POOR COPY

NARKA,

THE NIHILIST.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXII.

On reaching home Narka found a note from Sibyl which a servant had just left. She opened the violet-scented missive, and read:

'MY DARLING,—I bring you a wonderful piece of good news!' (Narka stopped to take breath. Had Basil surrendered?) 'It has come so suddenly I can almost fancy it a fairy trick. Fortune is going to be kind to you, my Narka, and reward you after all you have suffered. Listen: I have just had a visit from Signor Zampa, who was director of the Italian opera here last year, and is now managing La Scala, at Naples. He gave me lessons when I came to Paris. Well, dearest, he is in search of a soprano voice to take the place of *prima donna* at La Scala. An artist who heard you here that memorable night carried the fame of your voice and your genius to Naples, and Signor Zampa has come on here to see if you would suit him and accept his overtures. I gave him your address, and with difficulty dissuaded him from rushing straight off to you there and then. I said he would not find you till two o'clock, and I promised to send word to you to expect his visit at two. I am beside myself with delight. Come to breakfast to-morrow morning, and meantime attune your voice to its heavenliest key, and sing the soul out of Zampa's breast, and millions out of his pocket.

Your own

SIBYL.'

Narka dropped the letter with an inarticulate exclamation. She was bewildered. It might, no doubt, be a most brilliant career that opened out so unexpectedly to her, but at this first moment she could not realize anything but the shock of the proposal. To turn public singer, to go on the stage—she who was engaged to Prince Zorokoff? Was it possible to contemplate such a thing? And yet how was she to refuse it without incurring Sibyl's deep displeasure, rousing her suspicions, and in that case alienating her, perhaps irrevocably? And there was not even time to think it over. It was one o'clock, and Signor Zampa was likely to be punctual. She threw aside her bonnet, and went to the piano, and excitedly turned over the leaves of a music book. She could not well refuse to sing, if he asked her, and in the midst of her perplexity the desire of the artist to win the approval of so great a critic asserted itself.

As the clock struck two, Signor Zampa rang at the door.

Narka, flushed with excitement, looked her best when he came in.

'You have eheard from the Comtesse de Beaucrillon the object of my visit, mademoiselle?' he said, conquered at once by her beauty.

'Yes. It has taken me by surprise. I never dreamed of going on the stage. I never had the necessary training for it. But, do you think I am at all fitted to be an opera singer.'

'Perhaps I am a better judge of that than you. Will you let me hear you sing?'

She rose without any pretence of shyness, and went to the piano. Zampa pulled off his gloves.

'You will accompany me? she said.

'Certainly. What will you sing?'

'Choose anything you like,' notioning indifferently to the books and songs that were scattered about.

'Let's try this,' he said, opening the partition of *Norma* at the 'Casta Diva.'

It happened to be a favorite piece of Narka's; she sang it well at all times, but stimulated by his presence she rendered it now with a perfection of art that must have delighted the *maestro*, even if her voice had not enchanted him by its rare qualities. When she ended, he burst out with a rapturous 'Bravo!', and seizing her hand, kissed it with the demonstrative enthusiasm of his nation. He entreated her to sing several other pieces each chosen with a view to bring out the various qualities of her voice. Narka, inspired by his admiration and discerning criticism, sang at her best, feeling that ecstacy in the expansion of her splendid powers which is by turns the triumph and the despair of the true artist. Every fibre in her was thrilling to the music of her voice. Something of a grand, untamed creature that was visible in her majestic lines and strong supple limbs began to throb in her pulses and course in her blood; and when the Italian started up and described the brilliant future that was before her, she was more ready to respond to his offers than she could have believed possible an hour ago. As he stood there, with his fiery eloquence and mercurial gesticulation, she could almost fancy a wizard had sprung up on her path, waving his wand, and bidding the mountains roll down and the desert blossom at her feet.

'You will be a star that will outshine every star in the musical firmament of our age!' he declared, executing a sort of war-dance on the hearth-rug in his excitement. 'Europe will ring with your fame; crowned heads will bow down before the royalty of your genius!'

Narka listened, and felt something like what the bird must feel when a kind hand is about to open its cage and set it free to take flight into its native element. She had been beating the bars of her cage all her life, even before she knew it.

Zampa saw that she was won, and he kept throwing in the incense, till the fumes enveloped her and went to her brain. It was a delicious intoxication. But suddenly the sweet smoke began to choke her. She had forgoten Basil. What would he say? How would this contemplated step affect their destiny? Would the *prima donna* millionaire be a more suitable wife for Prince Zorokoff than Narka Larik? 'I am so taken by surprise,' she said, not attempting to disguise her emotion, 'that I cannot answer you to-day. I must have time to think over your proposal and to consult my friends before I decide. I will write to you in a day or two.'

But the impresario went away confident and exulting. He had no doubt of having secured the prize.

When he was gone, Narka asked herself whether she was waking or dreaming. Had she done wisely in leaving him to believe she would entertain his offer? As to consult her friends whom had she to consult? Sibyl would think her insane if she hesitated for a moment, and would never forgive her for rejecting an offer that she, Sibyl, so wholly approved of. There was Marguerite was sure to cry out in horror at the mere notion of the stage, to her it would seem like walking into the lion's den. Still Narka must speak to some one, and there was only Marguerite; and Marguerite's sympathy was sure to be comforting and it might possibly be illuminating.

Early next morning she set out to La Villette. To her great surprise, Marguerite, far from being horrified, met the idea complacently.

'I expected you would have shrieked at the bare notion of my risking my soul in such a wicked place as the theatre,' said Narka.

'Is it such a wicked place?' said Marguerite. 'I didn't know. A school friend of mine, a very pious girl, lost her fortune, and went on the stage, and sang for a year at the Opera Comique, and she remained as pious as ever, and died like a little saint. But that was in Paris; perhaps at Naples it is worse.'

'I suspect it is the same everywhere, pretty much,' Narka replied. 'But I have no fear on that score,' she added, bridling inwardly. 'Self-respect would protect me as well on the stage as walking about Paris alone. I was not thinking of any danger of that sort; it does not exist for me. I was thinking how the thing will appear to Sibyl.'

'Sibyl? Why, Sibyl has invented it.'

'I mean about Basil. Would it not be a greater degradation for him to marry me if I were a public singer?'

'Ah!' Marguerite slipped her hands into her wide sleeves, and put her head a little to one side, and gave her whole mind to the solution of this problem. 'Sibyl could tell us,' she said, after a moment; 'but we can't ask Sibyl.'

'No, we can't ask Sibyl.'

They sat silent awhile. Then Marguerite, like a person who, having passed every argument in review, arrives at a conclusion, said: 'It always seems to me that the safest plan is to take what Providence sends to us, and trust the consequences to Him. If you are running no risk to your soul, I don't see why you should not accept his offer. Instead of being an obstacle between you and Basil, it may be the means of drawing you together. Perhaps Sibyl did not tell you, but her terror is that Basil, in spite of the Prince and the police, may contrive to make his escape from Russia. And if he does, how is he to live? The Prince won't supply him with money, certainly; and he would not like to be dependent on Sibyl—that is to say, on Sibyl's husband. He would not mind, perhaps, being dependent on his wife for a time.'

Narka threw out her arms and caught the small figure to her heart. 'Oh Marguerite, what a blessed little Solomon you are!' she exclaimed, in delight. 'That would indeed be a joyful culmination—to rescue Basil from poverty and dependence, and to be revenged on those who have been so cruel to us both!'

'Oh, never mind the revenge, Narka!' Marguerite entreated. This was not the feeling she had meant to excite; but discussing with Narka was like stirring the embers of a smouldering fire; the flame leaped up and the sparks flew out when you least expected it.

The bell rang, and Marguerite had to say good-by and hurry off to her duties.

Narka went straight to the Rue St. Dominique. She found Sibyl in high excitement.

'Zampa has been here, and he is beside himself with satisfaction! He draws such a horoscope for you as must make all the Malibrans pine with envy in their graves. Narka, you have a splendid career before you. I am so happy! It takes such a load off my heart!' She kissed Narka, and then turned to look at the practical side of the affair. The impresario was liberal as a prince. Narka was to proceed without delay to Florence, and put herself in training under the great master there. The whole tenor of her life was changed in an hour; she was lifted from poverty, obscurity, and carking care to ease, brilliancy, and the prospect of immediate fame. Sibyl entered into it all with that quick sympathy and subtle understanding that were part of her power.

'But you take it all too coldly, Narka,' she said, suddenly, her keen perception detecting the lack of response in Narka. 'Are you not glad, dear? I thought you would be so excited.'

'I suppose I ought to be.' Then, after a moment, 'Does M. de Beaucrillon say anything about it?' Narka asked irrelevantly.

'Gaston? He is delighted. Did you think he would not care?'

'Oh, no; he is too kind not to care.' Narka repressed a sigh. She seemed tired. But there was something on her mind, Sibyl suspected. 'I am just wondering whether it will make any difference when I am before the footlights,' she said, with a constrained laugh—'Whether you will feel quite the same to me when I am a public singer.'

'As if that could make the smallest difference!' Sibyl exclaimed, looking at her in blank amazement.

Narka laughed in the same constrained way. 'No doubt,' she said to herself, 'I shall remain as far beneath the Countesse de Beaucrillon, *nee* Princess Zorokoff, whether I turn public singer, or remain in my native obscurity as Narka Larik.'

So it was settled that they were to close at once with the impresario's offer. Narka sat down at Sibyl's table, and wrote a note saying she would prepare at once to start for Florence, and enter on her preparation for the opera. Then, to Sibyl's disappointment, she insisted on going home, alleging that she was tired and wanted rest.

Sibyl saw that she was both excited and depressed. 'You are quite feverish,' she said, holding Narka's hand, and then touching her hot forehead; 'you ought to stay here, and let me put you lying down, and bathe your temples with eau-de-cologne.'

But Narka would not be persuaded, although she would gladly have lain down, and the touch of Sibyl's cool soft hand on her aching head would have been soothing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Narka was in a glow of heat when she left Sibyl's warm rooms, and met the bitter wind that blew hard from the north. It was a long walk and a bleak one by the river, but she faced it with a kind of reckless desperation. She reached home very tired, and was scarcely indoors when she was seized with a shivering fit.

'Mademoiselle has taken a chill,' said Eudoxie. 'I must make her a tisane.'

But the tisane did not prove as potent as Eudoxie expected. Varka spent a restless night, and in the morning her throat was swollen, her head ached, and her hand burned.

'Mademoiselle has fever. I had better go to the chemist and ask him for something to cut it,' said Eudoxie.

But Narka took a pencil and wrote a line to Marguerite, and desired the maid to take it at once to La Villette.

As Eudoxie was going out she met Ivan Gorff, and she told him on what errand she was bound.

'Mademoiselle Narka must see a doctor at once,' he said. 'I will go and fetch one while you take that message to La Villette.'

Eudoxie gave him the key of the apartment, and hurried off to the omnibus.

Ivan called a cab and drove straight to Schenk's lodgings, and was back with him before Eudoxie had returned.

Schenk knocked at the bedroom door; there was no answer, so he opened it and looked in. Narka was alarmed and amazed on seeing so unexpected a visitor walk into her room, but he calmed her at once by his manner as much as by his words, and explained how he came there, felt her pulse, and then, without troubling her with useless questions, withdrew. The visit did not last three minutes, and nothing could have been more discreet and professional than his manner throughout.

When Schenk went back to the salon, Marguerite was there, talking to Ivan Gorff. She was horrified to find that the vivisector had been called in, but she kept this to herself; he had the reputation of being a skilful doctor, and there was comfort in that.

'What is the matter?' she inquired, when Schenk had closed the door of the bedroom.

'Inflammation of the lungs; it has advanced very rapidly; she is in high fever.'

'Is she delirious?'

'She will be in a few hours, I expect.'

Marguerite uttered an exclamation of distress, and went into the bedroom. Narka signed to her to stoop down. 'Go to the trunk behind the door,' she whispered; 'you will find an ivory casket; the key is in the drawer of the writing-table. Take it away and keep it safe for me—or for Basil.'

'It is safe enough where it is, darling, said Marguerite; 'I will see that nobody touches it.'

'But if anything happens to me—'

'You mean if you died? You have not the smallest intention of doing anything so sensible,' said Marguerite in her bright way. 'You have caught a bad cold, and I am going to look after you till you get well. Our sisters here in the parish will come and see you every day. I'm going to tell them. So between us you have small chance of escaping to heaven.

To be Continued.

A Mean Revenge.

It happened in a Dearborn street tonsorial palace. A young man was in one of the chairs, having his hair cut. It was Saturday, and well he knew that he had no business having his hair cut on such a busy day, but there he was. While the finishing touches were being put on a fat man came in, peeled off his coat and asked for a fan. The fat man was nervous. He was waiting for the barber who was cutting the young man's hair. He made ready to take the chair when the young man plumped his head down and ordered one plain shave. This made the nervous fat man hotter than ever. After the shave he made another start for the chair, when the young man straightened up and called for two pin curls for his mustache. The nervous fat man fairly oozed suppressed profanity, and fanned himself the harder. Finally the young man vacated the chair, and the nervous fat man glared at him as he took his place. This was so unusual for that the young man wanted to get even in some way for the implied insult, so he said to the barber: "Your next door neighbor says he wouldn't be shaved in here." "And why not?" asked the barber, as he poised his keen edged razor above the face of the nervous fat man, who was fully lathered by this time. "Well, he says your shop is so narrow that when he is getting shaved he is in mortal terror that some one will jostle you and make you cut his throat." It was a mean revenge. All of the color forsook the nervous fat man's face, and to him his shave lasted two good hours. He had never thought of the danger of having his throat cut in a narrow barber shop.—Chicago Herald.

Stamps from the Slot.

"An ingenious machine was exhibited to Postmaster General Dickinson shortly before he retired from office, and if it should strike his successor as favorably as it did him may be in general use before long," remarked an official of the Baltimore postoffice. "It is an adaptation of the put-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine to the sale of postage stamps. A sheet of stamps is cut into slips the width of two stamps, and these slips are wound around a cylinder inside the machine. A nickel is placed in the slot, which drops down, starts an electric current, which causes the stamp cylinder to revolve, the slip of stamps glides along and passes under a row of needles, which drops down and cuts off two stamps.

"The owner of the nickel waits a few seconds after his money disappears and then shoves down a metallic button, and two stamps make their appearance at an aperture in the lower part of the machine. It is proposed by the inventors to place these machines in stores and prominent places about a city. If the department approves the plan they will adopt the machine so that two pennies or a ten cent piece can be used with the result that one two cent stamp or five stamps can be obtained. In case a spurious coin is used a magnet in the interior detects the fraud and throws it to one side."—Baltimore News.

Insects in the Ears.

It is popularly supposed that for an insect of any kind to find its way into the ear means death if not instantly removed, and physicians are aroused at all hours by applicants who beg them to come quickly, "a bug has gotten in somebody's ear." Unless it is an insect with very keen nippers there is no possible danger, although often unpleasantness, if the bug has capacity to bite sharply. Of course there is fear of its working its way to the brain, but as a rule this belief causes a great deal of nervousness, which has a bad effect on the subject. Of course the ear should be examined as soon as possible, and the insect removed, but the popular idea that death will result is quite wrong.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Palpitation of the Heart.

A French physician announces that distressing or excessive palpitation of the heart can always be arrested by bending double, the head down and the hands hanging, so as to produce a temporary congestion of the upper portion of the body. In nearly every instance of nervous or anæmic palpitation, the heart immediately resumes its natural function. If the movements of respiration are arrested during this action, the effect is still more rapid.—Herald of Health.

The Boy and the Pies.

B. F. Pike, of Cash's corner, who for some time past has claimed the championship as boss pie eater, has at last had to take a back seat for Johnnie Moody, who has boldly stepped to the front and performed the wonderful feat of eating twelve pies in twenty minutes. Johnnie now wears the belt.—Cape Elizabeth Sentinel.

A Timely Table.

A Canadian crank wants to annex the New England states, and has introduced a proposal to that effect in the Dominion parliament. The "annexation" will resemble the capture of a prisoner told of in war literature, somewhat as follows:

Soldier—I've caught a prisoner.
Officer—Bring him along, then.
Soldier—He won't come.
Officer—Then come yourself.
Soldier—He won't let me.—San Francisco Post.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Fifty colored men are studying for the priesthood in Rome.

OUR VANCOUVER CORRESPONDENT.—From Esquimault, B. C., Mrs. A. B. Cameron writes that being very much troubled with dyspepsia she tried two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, which gave great relief, and hopes that others may be induced to try it also and receive like benefits.

Of 26,000 criminals arrested in Paris, 16,000 had not attained the age of 20.

LIKE HALF A DOLLAR.—"About 3 years ago my feet and legs became poisoned, and came out in great sores as large as a half-dollar which ate in almost to the bone. After the failure of other remedies, the sores were completely healed by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters." Joseph Gonyon, Tupperville, Ont.

P. T. Barnum began poor and has $3,000,000.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS cannot pass a law that will prevent people having coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and lung troubles, but Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam does away with the difficulty by promptly curing all affections of the throat and lungs. It is the pleasantest and safest cough remedy in use.

Jay Gould cannot be worth less than $75,000,000.

SAID TO BE SPLENDID.—"I am pleased with Burdock Blood Bitters, because it cured my rheumatism completely. My son also and many other people in this vicinity have tried it and say it and say it is splendid." Mrs. O. Perrault, Rat Portage, Ont.

Ethan Allen, the once famous trotting horse, still lives at the age of 32 at Byfield parish, Mass.

FOR FIVE YEARS.—For over five years we have used Hagyards Yellow Oil in our family for coughs, colds, burns and sore throat, and our experience is so satisfactory that we would recommend the medicine to any person." Mrs. F. Sanderson, Bostworth, Ont.,

The newest slang is the compound "ram-jam." It describes a condition of complete fullness.

LIFE AND LIMB are often in jeopardy through various accidents on land and water. A prompt relief and sure cure for all painful wounds, bruises, burns, cuts, scalds, rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and croup is Hagyard's Yellow Oil, known as reliable over 30 years. Keep it in the house always.

A Poughkeepsie woman has a glass necktie, which, it is said, can be tied in any kind of a knot.

A Horrible Revelation.

She had advertised for the return of her dog, and it was a long haired Skye terrier—regular valuable thoroughbred. The reward was to be $10. A stalwart Celt came timidly forward and asked if that was the dog. Being answered affirmatively and paid the reward, the affection of the lady, who kissed and hugged her poor, dear, little darling, attracted his attention and the following skirmish ensued:

"Where did you find the darling?"

"Small comfort would it do you, madam, did I tell you."

"But tell me while I caress the angel."

"I can't tell you, because you would not like it."

"But, dear, darling Dandy—was Dandy cold?"

"Sure, madam, I don't know. I saw your advertisement in the paper and recognized him tied to the end of a long shtick and a woman washin' off winders wid him."—Philadelphia Press.

The Man with a Big Head.

Senator Sawyer tells a good story on himself. There was a man up in the Oshkosh country of the name of Hutchinson, who was a great boaster. If he cut one log of wood he would be sure to report a hundred, and if he saw a dozen blackbirds sitting on a stump they would be a thousand before he told about them in the nearest saloon. One season he did some logging for Mr. Sawyer, and for his pay received a check on the Northwestern National bank for $120, payable to his order. Mr. Hutchinson had never had such an experience before, and he showed the check to his friends with a great deal of pride before he took it to the bank to get it cashed. When he did so the teller, of course, made him write his name on the back of the paper, and that was an incident of still greater importance in Mr. Hutchinson's life. Then he went home in the woods, and said to everybody whom he met on the way:

"Old Sawyer can brag as much as he's in mind to about his money, but the Cash'ride me indorse his check before they would cash it for him."—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, PREST.

Gaurantee Capital, $200,000.00
Full Government Deposit. $6,000,00.00
New business for 1887 over.

THE Various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN," embracing Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontine, Semi-Tontine and Commercial Plan, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to-day present a showing unequalled by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and its progressive record and sound financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims, are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.

The Company's rates are, according to their various plans, so arranged as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontine the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.

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Oct. 29, 1887—w tw—1yr.

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Risks against loss or damage or by fire taken on all kinds of insurable property at both town and country at the lowest rates and losses adjusted in the most prompt and liberal manner. Unsurpassed security given to policy holders by this Old and Reliable English Company.

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A Good Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also: A Fine
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Just Opened. Prices low.
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230 QUEEN STREET
Fredericton, March 31.

OUR AWFUL FIGHTER.

A True Story of Why We Joined Us and Why We Left Us.

It having become noised about that we were going to make a horseback trip through a portion of the cattle country, various individuals made applications for situations. We needed only a cook and a man to take charge of the baggage, but the applicants kept coming, and the day before we left a chap appeared who introduced himself as Awful Davis.

"Look-a-here, fellers," he began in a business way, "I want to be counted in on this. Indeed, it's a slight on me that you hadn't applied for my services. You'd have been in a purty pickle to have gone without the 'distinguished.'"

When asked to explain what peculiar value his services might have to us he uttered a long whistle of surprise and replied:

"Well, you are innocents, and no mistake! Who's going to do your fighting for you?"

As the Indians were at peace we didn't expect any trouble.

"Oh! you don't! Bless me, but what dear, good little boys! Injuns! Nobody said Injuns. It's the white man you've got to look out for. You're going among the tuffest lot in the whole world. They are right on the fight all day and all night. Any one of the gang can turn himself loose and hammer Halifax out of the whole five of you in ten minutes."

He wanted to go along to do our fighting. He would furnish his own mule and make the trip for a dollar a day and his keep. When asked if he had any recommends he put on an injured air and answered:

"And you never heard of Awful Davis! Never heard of the man who has fit fifty-six fights and come out on top every time! Pretend that you want a certificate of character from a teller who fights, standing, kneeling, or lying on his back! This makes me weary!"

We talked it over and finally engaged him, and when informed of the fact he replied:

"Very well, gentlemen. From this moment you are in my keeping. Just plint out the kyne you want pulverized and I'll do the business. I shan't pass airy limit on you. I'm to fight day or night and to lick six men a day. If you could bring about three or four a day for the next week I should feel obliged, as my liver is a leetle torpid and I want exercise."

During the first day's ride we met but few people. One of those was an old Indian, lame in the left leg, and Awful Davis halted the party and observed:

"Gents, did I hear any of you tell me to lick this copper reptile?"

None of us did told him so.

"I beg your pardon, gents. I want you to understand that I'm alius on hand. I'd like to git down and hammer him for the benefit of my liver; but of course I'm under orders."

We had pitched camp and were waiting for supper when a cowboy rode up. The greetings were friendly, and he got down to have a bite with us. He was hardly on the ground before he saw our Awful fighter and uttered a humph! of disgust.

"What you got thar?" he asked.

"He's our fighter."

"Your fighter! Did you bring him along to fight anybody or anything?"

"He hired to us to do our fighting, but he's had no show yet."

"Well, I'll give him a show! Come out o' that, you cowardly kyote!"

The Awful was skulking behind the baggage. He rose up at the command, and the cowboy shouted at him:

"Bill Wheeson, I know ye and I owe ye one. Come out here and earn yer hire!"

"Is that you, Jim Phillips?" queried our Awful as he advanced a step.

"Of course it's me, you yeller cur from the bottom kingdi?"

"And you want to fight?"

"I want to show these 'ere gents that you ar' the biggest liar and coward in America! Come out here!"

"Gents, is it your wish that I projuce a funeral here?" asked the Awful as he turned to us "shall I bang his fourture into one bloody mass—kill him deader'n a beef bone with one blow?"

We answered that it was.

"Here—tie one hand behind me—tie both hands behind me—tie my feet together, and I'll lick him then!" howled the cowboy.

"Jim Phillips, you haven't got two minits to git off spiritually announced the Awful. "I'm comin' fur ye like a dozen cyclones jined in cousin! Look out, now!"

He rolled his sleeves and stepped back, as if to get a running start and—that's why we heard was the thump! thump! of his feet as he fled afar into the darkness. Some time during the night he returned for his mule. Next morning we found the following explanation scrawled on a piece of paper and stuck into a split stick: "Scared with sudent illness—good-bi."—New York Sun.

His Case the Saddest.

"This is the seventh time within two hours that you have asked me when the train left for Lansing," replied the policeman at the Third street depot to a young man with a satchel.

"Is it against the law?"

"No, but it's rather annoying to me."

"Well, if it annoys you how do you think I must feel about it? The fare is $2.60, and I've got to think of some way to get out there on $1.50."—Detroit Free Press.

Wise and Old.

He (rejected suitor)—You condescended to look upon my suit with favor once, Miss Gilt.

She—Yes; I was young and foolish then. I have gained wisdom with age.

He (savagely)—How very wise you must be by this time.—Yankee Blade.

A Breathing Spell.

A sleepy little urchin at bed time found it hard work to keep awake when she knelt down to say her prayer. Half way through she stopped and sighed: "Well, I've got froo the worst of it, mamma."—New York Tribune.

A Friendly Critic.

(Stamp Clerk (at postoffice window)—You'll have to pay twice postage on this package. Insufficient stamps.

Discovering Author about to send his manuscript on its seventh trial trip—Ah, thank you. Couldn't you get a position as editor somewhere?—Harper's Weekly.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every disorder of disease arising from a disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

NOTICE.

THE CENTRAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of New Brunswick have this day declared a dividend on amount of capital paid in, of Three and One-Half per cent, for half year ending April 17th, 1888, payable to the Stockholders at the Company's Office on or after the 17th day of May next.

By order of the Board,
A. D. MACPHERSON,
Secretary.

Fredericton, April 16—4i

LOST.

A BOUT THREE WEEKS AGO A CARPET RUG AND MATS belonging to Mrs. Sanford Burden, somewhere between Cook Jones's, Prince William, and Mrs. Allen Howard's, Fredericton.

Would the finder be kind enough to leave them, or word where they are, either at Mrs. Howard's, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Cook Jones, Prince William, that obliges Mrs. B.

Fredericton, April 9—3 in.

PLASTER.
ONE CAR
Land Calcined Plaster
ALSO LANDING:
Lime, Guano, P. E. Island Seed Oats,
Seed Barley, Middlings, Shorts & Bran.
W. E. MILLER & CO.,
155 and 159 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, March 27

RECEIVED TO-DAY.
Cape Cod Cranberries, Florida Oranges, S. C. Hams and Bacon, New Dates and Figs, Mixed Pickles in kegs, Cucumber Pickles in kegs, English Biscuit in tins, New Raisins and Currants.
APPLES. APPLES.
IN STORE BEFORE THE COLD WEATHER.
160 Bbls. No. 1 American Baldwins, 40 Bbls. No. 1 Bishop Pippins.
90 KEGS GRAPES
W. R. LOGAN.
Queen Street, Fredericton.

Baird's Quinine and Iron Tonic.
Makes Pure Rich Blood, driving out all impurities that cause *Poor Health*, cures Dyspepsia, Debility, Pallor, Palpitation of the Heart. Baird's Quinine and Iron Tonic is well adapted for Pale and Delicate Females, Scrofulous Humors, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Sold by dealers. Price 50 cents. 6 bottles $2.50.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Established 1810.
—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—
Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Chilblains, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Burns or Bruises, Sore Throat, Bites or Stings of Insects, Frost Bites, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, Bruises, Sprains, Bites or Stings of Reptiles, Backache, Pleurisy, Stiff Joints, Spasms, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Toothache, Earache, Sore Chest, Lame Back, Burns or Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Piles, Frost Bites, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, Bruises, Sprains, Bites or Stings of Reptiles and Insects.
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.
It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.00. Express and duty paid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

WINTER'S GONE. SUMMER'S COMING.
—AND—
ADAMS, the FURNITURE Man
Still keeps in County Court House Square.
Chamber Suites, Parlor Suites, Centre Tables, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Lounges, Chairs, Rockers, &c., As Cheap as the Cheapest.
CABINET WORK MADE TO ORDER.
Furniture Upholstered, Repaired, Called for and Delivered Free of Charge.
Jackson Adams,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQ., OPP. QUEEN HOTEL.
Fredericton, March 23

Canned Goods.
CORN, TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS,
PINE APPLES, PEACHES, OYSTERS,
LOBSTERS, SALMON, CORN BEEF,
LUNCH TONGUE, POTTED HAM,
Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee.
FOR SALE LOW AT
S. L. MORRISON'S
Queen Street, Cor. of York.
Fredericton, June 21st, 1888.

Window Glass.
I have Just Received my
SPRING STOCK OF WINDOW GLASS!
DIRECT IMPORTATION.
Which I am prepared to sell very low. Plate Glass a specialty.
Z. R. EVERETT.
Fredericton, April 24.

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc. Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.
FACTORY
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 28th, 1888.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A Passenger and Freight Train will leave Fredericton every morning (Sunday excepted) for Chatham

LEAVE FREDERICTON

7:10, a. m.; Gibson, 7:15; Marysville, 7:35; Manser's Siding 8:05; Durham, 8:20; Cross Creek, 8:05; Bolestown, 10:30; Doaktown, 11:30; Upper Blackville, 12:45; Blackville, 1; Upper Nelson Boom, 2:00; Chatham Junction 2:05; arrive at Chatham, 3:30.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

8:00, a. m.; Chatham Junction, 8:40; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:55; Blackville, 9:20; Upper Blackville, 10:35; Doaktown, 11:55; Bolestown 12:35, p. m.; Cross Creek, 2:00; Durham, 2:40; Marysville, 3:20; Gibson, 3:40, arriving at Fredericton, 3:45.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for all Western points and St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stages for Stanley.

Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN,
Superintendent

Gibson, N. B., Nov. 28th, 1888.

WE WANT POTATOES.
WE HANDLED 60 000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.
And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to
HATHEWAY & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
22 CENTRAL WHARF BOSTON, MASS
Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 1873
Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN,
192 GEORGE STREET
SEWING MACHINE WORK A SPECIALTY
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct. 13, 1888

FLOUR! FLOUR!!
IN STORE AND TO ARRIVE:
3000 BBLS. FLOUR,
Mostly bought before the recent rise, including the following well known Brands.
Ogilvie's Patent,
Ogilvie's Star,
Ogilvie's Baker's A,
Harvest Moon,
Buda,
People's,
Walzen,
Crystal,
Stockwell,
Phœnix,
Kent Mills,
Leo,
Heart's Content,
Mascot,
Charm.
FOR SALE VERY LOW.
A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.
Fredericton, Feb. 28th, 1889.

JUST RECEIVED!
Latest Designs in
LADIES
POCKET BOOKS
this year, 1889. Beautiful in design, well made and reasonable in price, in fact, cheaper than old style books are sold elsewhere, at
F. J. McGAUSLAND'S
WATCH & JEWELLRY STORE, QUEEN ST
Fredericton, March 2

Fredericton, April 3.
AS THE SUBSCRIBER intends making a change in his business on the first day of May next, I take this opportunity of thanking my patrons for the very liberal patronage bestowed on me the last fifteen years in the Tinware, Gas Fitting and Plumbing business, and would request all parties having accounts against the firm to render the same during the present month for settlement, and all parties indebted to the firm will please settle them immediately. All outstanding accounts after first of May will be handed over for collection.
THERE IS NOW ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF
TINWARE and CREAMERS
WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.
CREAMERS 85 CENTS AND UPWARDS.
A. LIMERICK & CO.

BARKER HOUSE STABLES.
COACHES AND CARRIAGES
Furnished with all Possible Despatch!
HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS
JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Farm for Sale.
THAT VALUABLE FARM situate in the Parish of Maugerville, in the County of Sunbury, belonging to the estate of the late CALEB FOSTER, and containing about 160 acres of Arable Land and 100 acres of Wood Land.
Also two Lots of Land on Middle Island containing 14 acres more or less. For further information apply to BRITTON G. FOSTER, Fredericton, N. B., or R. W. FOSTER at the Bank.
Fredericton March 6—6mw