POETRY.

DREAMING OF HOME.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight splutters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein
Comes the old, unquiet longing,
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain,
But there will be joy in the coming,
When I go home again.

When I go home again! there's music
That never may die away,
And it seems that the hands of angels,
On a mystic harp at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
A beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
"When I go home again."

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

SELECT STORY.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

A TALE OF THE ROCKIES.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER IV.

In an hour the pack-horses were relieved of their burdens and were crushing the pea-vines as they rolled and grunted in ecstasy at their freedom from labor. The packs and saddles were carefully stacked close to the camp, that they might readily be covered should the treacherous climate send a shower of rain. The fire beneath the pots burned brightly, and the cook gazed stolidly upon the biscuit browning in the reflector. A couple of young men gathered wood and chopped it into suitable lengths. The leveller took the delicate instruments from the boxes, examined them carefully to see that no damage had been done them during their rude transportation from the last camp, polished them a little with a silk handkerchief, and replaced them with a satisfied smile. Other members of the party buised themselves repairing rents in their clothing, washing their underwear and bathing in the stream.

"Grub-pile!" shouted the cook, and a hungry crowd swarmed around the steaming kettles, filling their tin plates with pieces of fried bacon, dipping out coffee into tin cups and stowing hot biscuits in their pockets.

The unlooked-for occurrences of the day had driven all thoughts of hunger from Jack; but when he gazed upon the noisy crowd a short distance away he felt solitary and hungry and wished he was one of the company. Presently he observed Macdonald coming to his camp, preceded by a tow-headed youth bearing a large piece of bark on which were a number of dishes emitting a most appetizing odor. The porter set down the rustic server before Jack's tent and rejoined his companions. Jack welcomed Macdonald with a grip of his hand that made the young engineer wince.

"You are thrice welcome," he said, "for I felt lonely even within speaking distance of so many people. Your thoughtfulness and kindness banishes every atom of reserve remaining in me."

"I, also, was lonely among my boys, and resolved to tempt a welcome by bribing you through your stomach," said Macdonald.

"A very effective means for tickling me into good humor on all occasions," Jack remarked with a smile.

Before attacking the dinner, Jack produced a leather portmanteau filled with a variety of delicacies, a cold roast of venison and a tin box containing small cakes which resemble' compressed yeast. Macdonald noted the additions with sparkling eyes and itching palate.

"You have once more aroused my curiosity," he said. "What do you intend to do with the cakes in that small box?"

"Those cakes," Jack replied, "are compressed grapes, the juice retained by a process kept secret in Italy. I have only to dilute a small piece in a cup of cold water and I have a deliciously cool light wine."

The two men seated themselves on the bear skins, placed the bark between them, and while they satisfied their keen appetites on the venison and biscuit, finishing up with currant jam and wine, they discussed their spearate tastes for the different kinds of food which comprise the bill of fare in camp life, and agreed that they were enjoying very fair luck at the meal of which they were partaking.

When they had filled and lighted their pipes, and had twisted themselves into comfortable positions, Macdonald interested Jack with a description of the work which was before him during the short summer months in the mountains.

"My orders," he said, are to follow the Bow River to its source, cross the Divide, and winter between the Rockies and Selkirks at some point on the Columbia river."

Jack whistled to his dogs, threw them the remains of the dinner, cleaned his hunting-knife by burying it to the hilt in the ground and working it up and down, and exhibited every symptom of having conceived a new idea which was at variance with his former plans.

Macdonald exultingly watched the effect of the tempting bait which he had cast with much skill and forethought, and felt certain he had captured an intelligent and entertaining companion for his leisure hours during the campaign upon which he had entered.

"I have resolved to accompany you," said Jack, turning to give Macdonald a questioning look, "if you have no objections. My intentions were to return East in the autumn; but I can arrange the change by letter, and no serious trouble will ensue."

Macdonald jumped to his feet, gave his thigh a vigorous slap, and extended his right hand with a cordiality irresistible, and which caused Jack to clutch it with one of his crushing grips.

"We will now be able," said Macdonald, "to cement a friendship so strangely and pleasantly begun, and link our lives with a chain heated in a never dying flame of affection, and forged with the honest strength of respect and esteem."

Jack regarded Macdonald with surprise, but without any disturbing thoughts on the wisdom of acquiescing in so sweeping a contract with a comparative stranger. He felt that he was in the presence of a true man and a noble character. A longing surged within him to possess a friendship so elevated in its conception. He subjected his companion to a searching gaze as though he would penetrate to the utmost recesses of his heart. Then he caught him by the arm and dragged him to where the dogs were lying. Bidding one of them to rise, he asked the intelligent animal if it were willing to accept the stranger as its new master. The hound snuffed at Macdonald's limbs, looked thoughtfully into his face, and quietly lay down at his feet.

"You will accept the gift of one of my dogs," said Jack. "She trusts you and will never leave or desert you, even at the forfeit of her life. Your offer of friendship comes most pleasantly to me. We will be as brothers to each other while we live."

CHAPTER V.

Ere the sun had journed far from the meridian towards his bed in the west, a second party appeared in the valley, evidently entering a more northern pass, for their route followed down the stream. An odd-looking outfit they were. Two Indians, either Chinook or Stoney by the shortness of their stature, walked in file before a cayeuse. Upon the diminutive pony was built a wide-spreading pack, forming an easy riding seat for a squaw and four popooses. Following close in the rear were three evil-countenanced, bow-legged, yellow hair dogs, their ugly noses pointing towards the ground, a deformity acquired through being forced to drag heavy bundles of wood from the moment their strength could be utilized.

The Indians left the squaw to dismount and remove the pack at a spot not far from the surveyor's camp, and walked directly to Jack's tent.

Jack and Macdonald were busy oiling their Winchesters, but were none the less cognizant of the new arrivals.

After the usual "How!" had been interchanged, the younger Indian surprised his rather indifferent audience into lively listeners by waving his hand in the direction from which he had come, and cooly announcing:

"Heap big grizzly! white man hunt him! me go too and show!"

Jack fixed an intent gaze on the speaker, who bore it without flinching,—and with a reassuring nod at Macdonald, he whistled for the hounds. The dogs were disdainfully sniffing around the three ill-favored curs, but answered on a run. They looked at their master and then at the Indians. The next moment they were jumping around the young buck, licking his hands as he tried to suppress the rough welcome, and evincing unmistakable signs of friendly acquaintanceship.

"It is as I fancied," Jack remarked to Macdonald. "My phantom guide has presented himself in the flesh and no longer desires invisibility. He has met some friends who are on a hunting expedition, and has resolved to take advantage of his reinforcements to cater most liberally and with less restraint to my passion for hunting big game."

"What a fortunate fellow you are," said Macdonald. "I cannot envy you, for hereafter I am certain to share in your favors. But we are wasting precious time. I will leave you to make your arrangements while I hasten to my camp to order a haulk until to-morrow, and secure a few necessaries for the hunt."

The Indians manifested little or no concern over the manner of their reception; but when Macdonald departed, the younger spoke hurredly to the elder, and despatched him up the valley on the cayeuse.

Jack drew a small silver whistle from an inside pocket, blew a long staccatoed call, and then entered his tent, quickly emerging with a couple of gingersnaps in his hand.

Macdonald looked up in alarm at the sound of the whistle, and was rewarded by seeing a pony raise its head from the pea-vines, answer the call with a neigh, start off at a trot changing to a galop as it caught sight of Jack's arms swinging like a windmill, and whinnying and neighing, dash up to its master to receive the tempting morsels which always awaited it after a summons to the saddle.

The Indian threw the saddle and bridle on the pony, left the bridle reins hanging to the ground, snatched up a lariat which was lying beside the tent, and sped over to where the horses were grazing. In a few minutes he returned on the back of one animal and leading another, using both ends of the hair-rope most scientifically in guiding his astonished captives. The head-packer brought over his saddle and bridle and had a mount ready for Macdonald in good time.

"All ready?" shouted Jack, as he swung himself astride his pony, lifted the reins over its head and stowed his rifle beneath the left flap of his saddle.

"All ready!" Macdonald answered, hurrying across, rifle in hand and armed with Colt's navy, and a wicked looking hunting-knife.

The packer tied the rifle in place and then helped Macdonald to mount.

In the meantime the Indian had bitted the third horse with a simply formed noose on the lariat, and, with a coil of the rope swinging from his right hand, his left free to guide the horse by the single line, his limbs awkardly angled over the ribs and shoulders of the beast, he moved slowly up the trail made by the cayeuse.

Jack and Macdonald, whistling for the hounds, followed with every confidence in the success of their mission. Not a word escaped the lips of the hunters during their ride through the valley and to the edge of the first tier of pines.

Then the guide motioned for a halt, and in pantomimic language instructed his followers to tie their horses in a way that would admit of no escape, and to also hobble the front feet to make doubly sure, explaining his reasons in the whispered remark:

"Horse heap scared of bear; run like the dibbile"

The safety of the three horses well looked after, the guide climbed a pine to its top and gave a very clever imitation of the hooting of the owl. Faintly came an answer in a similar strain, and the Indian slipped to the ground, bringing with him his rifle which he had left concealed in the branches during his short visit to Jack's tent. Beckoning to the young men to follow, he commenced the ascent of the slope by a scarcely distinguishable trail which, although apparently leading to any of the four points of the compass as the hunters advanced, kept them ever in hearing distance of the increasing roar of the torrent that fed the stream sweeping through the valley.

For an hour they toiled up the broken path, stopping only to wait an answering hoot. As they entered an opening of about an acre in extent, the call sounded from the opposite side, and the guide hustled them back under cover.

The hounds, obedient to the slightest motion in command when at work, seemed to realize they were soon to face their first grizzly and showed signs of distress.

Macdonald, who had never hunted large game, felt a strong sympathy for the hounds.

Jack coolly examined his rifle and posed as a veteran.

The guide devoted himself to pacifying the dogs and replying to the signals of the other Indian.

And in this position and condition the hunting party awaited the arrival of the most ferocious and deadliest antagonist in the mountains.

The depressing silence was suddenly broken by the bleating of a mountain sheep. It sprang out of a small bunch of shrubbery in the open space and tugged frantically at a lariat which bound it to a stake. The hounds pressed closely to the guide, the hair on their backs strengthening to bristles and standing upright. A succession of quick, short, hoarse growls sounded from the rocks in proximity to the water. The hounds stiffened their legs and no longer seemed to shrink from the conflict. Macdonald nervously fumbled at the hammer of his rifle and wiped large beads of perspiration from his forehead, but became cooler when Jack gripped him tightly on the shoulder. The sheep jumped and tore around the stake, crying most piteously. The guide gave a warning "Hist!" and at the same second a monster grizzly shuffled into full view of the party, and only a short distance away.

Jack struck the hounds sharply with a stick and forced them to crouch down at his side. He whispered to Macdonald to take the first shot and to aim low. Macdonald was still trembling a little; but naturally obeying a stronger mind, he dropped on one knee, levelled his rifle at the bear, closed his eyes and pulled the trigger.

Jack sprang to his feet as the bullet sped over the grizzly and flattened on a rock. Impatiently he watched the ugly brute stop short, give vent to its surprise in an angry growl, and raise on its hind legs, snuffing the air as it turned its head from side to side in search of its mysterious foe. Taking a quick sight, he fired at its throat, and had the satisfaction to see a stream of blood spurt forth and drench its shoulders and breast.

With a weak roar, the bear rushed forward towards its assailants. The guide pumped six shots in rapid succession and succeeded in crippling one front paw. Macdonald drew his long hunting-knife and stood his gun against a tree.

The bear was now within twenty-five yards of the party; and coming at them with a ferocity and rapidity that made Macdonald's breath come in hot gasps. Jack had his rifle at his shoulder, waiting a chance shot. The hounds whined impatiently for permission to fly at the throat of the huge brute.

The sharp crack of a rifle sounded from across the opening, and the grizzly pitched forward on its head and mowed the grass in swaths with his great claws as it struggled through its pain to regain its feet.

Then Jack let loose the hounds with a wild yell that told of the hot-blood dancing in his veins. Macdonald caught the fevered greed for blood and had to be held back from following the dogs. The elder Indian flew over the open space to be in at the death. The guide uttered several unearthly shriek and swung his rifle over his head.

The hounds sprung at the blinded, maddened animal with furious fierceness, but one blow from the uninjured paw stretched them lifeless a few yards away. The bear was once more upon his hind feet, but was too badly wounded to make any forward movement. This was the chance for which Jack had kept his magazine full. Scarcely taking time to sight, he pumped bullet after bullet into its breast, until he saw the brute fall backwards, and with one convulsive shudder, lie motionless in a heap.

After an examination of the monster, conducted at a careful distance, the guide procurred a long pole and poked again and again at the carcass. Satisfied that all danger was over, he borrowed Macdonald's hunting-knife and was not long in removing the magnificent skin.

The elder Indian killed the decoy sheep, swung it on his back and started down the trail as though a heavy burden was not unfamiliar to him.

The guide declared the meat of the grizzly useless, and with the green hide dangling over his back, took the lead on the return to camp.

The dogs had recovered their breath, and followed with a stiffness that showed the effect of the nasty slap they had received.

Late that night, when leaving Jack's tent after a long discussion over the afternoon's sport, Macdonald asked:

"What kept you so cool through that terrible fight, Jack?"

"Did I look cool? Yet, I trembled from head to foot; and if you had not shown fear, the guide would have been the only courageous man in the party," was the reply.

Macdonald pondered over Jack's reply as he walked to his camp.

"Yes," he thought; "If Jack had shown fear I would have been braver."

CHAPTER VI.

In a quiet aristocratic street in Ottawa, a large and handsome residence stood well back from a low, iron palling which guarded a trim, hedge-flanked lawn, divided by a gravelled walk leading from the gate to the house. Two Jersey cows, as graceful and as beautiful and not unlike the deer in autumn, timidly grazed on one side of the velvety sward, and felt none of the enjoyment of their owner in the rural simplicity of their attractiveness, on the other side a lawn-tennis court evidenced frequent battles across the net; and a tent formed of gaily-striped cotton and fashioned after a Turkish pattern, promised rest and refreshment after the the fascinating exercises within the court.

On either side of the broad, low steps leading to the pillared portico which fronted the house, a tall statue, representing the Queen of darkness holding at arm's length a gas jet, protected by a colored glass cover of fancy design, bid the first welcome to guests after nightfall.

It was the home James Macdonald, a wealthy exporter of timber and lumber, and uncle of Angus Macdonald, the young surveyor. Proud of his wealth, satisfied with his high social position, and charitable when he knew his friends would be made acquainted with the amounts he bestowed, he was still unhappy with his own thoughts, and fretful to his family, because his ambitious attempts to secure political power had been frustrated at every election for which he had received nomination from his party.

Another slight source of displeasure to the rich lumberman was the presence in his home of his ward, the orphan daughter of his only brother. She was beautiful and deprived his three daughters of the best prizes in the matrimonial market. She was wilful, and frequently caused him increased fretfulness. She was haughty and had the power to silence him with a severe glance. She was an heiress and he was without power to subdue her proud spirit. She was affectionate and made him love her despite his anger.

Yet, he was proud of his guardianship, when he beheld his ward the belle of every public gathering at Rideau Hall, and at the homes of the wealthiest and most honored citizens of Ottawa. But he felt that she read his inmost thoughts, and he disliked to have his weakness and vanity laid bare to one so near to him.

"Did he wish her to leave his home? No, decidedly not! He would miss her lively conversation at the breakfast table, for his wife and daughters were silent under the baneful influence of his bad temper. Her passionate, refined, cultivated taste for music filled his home with song and melody, and made him forget for the time his disquieting moods; his daughters were not burdened with a taste for music. Cabinet ministers and their friends, celebrities from abroad, even visiting royalty, invariably accepted invitations to his dinners and receptions.

The names of himself and household were always among the list of invited guests at every reception given by the leaders of society in the city.

The private carriage from Rideau Hall was before his gate repeatedly, carrying off his niece to informal dinners at the gubernatorial residence, and sometimes returning to acquaint him with Miss Macdonald's intended absence for a few days.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden ircle, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having losts its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart which beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pains about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave, Toronto, Canada.

It was at a river resort. They were enjoying an "along the river" dinner. She was a believer in early rising; he was hungry. She (examining the table cloth)—"I do't believe that's a table cloth at all." He (with indifference)—"Well what do you think it is, then?" She (still examining it)—"I believe it is a bed sheet." He (sarcastically)—"Well that ought to please you. It shows that the people down here get up early."

Messrs. Tuckett & Son are often asked to sell their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco to retail dealers. They never in any case do so, and for the best of reasons. The wholesale trade of the country have a distributing machinery which handles the "Myrtle Navy" without any addition to its permanent expenses. If the manufactures were to undertake that work, as they would by selling to the retail trade, it would require an independent machinery, the whole cost of which would have to be borne by the proceeds of the tobacco sales, and of course it would fall upon the consumer. Selling to the wholesale trade alone is, therefore, for the consumer's benefit, and is a convenience to the retail trade, because every traveller who calls—in the grocery line—can take orders for "Myrtle Navy."

Old lady to chemist—"I want a box of canine pills."

Chemist—"What's the matter with the dog?"

Old Lady (indignantly)—"I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman."

Chemist puts up some quinine pills in profound silence.

SUDDENLY PROSTRATED.

GENTLEMEN,—I was suddenly prostrated while at work by a severe attack of cholera morbus. We sent at once for a doctor, but he seemed unable to help. An evacuation about every forty minutes was fast wearing me out, when we sent for a bottle of Wild Strawberry, which saved my life. MRS. J. N. VAN NATTER, Mount Brydges, Ont.

Teacher—"Tommy, man has been called the 'laughing animal.' Can you mention some other attribute that raises him above the mere brute?" Tommy Figg—"Yes'm. He—he knows how to spit."

LINES FROM LYONS.

DEAR SIRS,—For several years my sister suffered from liver complaint. As doctors gave her no help we tried B. B. B., which cured her completely. I can recommend it to all.

MISS MAUD GRAHAM, Lyons, Ont.

She—With what were you particularly struck when you first went on the stage? He—Two bricks and a cabbage.

Some laugh at old school remedies. Do modern ones equal Johnson's Anodyne Liniment?

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child 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 mstake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

Wrathful Suburbanite (who has just moved in)—"Say, if you don't keep your side of the alley cleaner, by hokey, I'll report you to the health officer." The Other Man—"Go ahead with your report, my friend; I'm the health officer."

A CLOSE CALL.

After suffering for three weeks from cholera infantum, so that I was not expected to live, and, at the time, would even have been glad had death called me, so great was my suffering, a friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which acted like magic on my system. But for this medicine I would not be alive now. JOHN W. BRADSHAW, 393 St. Paul St., Montreal, P. Q.

She (still blushing)—"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" He—"No, darling; but you are the last." She—"Am I really? Oh, George, it makes me so happy to think that."

STRONGER EAERY DAY.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been ill for a long time with lame back and weak kidneys, and at times could not get up without help. I tried B. B. B. and with two bottles am almost well. I find my back is stronger every day. Yours truly.

MRS. L. THOMPSON, Oakville, Ont.

That's About It.—"Papa, what is an agnostic?" asked Johnny Cumso. "An agnostic, Johnny, is a man who knows very little and is not sure of that."

Last year:
Her eyes were rheumy, and weak and red,
Her breath—you could smell it afar,
She had ringing and dizziness oft in her head,
And the cause of it all was catarrh.
This year:
Her breath is as sweet as the meadow hay,
Her eyes are as bright as a star,
And the cause of the change, she is ready to say,
Was the Dr. Sage Cure for Catarrh.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will positively cure catarrh in the head, no matter how bad or of how long standing. Fifty cents, by all druggists.

The fact that three newspaper offices were demolished in the recent cyclone in Kansas leads the editor of one of them to remark that "even the Lord's chosen sometimes get it in the neck."

STICK TO THE RIGHT.

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

All men do not get their deserts. Some consider themselves lucky if they get as far as a second course.

IT IS THE BEST.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used your B. B. B. for the past five or six years and find it the best cure for sour stomach and biliousness. I have also used Burdock Pills and can recommend them highly.

AMANDA FORTUNE, Huntingdon. Que.

Patient—Let me know the worst.
Doctor—Your bill will be two hundred dollars.

"German Syrup"

For Throat and Lungs

Hemorrhage Five Years. "I have been ill for "about five years, "have had the best "medical advice, "and I took the first "dose in some doubt. This result-"ed in a few hours easy sleep. There "was no further hemorrhage till next "day, when I had a slight attack "which stopped almost immediate-"ly. By the third day all trace of "blood had disappeared and I had "recovered much strength. The "fourth day I sat up in bed and ate "my dinner, the first solid food for "two months. Since that time I "have gradually gotten better and "am now able to move about the "house. My death was daily ex-"pected and my recovery has been "a great surprise to my friends and "the doctor. There can be no doubt "about the effect of German Syrup, "as I had an attack just previous to "its use. The only relief was after "the first dose." J. R. LOUGHHEAD, Adelaide-Australia.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

LANDING.

Roller and Standard

OATMEAL.

In barrels and half barrels.

— FOR SALE LOW —

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

PACKING.

JUST RECEIVED:
1 PACKAGE of Clinton Packing, the best in the world for pumps, hot or cold water; all sizes in general use.
And for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Lawn Mowers.

FOR SALE LOW AT
NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.

The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. *Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00.*

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

COAL.

The Subscriber has now in stock a large quantity of best quality of

LEHIGH HARD COAL.

In Stove and Chestnut sizes.

— ALSO —

Old Mine Sydney,
Reserve Sydney,
Victoria Sydney,
Soft Coal.

These are considered the best House Coals, mined in Cape Breton. I will sell and deliver any of the above Coal at merely a living profit, as my motto is quick Sales and small Margins. Orders left at the Office of F. I. Morrison, Queen Street, will receive prompt attention.

P. FARRELL.

Fredericton, July 4th, 1892.

G. T. WHELPLEY,

SEEDS, SEEDS,

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

— ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF —

Feeding Oats,
Heavy Feed,
Chop Feed, and Bran,
Sell low.

G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 Queen St. Fredericton.

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Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

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ON HAND AND TO ARRIVE:

Choice Canadian and Western TIMOTHY SEED.

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SEED BARLEY, 2 AND 4 ROW
SEED BUCKWHEAT;
SEED OATS;
SEED RYE;
SEED VETCHES;
SEED PEAS—different varities;
SEED ENSILAGE CORN, White and Red Cob;
SEED RED TOP;
BRADLEY'S FERTILIZERS;
LIME, LAND and CALCINED PLASTER;
HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN and MIDDLINGS;
HOUSE and BLACKSMITH COALS.

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CAMPBELL STREET: Above CITY HALL.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter, AND TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

SPECIAL SALE.

There will be a Special Sale of

ROOM PAPER.

Commencing immediately

"ALL THE YEAR AROUND."

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HALL'S BOOK STORE.

STAMPING. - - - - EMBOSSING.

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HALL'S BOOK STORE.

Steel Monograms Cut To Order.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.

Just Received from Glasgow.
5000 ASBESTOS Fire Bricks. 30 Bags Fire Clay.
For sale low by
JAMES S. NEILL.

HIS LAST SEASON.

THE FAMOUS STALLION,

SIR CHARLES, 2745,

WILL make this his last season in this province, at his owner's stables, 47 Waterloo street, St. John.

This horse has proved himself such a good sire that it is hardly necessary to say anything about him. He is the sire of Maggie T, 2.23¾; Maud C., 2.27¼; King Charles, 2.29 and a score of other fast ones.

This will positively be his last season as Mr. McCoy intends removing his stud to the States in the fall.

TERMS $30 FOR THE SEASON.

JOHN McCOY,
47 Waterloo Street, St. John.
April 23rd, 1892.—tf.

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JUST RECEIVED:
1 TON of Alabastine, sixteen different shades all ready to mix in cold water. No boiling or hot water needed.
This is without a doubt an improvement on the old style. Try it.
For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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300 BOXES Window Glass. 4 Cases ground and figured double thick.
For sale at market rates.
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—OF—

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McMURRAY & CO. will offer on MONDAY next, March 21st, over

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Having purchased the stock in trade of Mr. E. B. Nixon, at a very low price, consisting of

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Together with the balance of our own stock we will sell at PRICES lower than ever offered in this city. The stock must be sold to make room for our NEW PAPERS to arrive in a few days.

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P. S.—On hand a large stock of Window Shades, Plain and Fancy, at lowest prices.

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IT IS THE BEST.