THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The great big church was crowded full broadcloth and silk, An' satins rich as cream that grows on ou

ol' brindle's milk, Shined boots, biled skirts, stiff dickeys and stovepipe hats were there And doods with trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down in prayer.

The man in his poolpit high said, as he slowly riz : "Our organist is kep to hum, laid up with

ain't here, Will some un in the congregation be

kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of lowtoned rowdy style Give an interductory hiccup, an' then stag

gered up the aisle Then thro' thet holy atm a sense o' sin, And thro' that air uv sanctity the odor of ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge "This man profanes the house of God. Why

this is sacrilege!' The tramp didn't hear a word he said h slouched 'ith stumblin' feet. An' sprawled an' staggered up the stairs an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' through the keys, an' soon there rose a strain That seemed to jest bulge out the heart an

'lectrify the brain, An' then he slapped down on the the thin 'ith hands an' head an' knees. He slam dashed his hull body down kerflor upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood we sweeping high and dry. It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out

into the sky; The ol' church shook an' staggered an seemed to reel and sway, out " Hooray."

Au' then he tried a tender strain that melte in our ears. Thet brought up blessed memories

drenched 'em down 'ith tears: An' we dreamed of ol' time kitchens 'ith Tabby on the mat

Uv home, an' luv, an' baby days, an'mother an' all that. An' then he struck a streak uv hopesong from souls forgiven -

Thet burst from prison bars uv stormed the gates of heaven; The morning stars they sung together - no soul was left alone -

We felt the universe was safe on his throne.

An' long black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men

No luv, no light, no joy no hope, no songs uv glad delight, An' then the tramp he staggered down reeled into the night.

But we knew he'd tol' his story tho' never spoke a word An' it was the saddest story that our ears had ever heard :

He hed tol' his own life's history, an eye waz dry that day When the elder rose an' simply said brethren, let us pray!"

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER XXXIV. REST AND PEACE.

Bowing low, he spoke in a carefully modulated voice, deep and resonant as a

"Welcome to such hospitality as our poverty permits. A cipher telegram forwarded from the nearest station, sixty miles hence, prepared us to expect a newly married woman searching for a man, known to the secular world as Robert Luke Brentano. You claim to be his nearest blood relative?"

"I am his sister. How is he?" yond all human calculation by the hope and I supposed, like myself, he was stunned "Alive, but sinking fast; sustained beof seeing you. You have not come one moment too soon. The man you seek is only a lay brother here. The rules of our order forbid the admission of women to the cloister, but in articulo mortis! can I deny him now the confession he wished to offer you? Our holy ordinances have done their divine work; the last rites of the Church have soothed and consecrated the heart of Brother Luke, and an hour ago extreme unction was administered. Fol-

"He knows that I am coming?" asked Beryl, raising her white, tear-drenched face from her husband's shoulder.

"He knows, and holds death back to see you. His self-imposed penance makes comfort of our meagre infirmary, and it is his wish to die where he has spent so many nights in penitential prayer. For several days the paralysis of years has been gradually loosening its fetters, and this morning the distressing and ghastly distortion of one side of his face almost disappeared. Though his voice is wellnigh gone, it returns fitfully, and his strength seems supernatural. Fearing that you might not arrive in time, I have written down his last confession, and here commit it to you."

- He placed a roll of paper in her hand, and drawing his cowl over his head, led them up an easy stairway cut in the stone to a second terrace four feet wide, that projected as a roof beyond the lower tier

In that still, cold, and brilliant atmosphere, how dazzling the snow blink, how sharp the outline of projected shadows, how close the bending heavens seemed! but to the yearning soul of Beryl, the silent, solemn sublimity of the mighty panorama made no appeal.

only the spectral flitting of her mother's its testimony to set you free. My sister sad face, as in their last interview she had | my sister — God will surely recompense committed the soul of the son to the guardianship of the daughter.

The monk paused, and pointed to the third cell from the spot where he stood.

wife's cold hand. "No: come. Are we not one?"

in like God's smile of forgiveness. whereon, half propped by one elbow, you have suffered. Its consequences to lay the emaciated wreck of a man, whose have been averted by the proper transfer pallid face might have been mistaken for of all the property which Gen'l Darringthat of a corpse but for the superhuman | ton left to his chosen heir, Prince. Pecunsplendor of the wide, deep-brown eyes. iarly no one was injured by your act. and fell on her kness. She snatched him | He smiled, but made no answer, and

ELCETT, W. E.

to her heart, laid his head on her shoul-

"Bertie! My darling! my darling!" He tried to raise one arm to her neck, but it fell back. She lifted it, held it close, and, face to face, with her lips on his, she broke into passionate sobbing, rocking herself to and fro in the tempest of grief.

"Give me, give - me - air." He struggled for breath, which her tight clasp denied him, and for some minutes he panted, while Mr. Dunbar fanned him with his hat. Then the heaving chest grew more quiet, and after a moment his eyes lighted with a happy smile as they fastened on Beryl's face bent over him.

"Gigina, sweet, faithful sister, it is almost heaven to see you once more! God is good even, to me."

"If I could have found you sooner All these dreadful years I have lived at God's feet - with one prayer: 'let me help my Bertie, let me see my brother's face," moaned Beryl, pressing her lips to the clammy, fleshless hand she held against her throat.

"I was too unworthy. I dreaded you pure eyes, and mother's, as I would an accusing angel's. I did not know, then that mother was already one of the Beautified. I know now that neither life nor death, nor sin nor shame, nor the brand of disgrace can change mother's love; for I see her to-day, smiling at the door, beckoning me to follow where the

sun shines forever. My sainted mother.' "Her last breath was a blessing for you See, Bertie! this was her wedding ring Her final message was: 'Give this to my darling!' Be comforted, dear Bertie she loved you to the end - supremely You were her idol in death as in life. Our father's ring was the most sacred relic she owned, and she left it to you."

She attempted to place the gold band on one of his fingers, but he closed that hand, and the dark eyes, so like his mother's, were for an instant dimmed by

"Keep it; no sin of theft soils your hands. You can wear it without a blush. You never robbed an old man of his gold That was my crime. I am a thief." "Our God sees you have repented bit

terly, and He has pardoned your sins for His dear Son's sake. Tell me, Bertie, have you made your eternal salvation sure Are you in your soul at peace with God? "At perfect peace. I want to die, be cause now I am no longer afraid to meet Him, who forgives even thieves. Gigi

wait a little ---He seemed to make a desperate effort to rally his strength, and the thin, fine nos tril flared in the battle for breath.

"There has been a terrible mistake, and they made you suffer for what they imagined happened. When I found I had only a few months to live, I wrote to Father Beckx, whom I had known in An' then a wail uv deep despair an' dark- Montreal, and asked him to tell mother where I was. I never knew till he went thought you and mother were safe in offence. I am a thief before God and man, but there is no more stain of blood

on my hands than on yours. General Darrington was not murdered. He died by the hand of God alone ---A bluish shadow settled around his

parted lips, and he panted. Mr. Dunbar raised him, fanned him rested his head more comfortably against his sister's shoulder: and again he looked intently into her eyes, as though his soul plumed for departure, must right itself in the presence of hers before the final flight. "He struck me with the andiron, and broke my wrist here - then before I ever touched him - as he raised it to assault me the second time - there came an awful blinding glare - the world was wrapped in a blue fire - and God struck us both down. When I became conscious, my senses were all stunned, but after a while I knew I was lying on the floor with a cold hand resting like lead on my face. I got up; the figure didn't move, by the shock. As I passed a mirror on my way to the window I saw myselffor the lamp was burning bright. God

- drawn - paralysed, oh, Gina! All these years I have worn the dark streak, and one eye was blind, one ear stone deaf. I was a walking shadow of my own sin, horrible to look upon - and I fled to avoid the gaze of my race. Somewhere - in Illinois, I think - I heard two men on a train speak of a large reward offered for the recovery of Gen'l Darrington's will, which had been stolen by one of his heirs, whom the police were hunting. I was branded -- and on my breast here was printed the face of the dead man for he had torn my shirt open as he seized me with one hand, and struck me with the other. I hid in mines, crossed the plains, secreted myself in a bee ranche Then the Canadian railroad was partly built, and I joined the grading party and worked - until the curse of my sin was more than I could bear. I heard of the holy Brothers here, made my last journey,

had branded me a thief. Do you see here

confessed my theft, and entered on my penance. Gina, General Darrington was killed instantly by the lightning." As the burden Beryl had long borne slipped suddenly from her heart, the joy of release from blood-stain was so unexpected, so intense, that her face blanched lifted to her husband's shone as those of

"Bertie - Bertie - " Words failed her. She could only kiss the wasted cold hands that were innocent of bloodshed. After some moments, the dying man

said almost in a whisper: "I never knew you was punished for my sins until it was too late to save you; your faithful --- " The voice died in a

"I have my reward, dear Bertie. Oh, how much more than I deserve! I have "It is but a step farther. Yonder, you in my arms, innocent of murder, where the skull is set over the entrance." | thank God! thank God! I have the "I will wait here," said Mr. Dunbar, blessed assurance that your pardoned soul relinquishing, with a tight pressure, his goes to meet mother's in eternal peace; and to secure that, I would willingly have died an ignominious death. It was She hurried along the terrace, and through the flery flames of prison, and reached the low open doorway fronting trial, and convict shame, that God led me the south, where the sunshine streamed to the most precious crown any woman ever wore - my husband's heart, which On the stone floor was a straw pallet | holds for me the whole wide world of covered with coarse brown blankets, earthly peace and hope. For your sin with head against the grey rocky wall, others from the destruction of the will "Beryl sprang into the cave-like recess | Dear Bertie - Bertie, are you listening?"

his eyes had a strained and exultant expression. After a long silence, he cried

"The curse is taken away - out of my blinded eve I see --- " A slight spasm shook him, and feeling his cheek grow colder, Beryl threw off

the fur cloak, and folded it closely around the wasted body, which leaned heavily against her. The sunny, short rings of hair clung to his sunken, blue-veined temples, where cold drops gathered; and a grey seal was set about the wan lips that writhed in the fight for breath. "Bertie, kiss me - tell me you are not

She fancied he nestled his face closer: but the wide eyes were fixed on the golden light that was fading across the narrow doorway

"Tell mother her little girl was faith-

after a little while, the eyes closed, the panting ceased, and the tired breath was drawn in long, shuddering sighs. Mr. Dunbar beckoned to the cowled

back on his pallet of straw. Fainter grew the slow breath, and the voice of the monk rolled through the silence, like the tremolo swell of an organ. On the stone floor Bervl knelt, with her brother's icy hand clasped against her cheek: and as she watched, the twitching of the muscles ceased, the lips, so long many a day. distorted, took on their old curves of beauty. A marble pallor blanched the gun will be fired in the Scott Act camdark stain of the branded cheek, and the paign at Boiestown. A public mass meet-Bertie of innocent youth came slowly out | ing will be held there. Speakers from of the long eclipse. Death, God's most different places will take the platform. tender angel, laid her divine lips upon Amongst the names mentioned, appear the scars of sin, that vanished at her those of Rev. Wm. Wass, of Boiestown touch; drew her white fingers across the and John Hinchey of Bloomfield Ridge.

her beautiful Bertie of old. The sun was setting, and far away the icy domes and minarets of immemorial nountains took on the burnished similitude of the New Jerusalem, which only

leaving the halo of eternal peace upon

the exiled saw from lonely Patmos. Lennox Dunbar lifted his wife from the form of the sleeper, whose ransomed soul had entered early into rest, and folded her tenderly to the heart that henceforth

was her refuge from all earthly woes. At midnight the brooding silence of the snow-hooded solitude was broken by the tolling of the monastery bell; and while all the mountain echoes responded to the slow knell for the departed soul, there rose from the chapel under the cliffs the solemn chant of the monks for their dead "Give them eternal rest, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

THE END.

THE HEAD SURGEON

that you were suspected and punished for Of the Lubon Medical Company is now a crime that you never committed. I at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted keeping their sheer booms, as maliciously New York all those years, and I knew diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, and watchmen have been put on them. ton. that you would be sure to take care of her. old, or middle-aged, who find themselves One night last week Charles Pickard of I have it all written down - and I can't nervous weak and exhausted, who are the Borony was watching his boom when tell you now - but I want to look straight | broken down from excess or overwork,re- | a stick of dynamite was exploded in one into your dear eyes - my brave sister, my sulting in many of the following of the boom logs so close that some of the loving sister — and let you learn first symptoms: Mental depression, premature from me - the reward you have won - old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, your Bertie is not a murderer. I did bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation take the money from the vault, which of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, was wide open when first I saw it. I did pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on at Springhill and while the steamer was steal and destroy the will, which I thought | the face or body, itching or peculiar sen- laid up he kept a team to carry back his unjustly robbed us all of our right to the sation about the scrotum, wasting of the men. His horses often float down on the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and citability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden ircle, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having losts its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart which beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pains about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave.

> An Episcopal clergyman who has officiated twice at large political conventions says the only office in the prayer book for such occasions is the forms of prayer to be used for those at sea.

Toronto, Canada.

Sirs,-I think your valuable medicine benefit I received from it. After suffering from headache and loss of appetite for nearly four years, I tried B. B. B., with the greatest success, finding it gave me great relief and good appetite. I now enjoy good health which I owe to your val-MISS MINNIE BROWN, London, Ont.

Teacher-" You have written statesman with a possessive case sign — state's man. it gives good satisfaction. That is incorrect." Boy - "Doesn't the state own the man?" Teacher - "No; the statesman owns the state."

The aroma of the tobacco leaf is so com- not return. oletely conserved in the manufacture of "Myrtle Navy" that age has no effect in as we have had for the past ten years. diminishing it; even after the pluy has been kept for years it gives out its full flavor under the combustion in the pipe, will run, through the whole season. to a deadly pallor, and the glad eyes she | mellowed in tone by its age and making the most equisite smoke which tobacco can be tion. made to give. Age, too, hardens the structure of the plug and gives to the tobacco, when cut, that almost granular appearance in which all connoisseurs delight.

GENTLEMEN, - We have a family of seven children and have relied on Dr. Fow- as to enable the drive which was hung up but God's witness cleared your pure name. | ler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the | on Davis Brook, to be started again and it Through slowly dripping tears she saw The lightning that scorched me printed past ten years in all cases of diarrhoca and is thought they will succeed in getting it summer complaints. It never fails into the boom this time has saved many doctor's bills. J. T. PARKINSON, Granton, Ont.

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

JUNF 27th.—The District council of R. T. of T. met with Campbell council on the Wilson and Miss Chase. With the

held in the church. The church was crowded to overflowing. The programme was well filled and well carried out. The opening address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Wass of Boiestown, and was very appropriate. Miss Chase, of Boiestown, gave a recitation which deserves special mention as it portrayed real life and was well given. Mr. Cummings of Doaktown spoke at some length on the evils of intemperance and was well received. He was folform who, rosary in hand, paced the terlowed by the district herald, John race, and the two laid the dying man Hinchey who gave a very able and effective speech on the terrible evils of the run urse and when he sat down all felt that king alcohol had received one of the severest handlings that he had suffered for some time. Mr. Hinchey is quite

trust his words will be remembered for On Wednesday the 29th inst., the first lines and shadows of suffering time, and, If needed, York Co. will send in any help in its power. We feel sure, however, that the frozen features, gave back to Beryl the grand old county of Northumberland will not go back on its temperance record.

BEAR ISLAND.

June 27.—There seems a prospect of some railroad work being done up here and perhaps they mean business. It is to be hoped they do. We understand-the St. John gentlemen who drove through from Fredericton to Woodstock with C. S. Ingraham looking over the intended route were favourably impressed with the looks of the country and expressed surprise at its beauty and fertile appearance and stated that it was their first visit to this part of the province, having always before gone via McAdam Junction. In fact they had no idea there was so much country up here and they were agreeably surprised to find people living here. Well we don't onder they were surprised, having formed their opinions on the surroundings of

Some of the contractors on different pieces knocked down the shanty over his SUMMER COMPLAINT AND DIAR-

Mr. Isaac Brown of Southampton i engaged delivering large numbers of rafts raft. Last week coming down his raft struck the shear boom at Davidson interelsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the vale with such force that it threw one urine, loss of will power, tenderness of horse off the platform on which it stood the scalp and spine, weak and flabby and it got down among the logs and for muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rest- awhile it looked serious but getting Wm ed by sleep, constipation, dullness of hear- Mooers and others from the shore it was ing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, ex- at last thrown into the river and swam

We learn that Mr. Hezekiah Dunham who has started a packet line tow boat was so unfortunate as to sink it at Russell har where it now lies in the channel with a scow anchored beside it. The cargo we fear will be seriously damaged. On board were a number of Brantford mowing machines for Amasa Whitehead, lime for Deacon Brown's new church, sugar and flour,fish and miscellaneous small packages for merchants along the river,

HARTIN SETTLEMENT.

July 5th .- Miss Katie Nicholson has eturned from Waterville, Me. Mr. and Mrs. S. Graham are receiving ongratulations on the arrival of a young

Mrs. Charles Irvin is ill. Mrs. John Hartin is visiting her mother, at Tower Hill, Charlotte Co. We are pleased to see J. H. McCann

We had a very interesting sermon last Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, preaching from the third chapter of John and six-The examination of the school which

nas been under Miss Stewart, took place last Wednesday, The district is well satisfied with the school. Our school teacher is engaged for another term. Mrs. A. McPherson is recovering from her late illness.

TEMPERANCE VALE.

June 30 .-- The government road machine left here to-day to do work in Nortondale. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Juletta Rodgers is convalescent.

Our popular school teacher Bessie Taylor left here for Fredericton to-day and will Our hay crop in this section is as good James K. Pinder has got his drive on the Nackawick stream all in and his mill

Potato bugs are very busy in this sec

BROCKWAY.

JUNE 30.-Miss Maggie Best has just arrived from Boston and intends spending The recent rain has raised the water so

Miss Dollie Brockway gave her friends a very pleasant quilting party last week

ST. JACOBS OIL RHEUMATISM--NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Sprains. Bruises,

Burns,

Frost-Bites.

Backache.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baitimere, Md.

Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

You've tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have you and you're disappoint-

ed. The results are not immedia And did you expect the disease of years 21st inst., District councillor Cummings in to disappear in a week? Put a pinch of the chair. The council was carried on time in every dose. You would not call very harmoniously, and did a considerable the milk poor because the cream doesn't amount of business. There were present rise in an hour? If there's no water in it from Doaktown, district councillor Cum- the cream is sure to rise. If there's a posmings, William Russell, and Miss Ogilvie, sible cure, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripfrom North Portage, John Fairley jr., tion is sure to effect it, if given a fair trial. Miss Palmer and Miss Coombes from You get the one dollar it costs back again Boiestown No 42; Rev. Mr. Wass, Miss | if it don't benefit you. We wish we could give you the makers' confidence. They above named there was a number from show it by giving the money back again, Bloomfield No 18, and Campbell was well in all cases not benefited, and it'd surprise you to know how few dollars are needed In the evening a public meeting was to keep up the refund.

> Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Cures the worst cases permanently. No experimenting It's "Old Reliable." Twenty-five years of

Visitor (in the Hoggins' art gallery)seur, madam. Mrs. Hoggins (with dignity)-Mr. Hoggins is a capitalist, sir, if

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children noted as a temperance speaker, and we Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon i nothers, there is no mstake about it. I cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wins LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

> Mamma-"When that boy three stones at you why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing them back?' Little son—"Tell you! Why, you couldn't hit a barn door."

> A LIBERAL TRIUMPH. Scores of men and women who have always suffered their predjudices to blind them to the merits of Burdock Blood Bit ters now use and praise this wonderful tonic purifier as the best remedy known for dyspepsia, constipation and all blood

Mr. Galore - In all your extensive reading, Mr. Scribble, what is your favorite passage from? Mr. Scribble (with a sigh) From New York to Liverpool.

Corns! Corns! Corns! less Corn Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and sections of the river are having trouble in beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. either in person or by letter on all chronic disposed persons have cut some of them | See that it is made by Polson & Co., Kings-

"Yes, every man has his price," but he can't make his grocer agree with him.

I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract. of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint and diarrhoea, as I have used it in my family, both for children and adults, with

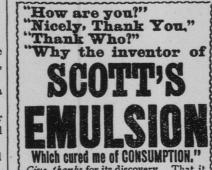
the best results. F. E. Dunn, Clear Creek, Ont. Every man thinks he will be able to afford better thing in six months from now. PAPE!

OH, MY HEAD. That splitting headache, aching brow and irritable feeling can be immediately relieved and permanently cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for headache, constipation and all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

A man never realizes how much wisdom he possesses till somebody asks him for



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.



Give thanks. That it is three times as cod liver oil

BEST QUALITY

HARD & SOFT COAL.

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition

Signed, JOHN D. Cox. G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks

and from whom I bought the medi-

cine. I live with my wife and family

at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa.

the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all imburities from a Pimble to the worst Scrofulous Sore

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HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH
DIZZINESS. DROPSY.
RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

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We have just stored a fine assortment of

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Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you

Give thanks. That it is such a wonder-

ful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Dis-eases, Coughs and Colds. Besure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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

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CLOVER SEED. SEED BARLEY, 2 AND 4 ROW SEED BUCKWHEAT: SEED OATS;

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- DONE AT

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BOOK STORE.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.

Steel Monograms Cut To Order.

5000 A SBESTOS Fire Bricks. 30 Bags

JAMES 8. NEILL. HIS LAST SEASON.

THE FAMOUS STALLION, SIR CHARLES, 2745, WILL make this his last season in this province at his owners stables, 47 Waterloo street, St.

that it is hardly necessary to say anything about him. He is the sire of Maggie T. 2.23\(\frac{1}{4}\); Maud C., 2.27\(\frac{1}{2}\); King Charles, 2.29 and a score of other TERMS \$30 FOR THE SEASON,

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