

POETRY.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we only knew in the early morn,
What we knew each close of day,
If we only knew of the battles fierce
That we must wage, by the way.
If we only knew,
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd pray, ere day begun,
That many victories might be won.
If we only knew that some hungry soul
By our kindly words was fed,
If we only knew that our Lord can give
Sweet draughts from the Fountain Head.
If we only knew—
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd pray, ere day begun,
For grace to help some weary one.
If we only knew that the written page,
Depends on the letters there;
If we only knew that the smallest blot
Must e'er make the page fair,
If we only knew—
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd ask, ere the day begun,
For perfect letters, one by one.
If we only knew in the early days
What we'll know at the bar of God,
If we only knew of the perfect ways
Our feet might of have trod,
If we only knew—
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd pray, ere life begun,
For strength to do as we'll wish we'd do.

SELECT STORY.

THE CASES WILL ALTER.

BY ADNA H. LOFTNER.

The bright sunshine made a golden mirror of the merry dancing brook, and transformed with silver gleams the maple leaves that spread a canopy of green over the farm house on the hill side.

Isaac Greenleaf sat on the old porch, his eyes fixed on the hay makers in a distant harvest field, but his thoughts were not with them. The fact was the old gentleman was in trouble.

"Becky, do you know where Jennie went?" asked the farmer, thoughtfully, tipping his chair back against a pillar of the porch, as his wife made her appearance with a pan of soap in one hand and a chair in the other, preparatory for a moment's enjoyment out of the hot kitchen, while she prepared the fruit for supper. "I do hope she ain't skylarking 'round the creek, for snakes is mighty plenty this year."

"I don't know whether she is or not," snapped Mrs. Greenleaf, "and what is more, I don't keer! Snakes! Lands alive, there is something worse nor snakes after our Jennie, or I'm mistaken."

"Why, Be-beck-y!" exclaimed the astonished farmer. "It pears to me you're a little out of humor 'bout something, be't you?"

"Yes, Isaac, I'm out of humor. Jennie has bin gone all this afternoon over to Mary Sidon's, and I'm most sure that she sees that upstart of an artist every time she goes there. He will turn her head with his cittyfied ways and nonsense as certain as the world, and you know she is just as good as promised to Ebenezer Flint. Isaac, what do you think ought to be did? I must say I'm to the end of my string with the girl."

"Well, now, Becky, that's just what I bin thinking 'bout this whole afternoon. Ebenezer come over inter the medder this morning and he be believed the painter man was making love to our Jennie, and I tell you he was powerful 'bout it. That was the very first inkling I had of the matter. I must say the fellow, now I don't want to, but Jennie must be learned some sense; I've got to talk to that girl as soon as she come home."

"Well, you can speak your mind now, for here she comes," said Mrs. Greenleaf, rising to her feet and looking down at the grassy path.

Jennie Greenleaf, in her cool muslin dress, came slowly up the path, carefully swinging her sun hat by its blue ribbon, looking very lovely and contented. Her roguish eyes riveted the valved, shiny panny peeping so modestly from the grass, and the blush rose to her cheeks as she looked at her father.

"Becky," said the farmer to his wife, as he caught sight of Jennie, "hadn't you better go inside, for you are right smart out of sorts, and you might say something you'd be sorry for. Besides, I kin talk to her for both of us."

"As Jennie's dainty foot touched the step, Mrs. Greenleaf passed into the house muttering something about some folks thinking that they knew it all."

Farmer Greenleaf coughed once or twice, pulled his broad rimmed hat a little further over his face, gave old Rover a kick with his foot, accompanied with the words "git out," and then looked up at his child.

"Why, father, what has Rover done that you should treat him so cruelly?" questioned Jennie, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I do believe that you are angry at something or somebody."

"Angry! I'm much, and you're the cause of it all, Jennie. I want you to sit down in that chair while I larn you some sense. I bin hearing to-day that there is a young scapegrace from New York making up to you, and I just want to know if I have raised a child silly enough to be fooled by a city chap? Besides, I promised you to Ebenezer Flint, and he is everything that I want in a husband for you. He is rich, old enough to have some sense 'bout taking care of you, and a brother Mason."

"Ebenezer Flint?" exclaimed Jennie, whole sentences of contempt compressed into her clear, ringing voice. "I will never marry him. He is old enough to be my father, and mean enough to do anything."

"Yes, child; but I've promised," said the farmer, gravely, and a good mason never goes back on his word."

"Good mason, indeed! I would just like to know what Masonry has got to do with my marrying Ebenezer Flint? He has had one wife, and that enough for a man. It is not usual talking, father, I will not marry old Flint. There!"

"You want to marry that city chap, do you?" replied the farmer, excitedly, his brow growing dark as night. "A low, sneaking, good-for-nothing adventurer! That's the reason you won't marry Ebenezer, is it?"

you shall not marry that sketching fellow, and that you shall marry Ebenezer Flint. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, father, I hear you."

Jennie, with her blue eyes flashing and her rosy lips tightly compressed, walked deviously past him and up stairs to her own room, fully determined to marry that "sketching fellow" or die an old maid.

"Becky!" called the farmer, as his child disappeared, "come here. I guess I have made it all right with our Jennie. She is a spunky little tiger; but she has some of her father's sense left, and she will see it just as I do in time. I've got to go to New York to-morrow and see 'bout that money that was left to brother Wilson's widder. I don't like to go one bit. I'm pretty old to make my first trip to the city; but it can't be helped now—I must go. You have everything ready, Becky, and be sure and keep a good lookout after Jennie."

"I'll tend to all that, Isaac. But you had better take Ebenezer along with you," said his wife, anxiously; "you know he is up to city ways, and would be a mighty sight of help to you."

"Well, now, Becky, I ain't going to do any such a thing. I'm not in my dotage yet. I guess old Isaac Greenleaf can take care of himself yet awhile!"

Two fine looking young men were walking to and fro in the depot at New York, waiting for a train; and having nothing better to do, they were scanning and commenting upon every one that chanced to please their fancy.

"Mark, do you see that old gentleman with the broad brimmed hat on? There he is with his hand on his pocket book, reading the notice, 'Lookout for Pickpockets;' and that sharper just behind him acts very much as if he had spotted him."

"That is none of our affairs, Harry," was the indifferent response. "He, like many others, will have to pay the penalty for living green. I imagine from the way he covers his pocket book that he has plenty of stamps."

"Yes, Mark, but I am obliged to help that old codger. Don't you see that Masonic badge as large as a silver dollar fastened to his coat? He is a Mason beyond a doubt, and if I am not mistaken he is in trouble before five minutes. Let us draw a little nearer."

"Mark, do you see the delight of being a Mason, Harry. This settles the question for me. I will never bind myself to assist every old codhopper in the state, but if you get into trouble I will stand by you, Harry; so come on."

The young men pressed up through the crowd a little closer to the unsuspecting old gentleman, both fully convinced that the sharper intended business, and waited for him to make a move. They had not long to wait. The train backed in on the track, and as all were pressing forward eager to be first in the car, the light-fingered rascal relieved the old man of his pocket book, and was in the act of pocketing himself his watch when the two young men, one on each side of him, very decidedly requested him to return the pocket book, which the thief finding himself caught, was quiet promptly in doing. Then with a good bye to Mark, the young man called Harry took the old gentleman by the arm, and after seating him comfortably returned him his money, saying:

"Here is your pocket book, sir, which came very near bidding you a long farewell."

"Well, I declare to goodness! You don't say some New Yorker picked my pocket and I didn't know it? What will Becky say! Why, just as soon as I read that big card about pickpockets I kept my hand on my pocket, and I don't see how in the nation they got my money. But young man, no one kin say that old Isaac Greenleaf ever forgot one who was a friend in his time of need, and here is an honest hand for anything you may ask. What might your name be? I always want to know who I'm talking to."

"As the old gentleman spoke his name, the young man started in surprise, but recovered himself in time to reply:

"My name is Harry Preston, sir. You need not feel so deeply indebted to me. It did my duty, as all good Masons ought to do."

"Harry Preston! 'Pears to me I've heard that name somewhere before. Well, it don't matter much about the name—there ain't much in that, anyhow. It's the man, and I wish we had more just like you who did things on the square. Anybody would know you was a Mason by the ring of your voice. What did you say you followed for a living, or do you just stand 'round in handy places, helping foolish old Masons who ain't got sense enough to take care of themselves?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Greenleaf," laughed Harry. "I am not quite so obliging as all that. I am an artist."

"A picture painter! Well, now, I calculate you know a fellow who comes down to Beverly—that's our town—every one in awhile. His name is—Well, I declare! Becky is right; my memory is leaving me, sure. But, anyhow, he is dead set after our Jennie; but that's all the good it will do him. She is promised to a first-rate man right jining farms with mine."

"I might possibly be acquainted with the young man if you could remember his name," said Harry, with a very dejected look on his handsome face. "I am sorry for him, at least. And your daughter loves the young farmer, does she?"

"Not by a jugful she don't!" declared the farmer. "That's where the trouble comes in. He ain't a young farmer, and Jennie likes the painter man best. I tell you we had a hot time 'bout it. She flew all at pieces, for all the world like a touch-me-not, when I read the law to her."

Harry's face colored as if a bright ray of sunshine had flashed athwart his path, and he said with a look that told that the one girl whom he loved was true to him.

He is a very few words stated to the old farmer that Beverly was also his destination, and Mr. Greenleaf cordially invited him to his home.

"Becky," said the farmer, "this young man is Harry Preston, and I tell you he's bin a powerful sight of help to me. Now, wife, don't go to saying 'I told you so,' for that always makes a man out of sorts. You was right for once, anyhow. Where's Jennie?"

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Preston," said Mrs. Greenleaf, extending her hand, with a welcoming smile. "But, Isaac, you don't tell me you got into trouble, do you? Didn't you wish for Ebenezer 'bout that time?"

"No, I didn't. I kinder guess I asked for Jennie," returned the farmer, with a look he had intended for a frown, but which ended in a good-natured smile.

A call from Mrs. Greenleaf brought Jennie, blushing like a rose, to the door.

"Mr. Preston," said the farmer, with a glance full of love and pride, "this is our Jennie, and a likelier girl don't live, if I do say it myself."

"I agree with you, sir. You cannot say too much in praise of your daughter," said Harry, smiling. "I cannot enter your home and accept your hospitality under false colors. Mr. Greenleaf, Jennie and I are old acquaintances, and I feel proud to declare myself her lover."

"Becky, don't you hear that? This is that picture painter, sure as I live! One more circumstance to-day will finish me. I declare, I don't know what to do. Jennie's promised to Ebenezer, and he's our nearest neighbor; but then you have done me a kind turn and I—"

"I do not want you to feel under obligations to me, Mr. Greenleaf, but you said that I could ask any favor of you, and it should be granted," said Harry, with an arch smile. "I know that it is hardly gentlemanly in me, but 'all is fair in love or war,' and I crave the hand of Jennie, knowing full well that I possess her heart."

"Isaac, I guess we'd better let him have her, for I'm sure she will never leave Ebenezer," said Mrs. Greenleaf, with a knowing shake of her head and a glance of admiration toward Harry. "Besides, if you've promised him any favor, I s'pect the young man 'll get his getting of asking for our Jennie all the way along."

"And, father, a good Mason never goes back on his word," said Jennie, leaving the side of her lover and stealing her hand into the good honest palm of her father. "I love Harry, and could not even to please you, father, marry that old miser."

"Harry, come here," said the farmer, tears filling his aged eyes. "You have asked for the one joy of our lives, but me and Becky knows what it is to love and be loved, if we be getting old. Jennie loves you, that's sure, and no one could help loving the girl. Besides, Becky, he's a brother Mason—"

"Why, father?" cried Jennie, "is Harry a Mason? How I would like to see the lodge folk enough to let him in, and remember, father, you be't—"

"Hush, child!" interrupted her father, at the same time laying her hand in that of Harry's. "Every horse on the farm will belong to you in time. No need telling about the bet. 'Circumstances Alter Cases.'"

THE BOOMERANG.

It is amusing to the people who know Australia and the aborigines, says an old Australian writing in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, to read in magazines and newspapers scientific dissertations on the construction and peculiarities of the boomerang, based on the supposition on the tales of travellers. None of the theorists seem to have found the most obvious explanation—that the travellers are simply romancing. The fact is that the boomerang is the black fellow's tomahawk. Sharpened at one end, and made of iron-bark wood, it is indeed a dangerous weapon as a club or a hatchet. I have lived for twenty years in Australia, and have hunted for days in the bush with parties guided by aboriginal blacks. Not even the all-potent inducement of brandy or rum will persuade a black fellow to give an exhibition of his skill with the boomerang, for the plain and sufficient reason that there is no skill about it. The popular belief that the boomerang is an expert's hand may be made to strike with some effect, in a precision, travelling in a curve and returning by a circuitous flight to the thrower's feet, is pure nonsense. When a traveller says he has seen a boomerang thrown so as to circle about a tree and strike an object behind it, he lies; that is all there is to it. At a close range the boomerang can be thrown with effect, but no more accurately than a stone. I have seen a black fellow administer the coup de grace to a wounded kangaroo with his boomerang, using it as a club. In certain Australian tribes the form of the boomerang is such that it could not possibly be made to describe a complete curve, being a curve on the inner side and a sharp-edged perfect right angle on the outer.

When the black fellow is at war or on the chase his killing weapon is his spear—a long, heavy shaft, with a jagged point for war, and a light throwing javelin for hunting purposes. The boomerang, my friend, is utterly impossible, is the creation of imaginative travellers.

INGEROLL AS A FAMILY MAN.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll is a great stay-at-home, and he and his wife are like a pair of turtle doves. They are, in fact, Darby and Joan over again. During his stay and here he leaked out that he sent and received a telegram every day, and that these misadventures of his wives were tender inquiries between husband and wife. Among all persons who are acquainted with the family, Colonel Ingersoll is known as a model husband and father. I heard a good Christian gentleman say of him that whatever might be the complaint against the colonel's religious opinions no one could justly say that he had ever uttered a word that was not on the side of truth, morality, virtue and high thinking. He became so homesick because his wife was not with him on his present journey to Helena that nothing could induce him to remain a moment after the Davis case hearings were at an end.—Helena (Montana) Journal.

PARADISE OF OLD HORSES.

The paradise of old horses must be at St. Petersburg, where a lover of horseflesh has established an asylum for worn-out steeds. The poor old animals are tenderly cared for until their death, and allowed to work a little to keep them in health. One, for instance, drags an empty cart around the paddock for a short time each day. The veteran of the establishment is thirty years old and can scarcely move. Tufts of white hair grow about his head, while he has no teeth, and can only live on mashes.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

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"HER AIN COUNTRY."

What Called the Lonely Scotch Lassie Home.

She was just a little Scotch lassie. A timid, sweet-faced little creature, with an aureole of tawny hair to frame her shy face.

She had come to this country three years before. At her father's death she had been left alone with for an aunt, a good kind woman, who was a mother to the girl.

They were left almost penniless, dependent on their own exertions. Much was said of the employment to be found in America, and her good wages paid. Lisette's aunt decided to come and try their fortunes in the strange country.

"But what o' Kenneth," the girl had asked. "I gae him a promise to wait for him till he comes hame for me, this winter, if he comes hame for me."

"Leave yer address with some friend, Clyde Burgin was a gude one, and when he comes hame for ye, he can come over the waters for ye, or ye can come back to him. We must gae, lass, fer the sake of our good wages."

So they came and found a home and employment in this country. The first year was a happy one to them. They were charmed with the novelty of it all, and though they worked hard they were making and saving money. And Lisette would be glad to show it to her lover when he came for her. Over and over she planned her wedding outfit, day after day she dreamed of the little home that would be theirs, in their "ain country."

The weeks slipped happily by, but when the Christmas came, and no Kenneth came over the waters, and the months slowly dragged away till the summertime had come and yet no lover, the happy smile faded. The cheeks lost their bloom, and the laughing eyes lost their light and sparkle. Each morning's dawn brought whisperings of a hope that might be fulfilled, brought expectancy and yearning love. Each evening's sunset on the hopes and dreams and plans of a loving heart.

The fall saw the aunt sickened and died, leaving Lisette alone in the dark, strange world. She had been a patient, loving nurse all through her aunt's long sickness and was heartbroken at her loss. People said sorrowfully that she would soon join her in their long home, she looked so white and languid. And she thought some. They remembered that her aunt had said her father had died of consumption. They argued with her about working so hard, but she only shook her head and said, "I must," she said. "I am going back to my ain country when I can save 'em' to take them there." Her aunt's illness had used up all her little store. So she worked on, patiently, quietly, always talking of that home of hers, in the far away country; working, striving never to rest till. They all loved the girl, these kind neighbors of hers, and it pained them to see her fading away from them. They helped her all she would permit them, but she was strangely independent, and liked best to be left alone in the little white she had out of the mill.

It was one evening the autumn after her aunt's death, that she toiled home, weary and heart-sick. The sun was just sinking its great red self behind the azure tipped clouds, smiling a good night to the tired world. "Ye are sinking on to my hopes," the girl cried; "I have nae use to linger here, but I cannot get back to my ain country."

"May I come with you, Lisette?" a man called, coming to her side.

"Yes, Jack, I am glad to have ye," she answered, smiling feebly.

"Ye are tired, to-night, my girl; you work too hard, Lisette."

"No, I may be some tired to-night, but I shall be a right to-morrow."

"I wish you would let an old friend help you, child; you want to go home, don't you?"

"To my ain country?"

"Yes, Lisette."

"Aye, that I do, Jack," she said, with glistering eyes. "I like ye all, ye have been so gude and kind to poor little me, I like America, too, but it is na Scotland, and I long for a sight of the dear auld hame."

"Then let me help you go back to it. It will be awful to let you go, Lisette, but your heart is set on going and you ought to go; now I have more than enough to take you, and I wish with all my heart that you would take it and go; it would please me so."

"No, no," she said, flushing hotly. "I cannot take yer hard earned money, Jack. It is his gude and kind o' ye offer to me, but I cannot take it, Jack."

"I would do much to please ye, but I cannot do that, Jack."

"Then for your own sake, but most for mine, give me the chance to look it to you. You will send me back to me whenever you want to," he pleaded.

"No, I am na strong. I might be able to send it back to ye; so I will stay here and thank ye with all my heart for yer kindness."

"Then give me the right to take care of you, darling. You are so weak, and I am so strong. I know I am not your first love, you may not love me now—I know you do not—but I would try so hard to make you happy and to care a little for me; I love you so, Lisette."

"Oh, Jack," she moaned, "dinna ask it; I would na wound yer kind heart, but I am promised to another, and I cannot think of it."

"I know it," he said huskily. "I have known it all along, but he has been so long coming to you, and you need someone to care for you, and I—oh, Lisette, it would have made me so happy to have done it."

"May our gude Father bless ye," she said softly, putting her two hands in his, "for yer goodness, and oh, may this suffering frae ye. I must wait for him, for I ken he will come." The sweet face was transfigured with joy and the love-light.

"Then may he come soon and make you very happy," he said, and left her. He had to go far when he heard her calling "Jack, oh, Jack," turning, he found her with a letter in her hand a boy had just brought her from the post office.

"I am gaeing hame, now, to my ain country." Her face beamed with joy and happiness that had come to her. He could not endure to look upon it, so he called to her that he was glad that she was happy, and strode away. The girl ran lightly down the narrow path that led to her lodgings. The letter seemed the very elixir of joy to her, and yet she had not broken the seal. "I knew it would come, I knew it," she laughed. She was just going in when she spied the landlady coming out of her own door. "Oh, Mrs. Graub," she called, "I am going home, I am going home."

"Are you, my dear? I am glad, for your sake, though I shall hate to lose you."

But Lisette did not hear her, she had gone in to be alone with her precious letter. She sank down in her little chair by the window, the last rays of the sun came in and kissed her hair and face. She fondled and caressed her letter, she turned it over and over in her little work-hardened hands. She postponed the

greater happiness she never doubted the contents would give her. She fastened heart and eyes on the outside. Then she broke the seal, and, in the full red light read:

"LISSETTE, MY AIN, MY ONE LOVE—They tell me I am dying, and with my last strength I would tell o' my love for ye. I have ever loved ye. When I went back for ye to YEIK YULEIDE, he—Clyde Burgin, told me ye had gone and left na word for me, and I believed him—forgive me, Lisette. When I went away to forget ye, I couldn't. And when they brought me hame to die he told me that ye had been true to me, that ye wanted ye for his own bride. But we will be happy yet, ye will soon come up hame, and I will be waiting for ye. Good-by, Yer ain, KENNETH."

A little stillied moon, and the white-faced girl slid down on the floor, her head bowed on her arms. The twilight came in and filled the room. Then it changed to gloom, and then the stars began to twinkle. And still she knelt there, quiet, save now and then a moan, and a low murmur of "Kenneth, Kenneth, my ain Kenneth. Father—mother." And now the stars were hidden and darkness filled the room. A storm was brooding, muffled thunder filled the air. The lightning flashed all around her, but still she knelt. And now the rain poured in torrents over her, through the open window. She raised her head, and dragged herself back into the room, still the pitiless rain beat over her. She lay there still and motionless, now a sob broke the stillness, and then all was still.

The bright sunshine of the morning bowed into the room. It fell on the little figure that lay there, cold and still. It crossed her hands, her eyes, her white lips. The soft breeze came in to play in the beautiful, unbound hair. A man with a pale, sad face came up to the window to give the girl good morning; he started back in terror and grief. They gathered around her soon, her neighbors and friends, and they said, as they placed her gently on her little white bed, and lifted the curls, so damp and clinging, from her sweet, white face.

"Lisette, has gone home to her own country."

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QUEEN OF BEASTS.

The lion is not the "king of beasts." The Bengal tiger beats him every time in a fight. One such combat occurred recently at the Calcutta (India) Zoo between an African lioness and a tigress. They were exhibited in adjoining compartments of the same cage, and the door having been carelessly opened between the two compartments, the tigress rushed in and disposed of her rival in a fight which lasted ten minutes.

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A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY. THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL ROUNDER AND GREATER" AND WHO HAS TAKEN THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER.

CAIN
ONE POUND
A DAY.

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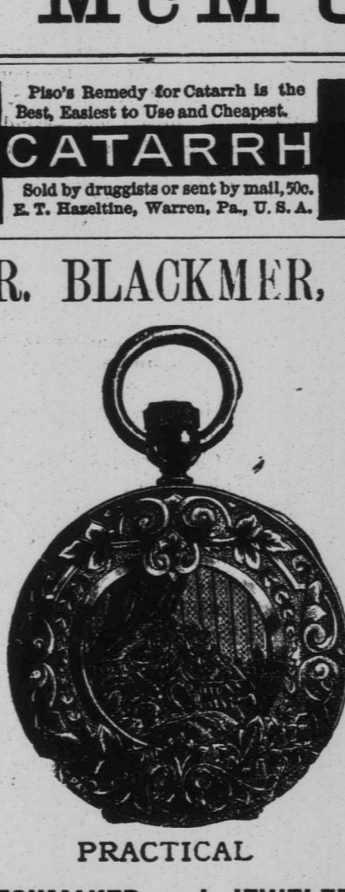
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