## Poetry.

### AUTUMN.

The world puts on its robes of glory now;
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes;
The waters bluer, and the angels pitch
Their tents low down, along the sunset skies;
The distant hills are crowned with purple mist;
The days are mellow, and the long, calm nights
To wondering eyes like weird magicians show,
The shifting splendors of the Northern Lights.

The generous earth spreads out her fruitful store,
And all the fields are decked with ripened sheaves;
While in the woods at Autumn's rustling step,
The leaves shrink back and all their tremblings cease.

## Literature.

# A LIFE FOURSQUARE.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

#### EDITH'S AWAKENING.

Fifteen minutes after Madam Forrester had left Earle a light step sounded outside the door, a rustling hand caressed the silver knocker, and Edith Dalton stood once more in the presence of her lover.

She was dressed for ball, and wore, as madam had said, but a lovely flush of expectation and delight had crept into her cheeks, and joyous light gleamed from her beautiful eyes as Earle looked to his feet and what forward to meet her.

No word was spoken for the first few moments—their feelings were too deep, too sacred, for any outward expression; but Earle drew her to his breast and held her there with a strong, tender clasp that claimed her his own forever—that told her she would never more be parted while both should live.

Edith was the first to break the significant silence.

"Earle, I am glad you have come," she said, as she raised her eyes shining with happy tears to read the face she loved so well.

It was the same simple yet beauty dressing that she had given him so long ago on that day before Christmas, when he had come to her. Earle remembered it, and drew her still closer as he thought of her constancy to him through all the varied changes of the last four years.

"Can words of doubt or fear ever again enough to bear me to you, my own, when I knew that you wanted me; and yet I did not dream of the joy that was awaiting me," he said, with a tremulous gladness.

"Joy and sorrow go, Earle, for I shall cannot remain with us long," she answered with a sigh.

She still called him Earle by the old familiar name, for not only would it have been awkward to change, but it would have seemed cruel to the lavish, who in all the world had alone this fair girl to cling to.

That is the reason the Greatest God every day that Richard Forrester had been her father instead of Sumner Dalton, while no words could express her joy for the loving mother she had found.

"Yet it pains me to think that she is," Earle returned, in answer to her remark; but he was thinking more of his present condition than of his physical suffering.

"I am very sorry for the pain," Edith said, with a wistful look; "he talks of it almost constantly in his [illegible] and sad way, although he speaks of it only when he is awake. He begs for you, and [illegible] your mother, Earle—she is so glad, she tells her that he did not see things then as he does now. I think she would forgive now if she were [illegible] you, Earle, if you could get to know each other!"

"We can, my darling. I have never wished him any ill, and I freely forgive him every wrong, though, of course, it cannot be expected that I could feel any affection for him," Earle replied, gravely.

"No—oh, no."

"And my mother? Is she very [illegible]?"

"I know," Editha said, with a deep sigh of regret, as she thought of that delicate, lovely girl, and what torture she must have endured when she believed herself betrayed and scorned.

"Editha can you forgive Mr. Dalton for all he has wilfully made you suffer—for trying to part us when there was no need, and for seeking to hide you from your mother?" Earle asked, regarding her curiously.

The tears sprang to her eyes as she answered:

"Oh, yes; he is dying, you know, and I could not let him leave me feeling that I cherished any bitterness toward him. His path to the grave is very dark, and I would not add to its gloom. It has been very hard to bear all these things," she added, sighing; "but I think papa has been the worst sufferer, after all. He never was unkind to me until after my dear father died. Oh, Earle," she cried, her lovely face lighting up with tenderness, "you don't know how I love to think that he was my father—I loved him so dearly. I used to think sometimes that I was really ungrateful to love him so very much when he was only my uncle; but now I know why it was—it was the natural impulse of my heart going out to him, where it belonged."

"How like a romance the story of your life is, my darling," Earle said, thoughtfully.

"Not more so than your own, I am quite sure, Earle. But do you not think mother is very lovely?" she asked, eagerly.

"She is, truly. How very happy you you are in the knowledge of your parents' age."

"Yes; and for more reasons than one," she answered, with a shy smile at him, accompanied with a rosy blush; then she added, more gravely: "But I wish my mother need not have suffered quite so deeply. If father could have known how sorry and repentant she was, and how truly good she was at heart, they might have grown to be very happy after while; he need not have lived such a lonely, sorrowful life, and all this sin and trouble need never have been. But"—with a sigh of regret—"we have no right to question the dealings of One who is wiser than we. There is some good reason for all the suffering there is in the world, and some one has somewhere said that 'human lives are like some sweet plants, which must be crushed ere they give forth their sweet fragrance.'"

"And we are left somewhere else that gold is [illegible] tried is pure. How very free from dross, then, you must be, my darling," Earle said, with playful tenderness.

"No, indeed, Earle; my trials and sorrows have been nothing compared to yours," Editha said, earnestly.

"The bitterness in the past disappears in the brightness of the present, and what the future promises to be; and I do not forget my darling, that but for your fortitude a dark shadow would still rest upon my life—you endured a great deal for my sake, Editha," yet his lips touched her forehead almost reverently.

"And I would have resisted until I died rather than have given up my treasure into the hands of that wicked man," with something of the old wilful gleam in her eyes.

"Do you know," she added eagerly, in the same breath, "that I have found the Lokers, and they are just as comfortable as they can be."

"And, all owing to your kindness of heart and liberal hand, no doubt," Earle responded, with a smile.

"How could I help expressing my gratitude in some way for having that dark mystery solved and every stigma removed from your character? I did help them to begin with, but they are going to help themselves now. I stocked a cunning little store with fancy and useful articles, furnished two rooms in the rear for their private use, and they are really very successful in their little business."

"With you for their chief patron, I presume," was Earle's laughing reply, as he gazed admiringly into her animated face.

"Well, of course, I go there," she added, blushing, "to get all my needles, pins, thread, etc., and so do a great many of my friends. But Mrs. Loker is really a very worthy woman, and her daughter is bright and keen as a tiger at a trade; it is really pleasure to encourage such people. But I have talked enough about myself—tell me something about your miraculous self that brought so much trouble upon me."

Earle complied, relating all that had occurred from the night of the attempted robbery until the time of his departure, while Editha listened intensely interested.

"Do you know that I stand almost in awe of you to think that you have accomplished such a change in that vile nature? It seems almost like a miracle," she said, when he had finished.

"Do not think of it, then, for I have no wish, I assure you, to inspire you with any such sentiment toward me. But I do not think this looks as if you were very much afraid of me," he laughed, as he gathered her closer in his arms and kissed the fair face upon his breast again and again.

"I shall be obliged to impose a duty upon all such operations in the future if you carry them to such an extent," she said trying to hide her blushing face with a very insufficient hand.

"Then order tell me again that you stand in awe of me, or I shall feel it my duty to take even more effective measures to eradicate the feeling," Earle, with mock gravity.

"But about this man"—Editha thought it best to change the subject—"don't you think you are [illegible] your kindness a little too far? [illegible] your trust; besides, he has [illegible] the laws of the land, and have [illegible] right to shield him?"

"I suppose I am not obliged to give any evidence against him, since he was not arrested by a commissioned officer: the offence was against myself alone, and if I choose to [illegible] in the matter, I do not see how I am violating any right, legal, civil or moral—particularly as I am conscientiously convinced that the man's salvation depends upon kindness rather than upon punishment."

Earle had argued this matter many times with himself, and he felt that he was doing perfectly right.

"If suffering is any penalty for sin," he continued, "he has paid it, for he was fearfully wounded. I fully believe, if he had escaped unharmed the bullet, and been arrested, convicted and sentenced, he would have grown more hardened and desperate, and been prepared for almost any evil deed upon the expiration of his term. But, laid upon a bed of sickness with some one to care for him and treat him as if he was a human being, he has had an opportunity to think as he has never thought before. As Mr. Dalton sees to-day, things look very differently to a man when he fears that life is slipping from his grasp than they do when he is in the full vigor of life,' and I think Tom Drake realized that, if ever a man did. He was not shallow—he was suspicious of me and my motives for a long time, but when he found that I would take no measures against him he was completely staggered, and the shock which his [illegible] concussion thus received restored it to something like its normal condition. I believe he will do well, and as long as he does, I shall give him my support and confidence."

"But didn't you feel the least bit triumphant when he lay there powerless before you?" Editha asked.

"I cannot say that I did not experience a sense of satisfaction in knowing that at last one so deserving of justice and so stepped in crime had been arrested in his career. But my first thought was, 'Are my hands stained with the life-blood of a fellow being?' It was a great relief when I discovered that he was not mortally wounded, but my anxiety returned when he was so sick and we thought he would die.

"It was a great care for you, Earle, and a noble thing for you to do after suffering all you have on his account," Editha said, her heart swelling with pride of her noble lover.

"You know the more care any one occasions us the more interest we naturally feel in that one," he answered, smiling at her praise; "and so it was in this case. I knew he was capable of better things; he was naturally smart, and I longed to save him despite the injury he had done me and others. If there was one thing harder than all the rest for me to forgive, it was the treatment of you. But I be agree able as you desired, to see him about the place when we go home?" he asked, seeing the shiver which crept involuntarily over her at the mention of the past.

Editha flushed involuntarily at the mention of going "home," but she said, with gentle gravity:

"No, Earle; if we can save him, I can conquer the repugnance that I have hitherto felt for him; but, as I remember him, he seems perfectly hideous to me."

"He does not look nearly so repulsive since his sickness; he is, of course, much thinner and more refined in appearance, while his expression is wholly changed."

"Whether he is changed or not, I will join you heart and hand in any good thing you may wish to do for him," she said heartily.

"But a certain mistress of Wycliffe will not refuse to go back with me this time?" Earle said, fondly; "she you will not refuse to go back with me this time?"

"No, Earle; only it must not be at present, you know," she returned, with some sadness.

"I do know, dear, and of course shall remain as long as Mr. Dalton may need either you or me; but, oh! my darling, you cannot tell how thankful I am that I am not doomed to spend my life in gloom and misery, everything has looked so dreary and desolate to me until to-day."

Editha did not reply, but she laid her cheek against his in mute sympathy, and with a sigh that told him she had also experienced something of the desolateness of which he spoke.

"You have not seen Mr. Tressalia yet, I suppose?" she said, after a few minutes of silence.

"No, dear, I have not seen seen him since the day I had such a struggle with my selfishness, and sent him hither to win you and be happy if he could."

His arm tightened around the slight form at his side as he said this, and Editha knew how much he had suffered in that struggle to renounce her so utterly.

"Did you send him to me, Earle?" she asked, with a startled look.

"Yes, dear; Paul Tressalia is one of earth's noblest men. I believed you lost to me forever. You once told me if there had been no Earle Wayne in the world, you might have loved him. I wanted you to be happy—I wanted him to know something of the comfort of life, and I knew of no one whom I would rather have win a sister of mine than him. It was a miserable kind of an arrangement all round, but I knew of nothing better."

Earle spoke with a tinge of the bitterness he had experienced at the time, as if even the memory of it was exceedingly painful.

"Dear Earle, you might have known it could not be," she whispered, sliding one hand into his and dropping her flushed face upon his shoulder.

"Never—not even if our relations had remained as we have believed them to be?"

"Never," she replied, decidedly. "I could not change, even though I believed I was sinning every day of my life, and I would not wrong him by accepting his love when I had none to give him in return."

"Editha, my beloved, I should crown you with pearls flowers and snow drops for your devotion and faithfulness." Earle breathed, in low, intense tones, and deeply moved by her confession.

"Hush!" she said, releasing herself from his encircling arms, her face like a carnation; "there is the bell—that is Mr. Tressalia; he has heard of the arrival of a steamer, and has come to see if you are here;" and she arose to go, feeling that she could not be present while they met.

Earle arose too, surmising her thought, but gently detained her a moment longer.

"My love—my Editha—my 'happiness,' you have not yet told me that you are glad to be my wife, and go home with me to Wycliffe; let me hear you say it once," he pleaded, with grave earnestness, as he studied the beautiful face intently.

"You know that I am glad, Earle;" and the clear, truthful eyes were raised to his with a look that satisfied him, though the conscious crimson dyed all her fair face.

"And there will be no regret at leaving your native land?" he persisted, his whole being thrilling with the consciousness of her pure love.

"Not one, save the lonely graves I shall leave behind and would like to visit occasionally," she murmured, as she thought of Richard Forrester and his sister sleeping so quietly side by side in Greenwood, and of that other grave that must soon be made beside them.

Earle lifted the sweet face and kissed the tremulous lips with infinite tenderness, then releasing her, she slipped from the room by one door as Paul Tressalia entered by another.

The greeting of the two young men was cordial and friendly, although each felt a thrill of pain as they clasped hands and realized all that the meeting meant to them.

Each knew that as soon as Mr. Dalton should be laid away Earle would claim Editha as his wife, and take her back to reign in the home of his ancestors, where, doubtless, a life of joy, such as falls to the lot of few, would be spent.

But Paul Tressalia was not a man to sit weakly down and pine for what he could not have.

Since that day when he had pleaded his suit for the last time with Editha, and she had in her despair cried out for a friend, strong and true, he had bravely set himself to work to conquer the hopeless passion in his heart, and he had already learned to look upon his future with a calmness at which he himself at times was surprised.

He came to-day as both Earle's and Editha's tried and trusted friend, and the congratulations which he tendered the former had a ring of heartiness in them not to be questioned for a moment.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

#### EARLE'S BEAUTIFUL THEORY.

Sumner Dalton lingered only a little more that a week after Earle's arrival.

But with his mind relieved of the burden of revenge so long cherished, and of the secret which had threatened to ruin Editha's life—with his hate confessed, and his evil passions burned out—he grew quieter and more at ease, even though he knew that he must enter the dark valley very soon.

He had talked with Earle once again regarding the past, seeming anxious to know something of Marion's last days, and appeared much agitated when, with a little reflection upon him as possible, he gave a short account of her sorrowful, secluded life, and her calm resignation in the hour of death.

Earle knew that he longed to be assured of his forgiveness for the bitter wrongs of which he had been guilty, and yet deemed it a mockery to crave it; but he knew that it would comfort him inexpressibly, and he told him one day that he had accorded it fully and freely, and begged him to seek pardon also from a higher source.

Whether he did or not they never knew, for he avoided referring to anything that bore upon the past from that time; but he grew comparatively peaceful, and they hoped that he had obtained mercy from the divine Healer of souls.

He seemed more content when Earle was in his room, and lay and watched him by the hour, a wistful look in his sunken eyes, as if all too late he realised what a crown to his life such a son would have been.

Together Earle and Editha watched beside him, until the flame of life burned out, and with it every spark of feeling (save that of regret for a life that seemed to have been so spent in vain) expired from their hearts also.

They laid him beside his wife, and placed above him a costly marble shaft, simply inscribed with his name, age, and the date of his death. What more could they do?"

Unloving and unloved he had lived, unlamented he had died, without one grand or noble act to crown his life or to be remembered when he was gone.

What a record! and sad enough for tears "such as angels weep."

Editha and her mother went together to Richard Forrester's grave—Editha with a strange, sad yearning for the father she had never known and each while he lived, and madam with a heart filled with deep regret for the past, and for the noble life she had so saddened by one rash act.

But each felt, as they turned away from the sacred spot, that could he have spoken, he would have blessed them both, and rejoiced with them in their new-found joy and reunion.

* * * * * * *

Three weeks later there was a quiet wedding one morning in the fine old church where Editha had been wont to attend since her earliest remembrance.

Notwithstanding that Editha had desired everything done with as little ostentation as possible, on account of their recent bereavement, yet the church had been elegantly decorated by her numerous friends, many of whom were present, with no small degree of curiosity, to witness the ceremony that made her the Marchioness of Wycliffe.

The wedding breakfast was a very informal affair, to which only her most intimate friends had been bidden.

Of course Mr. Felton, the trusty lawyer, was among these, and with him a quiet, matronly woman, whom he had found thus late in life to share the remainder of his journey; and into his hands Editha's beautiful home was to pass upon her departure for England.

John Loker's wife and daughter, both neatly and tastefully clad, were also among the favored guests; and, looking into their cheerful countenances, one would scarce have recognised the wretched beings whom Editha had visited on that memorable night two years previous.

The fair bride's wedding robes were of heavy white crape, with satin facings, while the mist-like veil which floated from her golden hair was fastened with fragrant lilies of the valley and delicate, feathery cypress vine.

"So appropriate under the circumstances," murmured the admiring friends who had gathered to do honor to the occasion; and indeed the fair-haired, blue-eyed girl had never looked more lovely than when she stood at the altar in her pure white raiment, and plighted her vows to the one to whom she had been so true through the dark hours of adversity as well as in prosperity.

She had loved him while yet a poor boy serving in her father's office; she had loved and bravely defended him when he stood before the judge and was unjustly condemned, and during the three weary years that followed; and of the depth of that love she testified when she almost sacrificed her life to preserve his character from dishonor. Not less did she love him now, as he stood by her side, grand, noble, and honored by all, as the Marquis of Wycliffe and Viscount Wayne, and possessor of a proud inheritance—an old and honored name.

But she would have loved him just as fondly, she would have wedded him just as proudly, had he been simple Earle Wayne, without a dollar in his pocket or a foot of land, save what his own strong right arm had won for himself.

It was the noble spirit, the stainless character, the firm, unwavering rectitude and honor that had won her heart's devotion; and yet his position and wealth were not valueless in her sight; they were accessories by which they would be enabled to make more perfect and useful the life which God had given them.

"If I live I mean to make my life four square," he had said, with quiet determination, when he had come to her from his weary prison life; and she had never forgotten the resolute words—they had wrung in her ears ever since like a watchword. And to-day, as she stood at his side and spoke these solemn vows, she thought of them again, and she prayed that together they might live a life so perfect and complete that it should be like that "golden city whose length, and breadth, and height were equal."

"So exceedingly romantic. Who would have thought it?" was the comment of not a few who had been rehearsing the incidents of the past six or seven years, but were interrupted as the distinguished bridal party passed up the broad aisle to the altar.

Gustave Sylvester was to give away the bride, while Madam Forester, very handsome, in mauve colored moire, Spanish lace, and diamonds, came in on the arm of Paul Tressalia, who is by no means the least distinguished-looking one of the party, though his face might have been thought much too pale and stern for a wedding.

Earle met them at the altar, very quiet and self possed, but with a luminous light in his eyes that told of the depth of the joy in his heart.

After the wedding breakfast this party of five bade a long farewell to their guests and friends, and departed for the steamer that was to bear them to their beautiful home on England's shores.

* * * * * * *

Three years have passed, and we will take just one peep at the domestic life at Wycliffe before we, too, part with them for all time.

The great mansion, the pride of all the country around, with its wide wings on either side, stands on a slight eminence, and is grand and imposing in appearance.

It was built in the old Tudor style of architecture, with massive carvings and ornamentations, and was a home of which any man, however great, might have been proud.

An extensive lawn spread out in front, and was decorated here and there with patches and borders of landscape gardening, beautiful shrubbery, fountains, and statuary, while beyond and to the right of this was the park, with its noble trees, its deer and game.

Magnificent beeches, elms, and maples spread their lofty, protecting arms above and around the mansion, lending a delightful shade, and making a pleasing contrast with the brown stone of the dwelling.

Beneath one of these trees there might have been seen, on a certain summer's day, an exceedingly attractive group, and to all appearances, a very happy one also.

Upon a graceful rustic seat there are sitting two beautiful women.

Editha, fair and lovely as of old, no cloud to dim the blue of her sunny eyes, no care or trouble left a line on her white brow. She is a trifle more matronly in her appearance, but has a bit more of dignity, perhaps, but is otherwise unchanged. Her companion is a lady of perhaps thirty-two or three years, whose face impresses one at once with its expression of sweetness and gentleness. It is a face that we have seen before, and that once seen could never be forgotten.

The lady is none other than the one we have known as Miss Isabelle Grafton, the daughter of Bishop Grafton, that good old man who married Earle's mother.

Standing benind her, his eyes resting with peculiar fondness upon her face, is a noble-appearing man. It is Paul Tressalia, her husband of a few months.

Madam's prophecy had come true, and he had at last found "the woman whom he should marry," and they are so quietly, calmly happy as they could ever hope to be in this world, neither feeling, perhaps, the fervor of a first passion, but loving earnestly and with an enduring affection that would grow riper with every year.

It was this gentle woman's face that had come, unbidden to Paul Tressalia's mind on that day when madam had told him that he would yet find one good and true who would fill the wants of his nature better than Editha could ever do.

A year after his return to England they had met again; each had attracted the other, and out of it had grown the union, which bade fair to be a most happy one.

At Editha's feet there is playing a dark-eyed, noble-looking boy of two years—little Paul, the future Marquis of Wycliffe; while an old lady, of perhaps sixty, sits at a respectful distance and watches with her heart in her eyes his every movement, lest he should annoy "my lady" with his play and his constant prattle. This latter is Tom Drake's mother. A short distance away there paces back and forth under the trees a white-aproned, white-capped nurse, with a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl in her arms—the "small Lady Isabelle" she is called, being as yet only three months old, and of very tiny though perfect proportions.

The only remaining one of this group—Madam Forrester—reclines in a chair a little in the background. She is as handsome and attractive as ever, with a tranquil joy in her face that bespeaks very little to wish for even in this world. Her white shapely hands are busied with some dainty piece of work destined to grace the "small ladyship," who is her particular pride and comfort, while every now and then she joins in the conversation carried on chiefly by Editha and Paul Tressalia and his wife.

Down the broad drive-way at some distance, and approaching slowly, are two men.

One glance is sufficient to tell us which is Earle—there is no mistaking his grand proportions, his upright form, with its noble head setting square and firm and with manly dignity upon his broad shoulders.

He is evidently giving some directions to his companion, for they stop every now and then while Earle points here and there, and then resumes his way.

As they draw nearer the group under the beech, it is noticeable that his companion is slightly lame, and as they reach the spot he lifts his hat respectfully to Editha, smiles fondly into the eyes of the old lady who is watching Earle's boy, and then passes on.

It is none other than Tom Drake, once the midnight robber and abductor.

Before Earle's return he was able to be about once more, and had made himself acquainted with much pertaining to the estate.

He had worked diligently and with great interest ober the accounts Earle had left him, and, unheeding the admonitions of his mother, who had arrived a few days after his departure, he refused to leave until every figure was straightened.

He had taken it upon himself to superintend the decorations of the mansion and grounds, when Earle had telegraphed on what day he should arrive at Wycliffe with his bride, and a scene of almost bewildering beauty greeted their home-coming.

It was made a day of general rejoicing, the tenantry, servants, and laborers all turning out in gala attire to give them a glorious reception and welcome to Wycliffe.

But Tom Drake had remained in the background while all others went forward to tender their good wishes and gratulations, and it was not until Earle asked particularly for him that he ventured to present himself before those two, whose lives he had done so much to render miserable. Then he came modestly forward, bearing a magnificent bouquet and wreath in his hand.

The former composed entirely of box, white bell flowers, and blue violets, and embodying the sentiments, constancy, gratitude, and faithfulness, he placed in Earle's hand, wishing him "long life and happiness." The wreath, a marvel of delicate beauty, was made of the finest leaves of yew tree and graceful clusters of pure white wisteria, the leaves signifying sorrow for the past, the flowers "Welcome fair stranger."

What wouldst thou of life?
Love, purity, freedom from strife;
Bless'd virtues, in which heaven is rife;
The victor's crown the conquerer's meed,
The perfect measure of the Golden Reed.

THE END.


**Cured by B. B. B. when all else Failed.**

Mr. Samuel Allen of Lisle, Ont., states that he tried all the doctors in his locality while suffering for years with Liver and Kidney trouble; nothing benefited him until he took Burdock Blood Bitters, four bottles of which cured him.


"You may bring me, said one of the boarders, "a small portion of celtic disturbance." "What," said the waiter. "Irish stew," he answered.


**Babies and Children.**

They are always catching cold in the head, Place a small particle of Nasal Balm in each nostril at night, also rub well over the bridge of the nose, and let us know how they are in the morning.


Never get in a rage.


**Pierce's Pleasant Purgative LITTLE LIVER Pellets. The Original PELLETS.**

*BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.*

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

**SICK HEADACHE,**

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

**$500 REWARD**

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a backing cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

**"Untold Agony from Catarrh."**

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

**"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."**

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2908 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

**Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.**

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

**MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT**

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.

**Best Stable Remedy in the World!**

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria and all kindred afflictions.

**LARGE BOTTLE!**
**POWERFUL REMEDY!**
**MOST ECONOMICAL!**
AS IT COSTS BUT
*25 Cents.*

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,**

of which there are several on the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the name of

**C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,**
YARMOUTH, N. S.

**TESTIMONIAL.**

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.—I had the muscles of my hand so contracted, that I could not use it for two years. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT, and now my hand is as well as ever.
YORES, MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS,
Dalhousie, Lun Co

**SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.**
IS CURE
**CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.**
STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sold by Druggists, or sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address
**FULFORD & Co., Brockville, Ont.**

**NO MORE PILLS!**

MOTHERS LIKE IT!
CHILDREN LIKE IT!!
Because it is agreeable to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS
PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

**1887 Spring, Summer. 1887**

**J. R. HOWIE,**
**PRACTICAL TAILOR.**

THE Subscriber begs to inform his numerous patrons that he has received his Spring and Summer Stock of the latest patterns, consisting of

English, Scotch and Canadian
**TWEEDS,**
Corscrews, Diagonals,
—AND—
**WORSTED COATINGS,**
&c., &c., &c.

In addition to myself and son, I have secured the services of a first-class Cutter from New York, and therefore I am prepared to guarantee a perfect fit and the very latest New York Fashions.

I have also a large and most thoroughly assorted stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, and Ready-Made Clothing for adults and children.

**JAMES R. HOWIE.**
Fredericton, June 1

**CORNMEAL!**

Just landed, ex-schr:
**500 BBLS.**
KILN DRIED
**CORNMEAL,**
**A. P. RANDOLPH & SON.**
Fredericton, August 7

**G. D. CARTER,**
**DENTIST,**

ATTENDS to all operations pertaining to his profession.

**Full or Partial Setts inserted with the Latest Improvements.**

**No Charge for Extracting for Artificial Teeth.**

**When desired, Local or General Anæsthetics Administered in Extracting.**

Positively prices as low as the lowest. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office removed to
**250 QUEEN STREET,**
**Opposite the Bridge.**
Fredericton, October 12, 1887—3mos.

**DR. McALLISTER,**
**DENTIST,**

IS using a new method for the painless extraction of teeth. In use about three months. The general opinion is "It is splendid."

**No Chloroform, Ether or Gas Used.**

**Painless Extraction: One Tooth, 50 cts., 12 Teeth, 25 cts. each.**

A full upper or lower sett of teeth at the usual low rates of
**$8.50 to $10.00**
**Small Silver Fillings 50 cts. each.**
OFFICE:
Queen Street, Opposite Queen Hotel.
Fredericton, July 27, 1887

**F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.**

*Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh;*
*Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh;*
*Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.*

**Special Certificate in Midwifery.**
OFFICE:
Fishers' Building, Cor. Queen and York Streets.
RESIDENCE—109 Brunswick Street.
Fredericton, May 18, 1887—1y

**H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S.,**
**Surgeon Dentist.**
OFFICE:
**First Door below Peoples Bank, Queen Street, Fredericon, N. B.**
OFFICE HOURS—9 A. M. to 1 P. M., 2 to 5, and 7 to 9 P. M.
Fredericton, May 20, 1887

**HOUSE AND LOT!**
**FOR SALE.**

THE Subscriber offers for sale, his House situated on the corner of Charlotte and Northumberland Streets, at present occupied by J. G. Gill.

Also, a desirable building lot with 83 feet front, in the same locality. Liberal terms will be given. Apply to
H. G. ESTEY,
*Peoples Bank*
Fredericton, July 26, 1887—tf.

**REMOVED!**

**F. J. McCAUSLAND,**
**Watchmaker and Jeweler,**

Has Removed his place of Business from the stand in Wiley's Building, to the stand lately occupied by
O. A. McCausland,
**Corner Queen and Carleton Streets,**
where he will attend promptly and carefully to **Watch and Jewelry Repairing.**

He has on hand, and will sell Low for Cash, a fine line of
**WATCHES**
—AND—
**JEWELRY,**
*and a handsome line of Plush Goods.*

Remember the place, corner Queen and Carleton Streets.
Fredericton May 18, 1887—1y

**"GOLDEN FLEECE,"**
**320 Queen Street.**

—OUR—
**Spring and Summer Stock**
IS NOW COMPLETE.

New Jersey's,
New Ginghams,
New Dress Goods,
New Jacket Cloths,
New Prints,
New Muslins,
New Gloves,
New Hosiery.

A special lot of
**DRESS GOODS**
**at 5 cts. per yard.**

We are selling GILT ROOM PAPER, at 25 cts. per roll.

Also, a large assortment from 3 cts. to 10 cts. per roll. Former price from 10 cts. to 25 cts. per roll.

**T. A. SHARKEY.**
Fredericton May 25

**PHOTOGRAPHS**
MADE IN THE FOLLOWING SIZES:
LOCKET,
CARD,
CABINET,
BOUDOIR,
PANEL and
LIFE,
—AT—
**HARVEY'S STUDIO!**
**164, Queen Stret, Fton,**
**Next below Peoples' Bank.**

Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged. Childrens' Pictures a Specialty
Fredericton, October 12, 1887.

**Axes. Axes.**

5 BOXES of the celebrated Bixford Axe Hand Hammered and Variable Temper ground and Polished to hand. Give them a trial.
Z. R. EVERETT.
October 19

WE KEEP AS WELL
Broad's Fowler's and Risteen's Axes.
Z. R. EVERETT.



**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY**

**'87 Summer Arrangement '87**

*On and after MONDAY, June 13th, 1887, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:*

**Trains will leave St. John.:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Day Express | 7.00 |
| Accommodation | 11.00 |
| Express for Sussex | 16.35 |
| Express for Halifax & Quebec | 23.15 |

Sleeping Cars run daily on the night Train to Halifax, and Parlor Cars on the day Train.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

**Trains will arrive at St. John:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Express from Halifax & Quebec | 5.30 |
| Express from Sussex | 8.30 |
| Accommodation | 12.55 |
| Day Express | 6.00 |

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., June 24th, 1887.

**NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.**

**ALL RAIL LINE.**

**Arrangement of Trains—In effect October 24th, 1887.**

**LEAVE FREDERICTON:**
(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

7.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points;
9.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for Meadam Junction, and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points West; St. Andrews, Houlton Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls Edmundston, and all points North.
1.10 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for St. John, and points East.

**ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:**
11.35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from St John, and all points East.
3.35 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.
6.40 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

**LEAVE GIBSON:**
6.50 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points North.

**ARRIVE AT GIBSON:**
4.45 P. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points North.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen'l Manager.
H. D. McLEOD,
Sup't Southern Division.
J. F. LEAVITT,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.
St. John, N. B., October 17, 1887.

**196 196**

**WILEY'S DRUG STORE!**
**Queen Street.**

JUST RECEIVED:

200 lbs. Paris Green;
100 lbs. Slug Shot;
100 lbs. Dalmation Insect Powder;
50 lbs. Hellibore;
500 lbs. Copperas;
100 lbs. Carbolic Acid;
Case Condy's Fluid;
100 lbs. Chloride Lime.

—FOR SALE BY—
**JOHN M. WILEY,**
**FREDERICTON.**
June 8, 1887

**Sheriff's Sale.**

TO be sold by Public Auction on THURSDAY, the 17th day of November next, between the hours of twelve o'clock, noon, and five o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the County Court House, in the City of Fredericton in the County of York, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand either at law or in Equity of "The Fredericton Leather Company," of, in, to, out of or upon the following lots and premises situate, lying and being in the Town Plot of the said City of Fredericton, and abutted and bounded as follows: