They hied them to My Lady's Arms (a festive place to dine). ', I'll liquidate my bill," quoth one - (And then there were but nine.)

Nine mosquitoes musical, yclept "The Tune-Settled on a lawyer's head - 'twas not a legal shrine; And as they sang a serenade upon his hair-

He struck in with a touching air - (And then there were but eight.)

Eight mosquitoes quietly crawled in beneath Where a scientific maiden sat a gazing at the

of heaven, And aimed and hit it with her glass - (And then there were but seven.) Seven mosquitoes prudently retired awhile

from sight, That the maiden's eyes might yield, perchance, to the drowsiness of night: But she used her weapons carefully; she knew their little tricks:

And they found the ceiling slipper-y -(And soon there were but six.) Six mosquitoes madly went down the winding stair,

But lingered in the doorway, round the forehead of the heir : They listened as he told a friend he faithful ly should strive To rid the world of humbugs - (And behold! there were but five.)

with haste. Tho' they were sure the company was suited to their taste:

But one delayed: he wished to give, on pass ing thro' the door. A stinging answer to the host - (Alack there were but four.)

Four mosquitoes tarried by a hammock 'neath the moon. And indulged their ardent in a senti

"Stretch forth thy hands, dear love," they sang, "and we will fly to thee." A hand was stretched, it came with force-(And then there were but three.)

Three mosquitoes crookedly went up and down the street. Uncivilly accosting every one they chanc

"I'll arrest you in your flight, young bloods," said the watchman, tried and true. He gave them chase and caught one - (And now there were but two.)

One mosquito to my arms and his destruction rushed; I broke his neck without a pang, for his feelings had been crushed;

And I mentioned to the other, who thought he would not wait, That a "natural selection" is a decimating

SELECT STORY.

HIS FIRST PATIENT.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH. About thirty years ago a young man who had passed through all the preparatory steps, took a suite of rooms in London, had a large brass plate fixed to his door, on which his name and calling were set forth in large letters, and for the benefit of night comers caused the same to be inscribed on three sides of a large green glass lantern which hung before his house.

Late one evening in December the young doctor sat alone in his little study, with his feet resting on a fender before the fire. The night was stormy, the wind sighed and howled down his chimney, and large heavy drops splashed violently

Then in a state nearly akin to sleep the doctor began to wonder who his first patient would be, what would be the disease, at what time of day or night he would be called, whether he should perform a cure, or whether the patient would die in spite

Then again he thought of Rosa, fell fairly asleep, and dreamed of her till he heard her clear, sweet voice, and felt the weight of her small, soft hand on his shoulder. A hand was indeed laid on his shoulder, but it was neither small nor soft. It was the rough, codrse member of a thick-

headed boy from the orphan house, who had been bound to the doctor by the church-wardens, in consideration of board, clothing, and a shilling per week, besides a promise to bring up the boy to his own calling, if he should manifest a capacity "Mr. Doctor, a lady! a lady, Mr. Doctor,"

screamed the boy, as he shook the doctor "A lady?" exclaimed the young dector, half believing his dream to be reality, and

almost hoping the lady might be his dearly beloved Rosa. "Where - where?" "Here-there-yonder-yonder!" answered the boy, pointing to a glass door

which opened into the passage.

The young physician shuddered with a preceptible start as his eyes met those of his first patient. So near the door that her face almost touched the panes of glass stood a woman of uncommon height, in deep mourning.

The upper part of her form was enveloped in a large black shawl, and a black veil covered her face. She stood upright and still, and although the doctor perceived that her piercing eyes were fixed upon him from behind the veil, she made no motion of salutation.

"Do you wish for my advice?" said the young physician, opening the door. The veiled person neither answered nor moved, and he repeated the question in a tone somewhat stern. The person nodded. "Then I would beg of you to walk in,"

added the doctor. The person stepped one step forward and turned her head toward the boy, who stood with mouth and eyes wide open,

while the cold sweat dropped from his "Go out, Tom, draw the curtain and shut the door," said the doctor. The boy obeyed the instructions so far

The doctor drew a chair to the fire, and by a motion invited his silent patient to be seated. The veiled form approached,

and by the firelight the doctor perceived that her garments were dripping with "You are very wet," said he.

"Yes, I am," answered a hollow voice. "And are you ill?" he asked. itually."

words?" "It is not for my self I ask your aid. If do something for him!" I were bodily sick I should not have come at this hour, nor in such a night, nor the body, and with trembling haste began alone. Four-and-twenty hours from this, to rub his breast, hands and forehead by and stinging; most at night; worse by theatre and an hour or so at even the most if I find myself sick unto death, I shall turns; but as she released the hands I scratching. If allowed to continue tumors fashionable receptions. When alone in thank heaven. It is for another I come perceived they fell heavily on the bed, form, which often bleed and ulcerate, beto you. It may be insanity; but night af- with a lifeless weight. men is a cold and empty hope, but I can- motion.

not think of his being put into his grave without an attempt to save him." A shudder passed over the whole form of the speaker, and the young hearer was

nexpressibly shocked. He was just at the commencement of his professional career, and had as yet witnessed none of those scenes of distress which so soon harden the heart, or the nerves, at least. He started from his

chair, and said hastily: "If you consider the sufferer is already beyond hope, every moment is precious. I will go with you instantly. Have you called in any other physician?" "No!" answered the stranger, folding her hands. "Earlier it would have been

iseless. It is useless now." The young doctor stared at the riddler as if he meant to read her meaning through her veil, but it was too thick. "You are ill!" said he, in a composed tone, "believe me you are the sick one.

Drink this," at the same time reaching her a glass of water. "Compose yourself She beheld an occulation of the shining orbs and tell me as distinctly as possible where the disease is, and how long you have The stranger raised the glass to be

mouth without lifting her veil; but placed it again on the table without tasting, and burst into tears. After a few moments, she said in a broken voice:

"When you hear what I have to say, you will think me mad. I have been charged with insanity; but few treat me so kindly as you do. My health or sickness is nothing, I would gladly give every noment's ease that remains to me, if I might redeem, by my sufferings, the life of him for whose sake I am here. Tomorrow he will be in mortal danger, yet to-day you cannot see him - cannot help

"I will do nothing to increase your disress," said the physician. "I wish not to press myself into your mysterious secret, but your words convey a contradition I cannot unravel. He of whom you speak is this night struggling with death. My skill might probably be of use, and yet you assure me I cannot see him. In the morning, you say, human help will be iseless, and then I am required to go to him. If he is dear as your words and appearance indicate, why not go to him before help comes to late? If he die while we linger, what a weight will rest on you!' "It will rest on others, not on me," anwered the stranger.

"That no part may rest on me, give me your address and the hour of which I shall call," said the physician. "If you will come, come at nine," an

swered the stranger. "One question before you go. Is the sick person under your care?" said the physician.
"No," answered the stranger.

"And if I give you directions how to treat the patient till I come, can you make use of them?" "No," said the stranger, and tears

Early the next morning the young doctor, according to the directions received, took his way to Walworth. Thirty years ago this place was only inhabited by people of a doubtful character. The houses were far apart, old, ruinous and miserable After many contradictory answers and

black, boggy mud-the young doctor stood at length before the house where his first patient was. It was a poor, gloomy-looking building. The lower windows were all closed with strong outside shutters, and the one above

was covered with a thick vellow curtain. No living thing was to be seen. "I stood several minutes before the house," said the doctor, when he afterwards told the story, "and went entirely around it before I could muster courrage enough to knock. I am not a very timid man, and vet I am forced in truth to confess that my heart beat quicker than usual when I heard whispering within. After some time steps approached the door, the bolts and chains

were withdrawn, and the door opened. A man stood before me whose demeanor was not greatly calculated to give me new courage. He was a tall man with a pale, haggard face, over which his thick, black fire. hair hung like a veil." "Walk in!" said the man, in a deep

I walked in, and he replaced the bars and chains of the door.

"Have I come early enough?" said I. "Too early," answered the man. "But you will only have to wait five minutes." He opened the door and went out. I heard him fasten it on the outside. The place in which I found myself a prisoner was damp and cold. Two stools and a table were the only furniture. A handful of fire on the hearth only served to melt the frost which ran in streams down the walls.

I took a survey of the room, and then seated myself on one of the stools by the fire to await the result of my first call in the way of my profession. I heard something move in the room aboue.

Soon after wheels came toward the house — they stopped — the chains of the door were unfastened -- voices spoke low -footsteps went up the stairs, and I felt staring material. certain something heavy was carried up between two men.

The bearers returned again down the stairs, the door was again bolted and chained, and the wheels rolled away. I arose and searched around the room to find some place by which I might escape to the open air, when the door sudlenly opened and my visitor of the evening before entered the room, in the same dress, with the thick veil over her face. She made a sign for me to follow her.

I hesitated. Her silence and the unusual height of her form excited in me a suspicion that a disguised man stood before me; but the heavy sobs which shook her whole frame soon removed my suspicious, and I followed her.

She led me up-stairs to the door of a chamber, and made me sign to enter. The chamber contained a large chest, two chairs, and a bed, without curtains. The yellow curtain I had seen from without made the chamber so dark that I stood still; but the stranger, with a cry of anguish, rushed by me and threw herself on her knees beside the bed, on which I could now see a tall form was stretched.

The head and face were evidently those of a man. A black bandage passed over that he drew a green silk curtain over the the face and under the chin. The eyes glass door, shut it, and, kneeling down, were closed, and one hand lay on the dollars a week to shop with, mayn't I, hour for retiring could be the same every covering of the bed. I approached and George? took it in mine. Imagine my surprise when I touched the hand of a corpse.

"Here is no hope," said I, "the man is The stranger sprang to her feet, clasped her hands wildly together, and cried in a

piercing voice: "Not so! say not so! I cannot bear it! It cannot be so! Men have been brought "I am deadly sick! Bodily not, but spir- to life when they were supposed to be dead. I beseech you, do not delay! At "May I asked an explanation of your this very moment, perhaps, the soul is de- ward seat muttered, 'Poor George,' and health. For years they had allowed nothparted from the body! For Heaven's sake | left the car.

With these words she threw herself on

ter night, in the long weary hours of In the meantime I had examined the stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulwatching and weeping have I thought man's breast carefully with my hands, but ceration, and in most cases removes the "Cured my husband of bronchitis at

I stooped down to examine the body

more closely. "Draw away the curtain," said I. The woman did not move. "The curtain must be moved." said I.

Still she made no motion, and I rose fo the purpose of doing it myself. Then she thew herself upon the bed asped my knees and cried out: "Have mercy on me! Let the curtain be! If there is no hope - if he is, indeed,

dead - if nothing can be done for him why expose the body?" "I must see the corpse," said I; and before the woman could prevent me I tore away the curtain. The daylight streamed

nto the chamber I returned to the bed and examined the dead body. "Here has been violence," said I, and looked sharply at the woman, who stood before me for the first time without her veil. It had fallen to the floor, but she appeared unconscious of it. She appeared to be about fifty years old. Her face, now deadly pale, might have once been very handsome. Her white ips trembled, an unnatural fire burned in her eyes, and her whole person seemed

oppressed by a weight of woe. "Here has been violence," I repeated. "There has," replied the woman. "There has!" exclaimed I, sternly. "I mean the man has been murdered!" "Yes, Heaven knows he has! Merciless

men have murdered! him" shrieked the "And who are they?" said I, seizing her by the arm. "Who are they? Look at the mark of the slaughterers, and then ask!" said she.

I stooped down and took off the black bandage. The neck was swollen, and a blue mark might be plainly seen around it. I could doubt no longer, and turning away, I said: "Is he one of the men who were hung this morning?" "Yes," answered she. "And who is he?"

"My own - son!" groaned out the oman, and sank on the floor. The doctor gave the explanation and the conclusion of his story in a few words,

vidowed mother - the light of her eyes and the idol of her heart. Indulgence had made him selfish and heartless. He had robbed her of all her possessions, one after another; and when she could no longer furnish him with the means of gratification he committed a robbery and died on the gallows. His mother finished her days in a madhouse.

GAMES FOR LARGE PARTIES. "Bag parties" are a novelty well adapted to the needs of church "sociables" or the receptions with which teachers in Sunday and secular schools are periodicaled with a fancy bag painted in the corner. heaped with all sorts and conditions of Wolf of the Arkansaw." bags, from party bags of rich silk to button bags of ticking or leather, and on these bags are printed the complementary half of the pictures or proverbs possessed by the guests. The matching of the picunintelligible directions - ankle deep in tures causes much sport and laughter, and the tobacco and card bags, if not drawn by gentlemen, are balloted for and secured from the ladies by exchange.

"Progressive games" is sometimes written in the corner of a card, and the recipient may be prepared to move from and to find at each table an entirely different game. The quick change from whist to hearts, or from hearts to tiddlede-winks is decidedly bewildering even to the most skillful player.

A "marsh mallow toast," a grateful variation of the old fashioned candy pull, will appeal potently to youthful minds. The number of guests is necessarily limited. and for their entertainment are furnished wooden skewers tied with ribbon bows, marsh mallowsad libitum. The girl and boy receiving skewers with corresponding colors are supposed to assist each other in toasting the dainties over an open grate

A DOZEN DON'TS.

Don't say "aggravate" for "annoy." Don't mistake acquaintances for friends. Don't fail to remember that Boys flying kites haul in their white-

winged birds; You can't do that way when you're flying words." Don't think one thing, say another and act in a different way entirely. Your associates will distrust your assertions.

Don't wear diamonds "in name only," and don't wear many even if they are of the first water. Don't forget that white silk braid makes

pretty and durable folded finish for Don't wear your new gowns while the streets are muddy. Spend a few cents for braid and freshen up your old ones. Don't buy a hat of exaggerated shape, laden with ultra-fashionable trimming.

It will not look womanly, and is only Don't be foolish about your goloshes and your shoes. Thin shoes and damp feet mean money wasted and agony endured

Don't worry your face into a railroad nap of wrinkles simply because things won't come and go as you want them. They'll never be much better, and worry has killed more people than doctors have. Don't wear a dress bonnet with a tailormade gown - that is, don't unless it is necessary. If you have to, then do it and

wear it like a queen. Don't forget to darn the tiniest hole that makes it appearance in your glove. GEORGE WAS IN HARD LUCK. She was a bride. Her dress showed it,

and she was a pretty one too. Her light silk dress fitted her perfectly, and her hat was the acme of good taste She snuggled up to him in the seat. 'George, dear,' whispered she, 'now that we are married you won't object to auntie and sister, cousin Flora and brother Jack's the reward for retiring at the time when family coming to see us once in a while. will you ?'

'No. pet.' 'Yes. love.'

'And you won't smoke cigarettes, George, dear, any more?" 'No. sweet.' 'And you won't stay out later than 7 fore retiring. They were both pictures of o'clock nights, will you, George?' 'No, dear.'

'And we'll hire a flat and buy a lovely piano, won't we, George?"

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES. Symptoms — Moisture; intense itching because it allowed them evenings at the coming very sore. Swayne's Ointment earlier hour. over this plan. I know that help from could perceive neither warmth nor tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 once," wrote a lady about Johnson's cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. | Anodyne Liniment.

A NICE YOUNG MAN.

was Looking for Soft Snaps in the

Bully-Taming Business, "I don't believe," remarked the fortyniner, "that it is generally known that Ed. Stokes, who killed Jim Fisk, had a brother Joe, who was once the worst feared and best liked man in California. In 1852 I was in Sacramen to, and it was there I made Joe's acquaintance. He was then a bookkeeper. One day I was in a gambling house and noticed among the players an elegantly-dressed, handsome young fellow, about twenty years of age. The man who sat next him was a ruffianly-looking fellow with a gun conspicuously strapped to his side. Somehow a dispute

arose between these two, and with the

rest of the people in the room I got as

close to them as I could in order to see the

politely declined. Then the bad man began to bluster. "You want to look out for me,' he said; 'I'm the Wild Wolf of the Arkansaw; I'm a half-breed Cherokee, I am, and the bloodiest man in the tribe. I've killed thirty-seven able-bodied men, I have, and I'd chaw you up in two bites, you young ocksparrer. I've been here three weeks and ain't killed no one yet, and I'm just thirsting for gore. I'll kill you if you open your mouth again.'

"Here the bystanders interposed and told the Wild Wolf to let the boy alone. "Thank you, gentlemen,' said the boy; 'but I don't think the Wolf can hurt any-

"Get out of the way!' yelled the Wild Wolf; 'I'm a-goin' to shoot!' A general rush was made for the doors, as was always the case when a fight was imminent. But the boy stood cool and smiling until the Wolf laid his hand on his gun, when, in a twinkling of an eye, the boy had the muzzle of a small revolver within a foot live many days. of the pit of the Wolf's stomach. "My dear sir," he said, in the politest

possible way, 'throw up your hands or I'll kill vou dead. "The Wolf saw that his bluff was called and mechanically obeyed.

"Now,' said the boy, 'unbuckle your belt and let that six-shooter fall.' "The Wolf did it. Then the boy made him go into a corner of the room and stand there, and lighting a cigar, he said: "My dear sir, please hold your hands behind your back. I'm going to stick the flery end of this cigar in your nose and you must let it stay there until it goes out,

and if you flinch, sniffle or attempt to take it out I'll shoot.' and the Wolf burned like a martyr for a zler was confused with the subject of this full minute. The boy now gave the Wolf's revolver to one of the men standing near,

"When I'm gone give him his gun. Each guest on arriving is presented with My name is Joe Stokes, and I can lick any the half of some small pictured object or man in California who dosen't like me. has done so. well known proverb. A large table is I'm looking for such soft snaps as the Wild

AN INTERESTING STUDENT.

One of the most interesting and striking figures among the Oxford students is Cornelia Sorabji, a tall olive-skinned girl, as slender as the traditional Indian princess who weighed only one rose leaf. Clothed in her native dress of pale blue crape embroidered with gold, with its proposed to sell the output of a Mexican and shadowing her astonishingly large and brilliant eyes, she makes a strange picture among the rosy blonde English vomen in their tailor gowns. At eighteen, and Professor of Literature in the university at Bombay, she still thirsted for broader opportunities, and found her way to Somerville, attracted attention by her brilliant examination papers for the history and literary schools. The government decided, however, that a woman with a knowledge of law was needed to collect evidence in the Zenanas, and she immediately entered upon a legal course. After six months' study her paper on Roman law was held by the examiners to be the

most remarkable and able ever presented by any student of either sex in the university. Prince Dhuleep Singh's two weather:daughters are also members of Somerville, and on its rolls stand very many of the most noted and noble names of England. The outside world hears less of the work done by women at Oxford than of those at Cambridge because of a different system of conferring honors; but here is really found the best example of women freely sharing in university life, and the best proof that neither young men nor young women are the worse for that community

THINGS FOR A PRETTY BED. gram is embroidered upon them it is a Teething. It will relieve the poor little very small one, and is done in white sufferer immediately. Depend upon it very beautiful pair of curtains specially cures Diarrhoa, regulates the Stomach and embroidered to be put on a Chippendale | Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums upon the upper ones bunches of poppies | the taste. The prescription of one of the here and there, while the lower ones dis- oldest and best female physicians and nurses play purple, pink and pale blue morning in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents glories, as if to call the sleeper to arise per bottle by all druggists throughout the and go forth, for they were awake with the sun. Night dress cases are occasionalwhile you sit and "wonder where you got | ly seen on the beds, but are much oftener put on the small square stool that stands just at the foot of the bed, and upon which one is supposed to sit when shoes and

The cases are no longer made of linen. but are very large scented sachets, either of brocade silk or bolting cloth suitably embroidered. They exhale the favorite perfume of the gentle lady, and in this way the robe in which she sleeps is made daintily odorous. Some mottoes for cases made of bolting cloth are these: "Sleep thy fill and take thy soft repose," "Sleep in peace and wake in joy," "Let me sleep and do not wake me yet," "Night bids sleep."-Ladies' Home Journal.

NO NEED OF "BEAUTY SLEEP."

It is all nonsense about "beauty sleep" coming in the hours before midnight, and that the rosy cheek on the country lass is the proverbially pale faced city girl's evening commences. The late hours of fashionable life would not necessarily 'And I may have seven of your eight scatter the roses from the cheek if the late night without variation. It is irregular hours and meals that cause pale and haggard faces. The handsomest couple I ever saw retired regularly at 11.30, and always indulged in a light lunch just be-

health. The lady did not look over 25, though she never hesitated to say that she was 38 years old, and the husband looked at least ten years younger than he really was. And the solemn looking man in the for- They were both devotees to the laws of ing to interfere with the regularity of sleeping and eating hours. Almost the midnight hour was chosen for retiring,

GUNN'S APPETITE.

He Eats Nails, Tacks and Iron Filings

Joseph Gunn, 18 years of age, is lying at the point of death in the Hartford hospital, Conn., as the result of his rapacious appetite for metal filings, screws

and nails Joseph has been serving out a sentence of one year in the county jail for burglary. About a month ago he was in great agony, especially in the region of his stomach, and doctors were sent for. They were unable to find out what was the matter or to afford any relief. Joseph grew worse and finally was unable to lie down, being obliged to remain in a standing position all the time. He asked one day last week to

father Leary of St. Patrick's church and

to him young Gunn related that about

two years ago he went to New York on a

visit, and while there he dropped into a outcome. The bad man was trying to get dime museum on the Bowery. the youngster into a fight which the latter The curiosity which most attracted his attention was the "human ostrich." The sight of a person swallowing nails, bits of old iron, etc., filled him with astonishment. He visited the museum often during his stay, and on his return home he resolved to be a human ostrich, too. He was at that time employed in the Hartford machine screw company and began his experiments with small bits of

iron filings. Gathering a number of boys in the shop about him, he told of the wonderful feats performed by the Bowerv freak and then proceeded to swallow iron filings. No evil effects were felt from the first experiment and Gunn often repeated

the feat to the edification of the boys. Gunn broke into a store in this city a few months ago and was sentenced to a year in jail. He got hold of some carpet tacks in prison and swallowed them. Pretty soon the tacks gave out and Gunn fed on nails. The doctors say he cannot

GAGADIG GIGADAB.

There is a quaint old man in Manchester, England, who goes by the unique name of Gagadig Gigadab. His original name, so the story goes, was John Smith, but many years ago he began to brood over the possibilities of mistaken identity involved in such a common name. The name figured frequently in the criminal records, and he became abnormally apprehensive lest he might be confused with some of these bad John Smiths. At last what he feared so much actually happened. One morning the papers recorded the capture of an accountant in a bank "He then put his threat into execution, of the reporter the identity of the embezparagraph, who was also a bank accountassume a name like unto no other ever borne by mortal man. And in Gagadig

Gigadab most people will agree that he

BOUGHT A BRICK. Tom Fitch, the silver-tongued orator and politician of San Francisco, has been

uncoed out of thousands of dollars by the old gold brick swindle. Mr. Fitch was approached in Los Angeles by a finely dressed gentleman who said he represented certain people who mantle draped over her head like a veil gold mine. They could not put the gold on the market themselves, because of the

manner of their getting it. Mr. Fitch owns a mine, and it occurred to the stranger that Mr. Fitch could dispose of the contraband gold as the output of his own mine. They were to bring up from Sonora in the neighborhood of \$15. 000 worth of gold a month. To commence with the stranger sold two bars of alleged gold to Mr. Fitch for

\$9000. Mr. Fitch later found the bars

contained about \$100 worth of gold. He has not seen anything of the stranger THE WEATHER OF SKYE. This is the way the people who live in the Isle of Skye are said to describe their

"Dirty days hath September, April, June and November; From January up to May The rain it raineth every day; All the rest have thirty-one, Without a blessed gleam of sun; And if any of them had two and thirty They'd be just as wet, and twice as dirty,'

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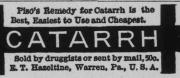
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