POETRY.

DE LAMB'S A-STRAYIN'.

(Exhortation at a colored camp meeting in Mississippi.)

Look out, backslider, whar you walkin'?
  Make a misstep, sho's you bo'n,
I tell you what, it's no use talkin',
  Ef you slip up chile, you gone!
De road is full er stumps an' stubble,
  Ruts an' sinkholes eberwhar'.
I spec dey'll gib you heap er trouble,
  'F you don't stop yo' foolin' dar!
It's dark ez pitch an' mighty cloudy,
  Spe' de debbil's walkin' roun'.
  Fus' ting you know he'll tell you "howdy"
  Lif' his hoof an' stomp de groun'.
Man, can't you see a sto'm a-brewin'?
  Hear de awful thunder peal!
Look! Blazin' light'nin' threat'enin' ruin—
  Oh, backslider, how you feel?
Drap' on yo' knees an' go to prayin'.
  Ax de Lawd to help you out.
Chile, tell him you's a lamb a-strayin'—
  Done got loose and stum'lin' 'bout.
An' den you'll see de stars a-gleamin'—
  'Luminatin' all de way;
Yea, 'bout ten thousan' twinklin,' beamin'—
  Smack untwell de break er day.
But ef you fail de debbil git you,
  Fetch you slap right in de eye,
You'll feel mos' like er grapeshot hit you,
  Drapped from half way to de sky!

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

—OR THE—

REVENGE OF EDMOND DANTES.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER LX.

LUIGI VAMPA'S BILL OF FARE.

"Here, your excellency!" said Peppino, taking the fowl from the young bandit and placing it on the worm-eaten table, which, with a stool and the goatskin bed, formed the entire furniture of the cell. Danglars asked for a knife and fork. "Here, excellency," said Peppino, offering him a little blunt knife, and a boxwood fork. Danglars took the knife in one hand and the fork in the other, and was about to cut up the fowl. "Pardon me, excellency," said Peppino, placing his hand on the banker's shoulder; "people pay here before they eat. They might not be satisfied, and——"

"Ah!" thought Danglars, "this is no longer like Paris, without reckoning that I shall probably be fleeced! Never mind, I will carry it off well! I have always heard how cheap poultry is in Italy; I should think a fowl is worth about twelve sous at Rome. There," he said, throwing a louis down. Peppino picked up the louis, and Danglars again prepared to carve the fowl.

"Stay a moment, your excellency," said Peppino, rising; "you still owe me something."

"I said they would fleece me," but resolved to resist the extortion, he said, "Come, how much do I owe you for this fowl?"

"Your excellency has given me a louis on account,"

"A louis on account for a fowl!"

"Certainly; and your excellency owes me 4999 louis!"

Danglars opened his enormous eyes on hearing this gigantic joke. "Come, come, this is very droll—very amusing—I allow; but, as I am very hungry, pray allow me to eat. Stay, here is another louis for you."

"Then, that will make only 4998 louis," said Peppino, with the same indifference. I shall get them all in time."

"Oh! as for that," said Danglars, angry in his perseverance in the jest—"as for that you will never succeed. Go to the devil! You do not know with whom you have to deal!" Peppino made a sign and the youth hastily removed the fowl. Danglars threw himself on his goatskin and Peppino, reclosing the door, again began eating his peas and bacon. Though Danglars could not see Peppino, the noise of his teeth allowed no doubt as to his occupation. He was certainly eating, and noisily too, like an ill-bred man. "Brute!" said Danglars. Peppino pretended not to hear him, and without even turning his head, continued to eat slowly. Danglars' stomach felt so empty, it seemed as though it would be impossible ever to fill it again; still he had patience for another half hour, which appeared to him like a century. He again rose and went to the door. "Come, sir, do not keep me starving here any longer, but tell me what they want."

"Nay, your excellency, it is you should tell me just what you want. Give your orders and we will execute them."

"Then open the door directly." Peppino obeyed. "I want something to eat. To eat—do you hear?"

"Are you hungry?"

"Come, you understand me."

"What would your excellency like to eat?"

"A piece of dry bread, since the fowls are beyond all price in this accursed place."

"Bread! very well. Hulloa, there! some bread!" he exclaimed. The youth brought a small loaf.

"How much?" asked Danglars.

"Four thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight louis," said Peppino; "you have paid two louis in advance."

"What! one hundred thousand francs for a loaf?"

"But you only asked one hundred thousand francs for a fowl!"

"We have a fixed price for all our provisions. It signifies nothing whether you eat much or little—whether you have ten dishes or one—it is always the same price.

"What! still keeping up this silly jest? My dear fellow, it is perfectly ridiculous—stupid! You had better tell me at once that you intend starving me to death."

"Oh, dear, no, your excellency, unless you intend to commit suicide. Pay and eat."

"And what am I to pay with, brute?" said Danglars, enraged. "Do you suppose I carry one hundred thousand francs in my pocket?"

"Your excellency has 50,050,000 francs in you pocket; that will be fifty fowls at one hundred thousand francs apiece, and half a fowl for the fifty thousand."

Danglars shuddered. The bandage fell from his eyes, and he understood the joke, which he did not think quite so stupid as he had done just before. "Come," he said, "if I pay you the one hundred thousand francs, will you be satisfied, and allow me to eat at my ease?"

"Certainly," said Peppino.

"But how can I pay them?"

"Oh, nothing easier; you have an account opened with Messrs. Thomson & French, Via del Banchi, Rome; give me a bill for 4998 louis on these gentlemen, and our banker shall take it." Danglars thought it would be as well to comply with good grace; so he took the pen, ink and paper Peppino offered him, wrote the bill and signed it. "Here," he said, "here is a bill at sight."

"And here is your fowl." Danglars sighed while he carved the fowl; it appeared very thin for the price it had cost. As for Peppino, he read the paper attentively, put it into his pocket, and continued eating his peas.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE PARDON.

The next day Danglars was again hungry; certainly the air of that dungeon was very appetizing. The prisoner expected that he would be at no expense that day, for like an economical man, he had concealed half of his fowl and a piece of the bread in the corner of his cell. But he had no sooner eaten than he felt thirsty; he had forgotten that. He struggled against his thirst till his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; then, no longer able to resist, he called out. The sentinel opened the door; it was a new face. He thought it would be better to transact business with his old acquaintance, so he sent for Peppino. "Here I am, your excellency," said Peppino, with an eagerness which Danglars thought favorable to him. "What do you want?"

"Something to drink."

"Your excellency knows that wine is beyond all price near Rome."

"Then give me water," cried Danglars, endeavoring to parry the blow.

"Oh, water is even more scarce than wine, your excellency, there has been such a drought."

"Come," thought Danglars, "we are going to repeat the old story." And while he smiled as he attempted to regard the affair as a joke, he felt his temples moist with perspiration.

"Come, my friend," said Danglars, seeing he made no impression on Peppino, "you will not refuse me a glass of wine?"

"I have already told you that we do not sell retail."

"Well, then, let me have a bottle of the least expensive."

"They are all the same price."

"And what is that?"

"Twenty five thousand francs a bottle."

"Tell me," cried Danglars, in a voice of extreme bitterness—"tell me that you wish to despoil me of all; it will be sooner over than devouring me piecemeal."

"It is possible such may be the master's intention."

"The master!—let me see him."

"Certainly." And the next moment Luigi Vampa appeared before Danglars.

"You sent for me?" he said to the prisoner.

"Are you, sir, the chief of the people who brought me here?"

"Yes, your excellency. What then."

"How much do you require for my ransom?"

"Merely the five million you have about you."

Danglars felt a dreadful spasm dart through his heart. "But this is all I have left in the world," he said, "out of an immense fortune. If you deprive me of that, take away my life also."

"We are forbidden to shed your blood."

"And by whom are you forbidden?"

"By him we obey."

"You do, then, obey some one?"

"Yes, a chief."

"I thought you said you were the chief?"

"So I am of these men; but there is another one over me."

"And did your superior tell you to treat me thus?"

"Yes."

"But my purse will be exhausted."

"Probably."

"Come," said Danglars, "will you take a million?"

"No."

"Two millions?—three?—four? I will give them to you on condition that you let me go."

"Why do you offer me four million? This is a kind of a usury, banker, I do not understand."

"Take all then—take all, I tell you, and kill me!"

"Come, come, calm yourself. You will excite your blood, and that would produce an appetite that it would require a million a day to satisfy. Be more economical.

"But when I have no more money left to pay you?" asked the infuriated Danglars.

"Then you must suffer hunger."

"Suffer hunger?" said Danglars, becoming pale.

"Most likely," replied Vampa, coolly.

"But you say you do not wish to kill me?"

"No."

"And yet you will let me perish with hunger?"

"Ah, that is a different thing."

"Well, then, wretches!" cried Danglars, "I will defy your infamous calculations!—I would rather die at once! You may torture, torment, kill me, but you shall not have my signature again!"

"As your excellency pleases," said Vampa, as he left the cell. Danglars, raving, threw himself on the goatskin. Who could these men be? Who was the invisible chief? What could be his projects towards him? And why, when every one else was allowed to be ransomed, might he not also be? Oh, yes! certainly a speedy, sudden death would be a fine means of deceiving these remorseless enemies, who appeared to pursue me with such incomprehensible vengeance. But to die? For the first time in his life Danglars contemplated death with a mixture of dread and desire; the time had come when the implacable spectre, which exists in the mind of every human creature, arrested his sight, and called out, with every pulsation of his heart, "Thou shalt die!"

Danglars resembled a timid animal excited in the chase: first it flies, then despairs, and at last, by the very force of desperation, succeeds in escaping. Danglars meditated an escape; but the walls were of solid rock, a man was sitting reading at the only outlet to the cell, and behind that man figures armed with guns continually passed. His resolution not to sign lasted two days, after which he offered a million for some food. They sent him a magnificent supper and took his million.

From this time the prisoner resolved to suffer no longer, but to yield to all his exigencies. At the end of twelve days, after having made a splendid dinner, he reckoned his accounts, and found he had only fifty thousand francs left. Then a strange reaction took place; he who had just abandoned five millions endeavored to save the fifty thousand he had left; and sooner than give them up, he resolved to enter again upon his life of privation—he yielded to rays of hope resembling madness. He, who for so long a time had forgotten God, began to think that miracles were possible; that the accursed cave might be discovered by the officers of the Papal States, who would release him; that then he would have fifty thousand remaining, which would be sufficient to keep him from starvation; and, finally, he prayed that this sum might be preserved to him, and as he prayed he wept. Three days passed thus, during which his prayers were frequent, if not heartfelt. Sometimes he was delirious, and fancied he saw an old man stretched on a pallet; he also, was dying of hunger.

On the fourth, he was no longer a man but a living corpse. He had picked up every crumb that had been left from his former meals, and was beginning to eat the matting which covered the floor of the cell. Then he entreated Peppino, as he would a guardian angel, to give him food; he offered him one thousand francs for a mouthful of bread. But Peppino did not answer. On the fifth day he dragged himself to the door of the cell.

"Are you not a Christian?" he said, falling on his knees. "Do you wish to assassinate a man, who in the eyes of heaven, is a brother? Oh, my former friends, my former friends!" he murmured, and fell with his face to the ground. Then rising with a species of despair, he exclaimed, "The chief! the chief!"

"Here I am," said Vampa, instantly appearing; "what do you want?"

"Take my last gold," muttered Danglars, holding out his pocket-book, "let me live here; I ask no more for liberty—I only ask to live!"

"Then you suffer a great deal?"

"Oh, yes, yes, cruelly!"

"Still, there have been men who have suffered more than you."

"I do not think so."

"Yes; those who have died of hunger."

Danglars thought of the old man, in his hours of delirium, he had seen groaning on his bed. He struck his forehead on the ground and groaned. "Yes," he said, "there have been some who have suffered more than I have, but then they must have been martyrs at least."

"Do you repent?" asked a deep, solemn voice, which caused Danglars' hair to stand on end. His feeble eyes endeavored to distinguish objects, and behind the bandit he saw a man enveloped in a cloak, half lost in the shadow of a stone column.

"Of what must I repent?" stammered Danglars.

"Of the evil you have done," said the voice.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! I do indeed repent." And he struck his breast with his emaciated fist.

"Then I forgive you," said the man, dropping his cloak, and advancing to the light.

"The Count of Monte-Cristo!" said Danglars, more pale from terror than he had been just before from hunger and misery.

"You are mistaken—I am not the Count of Monte-Cristo!"

"Then who are you?"

"I am he whom you sold and dishonored—I am he whose betrothed you prostituted—I am he upon whom you trampled that you might raise yourself to fortune—I am he whose father you condemned to die of hunger—I am he whom you condemned to starvation, and who yet forgives you, because he hopes to be forgiven—I am Edmond Dantes!"

Danglars uttered a cry and fell prostrate. "Rise," said the count, "your life is safe; the same good fortune has not happened to your accomplices—one is mad, the other dead. Keep the fifty thousand francs you have left—I give them to you. The five millions you robbed from the hospitals has been restored to them by an unknown hand. And now eat and drink; I will entertain you to-night. Vampa, when this man is satisfied, let him be free." Danglars remained prostrate while the count withdrew; when he raised his head he saw nothing more than a kind of shadow disappearing in the passage, before which the bandits bowed. According to the count's directions, Danglars was waited upon by Vampa, who brought him the best wines and fruits of Italy; then, having conducted him to the road, and pointed to his post-chaise, he left him leaning against a tree. He remained there all night, not knowing where he was. When daylight dawned, he saw that he was near a stream; he was thirsty and dragged himself towards it. As he stooped down to drink, he perceived that his hair had become quite white.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE FIFTH OF OCTOBER.

It was about six o'clock in the evening; an opal-colored light, through which an autumnal sun shed its golden rays, descended on the blue sea. The heat of the day had gradually decreased, and a light breeze arose, seeming like the respiration of nature on awakening from the burning siesta of the south; a delicious zephyr played along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and from shore to shore the sweet perfume of plants, mingled with the fresh smell of the sea.

A little yacht, chaste and elegant in its form, was gliding amidst the first dews of night over the immense lake, extending from Gibraltar to the Dardanelles, and from Tunis to Venice. Standing on the prow was a tall man, of dark complexion, who saw with dilating eyes that they were approaching a dark mass of land in the shape of a cone, rising from the midst of the waves, like the hat of a Catalan. "Is that Monte-Cristo?" asked the traveller, to whose orders the yacht was for the time submitted, in a melancholy voice.

"Yes, your excellency," said the captain, "we have reached it!"

"We have reached it!" repeated the traveller, in an accent of indescribable sadness. Then he added, in a low tone, "Yes; that is the haven." And then he again plunged into a train of thought, the character of which was better revealed by a sad smile, than it would have been by tears. A few minutes afterwards a flash of light, which was extinguished instantly, was seen on the land, and the sound of firearms reached the yacht.

"Your excellency," said the captain, "that was the land signal, will you answer it yourself!"

"What signal?" The captain pointed towards the island, up to the side of which ascended a volume of smoke, increasing as it rose. "Ah, yes," he said, as if awakening from a dream. "Give it to me."

The captain gave him a loaded carbine; the traveller slowly raised it and fired in the air. Ten minutes afterwards, the sails were brailed, and they cast anchor about one hundred paces from the little harbor. The canoe was already in the sea, loaded with four rowers and the pilot. The traveller descended, and instead of sitting down at the stern of the boat, which had been decorated with a blue carpet for his accommodation, stood up with his arms crossed. The rowers waited, their oars half lifted out of the water, like birds drying their wings.

"Proceed," said the traveller. The eight oars fell into the sea simultaneously without splashing a drop of water, and the boat, yielding to the impulsion, glided forward. In an instant they found themselves in a little harbor, formed in a natural creek; the boat touched the same sand.

"Will your excellency be so good as to mount the shoulders of two of our men, they will carry you ashore?" The young man answered this invitation with a gesture of indifference, and stepping out of the boat, the sea immediately rose to his waist. "Ah! your excellency," murmured the pilot, "you should not have done so; our master will scold us for it." The young man continued to advance, following the sailors, who chose a firm footing. About thirty paces they landed; the young man stamped on the ground to shake off the wet, and looked round for some one to show him his road, for it was quite dark. Just as he turned a hand rested on his shoulder, and a voice which made him shudder, exclaimed: "Good evening, Maximilian! you are punctual, thank you!"

"Ah! it is you, count?" said the young man, in an almost joyful accent, pressing Monte-Cristo's hand with both his own.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SOUTHAMPTON.

May 19.—Two excessively hot days followed by a week's wet weather, have greatly retarded farming operations. No seed in the ground yet to speak of. John Young has sown a nice field of early wheat, and J. N. Grant has put in a large field of potatoes on the island.

Cheese factory stock is at par (if not below) for this year at least. "Where will it sit?

Ezra Miller, and W. S. Tompkins, have procured several barrels of Red Dakota potatoes for seed, from a Mr. Parent of Bear Island.

A fine boy is the latest arrival at the home of Johnnie Young. He is a bouncer.

The "mysterious lady" has again passed this way, this time she got out of the boat at Grant's landing, bowed pleasantly right and left to those she had met before, and then started up the bank with a brisk walk. Some close observers who watched her cross the fronts of several farms say that she "Changed two mincing steps" for the manly stride. When she reached the Joel Miller tannery she turned abruptly down the "dug-way," lifted a birch canoe from among the alders and paddled to the foot of the "Cronk Island" so called. She swung a graceful paddle. And as "her light shallop" lay in the edge of the water it brought forcibly to mind those lines from Scott's Lady of the Lake:—

"The boat had touched this silver strand,
  Just as the hunter took his stand;
And stood concealed beneath the brake,
  To view this lady of the lake."

In the evening a cheery camp-fire blazed on the head of the island. We await developments.

A brood mare belonging to Byron Grant lost a fine colt this morning.

Joseph Oldham's home is now brightened by a tiny baby. The doctor says it's a girl.

Mrs. Burns Akerley went by the first boat to visit her old home at St. Marys.

The lumber for a large public hall at Prince William, is now being sawed at Brown's mill, Upper Southampton.

The seventeen year-old son of Samuel Scriver Jr. of Campbell Settlement, is seriously ill with pneumonia, Dr. Turner of Canterbury is in attendance.

It has been decided to remove Mrs. Abram Scriver of Campbell Settlement, to the Victoria hospital, Fredericton, for further treatment.

Early Wednesday morning, the 17th inst., there passed away from earth one of the kindest, and most patient and loving young ladies of our place, Miss Gertrude Cronkhite, daughter of Abram Cronkhite. Her death has been long expected, and yet when the dread hour came it seemed to appall her own family, and to cast a gloom over the whole community. That fell destroyer consumption, fastened its relentless fingers in her young life; so quiet, so unostentatious, so much needed in this great whirling, selfish, world. She faded like the flower cut down by the mower. The beautiful ivy wreath, lovingly entwined with lilies and chrysanthemums, lay on the casket and was buried with her. Into the grave where it was lowered, mournful, longing, looks followed and sobs of "farewell! farewell!" were heard. But Gertrude is not in the grave. She is not dead, life does not die, but the matter dies off from it. Or as Barbault says:—

"'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps t'will cost a sigh a tear:—
Then steal away; give little warning,
  Say not Good Night but in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good Morning.

Messrs. Geo. Ingraham, N. Brown and Zemeriah Way go to Fredericton today to attend the Liberal convention.

Mrs. Mary Ann Tabor has been quite sick but is now convalescent.

Abraham Lincoln

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated president of the United States, made a farewell address to his old 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 Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, 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 nutritious of grasses.

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

As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade mountains, the greatest 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, while they are the fisherman's Ultima Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the Columbia river is a daylight dream. To cap the climax this is the only way to reach the far-famed Yellowstone Park.

To reach and see all this the Northern Pacific railroad furnish trains and service of unsurpassed excellence. The most approved and comfortable Palace Sleeping cars; the best Dining cars that can be made; Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers; easy riding Day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin Locomotives, make a train fit for royalty itself.

Those seeking for new homes should take this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to

CHAS. S. FEE,
G. P. & T. A.,
St. Paul, Minn.

advt.

Mother—How's this, sir? The teacher says you were not at school to-day, and the neighbors tell me you were playing in the street. Little Johnny—Th' preacher said we musn't go where we'll hear anything improper. What would you hear at school, I should like to know? Th' teacher said that to-day we was to begin on improper fractions.

YOU CAN'T GET TOO MUCH

Of a good thing. This is eminently the case with Polson's Nerviline, and great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purest, and most certain pain subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only costs 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at any drug store. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Polson's Nerviline.

Easily Answered.—If a battery will produce electric currents, asked the man with the bundles, who frequented variety performances, what sort of fruit will a locomotive produce? Toot-ti-fruit-ti, yelled the news agent coming down the aisle; and the man with the bundles went to sleep.

A SAD STORY.

The Montreal Witness tells a pathetic story of an old woman found in the Bonaventure street station. She said to the police officer who kindly accosted her:

"I have nowhere to go; I must stay here."

"You have no home and no friends?"

"None, sir, none."

There was nothing else for the officer to do; she had to be taken to the Central police station to see if the chief could do anything for her.

The chief was out, so she was given in charge of officer Lacroix. She told him her sad story in a trembling, broken manner.

"I am eighty-four years old, and am not as strong as I was."

"No, no, of course you are not, but where do you come from and why are you here?

As she talked, she tried to right the old-fashioned, worn-out bonnet on her thin, gray locks. "I come from the eastern townships. I was never in Montreal before."

The palsied hands now clutched the arm of the chair. For a few moments she was silent. Her troubled eyes were fixed on the floor. Just as the sergeant was about to speak, she said in a low voice, more to herself than to her listeners:

"I was too old to be of any use to them. My sons and daughters were married and they had children to look after. It all took money. Every extra mouth told, and they did not have too much money. If they had been wealthy they would not have done it.

"They took me to the station, and when they put me on the train they told me the ticket they put in my hand was for Montreal. They said there were lots of big nice places here where old women could be taken care of till they died." Her voice faltered a little more pathetically as she mentioned death. "I came here," she went on artlessly, "to go to one of these nice quiet places. I am so tired. I would like to go there and lie down, for I am so tired, very tired."

The kind-hearted officer had not the heart to tell her that such homes were not for destitute strangers. He came over to the reporters with an angry flush on his face. "It is a shame," he said, "for children to send their parents to Montreal to be cared for in this manner. Hardly a week goes by now but the chief has to buy return tickets for poor old fathers and mothers. The institutions are all full here. They only get sent back again. She was returned.—Montreal Witness.

DON'T BE A HOG.

Take time to chew your food, and so assist the process of digestion. Make two bites of a cherry if necessary. You will live longer. If you have not been acting on this advice, get your system properly regulated by Hawker's Liver Pills and Tonic, and then begin on the right plan. It will be money in your pocket.

A Penitent Culprit.—Magistrate—Then you admit having struck your wife on the head with a chair so violently that the chair was broken? Prisoner—Yes, your worship. Magistrate—Well, are you at least sorry for what you have done? Prisoner—Certainly. The chair was as good as new.

English Spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Natural Inference.—Why mamma, you have got a grey hair in your bang! Yes, dear. That came because you were so naughty to mamma yesterday. Oh! mamma, what a naughty little girl you must have been to grandma! All her hairs are gray.

GET THE BEST.

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, On the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

A Great Head.—Merchant (to applicant)—Do you think you know enough to assist me in the office? Boy—Know enough! Why, I left my last place because the boss said I knew more than he did.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkabe and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

A Cinch.—Belle—I'll bet you a kiss against a box of gloves that crinoline cannot be introduced. Jack—That's not a fair wager. If I should win, I couldn't get near enough to you to collect my bet.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

When we were boys in the country mother used to give us water sweetened with molasses to ease our cough. In these fortunate days the kids smack their lips over Hawker's Tolu and cough for more.

Governess—Why do you pray for "our bread? Why don't we ask for four or five days' or a week's?" Clever Child—Because we want it fresh, I suppose.

Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davis, Staples & Co.

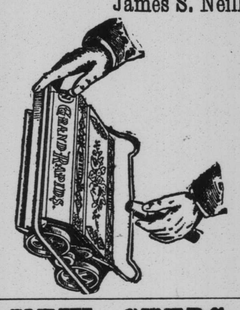
Well, I declare, said young Mr. Dolley, as he sat in Mr. Munn's parlor at 11 p. m., my foot has gone to sleep. Happy foot, exclaimed Miss Munn, in envious tones.

I wish, said the embarrassed-looking man, who had tried to dance, that it wasn't so hard to catch a train at the depot and so hard to miss it in a ball-room.

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injuriant.

Consumption
is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful
Food Medicine,
Scott's Emulsion
which is now in high repute the world over.
"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

Just Received.
Two dozen **Grand Rapid Carpet Sweepers.** For sale low by
James S. Neill.



NEW SEEDS.
G. T. WHELPLEY,
Has now on hand, a Large Stock
—OF—
Timothy Seed,
Clover Seed,
White and Black
Seed Oats.
—ALSO—
Bradley's Superphosphate,
In Large and Small quantities.
310 Queen Street,
Fredericton.

The Sun.
During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.
The Sunday Sun
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.
Price 5c. a copy. By mail, $2 a year
Daily, by mail, - - - $6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - - - $8 a year
Address THE SUN, New York.

THE BEST.
WILEY'S
EMULSION
—OF—
COD LIVER OIL
—AND—
HYPOPHOSPHITES.
Best Quality of Pure Norwegian Oil.
Best Preparation of Hypophosphites.
Best Value for the Money.
50c.

THE
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
Assets, 1st January, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
Assets in Canada, " - 870,525.67
Fire Insurance of Every Description at
LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
WM. WILSON,
Agent.

COAL. COAL.
In Stock:
BLACKSMITH,
VICTORIA and
OLD MINE SYDNEY
HOUSE COAL.
To Arrive:
A CARGO OF THAT CELEBRATED
SUGAR LOAF HARD COAL,
In Chestnut, Stove and Egg sizes.
Parties requiring, leave your orders early to be delivered from vessel cheap.
Also in Stock:—A car of choice Heavy Chop Feed, composed of Barley, Oats and Wheat. Always on hand:—Hay, Oats, Middlings, Bran, Oilmeal, Lime, Land and Calcined Plaster.
OFFICE AND STOREHOUSE,
CAMPBELL STREET: Above CITY HALL.
JAMES TIBBITTS,

Farm for Sale.
The subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 500 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation.
There are two houses, barns and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair.
For further particulars apply to
JOHN A. EDWARDS,
Queen Hotel.
F'ton, April 9, 1892.

Meat Choppers.
JUST RECEIVED:
4 DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned iron, best Meat Choppers in the country—well established fact. The tinned is much better than the Galvinized Iron.
These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one.
For sale by
R. CHESNUT & SONS.

R. C. MACREDIE,
Plumber, Gas Fitter,
AND
TINSMITH,
Would inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,
OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including
ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL
BELL HANGING,
Speaking Tubes, &c.

"Spring Delights"
New and Elegant
PatternS
—IN—
HOUSE
PAPERS.
—AT—
HALL'S
BOOK STORE.

REFRIGERATORS.
JUST RECEIVED;
12 Refrigerators, the best value of any in our market, in several styles and sizes, and Well Finished. Experience has taught us after handling many other kinds, that This Make are away ahead of anything yet. Please send in your orders.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

GLASS! GLASS!
Now landing per steamer direct from Antwerp.
400 BOXES Window Glass; 6 cases Muslin Glass; 6 cases Coloured Glass; 2 cases Pebbled Plate Glass. For sale low by
JAMES S. NEILL.

Per. Woodboat Templar.
Just Received;
30 Barels Common Whiting, 30 bbls Raw Linseed Oil, 10 bbls Boiled Linseed Oil, 6 bbls Machine Oil, 4 bbls Pure Wool Oil, 1 barrel each of Pure Lard Fine Cylinder, Pure Olive, Castor and Needsfoot Oils, 100 kegs Steel Cut Nails, 1 cask Miners Shovels, 1 doz. Long Handled Irish Spades, 5 boxes Common Tin, 2 casks Sheet Zinc, 2 casks Mixed Putty, 54 in assorted Bar Iron, 3 boxes Cut Tacks, 3 cases Common Pickaxes, 1 bbl T Hinges, 2 boxes Strap Hinges, 1 case Augers and Auger Bits, 1 bale Salmon Twine, 1 bale Gilling Thread. For sale low, by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

McMURRAY & Co.
Have Just Received
ROOM
PAPER
A CAR LOAD
—OF—
WALL PAPERS,
And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in
Canadian
—AND—
American
Makes.
CALL and SEE the GOODS.
Also a lot of
REMNANTS,
Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.
P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match.
☞ Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents.
McMurray & Co.