[In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, and added, "We don't either."]

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still: The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek

so pale and chill; The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call; The strange, white solitude of peace that

settles over all. We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain;

This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again : We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,

Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know. But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day -Should come and ask us, "What is life?"

not one of us could sav. Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live

and see!

Then might they say - those vanished ones -and blessed is the thought, "So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;

We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death -Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes naught with knowledge or intent, So those who enter death must go as littl

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead : And as life is to the living, so death is to

MARY MAPES DODGE.

## SELECT STORY.

NOT FOR \$300,000.

BY OPIE P. READ. At a watering place in Virginia there arrived one evening a puffy man of middle age, and his daughter, a rather atdenly-acquired wealth. Her father's ob- thousand dollars." jectionable air was not merely self connumber of gentlemen and ladies were and I want none of him."

I'll bet that it don't amount too much. book business than in most any other I me" know of. Books'll do putty well for women, but in my opinion a man is throwing away his time with 'em. I had a twin brother that took to books along -he never amounted to much. I had to I think of books." He leaned back back, when she pleasantly remarked: against the railing of the "banisters" and surveyed the party with the satisfaction will climb down. I am used to climbing." of a man who has carried his point and who is thoroughly prepared for any subsequent attack. The ladies, especially the | you might hurt yourself, and then -" better natured ones, smiled; the men, with one exception, laughed. The exception was a young lawyer from Nashville. He looked with the inquiry of disapproval at the intruder, and then quietly remarked: "I thought of writing a book, a charm- dollars." ing romance, but through fear that I might possibly compel you to take up he said, slightly coloring. another mortgage, I will forgo the pleas-

ure of self-enjoyable composition." The interloper, no wise abashed, re reckon, as the writin' of the book might | ing remark : be more interestin' to you than the readin' of it would be to anybody else."

"Doubtless," retorted the young lawyer, "you are right. Some dull tradeplodder might attempt to spill it out and bruise his alleged mind on unlooked-for, "Young fellow, what is your name?"

the intruder asked; and the young fellow, your picture was not in it." never afraid to make himself known, answered:

"I am George Miles, sir." "Ah, hah! George Miles. Where do you live?" "Nashville, sir."

"Ah, hah! I known that town putty hides of the cattle that were killed for on filling the entire book." the soldiers, and made a pretty good thing out of it in the Nashville market. I used to know an old soap boiler there able." named Josh Miles. Any kin to him?" The ladies tittered, and the old fellow looked at them in astonishment, knowing played enthusiasm. "By the way, who

that he had not uttered a witticism. "I never heard of your friend Miles, said the lawyer, "although he might have made a fair article of soap."

"Pity for you then, I reckon, as al tered again, and the old fellow, conscious this time that he must have said some thing to the point, bowed his acknowledgements. Just then his daughter appeared, standing in a door. "Father." she called, "I am ready."

"I am ready, too," he answered, and withdrew with clumsy haste. old fellow came out with an enormous

self down on a bench. versation, "I'm gittin' so I ruther like lady serenly passed on. this here one-hoss place. I did not think that it would be a little for me to stay out here, and I wa'n't keen to come nuther, but Minnie set her heart on it and away

we come. My name is Beck." No one said anything, and Mr. Beck not be happiness in itself, but without him, and turning, said: it there ain't very much enjoyment. few, but money employs the services of many, and to challenge the complete re- days pass by." spect of men you must make 'em serve

one of the men.

"Of course I'm right, and what is the use of people shuttin' their eyes against | marry me off." the fact, or ruther pretendin' that they do? I know that there's a sort of respect- particular." ability, or I mout say aristocracy that

awhile and money'll git it all right." "What business are you in?" some

"Well, I ain't in any business nowhave retired you might say. I made my money in different sorts of speculation and have got it well invested, drawin' a full-rate interest. I live in Georgia and am putty much at home when I'm there, I can tell you. My wife has been dead a good while, and about all I've got to look after is the enjoyment of my daughter. Her will is law with me and I am straightforward enough to say right here, or right anywhere, for that matter, that by the failure. the man who wins her love will be fortunate. There's about two hundred thousand dollars waitin' for him."

George Miles looked up quickly and, with a sneer, said: "I wouldn't marry her three hundred thousand." The old man seized his cane, which he had leaned/against the bench and, spring-

ing to his feet glared at Miles, who, without changing his position, sat placidly "Do you mean to insult me. sir?"

When I want to insult a man I hit him and then insult him afterward. You had, without interruption, expressed your opinion, and I merely expressed mine. You introduced your daughter's name in a way not only unnecessary to the force of your former statement concerning the

power of money, but with a narrow-minded vulgarism that was disgusting. If you want to strike me, do so. I have said for he knows that I love you." nothing in belittlement of the young lady -I said that I wouldn't marry her for three hundred thousand, and I wouldn't; not that she is not worthy of me, morally, but because our tastes are, doubtless, dissimilar. Now, if you want to hit me with

"I won't hit you," Beck replied. thought about my daughter you ought to have kept it to yourself. It looks to me like I would have thought a long time before I would have made any such remark. gentlemen would have done the same. I am a rough-and-ready sort of a man, and admit I don't always do the proper thing, and if my room is worth more to you than my company, why, I wish you good-

"Oh, no," several of the men cried, but he brusquely hastened away. "George, you ought not to have said that," a friend remarked. "You can't blame him for thinking so much of his tractive girl, although there was a self daughter, nor for his determination to out a fan. It is his shelter from the sun, conscious air about her - an air of sud- give her future husband two hundred his notebook, and his plaything. The anybody, and her heart was heavy at the

"My dear fellow," Miles answered, "I brag. His introduction into society at her, and I commend his determination to that was used in the days of seclusion her work. The blue Surah polonaise send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. the hotel was not sought by society; it reward her future husband, but I do de- from the outer world was not more than which she was making over, though Dora Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children was a clear break on his own part. A spise his vulgar show. He is an old bear, 5 yen, or 15s. but now they have been had already worn it, fell from her hands

Several days later Miles, whose friends back when he was a boy, and although mountain's side, when suddenly, upon he was a bright feller — as bright as I was turning a sharp point of rock that jutted out over the path, he met Miss Beck. take up a mortgage on his place for him | The path was too narrow to admit of his not more'n six months ago. That's what passing the girl, and he was about to turn "Oh, don't turn back on my account. I

"I will climb down," said he, bowing. "Oh, no," she interposed. "I am afraid "And then what?" he asked. "Nothing, only you might be disfig-

ured if you should chance to fall, and you might afterwards consent to marry a and saves talking. girl less than three hundred thousand "Ah, your father repeated my remark,"

"Yes, or I shouldn't have known of it, as I wasn't eavesdropping."

He would have gladly climbed down plied: "It's a good step you're takin', I but she detained him with this question-

"You place a pretty high estimate upon yourself, don't you?" "Yes rather," he answered, now de-

"It is strange that I never heard of you," she said. "I was looking over a sort of encyclopedia of great men just before I came here, and it is singular that "The compiler of the book called on

me," he replied, "but I refused to become the victim of a cheap print. He wanted my picture, and had intended that it should fill one page and run over on the second, but I refused." "And I suppose," said the girl, "that

well. I went along with the army some if he had contemplated putting in your little durin' the war, and bought up the self-importance, he would have counted "I don't know, but had he done so, his

volume would have been more respect-"Oh, it must be delightful to be so respectable," she exclaimed, with well

was your father?" "His name is Andrew Miles." "What does he do?"

"He is a lawyer." "Ah? A strange country this, where men were cleaner for havin' knowed old the aristocracy is mainly composed of Josh." The men laughed, the ladies tit- lawyers. What was your grandfather, or did you ever hear of him?"

Miles blushed. He had heard in a grandfathers - had heard that he was a considered the greatest of natural wonthe army during the war of 1812.

That evening, while Miles and several have met you," she suddenly exclaimed. gan to show signs of life and crawl towards other men sat under a tree, smoking, the "I like to see gentleness and considera- the trunk, which they ascended and tion joined with greatness. Now, sir, if attached themselves to their respective cigar in his mouth and "squashed" him- you feel disposed to climb down you twigs. Hence the sailors, who promptly would oblige me by doing so."

were but few visitors remaining. Miles color to correspond with that of the folimade but little difference where he was, shaken to the ground, instinct has taught continued: "I reckon I've done about and partly because he didn't want that them to seek the shelter of the friendly as much hus'lin' in my time as the most | Miss Beck to think that she had driven | leaves again as soon as possible. These of men. I was a pore boy, but instead of him off. He met her every day, and walking leaves are frequently found in foolin' away my time with books I went spoke, in reply to her, his little piece of the woods of Illinois. The farmers call to work and ain't sorry for it. I have sarcasm. One day while the girl was them "animated twigs," as they exactly noticed, in my knockin' round, that playing on the piano he strode into the resemble a bit of the tree. They are green money is putty night he boss. It may parlor. She ceased playing upon seeing when the trees are green, but as soon as

Larnin' may command the respect of the | but I will not torture you with my music." "You are becoming considerate as the

"Yes, I am tired of playing, anyway. Isn't it a great pity that father isn't "I don't know but you are right," said | worth four hundred thousand dollars."

"Because he might then be able to bookmark for many years. "Possibly.

money sometimes ain't got, but just wait | the majority of women are not particular

The old man appeared in the door His face was haggard and a wild look was in his eyes. "Minnie." he said falteringly called

Minnie, come here." She ran to him and Miles heard him say, "I am ruined. That iron company has busted up and I am ruined." A newspaper which came that evening gave an account of the sudden failure of a large iron concern at Birmingham; and old man Beck was mentioned as not only a heavy loser, but as totally bankrupted

It was rather late at night. The Becks were arranging their departure. Miles was sitting in the parlor when Miss Beck entered. Seeing him, she drew back, and was about to withdraw, when he bade her stav a moment.

"You must excuse me," she said. "I do not care to hear any sarcasm to-night; I don't believe I could stand it. I am very wretched on my father's account. He has been victimized and is now a pauper." "And you are not wretched on you own account?" he asked. "Please don't gibe me now," sh

He arose, and, advancing towards her, said: "One of my grandfathers was shot for desertion and I am no better than he but I love you - love you -" He caught her in his arms, and she weeping on his shoulder, sobbed: "This will make that poor, old man happy again,

THE JAPENESE FAN.

One of the necessities of life in Japan ing fan. Paper enters largely into their composition. Bamboo forms a material What you say may be right from your very handy for the framework of the Mrs. Lawrence Clydesdale, and great precheaper kinds. The paper is either ferent styles of Japanese art or else brighty | Nell Perry had gone to assist. colored and sprinkled over with silver and I would have thought that any true actured of all possible qualities and prices, eyes full of unshed tears. the richest and largest being used for accessories of great importance.

The place most noted for its production come from Fushimi and Tokio. Several from Japan to America and Europe.

The fan is an inseparable part of the Japanese dress. A native is rarely withvarieties of these paper fans would form a | thought of his future. curious collection in respect to form as don't blame him for thinking so much of well as quality. The highest priced fan long lashes, and one by one dropped upon child crying with pain of Cutting seated near the end of a shaded veranda, "I wouldn't mind marrying the girl," £2 to £3. The general prices of ordinary a burst of bitter grief. discussing a book that had achieved an said a young fellow named Hicks; "I fans range from 2s. to guineas per 100. | "Nell! Why, Nell, what is the matalmost instant popularity, when the puf- could put up with the girl's possible bad | There are many curious uses for fans in | ter?" fy new-comer brusquely shoved his way taste and with the old man's possible vul- Japan. The empire at wrestling and had left the place, was strolling along the paper. In case of danger it could be shut,

and a blow from its iron bones was no is made of waterproof paper, which can be dipped in water, and creates great coolness by evaporation, without wetting the clothes. The flat fan made of rough paper is often used as a grain winnow, to blow the charcoal fires and as a dust pan. The Japanese gentleman of the old school, who never wears a hat, uses his fan to shield his eyes from the sun. His head, bare from childhood, hardly needs shade, and when it does he spreads an umbrella.

WEDDED THE GYPSY QUEEN.

A Young Philadelphia Merchant nounces Civilized Life.

A novel wedding took place Saturday in Bergandine's woods, near Hanover, Jefferson county, Indianapolis, where a party of gypsies have been encamped for several days. The principals were John Lynch, at one time a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, and Jennie Van Sicklen, a genuine nomad, who was born "on the road" in England, nineteen years ago, and who was recently chosen, at Elyria, Ohio, queen of the band with which she is now travelling. The bride is a tall, handsomely formed maiden very agreeable in manner. She commands the respect and warm friendship of her subjects, who number twenty-one souls. Lynch, the bridegroom, is an athlete, about twenty-eight years old. He is said to have met and fallen deeply in love with Miss Van Sicklen two years ago on her arrival at Philadelphia from the old country. He was so enamored that he gave up a good business and followed the gypsy maiden to Elyria, the headquarters of a large number of the gypsies, and he joined the band to which she attached herself, thereby renouncing forever the more civilized life in which he had been living. At the wedding the pair were handsomely attired in genuine gypsy costume. The knot was tied by a Madison clergyman. A supper followed the ceremony, after which dancing and other sports were indulged in.

The walking and climbing leaves of more or less vague way, of one of his Australia were for over half a century cobbler and that he had deserted from ders. A party of sailors wandered inland and sat down to rest under a tree. A "Oh, don't tax your memory with try- great wind shook to earth several dead ing to recall his name. I am so glad to and brown leaves. These presently beran away, said the place was bewitched. "Boys," said he, breaking into the con- Miles climbed down, and the young But the simple fact turned out that the so-called leaves were really leaf-shaped could be folded out of sight, and possessing The season was growing late, and there the chameleon-like power of varying their continued to linger, partly because it age they are clinging to. Upon being the foliage changes they become brown. "I don't object to mild punishment, The writer of this was sitting under a tree reading in the wood of Southern Illinois. when one of the "twigs," as it was supposed to be, dropped on the page. It moved and thus revealed its identity. Its

> Summer complaints and all bowel she had planned to "throw him over" at troubles are soon cured by Johnson's the last moment, to marry Harry Gilbert. "And," said she, "I am convinced that | Anodyne Liniment. She was considerably astonished when he

its vitality that of the very lowest. It

THE DISCOVERED LETTER.

Do you think that she cares for him?" and me, Mrs. Martin, the young lady the wife of Lawrence Clydesdale thinks more of Harry Gilbert than of her

betrothed husband.' "Impossible! Why do you think so, Miss Stone?" "Well, I'll tell you. Ever since I have sewed for the Thorntons I have known

and I have good reason to believe that she is marrying young Clydesdale simply because he is rich. The Thorntons are not too well off, you know." And little Miss Stone, the village dressnaker, threaded her needle with grave leliberation. The old housekeeper, Mrs. Martin, looked troubled.

"I am very sorry if Lawrence Clydesdale is going to be sacrificed," she said regrettfully. He deserves a better fate." "That he does. And — why, Nell, where did you come from?" she added, as a girl with a pale face and golden hair

uddenly appeared on the scene. "You gave me this work to baste for the machine, Miss Stone, and I have done

work now on the blue Surah polonaise, Miss Dora wants it altered. Ah, Nell, I hope that a wedding will brighten you up a bit, for I declare you look like a ghost." Nell took the work assigned her, and went away by herself into another room. She had heard every word of the gossip between the dressmaker and the housekeeper, and she wanted to be alone to think it over; for Nell Perry was a protegee of Mr. Clydesdale's the mother of consists of the fan, of which there are Lawrence. Dora Thornton lived in the two kinds, the folding and the non-fold- house adjoining the Clydesdale's, and her trousseau was being prepared. For the haughty beauty had decided to become parations were being made for the weddecorated with paintings in all the dif- ding, which was soon to come off; and

and gold leaves. These fans are manu- golden head drooping, and her brown Poor little foolish Nell. She had given ceremonial dances, where they form her heart away unasked. Raised under the same roof with Lawrence Clydesdale,

she had grown to look upon him as a is Nagoya, and superior ones are made at king among men. Nothing in the girl's Kiyoto, while the inferior descriptions eyes was too good or two great for her hero. And he was going to marry Dora millions of fans are exported annually Thornton, black-eyed beautiful Dora, vain, capricious, shallow! The little old-maid dressmaker was not mistaken in her estimate of the girl's nature. This Nell knew quite as well as

made to order for foreigners as dear as and the golden head went on the table in

She sprang up with a start of confusion. forward, and in a loud voice blurted out garity. Yonder go the old man and the fencing matches uses a heavy one, shaped Lawrence Clydesdale stood before her girl. He is looking this way, and I war- like a huge butterfly, the handle being handsome, dark-eyed Lawrence. It in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents "I ain't read the book," said he, "but rant he is telling her about you, George." the body, and rendered imposing by seemed to the girl that he had never been per bottle by all druggists throughout the "I don't care if he is," Miles replied. heavy cords of silk. The various motions so dear to her as now, when she must There is more humbuggery in this here "His ill-will and her prejudice can't hurt of the fan constitute a language, which give him up. When, in a few short the wrestlers fully understand and ap- weeks it would be a sin for her to hold preciate. Formerly, in time of war, one thought of this man in her heart. the Japanese commander used a large fan, He had found his way into this room in having a frame of iron covered with thick search of his betrothed, and found his nother's protegee alone. She covered her face with her trembling hands. Lawrence light affair. One notable variety of fan seized the little hands and tried to pull

> "Nell, I can't make you out, you little puzzle!" he cried at length. "You are not the same girl as of old! What ails you, Nell? Why do you cry?" "Got the toothache!" she faltered. "I don't believe it! Here, what's all this finery on the carpet?" And he

stooped and lifted the neglected and forgotten mass of blue drapery. "It belongs to your intended wife! and with his fan he direct his servants replied Nell, suddenly forgetting her toothache, and striving to look dignified and cold. "I am altering it for her!"

He tossed it aside. "I'm sick of all this frivolity and foolishness!" he cried. "Two houses turned inside out just because Dora Thornton is going to marry Lawrence Clydesdale! All is vanity and vexation of spirit! Nell, I'd rather see you in that white dress with that knot of blue ribbon at your throat, than Dora Thornton in all her fur belows and -" He checked himself conscious that he had gone too far. Nell's brown eyes were upon him with

serious gaze. "You are speaking of your bethrothed wife, Mr. Clydesdale," she observed

His face flushed. "I accept your reminder, little mentor," he said lightly. "Ah, what is that?", For Nell had lifted the polonaise from the chair where his careless hand had tossed it, and as she did so a folded paper fluttered to the floor. Lawrence stooped and picked it up. It was a half sheet of note paper torn obliquely in two, but covered with writing. Dora Thornton's own well-known chirography.

Involuntarily Lawrence Clydesdale glanced it over. A mean, ungentlemanly action, no doubt, but everybody knows the strange and inexplicable power which often forces us to do that which in other moments we would shrink from. His face grew white and stern.

"Nell," he cried, "I have found her out before it is too late! Dora Thornton is a deceitful wicked woman, listen Nell!" And he began to read aloud from the orn paper.

"DARLING HARRY - I have decided 7 will be your wife, for I cannot give you up. Let the preparations for my wedling with Clydesdale go on quietly; but when the day arrives for the marriage to take place, they will find the bride flown. Let L. C. consol himself as best he can. He might marry that Nell, with the big brown eyes; she's dead in love with him, any one can see that. Make your arrangements as proposed. I will never retract, now that I have promised to be

Here, the paper being torn in two, the communication ended, but it was enough vince Lawrence Clydesdale of th truth. He put the letter in his pocket, "Thank Heaven, I am free!" he panted

and turned to the girl before him. hoarsely. "Oh, Nell! I had long since ceased to love her; but 'in honor bound,' you know. Nell, Nell! my eyes were opened long ago, and I know how dearly I love you! Will you marry me, dear? Nell arose with gentle dignity. "You forget yourself, Mr. Clydesdale!"

she replied. "You are not free to ask

me such a question. And your mother,

she would never consent to such an arrangement as you proposed just now." "Never mind that, my darling," cried the young man, "only tell me, Nell, you do not quite hate me. Do you?" She gave him one long look from he nature seemed to be that of a worm and soft brown eyes, and he was quite satisfied. He went straight to Dora Thornton died as soon as removed and served as a with that tell-tale paper in his hand, and confronted her with her own perfidy.

informed her cooly that he was glad

his freedom at any cost. So the wedding came off as was planned. His mother, who loved Nell dearly, was "She? Humph! Well, I suppose she easily converted to her son's view of the does, after a fashion. But between you matter, and so little Nell Perry became

A TRUE STORY OF LIFE IN INDIA. It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess-room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. that Dora Thornton was a deceitful girl; Their bronged faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation at best had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean cut man of 55, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the clear smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when with sudden alertness, and in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move, please, Mr. Darruthers. Don't move a muscle." "All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least idea of moving, I assure "Yes, and very nicely too. You can you. What's the game?" By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the major, and his voice trembled just a little, "do you think you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes - to save your life?" "Are you joking." "On the contrary, move a muscle, and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?" The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Burke," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer and set it on the floor, here just back of me. Gently, man, quiet." Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and sat it

down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes. while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided towards the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly. "You have saved my life." "You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior, "but you did your share."

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6 Cases Guns, Rifles and Revolvers,

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