POOR COPY

GUANO.

Soluble Pacific Guano.

THE GREATEST FERTILIZER IN THE MARKET

Those who have used it pronounce it to be the Best they have ever used and are doubling their orders.

ALSO IN STORE:

SEED BARLEY,
P. E. I. SEED OATS,
SEED BUCKWHEAT.

W. E. MILLER & CO.,
155 and 159 QUEEN STREET.

Fredericton, March 5

J.W.TABOR

Has Just Received a

CHOICE LOT OF TEAS.

Comprising 1 lb., 2lbs., and 5 lbs. Baskets.

SUGARS, YELLOW EXTRA, STANDARD EXTRA AND GRANULATED.

FLOUR--Buda, Harvest Moon, Crystal, White Pidgeon, etc.

Fresh Corn Meal, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Meal & Grain.

SOAPS--Surprise, Electric, Sea Foam, Century, Linen Towel, Toilet, Baby's Own, Princess, Oatmeal, Rose Boquet, etc.

APPLES---Baldwin, Pippins, Nonpareil, Evaporated and Native Dry.

Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Beets, Beans, Beef and Pork.

CHRISTIE, BROWN & CO.'S CELEBRATED BISCUITS; EARTHENWARE, GLASSWARE AND CUTLERY.--CANNED GOODS IN BEEF LOBSTERS OYSTERS, TONGUE BEANS, TOMATOES CORN, STRING BEANS PEACHES, PINE APPLES AND PRESERVES. CUCUMBER PICKLES MIXED PICKLES BOTTLED PICKLES.

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, and Choice Groceries. For sale low at COR. KING & WESTMORLAND STS

Fredericton, Feb. 14.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

Canned Goods.

CORN, TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS,
PINE APPLES, PEACHES, OYSTERS,
LOBSTERS, SALMON, CORN BEEF,
LUNCH TONGUE, POTTED HAM,
Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee.

FOR SALE LOW AT

S. L. MORRISON'S

Queen Street, Cor. of York.

Fredericton, June 21st, 1888.

Baird's Balsam of Horehound.

For the relief and cure of obstinate Coughs, Irritation of the Throat, Sore Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, &c. Baird's Balsam of Horehound is composed of choice gums and other vegetable remedial agents that soothe and allay the most obstinate Cough. It produces easy expectoration, is very healing in its nature, and by its Tonic properties, strengthens the muscles of the Throat and give tone and vigor to the organs of speech. Baird's Balsam of Horehound will give relief as if by magic. Price 25 cents. At all dealers.

WE KNOW

A MAN ON THE ROAD TO RICHES,

Simply because he puts his money into Goods that give him satisfaction. Here is a few of those self same Goods.

PARLOR SUITES in Hair Cloth at $42.50.
We also have them at all prices, from $33.00 to $100.00.

BEDROOM SETTS in Hardwood at $25.50.
We also have Bedroom Setts as low as $16.00 as well as the more expensive Setts.

STAND LAMPS a Real Beauty at $1.00.

We still continue to sell SILVER PLATED WARE at remarkably Low Prices.

LEMONT & SONS.

Fredericton Feb 26

RECEIVED TO-DAY.

Cape Cod Cranberries, Florida Oranges, S. C. Hams and Bacon, New Dates and Figs, Mixed Pickles in kegs, Cucumber Pickles in kegs, English Biscuit in tins, New Raisins and Currants.

APPLES. APPLES.

IN STORE BEFORE THE COLD WEATHER.

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

20 KEGS GRAPES'

W. R. LOGAN.

Queen Street, Fredericton.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.

Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for

SLEIGHS & PUNGS

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

PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.

Leave Your Orders Early.

EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton Oct. 6th, 1887.

NARKA,

THE NIHILIST.

(Continued.)

They both entered the study together. Basil went straight to his desk, unlocked it and took out a bundle of letters.

'I want you to keep these for me,' he said; 'but I won't give them to you unless you are certain you can secrete them beyond any chance of discovery.'

'You may give them to me,' Narka replied, and he gave them to her.

Nothing more was said: they knew that one was offering and the other accepting a trust which involved terrible possibilities to both.

'And now I have something else to tell you,' Basil said. 'They have trapped me; a warrant is out for my arrest.'

'Ah! you know!' Narka exclaimed, almost relieved at not having to break the news to him, 'Ivan told me; but they have not caught you yet. There is time to escape.'

'Escape is out of the question. The house is watched, and I have been followed all the way from X. I met the Stanovoi there, and he announced the good news to me.'

'*He* told you about it? Then he offered you some alternative, some chance of escape?'

'He did; but I can't take advantage of it; I haven't got the money. Every available ruble has been raised for Father Christopher's ransom. I called at Ivan's on my way here; but he is absent. That was my one chance, and I have missed it.'

'What is the sum?' Narka said, a sudden hope making her heart leap.

'Fifty thousand rubles. And to be paid by nine o'clock to-night.'

'Basil, I have got the money. Listen!' Her face was flushed; her great eyes shone; her voice trembled with palpitating joy that filled her eyes as she hurriedly told him about the legacy. And now she had only to go to X. and fetch it. Oh, what a blessed mercy that it came just in time! I will ride in at once; it is now half past four; a good horse will take me there and back in two hours and a half. There will be no delay; I will be here again by seven o'clock—in time for dinner. No one need know I have been absent. It will be quite easy; there is plenty of time.'

She was turning away in a tremor of excitement when Basil arrested her.

'Narka,' he said, laying his hand on her arm, 'you are a noble-hearted friend; but do you think I am such a pitiful dog as to take this money from you?'

'What do you mean?' she said, looking at him in bewilderment. 'Is it because it is mine that you would refuse it? Oh, Basil!'

There was a cry of pain in her voice as from a wounded creature; there was a confession too in it that betrayed the secret of her heart.

'I would take anything from you,' he said, conscious of a slight shock and of a sudden burst of tenderness toward her; 'but you can't give it to me without sacrificing yourself and your mother. Heaven knows when I could repay it. No, I can't be such a brute as to rob Tante Nathalie!'

'And you think it will be less brutal to kill me? Yes it will kill me if they arrest you, for I know, and so do you, what will happen once you are in their hands. My mother knows nothing about this money; she need never know until you can give it back to us. Oh, Basil! Basil! don't refuse me; it will kill me if you do!' Her voice broke, her eyes were raised to his, brimful of tears and saying as plainly as ever eyes of woman spoke, 'I love you!'

Basil was moved to the core of his heart. He forgot that he was Prince Zorokoff, and that Narka was a low born Jewess; he forgot everything except that this beautiful girl loved him, and was offering her all to save him.

He opened wide his arms. 'Narka!'

With a sob she sank into his embrace. For one long momemt he held her clasped. Then lifting her head from his shoulder, 'Yes I will take this money from you,' he said; 'but only on one condition: will you give me yourself with it? Have you the courage to be my wife?'

'I should give my life for you,' she answered.

He kissed her on the lips.

'Basil,' she said, 'I have loved you all my life.'

'Dearest, and so have I loved you.'

And he spoke the truth, but with a difference.

'I must be going,' she said, struggling away from him, but he tightened one arm round her.

'Wait a moment. We must pledge our betrothal first.' Drawing her toward a table, he unlocked a drawer and took out a diamond ring, a hoop of several beautiful stones. 'This was my mother's betrothal ring,' he said, slipping it on her finger. 'Wear it till you come back from X.; then let it hang as an amulet round your neck until I can place it on your finger before all the world.'

'May Sibyl not know?' she asked, with timid hesitation.

'No; let it remain a secret between ourselves until we meet. It will be another secret binding us together.'

He was alluding to the ransom she was giving him; but Narka grew pale.

'Yes,' she said, almost under her breath, 'it will be another bond between us.'

He kissed her again, and she hurried away, carrying with her the packet of letters he had entrusted to her,

Basil went to Marguerite's door and knocked; but getting no answer he went down to the dining room. Sibyl was there waiting for him, and sat with him while he partook of the meal that had been hastily ordered up. Basil was only four-and-twenty, and he was in rude health, and no amount of mental trouble could destroy his appetite, or take away the natural cravings of hunger.

Sibyl saw that he was too tired yet to care to talk much, so she busied herself helping him to good things, and kept up a lively flow of monologue, telling him all that had happened since his departure, the excitement in the village, Marguerite's illness, everything that could interest him and save him the trouble of answering further than by an occasional remark or question.

But while Basil was listening to Sibyl, his thoughts were elsewhere. He was in a strange state of mind and feeling. It seemed to him as if he had suddenly become another person, as if a new Basil had been added to the old one. He hardly realized yet what he had done, or what was to come of it. He had made a tremendous leap in the dark, and he was wondering where it had landed him. He had taken a step which must change the whole aspect and current of his life. He had done it without a moment's premeditation, on the spur of a sudden impulse of—passion, was it? or generous gratitude? He was not calm enough to analyze his own heart at this crisis, or balance nicely the conflicting forces which had moved him to ask Narka to be his wife. And what would Sibyl say? She loved Narka dearly, as dearly as if they had been sisters in flesh and blood; but this personal fondness was quite compatible with invincible repugnance to Narka as a sister-in-law; Sibyl's soft grace of manner was so entirely free from *morgue* as to lead her inferiors to believe she was altogether unconscious of any superiority toward them; but beneath this outward suavity there existed a spirit of family pride that was hard as flint and strong to fanaticism. How would she take the announcement that a Jewish trader's daughter was going to queen it over her as Princess Zorokoff, the head of the family?

This was not the only problem that was vexing Basil's soul while he ate his caviare and salad. The image of Marguerite kept forcing itself before his eyes with a persistency that was unwarrantably troublesome. He had long since recognized in his little French cousin a creature of a different mould from any that he had ever met; the charm of her brightness, her happy spirit, her child-like freshness of heart, had been working on him like a spell. He had been aware of this, and had not attempted to resist the influence; he knew that it was Sibyl's cherished dream that he should marry Marguerite, and he had been only held back from pursuing it by the fear that he had entangled himself in political engagements from which it would be cowardly and unfaithful to break loose. Still he had been in a dreamy, delicious way caressing possibilities, and it had struck him more than once that Marguerite would not have repulsed him. He was not vainer than most men, but he could not help seeing that she changed color sometimes under his glance, and that her saucy wistful eyes took a softer, a more timid expression when they met his; he had noted these signs with a pleasant sense of power unchecked by any scruples or remorse, for he had the consciousness of being quite willing, and he suspected able, to heal any wound he might make in her innocent young heart. But now he saw differently. The conscience smote him; he felt a pang at the thought of having perhaps involuntarily inflicted one on her. He longed to see her; he must see her once again. It would be with very different feelings now from those with which he would have met her an hour ago; but he thought of Narka, of her ripe, glowing beauty, her tender, self sacrificing love, and he would not let himself by so much as a passing sigh be unfaithful to the loyalty he had sworn to her.

Marguerite was in the drawing-room when he returned there with Sibyl. The meeting was much less awkward than Basil had feared. It was natural that he should be affectionately interested in his cousin, who looked still pale enough to warrant Sibyl's reproach that she had been tiring herself by writing letters.

'You must let me put you lying down, cherie,' Sibyl said, 'and Basil will tell us all about his journey while you are resting.'

But Basil protested regretfully that he could not enjoy this relief of sitting quietly and talking to them. He must go and tell Ivan Goff the good news before he could enjoy anything.

'We will send for him to come up and hear it,' suggested Sibyl.

'No, no; I must take it to him myself,' Basil replied, with a touch of impatience that silenced her. Ivan was a pretext for going to the Stanovoi to inform him that the money would be forth-coming. Basil could not tell Sibyl that he was under warrant of arrest; he felt unequal to the effort of having to console her, and, besides, he was not yet certain of being able to ransom himself. Narka might have some delay, the notary might be out, the key of his strong box might not be forth coming at once, an accident might have happened; who could tell? When luck is against a man, he must reckon with bad chances.

M. de Beaucrillon offered to accompany his brother-in-law, but Basil said that as Sophie was ill, Ivan might not be disposed to receive a visit. It was rather a lame excuse, but M. de Beaucrillon understood, as Sibyl did, that he wished to see Ivan alone, and did not press his company upon him. It was natural enough, Gaston said to himself, that, under the circumstances, Basil should fight shy of a Frenchman; the latter rather admired him for being ashamed of having a foreigner witness the way his country was governed. Poor fellow, he looked piteously worn, Gaston thought, as he noticed his sunken eyes and haggard, unkempt air, like that of a man who has not slept for nights.

Ivan was not at home, as Basil, who had met him at X., knew, but the Stanovoi was. He asked no questions. So long as he got the money, he did not care where it came from. He assumed that the French brother-in-law had come down with it; in fact, he had reckoned on this when he named so exorbitant a figure. The Zorokoffs were wealthy, but money was scarce at Yrakow; it all went to St. Petersburg, where the Prince made it fly as fast as he got it. The castle kept itself; there was plenty on the property of all that was wanted, and what the property did not provide was done without. The result was that odd mixture of lavish abundance and uncivilized discomfort, traces of which were even still visible in certain details, notwithstanding Sibyl's presence and the reign of orderly splendor that she brought with her.

The interview with the Stanovoi was short. Basil had nothing else to do in the village, and nowhere else to go, and two hours must elapse before Narka returned, giving all chances favorable. He could not bring himself to go back to the house and spend the interval with Marguerite and the others. The effort of deceiving them, and keeping the secret that was holding his very life in suspense, was more than he felt equal to. In another hour he would go back and quietly put up the few things he wanted to take with him.

The night had closed in, the moon had not risen, so it was nearly pitch-dark. Basil paced along the road, ruminating in bitter perplexity of spirit. Suddenly Peter, his dog, gave a low growl, and then an angry bark, as if warning off an enemy close at hand. Basil had no doubt but that some agent of the Stanovoi's was watching him. He struck a match, and looked at his watch. Narka had been nearly an hour and a half gone. It was time he went home, and got ready to start, assuming that he was to do so. He turned back, walking quickly, for the air was frosty, and his breath made a cloud before him as he went. Suddenly the moon rose, and a few stars sprang out in attendance, and the road, black a moment before, was filled with light. On one side there was a copse, towards which Peter's ill-will was directed, judging from the way he growled at it now and then. Basil, following the dog's indication, kept looking that way; the outer trees threw a tracery of shadow and sheen on the ground, but farther back it was all a chaos of stems; presently his eyes, sharpened by presentiment, descried the figure of a man stealing along through the woods. Basil was quite certain that he had been watched since he left X., but the sight of this spy, dogging him in the dark, made him realize the fact with a shock, and it seemed also to bring more vividly before him the nearness of the peril on the brink of which he stood. If Narka should be late, or fail in her errand—

How slowly the time dragged on! He quickened his step; his footfall rang sharp and clear on the hard road. Peter trotted on, and ceased to growl. Suddenly he stood, tail and ears up-pricked; then with a loud bark turned and dashed back down the road. Basil turned too, and listened. Was that the sound of galloping hoofs that he heard? Could it be Narka? He stopped smoking, he almost stopped breathing, as the sound drew nearer. Peter was barking violently, joyously. The horse came in sight. It was Narka. Basil stepped into the middle of the road, where the brilliant moonlight shone unobstructed by a shadow, and waved his hand. She pulled up, and in a moment he was beside her.

'Here it is,' she said, in a cautious tone, stooping over him. 'I will ride on, and leave this poor beast at the stables, and wait for you in the court.' She unclasped the heavy bag that was fastened round her waist, and Basil took it and walked on rapidly after her.

On entering the outer court he ordered a groom to get ready a carriage with four stout horses. He then walked on into the second court; he was about to enter the house when some one stepped forward and said, 'Does your Excellency want to speak to me?'

'Ah! it is you. Yes, I want to speak to you,' Basil replied, with a short laugh. 'Very considerate of you to turn up just at the right moment. Come in here, will you?'

The Stanovoi followed him into the house, and they entered a room close at hand. Basil struck a light. They were closeted for a few minutes—just long enough to count the money.

'Now, Excellency, depart with speed, and don't let the grass grow under your feet till you have passed the frontier.'

The Stanovoi bowed low, and hugging his bag, went out.

Narka was waiting in the entry when Basil re-appeared. The tawny flame of an oil lamp gave enough light to let them see each other. Basil caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Then brusquely releasing her, he turned to ascend the stairs, and flew up to his room.

Narka, in a tumult of bliss and agitation, went up to hers. She was shaken to pieces by her mad ride; but there was no time to rest; there was no time to think. She must be ready to go to Basil before he went downstairs, and say good-by to him alone before going through the ceremony of doing so in the drawing-room. She divested herself quickly of her riding-habit, and proceeded to attire herself in a dress of white cashmere that Basil admired; it was a fantastic garment of her own contrivance, made with much artistic effect, but quite regardless of fashion. She clasped a dead-gold band round her waist, and fastened a crimson rose in her hair, and with a great joy and a great terror in her heart went to seek Basil, but as she reached the broad landing on which his room opened she saw M. de Beaucrillon standing at the door. It was a terrible *contretemps*; there was nothing to be done, but she must go down-stairs, and trust to Basil managing to find a moment alone with her before he fled. She found Sibyl in the drawing-room.

To be Continued.

OVER WORKED Women.

For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES.

ONE HUNDRED CASES

CONSISTING OF

American, Goodyear, and Canadian

RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES.

FIRST QUALITY. CALL AND EXAMINE BEFORE SPENDING YOUR MONEY.

NELSON CAMPBELL

Fredericton, Nov. 1

D. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

DON'T BLAME ME

If the dark days come and the Oat Bin is empty.

1300 Bushels

PRIME OATS!

At the Station. For sale low before Storing.

ELY PERKINS.

Fredericton, March 9

ODDS AND ENDS.

An epidemic of scarlet fever in portions of Dakota is attended with unusual fatality.

EIGHTY PER CENT of the human race according to a high authority, suffer from one or other form of blood taint. Never allow this latent evil to develop into serious disease while the blood can be kept pure and the system clean by proper precautions, such as using Burdock Blood Bitters, whenever any scrofulous symptoms appear. No medicine equals B. B. B. as a blood cleanser.

The society girl may not know everything but she can paralyse those who do, just the same.

TRY TO BENEFIT OTHERS.—"I had a very bad pain in my side of which one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil made a complete cure. I hope that this may be of some benefit to those who read it." A. R. T. Walker, 442 High St, City. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a specific for all inflammatory pain.

It will, of course, come under the head of current news when criminals are executed by electricity.

THE LETTER THAT CAME from Mr. J. Hayden, 139 Chatham St. Montreal, says: "I was troubled for years with billiousness and liver complaint, and I never found any medicine to help me like Burdock Blood Bitters, in fact one bottle made a complete cure."

Bishop Huntington says the church is becoming a club house to the exclusion of the poor.

A FEEBLE FAILURE.—Many persons become feeble and fall in health from disease of the blood, liver, kidneys and stomach when prompt use of Burdock Blood Bitters, the grand purifying and regulating tonic, would quickly regulate every bodily function and restore to perfect health.

A Chinese family, consisting of six persons, can live comfortably for a month on $7 in their native land.

IMPORTANT TO WORKINGMEN.—Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries as well as painful cords, stiff joints and lameness. To all this trouble we would recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil the handy and reliable pain cure for outside or internal use.

Virgil Jackson was hanged at Utica, N Y, the other day for the murder of Norton Metcalf on Jan. 29, 1888.

A LIFE OF EASE.—Miss Lizzie Ratcliff, writing from Falkirk, Ont., says: "I had such a cough I could not sleep and was fast going into consumption; I tried every thing I could hear of without relief, but when I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam I soon got ease. It is the best medicine I ever tried." Lizzie Ratcliff, Falkirk, Ont.

The colored people of the United States propose to erect a $200,000 monument to Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill.

"If a woman is pretty,
To me 'tis no matter,
Be she blonde or brunette,
So she lets me look at her."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Gen. Sherman's son, Thomas Ewing Sherman, has become a member of the society of Jesus, and is to be ordained as a priest in July.

How's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, digestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

Exhibitors' tickets of admission to the Paris Exposition will have their photograph affixed to the pasteboard to prevent transferring them.

A Diphtheria Scare.

There is no doubt but that diphtheria in its worst form is very prevalent in many cities and small towns. At the same time, that fact is no reason for frightening people out of their wits, with every new case of sore throat. Even ulcerated sore throat is bad enough, and no person would have that for fun. Yet hundreds of persons are said to have had diphtheria who only had a severe sore throat. The form of sore throat which often passes for diphtheretic is what old people call quinsy. "Putrid sore throat" known long before diphtheria, was probably a form of diphtheria, and very dangerous. An old hospital nurse in Boston, says: "It ain't the clear cold of winter that lays the people up with colds, catarrh, and sore throats, and lays the children low with diphtheria; it's the soft, pleasant, alternating with the wet, slushy days." This is very true, and explains why those troubles are so prevalent this unusually soft rainy winter; the air, in fact, is laden with poisonous vapors. The first symptoms of true diphtheria are much like those of a heavy cold on the lungs. There is fever, some stupor, and difficulty in breathing. Very sharp pains are often felt in the neck glands, just below the ear. The tongue is coated, the throat and tonsils inflamed, little white spots, which increase and turn to dirty yellow or brown color next appear, and a peculiar odor totally unlike ulcerated sore throat is noticeable. If the disease is of the black or malignant type nothing but a miracle can restore the patients to their former good health. Very many reliable people claim to have cured severe cases of diphtheria with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Be that as it may, it is worth trying, because so easily used internally, dropped on sugar or as a gargle, and bathing for external use. We know from experience that it will cure a common sore throat in one night, and thousands of people claim that no remedy known will relieve colds, catarrh, bronchitis, croup, etc., as promptly as the good old Johnson's Liniment. If it cures them, why not diphtheria? It was an old family physician's prescription. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, will send free to any person an illustrated pamphlet about its use. Send them your name.

Poor Mr. Houston, who was so miserably duped by Pigott, was heard to say a few months ago that within six years he expected to become Prime Minister of England.

BURDOCK PILLS

SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

IMPERIAL HALL.

FALL AND WINTER, 1888-9

NEW GOODS.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

OVERCOATINGS

In Naps, Meltons, Satarns, Tweeds, Elysians Diagonals, Pilots, &c'

SUITINGS

In all the Latest Shades and Patterns, Prices low. Also

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

THOMAS STANGER,

280 QUEEN STREET

Fredericton, Nov 1.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it Free to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDougal Street, New York. Dec. 11—1 yr w

An Insulted Bridegroom.

"Is this the editor?"

"Yes, sir. What can I?——

"My name, sir, is Grumpy. I was married last week."

"Let me offer my congratulations, Mr. Grumpy. I am glad to see you. By the way, we published in this morning's paper quite a full account of your wedding."

"Yes, sir. I saw it."

"You have come, perhaps, to order some extra copy?——

"I have come, sir, for personal satisfaction. Your reporter asked for photographs of Mrs. Grumpy and myself to use in writing up the wedding, sir."

"Yes. Didn't he?——

"He said he would have engravings made from them and run them in with the article he wrote about the affair."

"Yes. Was there any?——

"And some lop eared, wopper jawed, bow legged gourd head of a printer in this office mixed up the portraits, sir. You published me this morning, sir, in your advertising columns as a Tennessee barber who had suffered for fifteen years with a lame back and a sore throat, and had been cured by twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Billjaw's Compound Extract of Hankus Pankus; and you run the portrait of that infernal Tennessee barber in your account of my wedding, sir. You can stop my paper, sir. And now, will you show me the typesetting department of this office? I am on the warpath this morning, sir, bigger than a grizzly bear, and I am going to find the man that mixed those cuts and reorganize him from the ground up!"

In the excitement and confusion that followed some one hastily turned in a fire alarm, and it took the entire department and a squad of police to quench the fiery young man.—Chicago Tribune.

The Arizona Kicker.

We take the following extracts from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:

EXPLANATORY.—Last week we announced that we were on the trail of J. B. Davis, the Apache avenue grocer, and that this week's issue would contain an expose calculated to startle the community. We had over a column of it in type when Mr. Davis called at The Kicker office and subscribed for the paper and gave us a column ad. for a year.

Mr. Davis is not only a genial, whole souled gentleman, worthy of a place in our best society, but an enterprising, go-ahead citizen who is a credit to the whole state. When you want the best of goods at the lowest prices call on him.

NOT THIS YEAR.—Considerable anxiety has been expressed by our many friends and well wishers over the fact that The Kicker did not get the city printing again this year. In answer to all inquiries we reply that we did not want it. The total income last year was ninety-six cents, while we lent over $15 to the mayor and aldermen and never expect to get a cent of it back. We can't stand this kind of a racket more than one year.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Entirely a Slave to the Habit.

Visitor (philanthropically inclined)—Auntie, don't you think you would enjoy better health and live longer if you could quit smoking?

Auntie (aged 98)—I don't smoke all the time, mum. Sometimes I go half a day 'thout touchin' my pipe. Been doin' that-away, off an' on, for about—(to a great-great-grandson) you, George Wash'nton! give the lady a cheer ur I'll thess jerk the top o' yer head off'n yel—fur about seventy-five year, mum. Land sakes, I ain't no slave to the habit!—Chicago Tribune.

She Advised the Impossible.

"If you don't want me to know where you've been, Henry, when you come home this way," said a wife to her late and somewhat demoralized husband, "you had better run up stairs when you are coming to bed."

"Why sho, m' dear?"

"Because, by running up stairs you will lose your breath."—Boston Courier.

Tested.

Smart Wife—Don't worry, George. I wrote an article for the paper today, showing how to get up a family dinner for $1, and I took it around and the editor gave me a dollar.

Husband—That's a rare piece of good luck. What are you going to do with the dollar?

"I'm going to try that recipe myself, and see if it will work."—New York Weekly.

A Grave Affair.

Doctor—I never have any trouble with my patients, thank heaven.

Undertaker—Pshaw! I saw one of them kick the other day.

Doctor (angrily)—Kick? Saw one of my patients kick?

Undertaker—Yes! The bucket.—Lowell Citizen.

Saving Wear and Tear.

Miss Slimdiet—A new boarder came while you were out—a young lady.

Mrs. Slimdiet (boarding house keeper)—Is she pretty?

"Awfully."

"Well, put an extra strip of rag carpet in front of her mirror."—Philadelphia Record.

Accounting for It.

"You say your wife once published a magazine? I never heard of it."

"Yes, she conducted one for five years."

"What was it called?"

"The Age of Woman."

"That's the reason, then, why I never found it out."—Chicago Tribune.

A Little Too Much.

"Brown says he's going to show you up in the newspapers, Dunley."

"Bah! Let him; what do I care?"

"And he says he's going to do it in poetry."

"Wha-at! If he does, I'll make it cost him a thousand dollars a line!"—Harper's Bazar.

Addition to Scientific Knowledge.

First Schoolboy—I wonder why do fireflies have fire in their stomachs.

Second Schoolboy—Why, you precious idiot, they eat their food raw and that is where they cook it.—Today.

On the Reservation.

Little Pimbrooke to Miss Sayre—See what a fine looking squaw that is. I wonder if she speaks English?

Laughing Two-eyes—White woman put her papoose on this board. Make him's legs straight.—Judge.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

WEATHER STRIPS.

Weather Strips.

GO TO

LIMERICK'S

FOR

Weather Strips.

Fredericton, Nov 27th, 1888

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 28th, 1888.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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

LEAVE FREDERICTON

7:10, a. m; Gibson, 7:15; Marysville, 7:35; Manzer's Siding 8:05; Durham, 8:20; Cross Creek, 9:05; Boiestown, 10:30; Doaktown, 11:30; Upper Blackville, 12:45, p. m; Blackville, 1:20; Upper Nelson Boom, 2:25; Chatham Junction, 2:50; arrive at Chatham, 3:30.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM.

8:00, a. m; Chatham Junction, 8:40; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:55; Blackville, 9:50; Upper Blackville, 10:25; Doaktown, 11:35; Boiestown, 12:35, p. m; Cross Creek, 2:00; Durham, 2:40; Marysville, 3:30; Gibson, 3:40, arriving at Fredericton, 3:45.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for all Western points and St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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

THOMAS HOBEN,
Superintendent

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

New Brunswick R'ly

COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Jan. 7th, 1889.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points.

8 45 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen St Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

12 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3 10 P M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, and Woodstock and points north.

6,30 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

6 50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

4 45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock and points north.

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

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

Change of Firm.

GREAT

BARGAINS

Having in contemplation a change in the firm on Feb. 1st, we have decided to clear out

AT SLAUGHTER PRICES,

The balance of our winter stock, consisting of

Cardigan Jackets,
Wool Underwear,
Top Shirts,
Pants, Mufflers,
Gloves, Mitts, &c.,

In order to make room for our Spring Goods which we have bought largely of.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO GET A BARGAIN

☞ Don't fail to call and see for yourself.

C. H. THOMAS & CO,

224 QUEEN STREET

Fredericton Jan 19

WE WANT POTATOES.

WE HANDLED 60 000 BUSHELS OF POTATOES LAST SPRING.

And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO.

General Commission Merchants,

22 CENTRAL WHARF BOSTON, MASS

Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 183

Boston, Oct 4th, 1887.

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

Furniture Repaired.

Jobbing in Carpentry

Attended to by

W. S. HIMELMAN,

192 GEORGE STREET

SEWING MACHINE WORK A SPECIALTY

All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.

Fredericton. Oct. 18, 1888

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.

LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.

Fredericton, Jan. 15, 1889