

POETRY.

FREEDOM.

My work is done; the evening is here; My wages now I ask of thee...

SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS.

CHAPTER I.

Somewhat shaded from the dusty high road stood a small, white, bird-windowed villa...

One June evening, two strangers, strolling along the road, their backs toward the sea...

"Hyperion Lodge," said the younger of the two men, in a tone of unhesitating banter...

The speaker, Dick Woburn, was an honest-looking young fellow of twenty, or thereabouts...

"Poor old Mabin," he said. "I haven't patience with a man who brags..."

"I met not sure, Dick, that he was altogether drawing on his imagination..."

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

"Not at all. They were almost too clear-sighted with regard to that failing of old Mabin's..."

"What a melancholy little creature she was! I've a vivid recollection of her..."

"Well, he overworks himself as well as his wife—that ought to excuse him. And it's all in the cause of science..."

"I know that you will fret and worry about me, because I am so far away. Put all worrying thoughts out of your mind..."

"Look here," said he, "we've all the evening before us; we've nothing to do. Suppose we go and call upon the Mabin's?"

"Come too, Dick?" "No, thank you. I fear the awful prospect of old Mabin's cellar..."

"All right," Dick said, resignedly, after a moment's consideration. "If you won't stay long, I'll come."

"Oh! she should stand out against it. She has ruined papa by always yielding to him..."

"Where are the children?" she inquired, pausing in the doorway, and looking about her with a helpless air of worry...

"Here they come," said Minnie. There was a noisy rush of feet through the back kitchen and the passage...

"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..."

"It's awfully late, mother. We're starving," volunteered the light-haired, thin-featured, sharp-voiced Polly...

"The tea's not quite so hot, I'm afraid," said she, in a timid voice, opening the lid of the pewter tea-pot and doubtfully looking into it...

"Exceedingly unlikely," returned Flossy, with a laugh. "When was water in this house ever known to boil?"

"I was looking before him reflectively, the rare twinkling smile on his eyes. The smile deepened, then he half sighed..."

"For me?" questioned Flossy and Minnie at the same moment. "No—for me," was the quiet, tired-looking reply...

"Dead? Miss Featherstone?" repeated Minnie and Flossy in a breath. "And Ernestine has lost her situation?"

"There is more news!" she said, at last, in a low, breathless voice. "Ernestine—Ernestine—is rich!"

"What a melancholy little creature she was! I've a vivid recollection of her..."

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blue. And you kicked her that day when she wouldn't let you try whether the ice on the pond would bear..."

"I wonder when Ernestine means to get back to England," she said musingly. "She cannot live at Mount Lipson alone, that's clear..."

"I know that I shouldn't be I were she," laughed Minnie, stirring her tea and lazily watching her teaspoon. "I wonder what Miss Featherstone was worth..."

"Fifteen thousand a year at least," responded Minnie. "What on earth will Tina do with it? Her tastes are so simple..."

"They will develop, no doubt," said Flossy, dryly. "Oh, there's the garden gate. Who can that be?"

"Look out, Polly, you can see," commanded 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 strange pair that had come from the garden gate to the front door..."

"Who are the Levertons?" Linden inquired. "Miss Featherstone's solicitor and his wife..."

"And are they with Miss Heather?" Linden pursued. "Yes, they went to Algiers to join her..."

"Why frown like that at the question, then?" said Dick, inquisitively. Linden frowned smoothly itself out at once...

"Come in and see Charlotte," laughed Flossy, leading the way. "Charlotte, here she is, Mr. Linden. I think you have met his friend Mr. Woburn, too..."

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

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"I don't know your sister, but I congratulate her," said Minnie. "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 his way home from Palestine, and who has just died at Algiers..."

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JILTED AT THE ALTER. A Bride-elect Elopes With Her World-Born Husband's Rival.

HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 16.—Silver Brook, a small town six miles west of here, was turned topsy-turvy last evening by the sensational termination of a wedding...

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The Wealth of Health. In Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest.

SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

NEW DRUG STORE. 2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK. QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.

Having severed my connection with the firm of DAVIS STAPLES & CO., I have opened up business on my own account...

CANADIAN Express Company. two doors below People's Bank.

With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the business of the late firm for thirteen years...

Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES. April 29, 1893. Executor's Notice.

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SAFE, SURE AND PAINLESS. A word of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not?

ROOM. No one who has stayed at one of these caravansaries is likely to forget his experience. They are all built on the same plan—a large courtyard...

PAPER. A Bad Sign—Mamma—Doctor, I'm very much worried about the baby. He isn't like himself at all. Doctor—What are the symptoms, madam? Mamma—He sleeps at night.

James McCarty, Springfield, K. C., N. B., says: For over three months I was confined to the house with complete nervous prostration...

Has my boy been a Little Defender and been kind to dumb animals to-day? Yes, grandma. I let your canary out of its cage, and when my cat caught it I set Tower on her.

A Similarity—Yes, she said, the waves remind me of our hired girl at home. Hired girl, madam? Yes, they are awful braver.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE. 196 Queen Street. 5 GROSS HIRE'S ROOT BEER Daily expected.

JOHN M. WILEY, Druggist. LACTATED FOOD, MELLIN'S FOOD, BUTTER COLOR, DIAMOND DYES.

R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, and TINSMITH.

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Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, White and Black Seed Oats.

Bradley's Superphosphate. In Large and Small quantities.

310 Queen Street, Fredericton. Scales. Scales. 8 CUBIC YARD Counter Scales.

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WALL PAPERS, Canadian American. Makes. CALL and SEE the GOODS.

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

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Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents. McMurray & Co.