If your ideas come too quickly, if your bril liant fancies flash, Then express your deep emotion with a

he ran down the steps.

for you to see it."

spoke with hand uplifted.

"what does this mean?"

decided to go, after all. How do you like

my dress? I dressed early on purpose

Mr. Alison had stopped short as she

"Maud," he said, in a vexed way,

"Have you forgotten so quick?" she

"I remember something you seem to

answered lightly. "It is the Wilverton's

When you wear your best apparel, "just to give the girls a treat," And linger on the corner for a chance t cross the street.

If a passing cab salutes you with a wet and

muddy splash,

Then express your deep emotion with a If you go into the barber's and select your

favorite chair, And sink in peaceful slumber while he clips your chesnut hair; If you find, when you awaken, that he's cut off your mustache, Then express your deep emotion with a

If some careless minded person casts a bright and, bring me home again. Don't you banana peel Down upon the flinty sidewalk, quite con venient to your heel.

have forgotten," was the cold reply; If you wildly skate upon it and kerflummo with a crash, Then express your deep emotion with a are not fit people for you to associate with;

If Mabel's lips are tempting, and you long to steal a taste, And at last you gain the nerve to slip your arm around her waist; If you find that she is wearing hidde

know there are plenty of the best people weapons in her sash. going; I have scarcely met one who has Then express your deep emotion with a declined the invitation." "That may be," was the quiet reply; 'but many men who have heard as much and more than I have, will change their

If you break your noble record by appearing in your pew, their families away. Those who do go And when the plate comes sailing roun will be sorry for it, I am very sure." she sweetly looks at you, "What terrible things have you heard, If you find your empty pockets are devoid I should like to know?" she asked half of needful cash,

Then express your deep emotion with a convinced. "Only rumors, I own," he answered; but they are bad enough. There was never so much smoke without a little fire, So, whatever troubles meet you or what-

v ever ills you find, Mrs. Alison interrupted him with blaz-Don't indulge in pyrotechnics when yo ing eyes. "Rumors, indeed! You need fit." want to free your mind; say no more. I do not believe one word Don't break out in lurid language of it at all, and I shall go. That is declaim in accents rash. But express, your deep emotion with a "But Maud --- "

SELECT STORY.

A WIFE'S WON'T.

Mrs. Alison sat in her easy chair and present, and somehow the atmosphere we won't differ about the price." tapped her foot impatiently as she worked. seemed a different one from what she had Mr. Alison paced the floor uneasily and been accustomed to. There was a number frowned darkly. It was evident there of strangers present, ladies and gentlemen. mosphere. Indeed, the first faint drops favorably, and the latter seemed rather of the coming shower were already pat- demonstrative in their devotion to the tering down on the dainty dress, Mrs. fairer sex. Mr. Wilverton made her un-Alison was embroidering for her beloved comfortable, moreover, with his persist-

"For pity's sake, Maud," broke forth not sorry when Mrs. Leighton proposed her liege lord, "don't begin crying. Why returning home. They went early and can't you be sensible and look at the most of their particular set followed in matter in a reasonable way? It ought not | their wake - those, at least who had not to be so hard for you to yield to my gone before. wishes, when I have good reasons for Very little conversation passed between asking you to do it, besides."

"I don't know what you call 'good little for some days thereafter. He conreasons," sobbed Maud Alison. "You sidered himself justly agrieved, and was his brows. don't know the least thing about the indignant accordingly. She felt herself Wilvertons, that you should wish me to in the wrong, was too proud to own it, give up attending their ball—such a and was miserable in consequence. magnificent affair as it's going to be, too." Meanwhile the whispers against the

"That is the chief of my reasons - be- Wilvertons increased in number and imcause I don't know anything about the portance. It began to be generally confamily - neither for nor against them. | ceded that there was something wrong But the man's face is enough to condemn about them; and people who had taken him. I wouldn't trust him an inch out of them up on trust were gradually dropping their acquaintance. Mrs. Alison, how-

"You're as unjust as you can be," cried ever, prided herself on being no summer Mrs. Alison, indignantly, "to say such friend, and her intimacy with the Wilverthings about a stranger of whom you tons seemed in no wise dimished; seemed know nothing. I do believe you are I say, for she was growing to dislike them jealous of him because he was so attentive | both, as she saw more and more of them. to me at Mrs. Fitzgerald's party. Mrs. Wilverton's dashing ways seemed

Mr. Alison whistled. coarse now, and no words could tell how "Jealous! I should hope I wasn't quite she was growing to loathe the man, who such a fool. But I do think you are alto- grew more bold and outspoken in his adgether too careless in taking up with miration of her each day. people so rashly. You haven't known But the end was very near. the family a month, and yet Mrs. Wilver- Mr. Alison came up to dinner one eventon is as much at home here as if the ing in a half-subdued tremor of excitehouse belonged to her. I don't like it, ment. and I expressly desire you will see as lit- "Maud, dear, I have news for you," he tle of either her or her husband as is pos- said, striving to speak calmly, but failing sible until something more is known of signally in the attempt. both of them. Especially do I wish you | Mrs. Alison looked up a little surprised to decline their invitation to this ball. I at the "dear," which had fallen from his don't want my wife known as the chosen lips but rarely since that unfortunate ball. friend of a pair of adventurers." but, truth to tell, rather glad to hear it

And, having delivered this decision, again. Mr. Alison walked out of the room.! Thereat his pretty wife was justly indignant as well as at what he had said. he went on hurriedly, "there's been, as Anger had dried the tears upon her you know, a great deal of talk about them cheeks as she muttered, "Adventurers, lately—more, perhaps, than you are indeed; as if that were possible! I am aware of—and people haven't scrupled to sure Mr. and Mrs. Wilverton are as ele- call them adventurers, if not swindlers. gant and refined as any people of our It seems they are even worse than that." acquaintance, and everybody says the "What?" cried Mrs. Alison, sharply. ball will be magnificent; and everybody "Criminals! At least, the man is. He is going, too; and -and -so am I. I was arrested this morning by a detective will not be deprived of every little pleasure from London, who has been on his track I chance to care for, because Fred chooses for some time. His very boldness in to dictate in that lordly manner. I shall coming here and launching out in the go to the ball in spite of him; so, there; style he has, under an assumed name, and

"What is it?"

"What has he done?" asked Mrs.

Mrs. Alison did not speak for many

"My noble Maud," was all he said.

"The notorious bank robber?"

"The same."

And the little foot came down with em- with all the appearance of great wealth, phasis upon the soft carpet beneath it. has thrown the police off the scent for a Thus it was that Mr. and Mrs. Alison so little while. But they've got him now, nearly quarrelled this bright morning in and he's safe for a twenty years' term at early December. The Wilvertons had Portland Island at least." issued cards for a grand reception and ball, to which nearly all the elite of the Alison. town had responded favorably. Could "Perhaps you will recognize his real Mrs. Alison decline? She did not intend name — it is Willis —

to, at all events. Yet it was with a rather failing heart that she penned her acceptance of the invitation and commenced her preparation | minutes. Then she remembered that she for the great event. She had never yet had been - or had tried to be - a in their pleasant married life acted so friend to Mrs. Wilverton. She should wilfully in opposition to her husband's not desert her now that so terrible wishes. But this time she felt herself in a sorrow had fallen upon her.

manded. I didn't marry to become my be left to bear this trouble alone, and I saw no one now. husband's slave, and I'll go to this ball, if know of no one who will go to her now." only to show him that I can think for Mr. Alison stared, amazed. Even he

myself and shall act as I choose, whether | had never realized half the nobility that, | despite her faults, was inherent in his You see, this little lady was fast work- wife's nature. She had risen now and did he go?" exclaimed my companion. the present Emperor of Germany was ing herself up to a very high pitch of was standing very pale and still by the virtuous indignation, and she was scarcely table. He went to her and put his arms ination. You saw him, too?" disposed to pay any attention to the faint around her, and drew her head down to motions of conscience, especially when it his breast. dared to whisper that she was wrong. The night of the ball came round at She clung to him, sobbing.

last, as all things do when patiently waited for. At breakfast that day Mrs. Alison | treating you so badly the other night?" | home!" had announced to her husband her inten- she pleaded. "I'm so sorry now." tion of attending the ball.

"You are not in earnest?" he said. "My preparations are all completed, and forgive. Shall it not be so?" carriage in case you persist in not escort-

and when I come home this evening, I "There is no Mrs. Wilverton - or Willis, porch as usual. trust you will have put all this nonsence as her name would be, if she had any out of your head. By, by!" right to bear the name of the man she But his wife would not look at him has lived with all these months - and when he kissed her, and stamped her who, if report says true, ruined himself, foot angrily as the door closed behind and committed the robbery to gratify her

him and she heard his careless whistle as extravagant demands." "Fred!"- Mrs. Alison's face grew pale "I'm no baby," she said to herself. -" you don't mean that she" -'and I won't be treated like one. He shall find out that I can go without him."

"Was not his wife," he answered sternly It was a severe lesson, not only to Mrs. And he did come to a realizing sense of Alison, but to the people of Bolton, who the fact when he came home to dinner had admitted these people into their that evening. Running lightly up stairs society without question, simply because to their room, the first sight that met his of the lavish display of wealth they made, amazed eves was his pretty wife in full and it is safe to say a thoroughly effectual

"Well, dear," she said with a light af- Moreover, there are very few differences fectation of unconsciousness that she was of opinion between Mr. and Mrs. Alison yexing him in the least, "you see I have nowadays.

OUR GHOST.

BY AMY RANDOLPH. Mildred and I lost our way. We were two happy, poverty-stricken young schoolteachers, spending our brief vacation at a farm-house on the mountain. Mildred ball, you know. I told you this morning had a consumptive mother to support, and Mrs. Leighton had offered to call for me, I was saving money for Billy's education as a civil engineer. Billy, be it understood, was my youngest brother, so that we really had very little means to expend | and I." in our summer vacation. Hence we had "that is, that I did not or do not wish drifted out to this lonely spotamong the you to go to this ball. Those Wilvertons spurs of the Blue Ridge, where the owls

of that I am certain. The town is full of wills sang melancholy refrains to each rumors against them, and predict you will other after nightfall. find but very few decent people there to-But we liked it. Our landlady was a plain widow, who knew none of the secrets "What nonsense you are talking?" she of modern cookery, but everything was

said genuinely surprised now. "Why, I healthful and delicious. Mrs. Hunt. was a pale, quiet woman, who said very little; and she had two other boarders - a young photographic artist, who was taking "views" in the neighborhood, and a testy, middle-aged gentleman, who had left the hotel because minds to-night and keep themselves and he didn't like children, and who was popularly supposed to be writing a book.

"I won't charge you much." Mrs. Hunt had said, "because you are lone women. I'm a lone woman myself, and I know how it seems. And then, you see, you're willing to occupy one room. That makes | was her husband. Hush-sh-sh!" And

"But you are taking us too cheap," Mildred had remonstrated. "You are allowing yourself no margin at all for pro-"Oh, pshaw!" said Mrs. Hunt. "I'm

don't come here now, because - " She stopped abruptly, nervously finger-"I don't wish to hear any more. I am ing a pile of homespun towels in her hand. "Because it is so lonesome?" said I, And she went - went with Mrs. Leighton when she called for her - went with "Yes," she repeated, "because it is so to the city. a smiling face and an angry rebellious lonesome, of course. But if you young ladies will bring me a mess of blackber-The Wilvertons greeted her with effu- ries from the meadows some time, or married Mrs. Hunt, on conditions that Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children

So we were mutually satisfied. The photographic artist was a delightful acquaintance, but Mr. Dollard - the gentlewas a storm brewing in the domestic at- The former did not impress her very man who was writing a book—did not impress us so favorably. He was abrupt. He suffered and coughed, and made strange noises in his bronchial tubes. He had a little patent apparatus for making ent attentions; and altogether she was his own chocolate, and called the "cream puffs" and "floating island" which Mildred and I manufactured in Mrs. Hunt's milkroom, "trash."

"Like it here?" he curtly asked us one "Oh, yes!" Mildred cried, enthusiasti-Mr. and Mrs. Alison that night—very "See anything?" with an uplifting of

> "Everything," said I. "The views are heavenly. "Hear anything -eh ?" "The owls," said I, a little dubiously. 'But I don't dislike their noise, now that

> I know what it is." "Humph!" said Mr. Dollard. We had been at the Blue Rock for ten weeks now, and upon this lovely misty August evening we had wandered a little farther than our usual wont. Mrs. Hunt wanted some berries for jam, and we had our flat Indian baskets with us, and between the attraction of quiet woods, rippling brooks, and fern-fringed pastures full of blackberry tangles, we had somehow missed our path, and came out at a rude sort of ruin close on the railway track - the remains of a house cellar. whose gaping window seams were veiled by running vines and tall red lilies.

"I don't know this spot," said I, anxiously. "I have never seen it before." "But it isn't out of civilization," said Mildred, pointing to the steely glimmer of the railway tracks in the uncertain light. "See, Katie, we have only to follow up the track, and -" "Oh, yes, but don't you see that that takes us straight away from Blue Rock.

The station is four miles distant from home at the very least." "But isn't that better than losing our "It's about the Wilvertons. You see," way in the woods?" argued Mildred. 'I'm not certain about that," said I deliberately. "Let us just go on a bit farther; the path must be somewhere

> to sit down on a moss-enameled boulder "You are tired to death, Katie, said travel-worn gown and heavy boots was she. "Wait here, and I'll go and recon-

Mildred beckoned me authoritatively

"But you won't be gone long?" "Not five minutes," said she, cheer-

It seemed to me, however, as if I had waited four times that period of time, when, glancing suddenly up, I chanced to

see a man's figure leaning over the ruined wall, only a few feet distant from me. I started up, a little nervous. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said I, 'but perhaps you could tell me -"

andra before he was twenty-two. The I stopped short. The figure had ant Elizabeth of Bavaria when he was not emerged into the misty moonlight, and twenty-four. The present Czar of Russia was crossing the railway track. I sprang was twenty-one when he gave his hand to to overtake it. To my amazement, noth-Dagmar of Denmark, who was two years ing was there. his junior. King Humbert of Italy was

I looked up the track and down the twenty-four at the time of his marriage to track. There was no place where any one the fair Marguerite of Savoy, then a girl could possibly hide. But I certainly had of seventeen. The present King and seen a man steal out of the tall weeds that | Queen of the Belgians were the one eight-"Will you ring the bell for Lucy?" she "If he had asked me not to go," she said to her husband, very quietly. "I clustered around the tumble-down stonesaid, half penitently, "I might have want my bonnet and shawl. I am going work, and stand, ghostly and silent, on of their wedding. And the late King of thought better of it; but I won't be com- to see Mrs. Wilverton. She ought not to track. And equally certain it was that I Spain, Alphonso XII, was very little old-

Involuntarily I shrank back, starting as with his charming cousin Mercedes. He I felt a warm hand on my shoulder. "Oh, Mildred, is it you?" I cried. "Katie, who was that man? Where gent. And it was at the same age that

"Then," cried I, "it was not my imag- united to Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-"Of course I saw him. A short, stout | Prince Rudolph of Austria was twentyman dressed in gray, with a red handker- three at the date of his ill-starred union chief tied around his head." "The very same," I exclaimed, hysteri-

"Oh, Fred—you do forgive me for cally. "Oh, Mildred! Mildred! let's go "HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DIS-"Hush, dear," said Mildred. "We are "I need forgiveness, too, darling, for close to the path now. Do not tremble so. No internal medicine required. Cures having been so sullen," he answered We shall soon be at the farm-house." "Indeed, I am," was the defiant reply. earnestly, "and we will both forget and But, thrilled through with a sort of face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin vague dismay, I began to run, - and clear, white and healthy. Its great heal-Mrs. Leighton has offered me a seat in her | She lifted her face and kissed him softly. scarcely paused until we reached the ng and curative powers are possessed by "And poor Mrs. Wilverton, Fred! Will plateau upon which the old farm-house no other remedy. Ask your druggist you not go with me to see her? I do not was built. Mrs. Hunt was out in the for Swayne's Ointment. "I certainly shall not go," her husband like her really, though I have tried to; barn-yard milking—she herself personanswered firmly. "And I cannot believe but I cannot leave her to bear this alone." ally attended to all the details of her litmy little wife will go without me," he Mr. Alison held his wife in a close clasp. I tle establishment, — and Mr. Dollard was love to sleep on.

"I had not told you all, dear," he said. | walking ceaselessly up and down the | HOW THE MONTHS WERE NAMED. January is of Latin origin, from the

"Well," said he, interrogatingly, "you're Romans in honor of their so-called "god," "We-we got lost," stammered Mil-Janus, to whom the season of the year was sacred.

He glanced keenly at our pallid faces. "Ah," said he, "I see you've come across the ruin?" "The - ruin?" I repeated.

"An old cellar wall," said he, with a rague, explanatory movement of his hand. 'All grown up with weeds and brush. Ah! He built it, Mrs. Hunt's husband. He was going to have a brand-new house but he never got further than the cellar.' Mrs. Hunt's husband!" I repeated.

"And a bad fellow he was," said Mr Dollard. "Bad right straight through to the core, stout and short. A red bandan-Maia, the mother of Mercury and daughter na tied around his head, exactly like a of Atlas. pirate in picture books! Bad! bad! That's Mrs. Hunt's husband!" think of when they read the history of "But I thought she was a widow," said

I. "I thought he was — dead!" "So he is," said Mr. Dollard, calmly 'As dead as Methusaleh. Killed eight years ago, standing on the railway track, looking at the foundation of his new house that he'd squandered all his wife's savings in. An express train killed him dead. And a good job it was."

"But he can't be dead," cried I. "Be cause we've seen him to-night, Mildred "Stuff and nonsense," said Mr. Dollard,

reddening somewhat. "How could you

see a man who has been dead for eight hooted of windy nights, and whip-pooryears? Come. I ask you that." "He was stout and short," persisted Mildred, "with a red handkerchief tied across his forehead. And Katie called to him, and he started to cross the railroad track; and when he came to the middle of it-'

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Dollard Delusions, nervous hallucinations, inligestion. I could have told you so when I saw you eating those hard fried eggs this morning. Why, I'd as soon eat so much leather. If you'd live, as I do, on oatmeal mush and baked apples—but He says: mind you," with a quick, imperative

motion of his hand, "not a word of this to her. She's nervous about it. Naturally he was a villain, and she's well quit of him; but, then, women are queer, and he Mr. Dollard disappeared.

The young photographer was sitting inside, reading a two-day's-old newspaper by the lamp. "Now," said he, with a shrug of the has so few boarders. People don't take

glad to get boarders, anyhow. Folks, kindly to the idea of - a ghost!" I said nothing more, but followed Mildred to our room. And the next day-I regret to chronicle our pusillanimity with a laugh. "Oh, we don't mind that," but truth must be spoken - we went back | children while teething. If disturbed I have never been to Blue Rock since,

> for the future. So, at least, the young photographer told us last year, when he came to see Mildred. "And I have seen your ghost twice,"

where he vanished utterly out of sight." "How do you account for it?" said I. "Humph!" observed the young photo-

There are some things that can't be ac-

THE KHEDIVA OF EGYPT.

mirrors and candelabra and beautifully

inlaid and polished floors. The royal lady

graciously welcomed the plainly-dressed

who came before her in a costume unlike

anything ever seen in the presence cham-

ber before, for Miss Marsden, to quote her

own words, was limited to choice between

three severely plain uniforms, one

of which was crushed, the second very

creased and the third on my back, its

freshness all gone, likewise some of its

buttons," But the meeting was pleasant.

Tea was served in exquiste little cups

with no handles, and the plain woman in

made to forget, by the courtesy of her

royal hostess, that she was not in full

EARY MARRIAGES.

Lucy Hooper gives some interesting in

formation regarding early marriages

among the crowned heads. Queen Victoria

was married when she was not quite

twenty-one, and the Prince of Wales

espoused the charming Princess Alex-

Emperor of Austria took to wife the radi-

to the Princess Stephanic of Belgium.

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT."

court dress.

Miss Kate Marsden, the missionary to the lepers, who is now travelling to col- center of the table. The children then lect information about the stricken people | commence to blow toward it, each one tryto whose service she has consecrated her | ing to drive it from him off the table, if life, was invited, during her brief stay in Alexandria, to be presented to the Khedi- pass his right side and fall on the floor is va. Her highness the Princess Emineh- excused from the table, and stands in a Hanen, the Khediva, is the daughter of line by the wall. Each one who allows the late Prince El-Hamy-Pacha, and the ball to pass by and fall on the floor the mother of two fine boys and two retires in line. The longer the ball is pretty girls. She is a fine looking woman kept on the table, every one blowing as of about 30 years, with bright brown eyes, hard as possible, the more amusing the expressive enough to interpret the game becomes. - Table Talk. thoughts she could not put in words to her English visitors. She has an imposing figure, which was, on the occasion of the presentation, draped to advantage in a well-made black gown. The palace of the Khedive is a peculiar structure, paint-

A Long Lost Husband Turns up Under ed entirely white, surrounded by a court prettily decorated with green creepers and paved with a peculiar mosaic make of stones in two colors, all turned on their sides. The maids in attendance in the inner hall were all simply dressed alike in plain black and white dresses. Not a man was seen about the palace, whose furnishing is extremely plain and simple, the only pretty room being the central one, in which there were lovely

Eight months later Mrs. Thorn married happily together. One Friday morning who should knock at Mrs. Jones front door but her long-lost husband. The wife recognized him at once and then fainted Thorn, after remaining two days as the guest of Jones and wife, left for his home in Knoxville, Tenn. He now says that he is sorry for what he did, but will not listurb his wife's present happiness.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

word Januarius, named by the ancient

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WHITE S. MACHINE,

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P. S.—On hand, a large stock of

URGANS.

One of our city undertakers relates a lit-

money Refunded.

tle incident which illustrates the power of prayer in a way different from that which is taught by orthodox ministers

"I had a funeral the other day. It was the child of a poor family; but few people and no minister were at the grave. I pitied them; it looked so desolate and forlorn that I made a prayer at the last myself, although I had never done the like anywhere before."

February comes from the Latin word

Februarius, derived from februm, which,

in the Sabine language meant a "purga-

tive," hence comes the noun Februra,

which signified the Roman festival of

March is named in honor of Mars, the

April derived its name from the Latin,

Aprilis, and that from Aperire, which

May is a name, the origin of which

June is the name that all will readily

the goddess Juno. In this month she

eemed, from all accounts, to be greatly

July is in honor of the great Roman,

August was named in honor of the

September was the seventh month of

the Roman year, as they commenced with

March, and consequently derived its

name from the Latin word, septem, mean-

October being the eighth month of the

year, derives its name from octo, meaning

November is from novem, meaning

December is from the Latin word, de-

cem, ten, it being the tenth month of the

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

great Roman emperor, Augustus Cæsar.

Caius Julius Cæsar, who was born at this

comes from the Romans, in honor of

lustration and expiation.

loman god of war.

means to open.

worshipped.

eight.

Roman year.

season of the year.

"You didn't!" exclaimed his wife. "Yes, I did. I have heard it done so ften that it all came to me without thought. Besides that it did me good; shoulders, "you know why Mrs. Hunt I got three funerals last week which would never have come to me had it not been for the prayer."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been nsed by millions of mothers for their at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth but I understand that Mr. Dollard has send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. sion. But there was very few of her set help me with the dishes now and then, she exclusively adopts his style of cookery Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mstake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums R. BLACKMER, Both times on moony, misty evening, is- the taste. The prescription of one of the and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to suing out of the old ruin, and seeming to oldest and best female physicians and nurses walk as far as the middle of the track, 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-

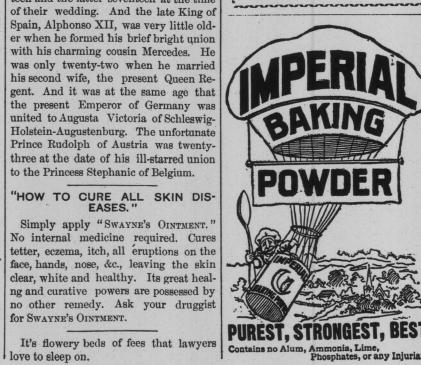
LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. grapher. "I don't account for it at all. A GAME FOR THE LITTLE ONES. One of the prettiest little games for children is called the "wool ball." The children are seated around a perfectly smooth topped table. A little raw wool is formed into a light ball and placed in the WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.

AFTER 18 YEARS.

An Enoch Arden case has just come to light in Wilkesbarre. Forty-six years ago George Thorn came to this country from England. In 1865 he married a Miss Dorrey A. Scranton, a Miss of 16. Four children were born to them. Then one morning Thorn had a quarrel with his wife and left home. Nothing was heard of him until five years later, when a copy of The New Orleans Picayune was received by his wife containing her husband's death

I took Cold, I took Sick,

I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE getting fat toe, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda Not Only cured My Incipient Consumption But Built ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.



We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer. Call and see us or write for prices. M'MURRAY & CO.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months,

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HALL'S BOOK STORE

Better Value! Greater Variety! Double Rolls!

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WALTHAM WATCHES in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases

Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc. and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store. A FULL LINE OF

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In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality.; ENGRAVING

William Jones. They are now living on COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.

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HAYING TOOLS.

85 Dozen Scythes, 30 " Snaths, 150 " Rakes, 40 " Hay Forks,

" Fork Handles,

For sale wholesale & retail. NEILL'S HARDWARE

STORE.

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Just Received one car load Grindstones, good grit

HARDWARE STORE. PURE PAINT OIL.

Direct Importation Just received per Steamer "Carthaginian" fro Liverpool 15 barrels pure Linseed Oil NEILL'S HARDWARE

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LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

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