POETRY.

REST COMETH AFTER ALL.

Though friends desert you in the race for fame,
Though fortune leaves you for some other goal;
Though you are blameless, yet receive much blame,
Though sorrow dwelleth deep within your soul,
Though life has been a failure, and you plod
Footsore and weary o'er the earthly ball,
Still if you have a faith, a trust in God,
Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then higher climb;
Rest cometh after all, though wealth departs,
The world may blame you, yet rest sublime
Shall drive the sorrow from your heart of hearts;
Though life's sad failures make you onward plod,
Sin sick and weary till you reach the pall,
Still if you have a faith, a trust in God,
Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then let us go
Forth to the duties of this fleeting life,
Bearing our Master's burdens, for we know
In Him is comfort and a rest from strife
And worldly sorrow; let our faith be shod
With love and mercy, while we ever call
Our friends to an eternal, mighty God,
Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then as we seek
A higher life, a better, grander road,
Let us of Jesus as a Savior speak,
For he will help us bear life's awful load
Of cares and sin, of doubt and unbelief,
Of earthly struggles, be they great or small;
We thank thee, God, that life and trials are brief,
Rest cometh after all.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SELECT STORY.

MRS. PAULDING THINKS.

I wonder why sons will never marry the girls their mothers pick out for them. The perversity of human nature, I suppose. But it seems to me that if any one pointed out the proper line of conduct to me I would follow it.

I had never much of a fancy for Gerarda Abbey. Her lips and cheeks always seemed to me too bright colored, and her dark hair curled and flew about so. And then her eyes danced and shone in a totally undignified manner.

"Tom," I used to say at least once a week, "I wonder you don't admire Margie Hoffheimer. She has such dignity, such repose of manner."

"So has an iceberg—and an oyster," Tom would retort.

"Well! the young men of the present day have strange taste. She is just my ideal of a woman. She never covers her forehead with foolish bangs and frizzes."

"Pity she doesn't!" said Tom. "It has such a lumpy look."

Tom is my only child. I love him dearly, but he has always been a great weight on my mind. For instance, in spite of all my entreaties he would go to Fairview to settle, though every one said there was a fine opening at home, in Paschal, when old Dr. Johns died. What a dear, good old man he was—but somehow he never came to see me professionally that he did not make me sicker than ever.

I told him so once, and he did not take it in good part at all.

Strange how few people can bear to hear the truth.

Well, as I was saying, Tom would admire Gerarda and wouldn't admire Margie. Now I am not mercenary, but I do think it is better for a young professional man to marry a girl with a nice little fortune of her own than one with a widowed mother and five younger sisters and brothers, and just enough to get along on.

"You'll never succeed, Tom," I cried in a pet, "if you marry a girl with a pack of mothers and sisters clinging to her skirts."

"Strictly speaking," said Tom in his provoking way, "Mrs. Abbey can't be called a pack of mothers."

"Oh, you know perfectly well what I mean; but have your own way as usual."

Of course I had to call on the girl, since she and Tom were engaged. The little house where they lived was always as neat as a pin, I must say, and Gerarda was the mainstay of the family.

I was polite, but not at all cordial. I am too truthful to assume anything I don't feel. I told her I thought she would look better with her hair brushed back from her forehead. She colored, but answered very pleasantly that "Tom liked it best so."

This happened during one of Tom's visits home. He never stayed long, and I used to tell him it looked as if I did not make him comfortable. Well, I did not see much of Gerarda that fall, though we used to pay each other duty calls now and then, and when winter set in I heard of a queer freak of hers.

She had opened a dancing school.

Now there seems to be something very bold and unfeminine about teaching a dancing school. One always thinks a woman ought to support herself by teaching music or embroidery or painting plaques. To be sure Gerarda did not know how to play or paint, never having had much time for accomplishments, I fancy.

I couldn't understand it at all for the Abbey's had always got along so far, and it was particularly odd when Morton, the oldest boy, had been given a place in a commission house in Cincinnati by an uncle or cousin or sometning of that sort. I began to think she must have done it out of sheer lightheadedness and frivolity.

I wrote to Tom, hoping he might remonstrate with her. I am always moderate in the expression of my opinion, so I simply said:

"Gerarda is looking very badly. All this dancing and racketing around is not good for her. But the young people of the present day have no discretion. Modesty seems to have gone out of date along with veneration for their elders."

That was all I said.

But it seemed to have no effect, for Gerarda still went on teaching. She began to look worse and worse. All the color left her face; even her lips were pale, and her mouth got a pinched look. Then she got a hacking cough, and I used to hear her going coughing along the street from her dancing school. She had not been to see me for the longest time—treating me with marked disrespect. But at last I could not bear to hear her, so I just ran out to the gate and gave her a box of lozenges.

She thanked me; then she gave me a wistful sort of look and hesitated, as if she wanted to say something; but she evidently changed her mind, for she passed on.

One day I was walking along the beech. Winter was beginning to break up, and there were bright patches of green to be seen here and there. The sky was blue and white with flying clouds, and the water around the pier was shining in the sun. Everything looked so peaceful and happy that I couldn't help wondering why people can't be peaceful and happy, too, and follow the golden rule.

I had had a very trying morning.

In the first place I had been to see Mrs. Jones. When I went into the sitting room there was a fire crackling on the hearth, and I could see through the door that there was one burning in her room also. Now, as Mrs. Jones is poor, and as I had supplied her with food for the greater part of the winter, I thought I had a right to say:

"Dear me, Mrs. Jones, I shouldn't think you could afford to have two fires burning at once—and such a mild day too."

She turned as red as a beet and pressed her lips together, but she didn't say anything. I fear Mrs. Jones is far from being sweet tempered.

Then I went on to sister Harriet's. Her daughter Ella had just met with quite a severe accident, having been thrown from a buggy while out driving and her arm broken. To be sure it was painful and the shock had made her ill, but then she should not have been so foolish as to have gone out behind Ned Pennywick's young horse. I reminded her of this.

"You ought to be very thankful," I began.

"Thankful for having been nearly killed?" she cried, "Really, Aunt Maria, my gratitude is not so easily aroused."

I sat down on the bed beside her. Perhaps I may have drawn the cover rather tightly over her feet, but she need not have given such a flounce.

"My dear child, it might have been your back or your neck," I said.

"Well, it wasn't."

"But it might have been."

"Maria," said my sister at this point, "too much conversation is not good for Ella. The doctor says it makes her feverish."

So I left there and went to Mrs. Crittenden's. She was in great trouble. She and her husband had not been married long, but they had had heavy money losses, and he had been obliged to leave her with her mother while he went out west to seek employment.

I had brought her some winejelly, and after I had given it to her I said: "Cheer up, my dear. It might be so much worse. Suppose he was dead?"

"Oh, don't!" she cried.

"Well, but it might have happened. In the midst of life we are in death, and think how dreadful it would have been to see him lying in his coffin instead of his being just out west, where you can hear from him twice a week. Does he write twice a week?"

"Only once," she said.

"Only once—dear, dear!" said I. "I should think he'd write oftener."

"He's too busy," she replied.

Then to divert her mind from her own grievances I began to tell her about my new housemaid, Clarissa, and how many things she had broken in the last week.

"Three saucers and a teacup—no, three teacups and a saucer," I was saying, when I happened to glance at her and saw that she was not listening to a word I was saying.

She seemed to be a poor spiritless creature, and I made up my mind that I would not go to see her again in a hurry.

Indeed, I came to the conclusion that there is very little gratitude in the world. You can go around wearing yourself out trying to do good to others and never get a word of thanks.

I thought I would go on to Mrs. Stone's, as she had asked the ladies of the church to meet at her house and talk over the new altar cloth. When I stepped upon the gallery the front door was ajar, and a sound of voices came from the parlor; but no one seemed to hear my knock. I paused a moment, when my attention was attracted by the following remark:

"Mrs. Paulding is one of those people who are moral fly-blisters to all their friends and acquaintances."

"Yes," said another voice—it was that deceitful Margie Hoffheimer—"I always think it was fortunate for Job's reputation for patience that he did not know her."

"And the worst of it is that she has a good heart, and one can't quite hate her."

"You are right," replied Gerarda Abbey's voice, "Mrs. Paulding has one of the best hearts in the world. I know of ever so many sacrifices she has made in order to help others."

"Well, I should think you would be the last"——

But I did not wait to hear more. I was so angry that I did not know exactly where I was going when I walked away. To think that Gerarda's voice was the only one raised in my defence after the way I had always snubbed her! I felt heartily ashamed of myself. As I was hurrying along who should overtake me but Gerarda. She bowed and was going to pass on, but I said, "Your cold doesn't seem to get any better, my dear."

She looked surprised and her lip trembled; then she answered bravely, "Oh, now spring is coming it will soon be well."

"Not unless you take care of yourself. You ought to get Tom to prescribe for you."

She hung her head and murmured something that sounded like, "Tom doesn't care."

I asked what she meant and she answered: "Tom and I are not engaged any longer. I did not write to him that I had undertaken the dancing school, for fear he would say the work was too hard for me. But someone else must have told him, for he wrote me such a strange letter—that I could not care for him much if I was able to dance and enjoy myself in his absence. I could not help fancying that he was ashamed of my doing such a thing, and I have always felt that I ought to be doubly proud because we are poor. So matters went on from bad to worse until our engagement was broken off."

"But, dear, why did you teach?"

"Why, you see, we had so much expense in fitting Morton out for Cincinnati, and then Jenny's long spell of typhoid got us into debt. I don't know how to do anything but dance, and it was my only chance to earn money. But I never thought Tom would be ashamed of anything I did."

A sudden idea struck me and took away my breath.

"Well, Gerarda, if you have never hated me before I am afraid you will hate me now," I said, and remembered the allusion I had made to her dancing, which Tom's jealousy had clearly misunderstood. I told her the whole story, and said I would write to him immediately.

"But suppose he's fallen in love with some other girl in the meantime," said Gerarda with a sob.

"Bless you!" said I, "he hasn't done that—of course not! He is too much the son of his mother to change his mind in a hurry. You'll see him in Paschal before the end of the week." So I walked to the gate and left her comforted.

When I reached home I dispatched a hasty note to Tom saying that a patient in Paschal needed his immediate attention, and this brought him on the wings of the wind.

When I had made the necessary explanation he gave me a bearlike hug and then rushed off to see Gerarda.

Of course they kissed and made friends.

In fact, they have been married since last evening, and I am as fond of Gerarda as if she were my own daughter—the only drawback being that they are so far away.

I wanted Tom to come back to Paschal, and then we could all have lived together in the same house and been so happy. I can't think why he wouldn't do it.

DUTCH LOVERS.

Man proposes, but frequently he requires a great deal of encouragement to persuade him to do so. This is particularly the case in Holland. As soon as the young Dutchman attains his age, and even sooner, his fond mother begins to look around for a suitable daughter-in-law, in which meretricious purpose she usually receives considerable encouragement from the young man himself. He is, however, expected by the parents of the prospective bride to come to the point without unnecessary delay. Let us suppose that a young man has been visiting a family where there is a marriageable daughter, and after several weeks has neglected to declare his intentions, the head of the family takes him aside and says: "My dear young friend, this is all very well; but what do you mean, anyhow?"

If the young man does not take this hint nobody comes to the door the next time he pulls the bell. However, as a general thing there is no occasion for any reminder. The young people become engaged, after which they go to balls and parties, or to picnics together, pretty much the same as they do in this country. There is some remarkable downward tendency of lampwicks Saturday nights etc.

Occasionally, engagements are broken off. After a couple have been engaged perhaps for years, either party may come right out and say: I think we are not fitted for each other, and perhaps it would be better if we part right now." The other party has no alternative but to acquiesce, and thanks to the phlegmatic nature of the race, there are no scenes, no duels, or anything of the kind. The young lady abstains from balls or parties, she does not attend any places of public amusement for six weeks. at the expiration of which self-imposed penance she resumes her former relations to society. Nobody finds anything remarkable in the severance of the engagement, and the young men who formerly admired the young lady do not keep aloof from paying her their addresses.

In some parts of Holland there exists a very pretty custom in regard to making proposal of marriage that might be advantageously adopted in other countries. If a young man is in love, but is too modest to declare his love, he does not permit such concealment "like a worm to feed upon his damask cheek," but he buys a cake, and, after carefully wrapping it up in a piece of tissue paper, he repairs to the house of the object of his affections. Finding all the family present, he places the cake on the table in front of the young lady. Although she has been expecting this very event, she, nevertheless, betrays considerable surprise. Her mother apparently takes no notice of what is going on, while the father takes the young man to the window and converses with him about the weather, etc. This is done in order to give the young lady a chance to make up her mind. The young man looks around over his shoulder, suffering much mental anguish, and trying to find out what the fair one is going to do with that cake.

If she loves him, but likes to tease him, as is generally the case, she makes out as if she was undecided. She examines the cake carefully. It smells of spices, and the young fellow, although a little awkward, is not such a bad looking fellow after all.

Shall she take him or not? She hesitates an instant, and then raising the cake to her mouth buries her pearly teeth in it. This signifies that she has accepted him as her future husband. The poor devil in the corner heaves a sigh of relief. The mother of the young lady drops her knitting and gazes with mixed emotions at her daughter devouring the cake. The prospective husband spreads out his arms as if for an embrace, but remembering that it is unbecoming in a true Dutchman to betray excessive emotions, allows them to drop to his sides. Then he modestly approaches his Dulcinea, and gently taking the hand that has toyed so long with the cake, he imprints a kiss—the first one—on it.

When, however, the suitor is not the right one, no matter how much he may clear his throat, and tell how prosperous his business is, and how he proposes to take a trip up the Rhine pretty soon—a trip up the Rhine being the Dutch equivalent to a bridal tour to Niagara Falls—the girl remains immovable. She keeps on sewing, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Finally the young man sees which way the cat is going to jump. He gets up and slowly approaches the table. It is plain to see that the girl is trying to suppress her excitement. Perhaps another has already claimed her heart, or, possibly, she may have prejudice against her suitor. Nothing in the world could induce her to look up from her work. He reaches out his hand, picks up the cake, and while the girl's mother murmurs, "Poor fellow," he makes his exit saying, "Vaarvoel byzamen!" or "Farewell everybody!"

No mention is ever made of the affair. The public knows nothing about it, and not even the most intimate friends of the young lady ever hear of it. The wind is thus "tempered to the shorn lamb."

A TEACHER IN THE ROUGH.

I was diving along a highway in Woods county, Ohio, with a man who was selling farming machines to farmers, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we came along to a district where twenty scholars stood under an elm tree, about forty feet high, near the house, and in the topmost branches was a boy about 14 years old.

"Anything wrong here?" asked my friend, as we halted before the door.

"Budd Hawkins said he won't and the teacher says he must!" called a little girl.

The teacher herself then came forward. She was a plain-looking girl of about 20, with a mouth showing great firmness, and with some embarrassment she explained.

"It's the terror of the school. He refused to mind, and I started to whip him. He broke away, and ran out and climbed the tree. I've been up about twenty feet, but had to give it up and come down."

"Yer can't conquer me!" shouted the boy.

"Budd, I order you to come down'"

"I won't!"

"I have sent for an axe, and here it comes," she said as she turned to us. "He'll come down with the tree if not before."

We offered to use the axe, but she declined the offer with thanks, and stepping to the tree she swung the implement around and buried the blade in the wood.

"You dasn't!" shouted Budd from the top.

"I'll do it or resign!" she answered, as she struck several blows.

At the end of three minutes the tree began to totter and Budd to yell in alarm, and a few seconds later it fell with a crash. I thought the boy was badly hurt, if not killed, and was relieved as the schoolma'am sprang forward, yanked him out of the branches, and while applying a gad with one hand she pulled him into the school-house with the other, saying:

"Now, Budd Hawkins, you've got to do some of the awfullest begging ever heard of in the State of Ohio, or I won't leave enough hid on you for a flea to bite!"

He was hard at it when we drove on.

It is said that cattle sent from the north to the extreme southern states are attacked with an acclimation fever, and many of them die.

EXTERMINATION.

Startling Facts Regarding the Coming Extinction of Animals.

A startling publication is on the point of being issued by the Smithsonian Institution, which will show that many of the most valuable species of animals at present inhabiting the world will inevitably be driven off the face of the earth and rendered absolutely extinct within a few years. For example the elephant is already doomed. Each year 100,000 of these pachyderms are slaughtered to supply the market with ivory. Up to within a comparatively recent period commerce drew chiefly upon the great stores of "dead" ivory in possession of African natives, which had accumulated for centuries; but now this reserve stock has been exhausted and all the tusks exported from the dark continent must be got "green" by hunting live elephants. Thus the herds are being rapidly wiped out, not to mention the incidental fact, according to Explorer Stanley, that every pound of ivory that reaches Europe costs the life of a man, woman or child, while every twenty tusks are secured at the price of an entire district, with all its people, villages and plantations. This, of course, is due to the intimate connection which exists between the ivory-gathering business and the slave trade. One can get some notion of what 100,000 elephants mean if he will consider that placed in line that number would stretch 180 miles. As for the slaves, they are secured for the purpose of carrying ivory to the coast by the Arabs, who attack and destroy the native villages, carrying off into captivity those of the inhabitants who are serviceable as porters and killing the rest. In this way whole regions in Africa have been depopulated and laid waste.

Every one knows by this time that the fur seals are also doomed. Having been altogether exterminated from the rookeries in the southern seas, where they used to congregate in such countless myriads, they are now being wiped off from their last resting place on the two Priblov Islands, in Behring sea, by remorseless pirates in schooners, who kill ten for every one they get. A like fate awaits, at short notice, the hair seal, 875,000 of which were slain last year for leather and oil. Even the alligators, crocodiles and other reptiles are not spared. Even they must disappear, because their hides are wanted for reticules, pocket-books and other "fancy articles."

A while ago the so-called "passenger-pigeon" flew by millions in the Ohio valley as far East as Massachusetts. Now but very few of them are left. They have been shot by wholesale, and while they lasted were commonly utilized for shooting from traps. It is great sport to take a pigeon that has been captured in a net put him in a box and pop the poor creature at short range when he flies out at a signal, with about one chance in fifty for his life.

As to that enormous but comparatively helpless beast, the walrus, its doom is likewise sealed. Before the weapons of those who pursue it to get its hide for boots and leather, its tusks for ivory and its whiskers for opium pipe picks, it is quickly disappearing. It was in somewhat the same way that the great arctic sea cow, now long extinct, was utterly annihilated. This mighty mammal, related to the manatee and dugong of southern waters, was first discovered on what is known as Behring Island by Behring's expedition in 1741. An enthusiastic naturalist attached to Behring's party described it as being, when full grown, thirty feet long, twenty feet around the body and of about 8,000 pounds' weight. It had a small and toothless head and its skin was dark and rough like tree bark. The hide was considerably over an inch in thickness and so tough that the sailors had to chop it with axes. A few years ago Dr. Stejneger, of the Smithsonian, visited Behring Island for the purpose of procuring some bones of this extraordinary creature and did succeed in obtaining an entire skeleton, the dimensions of which confirm the reports made by the naturalists referred to. These sea cows were accustomed to herd about the mouths of streams and live upon sea weeds, which required no chewing. They were stupid and almost helpless, owing to their clumsy build. For many years vessels sailing for the northwest coast of the North America were accustomed to stop at Behring Island to lay in a stock of fresh and salted sea cow. Probably there were not more than two thousand of the beasts at the beginning; they were slow in reproducing their species and the last of them was killed in 1767.

Everybody knows the history of the great auk's extermination. A single shell of one of its eggs, without the contents, was sold the other day at auction for $1,500. And yet this bird was found on Funk Island, off the Newfoundland coast, sixty years ago in numbers that were simply countless. But the people from the mainland used to go over to the island in the summer and kill them by myriads, to eat and for their feathers. They were very appetizing roasted, and were so fat that they served for fuel, so that half a dozen great auks did to cook a meal of their brethren for dinner. The result of this was that forty years back the last of these interesting fowls perished and there is no longer one of them in existence. The Smithsonian has practically a corner on their bones. A while ago the institution sent a distinguished esteologist, Professor Lucas, to Funk Island for the purpose and he brought back a barrelful of such remains. If you want a skeleton now you will have to send to Washington for it and it will cost you about $600.

Another bird that has become extinct lately in a very extraordinary and unaccountable fashion is the Labrador duck. This fowl was black and white in color and in no way very valuable to man, inasmuch as it fed on fish and had a corresponding flavor, but the interest attaching to it is due largely to the curious manner of its disappearing. So far as it is known, there were never very many of these ducks, which used to be shot occasionally by sportsmen along the North Atlantic coast from Labrador to Chesapeake Bay. A few used to be captured each year by a taxidermist at Camden, N. J., on a trout line, which he set for them baited with fish just under the surface of the water. About 1870, however, they ceased to be found, and since then no Labrador duck has ever been seen. Various theories have been formed to account for the mystery, it having been suggested among other things, that a distemper was accountable in the premises. Others have surmised that the birds, being so few got mixed up with the flocks of other species and were lost. One danger that has to be encountered by birds of a not very numerous variety is that, in migrating, their flocks will lose sight of one another. The pair of stuffed Labrador ducks now in possession of the National Museum at Washington were killed by Daniel Webster and were themselves the originals from which the great Audubon made his plates of the creature.

Give cows at calving time bran mixed up with warm water. This food should be continued till the calf is a week old.

There is no such animal as a cholera proof hog. If any man wants to sell you such he is a swindler.

TRIUMPHANT SONG.

Somewhere in the forties Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in different places in London. Those who went into ecstacies over Grisi's "Norma" were the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva." Great was the rivalry between them. Finally, the Queen, deeming it a shame that such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. Of course, they both came. The Queen warmly welcomed them together for the first time. She gave the signal for the concert to begin. Jenny Lind was the younger, and it was arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers she stepped forward to begin. Chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the southern woman's malignant gaze fixed on her. The fierce look almost paralysed her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, everything grew black before her and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will however, she managed to finish her aria. A painful silence followed its conclusion—a silence that told her of failure. She caught a triumphant expression on Grisi's face. Despite her dazed condition, she quickly realized that failure meant lost glory, disappointed hope, the destruction of happiness, grief and mortification to her family and her friends. Suddenly a soft voice, that seemed to come from heaven, whispered to her, "Sing one of your old songs in your native language." She caught at the thought like an inspiration. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She stepped up to him, asked him to rise, and took the vacant seat. Softly her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, then she sung. It was a little prayer, which she had loved as a child; it belonged to her mother's repertory. She had not sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland. No one present understood one word of the "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a soft sob. Again there was a silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted at last her sweet blue eyes to look into the scornful face, that had so disconcerted her at first. There was no fierce expression now; instead a teardrop glistened on the long black lashes. After a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her, and kissed her warmly, utterly regardless of the admiring audience.

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.

Don't stuff a cold as the old adage advises, if you do you will have a fever to starve. A genuine cold is a shock received by the many million nerves which approach near the surface of a human body, and which control the nearly seven million pores of the skin. This shock closes the pores of the skin, is transmitted to the nerve centers and back to the mucous membranes forcing a great amount of blood to those membranes creating more or less irritation and consequent fever, inflamation, dryness then watery discharge and catarrh. The shock may have its cause from a chill, from improper eating, a nervous fright and various other causes which irritate the nerves of the skin and mucous membranes of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes. Excess of food in the stomach still more clogs the system and pores of the skin so that effete matter which should be carried off by the natural courses is retarded; which is ample reason for not stuffing a cold. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure." When slight hoarseness or tightening of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill from whatever cause, act promptly; delays are dangerous, with children it may mean croup and strangulation; with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected nothing can prevent the sneezing, red nose, and woe begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mothers would as soon go to bed without matches in the house, as without that old fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for colds and croupy children. Used with a mild laxative, as described on the wrappers or in a pamphlet which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston Mass., will send free to any one, Johnson Anodyne Liniment will cure a cold quicker than any known remedy. A mild nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mstake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I took

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I take My Meals, I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."

Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

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IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST, CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

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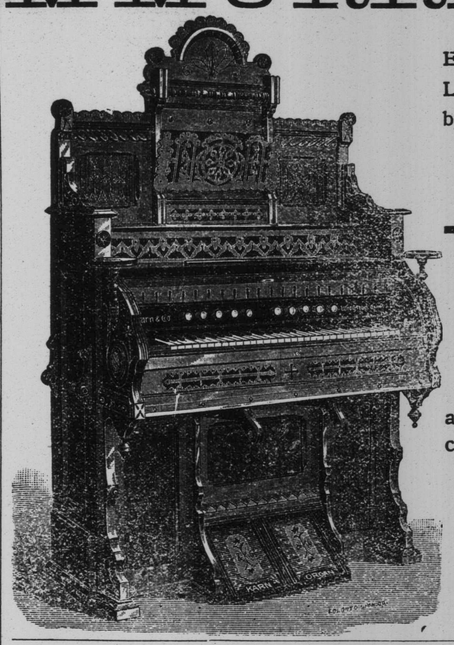


Employs no Agents, but gives the Large Commission to the Buyer, and by so doing, can sell you an

—ORGAN—

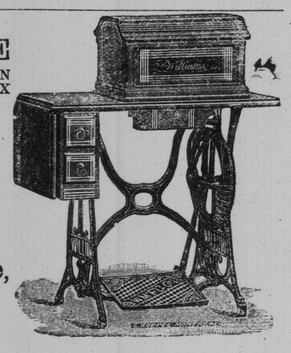
AT VERY LOW PRICES,

and on as easy terms as any other company on the

INSTALMENT PLAN.

Call and See our ORGANS and PRICES.

WE SELL THIS for $18. SEWING MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN CANADA FOR $27 50. AFTER USING THEM SIX MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.



CALL AND SEE THEM.

—WE ALSO SELL THE—

Celebrated "White" Sewing Machine,

which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.

ROOM PAPER—We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, Blacks, Gilts, Granites, Engrain and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at prices never known in this City.

BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS; GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS.

Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

McMURRAY & CO

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

R. BLACKMER,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,

HAS IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF

WALTHAM WATCHES

in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases.

Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc.

and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.

A FULL LINE OF

CLOCKS

Of the best makes.

SILVERWARE

In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality.

ENGRAVING

On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly executed.

The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.

One Door Below the People's Bank

Carriage Bolts.

JUST RECEIVED:

5 CASES containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 9,000 Tire Bolts.

For sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

S. L. MORRISON,

Dealer in

FLOUR, MEAL,

TEA,

COFFEE,

SUGAR,

MOLASSES,

TOBACCO,

CANNED GOODS

—AND—

General Groceries.

QUEEN STREET,

OPP. CITY HALL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

"Greatest Thing In The World!"

—AT—

Hall's - Book - Store.

This Celebrated Book by DRUMMOND . . . . Can be Procured of M. S. HALL.

"Greatest Thing In The World!"

By DRUMMOND.

HALL'S BOOK STORE

NOTICE.

ALWAYS IN STOCK:

HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS, MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN, COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL, LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER.

Hard and Soft House Coal.

Best Old Mine Sydney and Grand Lake Blacksmith Coal.

SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT, " OATS, " PEAS, " BARLEY, " CORN.

ALSO,

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,

all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST.

Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall

JAS. TIBBITS.

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.

Per S. S. Nova Scotian.

1 1-2 TONS assorted sizes of CABLE CHAIN, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received at

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the season of 1890 imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction last season.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this city during the past winter, the resident in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF

Beans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions,

and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.

My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.

Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND.

GEO. H. DAVIS,

Druggist and Seedsman,

CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.

FREDERICTON.

AT THE

TINSMITHS, - GASFITTERS,

—AND—

PLUMBERS

ESTABLISHMENT OF

LIMERICK & DUNCAN,

YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

THEY would inform the public in general that they will Sell their Goods Cheaper than the Cheapest, and they carry a full line of

KITCHEN FURNISHING AND LUMBERMEN SUPPLIES.

And guarantee all goods made by them to be thorough in Quality and Workmanship.

HOT AIR FURNACES fitted up in the most approved style.

REPAIRING done in all branches with neatness and despatch.

Telephone 166.

FOR SALE—A fine MOCKING BIRD. Splendid Singer. Apply at HALL'S BOOK STORE, Fredericton, N.B

SKATES.

JUST RECEIVED:

300 PAIRS Acme Club Skates
12 DO. Long Reach "

For sale low, wholesale and retail, at

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

WANTED

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice nursery stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G CLYSE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.

FROM NEW YORK.

10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.