POETRY.

ALWAYS BE TRUE.

Be true to yourself in the battle of life, My lad with the laughing eye; Look the world in the face with a fearles Neither telling nor acting a lie! Be ready to help a friend in distress,

As you'd have that friend help you; Be a champion brave in a righteous cause But whatever you are, be true! You will find many dangers along your way

And snares that are hid from sight; But remember the watchword, be true to vourself.

And do what you know to be right. Beware of a mean, underhanded act. Be honest the whole way through Be noble in actions, in thoughts and ir

And whatever you are be true!

Though falsehood may wear a bewildering good-bye." Remember your whole life long. That truth never come in the guise of deceit False colors to knaves belong. So let me advise you my merry young lad To be honest in all that you do; Be a faithful friend and a generous foe.

SELECT STORY.

But whatever you are, be true!

IF HE HAD RULED BY LOVE By the Author of 'A Queer Sort of Honeymoon."

CONTINUED. And a fresh burst of tears was answer such a one as this had been given to him how he would have loved and cherished

But he managed to soothe the child by up with a curious sort of wonder still in her eyes, he asked her to tell him her

"Muriel," she said. "Muriel! What a soft pretty namelike yourself; but you have another?"

"No, I'm only Muriel,' returned the child, gravely. then, Muriel, I want to know where you her face. come from, and all about you. What a

smiling. "Won't you trust me?" "You are very, very nice," said Muriel, | child has cost me." in her deliberate way, and made a very | "Forgive me, Harrie," Devereux said, slight movement towards him; "but I gently, he bent towards her and laid his don't see how you can care to know about hand on hers. "I hadn't any idea; but

could not help laughing, as she again dropped her hand and turned aside. Where do you come from?"

"What, Mrs. Erle's?" half drew away-do you know her?"

The child hid her face. don't." she whispered, the clutch of her to be kind to Muriel, but-"

Devereux went hot and cold. What it, Harriet," said Devereux, kindly, "for- tight locked over his forehead, and the the bell sharply; a maid appeared. "Why depths was he sounding here? All his give me that I touched on the question. patent distrust of his cousin was coming | Poor little thing! it seems awully hard on | be! if it might be!" "Dear little one, don't tremble so," he lameness incurable?"

you a relation of Mrs. Erle's?"

"Isn't she kind to you my pet? You

"I will love you, my darling," he said

brokenly; "only give me too a little love. I also have no one to love me." to a little child. He spoke out of the imnot. Probably she wondered how it be kind, that is something different." would be that a grown-up man, who was so good to her, had no one to love him; and yet her young old heart went out to

She put up one hand and softly stroked not grasp the idea of anyone wanting her | Where is she now I wonder?"

affection. "Shall I see you again?" With quivering lips Vernon kissed the gazed with a strange half bitter pleasure happy, had she quite forgotten him, or him, and folded her close to his heart. | faint regret? Then, getting himself down to more level mood, he said-

"So, then, it's to be a compact, Muriel. You must always remember from this she looked distressed. "But I shall never hurrying out directly she heard the car-creature and put her arms about her. see you at the house; Mrs. Erle never lets | riage stop, brimming over with cordiality;

house. Percy won't let me go in the and bewilderment, of dread and anger laid her soft cheek against Edith's. "Shan't I do as well as the dogs, my child?" said Devereux, and for the first his hand was no stranger to her, though had said—

"Shan't I do as well as the dogs, my child?" said Devereux, and for the first his hand was no stranger to her, though had said—

"It came with a kind of blow that Edith had said—

"It came with a kind of blow that Edith had said—

"Shan't I do as well as the dogs, my child way, and Edith said, as Devereux had been said been said been said been said been said been said been sa time a smile broke over the sad little it was several years since she had met her. face, brief as spring sunshine, and as

Erle will be angry if you talk to me. I session of her, "I did not dream that she the tempest of emotion roused, who knows resentment so deep then, that she could think she hates me, and wishes me dead. meant Edith Devereux — and Vernon by what memory or vain longing. "But," not even bear that he should even know Perhaps I shan't live long, because, you here!" see, I'm lame, and Tom-that's a stable- She greeted Edith with expressement, man-he gives me bits for Waif; he's the however. "Edith, my dear girl, who there, you know." only one besides you who knows about would have thought of seeing you!" she The child drooped her head. Waif-well, Tom said I wasn't strong. explained; "I had no idea you were the "I never come in your part of the wonder which ever came recurring to him, Why do you look so very, very grave? friend."

Are you angry with me?" "With you, my poor child!" "No, no; said Lady Gresham in surprise. but-I am not angry, darling, at leastabrubtly, and covered his eyes with one "How very charming!"

She looked at him in some distress, and their rooms, Mrs. Erle came to Edith's little creature to her with a passion that seemed relieved when he again spoke.

"Do you suffer much pain?" he asked no more, though ten years had passed about—about Mr. Devereux. Is he kind take the seat which the head waiter insoftly, and Muriel shook her head. "Oh, no, not often; and I can go some- rashly flung away her happiness—had And Muriel's tongue was soon loosened times without crutches. Percy hides just been arrayed in a tea gown of flow- when Mr. Devereux was its theme, than down, smoothed his napkin across his

them when he's home occasionally; I am | ing silk and lace. How exquisite she | whom existed no nobler, wiser, kinder, glad when he goes back to Eton." Percy should have a word, and, if neces- those grave, at times even bitter, lines throbbing heart and quick-drawn breath. waiter who stood silent at his elbow, and sary, something more than a word for his about the curved lips, the latent shadows cruelty, which roused in Vernon a passion | in the dark eyes lending a peculiar charm | you know," the child's clear young voice | The waiter slightly inclined his right ear more akin to the storms of old days than to the earnest face.

quietly enough to the child-"I will see that you don't suffer from | retired. Percy's mischief, at any rate, Muriel; no, | "My dearest," Harriet said, then with arms and kisses me and calls me as you Also give me two eggs, new laid, fried in don't be frightened, you will not be punished for my interference. Percy is my ward, you know. And now, little one, that I couldn't warn you. Vernon is lame, and Percy says I ought not to have the kitchen and yelled to the cook:

"It was all the wait as you will not be did, 'my darling.' No one ever was kind to me, you know, perhaps because I'm lame, and Percy says I ought not to have the kitchen and yelled to the cook:

"It was all the wait as you will not be did, 'my darling.' No one ever was kind to me, you know, perhaps because I'm lame, and Percy says I ought not to have the kitchen and yelled to the cook:

"Here and I'm a way to me was kind to me, you know, perhaps because I'm lame, and Percy says I ought not to have the kitchen and yelled to the cook: I am afraid I must return to the house, it here, staying with us."

is getting late, and you mustn't be out

"I must pay Waif a visit, you know, and bring him his food. He isn't very and a tremor went through her. "Vernice-looking, is he?-but he's very grate- non!' ful," said Muriel, plaintively. She seemed to dread the parting from her new friend, her face grew marble cold; she lifted her vet the way she accepted the inevitable head. gave the man yet another pang and

hands and laid him on his bed, putting hands and laid him on his bed, putting his water and food near him.

She turned aside and quietly took up some inexplicable way by this little cling-ling creature, whom she saw for the first ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing

"now mind you don't move till I come and seemed relieved. again. I shall come to-morrow, you know;

and all, in his arms.

"Won't it do as well if I carry you?" said he, smiling, and Muriel flushed all -Helen W. Clark, in Golden Days had ever carried her so carefully, so easily? But she begged Devereux to put her down as soon as they approached within dismissed. short distance of the house, and so

tense pain crossed his features. Ah! if Devereux. Good-bye, till to-morrow." And his wrath was hot against his

open itself under her feet. Later, in the drawing-room, when Percy

I chanced to come across to-day. She doesn't belong to the house, surely. Why, Harrie-I beg your pardon," his voice though heaven and his own soul alone Edith, "Mr. Devereux came and kissed "Only Muriel;" a shadow passed over | changed to one of sympathy, as Mrs. Erle | knew what that calmness cost him. Devereux's face and he half sighed. "Well flushed from cheek to brow and covered

reserved little thing you are," he added, | brokenly. "Ah! Vernon, if you could |

you grieve me-" and he paused purpose-

"Yes"—Muriel looked frightened and take the child and bring her up in the tre, and addressed his words to the Grestremble with delight. "I am staying there, dear; she is my his wife, it has been bitter poison! I dred things—till he saw that Edith was as he knelt by her and drew her into his cousin. Don't look so terribly scared, don't know who the mother was, I never able to take her part in the conversation. arms, and he kissed her tenderly. little one," Devereux said, earnestly. asked. Do you wonder that I cannot

tiny hands on his arm like a vice. "I quite understand your feeling about her; she's a pretty child too. Is that And so these two, who had spoilt their displeasure.

said softly. "Trust me entirely. I won't | "Oh, quite; I've had advice," returned | strangers. say anything that will do you any harm; his cousin, speaking in a short, decided but tell me why you are so afraid? Are way, "I don't think she'll live to grow up, and, heaven forgive me! but it would be a "I don't know, I think so," Muriel mercy if the poor child died! what is to

for a little." "So that's the secret of my poor little have done one thing or the other; but to It was a curious thing for a man to say take the child—and such a winsome creature as that—and then neglect it, is sider whether she would understand or not expect her to love such a child, but to Mrs. Erle lay long awake that night

vaguely uneasy, and angry also. "If Vernon should go and take a fancy him in some strange instinct of sympathy. to that child," she muttered to herself, tossing on her pillows, "I daren't show "May I love you?" she said, with a he get shot in some of those wild expetimid wistfullness, as though she could ditions he went in after Edith left him

And Devereux often asked himself the same question, and tortured his mind petting. childish mouth that spoke to him of love, with vague surmises. Was she well and into the earnest eyes that looked up to did she think of him sometimes with a

CHAPTER V.

came into her heart; for the beautiful "Good heavens!" was her inward too?" thought, a sort of blank, and even with it

'What! you know each other then?

But when all had been conducted to apartment, where the girl—she seemed bewildered Muriel. "Go on, tell me of a man of elegant leisure, declined to since the young wife of seventeen had so to you?"

anything had done for years, but he said, Mrs. Erle advanced with outstretched eagerness; "because he knows all about

A kind of shock passed over the girl; here alone, either. Shall you come to- she went white, and almost staggered back, pressing her hand over her heart. "Vernon!" she said under her breath, distressful sympathy. "I'm so sorry. Do

Then with a violent effort, she rallied;

"It is kind of you to tell me Harriet," another fierce wave of anger against that she said, in a level voice, "but it cannot merry, plausible little woman, who, after be helped now. We meet as strangers. all, was a cruel deception, in spite of her No one knows he is my-my husband. He will not seek to break my resolution:

"There, Waif," said she, kissing his while Mrs. Erle looked at her with a ugly, underbred muzzle affectionately, strange glitter in her eyes, then she sighed "Well, dear Edith, I am very, very glad

you take it so; I was in a dreadful state non bent down and raised her, crutches be painful; at any rate, you are prepared. Why did you not write?" "I never thought of Vernon being

Poor little mite-who in her dreary life | Harriet, don't let us talk of this any more. Who else is coming?" And Mrs. Erle felt that the subject was

The party had assembled on the lawn, calmly and as a stranger, this wife for made him rally, and enabled him to come forward to the group quietly and easily,

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Erle's lively voice, Devereux came up, greeting the Gresham's whom he already knew, "let me present | You are Mrs. Clifford, are you not?" know the terrible struggle, the grief, that you to Mrs. Clifford, a friend who had un-

expectedly come-my cousin, Mr. Devright amount of interest in his cousin's word. friend, and Edith bent her head: there house. How could I refuse? But for me, hams; asking about their journey—a hun And afterwards, when alone in his own bear the sight of the poor little thing? It would bave been better to send it away, that which sprang unbidden to his heart? flush and a very black look, meaning the sail—Dear me, yes. I think Lucy would "Don't tell her you were kind to me, but he would not have that, and so I tried that made him stand rigid and white untasted food on her plate—the old Adam have been much more appropriate.

lives at the very outset, met once more—as

CHAPTER VI.

A CHILD'S PRATTLE. Mrs. Erle's fears began to diminish answered faintly. "I heard Percy say be her future? And it is a disgrace; somewhat as the days passed, and there Oh! I wish I weren't," with a long drawn kindness. Alas! no one knows what it nor had she heard anything of Royston. cost me to obey my husband's last wish." She watched both with jealous eyes, and your mistress. "It was very good of you, Harriet," did her best in a quiet way to keep them may trust me not to repeat anything you said Vernon, "I hardly think many apart. Edith avoided being alone with to the man's breast. He strained the to bed. "I am so sorry. I never dreamed and cruel; her heart—softened, chastened head to foot. frail form suddenly to him with a passion there was a child in the house. Good by those long years of suffering—crying of tenderness he could scarcely under- night. I'll turn into the smoking-room out that it was she who had first failed-

in love, in duty, in patience. "If I could live my life over again," she one's condition. Well, Harriet should said to herself, drearily, "I would be so pulse of his heart, without staying to con- cruel and incomprehensible. One would and I"—she lifted her head proudly— that was so terribly sad. "shall I abase myself and ask his love ?-

only to be repulsed!" Coming one afternoon slowly through the park, buried in those sorrowful solitude, Edith met the little lame girl, Muriel, who was limping along on her too much to him. Heavens! why dldn't | crutches, accompanied by her devoted | spoke to me in the park to-day." favorite, Waif, whose paw was now quite convalescent, and who only held it up

heard of a child in this household; but the man's frame, and looked up with a she recovered herself directly, and her vague kind of fear. heart went out to the winsome little your little Waif and Dick and the rabbit." Lady Gresham and their friend arrived. stranger's beautiful face; but Edith came as he could-

"Why, who are you, my child?" she me come down or see anyone. I live up but she flushed crimson, then went pale, said, and her soft persuasive voice some- the child repeated what Edith had said in the nursery, but no one minds where as she saw the third occupant of the how went straight to Muriel's heart. She to her, and he drew from her everything I go, if I keep away from her part of the carriage, and a feeling of intense dismay flung one arm about the girl's neck and that had passed between them. It seemed

"Oh, yes," she said quickly, "but Mrs. a sense of impending disaster taking pos- instant, silent from the rush of feeling, child had been born to him. Was her knife, I think some of it is leather. she said, after a moment, "I have never | the truth?

house," she said in a low voice. "Mr. now with a new force, what any child of and then he sometimes takes me upstairs. at all? so lonesome, so winsome, but "Oh, dear, yes-quite old friends, Mrs. | Please, have I said anything wrong?" don't tall so, little one," he broke off Clifford and I," returned Harriet, smiling. said the child, for Edith's face had

changed strangely. "No, no, my darling," clasping the

looked, with the brilliance of her beauty ever-to-be-worshipped being on the face fully read the bill of fare from beginning Devereux mentally resolved that Master | mellowed into softness, notwithstanding | of the earth, and Edith listened with | to end. Then he glanced towards the "And he did more for Waif than I did, indicated his readiness to give his order said, the little pale face flushed with and the diner said: hands, and at a sign from Edith the maid | dogs, and then, oh!" with a long breath, | neither too thick nor too thin, very little

existed. Do you know why?"

me. Why is it?"

Edith's tears were falling fast on Muriel's

"Don't cry," came the wistful voice in

vou know, I think Mr. Devereux often

has the tears in his eyes when he talks to

up turned face.

"I suppose, darling," Edith said brokenly, "he is sorry for you, as-as-I am, Muriel." She pressed the child to her. hiding her face in the golden curls, speaking, heaven knows out of what strange

time, yet already loved. "Do you know what Mr. Devereux said one day?" said Muriel, after awhile. with wide and eager eyes. "He asked if I would like to go and live with him. She reached out her crutches, but Ver- when I saw you. But the meeting will Only think! You won't tell anyone will you?" added the child, trembling with excitement.

"That would be very kind of him," here," returned Edith calmly; "and I Edith answered in a repressed tone. over and the tears rushed to her eyes. meant to surprise you, that is all. Now, "Tell me, Muriel, is he always good to you, always tender, never-" she faltered and turned aside, "never stern or-or-

impatient? "Oh, no!" returned the child in wonder, earnestly besought him to let her go and afternoon tea had been brought out he would mind you knowing, you look Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a round through the kitchen entrance alone, when Devereux came in sight from the so lovely"—Muriel scarcely knew why great surprise and delight on account of that he was obliged reluctantly to give in garden. Perhaps it was well that he first she thought this, only perhaps some into her wish, and parted from her with a saw Edith from a distance; the sudden stinct told her-"the day before yester in the bladder, kidneys, back and every and unexpected meeting must have tried day Percy was in the nursery and had part of the urinary passages in male or even his power of self-control almost to taken away my crutches, so I couldn't go female. It relieves retention of water enough. He set his lips, and a look of in- pet," he said, smiling; "it is Vernon the breaking point. As it was, he had to out, to tease me you know; and Mr. and pain in passing it almost immediately. stop and try and get himself together, the Devereux came in from riding, and made If you want quick relief and cure this is shock of seeing the woman from whom for me tell what was the matter. I didn't your remedy. Sold by Davies, Mack & cousin; but he now never gave any out- ten long years he had been parted, mak- want to, because I thought Mr. Devereux | Co., Druggists. ward sign of his anger when roused; and ing his senses reel. He could not even in would be very angry-he's Percy's guarso Harriet Earle did not know that, all that moment wonder what had brought dian. But he looked terrible," said the degrees, and when she was able to look unconsciously, a rift had just began to her there; whether she knew of his com- child with a shiver, "and went up to ing or not: it was simply chaos for those Percy and half raised his whip as if he are worth two cents a piece at any junk brief seconds; then the supreme necessity | were going to strike him, and then sud- | dealer's, and every little helps these hard had gone off to bed, Devereux said care- of mastering his emotion, of meeting denly threw it right across the room, and told Percy in an odd sort of a voice, to "Who is that queer little soul, Harriet, whom his heart still throbbed so madly, give me the crutches, and then go to his room and stop there till 'he came; and

> me, and never said a word to me, but "here comes our truant, Vernon," as low, 'It comes to late. Oh, heaven!-too late!' What did he mean, Mrs. Clifford? "I - don't know what - he meantdear," Edith said, in a choked voice, and was quite silent, walking with bent head,

Muriel was alone that evening, sitting "You quaint little maid." Devereux ly, as though perplexed, and Harriet was a mist before her eyes, and she heard languidly, playing with the thick bread Vernon's voice speaking as from a long and butter served with her tea, which looked at him gravely. I do want to | "It is a very, very sore spot," she said distance, and wondered in a kind of was hardly tempting to a weakly delicate American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumavery much, so please tell me. in a low voice. "I have tried to love her, terror what she should do if he spoke to child; she looked up, her face radiant, as tism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to pers. CHARLES A. DANA, Editor, to feel kindly for her; but you may under her. But he did not speak to her im the door opened, and Devereux came in. 3 days. Its action upon the system is "From the house up there," said the stand," she stopped, choking, and put her mediately; he discerned that, notwith- The very sight of his strong suple form, remarkable and mysterious. It removes handkerchief to her eyes, "my husband standing her pride, her coldness, she and bright sweet smile was enough to at once the cause, and the disease immedon his deathbed made me promise to would, she must be moved by this rencon- make the poor little neglected creature liately disappears. The first dose greatly

> "Yes, I come to see how you are getting with the intensity of emotion, then fling | wasn't quite dead in him yet-"that's

himself down by the table with his hands not fit for you, child." He rose and rang A BAD BREATH WOULD SPOIL THE voiceless cry in his heart, "Oh, if it might do you give Miss Muriel such stuff as this to eat and drink?" he asked, with stern The maid looked scared. "Please, sir," she said, conscious that she must keep well both with her mis-

tress and the guardian of the heir, Mrs. Erle didn't order nothing else." "Then I do." returned Devereux, in his once I had no business to exist, and I live everyone knows who she is," said Mrs. seemed to be no sign of rapprochment be- eat such food as this. Go and bring good there, so I must be a relation, I suppose. Erle, with tears; "they praise me for my tween Vernon Devereux and his wife, milk and cakes, such as are served in the

drawing room, and I'll make it right with The maid retired and when she was gone Vernon lifted the child upon his women would do the same. I've quite Devereux; she dreaded, yet had some- knee and held her to him. She was upset you," he added apologetically, as how a sort of longing to be with him, her trembling, for she was so sensative that ever known. Warranted by Davies.

answer, and her golden head drooped on Harriet rose, and told him she would go pride telling her that he had been hard anything like a jar made her quiver from "She will be angry," she whispered, looking scared.

> assuringly, "and not with you. I'll take care of that. Don't be frightened." breach is too wide. He does not love me; said Muriel, wistfully, and wondered why be heard from in which Putnam's Painhe could not be here and give no sign, Devereux shook his head with a smile "I wish I could, little one," he answered

> bitterly, and then added, in his usual "But what have you been doing with thoughts that were always with her in yourself to-day? Where have you been?" Muriel sat up with sparkling eyes. "Oh," she said, "such a lovely lady Co., Kingston, proprietors. Use no other.

> Devereux started. "Mrs. Clifford she is," the child went pitifully to Devereux, whenever that per- on, eagerly. "She was so kind-like talk all through a private musical when sonage looked at him, just to get a little you—and she cried when I told her my one wouldn't at a concert? Ethel (an name and all that. Isn't it sad, Mr. old offender in this particular) - Good Edith started and flushed to her brow Devereux? She said she had had a little heavens! Yes! Why, one pays for a when she saw the child. Who could she | child that died-" She felt the start, the be? She never remembered to have quiver that went like a shock through

"What-when-tell me what she said," thing, with her pale face and wistful eyes. Devereux said in a sort of breathless way,

Muriel, on her side, had paused, looking and pressed one hand over his heart, then time that someone loves you, besides new-found little protege when Lord and half admiringly, half shrinkingly at the seeing her startled gaze, he said as calmly "Yes." Muriel said contentedly, then Mrs. Erle received her guests in the hall, and dropped on one knee beside the little "Don't look frightened, my pet. Tell me all that Mrs. Ciifford said."

And his heart stood still within him, as almost to stun him, this news coming "I am Muriel," she replied in her sweet | first through Muriel's unthinking prattle. should, whatever her anger, whatever her "Muriel; but you have another name, pride and her resentment, have kept silent. Surely he had a right to know "Only Muriel." Edith was silent an the bare fact, if nothing more, that a

seen you at the house. I am staying He stayed with Muriel some time longer talking with the strange old fashioned little thing, wondering with that sad Devereux comes to see me in the park, his should have been like-like this child

HIS ORDER TRANSMITTED. He entered the restaurant with the air dicated, but after a survey of the room chose one which suited him. He sat knee, adjusted his eyeglasses, and care-

"You may get me a slice of nice ham, "he is so kind to me, and takes me in his fat on it, and broiled over a charcoal fire. FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for

children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about ters, in both reading and advertising columns offering to the educated and intelligent public, the most instructive and entertaining selection of news, it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and ing, heaven knows out of what strange gives tone and energy to the whole system. impulses. "I had once a little child that "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Daily Evening Transcriptlived but a few minutes, and then was children teething, is pleasant to the taste Devereux rose and watched Muriel with a dull bitter compassion, as she tenderly took up her protege in her tiny thin took up her protege in her tiny thin the seek to break my resolution; lived but a few limitutes, and then was intaken from me, and you made me think and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty took up her protege in her tiny thin it is best as it is."

No Sunday Edition to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all driven and the control of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all driven are the control of the caste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all driven are the control of the caste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all driven are the control of the caste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all driven are the control of the caste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all driven are the control of the caste and the caste and the control of the caste and the control of the caste and the caste and the caste and the caste and the caste

JOHNNIE AND THE JAM.

A fond mother of a smart boy, after making a lot of jam, labeled the pots, "Gooseberry jam—put up by Mrs. Mason." which they were deposited, and fell to work. Having emptied one of the jars, he took his school pencil and wrote un-

derneath the label: "Put down by Johnnie Mason."

ney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six "and do you know I don't think he hours by the "Great South American

> And you really consider it good luck to find a horseshoe, then. Certainly. They

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING'S

THE PREEN O'T." James Kennedy, Esq., the well known merchant, St. John, N. B., after a personal test of Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild when he was going I heard him say quite | Cherry, says: "I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from a cough or cold and would ask them to test it and be convinced."

And so your son has finished his college course? Did he graduate with honors? And Devereux bowed with just the just then utterly unable to utter another Oh, yes; but he tells me that some of the other fellows carried them off. Rascally

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.-South

benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, "Oh, you have come!" she exclaimed, Mack & Co. Chappie - I say, Miss High sail, don't

you think my parents made a horrid mis-

BEAUTY OF A VENUS. Catarrh, the fruitful source of bac creath is positively cured by using Hawker's Catarrh Cure. Try it. Only 25

Daughter - Papa, don't you think I ought to have my voice cultivated? Papa - I think you ought to have some-

thing done to it. English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemshes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs. Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure

of that old rival of yours? Hubby - Yes,

I hate him because you jilted him.

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

Fredericton. June 9, 1893.

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