

POETRY.
AUGURY.
A horsehair nailed, for luck upon a mast;
That mast, wave-bleached, upon the shore
was cast!
I saw, and thence no fletcher I revered,
Yet safe, through tempest, to my haven
steered.
The place with rose and myrtle was o'er-
grown,
Yet Feud and Sorrow held it for their own.
My garden then I sowed without one fear,
Sowed fennel, yet I lived as if the year
were brief.
Brave lines, long life, did my friend's hand
display.
Not so mine own; yet mine is quick to-day.
Once more from my I read Fate's idle jest,
Then fold it down forever on his breast.
—Edith M. Thomas.

SELECT STORY
THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finmore Cooper.
AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS,"
"THE PATRIARCH," "HOMER'S
BOUNDS," ETC.
CONTINUED.

The traveler had been closely examining the wounds during these movements, and now, without heeding the ill-humor of the hunter's manner, he exclaimed: "I would fain establish a right, Natty, to the honor of this death; and surely, if the bit in the neck be mine it is enough; for the shot in the breast was unnecessary—what we call an act of supererogation, Leather-Stocking."
"You may call it by what learned name you please, Judge," said the hunter, throwing his rifle across his left arm, and knocking up a brass lid in the breach, from which he took a small piece of greased leather and, wrapping a ball in it, forced them down by main strength on the powder, where he continued to pound them while speaking. "It's far easier to call names than to hit a mark on the spring; but the creature came by his end from a younger hand than either your'n or mine, as I said before."
"What say you, my friend," cried the traveler, turning pleasantly to Natty's companion; "shall we toss up this dollar for the honor, and you keep the silver if you lose what say you, friend?"

"That I killed the deer," answered the young man, with a little laughiness, as he leaned on another long rifle, similar to that of Natty.
"Here are two to one, indeed," replied Judge, with a smile; "I am outvoted—overruled, as we say on the bench. There is Aggy, he can't vote, being a slave; and Bess is a minor—so I must now make the best of it. But you'll send me the venison; and the deuce in it, but I make a good story about it this."
"The meat is none of mine to sell," said Leather-Stocking, adopting a little of his companion's haughty; "for my part, I have known animals travel days with shots in the neck, and I'm none of them who'll rob a man of his rightful dues?"

"You are tenacious of your rights, this cold evening," returned the Judge, with unconquerable good nature; "but what say you, young man; will three dollars pay you for the buck?"
"First let us determine the question of right to the satisfaction of us both," said the youth, firmly but respectfully, and with a pronounced and language vastly superior to his appearance; "with how many shot did you load your gun?"
"With five, sir," said the Judge, a little struck with the other's manner; "are they not enough to slay a buck like this?"
"One would do it, but," pointing to the tree from behind which he had appeared, "you know, sir, you fired in this direction—here are four of the bullets in the tree."
The Judge examined the fresh marks in the bark of the pine, and, shaking his head, said with a laugh:
"You are making out the case against yourself, my young advocate; where is the fifth?"

"Here," said the youth, throwing aside the rough overcoat that he wore, and exhibiting a hole in his under-garment, through which large drops of blood were oozing.
"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge, with horror; "have I been trifling here about an empty distinction, and a fellow-creature suffering from my hands without a murmur? But hasten—quick—get into my sleigh—it is but a mile to the village, where surgical aid can be obtained—no all shall be done at my expense, and then shall live with me until they wound is healed, ay, and forever afterward."
"I thank you for your good intention, but I must decline your offer. I have a friend who would be messey were he to hear that I am hurt and away from him. The injury is but slight, and the bullet has missed the bones; but I believe, sir, you will now admit my title to the venison."
"Admit it!" repeated the agitated Judge; "I have given you a right to shoot deer, or bears, or anything that pleases in my woods, forever. Leather-Stocking is the only other man that I have granted the same privilege to; and the time is coming when it will be of value. But I buy your deer—here, this bill will pay thee, both for thy shot and my own."
The old hunter gathered his tall person up into an air of pride during this dialogue, but he waited until the other had done speaking.

"There's the living who you say that Nathaniel Bumpo's right to shoot on these hills is of older date than Marmaduke Temple's right to forbid him," he said. "But if there's a law about it at all, though who ever with the consent of a man shouldn't kill deer where he pleased—but if there is a law at all, it is to keep people from the use of smooth-bore. A body never knows where his lead will fly, when he pulls the trigger of one of these certain fire-arms."
Without attending to the soliloquy of Natty, the youth bowed his head slightly to the offer of the banknote, and replied: "Excuse me; I have need of the venison."
"But this will buy you many deer," said the Judge; "take it, I entreat you," and, lowering his voice to a whisper, he added—"It is for a hundred dollars."
For an instant only the youth seemed to hesitate, and then, blushing even through the high color that the cold had given to his cheeks, as if with inward shame at his own weakness, he again declined the offer.

During this scene the female arose, and regardless of the cold air, she threw back the hood which concealed her features, and now spoke, with great earnestness.
"Surely, surely—young man—sir—sir—you would not pain my father so much as to have him think that he leaves a fellow-creature in this wilderness, whose own hand has injured. I entreat you will go with us, and receive medical aid."
Whether his wound became more painful, or there was something irresistible in the voice and manner of the fair pleader for her father's feelings, we know not; but the distance of the young man's manner was suddenly softened by this appeal, and he stood in apparent doubt, as if reluctant to comply with, and yet unwilling to refuse her request. The Judge, for such he has his office, must in future be his title, watched with no little interest the display

of this singular contention in the feelings of the youth; and, advancing kindly look his hand, and, as he pulled him gently toward the sleigh, urged him to enter it.
"These is no human aid nearer than Templeton," he said, "and the hut of Natty is full three miles from this—come—come, my young friend, go with us, and let the new doctor look to this shoulder of mine. Here is Natty will take the tidings of thy welfare to thy friend; and shouldst thou require it, thou shalt return home in the morning."
The young man succeeded in extricating his hand from the warm grasp of the Judge, but he continued to gaze on the face of the female who, regardless of the cold, was still standing with her fine features exposed, which expressed feeling that eloquently seconded the request of her father. Leather-Stocking stood, in the meantime, leaning upon his long rifle, with his head turned a little to one side, as if engaged in sagacious musing; when, having apparently satisfied his doubts, by revolving the subject in his mind, he broke silence.

"It may be best, go, lad, after all, for if the shot had under the skin, my hand is getting too cold to be cutting into human flesh, as I once used to. Though some thirty years ago, in the old war, when I was out under Sir William, I travelled seventy miles alone in the howling wilderness, with a rifle bullet in my thigh, and then cut it out with my own jackknife. Old Indian John knows the time well. I met him with a party of the Delaware, on the trail of the Troquois, who had been driven from their homes by the Schekario. But I made a mark on the red-skin that I'll warrant he'll carry to his grave! I took him on the postern, saving the lady's presence, as he got up from the ambushment, and rattled three buck-shot into his cranium, so close that you might have laid a broad 'J' upon them!"
Here Natty stretched out his long neck, and straightened his body, as he opened his mouth, which exposed a single tuft of yellow hair, while his eyes, his face, even his whole frame seemed to laugh, although no sound was emitted, except a kind of thick hiss, as he inhaled his breath in quavers. "I had lost my bullet mould in crossing the Onondia outlet, and had to make shift with the buck-shot; but the rifle was true, and didn't scatter like your two-legged thing there, Judge, which don't do, I find, to hunt in company with."
Natty's apology to the delicacy of the young lady was unnecessary, for, while he was speaking, she was too much employed in helping her father to remove certain articles of baggage to hear him. Unable to resist the urgency of the traveller, any longer, the youth, though still with an unaccountable reluctance, suffered himself to be persuaded to enter the sleigh. The black, with the aid of his master, threw the buck across the baggage, and, entering the vehicle themselves, the Judge invited the hunter to do so likewise.

"No, no," said the old man, shaking his head; "I have work to do at home this Christmas eve—drive on with the boy, and let your doctor look to the shoulder; though if he will only cut out the shot, I have yards that will heal the wound quicker than all his foreign 'ointments.' He turned, and was about to move off, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he again faced the party, and added—"If you see anything of Indian John, about the foot of the lake, you had better take him with you, and let him lend the curious a hand; for, old as he is, he is curious at cuts and bruises, and it's likelier than not he'll be in with brooms to sweep your Christmas ha'rthas."
"Stop, stop," cried the youth, catching the air of the black as he prepared to urge his horse forward; "Natty—you need say nothing of the shot, nor of where I am going—remember, Natty, as you love me."
"Trust old Leather-Stocking," returned the hunter, significantly; "he hasn't lived fifty years in the wilderness, and not learnt from the savages how to hold his tongue—trust to me, lad; and remember old Indian John."
"And, Natty," said the youth, eagerly still holding the black by the arm. "I will just get the shot extracted, and bring you up to-night a quarter of the buck for the Christmas dinner."
He was interrupted by the hunter, who held up his finger with an expressive gesture for silence. He then moved softly along the margin of the road, keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on the branches of a pine. When he had obtained such a position as he wished, he stopped, and, cocking his rifle, he was one leg far behind him and stretching his left arm to its utmost extent along the barrel of his piece, he began slowly to raise its muzzle in a line with the straight trunk of the tree. The eyes of the group in the sleigh naturally preceded the movement of the rifle, and they soon discovered the object of Natty's aim. On a small dead branch of the pine, which, at the distance of seventy feet from the ground, shot out horizontally, immediately beneath the living members of the tree was a bird, that in the vulgar language of the country was indiscriminately called a pheasant or a partridge. In size, it was but little smaller than a common barnyard fowl. The bayting of the dogs, and the conversation that had passed near the root of the tree on which it was perched, had alarmed the bird, which was now drawing up near the body of the pine, with a head and neck so erect, as to form nearly a straight line with his legs. As soon as the rifle bore on the victim, Natty drew his trigger, and the partridge fell in the height with a force that buried it in the snow.

"Lie down, you old villain!" exclaimed Leather-Stocking, shaking his ramrod at Hector as he bounded toward the foot of the tree; "lie down, I say." The dog obeyed, and Natty proceeded with great rapidity to the spot where the pheasant lay, and rolled his piece. When this was ended, he took up his game, and, showing it to the party without a word, he cried—"Here is a titbit for an old man's Christmas—never mind the venison, boy, and remember Indian John; his yards are better than all the foreign 'ointments.' Here, Judge, showing up the bird again, "do you think a smooth-bore would pick game off their roost, and not ruffle a feather?" The old man gave another of his remarkable laughs, which paroled so largely of constitution, mirth, and irony, and, shaking his head, he turned, with his rifle at a trail, and moved into the forest with steps that were between a walk and a trot. At each movement he made his body lowered several inches, his knees yielding with an inclination inward; but, as the sleigh turned at a bend in the road, the youth cast his eyes in quest of his old companion, and he saw that he was already nearly concealed by the trunks of the trees, while his dogs were following quietly in his footsteps, occasionally sniffing the deer track, that they seemed to know instinctively was now of no further use to them. Another jerk was given to the sleigh, and Leather-Stocking was hidden from view.

CHAPTER II.
"All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king"—RICHARD II.
An ancestor of Marmaduke Temple had, about one hundred and twenty years before the commencement of our tale, come to the colony of Pennsylvania, a friend and colonist of its great patron. Old Marmaduke, for this formidable phenomenon

was of a kind of appellation to the race, brought with him, to that asylum of the good things of this life. He became the master of many thousands of acres of uninhabited territory, and the supporter of many a score of dependents. He lived greatly respected for his piety, and not a little distinguished as a sectary; was intrusted by his associates with many important political stations; and died just in time to escape the knowledge of his own poverty. It was his lot to share the fortune of most of those who brought wealth with them into the new settlements of the middle colonies. The consequence of an emigrant into these provinces was generally to be ascertained by the number of his white servants or dependents, and the nature of the public situations that he held. Taking this rule as a guide, the ancestor of our Judge must have been a man of no little note. It is, however, a subject of curious inquiry at the present day, to look into the brief records of that early period, and observe how regular, and with few exceptions now inevitable, were the gradations, on the one hand, of the masters to poverty and on the other, of their servants to wealth. Accustomed to ease, and unequal to the struggles incident to an infant society, the affluent emigrant was barely enabled to maintain his own rank, by the weight of his personal superiority and acquisitions; but, the moment that his head was laid in the grave, his indolent and comparatively unoccupied offspring were left to the mercy of the law. More active energies of a class whose exertions had been stimulated by necessity. This is a very common course of things, even in the present state of the Union; but it was peculiarly the fortunes of the ancestors of our Judge, the peaceful and unenterprising colonies of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

The poverty of Marmaduke did not escape the common lot of those who depend rather on their hereditary possessions than on their own powers; and in the third generation they had descended to a point below which, in this happy country, it is barely possible for honesty, intellect, and sobriety to fall. The same pride of family that had, by its self-satisfied indolence, conducted to its fall, now became a principle to stimulate them to endeavor to rise again to the level of their being, which was changed to a healthy and active desire to enlarge the character of the condition, and, peradventure, the wealth of their ancestors also. It was the first of our new acquisition, the Judge who first began to ascend in the scale of society; and in this undertaking he was little assisted by a marriage, which aided in furnishing the means of educating his only son in a rather better manner than the low state of the common schools of Pennsylvania could promise; or than had been the practice in the colonies, for the two or three preceding generations.

At the school where the reviving property of his father was enabled to maintain him, young Marmaduke formed an intimacy with a youth whose years were about equal to his own. This was a fortunate connection for our Judge, and proved the way of most of his future elevation in life. There was not only great wealth, but high court interest, among the connections of Edward Effingham. They were one of the few families then existing in the colony, who thought it a degradation to their members to descend to the pursuits of commerce; and who never emerged from the privacy of domestic life, unless to reside in the councils of the colony, or to bear arms in its defence. The latter had, from youth, been the only employment of Edward's father. Military rank under the crown of Great Britain, was attained with much longer probation, and by much more toilsome services, sixty years ago, than at the present time. Years were passed without murmuring in the subordinate grades of the service; and those soldiers who were stationed in the colonies felt, when they obtained the command of a company, that they were entitled to receive the greatest deference from the peaceful occupants of the soil. Any one of our readers who has occasion to cross the Niagara, may easily observe not only the self-importance, but the real estimation enjoyed by the humblest representative of the crown, even in that polar region of royal sunshine. Such, and at no very distant period, was the respect paid to the military in these States, where now, happily, no symbol of war is ever seen, unless at the free and fearless voice of their people. When, therefore, the father of Marmaduke's friend, after forty years' service, retired with the rank of major, maintaining in his domestic establishment a comparative splendor, he became a man of the first consideration in his native colony—which was that of New York. He had served with fidelity and courage, and having been according to the custom of the province, intrusted with commands much superior to those to which he was entitled by rank, with reputation also. When Major Effingham yielded to the claims of age, he retired with dignity, refusing his half-pay or any other compensation for services that he felt he could no longer perform.

The military profession various civil offices, which yielded not only honor but profit; but he declined them all, with the chivalrous independence and loyalty that had marked his character through life. The veteran soon caused this act of patriotic disinterestedness to be followed by another of private munificence, that, however little it accorded with prudence, was in perfect conformity with the simple integrity of his own views.
The friend of Marmaduke was his only child; and to this son, on his marriage with a lady to whom the greatest respect, particularly the Major gave a complete conveyance of his whole estate, consisting of money in the funds, a town and country residence, sundry valuable farms in the old parts of the colony, and large tracts of wild land in the western part of this island, which he himself had acquired in the manner of his father, and the large property of his child for his own future maintenance. Major Effingham, in declining the liberal offers of the British ministry, had subjected himself to the suspicion of having obtained his dotage, by all these things which the father was so anxious to convey to the son, and himself and to his child it seemed no more than a natural gift by a father, of those immunities which he could no longer enjoy or improve, to a son, who was formed, both by nature and education, to do both. The younger Effingham did not object to the amount of the donation; for he felt that while his parent reserved a moral control over his actions, he was relieving himself of a fatiguing burden; such, indeed, was the condition existing between them, that to neither did it seem anything more than removing money from one pocket to another.

One of the first acts of the young man, on coming into possession of his wealth,

was to seek his early friend, with a view to offer an assistance as it was now in his power to bestow.
The death of Marmaduke's father and the consequent division of his real estate rendered such an offer extremely acceptable to the young Pennsylvania; he felt his own powers, and saw only the excellencies, but the follies in the character of his friend. Effingham was by nature indolent, confiding, and at times impetuous and indiscreet; but Marmaduke was uniformly equable, penetrating, and full of activity and enterprise. To the latter therefore, the assistance, or rather connection that was proffered to him, seemed to produce a mutual advantage. It was cheerfully accepted, and the arrangement of its conditions was easily completed. A mercantile house was established in the metropolis of the province, with the name of Mr. Effingham's personal property; all or nearly all, of which was put into the possession of Temple, who was the only ostensible proprietor in the concern, which in secret, the other was entitled to an equal participation in the profits. This connection was thus kept private for two reasons, one of which, in the freedom of their intercourse, was frankly avowed to Marmaduke, while the other continued profoundly hid in the bosom of his friend. The last was nothing more than pride. To the descendant of a line of soldiers, commerce, even in that indirect manner, seemed a degrading pursuit; but an insuperable obstacle to the disclosure existed in the prejudices of his father.

We have already said that Major Effingham had served as a soldier with reputation. On one occasion, while in command on the western frontier of Pennsylvania, against a "savage" of the French and Indians, not only a glory, but the safety of himself and his troops were jeopardized by the possession of a party of the enemy, a soldier, this was an unpardonable offence. He was fighting in their defence—he knew that the mild principles of this little nation of practical Christians would be disregarded by their subtle and malignant character, and he felt the injury the more deeply because he saw that the avowed object of the colonists, in withholding their succors, would only have a tendency to expose his command; without preserving the peace. The soldier succeeded, after a desperate conflict, in extricating himself with a handful of his men, from their murderous enemy; but he never forgave the people who had exposed him to a danger which they left him to combat alone.
It was in vain to tell him that they had no agency in his being placed on their frontier; that he was a volunteer, and that he had been so placed, and it was their "religious duty," so the Major always expressed it, "that his religious duty would have supported him."
At no time was the old soldier an admirer of the peaceful discipline of England. Their disciplined habits, both of mind and body, had endowed them with great physical perfection; and the eye of the veteran was apt to scan the fair proportions and athletic frames of the colonists with a look that seemed to express a degree of contempt for their moral imbecility. He was also little addicted to the expression of a belief that, where there was so great an observance of the externals of religion, there could not be much of the substance. It is not our task to explain what is, or what ought to be, in the matter of religion, but merely to record in this place the opinions of Major Effingham.

Knowing the sentiments of the father in relation to this people, it was no wonder that the son hesitated to avow his connection with them, even his dependence on the integrity of a Quaker.
TO BE CONTINUED.
THOSE ABSENT-MINDED MEN.
"My brother," continued the first speaker, "was as bad as my father. He lives in New England town, and he went to Boston once to transact some business which would occupy two days. At the end of four days he had not returned. His wife's anxiety was relieved on that day by a telegram, which read: 'I will be in Boston for three days.' 'Real estate,' telegraphed his wife. 'Of course,' came back the answer. 'That reminds me,' said one of the party, 'of a friend of mine. He was a lawyer in a small town, and frequently, after working late at night at his office, would sleep on a comfortable lounge which he had in a back room. When he was married there was a wedding breakfast at the bride's home, and the couple were to start on an evening train for a wedding trip. He was to run around to his office for a few moments, having forgotten some little thing which had to be attended to. The hours went on and on—failed to return to his bride. When train time came and no bridegroom appeared to be in the train, a great panic. The bride fainting and the news spread like wildfire in the little town that he had abandoned his bride and fled the town. The only one who seemed not to suspect him was the bride. She, however, did not know his name, and she was an acknowledgment of her missing husband, but declining to offer any suggestions. Finally she could stand the strain no longer and posted her father to H—'s office. He had gotten deep into his work, and was just on the point of going to sleep on his lounge, when he was wakened up over his cruel murderer that he was ashamed to face any one but his wife, and extended his two months' wedding trip over a year. They made one of the happiest couples in the world, but to this day his wife has the same feeling, and she reminds him what he wants to do when he leaves the house."
"A similar case, but one which could hardly be called absent-mindedness," said another of the little group, "is that of a certain man who, one morning on which his first baby was born, came on the floor with a radiant face. Catching sight of me, he rushed up and said, with a beaming smile and joyous eyes: 'Congratulations, old man; I'm the happiest father in New York city. My wife has just such a handsome baby born here.' 'I do congratulate you, Harry, old man,' I answered, as he squeezed my hand warmly. 'Boy or girl?' 'A boy,' he said, and for a moment and then a wave of blank despair over his face. 'I'll be hanged if I know,' he said. 'C—' disappeared from the floor, but in a couple of hours I felt some one nearly get my ears from a socket. 'It's a boy,' cried C—gleefully. 'I went home to find out.'—N. Y. Tribune.

WHAT THE LAW ALLOWED HIM.
A friend sends us the following story in print. We insert it anyhow, with the thought that "there's nothing new under the sun."
A young gentleman and a young lady were attending a wedding—their own wedding, by the way. After the ceremony was over the groom, in a business like manner, asked the minister for a statement of account. The parson told him the law allowed him \$3. The happy groom said, in generous tones of voice, handing him a fifty cent piece: "This, with what the law allows you, will make it three dollars and a half."

NEWFOUNDLAND.
A Montreal despatch says Newfoundland affords an interesting field for annexation to the Dominion. This boom is greatly fostered here by the increase in Newfoundland tariff rates, and also by what Canadians call the "outrageous proposal" to tax Canadian fishing-vessels every time they enter Newfoundland ports. At Ottawa the other day Davies read a letter claiming that the government of Newfoundland intended to impose a fee of \$1 per ton on Canadian fishing vessels every time they entered a Newfoundland harbor to procure bait or for any other purpose. This, he said, would mean a tax of \$40 on each vessel each season, and he asked if the government had given, or proposed to give, any attention to the matter. Sir John Thompson replied that the government had only just received information regarding it, but the matter would immediately be made the subject of telegraphic communication to the government of Newfoundland and also that of Great Britain. Certainly, if Newfoundland persists in this measure, the result will be non-intercourse between that island and the maritime provinces of the Dominion.

It is also argued that the annexation of Newfoundland would facilitate greatly the development of that island's resources, which are yet scarcely touched. The mines and forests of Newfoundland property worked would be of more value than the fisheries, which are now its main stay. The forests of Newfoundland have been as yet scarcely touched. They include a magnificent growth of spruce, pine, juniper, and birch, and also an abundance of poplar, aspen, mountain ash, balsam, and other woods. Much of the pine averages from seventy-five to ninety feet in height and from three to four feet in diameter. Many small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants, grow as luxuriantly as anywhere in Canada.

Agriculture has been almost entirely neglected throughout the island. The geological survey, however, indicates that there are 1,250 square miles capable of being converted into arable land, and no less than 3,320 square miles fit for settlement. It is estimated that there are fully 5,000,000 acres of land that could be cultivated to profit at present wholly unoccupied. The strong American sentiment recently shown in Newfoundland has rather startled the anti-American party in the Dominion, and the impression here is that Newfoundland must be annexed to the Dominion and its resources properly developed, or else it will soon belong to the United States.

THE CZAR'S JOKE.
The Carina—O, my dearovich, does it not make your heart heavy with pride to think that a beautiful rich country our own Russia is? The Carz—No, sweetsky, I do not love-sky Russia. Would you know what I think of it? "Yes, my petaky. What do you think of it?" "It is—a-bomb-able!"
PROOF POSITIVE.
Hotel Guest—Now you are sure this bed is quite clean? Bell Boy—Yes, sir, the sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'em, they ain't dry yet.

NEWS AND NOTES.
How rapidly the hands get away when twelve o'clock strikes," remarked Mr. Bullion to his partner, who replied, "Yes," the latter, "that is the ate hour movement."
PROF. LOISETTE'S MEMORY SYSTEM.
Prof. Loissette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.
Blood oranges from Florida are sweeter than those from California.
Prof. Loissette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

THE FRAGRANT GARLIC.
The fragrant garlic is a contribution from the shores of the blue Mediterranean.
The tomato is of South American nativity, and was named by the Portuguese.
ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WISLAW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once, produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste, it soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislaw's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.
The ancient Greeks used to eat ketchup, and wrote recipes for their preparation.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
Office of CHAS. E. DODD, 200 Broadway, N. Y. City.
Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for some time, and it has cured my horse of his spavin, and I can recommend it to all horsemen. I have never lost a case of my kind.
Yours truly,
CHAS. A. STEDD,
Manager Troy Laundry Stable.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 1886.
Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for some time, and it has cured my horse of his spavin, and I can recommend it to all horsemen. I have never lost a case of my kind.
Yours truly,
ANDREW TRUENY,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
BART, WYOMING COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 13, 1886.
Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for some time, and it has cured my horse of his spavin, and I can recommend it to all horsemen. I have never lost a case of my kind.
Yours truly,
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
Price 25 cents per bottle, or six bottles for \$1.50. All Drug Dealers have it for sale, or it will be sent to any of our correspondents. Write for prospectus to J. F. KENDALL, CO., New York, N. Y., 200 Broadway, N. Y. City.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
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