#### POETRY.

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK We all look on with anxious eyes,

When father carves the duck, And mother almost always sighs, When father carves the duck Then all of us prepare to rise, And hold our bibs before our eyes, And be prepared for some surprise, When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork, Whene'er he carves a duck, And won't allow a soul to talk, Until he's carved the duck. The fork is jabbed into the sides Across the breast the knife he slides While every careful person hides

From flying chips of duck. The platter's always sure to slip When father carves the duck; And how it makes the dishes skip, Potatoes fly amuck. The squash and cabbage leap in space, We get some gravy in our face. And father mutters hindoo grace Whene'er he carves a duck

We then have learned to walk around The dining-room and pluck From off the window-sills and walls Our share of father's duck, While father growls and blows and jaws And swears the knife was full of flaws, And mother jeers at him because He couldn't carve a duck.

### SELECT STORY.

-E. V. Wright, in Boston Transcript

### SAVED BY HER LOVE.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED. When she came to herself again she was lying on the bed in her own room. and her husband was bending over her, holding a glass in his hand.

The fiery spirit he had poured between her clenched teeth made her heart beat and her pulses throb with renewed life She raised herself on her elbow, pushing back her bright hair from her face and looking about her rather confusedly. "I am so glad I am better. When I fainted then I thought I was going to die."

He looked at her cruelly. "You are a dying woman. Go down on your knees and pray your Maker to forgive you," he said, in a strange, calm voice that made her blood run cold. "Why, James, what do you mean? I am quite well and strong," she said, try-

ing to laugh off the ghastly fear that had taken hold of her, like a skeleton clutch-"And I say that you have not twenty-

your way, compassing with your fine lover how you might deceive and dishonor me. The day of reckoning has come. The spirit you drank just now,

to kill me as you would a dog. Spare me -I am not fit to die. If you have no mercy on me for my own sake, for the love you had for me once, spare me for the sake of our child."

"You have struck a wrong note there." His dark eyes literally blazed as he looked at her, and the wretched woman cowered and could not meet his glance. "Would I not rather have my child believe his mother dead than know that she was an outcast, whose hand no honest woman would touch, and who must always be a his victim. burning, ever-present shame to him?"

"Only let me live, and my poor little Ernie need never know it. I will go right away, where I shall never look on my baby's face again. Only save my life! I can't die-I'm not fit to die! I've never thought of death, but as a vague, dreadful thing that would come one day when I was old and ugly. Think how dreadful! I am young and full of life, and to be buried deep down in the earth, away from the sunshine and this bright

to be has no right to be flaunting in the sunshine you speak of, winning men's hearts from them by your sweet, false smiles, and breaking them when you have found some new plaything. I had been bad and wicked enough, but when I first loved you, I thought you would be my guardian angel, and lead me back to a purity and goodness I had not known since the days of my innocent childhood; your little white hand was to open the gates of heaven to me. Instead of that, you have destroyed my belief in womanly virtue, and shown what wickedness and falsehood may lie under so fair a

"Oh, James, I will be good, and repent my wrongdoing in dust and ashes! I will hide myself in a convent, and spend my days praying for forgiveness for myself and every blessing for my child. Only spare my life!" she cried, throwing herself at his feet and winding her arms about his knees.

face under a nun's coif, and the smiles and sweet looks with which you would lure a man to despair! You are false to your heart's core. I could never trust you again - I, who saw you in your lover's arms, and heard you planning to

"Spare me-spare me!" she entreated wildly, as she still crouched before him. Then, in her great need, her feminine coquetry came to her aid. She tossed back her fair curls, and rising, she came to his side, and bent over him until her soft cheek touched his.

"No, you shan't shrink from me!" she ing his head between her small dimpled hands. "I've been very wicked and able and in good order." foolish and mad, but after all I'm your own little wife, and you'll forgive me, if I missive in the future?"

Her cheek was pressed against his, and a loosened golden tress touched his hand as he held it over his eyes to shut out the

suddenly he awoke from the kind of stupor into which her beauty and sirenlike voice had plunged him. He started little speech up, and threw her roughly from him. "Your prayers are useless. If I would I could not save you now. You have swallowed a deadly poison, and no power on earth could help you!"

As he spoke, she grew ghastly white, and pressed her hand to her heart. "It is true-I feel it-I am dving-and I shall never see a face I love again!" If he had softened towards her for a

moment, her words made him hard as "Yes, you will never see him again nor he you. You will lie in your coffin,

with the false, honeyed words with which he won you. How long will he remember you, think you, when you are dead?" "Ah! that is the hardest of all. I am on the brink of the grave, and why should I have any more concealments? To know that Armin, the only man I ever loved, will find some other woman fair, will look into her eyes and kiss her lips when I am gone and forgotten!" she wailed. "Oh! mother, mother, it is your teaching that has brought me to this! You taught!

that my smiles and prettiness had their at the effect she had made upon him. market value. I outraged my own heart this-to die by his hand in a foreign land. My sin was great, but if my pun- lonely." ishment is bitter, what will his be?"

He laughed a bitter laugh. and I meet again in another world." Then as there was silence he turned

was, he felt a thrill of pity.

revived slightly, and her eyes opened. But she seemed to be wandering-"My darling-my little baby-sleep soundlymother is watching you." Another moment and her head fell back again, while the awful grey shadow

deathly pallor. "Alice-my love, my wife!" His wild try." cry echoed through the great, dark room, as he threw himself on the still warm

body. "No, no-she is not dead-I have not killed her-my pretty, golden-haired

He began to chafe her hands, and speak to her in terms of endearment and re- find me an awful bore." morse. But her white lips never moved. all the deep quietude of death, slain by very mild beverage." the hand of the man who had once wor-

her a moment's pain! your bright head!" When her maid came back, she found

his arms and kissing the pale face that lay on his shoulder. He looked up when she entered. 'Hush!—she is asleep—don't wake her!" Then he fell to rocking himself to and fro again, murmuring fond, foolish words-

They had to persuade him that he would wake her, and that he must leave | widow, gaily her to sleep undisturbed, before they could induce him to leave the poor dead body, that they might dress it for the Niel rose. you scorned my love, it might turn to as death was caused by the failure of a weak are my namesakes."

The two women, remembering her youth and her brief wifehood, wrapped the senseless clay in a snowy satin gown they had found in her boxes. They put a wreath of myrtle-blossoms on her head. and filled her hands with white flowers, some of which lay upon her breast and were strewn about the couch.

When James Tregarthen saw her lying in her coffin, the fact that she was really dead burst for the first time upon his

So the wretched man was left alone in

CHAPTER V. James came amongst them again. During

been thrown open to guests. -men who beld revel until the small his senses, the little dark-eved governess hours of the morning. There were some still reigned in his heart of hearts.

There were strange rumors afloat in the breath, of the enormous sums that changed palpable that Sir James was the loser.

baby son, whom he perfectly idolized. felt that he hated his present life in the vantage. Bertie's last letters had received no

dead to him. He made frantic efforts to | ing for her lover, as she looked down the find her, but they were all unsuccessful. He never guessed that his half-brother had found her a well paid post with a lady who was going to Australia, and had burnt the farewell letter entrusted to him in which the girl told Bertie to wait and knit brows as was his wont.

Bertie was reckless at that time. He had loved Janet deeply and truly, and since he could not have her, since he believed her faithless, his whole life seemed

And one day, just when he was in one of his worst and most desponding moods, Sir James said to him, quite casually—

"By-the-way, Bertie, I've let Rose Cottage to a lady-a widow. She was to arsaid, with pretty imperiousness, and tak- rive yesterday. I wish you'd just go over and see if she found everthing comfort-So he went wonderingly, with some natural curiosity as to the unknown, about

whose comfort the baronet was so solici-The trim, pretty maid who opened the door to him, assurred him that Mrs.

Adair was at home, and showed him into the drawing room, whilst she summoned

"It was so kind to come and look me

up, Mr. Tregarthen." She motioned him to a seat and sank into a low, crimson covered chair herself -not in the full light-she took care of that. Rose Adair was a clever woman and she knew a complexion may look unimpeachable in the shade, that will show wear and tear and the rouge and pearl powder used to conceal it, in the full glare of the September sunshine.

And seen by this subdued light, against the background of ruby plush, she was a magnificently handsome woman. She whilst he is wooing some other woman wore a tea-gown of some soft, creamcolored material, embroidered in gold, with wide hanging sleeves, that fell back perfect contour to the greatest advantage. She was tall, with a commanding fignre, him, forcibly-

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair."

"I am very grateful to you for cheering

Bertie, with genuine enthusiasm. "All "We shall know," he said, "when you the people round here will be delighted to make your acquaintance."

Mrs. Adair shrugged her shoulders. and looked at his unhappy wife. She This young man would be an easy prey, heart." lay there, that villain and murderer as he her troth to the poor young clerk with went on the stage?" the golden hair and blue eyes, so like

those that were looking into hers. And the remembrance of that bygone said, in answer to his last speech-

passed over her beauty, dimming it with that it was to your visits I looked forward love him too well to do him harm." to relieve the ennui of a stay in the coun-

implied compliment.

"When I do I will tell you so frankly," Alice Tregarthen's short and sinful life she answered graciously. "Now you was ended. She who had been so bright | must have a cup of tea with me, and we | eyes. so lovely and admired; there she lay in | will drink to our new friendship in that So the dainty china service was brought

shipped her and would have died to save in, and the strong Pekoe, poured out by shall never know!" his fascinating hostess, tasted like nectar "Speak to me, my wife—you cannot be to Bertie. It was altogether new and dedead!" He held her against his heart lightful to him, to be admitted on terms and rocked her in his arms as a mother of intimacy into such a charming, refined might have done to a sick child. "I home. He had never had a sister, and thought I hated you-I thought I could his mother had died when he was in his I know that you are right, that I am not see you lying dead before me and be glad. cradle, so that he knew nothing of ladies good enough for him. But although I was considered complete one of the rela-But I love you still—I love every hair of and their ways. The books and flowers shall vanish completely out of his life and tives, a woman, said: I am sure if Sarah many hued silks and tinsel, had an love him, as no other woman can, not her master still holding that fair body in interest of their own in his eyes.

It was getting dusk before he rose take his leave with a regretful it seems like leaving Paradise."

believe of that little speech," retorted the fragrant token of her love. She had followed him to the gate, and

as she passed she gathered a Marechal four hours to live. I warned you once that you might come to fear me, that if moned, and had given his opinion that favorite flowers-I suppose, because they the coal trade, a capital story is worth father, self-reproachfully, but it answers

> suits you so well, too." "Do you think so?"

And as Mrs. Adair dropped her lids modestly, she was surprised to find her-

to Charlie-my poor Charlie, who has for it." "Well, begad," said the collier said to the maid, who was shedding some | been lying in his grave these ten years | squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll feight natural tears over the sudden cutting off past, but whom I have never been able to thee for it!"

After that first visit, Bertie found an the gathering darkness with the body of excuse nearly every day for going to see Mrs. Adair. He had a book to take her, or some new music, or else some plant from the Tregarthen hot-houses, which ot's birthday came around, and the small THE neighbors wondered when Sir she had expressed a desire to possess. When he was with his brilliant, dazzling

the lifetime of his fair young wife, he had hostess, poor little Janet was quite foralways shunned society, and the great gotten, but when he was alone, and in doors of Tregarthen Manor had seldom his dreams, her big fawn-like eyes would haunt him with a mute reproach in their Now all that was changed. He sur- depths. He knew that, although this ounded himself with a new set of friends | clever, fascinating woman had touched

who were charitable enough to say that Then he would hate himself, and vow he did it to drown thought. He certainly to avoid Mrs. Adair; but twenty-four had aged by twenty years since his wife's hours later he would receive a pink-tintdeath, and his hair had grown as white ed, scented note, summoning him to her side. Then he would scatter all his good neighborhood about those entertainments the syren's behest. And besides, she had and people told each other, with bated another strong point in her favor: she was on the spot and her battery of smiles hands at a sitting. At any rate, it was and sweet looks could be brought to bear on him at all times. And she left no Several servants were dismissed, and the stone unturned to win him. What wontenants found him a harder master than der that the old love paled before the ever. His only point was his love for his | brilliance of this new fancy for a woman

felt that he hated his present life in the home that had so changed since his uncle's death. Janet Travers had been was sitting at her window one afternoon in a pretty, white gown that loves them tenderly. John (the younger)

Wrs. Homestead has two boys, and loves them tenderly. John (the younger)

Wrs. Homestead has two boys, and loves them tenderly. John (the younger) dismissed from her former situation, and she knew was a favorite of Bertie's, and said — Mamma, I love you more than you gives tone and energy to the whole system.

Syrup" for with a knot of roses fastened at her throat. do me. I think not, my dear. But why Her eyes were soft, and she was smiling | do you think so? Because you have two to herself, like a young girl who is wait- children, and I have only one mother.

> brother, Sir James appeared in sight, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, walking slowly, with bent shoulders and Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs,

Bertie; he might be ill, she thought, with ever known. For sale by W. Carten and Country a fluttering of the heart. She hurried down to the gate to meet her visitor, but when she got there, a sudden sweet shyness, mingled with shamefacedness at her own folly, held her tongue-tied. The baronet noticed her confusion with

"You are a clever woman, Mrs. Adair, alias Rosie Raynor, and have done your in' it that I object to

you have begun. Go to London and and Alonzo Staples. throw him into the midst of the wildest set you can gather round you. Make

She looked him full in the face. "And why should I do this?" she

asked, quietly. "Why?" He hesitated, then he added significantly—"He is not strong—his mother died of consumption before she was one and twenty-and he could not stand six months of dissipation. If he should die before his twenty-fifth birthday, I am his legal heir."

"And you want me to lure him to his happy dog's tail, mam," said the boy most instructive and entertaining selection of news, death? Do you think that I am a fiend instead of a woman, with no heart in my body, James Tregarthen?" He laughed sarcastically.

"I certainly never should have susfrom her rounded arms, showing their pected you of owning a heart. All this is very pretty acting, but it does not impose on me. You are not so squeamish, I too, and as the young man looked at her, know. Be sensible, and do as I tell you, half-dazzled, Tenny son's lines occurred to and you will find it worth your while." "And if I told you that I was in sober

earnest—that I loved Bertie?" He stared at her incredulously for a your remedy. For sale by W. Carten Rose was watching him from under her moment. Then her down-bent head and and Alonzo Staples.

me to sell myself to the highest bidder- heavy white lids, and smiled, well pleased blushing cheeks told him that she had

spoken the truth. "You women are all alike. Frivclous as well as his, and it has brought me to my solitude," she went on. "I have been and shallow as you may seem, you are all used to much society, and I feel very ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of a romantic passion. I thought you "I am sure you will not long," declared | were too old and hardened for such senti-

mental folly." "I thought so too. I never dreamt of danger to myself; but, sneer at me as you will, it is true. I love him with all my

had fallen back on the bed. Her eyes she mentally decided, almost too easy to "And of course you mean to forget the had fallen back on the bed. Her eyes she mentally decided, almost too easy to were glazed, her mouth was open, and make the pursuit interesting. But he past for his sake—eh?" he laughed. "You chicken pie, and line the sides of a pan or was very handsome, the handsomest man have forgotten one thing. Bertie has a He came near and took her hand. It she had ever seen with one exception. high ideal and exalted notions of what was limp and pulseless, and lay motion- Her thoughts flew back to the days when the woman he marries should be. What less in his. She looked so lovely, so she had been a penniless milliner's ap- will he say when I tell him of your early touching in her utter helplessness, as she prentice of seventeen, and had plighted life—of some of your adventures since you

> "Don't"-she winced at his words as if haven't thought of all that? If my tears the pan almost full of the water in which romance made her voice seductively soft, could wash away my faults and follies, the meat was boiled, and put on a top as she looked up into Bertie's face and they would all be blotted out. But I know the past is irrevocable, and that I "You are not vain, Mr. Tregarthen. am utterly unworthy of him. Still, I will You might have reasonably concluded not help you in your brutal schemes. I

"If you will not carry out my plans you shall not hinder them," he cried "May I come and see you sometimes?" fiercely. "Listen to me, Rose Raynor. I ley is associated with the manufacture of he asked, coloring with pleasure at the swear that if you do not go away without "I can promise you a welcome at all him everything. You best know what I mean, and what proofs I have to give

> and there was an agonized look in her Priestley's dress fabrics. The trade mark "You are too much for me, and I must

give in. But if I go away-give me your word of honor as a gentleman—that he Bad and hardened as he was, the

"I promise you that." and music, even her embroidery, with its he will never see me again, I shall still even the girl who has plighted him her

in finding your way to Rose Cottage again where they had been used to meet, lay a that disagreeable cold in the head by the

TO BE CONTINUED.

WILLING TO FIGHT, TOO. Arising out of the recent stoppage in "Rose—what a lovely name! And it collier. Wandering on some land belong- ning on the street. ing to Earl Derby, the collier chanced to meet the owner of Knowsley face to face. "'Queen Rose, of the rosebud garden His lordship inquired if the collier knew him. You ought to see the boy, and the of girls," he quoted, softly, as he took he was walking on his land. "Thy land? proud father wept bitterly. Well, I've got no land mysel'," was the reply, "and I'm 'like to walk on somebody's. Wheer did tha' get it fro'?"

"Oh I got it from my ancestors." "An "Am I going to make a fool of myself wheer did they get it fro'?" queried the german remedy, the universal pain cure, over that handsome lad, I wonder?" she | collier. "They got it from their ancestsoliloquized, as she watched his retreating ors." was the reply. "An wheer did figure. "He has such a strange likeness | their ancestors get it fro'?" "They fought playing in the parlor) - You don't know

HIS CONCLUSION.

Lady Caller - Miss Trout? An Allenghany household was discuss ing George Washington when that patriered with freckles, ain't they? boy of the family asked:

Who was George Washington? He was a man who never told a lie, re olied the mamma impressively. After a period of silent wonder the questioner asked: up the system and impart freshness and Couldn't he talk?

A DEVOTED WIFE. If you would know for sure her age. Ask not herself or mother: Just make a quiet pilgrimage Unto her little brother.

A bad morning taste indicates bilious good wife, Mary. ness. Hawker's liver pills are a certain cure and mild in their action. week, and it was just enough to buy me

every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has beer corn he had carried to his nest three days used by millions of mothers for their chil Itch, Mange and Scratches of every

sunlit road.

But she grew pale and her face darkened strangely when, instead of his half brother, Sir James appeared in sight, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. War-Perhaps something had happened to ranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure

> Elder sister - Come, Clarence, take your powder like a man. You never hear me making any complaints about such a little thing as that. Clarence Callipers (sourly) - Neither would I, if I could dump it on my face; it's a swaller-

Alonzo Staples.

alias Rosie Raynor, and have done your work well," were his first words. "I believe that foolish lad literally worships the ground you walk on."

"Does he?" she answered, softly.

Her tone would have been a revelation to him, if he had not been too much absorbed in his own schemes to notice it.

"I am sure of it. You know your part,"

"I am sure of it. You know your part,"

"I am sure of it. You know your part,"

"I am sure of it. You know your part,"

"I believe to.

"While it also includes all minor departments of rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomol.

"American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism Presented and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately like and by Recent | nlargement, contains more reading mater than ever before. The subscription price is \$2.50 per year, but we offer a Special Reduction in our and you have only to go on as well as benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten

Well, Charles, said the proud father, Six Subscriptions do. do. your kisses dependent on his luck in you are to be graduated in June. What Ten Subscriptions do. do. Presently Mrs. Adair came in with a graceful gliding movement and a pretty little speech—

Presently Mrs. Adair came in with a graceful gliding movement and a pretty little speech—

Solution of the state of the st the lawyer's profession one of ease? It LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers certainly is at the start. Young lawyers never have much to do.

He Knew .- They had been talking of the different occupations of men and of men in general when the teacher asked the head of the class if he knew what a wag was. Failing to give a satisfactory answer, the little boy spoke up. "I know | paper, free from sensational and objectionable made mam." "Well, what is a wag?" "A promptly.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six | Daily Evening Transcripthours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of Saturday Evening Transcriptits exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is

A MEAT PIE.

If you should some day order a tender beefsteak or a choice stew, and instead of getting what you ordered, should find yourself the possessor of a tough, disappointing piece of beef, do not despair. There are wonderful possibilities in such meat when converted into a meat pie. Cut it into small pieces and put it on to boil, bones and all. Three or four slices of salt pork parboiled with it is an improvement. Put the meat on in time for it to dish with it. Select the best of the meat. excluding bones, skins and stringy pieces, and put a layer on the bottom of the dish. On this put a layer of dumplings cut from the crust dough. Now another layer of meat and more dumplings. Pepper the top, drop a few small pieces of butter over they tortured her. "Do you suppose I it, and sprinkle a little flour over it. Fill

ate heat for almost an hour. In war, it is a name, not an army. In politics, it is a name, not a mob. In commerce it is pre-eminently a name for peculiar distinction. The name of Priestfine dress fabrics, as Worth is associated seeing my step-brother again, I will tell with the cut of a gown. Priestly's fabrics are now sold in Canada by first class dealers. They are made of wool, and wool "You are very kind. I am afraid you'll him; and what will he think of you and silk, and are distinguished by an exequisite fineness of texture and a beautiful Her breath came in short, quick gasps, draping quality. Ladies should ask for is "The Varnished Board" on which the

goods are rolled. Would Have Pleased Her .-- The story is told of a woman who died and on the day of the funeral she was placed in the woman's anquish had power to move casket and the arrangement of her dress and the flowers was left to some of the members of the family. They lighted the "Thank you; I can bear the rest. And gas and turned the casket in several positions to get the best effect, and when all could see; herself now she would be pleased.

GENT'S EVENING WEAR. The latest fashion notes state that gents vests are provided with two pockets for "I am afraid I must tear myself away; day, the bird had flown. Mrs. Adair had handkerchiefs; this is very convenient fled in the night, without leaving any in these days when "cold in the head" is "I shall wait and see how long you are clue behind her. Only in the arbour, so prevalent. But better still is to cure "My little bird-my bonnie little love." before I make up my mind how much to red rose, as if it were a silent farewell, a use of Hawker's Catarrh cure. It is safe. sure and effective and its application pleasant and agreeable. Only 25 cents,

sold by all druggists. AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY. It was a severe punishment, said the Lord Derby and a the purpose. It keeps Johnny from run-

You didn't cripple the boy, did you? No. I had his mother cut his hair for

Severe Headaches are instantly relieved by laying on the forehead a piece of brown paper wetted with Dr. Manning's all druggists sell it.

SPECKLED BEAUTY. Lady Caller (to enfant terrible, who is

who I am. Enfant Terrible - Yes, I do, mamm calls you Miss Trout. Enfant Terrible - Yes, Trout's all cov-

HANDSOME FEATURES. Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In al such cases Scott's Emulsion will build

beauty. Reginald has a fit of economy on him mamma, and I do all I can to encourage

I always told him you would make a Yes. I sold his dress-coat for \$17 last

new morning wrapper. dren while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for while the teether Literally and the statement of the stateme bever. His only point was his love for his brilliance of this new lancy lot a woman baby son, whom he perfectly idolized.

And Bertie Tregarthen, left to himself, and better the how to use them to the best adapted by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Kind, on human of animals, decoration minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and

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