#### POETRY.

#### FREEDOM.

My work is done; the eventide is here; My wages now I ask of thee. Not gold or jewels do I crave, my Lord. But, Master, set my spirit free! The shadows lengthen on my glacier path, Heavier the chains that fret me here; I ask for freedom from their crushing weight ,Tis life not death, I hold in fear!

My work is done, the hour of rest draws The vesper-bells toll clear and sweet,

Unto the aged should be spared, my Lord, The pains that torture tired feet. According to my need, I ask of thee, That thou bestow the promised wage. If faithful I have been in small and great Wilt thou not now my pangs assauge?

My work is done, take me within the gate, Where enter only those thou wilt; A city lighted by thy glory great, The city not by mortals built. Come quickly, I beseech, and freely give The guerdon in its full degree, Which thou has promised unto every man According as his work shall be.

Yet Master, not my will, but thine be done, On thee I wait; forgive my prayer! Thou knowest best if here I'm needed still, Thou knowest if I'm needed there. The wages are not due till work is done; Submissive to the end I'll be, Knowing thy precious promise never fails, That my reward still rests with thee!

### SELECT STORY.

#### GOLDEN CHAINS.

CHAPTER I.

Somewhat shaded from the dusty high road stood a small, white, big-windowed villa, which bore the name of Hyperion

Lodge. One June evening, two strangers, strolling along the road, their backs turned town wards, their faces countrywards, glanced aside at the little villa, read the name on the garden-gate, then suddenly, turning towards each other, smiled humorously. "Hyperion Lodge!" said the younger of the two men, in a tone of good-tempered banter. "So that is the 'little place' of which Mabin used to talk so grandly. He used to speak of it as though it were an estate of lordly dimensions - a 'little place' of which he might but would not

The speaker, Dick Woburn, was an honest-looking young fellow of twenty, or thereabouts - a typical young Briton, blue-eyed, fresh-complexioned, squarelybuilt, sturdy. His companion, Hugh Linden, was his senior by some ten years-a tall, thin man, loosely-made, but carrying for a moment in his grey eyes. He was looking before him reflectively, the rare deepened, then he half sighed.

" Poor old Mabin." he said. "I haven't patience with a man who brags," Dick exclaimed. He bragged of everything - his house, his 'grounds' (grounds! how many inches of ground do you make it, Linden?) his timber, his wines-everything good was his, either in reality or imagination. His wife was his only possession he never extolled-if she hadn't been on the spot to disprove his assertion, no doubt she would have figured in his conversation as an accomplished lady of peerless beauty. His daughters, who were not visible, were of course marvels of beauty and wit and grace!"

"I'm not sure. Dick, that he was altogether drawing on his imagination there. I met a man one day-it was Featherstone, you know him, I think-who asked me incidentally if I had seen old Mabin's daughter, Ernestine. According to Featherstone she was a dream of loveliness, and Featherstone is not easily moved to be enthusiastic. And two of the girls came to the Lakes just after you had left, so I had an opportunity of seeing them-"

"Oh, you saw them! Well?" "They were both pretty. Miss Flossy was sprightly; and Miss Minnie had

charming dimples." "Did they brag like their father?" "Not at all. They were almost too clear-

sighted with regard to that failing of old Mabin's. They laughed at him, and were candid about their poverty." "Did they wear gloves a size too big for

them, like their mother?" "They were exceedingly trim. And Mrs. Mabin, Dick, is their step-mother, not their mother. She was untidy, I admit, but she must have been a very pretty

woman once." "What a melancholy little creature she was! I've a vivid recollection of her still. At table d'hote she was frightened to death. She never voluntarily opened her Miss Featherstone's death. She had been lips; but when she did speak no child of ailing for many weeks. We were on our five could be more inconsequent and silly." | way homeward. but were waiting in Al-"Poor little woman! I was sorry for her. Old Mabin leads her a life, I suspect. I shall never forget how grateful she was everything, dearest mother, when we to me for doing a few hours' copying for meet; I cannot write about it all just yet. her husband; he overworks her, I fancy.

rarely got to bed till one or two o'clock. and was always up again at six." "Mabin's an old brute! I knew it." "Well, he overworks himself as well as his wife-that ought to excuse him. And it's all in the cause of science."

"Science! Bosh!" ejaculated Dick, with The two men walked on slowly for some

minutes, then Linden, somewhat suddenly, broke the silence. "Look here," said he; "we've all the

evening before us; we've nothing to do. Suppose we go and call upon the Mabins?" "You go, if you like." "Come too, Dick."

"No, thank you. I fear the awful products of old Mabin's cellar." "Be a teetotaler for the occasion. I'll talk to Mabin; Flossy and Minnie are

merry girls, easy to get on with." "All right," Dick said, resignedly, after | the mail is just going out. Very soon I a moment's consideration. "If you won't | shall see you. stay long, I'll come."

On each side of the front door of Hyperion Lodge was a small, square room, with she finished reading. "It must be! But Mr. Mabin's study; the room on the right had many uses, was at the same time Before the open window of this nonde- sounds impossible." script apartment, on this sunny June evening, stood a sewing-machine and a rock- nie enviously. headless doll reclined; a dress, half made | break the good news to papa." with scraps of black grenadine and black | trembling nervously with excitement.

Flossy and Minnie, the amateur dress- for me." clung to it. "Tea gets later and later joke! Let's think of what we can ask her A little exclamation of surprise—surevery day. I do wish that Charlotte for. I want a gold watch and chain, and prise that was not altogether pleasure— article he has with which to clean table. Towser on her.

"Papa monopolises so much of her

At that moment the room door opened. appear much younger. As Linden had she'd spend it all on herself." said, she must have been pretty once; her features were regular and well cut, her in her chair, she looked reflectively besmall, thin, oval face was delicately shap- fore her. ed, but her flaxen hair was ill arranged, and she held herself in a limp, spiritless, lejected way.

"Where are the children?" she inquired, pausing in the doorway, and looking about her with a helpless air of worry. "We're not the children's nursemaids," returned Flossy, in a pert tone, walking to the table

"Here they come," said Minnie. There was a noisy rush of feet through the back kitchen and the passage, and three children, whose ages ranged from twelve to eight, grew suddenly sedate as they reached the parlour door. Their sedate manners as suddenly disappeared when the door was shut behind them. "Papa not here?" said Polly, questionngly but ecstatically.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom. "Isn't he coming in to tea at 1?" in quired Gertrude, the youngest of the trio, fearfully yet hopefully. "Papa will take his tea in the study to-

day," replied their mother, trying to ignore the joyful exclamations of the three On the centre table, beneath the gilded

chandelier, a much crumpled, much stained cloth was laid crookedly. On this was spread a strange looking meal, which sent forth savoury but somewhat conflicting odours. Chairs were drawn noisily towards the board. "It's awfully late, mother. We're starv-

ing," volunteered the light-haired, thinfeatured, sharp-voiced Polly, as her mother wearily with a slow hand poured milk into the row of tea-cups before her. "It's very late to-night, as Polly says,'

observed Polly's step-sister, in an irritable one. "Minnie and I have been wishing that you would try to be more punctual with the meals. We had dinner at one, and now it must be seven. Pour out tea. Charlotte, for goodness sake."

Mrs. Mabin raised her elbow from the table, and pushed back her soft hair that had fallen about her ears. "The tea's not quite soaked. I'm afraid."

said she, in a timid voice, opening the lid of the pewter tea-pot and doubtfully looking in. "I wonder if the water boiled?" "Exceedingly unlikely," returned in this house ever known to boil? What is this under the cover, Charlotte?"

himself erectly and with ease; he had we might have supper at the same time," complexion was pink-and-white. Flossy dark hair and short, dark moustache, his ventured Mrs. Mabin, fearfully. "If there countenance was grave, except at rare in- isn't enough for everyone, there are a few and a brisk, alert manner; Minnie was intervals, when a humorous twinkle dwelt sardines on that plate beside your elbow, Minnie."

At that instant the postman passe twinkling smile in his eyes. The smile down the garden path, and rising in a weary way, Mrs. Mabin left the room. Presently she returned, a letter in her "For me?" questioned Flossy and Min-

> "No -for me," was the quiet, tired-Mrs. Mabin put the letter down patiently beside her tray, and poured tea and distributed the tea-cups before opening it. Then, as she held the sheet of note-paper in her hand, she gave a sudden, sharp

nie at the same moment.

ing glances. "From Ernestine?" questioned Flossy. "Yes," answered Mrs. Mabin, drawing a deep breath; "Miss Featherstone-is-

"Dead? Miss Featherstone?" repeated Minnie and Flossy in a breath. "And Ernestine has lost her situation!" added the latter, in an injured tone. Mrs. Mabin was making a vain attempt

o speak. Her lips moved, but no sound "There is more news!" she said, at last, in a low, breathless voice. "Ernestine-

Ernestine-is rich!" "A legacy?" cried Minnie. "Has Miss Featherstone really left her a legacy?" "She has left her all—all she had." Mrs. Mabin leant her elbow on the

table, and put down her head against her trembling hand. "It is good news!" she cried, but her

lips were quivering and the tears were standing in her eyes. "It's not true! It can't be true!" cried

Flossy, incredulously. The letter fluttered from Charlotte's clasp; Minnie stooped quickly and picked

it up. She read it aloud in a quick, ex-" MY OWN DEAR MOTHER. You will have heard before this of poor giers until she should be a little stronger, and better able to travel. I will tell you

Oh, I shall miss her !- she was so good to She mentioned casually one day that she I know that you will fret and worry all worrying thoughts out of your mind, erstone." mother dear. The Levertons, Miss Featherstone's lawyer and his wife, were in Germany when the news was telegraphed to them, and to-day they have arrived

here. They are very, very kind. They are making all arrangements that have to be made: and I shall travel home with And now, mother, I must tell you a to call it good news; but there is a reason why I cannot. Miss Featherstone has left me all her property-Mount Lipson and everything she died possessed of. I cannot help being very sorry. There is only one pleasant thought, which is that I shall be able now to help you, mother mine. I must hurry, they say, to finish this, for

Your loving daughter, "Can it be true?" exclaimed Minnie, as

a bay window. The room on the left was Miss Featherstone was rich!—enormously Linden, in still deeper perplexity.

"'Tina was always lucky!" sighed Min- a Mr. Heather."

piano in the corner; on the music-stool a sneered. "Charlotte, you'd better go and stone, and had no idea she was in any friendship lay across a chair; the floor was strewn Mrs. Mabin looked up. She was still

ton, the inevitable litter of dress-making. not to enter the room again until he rang | briskly. "She has been left a fortune, sion in other countries. makers, had just risen from their work. "Oh, don't go and rout out papa," cried to her from Miss Featherstone?" "Tea! well, I must say I'm ready for Polly, putting her thin elbows on the Yes; Miss Featherstone has left her his sweating brow or bare shoulders, it," sighed Flossy, shaking her pretty, blue table and resting her sharp little chin Mount Lipson, and all that she had to while in winter, wrapped around his been kind to dumb animals to-day? Yes, gown free from the bits of cotton that upon her hands. "'Tina rich! What a leave."

would give a little more time and thought | a dull, gold locket with my monogram like | escaped Linden before he had time to | and plates and chopsticks. Bessy Slater's." "You won't get anything out of 'Tina," | "Mount Lipson is the finest old place

"Oh! she should stand out against it. | blue. And you kicked her that day when She has ruined papa by always yielding she wouldn't let you try whether the ice

on the pond would bear." "'Tina forgets things," said the small and their step-mother came in. She was Gertrude, gravely, helping herself to jam. a woman of forty, but her small, slight "I'm glad 'Tina's going to be rich, we figure and depreciating manners made her shall get heaps of things. If 'twas Flossy, Flossy ignored this truth: leaning back

> "I wonder when Ernestine means to He was a rough, boorish, insufferable old get back to England," she said musingly. us all to live with her."

"I know that I shouldn't if I were she," laughed Minnie, stirring her tea and lazily watching her teaspoon. "I wonder what

Miss Featherstone was worth," she remarked, after a moment's meditation. "Fifteen thousand a year at least," responded Minnie. "What on earth will

cluded Minnie. "Isn't she lucky?"

the will?'

den, almost tartly.

Linden gravely inquired.

"Yes," replied Flossy.

" And alone there?"

with wonder.

"Lucky! I should think she was!

raised her voice tremulously, and for the

"I am so worried!—so worried about

"Now, Charlotte, do be sensible," ob-

served Flossy, sharply. "She is not alone;

she will be thoroughly well taken care of

by the Levertons, and will travel back

servantly with wondering eyes at his

"Why frown like that at the question,

Linden's frown smoothed itself out

once; but there was irritable impatience

"You're vexed that old Hannah Feath-

rstone has left her money like this." de

clared Dick, with conviction. "But why?

"I'll tell you, Dick, why it matters to

has been left like this. I'm sorry, con-

"You mean that you're in love with

"You're shrewd to-night, Dick. Yes, I

to live long enough to see you in love,

"It's true, Dick," said he, in a more

through South France and Italy purposely

to see more of her, I have dreamt of her

in the world; her voice is the only ex-

pressive voice I have ever heard, it has a

sort of ripple of sweet laughter in it, and

yet it is tender and soft and truly woman-

ly. I had made up my mind that, as soon

as she returned to England, I would seek

"And you think she'll refuse you now?"

will let this money come between you?"

"You seriously meant to propose to

"Then, Linden, you're a fool—now you

"Thanks, Dick. And now, suppose that

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN A CHINESE HOTEL.

No one who has stayed at one of these

perience. They are all built on the same

plan-a large courtyard, around the four

Each small room contains a brick bed,

n which a fire can be lighted for warmth

"I don't see how I can help it."

her and ask her to be my wife."

cried Dick, explosively.

"And now you won't?"

"Can't is the better word."

know."

"I did."

know my opinion."

we change the subject."

stages of dilapidation.

fancy to turn fortune-hunter."

mean just that—no more, no less."

see that it's touched your heart."

Linden laughed.

What on earth does it matter to you?"

in his step as he strode on in the soft,

first time joined in the conversation.

her!" she plaintively exclaimed.

are likely to bear that in mind."

Linden pursued

out into the high road.

"Matter? Nothing!"

summer dusk.

Hugh."

then?" said Dick, inquisitively.

Tina do with it? Her tastes are so "They will develop, no doubt," said Flossy, dryly. "Oh, there's the garden gate. Who can that be?"

"Look out, Polly, you can see," comnanded Minnie Polly did as she was desired, her little face full of curiosity. "Two gentlemen," she announced

Strange gentlemen. They're coming up the path. Minnie rose and went to the other side of the table, whence she could obtain a view of the straight path that led from the garden gate to the front door. As she looked, her pretty face dimpled with

laughter. "Flossy, our old admirer," she cried. "Who? Which?" responded Flossy, with unconscious naivete, patting her hair and straightening her collar as she spoke. "Mr. Linden-"

"No! Coming here?" The door-bell, ringing through the nouse, answered that last question. "Sally's out," sighed Mrs. Mabin; "and oh, dear! the room's untidy, and your papa will be so vexed."

But Minnie and Flossy were already in

CHAPTER II.

the passage.

It was Minnie who opened the door, but Flossy was close beside her. Two bright, laughing faces and gay voices greeted the visitors who stood upon the

Men always spoke of the two sisters as pretty girls;" women were less enthusiactic, and were wont to curl their lips a little and shrug their shoulders, and add Flossy, with a laugh. "When was water the one significant word, "dolls." Their prettiness was, indeed, of the doll-like order. Their eyes were brightly blue; "Some of the cold stew that was left their hair was golden, waving crisply from dinner. As tea was so late, I thought about their shapely little heads; their was tall and slender, with a trim figure. smaller, with rosier lips and saucier eyes, and a more bewitching dimple.

"We saw you coming," Minnie confessed, with an air of charming candour, as she led the two visitors indoors. "I peeped through the curtains and saw you in the garden."

"Come in and see Charlotte," laughed Flossy, leading the way. "Charlotte, here is Mr. Linden. I think you have met his friend Mr. Woburn, too. Polly, run and fetch two more cups and saucers."

Mrs. Mabin, in a nervous, flustered way had risen and come forward. "Christopher is, I am afraid, very busy,' said she, as she shook hands limply with little exclamation of surprise. Her stepthem; then, as Flossy frowned, she dimly daughters looked up at her with wonderperceived that the speech was inhospit-

"Mr. Linden hasn't come to see papa have you, Mr. Linden?" observed Minnie with charming audacity. "Oh, here is Polly with the cups. Give Mr. Linden and Mr. Woburn some tea, Charlotte." Dick Woburn, in spite of himself, found Miss Minnie's merry directness of glance and speech attractive; but before five

minutes had passed he had formed a violent prejudice against Flossy; her voice jarred upon him, her unmusical laugh made him frown, her bangles aggravated "We have just heard some very good news about our sister Ernestine," Flossy told Hugh Linden, presently. "Ernestine

has been left a fortune. It has surprised us so much. The news has just come." "Good news, indeed," returned Linden I don't know your sister, but I congratulate her."

"Ernestine is abroad at present," Flossy explained; "she is in Algiers." " Algiers!" echoed Linden.

"Do you know it?" "No; but I heard to-day of the death of an old friend of mine who was on her way home from Palestine, and who has just died at Algiers."

"What an odd coincidence!" exclaimed Flossy. "Miss Featherstone and Ernestine were on their way home from Palestine too."

"Miss Featherstone!" ejaculated Linder wonderingly again. "Miss Featherstone is the old friend whom I speak of." "Ernestine was with her.

Linden looked perplexed. "Ernestine was her companion, you know," explained Minnie. "'Tina was an odd girl; she liked to be independent, about me, because I am so far away. Put so she left home and went to Miss Feath-

"How long ago was that?" asked Lin-

"Oh, nearly six months ago. For the last four or five months she and Miss Featherstone have been abroad." "I met Miss Featherstone a few months ago," observed Linden, in the same puzzled tone. "I crossed in the same boat from Dover to Calais, and as I was taking stranger piece of news. Perhaps I ought the same route as she had planned through

France and Italy, I saw her pretty fre "Then you must have seen Ernestine," cried Minnie. "No, I did not see your sister. Her companion then was a Miss Heather, Nessa

Heather-Nessa, she called her." "But that is Ernestine," cried Minnie. 'Miss Featherstone always called her Nessa; Ernestine is such a mouthful. We call her 'Tina sometimes, but I suppose

"Miss Heather is your sister?" repeated | covered with paper. The average Chinese

"We call her our sister," explained gr drawing-room and dining-room, work- estates in Cornwall!" cried Flossy. not related. Ernestine was Charlotte's mules, donkeys, dogs, cats, fowls of all

way connected with us?"

you say? May I ask if the fortue comes

check it.

Chinese landlords are reasonable in time," replied Minnie, in lazy, good-hu- observed Tom, with complacent contempt. between this and Penzance," cried Dick. sets the unpleasantness of living in their Hired girls, madam? Yes, they are aw-"You pinched her arm till you made it | "Do you know it?" inquired Flossy.

"Know it? Everyone knows it!" was JILTED AT THE ALTER. Dick's reply. "Old Featherstone held the A Bride-elect Elopes With Her Would-Be mortgage of the place for a good many Husband's Rival. years; It belonged to an old Cornish

family with a pedigree as ancient as the HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 16 .- Silver Brook, hills, and with debts that extended back a small town six miles west of here, was almost as far; he foreclosed at an opporturned topsy turvey last evening by the tune moment and Mount Lipson changed sensational termination of a wedding, for hands. He was enormously rich; he had which elaborate arrangements had been been grubbing up money all his life, and made. The bride-elect was Maud Kalswas close fisted; what he got he kept. key. Miss Kalskey's charms have captivated scores of the sterner sex and not a fellow-a merchant prince of the worst few of them were aspirants for her hand. She cannot live at Mount Lipson alone, type. He went about with his hands in Among the latter were Clarence Winters that's clear. I should think she will have his pockets, jingling gold as he talked. and John Formoska. Both paid the His wife was a pretty, ladylike old wo- young lady marked attention, and until man, and his daughter turned after her about a month ago no one could tell mother. He'd no sons; he left a good which would be the favored one. It was slice of his property to his nephew, Roger | then announced that Winters and Miss Featherstone; but most of it came to his Kalskey were to be married.

Yesterday was to be the wedding day. "And now she has left it to 'Tina." con-The guests had assembled at the home of the bride and the minister stood in readiness to tie the nuptial knot. Decried Dick. "I wonder how Roger likes spite all this Formoska. the rejected lover, did not lose hope. Miss Kalskey had "Roger Featherstone is quite rich come to Hazleton on the morning of her enough. He has no need to envy Miss wedding day to make the final purchases Heather her good fortune," observed Linfor her bridal outfit. Her old lover, it seems, learned of this and when she was The tone was so strange a one from Linready to return to Silver Brook met her den, that Dick turned and regarded him on the train and again he pressed his suit. He pleaded with her to forsake the man "Is Miss Heather still in Algiers?" who was then waiting her arrival at the depot. Whether the woman consented to do this is not known, but when the train stopped at Silver Brook she did not There was anxiety in the quiet quesalight from it. Winters, who stood at the tion; the thread of anxiety discernible in depot, saw the train pull out. He glanced his tone went to Mrs. Mabin's heart; she

> sight of his rival. Subsequent inquiries revealed the fact that the pair had gone to Shenandoah where they took the western express There all trace of them was lost.

with them. For goodness sake, don't make mountains out of mole-hills! You may be quite sure that she will have every care and every luxury that money can buy—she is a young lady of importance now, and the Levertons and everyone else "Who are the Levertons?" Linden in-

"Miss Featherstone's solicitor and his "I live in this township, judge, but the "And are they with Miss Heather?" N. Y., replied the young man. The prospective groom said he and his "Yes, they went to Algiers to join her." "Mr. Linden is quite interested 'Tina,' laughed Minnie, shrewdly. And again Dick looked closely and ob-

at three o'clock in the morning and walked the entire distance of forty miles. tramping the greater part of the way in their bare feet, carrying their shoes on their shoulders. After the ceremony the groom told the justice in a whisper that all the funds in his possession was fifty Half-an-hour later, Dick and Linden went down the little garden together, and cents. He asked for a certificate as he produced the coin. The blank form of "What's the matter, Linden?" asked the document having cost that much Dick, as the small iron gate closed behind | Justice Johnson refused to give the newly married man and wife the written ev dence of their union until they paid another half dollar. This they promised to do later. The couple then wandered to a farm house half a mile from the road, where they were taken in, the groom as a

> the prettiest woman in the township. FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been

used by millions of mothers for their chil 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 me," replied Linden, slowly, after a moment's pause. "I'm sorry that the money foundedly sorry, that Nessa Heather is a 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 rich woman-for I'm poor, and I've no gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for "Benedick in love! I never expected children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and

SYRUP. Too Small.-I wish my little boy would try to be good all the time, said good-tempered tone. "I love Nessa; I Robbie's mamma as she was rocking the love her as I shall never love any other little fellow to sleep. I do, replied Bobwoman. I loved her the first moment I | bie. But I don't think I'm big enough to

saw her. I altered my route and travelled | do very well at it yet. Mr. Gilley - Will you share my lot, day and night ever since. I can hear her | Miss Gildersleeve? Miss Gildersleeve voice and see her smile now. Her smile Build a \$10,000 house on it and then ask was the sunniest, softest, sweetest smile me again.

Or do you suffer from noises in the head Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost compara tively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. Chase, Orillia, Ont.-13 w.

"That is a point I haven't considered. She might accept me, she might refuse Mistress - What on earth have you me; under the circumstance, I may never got that horrible rose colored dress for Bridget? Bridget - If ye plaze, ma'am, "Do you seriously mean to say that you Oi'm expectin a few frinds this afternoon to a pink tay.

> Neighbor's Boy. - Maw sent me over to ask if you'd lend her your bottle o' cough medicine. Mrs. Kneer - You tell your mother we keep our cough medicin strictly for home consumption.

> SAFE, SURE AND PAINLESS What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor — the great sure-pop corn cure - acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without in-

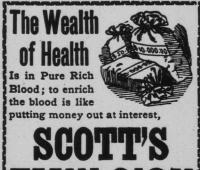
flaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be caravansaries is likely to forget his eximposed upon by imitation or substitutes. A Bad Sign. - Mamma - Doctor, I'm sides of which are built rows of small very much worried about the baby. He rooms, the restaurant and office being in isn't like himself at all. Doctor - What front. The buildings are built of sunare the symptoms, madam? Mammadried bricks, and are usually in the last He sleeps at night.

Far Better.—Willis — Did you have a in winter. There is no furniture but a had to stand on my feet. Did you? Well, Miss Featherstone thought 'Nessa' more rough chair and perhaps a table, while that's better than sitting down and letting the windows are nothing but frames somebody else stand on them.

inn is usually a managerie and zoological James McCartney, Springfield, K. C., "Mount Lipson is one of the largest Flossy, "but of course, in reality, we are In the yard can be seen and heard was confined to the house with complete nervous prostration, the result of a heavy room and play-room, boudoir and nursery. "Mount Lipson left to Ernestine!—it daughter, and we are papa's children. kinds, pigs and camels, while in the cold contracted in the fall. I was very Charlotte's first husband, you know, was rooms where the weary traveller is sup- feeble, and so nervous I could not sleep. posed to find rest there is also a rich I had no desire for food, and what I eat "And do you really know 'Tina, Mr. variety. The scorpion, and at times a gave me great distress. I had severe ing-horse; a tattered spelling book lay "I like her superior way of regretting Linden?" Minnie interposed "How very small variety of the centipede, often take pains in the head, back and side. Nothopen on the key-board of a very ill-used the good luck that falls to her," Flossy strange! You met her with Miss Feather- stinging measures to repel any attempt at ing appeared to help me, and the doctor The chief glory, however, of the inn is length went to St. John to enter the "No idea," repeated Linden, in a strange | the waiter. This important functionary | hospital, as a last resort; but was advised musing tone. With a perceptible effort, in China has that patronizing air which to try Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic ribbon, chips and snips of lining and cot"He is busy. He gave me strict orders he cast off his thoughts and spoke more distinguishes his confreres of the profesand Liver Pills, which, I am thankful to say, soon restored me to perfect health The inevitable napkin always accom- and strength.

panies him. With it in summer he mops head, it protects him from rain and wind. grandma. I let your canary out of the At all seasons of the year it is the only cage, and when my cat caught it I set

A Similarity.— Yes, she said, the waves their charges, which to some degree off- remind me of our hired girl at home.



and Hypophosphites sseses blood enriching properties in

remarkable degree. Are you all run down? Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville

2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK, **OUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.** 

anxiously at the receding cars and caught with the firm of

my own account, in the store GENUINE LOVE MATCH. formerly occupied by the A New Jersey Couple Tramp Thirty Miles to Get Married.

Justice Joel M. Johnson, who resides three miles from Paterson, N. J., was visited the other evening by a young man and maiden. The girl informed the justice two doors below People's Bank that their mission was to get married. "Do you live in these parts?" inquired

the rural magistrate. girl has just come from Rockland county, ness and being manager of the companion started from the latter's home thirteen years, I feel with every Yours Respectfully,

April 29, 1893. OTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executor of the last will of the late John A. Morrison.

All persons indebted 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.

FRANK I. MORRISON,

Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison.
june 10 woodchopper and the bride as a milkmaid. The justice says that the bride is

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> They are easily applied and dry quickly Very handy for house keepers who have painting to do.
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"Does the sight satisfy you?"

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Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, developmen and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Imme-diate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and WILEY'S

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8 CASE3 Counter Scales; 3 cases Union Scales
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5 CASES Screen Doors and 15 cases Window Screens. For sale Low, by
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100 ROLLS Tarred Sheathing, 100 rolls Dry Sheathing. In excellent order and low

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BICYCLES WE have several Bicycles on hand from last year which we will sell at a Bargain to anyone in want, on Easy Terms. We prefer having some other goods, and are reminded of the woman in Harvey Settlement, who is now living happily with her ninth husbaud, a convincing 1700f of the wisdom of the old injunction, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Now this is our Last Try, and if not sold this month, we will either Au tion them off or send them to Newsonndland. Come early and get a bargain.

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With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Busibusiness of the late firm for confidence that I can fully meet the requirements of my friends and the public generally. G. T. WHELPLEY

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