POETRY.

WHERE IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND?

And the winds of the world made answ North, south, and east and west; "Wherever there's wealth to covet, Or land that can be possess'd; Wherever are savage races To cozen, coerce and scare, Ye shall find the vaunted ensign, For the English flag is there !

"Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels Whence African victims fly, To be shot by explosive bullets Or to wretchedly starve and die! And where the beachcomber harries The isles of the southern sea, At the peak of his hellish vessel 'Tis the English flag flies free.

"'Tis Maori full oft hath cursed it With his bitterest dying breath, And the Arab has hissed his hatred As he spits at its folds in death. The hapless Fellah has feared it On Tel-el-Kebir's parched plain. And the Zulu's blood has stained it With a deep, indelible stain.

tics is Mr. Moir's hobby.

at an end.

possible!

iberately

asks, abruptly.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage, It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame. It has waved o'er the fell marauder As he came with sword and flame: It has looked upon ruthless slaughter, And massacres dire and grim; It has heard the shricks of the victims Drown even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the flag of England? Seek the lands where the natives rot Where decay and assured extinction Must soon be the people's lot. Go! search for the once glad islands Where disease and death are rife, And the greed of callous commerce Now battens on human life!

"Where is the flag of England? Go! sail where rich galleons come With shoddy and ' loaded ' cottons, And beer and Bibles and rum. Go, too, where brute force has triumphed And hypocrisy makes its lair, And your question will find its answer, For the flag of England is there !" -LONDON TRUTH.

SELECT STORY.

VANQUISHED.

BY EDWARD BROOKS. "He has accepted your invitation,

then ?" says Miss Virginia Moir, impatiently, in her rich contralto voice. Her supple figure is lightly poised on the arm of her uncle's veranda chair, and swer as frankly?" she restlessly switches her small boot with her riding-whip.

baster neck and arms, her only ornament Strange to say, somebody else has the a string of precious pearls, she enters same thought also, as he looks up from the drawing-room, where her uncle and his book as the riders sweep past him like guest await her. the wind.

An involuntary start of admiration and "I was beastly rude," he mutters; "but a low bow from the stranger, a slight in- I could not help it. She looked so awful- stood leaning against the open piano, tall, clination of the head and one flash of the | ly sweet as she stood there that I almost | pale, indignant, her great dark eyes flash- nights of those tantalizing glimpses of great eyes into his from Jeane, and the gave in; but she shall not have the pleasintroduction is over. But in that glance ure of adding me to her list of victims," narrow line - an ominous danger signal depths, did the business thoroughly for she has seen a tall, muscular man, about and he applies himself vigorously to his with Beth Randolph - her small hands Beth. thirty years old, with tawny hair and sketching. mustache, and whose keen gray eyes The major is invited to dinner, and eyes some serious damage, one foot in a bronze and firm mouth cause her to shrug her jealously the young Adonis seated op- slipper beating the carpet with an impashoulders a little and say, inwardly, posite him. "Very handsome, but too masterful," as But he need not fear, for Miss Moir

she leads the way into the dining-room. rarely addresses him, if at all while he is literatively self-composed, as he stood be-The conversation is general at first; but apparently engrossed in a discussion with side the big white marble mantle leaning after a time Mr. Moir leads his young her uncle friend, with whom he seems thoroughly After dinner, music: Jeane bravely in a crystal vase a great bunch of ruddy pleased, to speak of his parents, his boyhood, his travels, until at last the young major bending entranced over her, turn- color in the room. His gray eyes said man, evidently disliking the turn the ing the leaves of the music.

conversation is taking, aptly puts a question in politics to the elder man, thereby Not once do the gray eyes stray to the chagrin brown ones that are scanning him rather Suddenly, after a great crashing of the gloom of human passions; but there curiously. Jeane takes no part in the dischords, there is a lull at the piano, and was no painter available, and the quarrel cussion, but maintains a dignified silence, then tenderly, and with a strange fervor, went on like the fate of the embryo poet

whenever it waves within reach of her song, "Auld Robin Gray." ingers. The conversation flows on unceasingly until Jeane rises and dinner is sionately, and no one could accuse her of say awkward, silence. lacking soul now. When she ceases there

their cigars upon the veranda, and Jeane, something very like tears stand in the engaged to me for so long who does not usually dislike the smell of eyes of the three men. A moment later smoke, retires to the drawing-room, the major hurriedly bids them all "good- angrily. "Because a woman is - is fond was gazing full into the pale sweet face where, being a fine musician, she amuses night," and almost immediately after -no, that is not the word - is somewhat herself at the piano. Presently the gentlemen enter, and Mr. quietly opens the door for her to pass out, and-alive country place, and accepts your Moir asks for some singing. Jeane, after and for an instant their eyes meet.

vainly expecting Mr. McGregor to offer to turn her music for her, dashes off into a radiantly tender. brilliant Italian concert piece. Three days later Miss Moir sits on the you, Charlie Lyell, and - thank Heaven, Her voice is good, and has been well old bench by the water-fall, her hands I shall never be!"

trained, but is entirely unsuited for such clasped together in her lap, and-surely class of music. She knows it, but is per- she is not weeping? verse. Her uncle listens, amazed and un-Yet there are large tears slowly coursing And that speech, you know, would not easy for awhile : "It is so unlike Jeane their way down either cheek. But she naturally restore peace and gentleness beto sing like that! Why could she not heeds them not. She is thinking, think- tween the two belligerents; well, hardly. ing some of her pretty Scotch ballads?" ing hard. "He is going away, going away But the piece is long; he has had an forever. He has told uncle that import- Up to that moment she had believed that nusually good dinner, and he falls asleep ant business calls him, but it is not true. he cared for her a little - just an infinit-

to a stop, wheels round on the stool, and clasping her hands tightly together. faces her listener. Was there a slight smile under the blonde mustache? Im- toward the water-fall. He will finish that Randolph's heart from despair. As long

"If I were polite, I should answer, that haughty girl weep. charming - entrancing;' but your question was frank. Do you wish me to an-

She nods an assent, wondering a little. a low voice. "Well," he says, half reluctantly, but | "Can I help you?"

A LUCKY BLUNDER.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

eyes and rosy complexion. She awoke in the morning uneasy and troubled. Two She was undeniably out of temper. She days of not seeing Charlie Lyell, and two ing, her red lips closely compressed in a gray eyes with a loving look in their clinched as though they would like to do "I hate Howard Kemp!" she cried, passionately. "I will write and refuse

his offer at once, and be done with it. And then I will write to Charlie - Doctor tient tattoo. He was cool, calm, composed ; quite al- Lyell! I owe him an apology for my bad temper last Thursday, and I will be brave enough to apologize." For Beth realized that it is only the his elbow carelessly upon the shelf where, brave in heart who will acknowledge an singing the insulted operatic airs, the Jacqueminot roses made a spot of gorgeous error or fault and ask pardon for the of-

something not altogether indicative of The letters were written. A kind but Mr. Moir challenges McGregor to a Job's well-known attribute, and the firm firm refusal of Howard Kemp; a few game of chess, in which the former comes white hand which held an unlighted lines to Charlie Lyell, in which she arousing an animated discussion, as poli- off victorious, much to his own surprise cigar crushed the fragrant Havana into begged his forgiveness, and by expressing and delight and the younger man's powdery fragrants in its grasp. It was a a wish that they might be friends once scene for a painter, one skilled in catching more

And now here is where fate intervened. Beth did what half the women in the world have done at some time in their though she is slyly pulling the cat's tail Miss Moir sings that sweet old Scotch - "some mute, inglorious Milton, un- lives. She inclosed Charlie Lyell's letter wept, unsung." Charlie Lyell was the by mistake in the envelope addressed to Her voice rings out plaintively and pas- first to break the uncomfortable, not to Howard Kemp, Esq., vice versa. They lay sealed and addressed upon her desk, "I would never have believed it pos- when Beth, glancing from the window, Mr. Moir proposes that they smoke is a profound silence in the room, and sible. Oh, beth! After being as good as saw Charlie Lyell driving along in his new phaeton, and at his side his interesting patient, the young lady aforesaid. He "As good as engaged !" she interrupted, with a look that made Beth's heart sink. Jeane rises to leave the room. McGregor | partial to your society, here in this dead- | And to add fuel to the flame, a neighbor passing by the half-open window of the

attentions, you become imbued with the Randolp's parlor a moment later, glanced His are imploring but defiant; hers are idea that she is your personal and indi- in with a light laugh : vidual property. I am not engaged to "They say that's a settled thing, Beth -- the marriage of Charlie Lyell and that pretty girl. He has saved her life, and

had no business to indulge; dreams of

clear gray eyes and a pale, angry face,

totally dissimilar to Kemp's bright, black

"Thank Heaven!" he repeats, fervshe is rich." Beth smiled with a merry reply; but as soon as the officious neighbor had passed on, she went straight over to her desk and picking up the letter addressed to It struck to Beth's heart like a blow. "Charles Lyell, M. D.," tossed it deliberately into the fire. It flamed up in angry protest, then vanquished into before it is finished. Jeane at last comes It is pride, only pride," she says, bitterly, esimal trifle — but as the one good man feathery gray ashes. redeemed the city of old, so did that small "I will accept Howard Kemp!" she

Stephen McGregor is slowly walking spark of supposed affection keep Beth panted passionately. "No, no, I will not make myself wretched forever and comsketch at any rate. He does not see Jeane as she had that one tiny ray of hope to mit the sin of marrying a man whom I "Do you not like my singing?" she till he is close upon her. Then he gives a cling to she could not entirely lose him. detest! I will mail this letter, and then I start — he will turn back; but no, it is too But the hard, harsh reiteration of her own will be done with them both !" There is a pause before he answers de- late, and besides, something is the matter. words, spoken in Heaven knows what And before her courage had time to It must be something indeed to make willful petulance to which a woman's ooze away, she took the supposed letter to mo

nature is prone, that convinced her. He Howard Kemp, and donning hat and He steps up to her quickly. At the did not care for her; he had been amus-moment she sees him and colors hotly. did not care for her; he only desired wrap went down to the post office and mailed her letter. "You have hurt yourself," he says, in now to retain her friendship that he She was sitting alone in the firelit sit-

might prove his power to the world - ting room the next evening, just as the the world of Kedron, the small town in shades were coming down, when the door -WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK OVER-

30,000 Rolls Room Paper,

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"Yes, Jeane, and right glad I am he is he looks her full in the face, "your voice coming. He will arrive this afternoon on is good, but you lack soul, which is the the five o'clock train from Richmond." "I feared as much. Coming south to ter, playing also."

where they belong. Besides, he is sure She rises abruptly, and bowing haughtily, to prove a bore, and "- pouting her full sweeps past him to the door. But he alred lips - "will end like all the rest, by so has risen, and opens it for her to pass, falling in love with me."

"What a conceited minx !" exclaims she does not look up, however. Mr. Moir, looking fondly into the unfathomable depths of his niece's great brown fine and clear, and Jeane, bright and tears are still rolling down her cheeks. eyes. "Who knows but you may be the fresh as the morning itself, trips lightly victim this time?"

crowned with its dusky mass of curls, and dog, that comes bounding over the grass frowns disdainfully. But a moment after | to meet her with a glad bark of welcome. she laughs.

"Well, uncle, who and what manner of man may this prodigy, this Petruchio, be?" and forth they run, hither and thither, behind the hedges and trees, laughter

"There, my dear, you have me. I re- and barks joyously intermingled, until at gret to say I can give you very little in-last the colly succeeds in tumbling his formation. But this I know, that I loved mistress upon the ground, and then sits his father and mother dearly — they were down, wags his tail furiously, and barks among my earliest friends — and now for very joy. that they are both at rest," and the old man's voice trembles slightly, "I would cries Jeane, as laughing and breathless like to extend the affection I bore them she rises from her undignified position to their only child. It has always been just as Stephen McGregor issues from the a source of deep sorrow to me that the house, and, bowing quietly, wishes her ocean has separated us the greater part of good-morning. our lives. But his life-work was there, She bites her lips and returns his greetand Richard McGregor was not one to complain. So I have never seen his son has been an interested and amused spec-Stephen, who writes me that New York tator of the little episode just enacted. It is to be his permanent home hereafter. would doubtless have surprised, and very He is, I am told, a fine, manly fellowprobably not have pleased her, could she an architect by profession, and clever. have heard his comments. But I should hardly think he has need to work, as his father left him a considerable fortune. However, we shall soon know all about him, and if he is his father's

son I shall want him to make us a long visit " There is a short silence, broken at last by the sound of a horse's footfall on the

Mr. Moir starts from his reverie, and a

shadow passes over his placid face. "There comes the major, Jeane," he says, abruptly, as a portly figure on horseback looms into sight.

"Well, good-bye dear," says Jeane, gathering up her skirt, and giving her uncle's hair a playful tweak ; "you know, of course, that I am very sorrow not to be here when Mr. McGregor comes; but, unfortunately"-glancing in the direction of the major-"it can not be helped. You will make my excuses for me, and-"

"Oh, certainly, certainly; never mind, my dear," and a merry twinkle comes into his eye. "I shall have all the more time to tell him your fears and warn him."

"Do, by all means!" she cries, laughing, as she walks swiftly down the path. "It will save me the trouble." Mr. Moir's eyes follow the tall, lithe

figure admiringly and fondly, and watch with interest from behind the screen of vines the greeting at the gate between his niece and the major, her latest and most favored admirer.

Scarcely touching the hand which so eagerly offers, the girl springs lightly upon her horse, a magnificent Arabian a sea-captain had brought her. The little major scrambles with difficulty upon his large bay, and the riders disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Oh, Jeane, my darling!" mutters the old man, pacing back and forth, "you are a glorious woman, but you sadly need a master - one whom you could love and respect with all the force of your ardent nature, not a little tupenny-ha'penny thing like that major who is not worth your little finger. Surely his millions wish you might take a fancy to this young then sinks down into a chair, almost to He says he got his facts from Darwin. I knew that this invalid lady had overcome to think. Stephen. If your heart could once be touched you would be safe. How well I remember," mused the old man, "when your dying mother placed you a fatherless and almost motherless babe - in my arms, how my old bachelor heart went out to you when you clasped your tiny fingers around my big ones. Ah, Jeane ! you wound yourself around my very heart-strings then. If I could only see you happily settled I could die without a regret;" and the old man, sighing heavily, paces up and down until, at last worn out, he sits down, covers his face with a large handkerchief to keep off the flies, and soon forgets his troubles in sleep.

She holds up her hand. essence of good singing, and, for that matthaw out, I suppose. Icicles stay north Is there a double meaning in his words? white hand.

with a bow as haughty as her own. But The following morning the weather is down the stairs and steps out upon the Jeane erects her high-bred head, lawn. Here she is seen by a large colly is not all."

"The major," she says, tremulously. His face grows a shade paler. And now a grand frolic ensues. Back "You have refused him?" Still he does not look at her.

with a big sob. Then he looks at her. "Bad dog! You shall pay for this!"

> her glorious eyes. Why did you rebel so long?"

and looking at her with his heart in his ing coldly. She little imagines that he

HOLY COAT OF TRIER.

"A splendid creature truly, but, as they warned me, thoroughly spoiled, and a heartless coquette. It is evident enough.' And the young man shut his lips firmly

together under his tawny mustache. edral at Trier, for six weeks commencing The breakfast-bell rings, and they go in Aug. 18th, and fully 2,000,000 pilgrims together. According to an agreement made at breakfast, Mr. Moir and his guest sally forth to look over the estate. They An earnest and long controversy has can not possible be back before luncheonwill have the whole morning to herself, of the Prussian Diet and one of the comat any rate. But after luncheon she finds mittee for the exhibition of the holy robe,

her time free also, for "that northern thinks that there can be no possible doubt boor," as she has mentally nick-named as to its genuineness. him, bounding upstairs two steps at a time, comes down presently with a sketching this century, in 1810 and 1844. book under his arm, and is out upon the piazza when she stops him, greatly to her still possess great merit.

He was horridly rude last night, she thinks. But had she not been a little a present to the bishopric of Trier by St. cort of Howard Kemp. hasty herself? Then, too, she is his host- Helen, the mother of emperior Constaness, and for her uncle's sake, at least, she tine, upon the latter's conversion to must try to be polite. So she says sweet- Christianity.

"I did not know that you were an artist, Mr. McGregor. Uncle told me you gradually widening toward the knees. It arising from Charlie's jealousy. were an architect." He looks a little surprised, but answers

own surprise

very courteously. "He was right. I am an architect by profession, but I am very found of sketch-

ing, though I am not an artist." "I should be very glad to show you some pretty places to sketch. There is a to preserve the relic. water-fall not far from here of which we

are rather proud. One of the "show" places, you know," smiling a little. Cologne. He hesitates a moment. She is certainly very sweet-tempered to forgive him

his curtness so soon, or is she only try-

sure. Besides, we passed the place this neighbor of mine, says a writer in the

"It is a sliver," she says, piteously. to herself.

never have begun."

His lip curled.

you. He is-"

and -

He takes out his knife quickly, kneels hand in his large, strong one. But his coldly. own trembles, too, a little, and it is some time before he can extract the sliver. She is not sobbing now, but the big Charlie in all the years that they had

"What is it, then?" he asks, quickly. dolph."

"And that is not all, either," she says,

In a moment he has her in his arm and is passionately kissing her hair, her eyes, her mouth, and even her hands, and gage myself to no one !" with her head on his breast and her arms around his neck, she looks at him with

"My love! my love!" she murmu "Do you love me?" he asks, brokenly,

"No: I adore you!"

Garment Supposed to Have Been by Christ Exhibited.

The "Holy Coat of Trier," the garment supposed to have been worn by the Saviour, will be exhibited at the Cath-

are expected to visit the place during that threw herself upon the sofa, and burying her face in her dainty cambric handker

chief, proceeded to indulge in a good cry. been waged regarding the genuineness of Yet had any one in the known world children while teething. If disturbed time. Jeane gives a sigh of relief. She the relic. Chaplain Desbach, a member asked her for what she was crying, she at night and broken of rest by a sick would have replied, "Nothing." Consistency, thy name is woman!

> It has been exhibited only twice dur- the ball at Mrs. Arden's - which had sufferer immediately. Depend upon it Many miracles are claimed to have been self and Doctor Lyell. It was always Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums

The relic is said to have been given as

The robe itself is a tunic about five feet very wealthy, and Charlie Lyell only a long, cut narrow at the shoulders and poor country doctor - hence the difficulty,

is woven out of one piece, without any Beth went to the ball - went with Mr. seam whatever. The material is sup- Howard Kemp - and she wore a ravishposed to have been linen but its great age ing gown, and looked lovely. But all the prevents any exact examination. It is sweetness was extracted from her inclosed in an outer casing of purple and triumph, for Charlie Lyell was not presgold cloth, supposed to have been added

some time in the seventh century, in order "Poor, dear, Doctor Lyell! Such de During the exhibition extra trains will sweetly. "But he was summoned to the be run daily to Trier from Coblenz and sick-bed of a lady - a certain young lady HEREDITY IN CATS.

Why does a cat walk around upon the "and, of course, 'business before pleasure; hearth-rug for about five minutes before so he was obliged to send his regrets, as "Thanks," he says, very briefly. "It he takes his seat? I'm sure - as the the lady lives out of town and he will not would give you too much trouble, I am English people say - I don't know. A return before to-morrow."

Beth moved away just then, leaning morning, and I can find it with very little Chicago Journal, was watching his cat upon Howard Kemp's arm, and was soon trouble," and he passes out of her sight. going through the gyrating preliminaries floating down the long room to the strains Miss Moir watches the tall, athletic the other evening, and he told me what of the "Manola;" but her heart was would not tempt you, and yet - How I figure till it disappears from view, and he believed to be the truth of the matter. heavy with wild apprehension. She

which the lots of these two foolish young of the room opened and the next moment people were cast. No; he did not care she was standing in the presence of She does not tell a falschood, for there for her, and he had never cared for her: Charlie Lyell! Charlie Lyell full of s a sliver, quite a large one, in the little "never, never, never!" she kept repeating smiles, who held out his hand and took both hers.

"I do not acknowledge your right to "Oh, Beth, Beth ! how could you write down, and takes the trembling little dictate to me, Doctor Lyell," she said, to me and send it to Howard Kemp?" he began at once.

He started. Doctor indeed ! Why, she The truth dawned upon her ; she drew had never called him anything but back, but he held the two hands closer. "My darling! Oh, Beth, you must been good friends! He saw that it was know how I love you! If only I dared "You will think I am very silly," she all over. He bowed, wheeled about, and ask you to be my wife!"

says, faintly; "but indeed — indeed this tossed the mutilated and long-suffering "And — that other girl — your interestcigar into the fire, his face grave and pale. ing patient?" queried skeptical Beth. "Let us end this dispute, Miss Ran-He smiled

> "Is to be married in a month!" he "With all my heart!" her eyes scintil- cried, lightly. "Surely, Beth, you did lating with angry pride. "It should not care?"

But she was in his arms now, her face "I agree with you. Very well, then; I hidden upon his shoulder.

am to understand that you are going to engage yourself to Howard Kemp-and —? "Stop! I did not say so. I shall en-"Stop! I did not say so. I shall en-

WHEN LIFE IS EXTINCT.

"At least, you will not give up his The French Academy of sciences ten or fifteen years ago offered a prize of one thousand six hundred pounds for the society for mine. Well, I do not blame discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced might at once deter-mine whether in a given case death had "Courteous - kind-hearted-and never loses his temper to a lady!" she stormed. A ghost of a smile crossed Charlie's pale face. "And I lack all those attributes, I sup-pose? Well, good-morning Miss Ran-dolph."

And in a raging passion, only restrained ing the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers toward the light, there appears a scarlet red color by his admirable self-possession, he stalked from the room, and a few moments later the outer door clanged loudly. He was gone. Gone — never to return ! "I don't care! J just hate him!" "I don't care! I just hate him!" phenomenon of scarlet space between the And then the same young lady who had given vent to this explosion of wrath

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been nsed by millions of mothers for their child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children But Beth aroused herself from indulgence in grief to prepare for the ball - Teething. It will relieve the poor little mothers, there is no mstake about it. It been the cause of contention between herperformed by this robe, and it is said to Doctor Lyell now, even in her thoughts. Bowels, cures wind, conc, somens the during and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to He had particularly objected to her attending Mrs. Arden's ball under the es- oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents Now, truth to tell, if there was a man per bottle by all druggists throughout the

in Kedron whom Beth particularly de- world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINStested, it was young Kemp. But he was Low's SootHIMA SYRUP.

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned

cod liver oil. *Give thanks.* That it is such a wonder-ful flesh producer. *Give thanks.* That it is the best remedy

for Consumption, Scrofula,

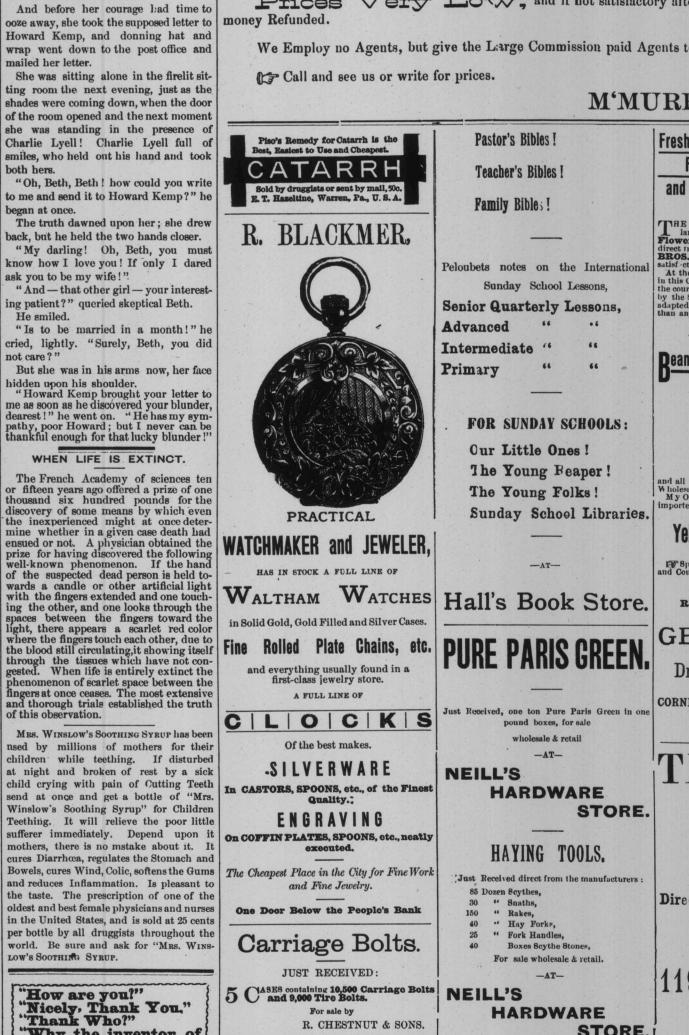
Bronchitis, Wasting Dis-eases, Coughs and Colds.

take it.

'How are you?" "Nicely, Thank You," "Thank Who?" Why the inventor of

lightful company, " purred Mrs. Arden, in whom he evinces great interest" with a searching glance in Beth's direction to

see how she takes the aunouncement -



Fresh GARDEN, THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usua large surply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the Season of 1890, imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisf ction lust season. At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the 'resident in the course of his remarks sid that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF **D**eans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Darsnips, Onions, and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages-Wholesale and Retail. My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I eve Yellow Dutch Onion Sets, Becial discount given to Agricultural Societie REMEMBER THE OLD STAND. GEO. H. DAVIS, Druggist and Seedsman CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS FREDERICTON. TEA. TEA. JUST RECEIVED Direct from London per Str. Damara. 119 Packages Tea, STORE. IN HALF CHESTS. Grindstones. Caddies & Boxes, Just Received one car load Grindstones, good gri These Teas are of a Superior wholesale and retai -ATqualtiy and fine flavor. FLOUR, MEAL, NEILL'S HARDWARE ALSO IN STOCK STORE. PURE PAINT OIL. INDIAN aud CEYLON TEAS of the finest **Direct Importation** quality. Liverpool 15 barrels pure Linseed Oil

When Jeane returns she finds that she heartily at his stupid time-worn jokes, has barely time to dress for dinner; so, and altogether proves herself more fascislipping quietly upstairs, she makes her nating than ever, so that the poor little toilet with all possible haste.

ous eyes and a faint smile curves the ripe for him to declare his passion. proud mouth as, pausing in the hall for an instant, she glances at the image re- be!" sighs the little major, and urges his ng and curative powers are possessed by Beth didn't sleep well that night. Sh flected in the large mirror. Then, attired horse hard in order to keep up with the no other remedy. Ask your druggist had strange dreams - dreams in which in filmy white, which ill conceals the ala- | swift-footed Arabian.

vanquish by a glance or a smile. and her cheeks turn scarlet. Could her uncle really have told him what she said? But no - impossible! Jeane meditates for a time, then at- to go to rest they have to find fallen never! book aside, looks at the clock runs up- sorted. They tramp round and round on tain momentous question; and, scarcely stairs to dress for her ride. The little major comes promptly and it is reduced to the necessary condition full of the memory of a pair of clear gray

has been for some time. She laughs carrying on the tradition.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DIS-EASES." "By Jove! what a wife that girl would clear, white and healthy. Its great heal- light. for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

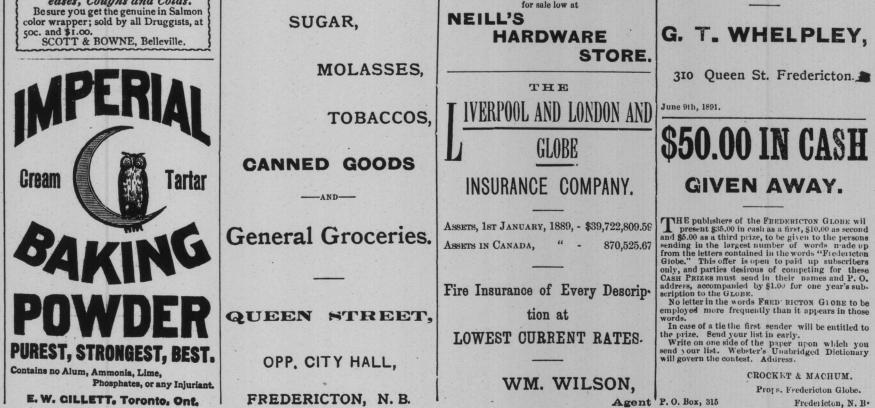
hope he does; but as the children in the a decided penchant for the handsome Was this really she, Virginia Moir who seventh reader say: "One can't most al- young doctor; and she possessed quite a had been snubbed — yes, actually snubbed | ways tell!" It seems that a cat belongs to fortune — and — good heavens' he twice during the last twenty-four hours, the leopard, panther and tiger race, so would marry her, and would never know and by a man whom she had expected to that no amount of domestication has been of the warm, womanly heart that was able to eradicate inherited tendencies. breaking, in secret and silence, for his Suddenly a thought flashes over her, The animals mentioned live in the woods sake. Beth said that it was breaking; I -when they are not in the zoological acquit myself of any such mistatement or gardens — and they have no hired help romancing. Women's hearts never break; to prepare beds for them. When ready they ossify - petrify; but they break tempts to read, but finally throws the leaves and tree branches, not well as-

the spot where they propose to lie until knowing what she did, her whole heart finds Miss Moir more amiable than she for a couch. Our friend's cat was just eyes - a pale, handsome face with a curling, scornful lip - in short, Charlie Lyell

- she refused him promptly. But Kemp, very much in earnest, begged her to re

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." consider, and at last Beth promised major's heart beats hard; but somehow No internal medicine required. Cures think it over for a few days - which There is a curious light in the lumin- his good angel warns him the time is not tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the promise was sufficient to send the young face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin man home in the seventh heaven of de-

) the possible future wife of Howard Kemp



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