GOOD ADVICE.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone. To his good old neighbor Gray -"I've worn my knees through to the bone

But it ain't no use to pray. "Your hens look twice as good as mine, Though you don't pretend to be A shining light in the church to shine, And tell salvation's free.

" I've prayed the Lord a thousand times For to make my darned hens lay : And why your'n beats them so and climb, Is more than I can sav."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones, In his quiet, easy way -"When praying gets mixed with lazy bones

They don't make poultry pay. "Your yards are dirty and houses all, In spite of all your prayin', You may pray for eggs till the heavens fall, If you don't clean nests to lay in.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil, And I clean out every house -And I work with a will and good phenyle To scare away every louse. "And I've discovered, though still in sin, As sure as you were born,

That hens will thrive and profit win If fed on good sound corn. "So while I'm praying for hens to lay, I do my level best:

I get them green food once a day, And the Lord he does the rest "It is well to pray both night and morn, As every farmer knows;

But the place to pray for eggs and corn, Is in the house and rows. "You must use your hands when prayin though,

If an answer you would get, For prayer-worn knees and a lousy house Ne'er filled egg basket yet."

## SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS

CAAPTER IV. "Not more than he paid me-not as much as he paid Charlotte. He likes to talk to us all, because he may hear from

us something about 'Tina." "Rubbish!" "It's true, Flossy." "Well, if it's true, it's our duty to guard her from fortune seekers. Mr. Linden is going to London to-morrow; everyone is in town now; I wish we could go for a change. Do vou know, I think I shall

suggest that you and I and papa go up to-"But papa won't take us about." "Yes he will; he is rather proud of showing how full his purse is."

"Charlotte would be better than papa:

we should have our own way with Char-"Yes, but if Charlotte comes 'Tina will come. no, Minnie, my plan is the best; let us leave Charlotte and Tina and the children in the country, and make

the best of things in London with papa. I shall suggest the scheme to-morrow." On the morning, accordingly, the scheme was proposed. It seemed to afford general satisfaction. Mr. Mabin was weary and restless beneath a rule that did not permit to stand by the side of Captain Beamish him to tyranize; Ernestine and her and utter words that would bind her to mother fell in readily with a plan which him in goading life long bonds. would leave them for a while alone and happy together. Early the next day, Mr.

Mabin and his two elder daughters started On the afternoon of that same day, Captain Beamish walked up the avenue of Mount Lipson and met Earnestine strolling down the garden.

"I was coming to call upon you," explained as he shook hands. "My mother is indoors; will you come

"Presently. Here is a little summer house, we will sit here for a few minutes; we can say what we have to say to one another better alone."

Ernestine entered the little thatched rustic house with its rough table and circular seat, and Captain Beamish following her, sat down by her side. "I waited to call upon you, Miss

Heather, until I had thought out your proposal. I have thought it out now." She sat with her hands folded on the table before her and waited.

"I have come to the conclusion that your proposal is impracticable," he added. "I cannot accept anything from you unless you agree to become my wife." He sat regarding her. The color came and went in her face; her slender willowy

figure had never looked more graceful. How dainty was the curve of her snowy cheek and throat; how charmingly her simple black gown fitted her. He bent forward; his face was animated

his dark eyes glanced softly and eagerly into hers. "I will teach you to love me. Only trust me."

"You mustn't talk to me like that," she answered quietly. "We need not talk of love to one another. Captain Beamish, if you wish it I am ready to marry you on one condition."

"Make a thousand conditions." He was about to embrace her, but she rose abruptly. Standing with her hand on the round rustic table she faced him. "One condition. It is this. Although yours and am willing to make it yours in the easiest way, I do not and cannot love ready and waitin'. Port shall it be vou as a woman should love the man she | sherry?" marries. I am ready to go through the marriage ceremony with you, if you will promise to part from me on my weddingday, to let me live at home with mother and never to claim me as your wife. Will you do this?"

" But-" "It is the only condition on which I

can become your wife." He looked up at her with a strange expression in his eyes. "So be it then," he answered at last.

"You promise?" "I promise." "Mount Lipson will be yours, but you will leave me absolutely free. You will never strive to see me except when business connected with the property renders

an interview absolutely necessary." "I agree to the condition." The girl drew a deep breath. Then

"It's a compact," she said with a very grave little smile.

He took the hand and held it for a "It's a compact," he repeated. "And opened it. She held it mechanically, and since our marriage is to be so strange, I as she did so her eye fell on the postscript have in my turn one condition to beg you | and took in its meaning. to agree to. Let the ceremony be as private as possible. No one but our near relatives need know of the marriage, and

they need not be told until it has taken place." "I-I must tell mother." "I have agreed to your condition; I have a right to be granted my own small

request in return." "But I have never in my secret from her.'

"One secret in a lifetime may easily be forgiven you.' The girl looked waveringly at him for a

"How would it be possible without drunk this glass of wine." their knowing?" she asked, shifting her She took it from him listle touched it with her lips.

"Quite possible; quite easy. You are your own mistress; you can go where you obeyed. like and do; no one opposes your wishes

"You can trust her?"

the wiser. You agree?"

"I-I don't like the plan."

t cannot be said I like very much."

shall not mind staving with Susan."

and introduce me to Mrs. Mabin-

proposed. It ran--

my dear.

DEAR MISS ERNESTINE,-

usan Triggs-Susan Grigg now, for I am

Yours respectfully,

Nessa; it will do you good."

"You won't stay long?"

"When shall you go?"

CHAPTER V.

ONE grey wintry October morning

become aware of the fact and had saun-

"A dull sort o' weddin'," they told each

tered in to witness the ceremony.

think," said Ernestine.

with no waiting room."

"Here we are."

we will move as soon as possible."

Exeter."

alone, mother, dearest."

lotte in a tone of disaj

"Not very long."

"Y-yes."

turned away.

stood at the window looking out.

SUSAN GRIGG."

that you propose."

so I hear. There is an old servant who used to live here in my mother's time. Susan Triggs—you remember her?" "Very well; she was very kind to me when I first came here, but she quarrelled

with-with your mother-' "Y-yes. Captain Beamish, I am not started at a gallop. following you; I don't know what it is

"Susan married an old servant of mine, " Yes." and they have taken a pretty quiet little "It was not necessary." inn in the north of Devon. The old woman was ailing when last I heard of gossip in the village."

> She leant back in her corner for some hedgerows which seemed flying past.

a lanquid but anxious voice. "Yes, quite right," he answered

looked at the landmarks they were pass-"That is settled then. And I, in the meantime, will take fodgings somewhere "He has taken the wrong road to the

burb where the barras will be called amongst a crowd of others and attract no Tell him, please tell him. I cannot open one's attention. And now-take me in the window; I feel so strange-so-so

Mrs. Mabin was much troubled during the next few days. She could not underdid not move. stand why Ernestine was so depressed, so "Open the window," she said after a nervous, so restless. When one morning at breakfast the girl without a word passed

a letter to her, she caught eagerly at the give-air." change which the writer of the letter As her eyes closed, her companion eagerly watching her, sank back satisfied against the easy cushions. You won't be likely to have forgotten

It was evening when Ernestine again married, my dear, and got a very good looked about her in a dazed way. She husband of my own, a retired sergeant, started into a sitting posture and tried to and as handsome a man as you'd seen collect her thoughts. Where was she? through a bit gray like myself. I'm sorry | The place was unfamiliar. How and

and I've had a fancy often enough to see She rose to her feet and moved hastily you. I've a nice little house, and in the towards the window. Her limbs were summer time we get tourist folks lodging strangely weak; her steps tottered; a with us; but the rooms is all empty now. terrible feeling of nausea made her shud-If you could run up and stay a bit you der. With a trembling hand she drew would be more than welcome. Do come, aside the heavy crimson curtains; but the window had closed shutters across which

She turned quickly towards the door. "Let us go," said Charlotte, giving the She found it locked. letter back. "You need a little change, As she shook the handle a step came slowly through the passage. The next The girl had risen from the table; she minute Captain Beamish stood within the

"Here with me. This is my house—a little place of six rooms which I bought a few months ago as a shooting-box. It stands in the heart of Dartmoor, and the "I need not go until-until Saturday," nearest cottage is just a mile away." answered the girl in a faint voice as sh "You-have cheated me," she gasped Her heart was heavy within her as she

> love you." He came and seated himself beside her, ending forward a little and looking at

> "You went the wrong way to work

have driven straight to the station, I "I don't remember the promise," he returned with a straight glance and a "You would have had to wait for more growing smile. than an hour. It't a draughty little place

"I have no remembrance of making "I hope I shall catch the other train at any promise," he returned, smiling still. "Oh, what can I say?" "You will be sure to do that," he "Nothing, dearest; say nothing. There is a pretty little dinner—cold, but dainty,

"If I do I shall reach Mount Lipson in awaiting us. Come and partake of it." good time this evening. You must tell She rose, but she remained where she me how long you can let us remain there; stood; her hands were clasping one another tightly, her eyes looked with gonized appeal into his.

The carriage drove up before the inn "You would not keep me here against door, and a buxom rosy faced woman my will? It is not that that you mean?" came out and kissed the bride and shook "Husband and wife should not spend hands heartily with the bridegroom, then their honeymoon apart, Nessa."

curtsied, to remove the impression of undue familiarity. "I will order the carriage to return, Nessa, in half an hour," observed Captain go," she cried.

Beamish quietly. "Impossible." "Take my wife in, Mrs. Grigg, and than the word of denial itself.

nake her drink a glass of your good port wine. The wind is bitterly cold and she has a long journey before her." Ernestine followed the landlady into

the tiny sitting room at the back of the house—a little room which absolutely bristled with white antimacassars. "How are 'ee feeling, my dear?" wa I am anxious that the property should be Mrs. Grigg's kindly inquiry. "A glass of wine, said the captain, and here it is.

> "Neither, thank you." "Ah! here's the captain. We shall see what he says to that." Captain Beamish entered as she spoke and Mrs. Grigg retired from the room. Ernestine turned towards the window, and stood looking out at the strip of back

garden with its rows of cabbages and turnip tops. "How cold it is," said Captain Beamish pouring out a glass of wine and holding it in his hand. "Ah! by-the-bye, I will see if they can't find a foot warmer to put

into the carriage for you." Glass in hand he went into the passage. A few minutes later he returned.

"You are shivering, Nessa, drink this." "No, thank you," she said, at that moment Mrs. Grigg reappeared in the doorway.

"A letter for you. I'd clean forgotten it till this instant: it came in settin' off to church. The correspondent little knew your no longer Miss Heather." Ernestine had taken the letter, which was in Minnie's hand writing and had

"We have met Mr. Linden two or three times in town. Oh, bye-the-bye, 'Tina, there was nothing in what Flossy tried to make you believe that night. I thought it very mean of her. We had a quarrel yesterday and I told her so, and I told her I should tell you. Mr. Linden will never care a fig for Flossy while you are in the world. He is over head and ears

in love with you." The letter fell from her hand; she grasped hastily at the high-backed chintzcovered chair before her.

"You are faint, Nessa."

"N-no, no. I shall be better presently."
You will be better when you have

"Drink it," he urged hastily, and she

A few minutes later the carriage drove up again before the door; Mrs. Grigg came to announce its arrival and to bid good-bye and good wishes to the bride November, don't you think so? To-day

and bridegroom. Captain Beamish, offering his wife his arm, led her through the passage, and put her into the carriage. closed the door after him, and the horses "You are coming as far as the station

with me?" she asked.

"Perhaps not. But it will prevent her, which was only a week ago; I wlil "Yes, that's true," she acquiesced.

run up and see how she is now; and I minutes; and he seated beside her, did think she may write and beg you to come and see her. You might stay there in not glance at her, but looked from the her pretty clean rooms for three Sundays, window beside him at the high tangled and our banns might be called in that "Is this the right way?" she asked in little parish church and no one be a bit

Another minute wore away: then as "But I have agreed to your plan which one who is making an effort to shake off drowsiness, Ernestine roused herself and mine know our address and may drop in "Yes. I must not be selfish. And I

in London-in some unfashionable sustation," she urged. "No-no." "But I know the roads; I am sure.

> drowsv. He looked closely at her, smiled, and

cannot breathe. Give me air. Give-

to tell you I've been laid up with lumbago when had she come here?

a heavy bar was drawn.

"Yes. I will go. But I want to go questioned, and she shrank back from his I cruel to you, Nessa?" "You would like it better?" said Char-

as she sank down again upon the sofa. "In love and war, Nessa, all things are went upstairs, and going to her own room fair. And I-foolish though it may besat down by the window and thought of

that hateful hour when she would have her with smiling eyes.

Nessa, if you meant to win my indifference. Some women have been good enough to love me, I have been good enough to love the little white-washed barn-like church me women; but those whom I have of Cleveland Minor, a wedding was takloved have always been those who hated ing place. Two or three village folk had me. They have begun by hating, and have ended by adoring—as you will-do." "Oh, hush! I told you I had no love to give—I told you. I married you on other, as they came out again into the one condition, that I should be free. You

north-east wind. "A black gownd's a poor sort o' dress for a bride to wear. No "Who says that I promised?" luck ever came out o' a dress o' that sort." She looked at him with dilated eves Bride and bridegroom drove from the shrinking back from him. church to Susan Grigg's pretty little inn. "But you know-you know-I know

Few words were exchanged on the way. that you promised - faithfully - faith-"It would have been better for me to

"You deny it?" she said indignantly

She put out her hand as he approached

"Oh, I beg you, I entreat you to let me

His smile was even more convincin "You drugged that wine you gave me." she said suddenly in a quiet tone

"You could be so treacherous, so base? "In love as I said before all things are

expedient." "Love!" she echoed with thrilling scorn in her voice and glance. "Love." "Yes, love!" he repeated coming nearer her, and taking her hands in his. "Don't scorn me too openly, Nessa, I warn you-you will live to rue it. Yes, I love you—in spite of yourself, in spite I

believe of myself-I love you passionately. He bent his head as he spoke and kissed her; she drew herself swiftly away. "If you kiss me again I will call for help; I will call the servants!" she ex-

"There are no servants here; the old woman who looks after the place goes home to sleep. I sent her home an hour ago. You will see her to-morrow, but she is almost stone deaf. Come, Nessa, come and have some dinner."

She let him lead her from the room As he led her across the little passage, he twined his arm about her waist and kissed her again. She suffered his caress and did not even draw away. She felt numb, dazed, passive-broken spirited, broken

CHAPTER VI. "AND your sister is really married.

Miss Minnie? Is it true? I heard some one say so just now." "It's quite true, Mr. Woburn."

kept so quiet and we said nothing about it to anyone. The fact of the matter was we knew nothing about it ourselves until the wedding was over: it was a sort of clandestine match, though why, no one on earth knows. I suppose Captain Beamish was afraid that papa would oppose the marriage. Do you know Captain Arts, Marseilles, were talking in a cafe. Beamish?

"I-I have heard of him," Dick Woburn reluctantly admitted. "The wedding took place a week ago; we never heard tell of it until the afternoon of that day. Captain Beamish telegraphed the news to mother, who telegraphed to papa who was here with us in London."

"Where are the-the bride and bridegroom? Where are they spending their has to be shaved twice a week.

GLADSTONE AND THE LORDS.

"They have been spending a week on Dartmoor at a shooting box which he has there. A bleak horrid lonely place for a day evening. Regarding the home rule honeymoon in late October and early Charlotte said."

"Ah! Linden has gone to Paris too o-day," said Dick Woburn carelessly. Whilst Dick and Minnie were gossiping her husband had just reached the gayer capital across the water. In a fashionable street of a fashionable quarter, Captain Beamish had engaged a suit of rooms; he was leading his wife through these, and claiming her approval of each spacious gilded apartment. "You will be very happy here," he ob-

She made no answer, but looked before her with weary lack lustre eyes. "Go to your maid now and let her do what she can to you," he added. "Put on that pale pink silk which I got for you as we came through London. I wish you to look your best. A few friends of

Ernestine disappeared: half an hour later her husband went to her room door. "Not ready yet?" he exclaimed. "Yes, I am ready," she answered, and she came towards him with the same smileless, weary hopeless face which for

the last few days she had constantly In the large saloon into which he led her there was a blaze of light. The gaslight and the heat of the stove made the oment in a low panting voice. "I air stifling; a feeling of faintness overcame her; she grew white to the very

"A glass of champagne, Nessa," said her husband, leading her into a smaller room beyond a curtained archway. Bottles and glasses stood on a table near at hand; awoke. She opened her eyes slowly and he opened a bottle of champagne, filled a glass, and held it out to her. She looked at it doubtfully with

her eyes. He smiled. "You can't forget that little dose I once gave you," he observed in an amused tone. "This is all right. See, I will only I wish I had to divide with somedrink it myself, and pour you out another

"Why should I drug your wine?" he ontinued in the same tone of amusement. to be reasonable and stay with me; I have in a few days by the use of Putman's you? And the law would deliver you up original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painto me. As long as a husband is neither less Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of faithless nor cruel, his wife is as much substitutes. Sold by druggists everyhis possession as his other chattels. Am | where. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprie-

She looked at him silently, fear in her clear hazel eyes. "Am I cruel?" he repeated, taking her

two little hands gently in his. " N-no." "No husband was ever more loving. And you are beginning to return my af-

She stood silent; her glance had fallen beneath his "Say that you love me, Nessa." "I cannot say it." "No? Why not?"

"You know that it is not true."

you shall perjure your soul; I shall never rest satisfied until these lips have declared that your love is mine." He gathered her close to him and kissed her lips as he spoke. She bore the passionate carresses as a woman made of immediately resorts to this remedy, which

"It shall be true. And if it is not true,

always effects a cure." Captain Beamish seemed to have many friends in Paris. On that night and on many nights following they 'looked him Uncle Sam was at the theater. It was up.' They came late and they stayed with intense delight that he saw the acrountil the small hours of the morning; bat go across the stage on his hands. and whenever they came, the same en-Turning to his wife, he said: tertainment was afforded them-cards, Well, I am glad I found it out at last.

One visitor came regularly—a fair faced How they do it. I've often read in the young fellow of little more than twentyfunny papers about actors walkin' on one; he played hard and drank hard, and their uppers, but I never knew before was enthusiastic in his devotion to his beautiful silent hostess. When a fortnight had passed Ernestine entured one evening to speak to her husband concerning this poor young fel-

low, who even to her inexperienced mind, was only too clearly going the downward path to ruin. "Percy, I am troubled," she said timidly, "about young Sir Cyril." "Young Sir Fool," sneered her hus-

band, lighting a cigar. "He is such a lad!" "And such a brainless lad! Quite true, Nessa. If he had a grain of sense he Liver Pills and find them a sure cure for wouldn't bow down and worship you." sick headache, sour stomach, and pains in Her cheeks colored; she bent over the the side or back. sewing in her hand, but after a moment she went bravely on with what she had

been about to say. "I feel responsible. I cannot help seeing that he comes partly because he has a used by millions of mothers for their chilfoolish, boyish admiration for me. I try to be chilling to him but it seems no use. He comes every night and I have noticed that for many nights past he has been losing heavily." "Fools. Nessa, were created for wiser men to fleece."

"Two nights ago I remonstrated with him, and begged him to give up cards, and not to come here again-"

"The duce! You did?" "But I could not get him to promise. Percy, I wish you would speak to him. Of course for you and the other men who gists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing come, a game of cards, I daresay, passes the time, but he is so young; it seems different in his case. And then he is losing such a dreadful amount of money." "Oh, he's rich enough; besides he'll get his turn of luck by and by. Don't trouble your head about things you don't

inderstand, my dear. Has that new gown come yet from Worth's?" "Yes. "Go and put it on. Let me see it. You ust wear it to night."

"Are we going out?"

"No; but your dress at home is far more important than your dress else-Captain Beamish was still smoking when Ernestine returned. As she came across the soft rugs of the brilliantly lighted room, she was indeed a lovely Or do you suffer from noises in the head picture. Her dress, trailing a little in Then send your address and I will send a simple graceful folds on the floor behind valuable treatise containing full particuher, was of white velvet, softened about lars for home cure which cost comparthe low neck and arms with web-like | tively nothing. A splendid work on deaflace. Her clear transparent skin had ness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. never looked more radiantly pure. Her Chase, Orillia, Ont.-13 w.

husband smiled approvingly. "Only one thing is needed-your dia-"I know what you want to say; it was monds. Put them all on to-night, Nessa; you will look regal."

WHICH WON THE PRIZES Three students of the Ecole des Beaux My dear fellow, said one, I painted the

sank to the bottom of the water. Pooh! said another. Yesterday I suspended my thermometer on the easel that holds my View of the Polar Regions. It fell at once to 20° below zero. That's nothing, said the last. My portrait of the Marquis is so lifelike that it

imitation of marble so perfectly that it

Gladstone spoke at Edinburgh on Thurs bill he said: The fact that the people's chamber deliberately and advisedly passed they have gone abroad-to Paris, I think | a bill of such vast importance is a most significant step in connection with the whole subject of contentment, happiness and peace of Ireland. (Cheers.) The fact is the present parliamentary institutions in a London ball room, Ernestine and are too weak for their purpose. There is something wrong and defective in the present institutions. The condition intolerable and demands concentrated attention of the nation with a view of removal of the defects. On one hand is the nation expressing just demands; on the other hand are the necessary measures to satisfy their demands. But between the two there is a great barrier. The Irish question, which has taxed the energy and nortgaged the time of parliament for a generation continued to exist and who is answerable for its remaining before us There is only one reply: the responsibility rests with the house of lords. (Cheers.) After a reference to the in telligence and incomparable unity of the liberals, Gladstone continued: "I was not so sure when Lord Salisbury threatened a year ago to destroy the home rule bill that the lords recognized that this

> when it is too late, that they ever raised an issue."

Don't you like them so?

Yes, sir.

might involve the question of their own

longed cheers.) If it ever happens in

political affairs that the house of lords by

ome accident or collateral process should

commons, depend upon it the people will

They will mix with it another question on

which the lords may bitterly lament,

A HEARTFELT WISH. my own account, in the store Mother - Here, son, is a cake for you formerly occupied by the and your brother. Divide it equally. Son - Why do they make cakes with holes in the middle, mamma? Mother - Just to look pretty, I suppose.

Son - Yes'm; they're good enough body that could eat the holes. Tender corns, painful corns, soft corn bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all "I have no motive. You are contented kinds and of all sizes, are alike removed business of the late firm for no fear of your running away. If you ran Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to away I should swiftly bring you back | cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep | again. You know that, dearest, don't spots that are more annoying than the

THEY WERE FAST COLORS.

Jermy Weighback - Them last shirts I bought here is jest as ye said. Salesman — Our goods are always jus as we sav. Ye said they were fast colors

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Yours Respectfully,

Executor's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executor of the last will of the last John A. Morrison.

All persons indetted to such Estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having any legal claims against such estate are requested to hand the same to me duly attested to within three months from this date.

Fredericton. June 9, 1893.

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Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison. june 10

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Sheathing Paper.

A CAR LOAD WALL PAPERS.

And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian

Makes. CALL and SEE the

GOODS.

Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.

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MELLIN'S FOOD, BUTTER COLOR. JOHN M. WILEY,

GLOBE

WOULD inform the people of Freder acton and vicinity that he has re umed business on Queen Street,

BELL HANGING,

REYOND QUESTION!

are the Best for the Price,

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American

Also a lot of REMNANTS.

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Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents.

Assets in Canada, " - 870,525.67

Speaking Tubes. &c.

**ENVELOPES** 

For QUALITY and VALUE. BOOKS

BEST PRICES.

dren object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of other day a little piece of pine wood in it and it keeps them pictures of health." Too Much So. - And this maid - is she

truthful? asked the lady of the reference. Very. That is why I discharged her. She wouldn't tell people I was out when

sleep until after the bawl is over.

Many a fond parent does not get to

I was in.

tors.

was purty near out o' sight. A GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNI VERSITY SAYS: "My children have been treated with

HE WAS PLEASED.

Found out what?

An they be. Why, mother she put 'em

W. J. Garnett, of Pembroke, Maine, U. S. A., writes to say that he suffered for years with Dyspepsia in its worst forms, which finally developed into Jaundice. He was wasted to a shadow, and so nervous that the slightest noise made him start and tremble. He tried doctors and many remedies without receiving benefit. Three bottles of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic and a box of Hawker's Liver Pills cured him and restored him to health. He says, I continue to use the

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been dren while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP'

children teething, is pleasant to the taste

and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and

nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all drug-

PAT'S SEAT.

An Irishman was once asked by a

They had not proceeded far on the way

before Pat asked how much the seats

friend to go to a concert with him.

Pat consented to go.

SYRUP.

shilling each and the back seats were sixpence each; the programs a penny All right said Pat; I will sit in the

"In reply to your question do my chil-

A RAILWAY MANAGER SAYS

Mamma's wisdom. - Aunty (shocked) -

Do you and your sister quarrel over your

candy this way when at home? Little

Johnny - No'm. Mamma always gives

us so much we both has plenty.