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THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

DON'T FORGET TO READ THIS!

W. E. SEERY wishes to inform his numerous customers that the big Spring rush is over, and all orders for Clothing entrusted to him will receive Prompt Attention.

CUTTING ATTENDED TO AS USUAL.

The very Latest Styles every month.

W. E. SEERY, WILMOT AVE.

Fredericton, July 19th, 1888.

Sharp's Plums.

GREEN GAGE AND ARCTIC.

First lot to arrive on WEDNESDAY next, 29th inst. In the meantime please leave your orders, so the fruit may be delivered as soon as received when in best condition for preserving.

W. R. LOGAN, Queen Street, Fredericton.

Fredericton, Aug. 22. 1888.

212 **Just Arrived.** 212

DRESS GOODS, CLOTHS, YARNS, FLANNELS, CARDIGANS, TOP SHIRTS.

JOHN HASLIN.

Fredericton, Aug. 9. 1888.

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.

Fredericton, Oct 6th

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.

LAURANCE'S Spectacles and Eye-Glasses AT A BARGAIN.

I have a lot of LAURANCE'S BEST ENGLISH GLASSES, both in Glass and Pebbles, which I will sell at 20 per cent. LESS THAN COST. This is a rare chance to secure a first-class article at a LOW PRICE.

GEO. H. DAVIS,

Cor. Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

NEW RESTAURANT.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has opened a Restaurant in Lea's Building, end of bridge St. Mary's, where Meals at all Hours, will be served at a moderate rate.

Beans and Boston Brown Bread at all times, and

OYSTERS IN SEASON.

W. A. Lindsay.

St. Mary's, Aug. 16th, 1888.—3 m-tw-w

Hay for Sale

A LOT OF Pressed Hay at Ely Perkins's.

Fredericton, Aug. 9, 1888.

A PARIS MYSTERY.

By the Author of "My Ducats and My Daughter."

(Continued.)

"No doubt, but I shall ask your attention to one point regarding the daggers, which I think of consequence. I take no credit to myself for this discovery; it was made by the happiest of chances."

M. Blery paused in his walk through the room and listened very attentively.

"A Japanese dagger is found beside the corpse of Meissner; one exactly like it is found in the collection of M. de St. Florent. The chief characteristic of these daggers is their rarity; that of the Passage de Mazarin, before the discovery of the other, was pronounced by connoisseurs to be unique. The De St. Florent dagger has a sheath shaped like a closed fan; presumably, that found in Meissner's room would have a similar sheath.

"Meissner obtained this dagger, which he subsequently gave to his nephew, from a rich foreigner who was one of his clients. The question we have to deal with is this—can we prove that Girard's story is true? Can we prove that he really sold the weapon given him by his uncle? In a word, can we show that there is a third dagger of this kind in existence? If so, can we find it?

"On each of the daggers now at the prefecture there is graven the image of a flower. On each, beside that flower, there is inscribed a single word. The word on the De St. Florent dagger means Evanescence; that on the other Illusion.

"Here is what I find written in this book. The book, I may tell you, belongs to M. Beauvais. It is in English, and is called 'The Buddhist Belief'—Buddhism, I need not remind M. Blery, is the religion of the Japanese. This book was given to my friend Girard, by M. Beauvais, on the very night of the murder, to be translated. Ever since it has lain in a corner of this room; last night I picked it up, to return it to its owner. I was idly flingering the pages, thinking of the visit I had just paid to M. Beauvais, and of the information he had given me regarding the words graven on the daggers and their meaning. All at once it flashed through my mind that here, in this very book, I had seen something—I could not recall distinctly what, but still I was sure, *something*—which connected itself in my mind with the words *Evanescence* and *Illusion*. I searched through the book; at last I found this paragraph, which I translate: 'TILAKUNA, THE THREE SIGNS: *There are three Things on which the mind of the Ascetic ought to dwell forever; Anitya, Evanescence; Anatma, Illusion; Dukha, Sorrow. These three Signs belong to every existing thing.*'

"'Here, you will observe, are three words taken from the sacred writings of the Buddhists—the mystic number Three. We find the word for Evanescence inscribed on one dagger-blade; the word for Illusion on another. What is the natural assumption? Is it not that the smith Tokotaru in Yeddo forged *three* daggers, on each of which he chased one of these mystic words? If Monsieur succeeds, as I do not doubt he will, in finding the dealer in curiosities to whom Girard sold his weapon, I venture to predict that he will find graven beside the flower on its blade the remaining sign of the three—the word for Sorrow."

"Admirable!" said M. Blery again; "Monsieur, this is more than ingenious; it is subtile. You call your discovery a happy chance; doubtless, to a certain extent, it was so. But the inference you draw from it—ah, that is quite another thing! It is, I repeat, admirable; Monsieur should certainly have been a detective!"

I disclaimed the compliment; but M. Blery politely insisted that it was deserved, and assured me that, had I only had the proper training, I might have reached a grade in the profession scarcely second to his own.

"Your discovery," he said, "supplies an important link in the chain of evidence. The theory of the crime which we have both of us formed, each independently of the other, determines the line of action to be followed. I shall begin to-day; before a week is over, if our theory proves correct, I shall have laid my hand on the assassin."

I gave M. Blery a little roll of notes; I had contrived to borrow some money for this special purpose. When I apologized for the smallness of the amount—

"Do not speak of it," said M. Blery; "this is ample. If I succeed in finding the real criminal, as I hope to do, I receive five thousand francs from the authorities, twenty thousand francs from your friend—a sufficient reward. Besides, I take an interest in the case, in M. Girard, and in the charming young lady, his betrothed. And I shall have a satisfaction, I confess it, in overthrowing the theory of my friend Py. Ah, it will be beautiful—beautiful! A child might see the difference between our methods. Is it not so, Monsieur?"

"Certainly. The judge and your friend Py start from the assumption of Girard's guilt; we start from the assumption of his innocence."

"Oh, no, Monsieur!" exclaimed M. Blery, whom this answer seemed to disappoint greviously—"no! We start from no assumption; we assume nothing. It is this; let me explain: Py and the judge look out for facts to support their theory; we discover facts and construct our theory from them. Py says it is all easy, simple, straightforward, the evidence lies at your hand; we say, no, it is complex, difficult, obscure; you have to go in search of the evidence, possibly far."

So saying, M. Blery bowed himself out, taking with him the key of Meissner's door and the tracings of the daggers, and promising to communicate with me at the end of 10 days, if not sooner. I did not inquire what his plan was; I could see that he would have disliked such a question. And I had now great confidence in M. Blery.

CHAPTER XI.

After M. Blery's departure, I naturally suffered a reaction from the excitement of the last few days, and the hopefulness of my interview with the detective. It was difficult to remain inactive and not to despond. But, for the sake of Mlle. Dumaine, whom I saw every day, I strove to be cheerful. I also wrote to Raoul, and, without raising his hopes unduly, hinted that things were beginning to wear a more favorable aspect.

The days passed without any word from M. Blery, and each day deepened my anxiety. At last the fourteenth day came, and every one of its hours seemed to me as long as a month. I dared not go to Gabrielle; I could not have concealed my disquietude.

But in the evening there came a telegram from Blery, the most joyful message I have ever received in my life, because it assured me that my friend was safe. M. Blery telegraph'd from Rome: "I have succeeded; the dagger is found. I return to Paris direct." I ran at once with the telegram to the Rue de l'Odeon, and spent the rest of the evening with Mme. Dumaine and Gabrielle, explaining the discoveries we had made, and listening to the outpourings of their joy.

With Mme. Dumaine and Gabrielle, explaining the discoveries we had made.

Next morning I saw the advocate Sapinaud, and told him of the new evidence in Raoul's favor. He advised me to say nothing, in the meantime, to Raoul.

"Let us wait," he said, "until Blery returns and tells us the whole story. Then, if the evidence he has found proves what you say it proves, I will frame a statement and lay it before the Imperial procurator. After that Girard will no doubt be released from detention, either with or without bail."

Next morning the detective arrived in Paris, and sent me a message asking me to come to him at the prefecture of police, and to bring Sapinaud also. I was fortunate enough to meet Sapinaud in the Salle des Pas-Perdus; he at once unrobed, and we hastened to the prefecture.

There we found M. Blery, in his napless hat and shabby gray overcoat, just as he had appeared in Rome, and who could tell how many other European capitals? The room in which he received us was small, but well lighted; its furniture consisted of two chairs and a bureau in common pine wood; on the bureau lay an almanac, a Paris Directory and a Universal Guide to all the railways of the world. M. Blery gave each of us a chair, and himself remained standing with his back to the light.

"Messieurs," he said, "I am charmed to have the honor of this visit. I rush at once into the middle of things. In the conversation which I had with M. Maraval 15 days ago, there was one point we did not discuss—namely, the apparent want of motive for the crime. I presume, however, that Monsieur, in his very intelligent examination of the case, did not fail to give this point his attention?"

"No," I said; "I considered the point, and came to a certain conclusion."

"We may suppose," said M. Blery, "that the assassin of Meissner had one of two objects in view—either revenge or plunder. If it was simply revenge, why did he ransack the strong boxes and cabinets? If it was plunder, why did he leave so much portable booty behind? The Judge—again fitting the facts into the theory—accounted for this by the eccentricity, amounting to insanity, of the criminal, terror-stricken by his crime. How, Monsieur, do you account for it?"

"I account for it," I said, "in quite another way. I account for it by the conjecture of a search on the part of the assassin; and, since *all* the lock-fast places were not opened, by a *search for a special object*."

"Exactly," said M. Blery; "the conclusion to which any unbiased mind, possessing sufficient acuteness, would naturally come. What were the judge's words? 'This,' he said, 'is the obscure point of the case, but the difficulty here tells as forcibly against any other theory of the crime as against the theory that Girard is the guilty person.' A somewhat rash assertion, Monsieur the Judge! The circumstances certainly make against his theory, but they confirm ours. Yes, search for a special object, that is it! And the special object?"

"A compromising paper," suggested Sapinaud, "left in Meissner's hands by one of his clients."

"An excellent hypothesis," said Blery; "but here, fortunately, we can dispense with hypotheses; we have facts, as I shall show you. Since leaving M. Maraval, a fortnight ago, I have been in London, Brussels and Rome. I have been in search of the missing dagger. I started here in Paris, at the Palais Royal. I found it correct, as did my friend Py, that there was now no dealer in curiosities there to whom Girard had sold his weapon. But I found that two years ago there was a dealer in curiosities there; a man who had fled by night, carrying the valuable part of his stock in trade with him, and leaving his rent unpaid. I traced this man to London; with the help of my friend Briggs, of Scotland Yard, I find him. He has by this time sold the dagger, but he names the purchaser. I go to the purchaser, but he also has parted with it—in brief, I followed this dagger to Brussels, I followed it to Rome. In that city it has come into the possession of a French artist, who is by no means well off. I tell him for what purpose I require the dagger; he agrees to sell it. It is then in pledge; we go to the pawnshop, we redeem it—and I leave Rome with it in my keeping. Here, Messieurs, is the dagger." M. Blery laid it on the bureau before us. "Observe the one word written beside the flower; compare it with these characters, traced by M. Beauvais, and which stand for the word 'sorrow'—you see they are the same. Thus the conjecture of M. Maraval is proved to be perfectly correct; this is the missing dagger of the three—the one given by Meissner to his nephew two years ago."

I could not look without emotion on this weapon, which had so nearly proved fatal to my friend, and which now had been found just in time to save him.

"So much for the dagger," continued M. Blery, "now for the key." He touched a hand-bell on the mantelpiece; the door opened and a little man, red-haired, pock-marked, and with furtive eyes, appeared.

"This, Messieurs, is Pilotin," observed M. Blery, with the air of one exhibiting an inferior animal, "Pilotin, one of my *aides*. You will tell these gentlemen, Pilotin, what were the instructions I gave you before I left for London."

"Monsieur gave me this key," said Piloton, laying it beside the dagger on the bureau. "Monsieur told me he had reason to believe that a key had been fabricated from this as a model, about two months ago, by a locksmith living within a certain radius of the Passage de Mazarin. Monsieur also gave me a description of the person who had ordered the key to be fabricated, and directed me to discover the locksmith."

"And you made inquiries?" prompted Blery, whose *aide* spoke in a monotonous voice, with the inflection of one who repeats a lesson by rote.

"I begin by consulting the directory and visiting all the locksmiths within the radius. No result. I widen my circle; still no result. I begin again by inquiries into the private life of certain locksmiths, who are in the habit of doing work at home; still there is no clew. I begin to despair of satisfying Monsieur, when I make a lucky find. Passing along the Rue St. Louis I observe a small shop whose shutters are closed; its exterior is freshly painted; above the door is a sign: 'L. Benoit, Lock smith.' I make inquiries. I learn from the neighbors that Benoit is a young man, very sober, very industrious, who came from Lungogo to Paris about three months ago and opened this shop. About a fortnight ago he had injured his hand with one of his tools, and had been taken to the Hotel Dieu for proper treatment. I conjecture that this may be our man; the fact of his shop being so recently opened accounts for his name not being in the directory. I go to the Hotel Dieu, but am told that I cannot see him; he is suffering from blood poisoning and is very ill. I ask who is the doctor attending him, and am informed that it is the Doctor de Bourdon. M. de Bourdon, as Messieurs will remember, was one of the medical witnesses at the inquiry into the murder of Meissner. I see him; I tell him that my mission is connected with the affair of the Passage de Mazarin. M. de Bourdon takes an interest in that affair; he allows me to see his patient. This is Benoit's story: About a month after he had opened his shop—that is, about two months ago—on a dark and wet night, a gentleman drove up to his door in a cab and came into his shop. The gentleman asked him whether he could, in less than an hour, fabricate a key exactly like one which he showed him. The key was of simple construction. Benoit said, 'Yes, easily;' and at once went to work. The gentleman waited. He was a foreigner, of that Benoit is certain, but cannot guess the country to which he belonged. He was in evening dress, and wore a fur cloak. The locksmith noticed specially his dark eyes and sallow complexion; could indentify the stranger if he met him again, especially if he heard him speak. When Benoit had finished the key, which he did in half an hour, the stranger gave him three francs, the sum asked, and at once drove away. I showed Benoit the key of Meissner's room, now lying on that bureau; he declared it to be the same size and shape as the one which had served him for a model."

Here Pilotin stopped, as if he had run down.

"Is this Benoit available as a witness?" asked Sapinaud, who like myself had listened with close attention to Pilotin's narrative.

"M. de Bourdon says that he will live," answered Pilotin tersely.

"Messieurs," said Blery, "you have heard; now you shall see—Pilotin, fetch a cab. We are on the eve of a discovery."

We took our seats in the conveyance without asking any questions. Sapinaud and I exchanged a glance which said, Let us leave the revelation to M. Blery; he has an eye for dramatic effects.

Pilotin mounted on the box; I noticed that he carried a short crowbar. The coachman had evidently received his directions beforehand. He drove us up the steep, narrow Rue St. Jacques, into the very heart of the Latin Quarter. He stopped at last where the Rue St. Jacques intersects the Rue Cujas, at a pork-butcher's shop, with the name Pajol over the door. Pilotin alighted, and held open the door of the cab while we got out.

M. Blery entered the pork butcher's shop and presently reappeared with M. Pajol, fat faced and blue aproned.

"Messieurs," said Blery, "M. Pajol will now take us to the room of that tenant of his who, since Christmas Day, has disappeared."

M. Pajol bowed, smiled blandly, rubbed his fat hands, and led us up the dark, moldering staircase.

When we had reached the sixth story Sapinaud and I paused to take breath. "A little higher, Messieurs, if you please!" said M. Blery. We toiled up with many stumblings after the detectives, until we reached the garrets, in the very top of the roof. The stairway leading to these was little better than a ladder, where the hands had to assist the feet of the climber.

"This is the door," said Pajol.

Pilotin took a big bunch of keys from his pocket and tried them one after another; none fitted.

"No matter!" said Blery. "See, place the crowbar here—now, a little force—and, presto, we have the door opened!"

Sapinaud and I followed the detectives into the room, Pajol bringing up the rear. The spectacle which met our eyes was a strange one. The small window in the roof, thickly coated with grime and soot, admitted only a very feeble light into the garret. A deep layer of dust rested on everything. In the centre of the garret stood a brazier, filled with charcoal ashes. On the wretched truckle-bed lay a heap of clothes, as if they had been thrown hastily down. Three large traveling trunks occupied about half the entire space of the chamber.

We looked on in wonderment while the detectives made a business-like inspection of the room before touching anything.

Suddenly Pajol plucked Blery's sleeve, and, pointing to the charcoal-brazier—"It was with that same brazier he did it!" he whispered.

Blery nodded, "Now, Pilotin," he said, "let us begin our search.—Approach, Messieurs, if you please. I have the idea that among these clothes here" pointing to those on the truckle-bed—"we shall, perhaps, make a discovery."

To be Continued

ODDS AND ENDS.

Goodness, like the river Nile, overflows its banks to enrich the soil and to throw plenty into the country.

FROM MANITOBA.—"I have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I used about twelve bottles of it and am now entirely free from the disease. William McLaren, Clearwater, Man.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

A DOZEN YEARS.—"Dear Sirs.—For twelve years I suffered from dyspepsia and liver complaint, and was so weak I could not leave my bed for eight months, and had little hope of ever being cured. Three years ago I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and am thankful to say I now enjoy good health, and I advise all who are afflicted to try B. B. B." Mrs. Harriett Hobbs, Muir Avenue, Brockton, Ont.

He is happier who has little, and with that little is content, than he who has much, and with it impatient for more.

AN OLD FAVORITE that has been popular with the people for 30 years is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all varieties of summer complaints of children or adults. It seldom or ever fails to cure cholera morbus, diarrhœa and dysentery.

No man has ever yet reached to perfection; but no man has ever yet been rendered any the worse by striving after it.

CONSUMPTIVE TENDENCIES are often inherited, but the disease itself may gain a foothold through impure blood, bad diet, unventilated rooms, etc. Keep the blood pure and the circulation perfect by means of Burdock Blood Bitters, and thus ward off consumption, which is simply scrofula of the lungs.

He who is false to present duty breaks a flaw in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

PROMPT RESULTS.—"I was very sick with bowel complaint last summer. I tried other medicines but all was no use until I tried Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. The next day I was like a different man." Geo. H. Peacock, Stroud, Ont.

Hope is the wing of an angel bearing our prayer to the throne of God.

AN UNDOUBTED PROOF of the beneficial qualities of Burdock Blood Bitters is found in the thousands of authentic testimonials published by the proprietors. The original letters being in their possession, they can furnish proof positive as to their genuineness at any time.

Short silk petticoats very much flounced, the flounces either pinked, fringed or edged with woollen lace, are the rage in London.

A Business-like Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is a ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

The loose sailor or Garibaldi blouses are good wear for growing girls, as they give room for development and hide undesirable ankles.

Would you know the keen delight
Of a wholesome appetite,
Unrestrained by colic's dire,
Headache's curse, or fever's fire,
Thoughts morose, or ice chills?
Then use Dr. Pierce's pills.

Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets—the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial.

A big circular of new Turkish toweling, made gay with red braid, is at once the most serviceable and appropriate bath cloak of the season.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.** Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Pierce's Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely Vegetable & Harmless. Unequaled as Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

JOHN HARVEY,

Photo Artist,

STUDIO: 104 QUEEN ST

FREDERICTON.

Fredericton, Feb. 11th, 1888.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, COLIC and CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

A. LIMERICK & CO.

York street, Fredericton.

CASFITTING & PLUMBING

Attended to in all its branches.

HOT AIR FURNACES PUT UP IN LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

With Dumb Register for ventilation. Hot and Cold Air.

Creamers, Milk Pans, and Strainers.

A. LIMERICK & CO.

Desires to inform the public that he has a Large Stock of the above articles, which he will sell Wholesale or Retail, cheaper than ever offered in the market before. Remember these Goods are of our own manufacture, and are of the very best material. Parties wanting Creamers or Milk Pans would do well by calling and examining before purchasing elsewhere.

Fredericton, April 13, 1888.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE CAT AND THE CHANTICLEER.

The cat went to her Master one day with Serious Countenance to Complain of the Chanticleer.

"It has become Unbearable," she said. "Every morning in the year that Fowl disturbs my sleep two hours before Daybreak."

"While it is true that he May Disturb you after Midnight," replied the Master, "it is no less certain that you do your best to keep me awake during the first of the night. I Shall Endeavor to get rid of both of you." Moral: It is the Man who splits his wood on Sunday Morning who Complains loudest of the Ringing of Church Bells, and both should go.

THE SHARK AND THE SAILOR.

A Sailor Who had fallen Overboard and was being Swept Away by the Tide called out in his Despair:

"I Shall be Drowned—I shall be Drowned!"

"And, actuated by a Desire to Save you from Such a Painful Fate, I shall Take you in," replied a Shark Which had ranged Alongside. Moral: When things are at their worst they Mend.—Detroit Free Press.

Settling a Railroad Loss.

"I was attorney for the — railroad twenty years ago," said a Detroit lawyer yesterday, "and one day went out to settle a loss with a woman. She and her husband had been struck at a crossing and while she was badly hurt he was killed outright and horses and buggy smashed to pieces. They had the dead wood on us for $15,000, as the engineer did not signal the crossing. I went out to make an offer of about $12,000. The widow was not able to sit up and I stopped at a store in the village and bought some oranges and lemons and took them up. When we finally got around to the matter of damages she said:

"Yes, it is a sad thing, and the railroad was to blame, but I don't want to be mean about it. I suppose the president and all of you are worried most to death, and I suppose I could stop all the cars from running, but I want to be just. Your bringing up that fruit proves how kind hearted you all are, and if you could afford to give $1,000 I'll sign off."

I made her accept $5,000, and took her the money myself. When she received it she asked:

"Won't the road be crippled?"

"Oh, no."

"Cars run just the same?"

"Yes."

"And none of your folks are mad at me?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll take it, but if the road should get hard up and want to borrow it'll find me ready to lend."—Detroit Free Press.

At Cross Purposes.

Commodore of the Quohog Yacht club (coming aboard unannounced)—Our fellers is going to have a dance to-night. Thought mebbe you folks would like to shake a leg with us.

Mrs. Reginald Peyster Ten Eyck (frigidly)—It does not seem customary to use cards in this locality!

Commodore—Wall, 'f you want to hev a little game after th' ball, guess there won't be no 'bjection, though we fellers most generally get so full we couldn't tell a jack from a queen after 12 o'clock.—Judge.

An Awkward Youth.

Hostess (to guest)—Don't you dance, Mr. Addle?

Mr. Addle—Aw—no, nevah dawnce; too awkward y' know, ha, ho!

Hostess—You must find it rather dull. Shall I present you to Miss Smith, who is such a shining light in literature!

Mr. Addle—Aw—no, thawnks, don't talk y'know, I'm too—too—

Hostess—Awkard, Mr. Addle!—The Epoch.

Too Late.

"Did you hear anything about a dude being drowned in the river?" he asked, as he sauntered into the office.

"No," replied the snake editor, "but we heard that a flat had been sunk this morning."

"Aw! you have the news, I see. Good day."

"Ta, ta! Next time bring us one through whose whiskers the agitated atmosphere has not intervened."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Next Thing to a Fortune.

Woman—Have you been a tramp long?

Tramp—Pretty much all my life, ma'am; it runs in the family. My poor old father was a professional for twenty-seven years; but the other day he struck big luck.

Woman—Did he come into an immense fortune?

Tramp—Well—er—no, not quite. Some influential friends of his got him into the poorhouse.—New York Sun.

Tempering the Wind.

Wife—As a rule, my dear, aren't bow legged men conceited about their personal appearance?

Husband—As a general thing they are, and I look upon it in the light of a merciful dispensation of Providence. The Lord, you know, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—New York World.

Justly Proud of Her.

"No, my wife is not good looking. In fact, she's very homely. But she's good and talented, and I am proud of her."

"She's of a literary turn, I believe?"

"Yes, she is now contributing a series of articles to the newspapers."

"On what subject?"

"How to be beautiful."—Lincoln Journal.

Not Taught Right.

A somewhat unpolished mother of a very charming daughter was recently heard to say: "I don't intend lettin' Emily go back to Mme. Waring's school. They don't teach 'em right. Now, I don't know so very much myself, but I never would tell my child that IX spells nine. It's absolutely ridiculous."—Harper's Magazine.

Cruelty.

Dentist—Well, how do the new teeth work? Patient—Not very well. They seem to cut the others.

Dentist—That is perfectly natural. They belong to an entirely different set, you know.—San Francisco Examiner.

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.

MEN!

Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MANHOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when other treatment fails. Send 6 cts. in stamps for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS for home cure. TORONTO MEDICINE CO., 343 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ont.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

"GOLDEN FLEECE."

THE CHEAP SALE

—OF—

DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, COTTON, HAMBURGS, TWEEDS, HOMEPUNS, CRETONNES, FLANNELS,

Still Continues. Also, a Lot of

DRESS GOODS

For 8 and 10 Cents, former price, 25 and 30 cents.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

T. A. SHARKEY.

Fredericton, Oct 4th, 1887

DO Not be Deceived, but Call at J. D. Fowler's if

YOU

Would like to see the Finest Stock of Rich English Jewelry in Sets, Necklets, Rings, Lockets, Lace Pins, Scarf Pins, Gents Signet Rings, Buttons, etc. If you should

WANT

A Good Watch, we have them in Gold, Silver, Gold-Filled and Nickle Cases, at prices

TO

Suit all. In Silverware, our stock is now full in all lines, consisting of Tea Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, Card Receivers, Castors, Vases, Napkin Rings, Jewel Cases. In looking for a Xmas Present you cannot

MAKE

Any mistake in examining my stock before purchasing elsewhere. We have a full line of Clocks, French, English and American, all styles and prices, ranging from $1.25 to

$100?

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

JAS. D. FOWLER

Directly opposite Post Office

Fredericton, Dec 17th, 1887

1888 SPRING 1888

NEW GOODS

JUST ARRIVING AT THE

"IMPERIAL HALL."

ALL THE NEWEST SHADES AND DESIGNS.

Fancy Trowserings, Fancy Suitings and Diagonals. A nice line of

OVERCOATINGS

for Spring and Summer wear.

CALL AND SEE THEM. PRICES LOW. GOOD FIT GUARANTEED.

ALSO

NEW HATS,

All the Latest Styles. Call and Examine Gents' Furnishings always on hand.

THOMAS STANGER,

280 QUEEN STREET FREDERICTON N. B.

Fredericton, March 1st, 1888.

CALL AT

NELSON CAMPBELL'S

AND SECURE YOUR

Seamless Wigwams!

ALSO

Tennis and Bicycle

SHOES!

THE FINEST LINES OF

Men's, Youths & Boys

STRAWS

EVER OFFERED IN THE CITY.

Fredericton, May 19 1888.

FOR

Reliable FURNITURE

GO TO

ADAMS'

COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE

Chamber Setts,
Parlor Suites,
Pannelled Bedsteads,
Common Bedsteads
Lounges,
Rockers,
Cane Seat Chairs,
PERFORATED SEAT CHAIRS
&c., &c.

ADAMS',

COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

Fredericton, Aug. 25, 1888.

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

In Effect June 5th, 1888.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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

LEAVE GIBSON

6:30 a m: Marysville, 6:45; Manzer's Siding, 7:10; Durham, 7:25; Cross Creek, 8:05; Boiestown, 8:0; Doaktown, 10:20; Upper Blackville, 11:20; Blackville, 11:50; Upper Nelson Boom, 12:45 p m; Chatham Junction, 1:05; arrive at Chatham, 1:50.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

7:00, a m: Chatham Junction, 7:40; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:55; Blackville, 8:30; Upper Blackville, 8:39; Doaktown, 10:45; Boiestown, 11:40; Cross Creek, 1:00 p m; Durham, 1:40; Manzer's Siding, 1:55; Marysville, 2:20; arriving at Gibson at 2:50.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the 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 Stage for Stanley.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., June 2nd, 1888.

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

IN EFFECT JUNE 25TH, 1888.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

6 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, McAdam Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

11 30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction St. John and points east.

3 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

9 25 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

2 15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland Boston and points West; St John, St Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

7 15 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points, St Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock

LEAVE GIBSON:

11 30 A. M.—Express for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

10 33 P. M.—Express from Woodstock and points north.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. | F. W. CRAM, General Manager

A. J. HEATH, General Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., June 25th, 1888.

YORK STREET RESTAURANT!

G. REX LEEK, PROPRIETOR.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

OYSTERS

P. E. Island, Bustouche, Shediac, Providence River, and Virginia Plant. We make a specialty in the Oyster line.

PASTRY OF ALL KINDS.

We are prepared to Cater for Balls, Social Gatherings, Clubs, etc., at the shortest notice and on most reasonable terms.

Ham and Eggs, Beefsteak, Chicken, Turkey, Tongue, Baked Beans, Hot Tea and Coffee.

BROWN BREAD & BEANS.

I am also prepared to furnish the above to parties on Sunday morning, delivering the same at their residence, but to obtain the same orders must be left at my Saloon not later than the Friday preceding.

The patronage of the public solicited and satisfaction guaranteed

Fredericton, June 7th, 1888.

TRY OUR R. F. B.

$1.00 UNLAUNDRIED

SHIRTS!

They are Reinforced Front and Back, and the best quality and fitting Shirt in the market.

FOR SALE BY US ONLY.

C. H. THOMAS & CO,

224 QUEEN STREET.

N. B.—Our terms for these Shirts at the above price are Cash, when looked we will charge $1.10

C. H. THOMAS & CO

Fredericton, May 19.

JUST RECEIVED:

BATH SPONGES Assorted Sizes

CARRIAGE SPONGES Assorted Sizes.

FINEST TURKEY SPONGES Assorted Sizes.

SLATE SPONGES, All Sizes.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE.

DAVIS STAPLES & Co

DRUGGISTS,

Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton

Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887