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Just received: one car load,
Cut Nails,
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For Sale wholesale and retail at
NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

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JUST RECEIVED:
81 C 1/2 pure Manila rope.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the season of 1900, imported direct from the most reliable sources in England, Scotland, and the Continent.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this city during the past winter, the President in his remarks said that the seeds grown by the Globe Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF
Beans, Peas, Beets,
Carrots,
Parsnips, Onions,

and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.
My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.

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Special discount given to Agricultural Booties and Country Dealers.

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KITCHEN FURNISHING
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And guarantee all goods made by them to be through in Quality and Workmanship.

HOT AIR FURNACES fitted up in the most approved style.

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\$50.00 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.

THE publishers of the FREDERICTON GLOBE will present \$50.00 in cash as a first prize, and second prize of \$25.00, to be given to the person sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "Frederiction Globe." This offer is open to paid-up subscribers only, and parties desiring to compete for these Cash Prizes must send in their names and P. O. address, accompanied by \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Globe.

No letter in the words FREDERICTON GLOBE to be employed more frequently than it appears in those words.

In case of a tie the first reader will be entitled to the prize. Send your list in early.

Write on one side of the paper upon which you send your list. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will govern the contest. Address:
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SEL.

DORA'S FRIEL.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"Come, Dora, the sleigh is at the door. Why, my child, what is this? What has happened?"

"Oh, mamma," and a tearful face was raised from the cushions upon which Dora had thrown herself. "I had a dreadful dream last night, and—I've felt like crying all day long, only I don't want you to see it, and so I tried to keep up."

"Why, darling, don't you know dreams go by contraries? So dry your eyes, and I will help you on with your things while you tell me about it."

"But, mamma, it was so awful! You know its about time for Clinton to sail, and I thought he had been shipwrecked, and I saw him struggling in the waves, and I saw him go down—down—and he—oh, I can't tell it."

In spite of herself, Mrs. Holmes's cheeks blanched as she listened, but with a decided:

"Do not give way to such folly, Dora!" she bade her daughter's face with rose-water, and put on her heavy, fur-lined wraps. Then she developed her head in a soft fleece of knitted wool whose delicate pink made the sweet face with its fair, rose-tinted complexion, look even more lovely as she kissed it, and said:

"There, Dora, run along and tell John to call for any schoolmate you would like to have accompany you. I have an engagement at the Dorcas, so I cannot share your sleigh-ride."

"May I call for Annie, mamma?" said Dora, timidly.

A sudden cloud crossed the handsome, haughty face, which but the moment before had worn such a tender, loving expression. It was followed by an instant of indecision, then a glance at Dora's tear-stained face caused her to say:

"Well, Dora, Annie's no favorite of mine, but if it will banish your unaccountable fancies, go for her."

"Thanks, mamma, and I'll crowd in all her little brothers and sisters, and try and forget my worry in listening to their talk."

"You are an odd little thing, Dora; one wouldn't think you were a child of mine unless they knew. I never saw the time that I'd be willing to drive through the streets with a sleigh full of shabby children."

Dora did not consider the Grahames a bit shabby, but she was too wise to say so, and thus no unkind feeling was left in her mother's mind toward her, only a half-veiled, half-admiring thought at her queer ideas, ending, as all such criticisms invariably did, with a memory of the face which had been the love-light of her youth, and of which Annie's was a softened counterpart.

That dear face was no longer near to smile upon her, and so it happened that for the sake of her dead husband she was as wax in the hands of her mother, although naturally of an unbending imperious nature herself, and little prone to do things which would create comment in her "set."

Many admiring glances were turned toward the handsome sleigh, with its costly robe, and only one sweet-faced maiden for an occupant, as the high-mettled horses came dashing through the streets to the "merry tintinnabulation of the bells."

But that was soon changed, and when next the musical chimes came within hearing distance, there was added to them an even more attractive sounding chorus, to those who love to listen to the happy voices of children. Looks of surprise, changing rapidly to smiles, greeted the merry group; and youngsters in passing, not knowing in what other way to show their great appreciation of such a "jolly racket," mixed great soft snowballs and threw them into their midst, causing even more uproarious fun and jollity. Then they reached the broad, solitary country road, and Dora and Annie, no longer afraid that they would run into some one, or that they might be run into themselves, settled themselves down for a good old-time talk together; and so deep was the interest which invested their chosen topic—Dora's brother, Clinton—that they were for a while oblivious to all other sounds as well as sights.

The time had not long gone by when the Grahames had been in different circumstances, and had lived near the Holmes's residence.

It was then that the girls' intimacy had commenced, and Dora had become so fondly attached to Annie. That would have been well enough, but when Clinton Holmes began to devote himself to the gentle girl, and even after Mr. Grahame's failure, had declared to his mother that he meant to marry Annie when he grew to be a man, the mother's desire to have her only son make a far different match in that coming future, when she fondly hoped to see him rich and famous, caused her at once to conclude to part with him for a while, and send him to a foreign university to be educated. By that time all danger of having Annie for a daughter-in-law would surely be over. For how could she, growing up without advantages such as wealth alone can bestow, continue to attract a young man who had seen the world, and had been thrown into the society of the beautiful and high-born maidens who were his ornaments? This reasoning, she rested content, and put no barrier between Dora's friendship for Annie. "But now Clinton would soon be home, and the intimacy must come to an end," were the thoughts in her mind, as she made ready for the weekly meeting of the society of which she was President.

Some hours later Dora left the little Grahames at their door, and bore Annie off in triumph for the evening, with a parting injunction from Mrs. Grahame not to keep her late.

The two girls ascended the steps, rapt from their ride, and with such beaming, happy faces that the servant who opened the door in answer to their ring hesitated to give the message she had been directed

to give to the woman of the twentieth century. It seems as though she has been left to the gray bearded old man, Graham H. Hamrick, to discover something which has puzzled the brains of learned men and scientists for ages past. The discovery is the art of preserving animal and vegetable substances so either may be kept without a sign of decay, decomposition or change, but in his efforts to solve this great problem he has become to be regarded by many people in this section of the country as some kind of being to be avoided, and there are many who will not go near the log house in which the old man has "live dead people" and animals.

Just how Mr. Hamrick conceived the idea that he could preserve animal and vegetable matter in its natural state he does not say; but, after experimenting for years he became convinced that he had not labored in vain, and he declares, and his works prove, that he has the art perfected. Until a short time ago his experiments in preserving or embalming had been confined to lower animals and vegetables, and so successful had been his efforts that he determined to test the process on human bodies.

He secured permission from the authorities of the state hospital for the insane to experiment on two bodies. These were given into his custody, and in one hour after he had them in his room he informed examination. The bodies were examined, and it was found that they had not been mutilated in any way, not a drop of blood had been drawn, nor an incision or puncture made in them.

Since that time the two bodies have been continually exposed to the air and all kinds of climatic changes, but they are still perfect and lifelike. They are now in his room lying on a table, looking as natural as when living. The blood in the veins can be plainly seen standing out in bluish black lines where vessels are superficial.

In the same room are embalmed cats, dogs, fowls, rabbits, fawns and other things—all as natural as life. Sticking about in corners and on rough shelves these "ornaments" give the room the appearance of a museum. Those who have ventured into the home of the farmer have been amazed at the sight. Mr. Hamrick is plain and frank, with only a moderate education, but he has been too thorough to give the slightest idea of his process.

However, he does not hesitate to say that his process consists of applying a fluid, the ingredients of which can be found in almost any general country store, and that the whole thing is so simple a child could use it. This assertion is doubted by gentlemen who have given the matter a carefully studied.

He positively refuses to claim more power in his process than he can prove by past experiment to belong to.

The home of this queer old man is ever open to those who wish to visit him. There are those who dread him and his humble cabin because they fear the dead and on account of his association with the embalmed or mummified animals and bodies. It is almost impossible to get negroes to go near the cabin.

The learned doctors of this country are not alone in recognizing him and his secret in a proper way. The Royal Scientific Association of France has made him an honorary member and given him a certificate of life membership and a solid gold medal as a token of the esteem in which they hold him for making it possible for the people of this age no longer to speak of "lost art" of embalming.

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

Lowell Courier: It may sound paradoxical, but when feathers are dear it is perfectly proper to say that down is up.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures teething, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

Long and tenderly Margaret and her husband talked with him, listened pityingly to his account of the struggles he had made so uselessly against what he believed firmly a madness, and soothed and comforted by them he passed quietly, resignedly, nay, thankfully, into the life, the "great beyond."

"You are good as ever, Margaret," Harry said, faintly, "to come, but I felt that if you wished me God speed, I might more safely cross the dark river. You cannot know—no one can know it but those who have seen the light of the disease which bears me to my grave. It is a disease—a madness with some—and I have been one of those fated ones. If I could say with supernatural power: 'Touch not when first you feel the accused think, or you are lost!' But who will believe me? God alone knows!"

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