POOR COPY




# J. W. TABOR

Has Just Received a

CHOICE LOT OF TEAS.

Comprising 1 lb., 2 lbs., and 5 lbs. Baskets.

SUGARS, YELLOW EXTRA, STANDARD EXTRA AND GRANULATED.

FLOUR—Buda, Harvest Moon, Crystal, White Pidgeon, etc.

Fresh Corn Meal, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Meal & Grain.

SOAPS—Surprise, Electric, Sea Foam, Century, Linen Towel, Toilet, Baby's Own, Princess, Oatmeal, Rose Bouquet, etc.

APPLES—Baldwin, Pippins, Nonpareil, Evaporated and Native Dry.

Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Beet, Beans, Beef and Pork.

CHRISTIE, BROWN & CO.'S CELEBRATED BISCUITS—NORTHENWARE, CLASSWARE AND CULTERY.

CANNED GOODS IN BEEF, LOBSTERS, OYSTERS, THONS, BEANS, TOMATOES, CORN, STRING BEANS, PEACHES, PINE APPLES AND PRESERVES. CUCUMBER PICKLES, MIXED PICKLES, BOTTLED PICKLES.

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, and Choice Groceries. For sale low at

Fredericton, Feb. 14. COR. KING & WESTMORLAND STS

# JACKSON ADAMS,

PRINCIPAL UNDERTAKER.

Coffins and Caskets of all kinds, Sizes and Prices. Robes, Shrouds and Funeral Goods of Every Description kept in stock.

Telegraphic orders promptly attended to. Day or night prompt attention orders will receive RESIDENCE OVER WAREROOMS.

COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE. OPP. QUEEN HOTEL.

A Full Line of Furniture Kept in Stock | Repairing and Upholstering Done |



# JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who apply, a pamphlet containing much valuable information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. The pamphlet will not be sent unless you send your name, an illustrated Pamphlet. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2116, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.



# Canned Goods.

CORN, TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS, PINE APPLES, PEACHES, OYSTERS, LOBSTERS, SALMON, CORN BEEF, LUNCH TONGUE, POTTED HAM, Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee.

FOR SALE LOW AT

S. L. MORRISON'S

Queen Street, Cor. of York.

Fredericton, June 21st, 1888.



# OATS!

LANDING AND IN STORE, 3 CARS!

2 Cars Carleton County Oats, 1 Car P. E. I. Oats.

ALSO LANDING:

One Car Hay, Straw, Middlings, Shorts, Bran, Whole and Cracked Corn.

W. E. Miller & Co.

157 and 159 QUEEN STREET.



# EDGECOMBE & SONS,

YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.

Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for

SLEIGHS & PUNGS

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

PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.

Leave Your Orders Early.

EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.



# RECEIVED TO-DAY.

Cape Cod Cranberries, Florida Oranges, S. C. Hams and Bacon, New Dates and Figs, Mixed Pickles in kegs, Cucumber Pickles in kegs, English Biscuit in tins, New Raisins and Currants.

APPLES. APPLES.

IN STORE BEFORE THE COLD WEATHER.

160 Bbls. No. 1 American Baldwins, 40 Bbls. No. 1 Bishop Pippins.

20 KEGS GRAPES.

W. R. LOGAN.

Queen Street, Fredericton


## A WOMAN ON CREMATION.

**She Believes a Higher Civilization Will Abolish Grave Yards.**

It has been the custom to attribute to women a sentimental conservatism regarding reforms in our methods of burial, which has retarded, hitherto, the movement in favor of cremation. Their antagonism, it is claimed, is not based upon any hygienic or economic views entertained by them, but to disinclination to interfere with usage. Custom is the fetich which the masses of women are charged with worshiping, and undoubtedly the accusation is true of the order of women who are swayed by emotion and whose judgment has not been trained by education and enlarged opportunities. Many women of the higher type have given the subject no thought; others secretly approve it, but keep silence through dread of shocking the prejudices of those about them. Some American women—from dispassionate contemplation of the subject—are earnest advocates of cremation as a necessity of the age, made manifest by injury to the public health through the overcrowding of grave yards adjacent to large cities.

Justice to the living will ultimately be the factor which will lead the majority to accept the conclusions of the minority regarding cremation. But right ideas will not prevail universally until the costly show grounds—now held in veneration—are proven to be pest places. Then sanitary influences will overpower the sentimental ignorance which continues the colonizing of corpses in graveyards which are already within the limits of some cities. A higher civilization than ours will be ashamed of the vulgar and pretentious display manifested in the name of the helpless dead. Cremation, by increasing our respect for our fellow beings, will mitigate this evil, and it will correct another of which Americans seem to enjoy a monopoly—that of traveling corpses over the country to the discomfort and humiliation of the living. Surely it is debasing to our ideas of this immortality of the spirit to pay such honors as we do to lifeless flesh, even though it be clothed for a brief space in the likeness of a loved one. Could we be induced to reflect how brief a space it is in which the body remains as we put it away, most assuredly we should prefer its speedy dissolution by incineration. When a human body is no longer animated by the life giving principle that individualized it, is it not merciful to swiftly and where it is done by the purifying element of fire? So claim many who consider our burial customs heathenish and utterly inconsistent with our ethical, spiritual and sanitary views. So think the women who assume as assume the responsibility of uniting together in the interests of enlightened public sentiment, in a symposium on cremation.—Laura C. Holloway in The Epoch.

### The Dreams of a Hasheesh Smoker.

Science describes the experiences of a gentleman who placed himself under the influence of hasheesh. He smoked it until he felt a profound sense of well being, and then put the pipes aside. After a few minutes he seemed to become two persons; he was conscious of his real self reclining on a lounge and of why he was there; his double was in a magnificent building of gold and marble, splendidly brilliant, and beautiful beyond all description. He felt an extreme gratification, and believed himself in heaven. This double personality suddenly vanished, but reappeared in a few minutes. His real self was undergoing rhythmical spasms throughout his body; his double was a marvelous instrument, producing sounds of exquisite sweetness and perfect rhythm. Then sleep ensued, and all ended. Upon another occasion sleep and waking came and went so rapidly that they seemed to be confused. His double seemed to be the sea, bright and tossing as the wind blew, then a continent. Again he smoked a double dose and sat at his table, pencil in hand, to record the effects. He lost all conception of time. He rose to open a door and it seemed to take a million years. He went to pacify an angry dog, and endless ages seemed to have passed when he returned. Conceptions of space retained their normal character. He felt an unusual fullness of mental impressions—enough to fill volumes. He understood clairvoyance, hypnotism and all else. He was not one man or two, but several men living at the same time in different places, with different occupations. He could not write one word without hurrying to the next, his thoughts flowing with enormous rapidity. The few words he did write meant nothing.

## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

**Facts Concerning a Custom That Is Much Observed in Russia.**

The Russian is crossing himself all day long. When he first comes forth in the open air in the morning, if no church be in sight from his own door, he listens to the first sound of some bell, then, turning towards it, crosses himself with great fervor, to insure a blessing on the undertakings of the day. He crosses himself before and after each meal. When you make a bargain with him he crosses himself that it may prosper. When the peasant who is to drive you takes the reins in his hands he crosses himself to keep away accidents; and every steeple he passes gets the same mark of respect. Sometimes the edifice thus saluted is so far off that the stranger wonders at the quickness shown in discovering it, and is often at a loss to discern the distant hamlet where it stands. In a like manner the person standing beside you in any public conveyance crosses himself every time you start with new horses. If you give a child a piece of money its little hand is up in a moment to make the sign of the cross, by way of blessing and thanking you. No Russian ever passes a church without pausing when he comes opposite its center to make the sign of the cross. It is not alone the grave and the aged who pause at these places, but also the giddy and young. You have just seen some gray haired general do it—but wait one minute; a laughing band of youngsters are coming up. Now they are opposite the church or the shrine—each crosses himself devoutedly—utters a prayer or two—you see the lips moving—then passes gravely on, the laugh and the jest being resumed only when they are some way off.

So far is this crossing custom carried that where a Russian enters your room he cannot say "Good morning" until he has crossed himself at the Saviour's picture. A man in any public way, such as innkeeper, must always have a picture hung in his own apartment in addition to that in the public room, to which each Russian turns before he sits down to eat.—Russian Interior.

### Peculiar Dangers.

I have the mark of an accident on my left foot that came about by a peculiar accident when I was a school boy. In fact, I have never heard or known that the accident had a precedent. On my way home from the Clay school one summer afternoon I met with the accident. I was crossing over Broadway, near Ferry street, and was cut off by a heavily loaded wagon. Just as the wagon reached within a few feet of me the tire of the hind wheel left its fastenings, the hub cracked, and the wheel fell with a loud crash, the tire striking my foot near the instep. The accident occurred in the twinkling of an eye, and had I been nearer I would most likely have been struck in the stomach and instantly killed. It is an accident seldom thought of, but it has served me as a warning which I have not failed to obey.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Exchange of Courtesies.

Mrs. Donohue—I wad have ye comprshind that me own family always moved in the higher circles of society.

Mrs. Doyle—I am aware of it, Mrs. Donohue. I have always heard that the scum always rises to the top.—Texas Siftings.

## PUTTING ON AIRS.

Refuse the civil "Yes" or "No,"
Decline to see me when you go
Along the street with "bulls" and "bears;"
Whatever else you choose to do,
Abstain from patronizing airs.

Cut me direct upon the street;
Look down upon me when we meet;
Let others see who proudly stare,
Discrown monarchs, philosophers and sweet,
With soft and patronizing airs.

There may be times when all may need
The friendship of the friends indeed,
To help us lift life's load of cares;
But hearts had better break and bleed,
Than pulse with patronizing airs.

He does not act the role of friend
Who thinks that he must condescend,
And stoop to aid in my affairs;
He mocks me with the bow and bend
That come of patronizing airs.

The social status one attains,
With well earned or ill gotten gains
Of gold, and stocks and bonds, and shares,
Will be defiled with vulgar stains,
When he shows patronizing airs.

They have been those who helped the poor,
Who brought a light about the door;
They added angels unawares
God blessed their baskets and their store—
They had no patronizing airs.

Are we not all one strain akin?
The best and wisest touched with sin?
For with the wheat will grow the tares.
Oh, proud and vain, just look within,
And cease all patronizing airs.

—George W. Bungay in Phrenological Journal.

### Under Water Four Minutes.

The question has often been asked, How long is it possible for a man to remain under water? and in order to answer it M. Lacassagne, a well known European scientist, has been making some close observations. His chief subject was a celebrated diver, who, it was alleged, could remain under the water for four minutes and fourteen seconds, which, it must be confessed, is a great advance in duration over the period commonly believed to prove fatal to a completely immersed person. The study of this man revealed certain interesting and important points. In the first place, he expelled all the air from his lungs—that is, all the air which breathing can expel from the lungs, for there always remains in the lungs an amount over and above that which can be exhaled in the deepest expiration—then he filled his lungs as completely as possible and dived. While in the water he swallowed about a liter of the fluid. On emerging from the water it is said he "snorted" frequently, while his face was congested, his heart beats slow and feeble and his eyes flushed.—New York Telegram.

### Ben Jonson on Human Nature.

What a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward and be beggars within; to contemplate nothing but the title, vile and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble and precious? We serve our avarice; and not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, we search for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things, and placed them at hand and near us that he knew were profitable for us; but the hurtful he laid deep and hid. Yet do we covet only the things whereby we may perish; and bring them forth, when God and nature had buried them. We covet superfluous things, when it were more honor for us if we could contemn necessary.

### He Put Them In Irons.

A reporter overheard an old sea captain relate how he served the crew when they got too full. The old salt chuckled as he related the story. He said: "Yes, you can just bet a crew that got drunk on me never tried it again. When them fellers 'd come aboard ship drunk, why I'd just clap 'em in irons an' throw 'em in a heap on the deck. If we had rainy weather during the night, they couldn't get away; they'd have to stay right there. Yes, and to see them fellers in the morning you'd think they was going to die right off. No, sir; no crew ever got drunk on me twice," and he and his companion made for a South Street saloon to smile.—New York Sun.

### Politeness Pays.

The gentleman at the coal office was giving some instructions to one of his subordinates in the suburbs by telephone.

"What time do you expect to get in there to-morrow morning?"

"At 8 o'clock.

"Hello, central. Give me 999."

The interruption came from a man whose wire had "plugged in" by mistake with the one over which the conversation was going.

"Go chase yourself around the block," replied the employe in the suburbs. "This isn't the central office. Hello, 1331! Are you listening."

"Yes."

"I was about to say when that duffer broke in that I would be at the office at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, if that will do."

"All right."

And 1331 dropped his 'phone.

But the man who had called for 999 was listening. In a voice like that of the gentleman at the coal office he called out:

"O, say!"

"Well," responded the employe in the suburbs. "Have you forgotten anything?"

"Yes. I just happened to remember that a customer we can't afford to snub is going west in the morning on a 6 o'clock train, and wants to leave an order before he goes. You'll have to come in at 5:30.

"Thunder! That's tough."

"So it is. But you'll have to come in."

"I'll come."

When the fresh young man in the suburbs reads this, he will know why he met nobody at that coal office, although he came in at the unearthly hour of 5:30 a. m., and remained till 7:30, sitting on the doorstep and shivering; and it will dawn upon him, perhaps, that the person whom he told to chase himself around the block was a newspaper man, who considers himself amply avenged.—Chicago Tribune.

### Trade Tricks.

It is often said by captious critics that English people do not know how to make coffee, but, according to a recently issued report from the British consul at St. Petersburg, we are not only eclipsed by continental rivals in the art of preparing the fragrant drink, but also in the art of adulterating the raw material. Here we are familiar enough, or rather much too familiar, with chicory as a substitute for coffee, and, doubtless, most of us have heard of the inventive American who brought out a machine for compressing chicory into the form of coffee berries. In Russia the wary purchaser has to be on the outlook for other adulterants, such as burnt beans, roasted barley and the like. The British consul tells a story of an Odessa grocer who boldly offered a reward to any one who should discover chicory in the coffee he supplied. As a matter of fact, a careful analysis did prove that the so called coffee contained no chicory; but it proved more, namely, that all produce of the coffee plant was equally conspicuous by its absence. The stuff was really nothing more or less than roast barley. In a similar way, tea, which is usually supposed to be so good in Russia, is very often made the means of fraud. A common trick is to mix the good tea with other leaves which have been once used and then dried, a practice which has more obvious advantages to the dealers who would thereby feel themselves at liberty to say that the mixture contained nothing but tea. But the most usual adulterant is the leaves of the common willow herb, which, after drying, strongly resemble the true produce of China and India.—London News.

### An Unanswerable Argument.

Tonsorial Artist—You want to try some of mine patent hair tonic; your hair vos got thin on top already.

Customer—Why don't you try it yourself? You're balder than I am.

Tonsorial Artist—Ya; but I rebresent "before using." Look at dot barber py der next chair; he rebresents "after using two bottles." Ve know our peesness, ain't it?

## JOHN WANAMAKER'S KITCHEN.

**It Is an Appetizer, and Is Especially Noted for Fine Mince Pies.**

John Wanamaker has one of the biggest kitchens in the world. It is in the basement of his Philadelphia store, where no rats are tolerated and no dampness is permitted to penetrate. Wanamaker takes great pride in this kitchen, as he does in everything connected with his store. Often he goes down to the big steam cooking pans, lifts the lid, tastes the soup, peeps at boiling potatoes, or inspects the little porcelain pan in which the charlotte russe is served. Wanamaker is noted for his rich charlotte russe, and the delicacy is made from a recipe furnished the chief cook by Wanamaker himself. Wanamaker likes to take visitors through his kitchen and ask them to sample the food in all its stages of preparation. His is one of the few great kitchens in the world which a man may go through and come out with a good appetite. Wanamaker's kitchen is actually an appetizer. The great merchant is never so happy as when running a knife into the Lancaster county butter and passing it around for visitors to taste. In Wanamaker's restaurant from 4,000 to 8,000 persons are fed every day, and Wanamaker is not too proud to lunch in his own shop. In summer he makes and sells there 3,000 quarts of ice cream daily, and in oyster season fries 30,000 oysters. Wanamaker knows his trade and caters to it as carefully as an apple woman on the street corner. That is the way he became rich.

An instance of this is to be found in the orders he once gave his restaurant manager about mince pies. "Have only the best mince pies that money will buy," he said, "even if you have to sell at a loss. I can afford to sink $10,000 a year in mince pies rather than have people say I do not give them good pies. The people of Philadelphia can't be fooled on mince pies." Neither can Wanamaker, and with his usual carefulness in seeing that all his orders are carried out to the letter it was for a long time his custom to slip downstairs and sample the pie every day. Wanamaker is now famous for his mince pies.

When Wanamaker first started up his restaurant, then a much smaller place than it now is, his manager ordered 200 dozen assorted pies in anticipation of a big run by the Philadelphians on their favorite pastry. But the customers were scarce the next day, and when the store closed 197 dozen pies were still on hand. The restaurant manager was in consternation. He at once sought Wanamaker, whom he found in his office after all the employes had gone home. "Are the pies still good?" asked the great merchant after listening to the manager's story. "Yes; they will be good all day to-morrow," said the manager. "Well, then," said Wanamaker, "put an advertisement in every morning paper to-morrow announcing that for this day only we will sell choice, fresh pies at 4 cents a cut. See what that will do." Next morning the Philadelphians read Wanamaker's pie advertisements and by nightfall there was not a piece of pie left in the house. In telling this story Manager Gillam added: "That is the way with Wanamaker. He will have only the best, that is to be had, and when the goods won't move he makes them move."—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

### A Dream Realized.

I am not "a believer in dreams" in the common acceptance of the term, but I have recently had an experience that, to say the least, was remarkable. I will relate it simply as a matter of fact, not as an argument. Few people in St. Louis have entirely forgotten the famous Reily tragedy, which occurred about five years ago. George Reily, a river pilot, killed his wife and then committed suicide. I was an old time friend of Reily, and was at his bedside before he died, and while he was suffering from the self inflicted wounds. I attended his funeral and have cherished his memory as that of an unfortunate friend. Thomas D. Freeman, of Monroe City, Mo., was a long time friend of both myself and Mr. Reily. On the 10th of January last, while taking my morning nap, I dreamed that George Reily came to me and told me that Freeman had died at 4 o'clock that morning. I told my wife of my dream, but as we had not heard that Mr. Freeman was ill around for visitors of it. On the 17th of January I received a paper from Monroe City containing a notice of the death of Mr. Freeman, which I subsequently learned had occurred on the very day and at the very hour I had dreamed. Mr. Freeman was assistant postmaster at Monroe City when he died.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

### Does It Rain Fish?

No doubt you have read stories of fish and tadpoles coming down in the rain, and perhaps you were puzzled about such strange things. Isn't this a very reasonable explanation of the mystery?

A party of travelers once encamped over a dried up pond in Africa which gave little evidence of ever having held water. Soon after a terrific rain storm came on, filling the place so that they were compelled to move to a higher location. One of the men, returning, however, for some reason, in wading to the site of the camp, found, to his amazement, that the water was alive with fishes.

Opinion was divided as to their origin; part of the men thought it was a case of spontaneous generation, while the majority felt positive that they had rained down. The truth was that the rain had soaked down to the imprisoned mud fishes, releasing them from their baked cells and surrounding them once more with water. The air bladders of these fishes are divided into compartments, and have all the requisites of a true lung, and they are as truly amphibious as the frogs and toads.—Philadelphia Times.

When it is one minute after 8 o'clock it is past 8. When it is thirty minutes after 8 it is only half past 8. Here is another discovery to make the world pause and feel sad.—Detroit Free Press.


BURDOCK BILLS

A CURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.



NOW IN STOCK

FOR FALL TRADE

—AT—

WM. JENNINGS

Merchant Tailor.

WIDE WALE WORSTED OVERCOATINGS IN A GREAT VARIETY OF PATTERNS,

ALSO:

A Fine Selection of Fashionable Trowserings and Suitings.

WM. JENNINGS

COR. QUEEN ST. AND WILMOT'S ALLEY

Fredericton, Nov. 4th, 1888.


## ODDS AND ENDS.

It is easy for a bald man to find his barings.

A FORCIBLE FACT.—Constipation is the most frequent cause of headaches, bad blood, humors, dizziness, vertigo, etc., and because of this should never be allowed to exist. It may be readily cured by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which never fails to cure even the most obstinate and chronic cases."

Never cry over spilt milk. Ten to one it is half water.

A USEFUL ARTICLE.—"I can certify to the great usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. We use it for burns, bruises, cuts, sores, rheumatism, sore throat, croup, etc., and recommend it to all as an excellent remedy." T. W. Appleby, Wingham, Ont. All medicine dealers sell Yellow Oil.

Mrs Cleveland is engaged in translating French novel into English.

AN APT QUOTATION.—From a letter by Mrs. Sullivan, 124 West Ave., Hamilton, Ont.: "After trying a number of medicines for liver complaint, from which I suffered for years, I bought two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and found it a complete cure. My house is never without it."

The fact that ignorance is bliss probably accounts for the happiness of newly married people.

TICKLING TORTURE.—Mrs. Henry M. Kitchen, St George, Ont., says: "I had a bad cold which settled in my throat, causing a continual tickling, and I just coughed all the time. I got Hagyard' Pectoral Balsam and in three days was getting better, and in 10 days I went to church. Our neighbors know this to be true.

Many a young man who works hard during the day allows his hands to go to waist in the evening.

THE FIELD OF CHATAUQUAY.—From this historic ground Mr. Frank Durotte writes that he was greatly afflicted with constipation, together with pain and swelling of his body. "I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and it gave me immediate relief I can now sleep well, and can eat heartily without any ill effects."

Mrs Burnett receives $25 for every performance of her dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

POISON IVY ERUPTION.—For poison ivy eruption and for all burns, sore throat, rheumatism, etc., Mr. C. W. Wood, of Hall's Bridge, Ont., advises the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which has been in use in his family for years. He regards it as a perfect cure.

Ouida has been writing for forty-one years, having begun her literary career by a story when 4 years old.

"If a woman is pretty,
To me 'tis no matter,
If she be blonde or brunette,
So she 1-s me look at her."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull listeless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

When a woman shows enough interest in a man to pick a piece of lint off his overcoat he can marry her if he only says so.

### How's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was not more ignorant of its suitability. Promotheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Promotheus there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, digestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

The man who hums softly to himself while he is at work may show he has a cheerful disposition, but he is not a comfort to his neighbors.

### Ten Thousand Dollars a Year.

Robert Burdette the humorist, who has recently so we learn become a parson, once said to a young boy, "There's nothing like knowing your business clean through my boy whether you know anything else or not."

Vanderbilt pays his cook $10,000 a year. He might have known how to cook fairly well and known a little of a thousand and one other useful employments, but he could not have gotten ten thousand a year for all of them.

He gets that just because he knows thoroughly *how to cook*, and it wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat and went around its orbit on wheels. The cream always rises to the top and stays.

As with individual avocation so it is with every branch of business, or every class of goods or article of use or necessity, they live the life of the butterfly and are forgotten as soon as something else appears that is new, or else they become so firmly fixed in the minds of thousands that they become a part of life itself.

We were forcibly impressed with the above idea from a remark made by a gentleman in our office a few days since. He said, "Any article of merchandise that has been on the market since 1810, and still sells like the old Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, must have extraordinary merit." The manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., have in their office and will send to any one, testimonials from old people who have used it in their family, when young, and whose children's children have used it very many years. This is not at all remarkable when we think of the amount of good this remedy will do; thousands of cases of pneumonia and consumption have been prevented by using this remedy for internal inflammations, such as colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, as well as cramps and pains innumerable. It is totally unlike any other remedy used, and called liniment. It was a great mistake ever calling it anything but Johnson's Anodyne. The information on the large four page wrapper around each bottle is worth much to every family. Johnson & Co. send a pamphlet free to any one, containing much valuable information upon diseases and their cure.

We are none of us perfect in this world, but a good many of us sometimes look complacently at ourselves in the glass, and cheerfully think we are pretty near it.


THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

2. MINUTE & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.



COLOSSUS

GUNTER'S BIG SLEIGH,

Seating nearly Half a Hundred, Drawn by Four or Six Horses,

ON HIRE AT REASONABLE RATES.

Parties of any number wishing to visit Marysville Rink will be called for at their residences.

Telephone your Orders.

GEO. I. GUNTER.

Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1888.



PURE CONFECTIONERY

Will be found at

J. H. TABOR'S,

198 QUEEN STREET,

And also at the store formerly kept by

BERRY BROS.,

He having purchased the stock and good will of the business. He will continue to run it as it has been run—in first-class style.

J. H. TABOR.

Fredericton, Feb. 7.


## IN THE BANANA BELT.

**Bill Nye's Surprising Adventures in Company with Mr. Riley Haggard.**

Many southern people come to St. Paul and Minneapolis, it is said, in order to escape the rigors of their own winter. The banana belt, extending from Duluth to Winnipeg, reminds one of tropical Africa. Last week Mr. Riley Haggard and I started out for a little quiet elephant shooting in the country. Bidding farewell to the concierge at the hotel, we packed our heavy express rifles and smooth bore elephant guns, penetrated as far as the sleeping car could convey us, and, bidding farewell to our faithful Wan Wengs, who caressed us both with a whisk broom to the value of twenty scudi, we hired an elephant apiece and began to permeate the jungle, preceded by our trusty bird dog.

At the kraal or livery stable where we engaged our elephants we were told that game was very plenty about thirty miles across the dinglelow, and that in a small forest of jingsang trees and bootb tushes quite a covey of quagga and elephants had been scared up by a Boer who had penetrated the jungle accompanied by his brake or dog.

The first night we camped beneath the shade of a Vienna bread fruit tree on the borders of the Karroo, and prevented the escape of our trusty elephants by attaching their trunks, we began to prepare our evening meal. I read the directions from a book of African travel, and my very faithful comrade, Mr. Riley Haggard, did the cooking.

First refreshing ourselves with a long draught from a gourd of spoopju from Pemba, married 1862, we called boaserts in placed on the market eighteen hours and forty-two minutes after it is made, our faithful gun bearer, Ylang Ylang, began to carve the bultong, Melbos, and jerked muskrat for the evening meal. Making a bright fire of karroo bushes and fresh brain tigers, waft of smelles was soon simmering over the coals, while the odor of Cincinnati bultong perverted the tropical forest.

Ylang Ylang, our faithful valet, who has made his name a household word because of his search after Schwatka and Ode Nighe Stanley, said that according to the books on African exploration it was now time to bed down the elephants. After doing this he returned and proceeded with the cuisine.

We had hardly swallowed our supper, and Mr. Riley Haggard was about to climb a date palm to secure a few luscious lecture dates, when our ears were saluted by a most unearthly and ear piercing roar from the heart of the jungle. At this moment our faithful Ylang Ylang came in with eyes sticking out like a sore thumb to announce that our bird dog had flushed a large Abyssinian lion.

Hurriedly putting a little Mayonnaise dressing on our faithful Ylang Ylang, we sent him out to parley with the lion while we put on our telegraph climbers, and filling our pockets with bultong we ascended a Duluth palm tree.

We had not long to wait. The wang-wangs bushes parted and a low, heavy set performing lion crept softly into the open Karroo, preceded at a distance of about three-quarters of an inch by our faithful Ylang Ylang. As the poor fellow jumped a low Kirdish bush, I heard a crunching sound such as I never hope to hear again, and turned away my head rather than see our trusty gun bearer in the act of backing into a lion.

As soon as I could regain my courage by a small nip of spoopju, I looked back at the sickening spectacle. All was still save the distant song of the red breasted blim-blam in the Kooloo bushes.

Suddenly remembering how I had once seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I descended from the tree and, taking a small riding whip with me, I said, "Hi!" and whipping him across the forelegs, in the mean time frequently making the remark "Hi!" I drove him away from them. Out of the kraal, down the sloot or dry water course and across the Karroo lands he sped and so on back to Winnipeg, where he joined his congress of rare wild beasts, as I afterwards learned.

Hastily saddling our elephants and sinching them tightly, so that the bowlas could not slip around under the stomach of the noble beast, we mounted by means of a freight car standing near by and returned across the traversal, whatever that is, and hiring a diligence, we packed our remaining supply of bultong, elephant tusks, spoopju, pemmican, elephant blubber, sacred cow meat, dried krocklejum, Milwaukee Heidseck and a glossary of hard words from Rider Haggard, and took the cars at Stanley Pool, resolving to penetrate still further into the tropical depths of the northwest.—Bill Nye in New York World.

### Signed with His Own Name.

Banker Rosenthal directed his bookkeeper to address a pretty rough letter to Baron X., who had promised several times to pay what he owed, but had neglected to do so. When the letter was written it did not suit Banker Rosenthal, who is very excitable, so the latter hastily penned the following:

MY DEAR BARON X.—Who was it that promised to pay up on the first of January?

You, my dear baron, you are the man.

Who was it that promised then to settle on the first of March?

You, my dear baron.

Who is it that didn't settle on the first of March?

You, my dear baron.

Who is it, then, who has broken his word twice and is an unmitigated scoundrel?

Your obedient servant,

MOSES ROSENTHAL.

—From the German.

### Reciprocity.

A good story illustrating the rights of children to get in a question or two in reply to interrogatories by their elders was told by a prominent physician here to a lady patient a day or two ago.

"Whose boy are you?" asked the doctor to a bright looking youngster who was playing in a patient's garden.

"Mr. Jim——'s. Whose be you?" was the unexpected rejoinder.—Kingston Freeman.

### A Bad Starter.

The Teacher—You've not advanced very fast, have you?

The New Boy—I'm so darned bashful, marm, I don't dare t' step a foot higher to yu.—Judge.


G·M·D.

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Scrofulous Fever-sores, Hip-Joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For "Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.



RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES.

ONE HUNDRED CASES

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American, Goodyear, and Canadian

RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES.

FIRST QUALITY. CALL AND EXAMINE BEFORE SPENDING YOUR MONEY.

NELSON CAMPBELL

Fredericton, Nov. 1



To Travellers.

Northern and Western RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 28th, 1888.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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

LEAVE FREDERICTON

7:10, a. m.; Gibson, 7:15; Marysville, 7:35; Makzer's Siding, 8:05; Durham, 8:20; Cross Creek, 8:35; Boiestown, 10:30; Doaktown, 11:30; Upper Blackville, 12:45, p. m.; Blackville, 1:30; Upper Nelson Boom, 2:05; Chatham Junction, 2:40; arrive at Chatham, 3:30.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

8:00, a. m.; Chatham Junction, 8:40; Upper Nelson Boom, 9:35; Blackville, 9:50; Upper Blackville, 10:25; Doaktown, 11:35; Boiestown, 12:34, p. m.; Cross Creek, 2:00; Durham, 2:40; Marysville, 2:55; Gibson, 3:40, arriving at Fredericton, 3:45.

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

Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN,

Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., Nov. 28th, 1888.



New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Jan. 7th, 1889.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points.

8 45 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

12 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3 10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, V