - on the part of the distant and unknown correspondent.

A writer in Cosmos now undertakes to challenge totally the truth of all "legenchallenge totally the truth of all "legen-dary" of this class as he makes bold to child suffering and crying with pain of describe it. One instance is more interlittle, till she with a strong effort had mastered herself to some extent.

"My darling." he whispered tenderly must vession that it is quoted in the biographical dictionaries. It was the case of the great anatoupon it mothers, there is no mistake about most vession where the reason that it is quoted in the biographical dictionaries. It was the case of the great anatoupon it mothers, there is no mistake about the reason that it is quoted in the biographical dictionaries. It was the case of the great anatoupon it mothers, there is no mistake about the reason that it is quoted in the biographical dictionaries. It was the case of the great anatoupon it mothers, there is no mistake about the reason that it is quoted in the biographical dictionaries. esting than the others, for the reason that the loving tenderness that had always been in it for little Muriel—only Muriel?

He did not know—he could not tell;

He did not know—he could not tell;

He did not know—he could not tell;

Wernon—I—wrote to you—when—when our child was born—and—died.

"My darling," he whispered, tenderly, mist Vesalius who was called upon to make an autopsy on the body of a Spanish when our child was born—and—died.

"My darling," he whispered, tenderly, mist Vesalius who was called upon to make an autopsy on the body of a Spanish when our child was born—and—died.

"My darling," he whispered, tenderly, it. It cures Diarrhæa, regulates the Stommake an autopsy on the body of a Spanish nobleman. On laying bare the heart the gives tone and energy to the whole system. see the organ beating faintly. Nor was woman to have paid the slightest attenhis perturbation without good cause for oldest and best female physicians and tion to any wish or whim of Erle's, nor in those days the law did not exist to par-"It was sent to your solicitor—he would have sent it on——" The girl lifted her face, growing pale.

"Yes, dearest, of course; but Edith I "Vernon!" Was not be unfaithful to his wife; ticularly shelter close corporations, mediticularly shelt sentence was commuted. A pilgrimage wrote to you," Vernon said, in a suppressed passionately, "if it be possible. Oh! Verto the Holy Land was then believed to way, "a year after—after that—time in non, how shall I live till she has spoken! serve the salutary purposes of a term in a blustering night as this, old fellow. Florida. My letter was returned to me My heart was drawn to that child the the penitentiary nowadays. But to come Guest - It is raining pretty hard. I say without a line-tell me Edith, my heart, first moment I saw her-there seemed to to the point, this writer in Cosmos says couldn't you loan me your umbrella leap some subtle sympathy from her to the whole story was sheer fabrication, me; she was never afraid of me-she save the single fact that Vesalius did die came to me at once. And all these years during the performance of a voluntary need the exercise. "You never knew, then?" Edith whis- of misery for her! Oh, Vernon! how can pilgrimage to the Holy Land. In another "Dearest, dearest, you must not speak | Cosmos is only saved by a squeak. Carher child-like prattle, told me something so," he answered her, forcing himself to dinal Donnet on his own admission went you had said. Oh, Edith! Edith! could self-suppression for her sake. "I fear very close to the unpleasant experience of you think I had been so cruel as never you are counting this vague possibility as a living burial. On a hot day during his great surprise and delight on account of priesthood he fainted. When conscioushuskily; and Edith blushed scarlet and pointment in store for both. So, darling, ness partially returned he found himself

> and I have met until I have spoken to realized that nothing could save him from her, and that I will do this evening; and the agonizing fate so near at hand. An think nothing else." Then in a changed to each other still; it will be best my the face of the man supposed to be dead and made some loving reference to a cirwith emotion, she could do nothing but in the priest's heart. The will awoke mind that he appeared before the Senate in 1866 to demand better laws regulating

> > who have been pronounced dead are one look from those dark eyes that made No doubt many of our readers have him catch his breath, and bend and draw read or heard of strange stories of this her to him again. "I am strong now," nature and some of them they may be she whispered, with her face pressed to disposed to believe. It is now generally his, "and—happy, dearest, so happy." admitted that an infallible sign of death
> > He could make no answer in words, is the gradual fall of the temperature of only once more kiss the quivering mouth | the body to that of the surrounding atthat sought his, and fold her to his heart | mosphere. - Toronto Globe.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN RUSSIA

Very few persons in Europe, or elsewhere, are aware that human sacrifices still exist in a part of the Russian Empire. Among the Tchuktchis such sacrifices still take place, and seem likely to be practised for a long time to come. At the same time, no blame therefor can be attached to the Russian government or to the Orthodox church, for efforts by both to stop the custom have proved ineffectual. The sacrifices alluded to are those of old people and the sick, who, finding no pleasure in life, resolve to have done with earthly existence, to rejoin their dead relations, and go to increase the number of happy

The Tchuktchi who has made up his mind to die, immediately notifies his neighbors and nearest relatives. The news spreads in the circle of his friends, and all of them soon visit the unhappy person, to influence him to change his mind. Prayers, approaches, complaints and tears have no effect on the fanatic, who explains his reasons, speaks of the future life, of the dead who appear to him in his sleep, and even when he is awake, calling him to them. His friends, seeing him thus resolved, go away to make the customary preparations. At the end of from ten to fifteen days they return to the hut of the Tchuktchi, with white mortuary garments and some weapons 1831 THE CULTIVATOR 1894 which will be used by the man in the other world to fight evil spirits and hunt the reindeer. After making his toilet, of the hut. His nearest relative stands ha ment of sacrifice, a knife, a pike or a rope. After the sacrifice the assistants place the body on a sledge drawn by reindeer, which draws it to the place of the funeral. Arriving at their destination, the Tchuktchis cut the throat of the reindeer, take While it also includes all minor departments of rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomology, Bee keeping, Greenhouse and Grapery, Veterinary Replies, Farm Questions and Answers, Fireside Reading, Domestic Economy, and a summary of the News of the Week. Its Market Reports are unusually complete, and much attention is paid to the Prospects of the Crops, as throwing light up none of the most important of all questions—When to Buy and When to Seil. It is liberally illustrated and by Recent inlargement, contains more reading mater than ever before. The subscription price is \$2.50 per year, but we offer a Special Reduction in our from the dead body its clothing, which is torn in pieces, and place the corpse on a lighted funeral pile. During the incineration, the assistance offer up prayer to the happy in the other world, and supplicate these to watch over them and theirs. These horrible practices are followed to-

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ALL READY.

She was a typo's daughter fair He was her lover true. Said he: "You are the type for me I'll always stick to you.

"I've had a chase, but now, my own,

My take's revised, I guess, And now that love is justified, Why let us go to press." And let his childhood round his life weave The maiden hung her shapely head And whispered in his ear, While both her cheeks turned rosy red

> "The form is ready dear." English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blem-

ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, who have since been considering the Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. War These sentences were in the form of a ranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure postscript and were as follows: "I have ever known. Warranted by Davies, always had a horror of being buried Mack & Co.

My soul is filled with grim despair, I wander round about. And know not how to fill the time. My reading matter's out. I'm just as blue as indigo, Naught satisfies my need. A'las, I cannot read the news -There is no news to read. My paper did not come to-day. My Carrier Boy's not ill, Oh, no. The fact is that I quite

> FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their chi of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for

Forgot to pay his bill.

Host - I hate to send you out in such Host - Certainly; and - er - I guess I'll walk home with you myself. I really

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidits exceeding promptness in relieving pain part of the urinary passages in male or If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by Davies. Mack & Co., Druggists.

A BRIGHT GIRL.

A traveler arrived at a hotel and asked for some hot water. On getting up next "Why sir," replied the chambermaid. 'I took you up a whole jug full last night. There must be some left."

IN THE HOUSEHOLD. "For two years," said John R. Cumning, of St. John, "I have used Dr. Manning's German Remedy in the household, and have found it invaluable for Colds, Cramps, Colic, or any pains or aches; in fact I used it for nearly every ailment and always with good effect." Such a remedy as this should be in every household. I also wish to say," adds Mr. Cumming, in his letter to The Hawker Medicine Co'y., "that last spring

JUST SO.

"Clocks have faces and hands," he was saying. "Now, why don't they have eyes and see?"
"They do," she said in a hollow whisper. "Haven't you heard of the old clock on the stare?"

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co.

A MEAN MAN.

And then, upon his neighbor's stoop,
I'll tell you what he'd do
Before his neighbor knew 'twas thereHe read his paper through.

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To see the Carrier Boy pass by His next door neighbor's gate

being very much run down, with loss of appetite and general debility, I used Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic, which completely restored me to health." proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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Executor's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executor of the last will of the late John A. Morrison.

All persons indebted to such Estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having any legal claims against such estate are requested to hand the same to me duly attested to within three months from this date.

Endersitum June 0, 1802.

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