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FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

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It penetrates the system like a charm, driving out the pain, inflammation and soreness. Relief is felt after the first application, and we do not hesitate to say that it is the most wonderful healing preparation in the world. It will do all that is claimed for it. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. Sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. Beware of worthless imitations. Ask for Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and take no other. Direct all orders to

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

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We are Selling and will continue to Sell until the New Year,

AMERICAN BALDWIN APPLES

From $1.75 to $2.25 per Barrel.

G. T. WHELPLEY,

810 Queen Street.

Fredericton, Dec. 15th, 1888.

J. W. TABOR

Has on hand a Large and well assorted Stock of

Groceries, Flour, Meal, &c.,

Which will be sold Low at this Season.

Extra Values in TEAS and SUGARS.

A fine lot of BISCUITS from the Celebrated Manufacturers, Christie, Brown & Co.

A Large Stock of General Crockeryware,

DINNER SETTS, TEA SETTS, GLASSWARE, &C.

Fancy Goods in Vases, Individual Cups, Saucers and Plates, all of which will be sold Low at

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Fredericton, Dec. 15, 1888. COR. KING & WESTMORLAND STS.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON

Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for

SLEIGHS & PUNGS

We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at

PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.

Leave Your Orders Early.

EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

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

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.

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IN STORE BEFORE THE COLD WEATHER;

160 Bbls. No. 1 American Baldwins, 40 Bbls. No. 1 Bishop Pippins.

20 KEGS GRAPES

W. R. LOGAN.

Queen Street, Fredericton.

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COLONEL QUARITCH, V. C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Continued.)

The white-faced and Mr. Quatermain nothing.

"Well," he went on, "that being so, the next thing seems to be about the money I can pay. Gather his valuables and stack the place—and I say, Umslopogaas, I shall do it, perhaps," he added, with an inward groan at the thought of the work it will be—and one night after some of these low Kaffirs who have promised to be thoroughly back Gagana—broke away quite as good as place for that self-land, if they can in the right sort of it, and it doesn't cost half so much—but at least it can't be worse for nothing, and then . . . . . we can wagon and wait, and see . . . . . and cadge, you, we had better say at once, Umslopogaas."

Still Umslopogaas made no answer, as once more he appears wont on.

"Well, you see, under these circumstances—and I'm going side to lay hands upon the necessary capital from my private resources, of course—I have made up my mind to apply to Mr. Quatermain, who, as I understand, has a very large and intimate acquaintance with the gentlemen between their house and the Dr. Mode farm, to lend me the money. I do so, indeed, I should consider it very wrong of me if I neglected to give him the opportunity of the investment—here a faint smile flickered for an instant on Mr. Quatermain's face and then went out—of lending his money on such good security, and very properly so, but as this estate is mortgaged, there will fortunately be little difficulty about that. You can draw up the necessary deeds, and I think that, under the circumstances, the right thing to do would be to charge the Mode farm specifically with the payment of the money. I don't know, dadda, but I am hardly supposed to proceed under any conceivable circumstances that the farm would not be good for £5,000. However, they might perhaps prefer to have a second clause as well, and if it is so, although I consider it quite unnecessary, I shall raise no objection to inserting it."

Here at last Mr. Quest broke his somewhat ominous silence.

"I am very sorry to say, Mr. de la Molle," he said gently, "that I can hold out no prospect of Coney & Son being induced under any circumstances to advance another pound upon the security of the Hexham castle or farm. Their opinion of the value of landed property in this country is very low, and I think that they are not at all comfortable in the extent of the amount already invested."

Mr. de la Molle started when he heard this most unexpected bit of news, for which he was totally unprepared. He had always found it possible to borrow money, and it never entered into his head that it might perhaps cease to this country when the land, which he held in almost superstitious veneration, would be so valueless form of property that lenders would refuse it as security.

"Why," he said, recovering himself, "the total mortgageness on the property do not amount to anything like £5,000. The farm cost my father, forty years ago, it was valued at fifty, and the castle and grounds have been thoroughly repaired since then at a cost of five thousand, and most of the farm buildings also."

"Very possibly, Mr. de la Molle; but to be candid with you, I think that if you turn round and look round it would now fetch £3,000 on a forced sale. Competition and fashion's caprices have brought estates down more than people realize, and land in Australia and New Zealand is now worth as much per acre as cultivated land in England. Perhaps as a residential property it is the most of the landed interest property might fetch, and I think it might. In short, Mr. de la Molle, as anyone save Coney & Son is the matter that I regret to have to tell you that so far from being willing to make a further advance, the firm have formally instructed me to serve the usual six months' notice on you, calling in the money already advanced on the mortgage of the Hexham estate, which I must remind you is nearly a year overdue, and this step I propose to take to-morrow."

The old gentleman staggered for a moment, and caught at the nearest piece, for the blow was a heavy one, and so unexpected as to stun him. "Do you mean to say, sir, that Coney & Son are one of the penitentiaries of this character that my spirits always seemed to rise to the occasion in the face of urgent adversity—in short, he possessed an extraordinary share of moral courage.

"Indeed," he said, indignantly, "indeed, is a pity that you did not tell me that at once, Mr. Quest; it would have saved me from making a fool of myself by entering into such a ludicrous arrangement, which is not agreeable. As regards the interest, I admit that it is a year, and I cannot regret it. That stupid fellow, George, is always so slow in everything, and I shall never forgive him if, and all the time the new man I have met in all human probability the place will be sold over his head before he is a year older. I wonder if he pays it on or if he's overwhelmed. I suppose he has lived here so long that he cannot realize a condition of things where he will cease to live here and the place will belong to somebody else. Or perhaps he is only brainsick it can."

Mr. Quest looked at the old man with a sad smile and a curious look of keeping such unpleasant matters to himself until he was absolutely forced to communicate some of them. He did not know that his father's affairs were in a most critical condition, for that she had extracted from him on the previous night, and if any necessity was to be attempted it must be attempted at once, and on some heroic strain. Therefore, she made up her mind to tell him, or, rather, Mr. Quest, who thus truly saw the truth, saw it.

"Mr. Quest," she said, with some trepidation, as he at last triumphantly handed her the beef, "I hope that you will forgive me for asking you a plain question, and that if you can you will favor me with a plain answer. I know my father's affairs are very much involved, and that he has contrived to borrow money, and I know that you know quite how matters stand, and I want to learn the exact truth."

"I am very glad to hear you speak like that, Mr. de la Molle," answered the lawyer, "because I was trying to make up my mind to broach the subject, which is a painful one to me, and I feel it more than you can feel it, your father is absolutely ruined. The interest on the mortgages is a year in arrear, his largest farm is just thrown upon his hands, and, to complete the tale, the mortgagees are going to sell to their money or foreclose.

At this sent most, which was almost brutal in its blunt compassionateness, Ida turned pale as death, as well she might, and dropped her fork with a clatter upon her plate.

"I did not realize that things were quite so bad," she murmured. "Then I suppose that the plans will be taken from us, and we shall have to leave Hexham?"

"Yes, certainly, unless money can be found to take up the mortgages, of which I see no chance. The plans will be sold for what they will fetch, and that nowadays will be no great sum."

"When will that be?" she asked.

"In about six or nine months' time."

Ida's lips trembled, and the sight of the food on her plate was intolerable to her. A vision arose before her mind's eye of herself and her old father departing hand in hand from the castle gates, behind and about which gleamed the hard wild lights of a March moon, to seek a place to hide themselves, and the horror of it almost overcame her.

"Is there no way of a escape?" she asked, hoarsely. "To lose this place would kill my father. He loves it better than anything in the world; his whole life is wrapped up in it."

"I can quite understand that. Now do listen to me, Miss de la Molle—I am speaking especially to my lady interested in the past. But, under society, mortgages are no respecters of feelings. Tellers land as much property, and nothing more."

"I know all that," she said, impatiently. "You do not answer my question" and she looked at him with a pitiful smile upon her pale face. "Is there no way out of it?"

Mr. Quest drank a little sherry before he answered. "Yes," he said, "I think there is, if only you will take it."

"What way?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well, though, as I said just now, the mortgagees are not respecters of feelings, they are a business corporation, and look at things from a business point of view only, you must remember that they are composed of individuals, and that individuals can be influenced if they can be got at. For instance, Coney is; these are an aristocracy, and highly flattered in their aristocratic capacity, but Mr. Edward Coney is an individual, and I should say, from what I have seen of him, a very conceited, a tolerably disposed individual. Now, Mr. Edward Coney is not himself at the present moment actually one of the firm of Coney & Son, but he is the heir of the head of the house, and, of course, has authority, and, what is better still, the command of money.

"I understand," said Ida. "You mean that my father should try to win over Mr. Edward Coney. Unfortunately, to be frank, he dislikes him, and my father is not a man to keep his dislikes to himself."

"People generally do dislike them to whom they do a great injustice, and your father dislikes Mr. Coney because his name is Coney, and for no other reason. But that is not quite what I mean. I do not think the square is the right person to undertake a negotiation of that sort. He is a little too antiquated and inconsistent. No, Miss de la Molle, I think that if anyone can do it, you can; you may be the whole case before him at once, this very afternoon. There's no time to lose, dadda. You need not come into details, he knows all about them; only ask him to avert this catastrophe. He can do so if he likes; how he does it is his own affair."

"But, Mr. Quest," said Ida, "how can I ask a favor of any man? I shall be putting myself in a dreadfully false position."

"I do not precisely know do in Ruby, that it is a pleasant task for any young lady to ask a favor of a gentleman, but it is nothing from it. But sometimes one has to do disagreeable things, and make compromises with one's self respect. It is a question whether or no your family shall or utterly ruined and destroyed. There is, as I honestly believe, no prospect whatever of your father being able to pay the interest on the mortgage, and if he did it would not help him, because he could not pay the interest on it. Under these circumstances, you have to choose between putting yourself in an equivocal position and letting events take their course. It would be useless for anybody else to undertake the task, for it is a woman's work, and nobody can do it even you will succeed, but I will not release matters, as you question know. Any man would find it hard to refuse a favor asked by such a suppliant. And now you must make up your own mind. I have shown you the way out for the sake of your family from a position of the most hard and painful kind, if you are the woman I take you for, you will not shrink from following it."

Ida made no reply.

Ida made no reply, and in another moment the squire came in to take a couple of glasses of sherry and a biscuit. But Mr. Quest, further, thought that the young lady, poor child, she had taken the hint, and that she would do it. Shortly after this a diversion occurred, for the clergyman, Mr. Jeffries, a pleasant little man, with a round and shining face and a mild ministerial cyeglass, came up to consult the squire upon some matter of parish business, and they went into the dining room. Ida took advantage of his appearance to effect a retreat, and went to her room to be for the present we may leave her to her meditations.

No more business was discussed by the squire that afternoon. Indeed, it interested Mr. Quest, who was above all things a student of character, to observe how wonderfully the clergyman's presence changed him. To listen to him surprisingly sipping away with the Rev. Mr. Jeffries as to whether or no it would be proper, as had hitherto been the custom, to devote the proceeds of the harvest festival collection (£1 19s. 5d. and a brass button) to the county hospital, or to expend it upon a new cloth for the pulpit in the woodwork in the vestry, was, under the circumstances, most instructive. The Rev. Mr. Jeffries, who suffered severely from the conditions of the vestry, at last gained his point by triumphantly showing that no patient from Hexham had been admitted to the county hospital for the last five years, and therefore the hospital had no particular claim on this particular year, whereas the draught in the vestry was enough to cut any clergyman in two.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "I will consent for this year, and this year only, to the transaction of the funds for between forty and fifty years, and we have always given it to the hospital collection to the hospital, and although under these exceptional circumstances it may possibly be desirable to diverge from that custom, I cannot and will not consent to such a thing it a permanent way. So I shall write to the secretary and explain the circumstances, and I hope that in the future generally the collection will be devoted to its ori- inal purpose."

"Amen! Amen," groaned Mr. Quest to himself.

"And all the time the new man I have met in all human probability the place will be sold over his head before he is a year older. I wonder if he pays it on or if he's overwhelmed. I suppose he has lived here so long that he cannot realize a condition of things where he will cease to live here and the place will belong to somebody else. Or perhaps he is only brainsick it can."

Mr. Quest had ridden over to the farm house and had a look at the condition of the outhouses, reflecting that some of them would be easily expensive to repair for whoever came into possession here. After that he crossed the moat and walked through the somewhat extensive plantations at the back of the house, reflecting that it would be impossible to get enough timber out of them, if one went to work judiciously, to pay for putting the place in order. Presently he came to a lodgeway where there had been a line of very fine timber some of which the squire had been notoriously fond, and of which he had spoken with considerable admiring pride in the course of the previous winter. The trees were gone. In the lodge where they had stood were a series of gaps like those in an old woman's jaw, and about upon the ground were littered remains of bark and branches and of fagots that had been made of the lopped wood.

"Cut down this spring, I'll bet," was Mr. Quest's ejaculation. "Poor old gentleman, he must have been pinched before he consented to part with those oaks."

Then he turned and went back to the house, just in time to see Ida's guests arriving for the lawn tennis party. His herself was standing on the lawn behind the house, and he thought that she looks very well and as the fortune of by a row of ruined arches. There are some women—most of women one meets—who are born to hold a great position, and to sail across the world like a swan through smooth water. It would be very hard to say in what their peculiar charm and fitness for it lies, for it is not beauty, for though they have presence, many of these women are not beautiful, while some are even plain. Nor does it spring from native grace and tact alone, though these things must be present. Rather, perhaps, is it the reflection of a cultivated mind acting upon a naturally pure and elevated temperament, which makes these ladies conspicuous. And yet, conspicuous is a word which, in speaking aside the mere charm of beauty and the natural softening of judgment in the atmosphere of wit, must recognize in them an equal mind, and a presence more noble than their own.

Such a woman was Ida de ~~la~~ Molle, and if ever she looked and felt like one, it was on that day when she was to be almost for the last time human queen by whom she was surrounded. They were a typical county society gathering, such as exists no description, and would not greatly interest if described—neither very good nor very bad, very handsome nor very ugly, very clever nor very dull, but the mean of extremes, and on the ground of commonplace.

It was no wonder, then, that a woman like Ida de la Molle was finite princess among such company, or that Hamid Quatermain, who was poetically inclined for a man of his age, and who was fond of the ladies, and, as he was concerned, should in his heart have compared her to a queen. Even Sir John Quest, long of an undoubtedly was in her own way, paled before her, and felt that, in spite of his superior dignity, a fact of which she was evidently aware, for although the two women were friendly, nothing would induce the latter to stand long near his in public. Has would tell Edward Coney that it made her look like a wax doll by a live child.

Ida herself, however, was still watching his with complete satisfaction—for she spoke truth to the artistic side of his nature—that Old Quartich arrived upon the scene, looking, Mr. Quest thought, particularly plain with his solid form, his long iron nose, tight whiskers and square and massive chin. Also he was dressed in a fashion peculiar to himself in the public and sensitive and fastidious clergymen. There was a gravity, almost a solemnity, about his formal compliments and deliberate, ordered conversation which did not, however, favorably impress the aforesaid youths and maidens, if a judgment might be formed from such samples of conversational criticism as Mr. Quest heard going on on the further side of his sarcoma.

To be Continued.

Women

For Females, delicitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best tonic. It imparts vigor and tone to the whole system, and gives strength to the feeble. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, general debility, and all functional derangements, to which women are so liable. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and may be relied upon as a perfect specialist. Family vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been printed on bottle wrappers, and faithfully adhered to for many years.

Sold by druggists everywhere. Diseases of Women, 200 pages, with full directions for home treatment, sent free on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Furniture Repaired.

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All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Body by purging the Blood from all impurities, gently yet effectually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the constitution, all the sometimes Corrosting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Eruptions of the Skin, Purpura, Eczema or Tetter, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Scrofula, Flattering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the BLOOD BITTERS.

HAMILTON'S BARBER SHOP

IS ONE OF THE FIRST CLASS PLACES IN the City to get a Good Shave and a First Class Hair Cut. Having engaged a First Class Hair Cutter, I am now prepared to do the latest styles in Hair Cutting, Shampooing and Dyeing in the latest style. Razors carefully honed. Razors and Children's Hair Cutting the latest specialty.

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York St. west, Fredericton, N. B.

Also Dealer in Cigars, Soaps and Cords.

Fredericton Oct. 16—3m.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON APPROVED REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

C. F. LUPPY, Barrister.

Fredericton, Nov. 4.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A golden wedding—One where you expect to marry his twin sister.

A Severe Attack—I never felt better than when I took Dr. Wilson's Celebrated Blood Bitters. I had a severe bilious attack, I could not eat for over 10 days, and was unable to work. One bottle cured me." John W. Richards, St. Thos, Ont. For all bilious troubles use B. B. B.

If few adverts more good people would be placed on the face of the earth.

A Hint to Housekeepers—If Robert Wilkinson's of Queen, Parr & Gerrard Streets, Toronto, Ont., Celebrated Yellow Oil be used, it will do all its friends claim for it, namely, cure a cough and cold and can highly recommend it to housekeepers."

When is the only man who ever wore a rose bed of roses? Being dreamed of.

Blood Diseases—The—is no better, safer or more pleasant remedy ever made than Bigelow's Purified Rubson. It cures Haemorrhoids, Piles, Scrofula, Eczema, Ulcers and all blood and skin troubles.

Why is "passing the day" for a wedding like a naval battle? Because it is a merry time engaged.

A Lucky Escape.—For six years I suffered from a severe cough and lung trouble. I was very weak, coughed day and night and spitted blood. I was induced to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and I feel as well as ever. I can highly recommend it." M. A. Fairbb, Eugene, Ont.

What is the difference between a bill and a pill? One's hard to get up and the other's hard to get down.

A Portrait's Tribute.—"I have great pleasure in certifying to the excellence of Burdock's Pill. I suffered Kaiser's complaint of Carbuncles, Out. "Having used your Pills I am now free from them." Mrs. Hall, Brockville, Ont.

Why is A. The most unfortunate of letters? B comes in always in a fix, and never out of perplexity.

A Severe Test.—Frank S. Smith, of Bridgeport, Conn., writes: "I have used your Pills with a bottle of your Pills and I have recommended them to my friends and they have all found them to be the best pills they ever used."

The only church in the world consecrated and opened entirely by deaf mutes has been recently dedicated in Philadelphia.

Henry—Dear.

"Say, Perkins, and tell, why don't we go at the thing right? Why don't we go right today at down to cut? "N. Bunn: Dear Sir—Please send me 1 doz. Bottles Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Express is no leave it. You took incredulous, but it's a little fact. You see, my wife used to suffer so much for functional derangement of the kidneys, and I tried all her remedies to no avail, finally, after she was not her best, of course, but in most time improve at all the time. But now she has been to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, she has been so well and so happy that we are having our honeymoon all over again."

Poor Jerry Abbess, Ga., began limping lately one hour, and then the next. When she was 28 years old a sick headed, but was then relieved by her five cents that had grown to household.

A Severe

of good health is not in the regular government of the human and perfect and at all. For those organs were designed for a time to remain from the system at least. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the most startling revelation in a family medicine. They cure all diseases and irregularities which will unsettle or derange the system. Sick headache, dizziness, and dyspepsia, Powerful for the effectual relaxation of the bowels and liver, establishing a healthy action of the liver. Sugar coated and very pleasant to take.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Editorial Freeness Called by the Detroit Free Press.

We call the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:

SUSPENDED.—With this issue we suspend the agricultural department, established five weeks ago. We instituted this feature as an experiment, and it has cost us the subscribers from the east, who have heretofore and promised, but who was fertile of suggestion. The experiment was a failure.

We have hidden the tenderfoot a permanent and lasting adieu, and we now feel equal to agriculture as a set thing. We shall occasionally refer to the subject in a reckless, offhand way, taking chances on results, but there will be no further studied attempt to lead the blind and the lame and the halt and the sick and the weary astray. We shall not, we shan't cover the rocky hillsides herebout with vine-prints or patches of deceptive backwheat. Good-by, tenderfoot—good-by, agriculture!

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot return rejected manuscripts. If not accompanied by stamps we use them to light the fire with. We cannot keep a lot of stuff on our hands indefinitely. If the author of "Seven Buckets of Blood, or the Corkscrew's Revenge," will send her address to this office she will hear of something to her advantage. We have received a sketch entitled "Behind Bob, or the Bolders of Bobber's Hill," which we will publish on receipt of the author's check for $50. We must respectfully decline the poem entitled "Oh, Thou Blessed Ma" and "An Adventure with Injuns in France." They seem to have an immoral tone.

STEADILY IMPROVING.—Since our last issue Col. Fairbanks has had three rods of beautiful picket fence erected in front of his house, and the Gem saloon has received three barrels of whisky and a new pipe. We feel that we are not overstepping the bounds of propriety, but simply that outsiders may know that the spirit of progress is not dead within us. We are going right to the front as a town.

ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that Maj. Jackson, one of the pioneer residents of our little city, kicked at his dog last Saturday and drove his leg too back into his heel by the violent recoil of one of his new Massachusetts boots.

The major was our second subscriber. We sympathize with him in his dark hour of trial, and trust that he may soon recover among us. Should his condition become critical we shall issue daily bulletins from this office.

OD IDEUM.—A correspondent wishes us to publish a recipe for "Ode to Ma, Ode to Alpha to Omega." We don't do it. We have had potato enough for one season, and propose to let up on the mention. We never heard of Alpha, anyhow, and as for old Omega, may he be damned!—Detroit Free Press.

He Had Tried It.

Mrs. Fitz Noodle had company to tea. Little Fitz Noodle had been told just how to behave, and a good big treat was promised him if he acted out his part of the programme. He did very well until he saw the plum cake, and then his mamma thought he acted in sound dense. Then facing his grandpa on a majestic old lady opposite to him, he barked in the sweet tones of childhood:

"Did yer taste the pill?"—Detroit Free Press.

Hardly Prepared to Criticize.

Young Writer (to friend)—I say, Fred, have you seen my book which was published a little over a year ago?

Fred—Oh, yes; I bought it the first day it came out, Charley!

Young Writer—Thanks, Fred. Did you find it interesting?

Fred—Well—er—to tell the truth, Charley, I haven't finished it yet.—Harper's Bazar.

Stone Applied.

The effect it has on cloth.—Life.

No Novelty for Him.

Friend—Doctor, did you ever fight a duel? Doctor—A duel? Pro, indeed. What novelty would it be for me to kill a man?—Texas Siftings.

'Golden Fleece.'

FALL 1888.

New Ulster Cloths,

New Mantle Cloths,

New Dress Goods,

IN SUITINGS & MELTON CLOTHS.

New Dress and Mantle

TRIMMINGS

FEATHERBONE CORSETS.

T. A. SHARKEY.

Fredericton, Nov. 1.

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DESTROYS WORMS OF ALL KINDS ON CHILDREN OR ADULTS. SWEETAS SYRUP AND CANDY. NOTE THE DOSE.

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GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, AND NICKLE CASES, FROM

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Fredericton, Dec. 15th 1888

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FALL AND WINTER, 1888-9

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In Naps, Meltons, Beaver, Tweeds, Elysians Diagonals, Pilots, &c.

SUITINGS

In the Latest Shades and Patterns. Prices low. Also

Gent's Furnishings, Gloves, Caps, &c., &c.

THOMAS STANGER,

280 QUEEN STREET.

Fredericton, Nov. 1.

COLOSSUS.

GUNTER'S BIG SLEIGH,

Seating nearly Half a Hundred. Dawes by Four or Six Horses.

ON HIRE AT REASONABLE RATES.

Parties of any number wishing to visit Marysville will be sure to find at their disposal.

Telephone your Orders.

GEO. I. GUNTER.

Fredericton, Dec. 15th, 1888.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO

STANLEY'S ENGLISH SPECTACLES

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

GEO. C. HUNT,

Agent, - - - - - Fredericton.

See later Advertisement.

Aug.

WEATHER STRIPS.

Weather Strips.

GO TO

LIMERICK'S

FOR

Weather Strips.

Fredericton, Nov 17th, 1888.

1000 Bushels of Oats for the People.

For Sale Low from the Cars.

ELY PERKINS.

Fredericton, Nov. 17, 1888.

TO THE DEAF—A Person cured of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 25 years standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who addresses Nicholson & Co., 847 Powers Block, Rochester, New York. U. S. Nov. 17.

To Travellers

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 22nd, 1888.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6 27 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, McAdam Junction for Woodstock and points north, St. Stephen and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, St. John and points east.

2 00 M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3 15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

9 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

2 20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points north, Houlton, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock.

7 10 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

LEAVE GIBSON:

8 00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

5 50 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock and points north.

H. D. McLEOD, Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. E. ROBINSON, Traffic Manager.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 20th, 1888.

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

7.25, A. M. Gibson, 7.35; Marysville, 7.50; Manuer's Siding, 8.00; Durham, 8.20; Cross Creek, 8.30; Taymouth, 8.40; Upper Taymouth, 8.45; Blackville, 9.20; Upper Blackville, 9.45; Doaktown, 10.20; Upper Velson Siding, 2.00; Chatham Junction, 2.40; arrive at Chatham, 3.30.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

4.00, A. M.; Chatham Junction, 4.40; Upper Velson Siding, 5.20; Upper Blackville, 5.55; Blackville, 6.30; Doaktown, 7.05; Upper Taymouth, 7.35; Taymouth, 7.40; Cross Creek, 8.00; Durham, 8.20; Manuer's Siding, 8.30; Gibson, 8.50; arriving at Fredericton, 9.45.

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 points North and South.

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

THOMAS HOBEN,

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

HARD COAL.

Daily Expected by Train.

200 Tons Best Anthracite Coal,

In Broken, Nut and Chestnut Sizes.

ALSO:

By Train.

200 Tons Best Sydney Coal.

By Train.

200 Tons Joggins House Coal.

E. H. ALLEN,

18 Regent Street.

Fredericton, Dec. 6th, 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 car load price, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

HATHEW,

General Comm

22 CENTRAL W

Merchant Crapbers

Bangor, Me.

In

1,125 Barrels Flour;

500 " Cornmeal;

250 " Beans;

125 " Oatmeal;

90 " Sugar;

90 " Pork;

50 Tubs Lard.

FOR SALE LOW BY

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.

Fredericton, Nov. 29th.

RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES.

ONE HUND RED CASES

CONSISTING OF

American.

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