### POETRY.

THE CALM THAT COMES AT EVENING.

There's a calm that comes at evening, When the weary day is o'er. That's as soothing as the lullaby Our mothers sang of yore. And though the day be dreary I can just forget it all.

In the calm that comes at evening, When the twilight shadows fall.

I can see my sweetheart's signal From her waving window blinds; I can feel her perfumed presence Wafted to me on the winds . When I hush my heart to hear her, I can almost understand

Her sweet welcome in the wimple Of the wind wave from her hand. When she laughs, it's like the music Of the ripples on the rills, And her breath is like the fragrance Of the flowers that deck the hills. And though the day be dreary I can just forget it all.

In the calm that comes at evening, When the twilight shadows fall. -[Cy Warman in New York Sun.

## SELECT STORY.

## QUEEN OF HIS HEART.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED.

"I knew of no one else in Leicester," she ended with a sigh, little heeding how the words cut him. "You know I am always ready and

can I do for you now?"

the air will do you good," he said.

wanted by the sick woman up stairs just then, for a trained nurse had come from Leicester early that morning, and Mrs. Gordon was quite happy with her, rethrough.

On either side grew high hedges of elder | Evelyn should reign as queen. was heavy with the perfume of flowers; bees were humming in the sunshine; and country and not likely to re-appear; Mrs. high over head, a speck in the misty Gordon a hopeless invalid, and Evelyn I am here. What is it?" he asked. blue of heaven, a lark was pouring forth | free to be won by him. As he realized | his song. The indescribable peace of the fully the extent of the joy which had softly. sation flagged between them, and they

gate on the top bar of which Nigel rested tearing open the envelope, took out a but are beloved by them. his arms, furtively watching his sweet- sheet of paper written over in pencil. heart's face, while she surveyed the broad | She read it carefully through twice, then stretching fields of ripening corn, with the distant picturesque yillage peeping away she knew not whither. It was through the trees, and beyond more fields and woods melting into a golden haze. "Would it not make a picture?" Evelyn went on dreamily and Carlyle answered "Yes," without glancing at it.

To him she was infinitely more charming and beautiful than any landscape. He never wearied of watching her, and as he let his eyes dwell upon her now, he thought he had never beheld a fairer sweeter woman; then suddenly he saw the wistful dreamy expression change to color fled from her face, leaving it like second though, and the color was ebbing back again, and the blue eyes had darkened to blackness. Poor Carlyle! he said no word, but his lips closed in a firm hard line, for through the nodding rustling corn a man was coming towards whose tanned skin took a dull red hue Evelyn bowed and turned to go, but set you free. Carlyle said with a short laugh-

"You cannot run away from your friend

He was close to them then, and the "A fine looking fellow," Carlyle remarked after some minutes.

"Yes." "Have you known him long?" "Yes-at least since last autumn."

"Then he is a Brighton man?" one time," Evelyn said, wishing he would she intended to make him suffer for it, seemed satisfied for he said no more.

## CHAPTER V

A FEW weeks later and Grey Friars was furniture were all to be sold. Evelyn had taken a cottage in Devonshire where she, her mother, the nurse and two servants were going to stay for a time.

The wedding had not yet been fixed for any date; in fact after that meeting direct mention of the future. He was as what he had come for. devoted as ever, but less lover like, and Evelyn seeing the difference thought he too was growing tired of her, and the thought that she was unable to keep any her cheeks. He looked at her closely. man's love gave a tinge of bitterness to She was unusually formal in her manner her otherwise gentle nature.

As for Carlyle—he knew the end was that he felt repulsed. at hand; he had never forgotten Evelyn's face as Sir Ralph had come to her through the ripening corn; he told himself it was engraved on his heart, burnt in with the fierce agony he had endured during those few seconds. He felt it would be im- seemed to have deserted her. possible to marry her now, to call her wife and to know that there was a man living whose very presence could rob her | murmured, "Indeed!" face of its color, and make those eyes

be other than a friend; never anything the dearest wish of my life." her free, give her back the liberty he her hero. knew she would rejoice in. And yet, after all, he did not wait, but acting on a "It is too late," she said, more to herself that to him, but he cried earnestly—

"It is too late," she said, more to herself that to him, but he cried earnestly—

to sour, in which state it will keep for the horses, for generous impulse, played into his rival's

Evelyn; he loved her so well himself, he little weary gesture. "A few months ago could not understand any man passing and it would have been different. I did Ar ocarpaceœ family, allied to the bread this is all changed, and from being the her by. So when, on one occasion, he love you once, Sir Ralph, but it died out overtook the baronet whilst riding, he for want of something to feed on." pulled up his horse and addressed him, "But now surely it will wake into life Indies where the bread fruit was planted, servant, the horse, and not as some farmasking a trivial question about the road to | again?" he pleaded.

"You must excuse me," he said with dis- wealth and a position of power, and I FROM SANTOS IN 111 DAYS. tant politeness, "but my mare is too fresh love you very dearly."

to stand." engaged to me, kindly contradict it; it | Sir Ralph."

blinded with the miserable despair which given. suddenly overwhelmed him.

like a groan, a cry of bitter anguish; and said. then he clenched his fist and drove on, like a man who had parted with every hope of happiness.

Far away in the sunny distance Sir carry out that engagement; she had cared him for any other reason. for him, she felt sure of it now. He rethe sorrowing eyes; and then afterwards was the man she once had cared for. when they had met, and before in the that fellow who had ridden away on his Nigel had he waited." sleek bay horse with his head held high, just to show that he did not mind being the way was long and the time was short

Sir Ralph smiled as he muttered "Poor glad to come," he said quietly. "What devil!" and dismissed him from his she rushed in. She caught a glimpse of "Only advise me," and then related noon to Evelyn and at last hold her in unconsciously held out her hands with a the events of the past evening; there his arms and kiss those delicate lips as he were so many sides to the question, so had so often longed to do; and he would had gone and she was alone. much to be thought of and talked over, let that ruffled auburn head rest on his that after a while Carlyle suggested they | breast whilst he played with and carressed now everything would be different.

As Sir Ralph passed through the flick- love, queen of his loyal heart. ering sunlight and shadow he thought lating the many love scenes she had gone over the improvements he would make; alone letting her tears fall unheeded from it should be a little palace over which dusk and knelt beside her.

straight at last. Gordon was out of the her voice.

crushing it in her hand walked hastily true: he had wearied of her and had thrown her over.

Her heart grew heavy with a sense of miserable disappointment. Did nobody care for her in all the wide world? Was she to live her life without sympathy or She shivered as she pictured the future, dreary years to come

one strained and painful; every trace of ly. "Surely it will not survive this last over them so short a time before?

when he perceived the couple at the gate. obliged to go up town to-day, so write to

Ever your sincere friend, NIGEL CARLYLE."

"He might have come to tell me," she | coals as they need it," says Ober. said with a flash of her angry eyes, and girl shook hands and introduced the two then she tore the letter in two and afterwards into fragments. She took the ring

man of the world, who was the em-

He took her proffered hand and let it go by cuttings—the seeds being entirely suddenly finding it passing hard to say

"I met Carlyle this afternoon," he began, and Evelyn merely responded, "Indeed!" though the hot color flamed in

he resumed gently. Evelyn felt that for the life of her she could say no more, the power of speech

"Directly I heard you were free I came

her new home, he would write and set love from the man who had once been like baked bread, he puts quantities of it

me away." He firmly believed Sir Ralph cared for "It is too late," she repeated with a

"You will find it rather rough," Sir she said with gentle decision. "And chain, even invading the forest edges to added strain in the hot summer months. Ralph replied coldly. He could not after all it was only a girlish fancy. I find a companion in the trumpet tree,

"Not very dearly," Evelyn said with a "I did wish to speak to you," Carlyle faint smile. "Had you done so you would said firmly. "You are a society man, not have hesitated as you did. I feel so which I am not. If at any time you much older and wiser than I did, and I should hear a report that Miss Palmer is see it all so clearly. You were afraid,

might not be pleasant for her to have her Although she spoke so quietly her

"You had so little faith in me, and "Lost!" The word fell from his lips now I do not wish to marry you," she and the Atwood, and after the Health "I was a fool!" he broke out angrily. her to the city.

"Good-bye." And when he had gone Evelyn took a

But that interview with Sir Ralph had membered how he had taken his avowal opened her eyes, and she believed that of love, the shy sweet troubled face with Nigel had discovered Sir Ralph Tempest "I have changed, utterly changed," she winter. Yes, Sir Ralph felt very certain told herself as she hurried to the station;

she had always cared for him, and not for and I do believe I should have cared for And then she quickened her pace, for

-and after all she was too late! The train steamed from the station a thoughts. He would go that very after- | Carlyle's face at a carriage-window and cry of "Nigel, come back;" and then he

Ah! how her lonely heart ached-and how she loved him—she realized it all as the little curls that grew about the nape she walked slowly home-loved him with 'You are looking pale and fagged, and of her neck and fair smooth forehead. a true steadfast love that she felt could And what a lovely mistress she would never grow less, and yet all her life would It was such a glorious day it seemed a make to that grand though gloomy old have to be spent without him. Never sin to stay indoors, and Evelyn was not castle of his, which he had left to the again would she feel his adoring eyes hours he suddenly gained strength, got up less Corn and Wart Cure, the great care of servants for so many years; but following her every movement, knowing and walked through the streets down to corn cure. Always sure, safe and pain she was faultless in his sight—his life's his ship. He got well."

And that evening while she was sitting how he should decorate and furnish till her eyes, he came to her in the deepening

"Oh !-Nigel, is it you?" she whispered, flower, roses and honeysuckle; the air The crooked paths had indeed come with all her great gladness thrilling in "You told me to come back, dear, and

"Only-that I love you," she whispered summer's morning calmed and soothed opened out to him he wheeled his mare "Only!" he echoed passionately. "Oh! Evelyn's vexed mind as nothing else sharply round and rode briskly towards Evelyn, my darling!"—and then he took ever the driver of the dead wagon t Evelyn was sauntering about the garden | would never let her go. And-oh! the had brought her a letter which had been happy for two lives at least; and Mrs. "Is not this a perfect view?" Evelyn left by the hostler of the inn. It was Nigel Carlyle was one of those lucky said, presently pausing by a low white from Nigel she saw at a glance, and slowly women who not only love their husbands,

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

### Nature's Best Gift to Primitive Man-Food, Clothes, and Many Luxuries.

The bread-fruit tree, Artocarpus incisa, of the Islands of the South Seas, grows love? How hard it would be for her. forty to fifty feet high, the fruit being dull and joyless, devoid of all interest. then brown, and turning yellow when She could not bear to look forward to the fully ripe. It is from five to eight inches in diameter, and tastes insipid when "My poor vanity!" she laughed bitter- cooked. I could not determine what the taste was like, unless it were grocery shock," and then she smoothed out the store brown paper. In Samoa and Tahiti

I feel I cannot hold you to your engages solely where the bread fruit is not grown. rites of the church. And he got well too, the cantain save of the church. And he got well too, the cantain save of the church. The cantain save of the church and he got well too, the cantain save of the church. The cantain save of the church and he got well too, the cantain save of the church. The cantain save of the church and he got well too, the cantain save of the church. The cantain save of the church and he got well too, the cantain save of the church and he got well too. ment any longer. You do not care for It dispenses entirely with the labor of the the captain says. them—a handsome haughty looking man | me, I know, and a marriage between us | agriculturist, the miller, the baker; there pared, and have only to place it on the

standing by the window. It was he, the seems to be acquired taste with some furnaces had nearly put out the fires. whom I have heard praise it. This is the | The captain said "I think I have beatbarassed one, not the girl who said quite seed-bearing bread fruit which grows en the record," and he is right. throughout Polynesia, but the true bread "You have come to bid us good-bye." of the Moluccas, which is propagated only

aborted by cultivation - is a different If a Polynesian plants twenty ordinary

bread fruit trees he is independent for say but little don't say my affection for ful tree is one of the choicest gifts of her carriage and was driven to the s Never in all this wide world could she | you is small. To make you my wife is | nature to the brown man of the tropic seas. Its deeply lobed, dark green glossy in a hole in the ground, often twenty

couple of tons. "Oh, no; that would be impossible," tent than in any other of the Caribbean care necessary to enable him to stand the bring himself to be friendly with Evelyn's lover, and hardly stopped his horse allowing it to move impatiently forward. Shall always like you but nothing more."

Shall always like you but nothing more."

Which looks like it. It grows on plantations, in groves, and in the deeper valleys in a wild state.

Itch, mange and scratches of every which looks like it. It grows on plantations, in groves, and in the deeper valleys in a wild state.

Warranted by Davis, Staples & Co.

Grewsome Stories Brought by the Tramp

The British steamship Dorset, with a crew recruited from nearly all the nations of the earth, had just enough steam in name mixed with mine, and as I am words stung him with their ring of disher up to Quarantine in New York on her patched and leaking boilers to get leaving England at once I shall have no dain. Yes, he had been so long making Sunday morning last. She had been all up his mind to ask Evelyn to be his wife, the morning creeping along the Jersey He turned and rode away then, and so mistrustful of her, that she with her coast. Her stokers toiled and sweated as then only did his face show something of quick woman's instinct had divined his they never had before to keep the propelwhat those words had cost him; a cold thoughts, and now when he offered her ler turning, and they were exhausted clammy moisture stood on his forehead, his love, she felt that it was worthless when the hapless tramp got abeam of and his eyes were fixedly staring ahead, and undesired, because so grudgingly Quarantine. Her boilers gave out completely then. Captain Daniel Couch summoned three tugs, the Dalzell, the Lohman Officer had passed the ship they brought

Never had any steam craft spent so many days on a voyage from Santos, 'Bradshaw,' and having carefully studied Brazil. The Dorset's usual time from the Ralph watched him go out of sight; he it, found that Nigel Carlyle could not fever-infected port is twenty-one days. had quieted his impatient steed with leave for London before five; it then This time she made it in 111 days. She wonderful rapidity when the astounding wanted twenty minutes to the hour. If left four of her officers and five of her be classed as cruel or inhuman. A fivenews fell upon his ears; he was filled with she walked very fast she might reach the crew in the graveyard at Santos. The great amazement and greater relief. Evi- station in time to bid him good-bye—she officers were Chief Mate S. W. Page, Chief calves. dently she had found it impossible to would not admit that she wished to see Engineer R. Peters, Third Mate Peel and Donkey Engineer Van Dern Wingert. Capt. Couch caught the fever first. He

spent two weeks in hospital at Santos, and everal weeks recuperating in the highlands of San Paolo. The larger part of the Dorset's crew left her at Santos, and shipped for this port on the steamship Stan

Capt. Couch says he received little atention at the hospital, where there were no physicians who could understand English. He tells some gruesome yarns, of that he ever used. which his nautical countrymen were the heroes. This is one:

"An apprentice from a bark that had lost nearly all of her crew by the fever was Business is business. A man is entitled reported dead and buried by the Santos to get all he can for anything he sells. aboard ship. He wore only a winding sheet. He said he had been carted off to the dead house under a layer or two of Of my tormenting corns; get rid of them corpses. He knew this but was unable to without pain; get rid of them quickly move or cry out. After he had been shut and effectually, without possibility of rein with fifty or more corpses for several turn? The answer is, use Putnam's Pain-

It was suggested to the captain that he other. - Frauds are in the market. Don't might be able to recall other remarkable | run the risk of ruining your feet with recoveries from the fever. Thereupon he such caustic applications. settled himself more comfortably in his steamer chair and spun this yarn:

the fever are buried in trenches outside of not get a thing to eat for three days. Miss Santos. Sailors who leave their ships and | Figg - Goodness! Didn't you have any fall victims to the disease fare like other canned goods along? Chollie - Yaas, poor folks. The bodies are carried to the but I lost me fork. cemetry in boxes in a wagon. The boxes are used over and over again. Not far from the cemetry is a tavern, and when- | Or do you suffer from noises in the head tavern for a drink .Just before the Dorset lars for home cure which cost compara when one of the children from the lodge days which followed were bright and left Santos an English seaman, who, it was tively nothing. A splendid work on deaf thought, was dead, was riding to the cem- ness and the ear. Address: Prof. G etery in a box with two real corpses beside | Chase, Orillia, Ont.-13 w. him and several underneath. The wagon jolted a good deal, and the sailor began to around him. He didn't know how long the Chinese must go; this won't. he had been dead, but he knew it had been long enough to make him thirsty. He got up in his winding sheet, climbed

self and the other corpses to the hospital. It. He surprised the hospital doctors some. They put him in bed he got well too." The second mate of the Dorset, who was crumpled paper and read again the words the tree yields a succession of two or church opposite, because the hospital was which appeared so scant and cold. How three crops during eight months in the overcrowded. He was unconscious. When could she guess of the rigid face bent year. "Its fruitfulness is said to exceed he came to and found himself stretched even the generous plaintain, upon which out on the altar he thought he had a propthe natives of the tropics subsist almost | er, but premature funeral, according to the

The Dorset had much trouble getting a must mean misery. I am unexpectedly need be no care for seed time or harvest; crew at Santos to bring the ship to this there is no thrashing, no grinding, no port. Seamen from fever-infected places kneading; in fact, the islanders of the will not ship for less than \$22, which is and you will be treated like an angel. South Seas have their bread ready pre- \$6 more than their usual monthly pay in Wealthy Maiden — Yes, I suppose so. handed on April 10, and met a cyclone on | thank you. This placing on the coals is a picturesque her way to Rio Janeiro. She rolled and affair, like a Rhode Island clambake. pitched after the wild fashion of all tramps The fruit is cut up, the core removed, and and her boilers began to leak. She was from her finger and tossed it lightly up hot stones having been placed in a hollow ten days getting to Rio, where she patched and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 and down in her palm, a scornful hard in the earth and covered with leaves and up her boilers. She sailed thence to Bahia, days. Its action upon the system is resmile on her face all the time. After- hot stones, on which more bread fruit is where she remained seven weeks repairwards she went into the house to pack up laid, then another layer of leaves and ing her boilers. It was a poor job/the once the cause and the disease immediately stones, and on top of all earth is heaped | Brazilian workmen made of it, and before | disappears. The first dose greatly beneto a depth of six inches or more. The the ship got half way to Barbadoes the fits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, hot-stone bake lasts about thirty minutes | boilers were "leaking like a lobster pot." | Staples & Co. believe. I knew his aunt very well at after all, she thought, but woman-like and the result is a brown piece of natural The native mechanical talent of Barbabread, white, or perhaps yellow inside does was thirteen days running up bills and running up to her room waited for and very nutritous. Some think it more against the Dorset. The boilers leaked but after those questions his curiosity the servant to bring his name so that she like the plantain than wheat bread. It worse than ever when she got out to sea. might say, "Not at home;" but when is almost tasteless when cooked green, Twice the fires were drawn, and while the Sir Ralph's card was handed to her she but is highly appreciated by experts when ship sluggishly moved northward under was so taken by surprise she had nothing allowed to ripen just a little; not to the sail, the engineers and firemen calked the to say, and after a few minute's hesita- yellow state, however, when it has a de- cracks in the boiler plates. The calking caved flavor. I found it impossible to was forced out, and when the ship got to drawing-room, where her visitor was like it very much in any state, but it Quarantine the water dripping into the

you free, but I never want to see your life, unless his enemy destroy them. The face again." With these words Mrs. W. constant feuds of various tribes in the W. Ward handed to her husband a parher cheeks. He looked at her closely. She was unusually formal in her manner to-day, and held her hand up so haughtily that he felt repulsed.

"I understand he is leaving England," to fine present the present of the bark of the bread fruit makes good cloth-but coarser than the "tapa" made from the paper mulbury tree. The wood is soft and light, of a rich yellow, turning to mahogany in use, just right for the dugcure a pardon for her husband. She has the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and "He also told me that your engagement was broken of," and once again Evelyn out canoe. Then the milky juice obtained by puncturing the bole is used as a gum. Then the milky juice obtained by puncturing the bole is used as a gum. Then the milky juice obtained with officers and courts, and at last "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrur" for Another use is to spread it about as a bird lime, to catch the feathered songsters of which were his heaven, blacken beneath to beg of you to give yourself to me. I the woods. A preparation is also made to the prison, she handed Ward his partheir long lashes. Before he believed love you most sincerely and truly; I will for tattooing. Usually the Polnesian's don through his cell bars, and said in ty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all drug that she had loved; now he knew she did love, and his heart sickened within him love, and his heart sickened within him love. I cannot rave and tear my hair as a sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Usually the Folhestan's cool tones, "That sets you free, but I never want to see your face again," she turned love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Usually the Folhestan's cool tones, "That sets you free, but I never want to see your face again," she turned love. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Usually the Folhestan's cool tones, "That sets you free, but I never want to see your face again," she turned love. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love you most sincerely and truly; I will love tattooing. Sometimes breadfruit uprights and beams love to make your life a happy as he realized that she was lost to him fellow would in a novel, but because I are used. In fact this beautiful and use- almost faint, rushed out of the prison to boarded the next train for the east. Mrs. nearer or dearer. The great love, the grand passion of his life was wasted. He

The deep manly voice ceased and Evelyn wondered to find herself listening and its useful, if not luscious fruit, afford ousy, wholly without foundation, was the intended that, when she was settled in with perfect composure to an avowal of him shade and food, and if he does not cause of her husband's attempt to kill her.

When our fathers cut all their hay and "Child, do not say that—do not send months. Some of these silos hold a they could roam at will in the pasture field, and were only needed to draw the The indigenous trees of the West In- | crop to the barn; but now, with our mowdies and South America, which are of the ers, horserakes, tedders and heavy binders. fruit, are the bread nut of Jamaica, and easiest time it has become the hardest. the milk or cow tree of Demerara. St. While the farmer has his work made Vincent was the first island of the West lighter, he should not forget his faithful and there it has flourished to a greater ex- ers do, begrudge him the extra feed and

DEHORNING CALVES.

As there has been a good deal of discussion the last few years about dehorning cattle, allow me to give my experience in removing the horns, says a writer in the Farmers Advocate.

Two years ago this spring, I bought a five-cent stick of of caustic potash; after moistening the end of it, I rubbed thoroughly the heads of three calves. The result was that this spring, I found that two of them had not the sign of a horn, the third one has only two short stumps The two that have no horns, were only about a week old at the time of the application, the other one about three weeks old. Since that time I have bred from a red polled bull, and have no need to try the experiment again. This is the most simple and effective remedy I know of. The caustic should be applied when the calves are about a week old, or before the mine one application, but two no doubt, would be surer. The treatment gives the cent stick is sufficient for thirty or forty

AFTER TWENTY YEARS. Twenty years ago Thomas Simpson, of St. John, was restored to health from a condition of severe pains and great nervous prostration by Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic. Doctor's medicine had failed. Mr. Simpson still treasures the first empty tonic bottle, and now whenever he is unwell his remedies are found in Hawker's Tonic and Hawker's Liver Pills, the latter is the best pill, he says,

Mrs. Henry Peck - Isn't this terrible? A man in Pennsylvania sold his wife for

less. Putnam's Extractor. Use it and no

Chollie - No more camping-out non "All the bodies of the poor who die of sense for me. The last time I went I did

ARE YOU DEAF load from the dead house he stops at the valuable treatise containing full particu-

come to just as the wagon stopped in front | clock back and give me a Chinese clock of the tavern. The driver got out and instead. Tradesman - Why do you pre went in. The sailor sat up and looked fer a Chinese clock? Patron - Because

ENDURANCE OF PAIN out of the wagon, and went into the tay- thousands of sufferers from Piles. The seen in the Dutch East Indies and in many ern. The driver and the barkeeper ran use of Hawker's Pile Cure soothes the out of the rear door, and the apparition pain relieves the inflammation and makes went behind the bar and helped himself. a perfect and permanent cure. Price 50 round or slightly oval in shape, first green | Then he mounted the box and drove him- | cents. Sold everywhere. If afflicted try

Humph! said the lightning as he sign on that country house? (Reads) among those who took the fever, was among those who took the fever, was To Rent. Ah! I'll take the hint. And

> A COMFORT SOMETIMES. tion, then sometime only ease and com-

take this medicine in time to save your

something. He is immediately expelled for conduct unworthy of a gentlem English Spavin liniment removes all

ishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

obliged to chastise you in this way, Johnnie, is painful in the extreme. Johnnie (between sobs) - Yes; my extreme.

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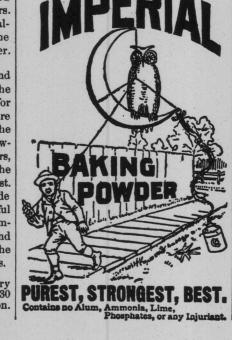
flashed through the skies. What's that

healthful latitudes. She sailed short- Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, I RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY .- South

> markabe and mysterious. It removes at Gus (at the club) - What are you doing boy? Cholly - I'm thinking about

hard, soft or calloused lumps and blem

Parent (wielding hair brush) - To be



The New Yost the only Perfect Writing Machine.

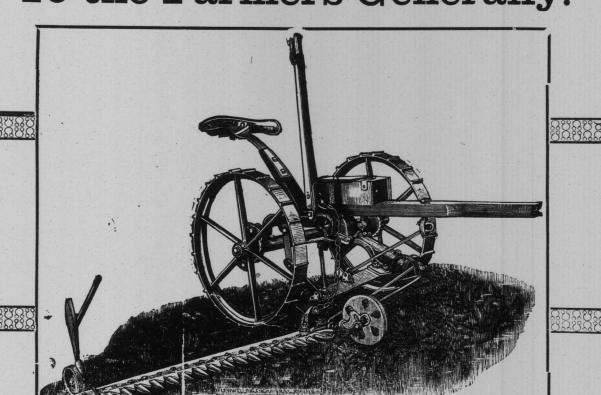
The Ribbon, the Shift-key and other antiquated devices discarded.

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