JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL — AND — EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Tiredness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy the order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not absolutely satisfied. Retail price, 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2119, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

When the Spring Time Comes

GENTLE ANNIE

SEND YOUR

YOUNG MAN

To W. E. SEERY'S and have him order a SPRING SUIT and OVERCOAT.

For style and finish my work cannot be surpassed.

The Spring and Summer Fashion Plates are in now, so order early before the rush commences.

Cutting for Ladies and Gents attended to promptly.

W. E. SEERY, WILMOT AVE.

Fredericton, Feb. 21st, 1888.

PARIS GREEN.

ONE BARREL

PURE WEST INDIA LIME JUICE

Enos' Fruit Salt, Citrate of Magnesia.

JUST RECEIVED BY

JOHN M. WILEY, 196 Queen St

Fredericton, June 28th, 1888.

YOU CAN GET

Smoked Shad, Fresh Salmon,

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

FRESH STRAWBERRIES EVERY DAY.

New Cabbage, Native Cucumbers, Pineapples, Prunes, Macaroons, and Fancy Biscuit, Red and Yellow Bananas, at

W. R. LOGAN'S

Fredericton, June 14th, 1888.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.

Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for

SLEIGHS & PUNGS.

We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at

PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.

Leave Your Orders Early.

EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton Oct. 6th, 1887.

REMOVAL!

J. W. Tabor begs leave to notify his Customers and the Public generally, that he intends to enlarge his place of Business on the Corner of King and Westmorland Streets, and for the present will be found in the Corner Store of the

HOGG BUILDING,

Corner Queen and Westmorland Streets,

where he will continue Business until his former place is ready for occupancy.

J. W. TABOR.

Fredericton, May 31.

LAURANCE'S

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses

AT A BARGAIN.

I have a lot of LAURANCE'S BEST ENGLISH GLASSES, both in Glass and Pebbles, which I will sell at 20 per cent. LESS THAN COST. This is a rare chance to secure a first-class article at a LOW PRICE.

GEO. H. DAVIS,

Cor. Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

SO DEARLY BOUGHT

By Frank Lee Benedict.

[Copyright.]

But Henri de Riviere had not forgotten, and those letters were safe in his dressing case when he reached America. He made his determination plain enough. Adele should either help him, purchase his silence, or he would introduce their faded romance into a book he was writing.

For several weeks he tormented her out of her senses. There was nothing wrong in the letters—that is, nothing worse than the folly of a married woman writing sentimental epistles to another than her husband; but the countess knew that, if they were made public just now, when evil reports concerning her had only lately been laid at rest, slander would blacken her character in an irretrievable fashion.

Nobody dreamed of her trouble except Dora. She did tell Dora. In her whole life before madame had never accepted a confidante; but she was so weary and broken down now that her old strength of will could not support her; she wanted sympathy, and she told Dora everything. At last, de Riviere found that the countess would only help him on condition of receiving a tangible return. He wanted money dreadfully; concluded that he should stand a better chance among the heiresses of South America than he did among those of the north, owing to the unpleasant gossip which pursued him and made his position in New York more and more doubtful. He consented to Adele's offer—he would sell her the letters for $5,000. But when it came to the point he haggled—demurred—threatened—appointed interviews in compromising places, then would appear without the documents, and tormented her in every possible way. He discovered at length that he had reached the limit; she grew desperate and dared him to do his worst.

For several days after the meeting in which she vowed that nothing should induce her to notice him further, he could not gain admittance to her presence, and she paid no attention to his notes. He became alarmed then, for he knew that money was better than revenge. So he wrote to say that if she would be in Brady's gallery the next morning at 11 o'clock, with the check ready, she should have the letters.

Dora entered Adele's room as she was reading the easy, impudent pages, and the countess handed them to her.

"He means fair play this time. My silence has frightened him, as you thought it would," she said, with a weary smile.

Dora congratulated her, and kissed and petted her, but Adele was too ill with nervous anxiety and a feverish cold to be either hopeful or at rest. The next morning she was not fit to go out; but she dressed nevertheless, and would not listen to Dora's expostulations until she found herself nearly fainting under the fatigue and weakness.

"You shall lie down," Dora said, authoritatively. "I will go myself."

The countess refused to permit her; but Dora insisted, and her companion was too dizzy and sick to think fairly.

"It can do no harm," Dora urged. "Anybody may go to a photographic gallery. You have the check signed by your lawyer. I'll exchange it with that fiend for the letters. I shall know them, and will be careful they are all there."

Adele had been able to recall the times when the epistles were written, and knew the exact number of them; a silly, girlish journal she kept had luckily not been destroyed, and she had allowed Dora to read it. So Dora was as well up in the case as herself.

The two argued as long as the countess was able, but at length she had to lay her aching head back on her pillow and allow Dora to have her own way.

"Go to sleep," the girl said. "I'll be back in an hour."

She started on her errand bravely enough, too angry with the miserable man and too full of sympathy for Adele to think of any unpleasant consequences to herself; though if she had the thought would not have deterred her. She entered the gallery. There was nobody visible that she knew; passed on toward the front, and there, lounging in a window seat, was the chevalier. He rose to greet her with elaborate compliments, never dreaming her appearance other than accidental; but she speedily set him right.

"Monsieur," said she, in as pretty French as he could have uttered himself, "I come on behalf of Mme. de Soissons. You have some letters of hers. I have a check for you in return. Let us make an exchange and be done."

He was fairly taken aback and tried to take refuge in smiling menaces and assertions that he must see the countess.

"She will not see you," replied Dora, quietly. "This is your last opportunity to settle the matter. If you want the money, here it is; if you prefer revenge, take it. Make the letters public today, and to-morrow we shall have the pleasure of knowing that a good friend has shot you through the head."

These dreadful American girls! De Riviere was frightened out of his petty senses by her coolness, and the sweet way in which she explained that if he refused to fight a duel he must be branded as a coward whose word would meet with no credence. He fluttered—he stammered. At last, hardly knowing what he did, he gave up the letters. Dora counted them, looked at the date on each, made sure they were all there, and handed him the check.

"If I could explain, Mademoiselle," he began, but she cut him short.

"Good morning," she said; "I would advise you to sail for South America at once. I doubt if the air here will agree with you."

She turned away, and was hiding the letters in her pocket, when she heard her name pronounced; looked up and saw Clifford Stuyvesant, and a very white, angry man he was.

"Allow me to offer you my arm," he said, and swept her down stairs before she could speak. "Did you walk?" he asked.

She pointed to the hired carriage in which she had come; he assisted her in without a word.

"Come with me," she found voice to say.

"Shall I tell the man to drive you home?" he questioned.

She bowed her head; he gave the order and turned without speaking again; the carriage drove off. Till she reached the house Dora was so confused and frightened that she was incapable of realizing the trouble that had overtaken her. But once safe in her room she did. She had promised Clifford never to speak to the man—had said she had a very slight acquaintance with him—and now her lover's eyes had seen her part from him; had seen, too, that package of letters. She could not defend herself without betraying Adele, and she felt that the woman would almost rather the whole world should know than Clifford.

But she left her own trouble to console her friend—gave her the letters—told the story, and believed so naturally the countess did not perceive there was anything amiss. It was a long day to Dora. Adele had fallen asleep; Lily was out; Clifford did not come. She was frightened and troubled, but he would believe her. She could not explain; she would tell him frankly that she had done what was right; he could not doubt her.

In the dark of the evening she was down in the library. Clifford had not appeared. Adele was in her room; Lily sent word that she was going to dine with a friend, but would be back in time to dress and take Dora to the ball of that evening; so Dora ordered dinner away, and took refuge among the shadows.

Clifford Stuyvesant found her there, coming in only the more angry after those hours of reflection. The bitter experience of his youth had made him sceptical where women were concerned, and now he found that he had a second time been deceived—even this frank, sunny faced girl proved untruthful and false.

"I have been waiting for you all day," Dora said.

"And what have you to say to me now that I am here?" he asked.

"Oh Clifford!" she exclaimed, with a pathetic reproach in her voice that only irritated him.

"I thought I had found one woman who could keep her word," he said, quickly; "one woman who could be truthful; but I was mistaken."

"I seem to have acted deceitfully," she answered, "but when I give you my word that I have not, you must believe me."

"Do you think me an idiot, Dora? Don't tell me you met that man by accident. I was watching you from the first—I saw everything."

"I had no intention of telling you so, Clifford."

"What took you there; what did he give you?"

"I cannot answer you," she said slowly. "You must have faith in me; I have been doing right! It may be a hard test, but if you love me it ought not! Oh Clifford, I would have trusted you without a word."

He stood appalled by her audacity; she did not try to screen herself by lies; she took a bolder ground—this was a trial of his affection, and he was to submit!

"Will you believe me, Clifford?" she asked.

"Believe what? That you expect me to be a patient dupe—an easy, good natured fool, content to let the girl who is to bear my name compromise herself with a man like that, and say I am perfectly satisfied?"

His voice rose as he put the angry questions; it reached Mme. de Soissons, who had at that instant come down stairs and entered the little room separated from the library by heavily curtained doorways. She stood still and listened.

"You put it harshly," Dora said.

"But truthfully you cannot deny."

"Perhaps it is too much to ask," she said.

"Too much!" and he laughed in wrath and pain. "More than any creature lower than the angels would grant, I fancy."

She did not speak; he poured out a torrent of angry words, but she made no reply until he exclaimed:

"Tell me why you met that fellow—give me any reason; I'll believe you—I will!"

"I cannot," she answered, gently; "I can only repeat that I went there because it was my duty—because I should have been a pitiful coward, unworthy to be your wife, if I had not acted as I did. Once more I ask you to believe, to trust me. Clifford, I shall never ask you again."

"Do you mean that our engagement is at an end—that you throw me over—that this has been a game you played"—

"Stop," she interrupted; "don't speak things you will regret! I only say that you must accept my word. I want nothing changed; but unless you believe me you cannot wish our engagement continued."

"And this is all you can say?"

"All. It is very little; but if love means anything, it means implicit faith."

Her voice was low and firm; she stood there in the dim light, pale, but very calm; she had made her resolve, and would abide by it.

"Your conduct has at least the merit of originality," he sneered. "Other women lie; you scorn to do that—you only insist on my shutting my eyes and following meekly where you lead."

"I tell you I have behaved as any good man would desire the woman he loved to do; that ought to be as conclusive as any other explanation."

"Unfortunately, I am not good enough to accept it! The truth, Dora, or"—

"Clifford, Clifford!"

"Or we part," he finished, sternly.

Before she could answer, the velvet curtains parted noiselessly, and Adele de Soissons stood in the doorway. It would be fine to say that at the first word she caught she rushed in to make her avowal; but human nature is a poor thing. She stood still, and in those moments of waiting seven times seven devils tore at the heart of the beautiful woman, and strove for mastery. If she remained silent the affair between the two ended here. Clifford had never loved that child—the old dream had power over his soul still. His trouble and anger during that meeting in the summer proved it. She need do nothing—let matters take their course; happiness might yet be hers—the vision she had lived upon during her homeward voyage might be fulfilled.

No; Adele did something nobler than to rush upon the pair, and avow the truth without hesitation. She stood still and prayed for help as she had never prayed in her whole life, while the legion of demons struggled and counseled and sought to hold her back, and she conquered.

"Clifford," she said; they turned and saw her. "Dora went to meet that man for my sake. Those were my letters. She did a brave, noble thing; it is only I who was weak and mean, as usual. I had flirted with him in the days when my husband's cruelty drove me mad. I called it right because I did not absolutely let him make love to me. Now I have had to buy my letters back to keep my name out of his book. I was ill, and Dora went in my place. It was a miserable action to let her go, but what else could be expected from me?"

"You could not help yourself Adele," Dora exclaimed. "I was glad to do it!"

"You hear her," Adele said, turning toward Stuyvesant, who had remained silent, so harrowed by conflicting emotions that he could find no voice; "you hear her! And that you may fully respond to the difference between her and me, you shall have the rest of the truth. I have stood in that room listening, ready to go away and let you two be separated by my wickedness; and where there is one woman like her, there are a thousand like me! Clifford Stuyvesant, go down on your knees and beg her forgiveness, and God's likewise."

"He has my forgiveness," Dora said, and was gone.

She would see neither of them that night; the countess had to send this word down to Stuyvesant, and he went away—humiliated, ashamed, vowing to deserve by of the pure girl's love, and feeling that the half heart he had given was nearly taken from her.

The next morning Dora saw him and announced a decision to which she had fast—she would not marry him. Mme. Laurence was glad enough now that the engagement had been kept secret; furious with Adele, though she knew none of the particulars. Dora made ready for a visit to Boston, and nothing could stop her.

"I wish I had died a year ago," Adele cried, in misery. "I have ruined your life."

"You have done no such thing," Dora answered; "you are not in the question. A crisis—no matter what—has proved that Clifford did not truly love me; if you had been dead, somewhere a similar crisis would have come. Thank heaven, for both our sakes, it was not too late! His conduct has made me aware that my affection was not real either, because his doubt and hardness have killed it."

She went away. Adele in her penitence would not even see Clifford, and he hurried off to be inferable by himself at his old country seat. They might have both spared themselves remorse; for while she was in Boston Dora's boy lover—Howard Fane—appeared. He had left home five years before, when he was only 19—disowned by his father for some misdemeanor—and it was said and believed that he had been drowned in the China seas. He had done a much more sensible thing—landed safely among the Celestials, worked manfully in his uncle's tea house, and, finding himself rich, came back to forgive and be forgiven.

He met Dora visiting his relatives, and told her that he loved her as he did in his boyish days, and had never ceased to do so—that he had come back for her sake. She knew, as she listened, that she need not learn to care for him; the old memory had never died out of her soul. Her affection for Clifford had grown up from the sympathy she felt in his trouble, coming just at the time when her girlish heart was saddened by the news that the daring, reckless youth, her old playmate and her "baby husband," had gone down beneath those far off waves.

Late in May there was a brilliant wedding reception at Mrs. Laurence's house, and Dora was the bride. Clifford and the countess stood side by side in the church while the vows between the youthful pair were uttered, stood side by side in the crowded drawing room after, and watched and were glad in the happiness they saw, but scarcely spoke to each other, though until that morning they had only once met since that revelation Adele made.

When the bridal party went away, and the guests disappeared, Lily took refuge in her boudoir; but the countess could not follow her example, for Clifford still lingered, and they sat together in the very apartment where Adele had fought so sorely with her demons many weeks before.

"I think," Clifford said, after a long talk, "that God has forgiven us both, and allows us another chance of happiness. Let us forgive each other! Adele, I love you; I have always. Come to me; let us be at rest."

She crept tearfully into the shelter of his arms, and knew that after all her errors, her mistakes, she was permitted to find peace, and the last trace of worldliness slipped from her with the coronet which had been so dearly purchased, and which she flung so gladly away.

THE END.

10000 PRESENTS

TO FIRST APPLYERS, WHILE THEY LAST.

We will send by mail an appropriate gift to each maiden, wife, mother or cook—one in a family—who will try the BREADMAKER'S BAKING POWDER

Cut the red circle from the label and send it in a letter stating honest opinion after fair trial. Either a 5, 10 or 25 cent size will secure the gift.

Any grocer or storekeeper knows where to get it if asked for by you.—Address—

CHURCHILL & CO., TORONTO

GODS AND IMPS.

Head-work—Shampooing.

WELL TESTED.—"I was nearly dead with Cholera Morbus, one bottle of Extract of Wild Strawberry cured me, and at another time I was so bad with Summer Complaint that I thought I would never get over it, when two bottles cured me." Mrs. E. Askell, Peel, Ont.

Fireside companion—The poker.

A DISTRESSING DISEASE.—"I wish to give my testimony in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters. I had been troubled with Erysipelas and was induced to try this valuable medicine. I have used three bottles and am now well as ever." Mrs. L. Finch, Clear Creek, Ont.

A writ of attachment—A love letter.

A FACT WORTH REMEMBERING.—Mr. Jas. Binnie, of Toronto, states that his little baby when three months old was so bad with summer complaint that under doctors' treatment her life was despaired of. Four doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cured her. She is now fat and hearty.

Invariably ahead—The source of a river.

FROM MONOPANO, MAN.—Mr. Joseph Clark writes:—All last winter I was so bad with Inflammatory Rheumatism that I was not expected to live. I used no other medicine but Burdock Blood Bitters and can now get around again feeling better than I ever was before I was taken sick, and I owe it all to Burdock Blood Bitters."

Why didn't Julius Cæsar?—Because he wasn't such a Brutus that.

UNDENIABLY TRUE.—"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a sure cure for summer complaint. I was very sick and it cured me entirely." Alexander W. Grant, Moose Creek, Ont.

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been engaged to fix up the locks of a canal.

BROKEN DOWN.—"After suffering with Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, loss of appetite and pain in the head until discouraged, I heard of Burdock Blood Bitters, took two bottles and am happy to say feel as well as ever." Mrs. Rufus E. Merry, New Albany, N. S.

An exchange speaks of a Southern girl who eloped with her lover on a mule dressed in boy's clothes."

Are you sad, despondent, gloomy?
Are you sore distressed?
Listen to the welcome bidding—
"Be at rest."

Have you aches and pains unnumbered,
Poisoning life's Golden Cup?
Think not there's no balm in Gilead, and
"Give it up."

A Golden Remedy awaits you—
Golden not alone in name—
Reach, oh suffering one, and grasp it,
Health will reclaim.

There is but one "Golden" Remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It stands alone as the great "blood-purifier," "strength-renewer" and "health-restorer," of the aged. The liver, it regulates, removing all impurities. The Lungs, it strengthens, cleansing and nourishing them. The whole system it builds up, supplying that above all other things most needed—pure, rich Blood.

Why are mosquitoes the most religious of insects?—Because they first sing over you and then prey on you.

In answer to casual question,
How easy and truthful to tell it's
A cure for the worst indigestion,
To take Pierce's Purgative Pellets.

"We should habituate ourselves to do without many things that we wish for," says a philosopher. A good many of us have got to.

Drinking Ice Water.

That cool refreshing drinks in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is injurious, not to say dangerous is also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is debatable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be re-supplied, or great injury is being done the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of Kidney disease is being slowly, but surely laid. Why? someone will exclaim, that is just what causes kidney troubles, drinking water freely which contains so much lime. Wrong again! so long as the water drank is freely carried through the system, and converted in its passage to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and perspiration, no danger can occur, by deposits of urea or lime in the kidneys and bladder; because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body instead of remaining in it. Literally they are washed out of the body, by the copious draughts of water, (that most perfect of all known solvents), same as a series of pipes are "flushed" with water to clean them.

Do not drink ice cold water, but pure cool water a little lemon juice will improve its effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent.

If from drinking too much ice water you have stomach cramps, or are "water logged" as it is called, or are attacked with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa or Dysentery, cannot resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks which irritate rather than soothe and allay the inflamation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice water. In fact a little pamphlet sent free to anyone, by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information, about treating those summer troubles, with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is marvelous how many complaints this old fashioned remedy will prevent or cure.

OVER WORKED Women

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a single one of our noble purposes, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

A treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and follow the advice, for they will find honorable employment that will take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $8 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC AND CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

HAY!

1 Car Pressed Hay for Sale by Ely Perkins.

Fredericton June 7.

LEAP YEAR.

We were sitting, after supper,
Tete-a-tete upon the stair,
With the gleam of waxen tapers
Falling gold upon his hair,
And his roguish eyes were downcast,
While upon his sunburnt cheek
The dash of red grew deeper.
Came out. I had to speak.

The strong, brown fingers trembled
As I held them fast in mine;
A shy, sweet glance made glad my heart
Like draughts of Gascon wine,
I kissed his unresisting lips,
And then, in keen delight,
He sighed, "I bet them ten to one
That you'd propose to-night!"

—Life.

The Bitterness Disappeared.

A denizen of Cass avenue and a resident of Third avenue have long been enemies. They fell out about a piece of land, and as time went by each grew more bitter. The other day the Third avenue man went to a mutual friend and said:

"Look here, but it is very foolish in H— and me to be enemies."

"So it is."

"He is a fine man and a good citizen and I want to bridge the chasm. Will you help me?"

"Certainly."

"How shall I proceed?"

"This noon you come to my barn and get my horse and lead him over to H.'s. Tell him it is a horse you think of buying and you want his judgment."

"But I've heard he hardly knows a horse from a cow?"

"Exactly; and that's where you'll get him. It will be a grand appeal to his vanity."

At noon the horse was led over. At 1 o'clock he was returned by a strange man, who explained:

"The feller sent him back by me, because he and the other feller have been shaking hands and shedding tears for the last half hour. Never saw two brothers more loving."—Detroit Free Press.

The Wrong Leg.

English papers are jocular concerning a young lady, a member of the Ladies' Ambulance corps of London, who enthusiastically performed a very wrong leg in a surgical operation off hand. Seeing a man knocked down by a cab in a crowded thoroughfare, and being told that his leg had been fractured, she instantly volunteered to put the limb in splints. Onlookers furnished her with a walking stick, a parasol and some handkerchiefs, and she dexterously applied her material amid the applause of the crowd. Her only mistake was that she put the wrong leg in splints, as was discovered when the sufferer was raised. But her intentions were excellent and her manipulation very clever. The same may be said of the American oculist who recently, after chloroforming the patient, had the misfortune to extract the good eye. So the wicked reporters say.—New York Graphic.

Going the Rounds.

Greatness is paid homage to by some people in peculiar ways. Everybody must remember the story told in connection with Victor Hugo. The great poet was startled one morning by the intrusion of three Englishmen. "Victor Hugo," said one, consulting a memorandum book. The poet bowed, thinking that he should be asked for his autograph next. After the visitors had stared for a few seconds the memorandum book was again consulted. "Eleven o'clock; the lions!" said the spokesman. Then the party bowed and walked out of the room.—Chambers' Journal.

Preserving the Unlike.

He was watering his horse (a chair) out of an empty cup. Mamma suggested that she should get him some "truly" water.

"Oh, no," he said, with a fine sense of dramatic unity "oh, no; puhtendin' horse must drink puhtendin' water."—New York Journal.

To Complete the Battery.

Charles A. Pitcher, teller of the Union bank, of Providence, R. I., has absconded with a large amount of money. The bank directors would now pay high for a catcher for their Pitcher.—The World.

Full Regulation Weight.

Wife (proudly)—I made this pound cake myself, John; what do you think of it?

Husband (critically)—Well, my dear, I think it will run fully sixteen ounces to the pound.—Harper's Bazar.

Hay While the Sun Shines.

Citizen (stopping physician on the street)—Just a moment, doc.; only one word.

Physician—Well, make it short, old man; it's watermelon season, you know.—New York Sun.

Enterprise.

Western Editor (putting on his coat)—Well, this is hard luck. Obituary column short half an inch, and I've got to go out and kill a man to fill it up.—Burlington Free Press.

That's the Price.

Eternal vigilance enables a man to carry the same umbrella for years.—Boston Courier.

On the Marblehead Rocks.

Mrs. Bradleigh—What name did the Abbots decide on for their new yacht?

Mr. Bradleigh—They call her the Come-To-morrow, I believe.

Mrs. Bradleigh—What an awfully slow name!

Mr. Bradleigh—Yes, but it harmonizes beautifully with the way she is being paid for.—Judge.

BREADMAKER'S YEAST.

BREAD MAKER 5c LEAST

BREAD made of this Yeast took 132 First Prizes at Ontario Fall Shows in 1887.

Over 10,000 ladies have written to say that it surpasses any yeast they used by them.

It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and buckwheat pancakes.

Bakers in nearly every town in Canada are using it.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

In store and in transit:

3 CARLOADS OF

SUGAR!

Consisting of Granulated, Extra C. and Yellow Extra C.

Morton's Pickles, Colman's Starch, a full line of

BRUSHES,

Shoe, Stove and Scrubs.

Paper Bags, Wrapping Paper, "Pure Gold" Essences and Blacking, Pure Spices.

A large and complete Stock of FLOUR. For Sale low by

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.

Fredericton, June 14, 1888

Leather Dressing.

JUST RECEIVED—10 Gallons of Elastic Enamel LEATHER DRESSING, for winter or summer use, for Carriage Tops, Harness, Patent Leather, Rubber Cloths, &c., &c. Brilliancy and durability combined, never cracks or Peels. Put up in half pints, pints, quarts, half and whole gallon tins, and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Fredericton, July 7, 1886.

1888.

Spring Goods.

WM. JENNINGS

Merchant Tailor,

now showing the

Latest Styles in

English, Scotch and Canadian Suitings,

FANCY WORSTEDS for SPRING OVERCOATS.

FANCY VESTINGS AND TROWSERINGS.

WILLIAM JENNINGS

COR. QUEEN ST., AND WILMOT'S ALLEY

Fredericton, March 10th, 1887.

'88 SPRING '88

NEW GOODS

JUST ARRIVING AT THE

"IMPERIAL HALL."

ALL THE NEWEST SHADES AND DESIGNS.

Fancy Trowserings, Fancy Suitings and Diagonals. A nice line of

OVERCOATINGS

for Spring and Summer wear.

CALL AND SEE THEM. PRICES LOW. GOOD FIT GUARANTEED.

ALSO

NEW HATS,

All the Latest Styles. Call and Examine

Gents' Furnishings always on hand.

THOMAS STANGER,

280 QUEEN STREET FREDERICTON N. B.

Fredericton, March 1st. 1888.

Spring 1888.

Joseph Walker,

Practical Tailor,

BEGS LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE TO THE PUBLIC THAT HE HAS RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF

Summer Tweeds!!

Trouserings a Specialty.

SUITINGS IN SCOTCH, ENGLISH & IRISH TWEEDS.

A SPLENDID LINE OF CORKSCREWS

MODERATE PRICES. PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED

Next door above W. H. Vanwart's Grocery Store, Queen Street, Fredericton!

Fredericton, April 21, 1888.

JUST RECEIVED:

BATH SPONGES,

Assorted Sizes

CARRIAGE SPONGES

Assorted Sizes.

FINEST TURKEY SPONGES

Assorted Sizes.

SLATE SPONGES,

All Sizes.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE.

DAVIS STAPLES & Co

DRUGGISTS,

Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton

Fredericton, Oct 4th, 1887

A. LIMERICK & CO.

York street, Fredericton.

GASFITTING & PLUMBING

Attended to in all its branches.

HOT AIR FURNACES PUT UP IN LATEST IMPROVEMENTS,

With Dumb Register for ventilation. Hot and Cold Air.

Creamers, Milk Pans, and Strainers.

A. LIMERICK & CO.

Desires to inform the public that he has a Large Stock of the above articles, which he will sell Wholesale or Retail, cheaper than ever offered in the market before. Remember these Goods are of our own manufacture, and are of the very best material. Parties wanting Creamers or Milk Pans would do well by calling and examining before purchasing elsewhere.

Fredericton, April 12, 1888.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $500 in a single day at his work. All succeed.

House for Sale.

A Very Desirable House, nicely situated on Charlotte Street, with a Garden attached, for Sale. Now occupied by the undersigned. Terms made known upon application to

HENRY CHESTNUT.

Fredericton, April 10, 1888.

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

In Effect June 5th, 1888.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A Passenger and Freight Train will leave Gibson every morning (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE GIBSON

6:30 a m: Marysville, 6:45; Manser's Siding, 7:10; Durham, 7:25; Cross Creek, 8:05; Blackville, 9:0; Doaktown, 10:0; Upper Blackville, 11:20; Blackville, 11:50; Upper Nelson 12:45 p m; Chatham Junction, 1:0; arrive at Chatham, 1:35.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

7:00, a m; Chatham Junction, 7:40; Upper Nelson Room, 7:55; Blackville, 9:00; Upper Blackville 9:30; Doaktown, 10:45; Johnstown, 11:45; Cross Creek, 12:0 p m; Durham, 1:40; Manser's Siding, 1:55; Marysville, 2:20; arriving at Gibson at 2:30.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for all Western points and St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., June 2nd, 1888.

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

IN EFFECT JUNE 25TH, 1888.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

6 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, McAdam Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

11 30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction St John and points east.

3 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

9 25 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

2 15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland Boston and points West; St John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock.

7 15 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

LEAVE GIBSON:

11 30 A. M.—Express for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

10 31 P. M.—Express from Woodstock and points north.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. | F. W. CRAM, General Manager

A. J. HEATH, General Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., June 27th, 1888.

YORK STREET

RESTARAUNT!

G. REX LEEK,

PROPRIETOR.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

OYSTERS

P. E. Island, Buctouche, Shediac, Providence River, and Virginia Plant. We make a specialty in Oysters.

PASTRY OF ALL KINDS.

We are prepared to Cater for Balls, Social Gatherings, Clubs, etc., at the shortest notice and on most reasonable terms.

Ham and Eggs, Beefsteak, Chicken, Turkey, Tongue, Baked Beans, Hot Coffee & C. Hot.

BROWN BREAD & BEANS.

I am also prepared to furnish the above to parties on Sunday morning, delivering the same at their residence, but to obtain the same orders must be left at my Saloon not later than the Friday preceding.

The patronage of the public solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Fredericton, June 7th, 1888.

TRY OUR

R. F. B.

$1.00

UNLAUNDRIED

SHIRTS!

They are Reinforced Front and Back, and the best quality and fitting Shirt in the market.

FOR SALE BY US ONLY.

C. H. THOMAS & CO.,

224 QUEEN STREET

N. B.—Our terms for these Shirts at the above price are Cash, when booked we will charge $1.10.

C. H. THOMAS & CO

Fredericton, May 19.

"GOLDEN FLEECE."

THE

CHEAP SALE.

—OF—

DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, COTTON, HAMBURGS, TWEEDS, HOMEPUNS, CRETONNES, FLANNELS,

Still Continues. Also, a Lot of

DRESS GOODS

For 8 and 10 Cents, former price, 25 and 30 cents.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

T. A. SHARKEY.

Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887