POOR COPY

196. 196.

WILEY'S

Drug Store !

The subscriber would invite an inspection of his stock of goods suitable for the Holiday Season.

Elegant Perfumes

In Cut Glass Bottles, &c., by Rissimet, Lubin, Atkinson, Piesse & Lubin, Ricksecker, &c.

Toilet Cases and Perfume Cases

in Plush and Leather.

Cut Glass Toilet Bottles,
Toilet Bottles for Covering,
Walking Sticks,
Shaving Sets,
Combs, Brushes and
Toilet Articles of all kinds

To arrive and daily expected, a fine line of English Perfumes and Holiday Goods, which will be sold low on arrival being late.

Meerschaum and Briar Pipes,

Cigar Cases, Cigars and Smokers, requisites of all kinds.

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Real English Holly, Pampas Plumes, Everlasting Flowers, Bouquets, Grasses, Baskets, &c., &c

For Sale by

JOHN M. WILEY,

Druggist,

Opp. Normal School.

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LIME JUICE!!

Burdock Blood Bitters,

ENO'S FRUIT SALT,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Warner's Safe Cure,

Sanford's CATARRH Remedy

Kennedy's Medical Discovery At

Geo. H. Davis's,

CORNER

Queen and Regent Streets,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

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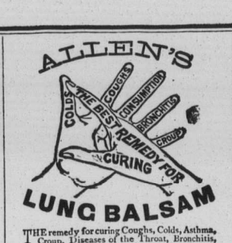

LUNG BALSAM

THE remedy for curing Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all the Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. *No better remedy for Whooping Cough can be found.*

CAUTION.—Don't experiment with new and untried medicines, but always keep on hand this safe and sure remedy.—**Allen's Lung Balsam.**

MOTHERS, have you delicate, weakly children, who are always TAKING COLD, and subject to CROUP? Remember, there never was a case of CROUP which did not originate in a cold.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM IS YOUR REMEDY.

Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this medicine before they give the case up, as we know many valuable lives have been saved by being persuaded to give it a trial.

DO NOT DESPAIR because all other remedies have failed, but try this remedy, and you will not be deceived. *It will cure when all others fail.*

Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes.

Price 25c., 50c., and $1 per Bottle.

The 25c. bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a Cough or Croup remedy. Those desiring a remedy for Consumption or any Lung Disease should secure the Large $1 Bottles.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers

BRISTOL'S PILLS

The Infallible Remedy for all disorders of the Liver and Kidneys.

CAMPBELL'S

TONIC ELIXIR

This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion, its action on the stomach being that of a gentle and harmless tonic exciting the organs of digestion to action and thus affording immediate and permanent relief. The carminative properties of the different aromatics which the Elixir contains render it useful in Flatulent Dyspepsia. It is a valuable remedy for Atonic Dyspepsia, which is apt to occur in persons of a gouty character.

For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite Despondency and in all cases where an effective and certain stimulant is required the Elixir will be found invaluable

In Fevers of a Malarial Type, and the various evil results following exposure to the cold or wet weather, it will prove a valuable restorative, as the combination of Cincona Calisaya and Serpentaria are universally recognized as specifics for the above-named disorders.

Sold by all Dealers in Family Medicines.
Price, $1 per Bottle, or
Six Bottles for $5.

Davis & Lawrence Co. (Limited)
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MONTREAL, P.Q.

PERRY DAVIS'

PAIN-KILLER

IS RECOMMENDED BY
Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, —in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR
SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY,
EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM
SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.

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GOLD Solids are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $20 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of many little fortunes. All is new.

MOONDYNE.

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE.

At the stable where his horses were put up, he found Officer Lodge, who, with Ngarra-jil, he sent on to Perth in a light carriage before him. He followed on horseback. As he rode through the town, he passed the bank. In the portico sat a woman on a bench, with her head bent low on her hands. He was startled by the attitude; it recalled to his mind the figure of the unhappy Harriet, as he had seen her in the lock-up of Walton-le-Dale.

Something induced him to look at the woman a second time. As he did so, she raised her face, and smiled at a man who came quickly out of the Bank, pressing something like a heavy pocket-book into his breast. The woman was Harriet; and the man was Draper, who had just drawn her money from the Bank.

Mr Wyville was in no mood to ride swiftly, so he let his horse choose its own pace. When about half way to Perth, however, he broke into a canter, and arrived shortly after the trap containing Ben Lodge and his native servant.

Mr Wyville had not occupied the official residence of the Comptroller-General; but had kept his quarters at the hotel, a very comfortable establishment. As he dismounted in the yard, Ben Lodge held his horse, and seemed in garrulous humor.

"Mr Sheridan were here, sir," said Ben "and he asked for you. He said he were going to Mr Little's to-night, and he hoped to see you there."

Mr. Wyville nodded to Ben, and was going toward the house; but Officer Lodge looked at him with a knowing look in his simple face, as if enjoying some secret pleasure.

"He's found her at last, sir," he said.

Mr. Wyville could only smile at the remark, which he did not at all comprehend.

"He were always fond of her. I've known him since he were a boy."

Still Mr. Wyville did not speak; but he seemed interested, and he ceased to smile. Old Ben saw that he might continue.

"I thought at one time they'd be married. It's years ago; but I see them as plain as if it were yesterday. He were a handsome fellow when he came home from sea—just like his father, old Captain Sheridan—I knew him well, too,—and just to think!"

Here old Ben stopped, and led the horse toward the stable, satisfied with his own eloquence. Mr. Wyville stood just where he had dismounted. He looked after Ben Lodge, then walked toward the hotel; but he changed his mind, and returned, and entered the stable, where Ben was unsaddling the horse.

"Was Mr Sheridan alone when he started for Mr Little's?" he asked.

"Yessir, he were alone." Then Ben added with a repetition of the knowing look; "Happen, he don't want no company, sir; he never did when he were a boy, when she was 'round."

Mr Wyville looked at Ben Lodge in such a way that the old man would have been frightened had he raised his head. There was a sternness of brow rarely seen on the calm, strong face; and there was a light almost of terror in the eye.

"He were very fond of Alice, sure-ly," said the old fellow, as he went on with his work; "and I do believe he's just as fond of her to-day."

"Do you tell me," said Mr. Wyville, slowly, "that Mr. Sheridan knew Miss Walmsley, very intimately, in Walton-le-Dale, years ago?"

"O, yessir; they was very hintimate, no doubt; and going to be married, folk said, when that precious rascal Draper hinterfered. They say in Walton to this day that he turned her head by lies against the man she loved."

Ben Lodge carried the saddle to another part of the yard. Had he looked round he would have seen Mr. Wyville leaning against the stall, his face changed by mental suffering almost past recognition. In a minute, when the old man returned, Mr. Wyville passed him in silence, and entered the hotel.

The door of his room was locked for hours that day, and he sat beside his desk, sometimes with his head erect, and a blank suffering look in his eyes, and sometimes with his face buried in his hands. The agony through which his soul was passing was almost mortal. The powerful nature was ploughed to its depths. He saw the truth before him, as hard and palpable as a granite rock. He saw his own blind error. His heart, breaking from his will, tried to travel again the paths of sweet delusion which had brought so great and new a joy to his soul. But the strong will resisted, wrestled, refused to listen to the heart's cry of pain—and, in the end, conquered.

But the man had suffered wofully in the struggle. The lines on his bronzed face were manifestly deeper, and the lips were firmer set, as, toward evening, he rose from his seat and looked outward and upward at the beautiful deep sky. His lips moved as he looked, repeating the bitter words that were becoming sweet to his heart—"Thy will be done!"

Two hours later, when the glory of the sunset had departed, and the white moon was reflected in the mirror-like Swan, Will Sheridan and Alice stood beside the river. With one hand he held one of hers, and the other arm was around her. He was looking down into her eyes, that were as deep and calm as the river.

"It has been so always, dear," he said tenderly; "I have never lost my love for one day."

She only pressed closer to him, still looking up, but the tears filled her eyes.

"My sorrow, then, was not equal to yours," she said.

"Darling, speak no more of sorrow," he answered: "it shall be the background of our happiness, making every line the clearer. I only wish to know that you love me as I love you."

Their lips met in a kiss of inexpressible sweetness and unity—in a joy so perfect that the past trembled out of sight and disappeared for ever.

While yet they stood beside the river, they heard a footstep near them. Alice started with a alarm, and drew closer to her protector. Next moment Mr. Wyville stood beside them, his face strangely lighted up by the moonlight. He was silent a moment. Then Sheridan, in his happiness, stretched out his hand as to a close friend, and the other took it. A moment after he took Alice's hand, and stood holding both.

"God send happiness to you!" he said, his voice very low and deeply earnest. "Your past sorrow will bring a golden harvest. Believe me, I am very happy in your happiness."

They did not answer in words; but the truth of his friendship was clearer to their hearts than the bright moon to their eyes. He joined the hands he held, and without speaking further, left them together by the river.

V.

MR. WYVILLE FACES A STORM.

In the peaceful water of Fremantle harbor, Mr. Wyville's yacht had lain at anchor for several months. On her return from Adelaide with Mr. Sheridan, she had taken on board a cargo, contained in large cases and swathings, which had arrived from Europe some time before. She also took on board many persons of both sexes, mostly mechanics and laborers, with their families; and among the crowd, but with airs of trust and supervision, as caretakers or stewards, were Mr. Haggett and Officer Lodge. Their friend Ngarra-jil had come on board to bid them good-by, and as he strode about the deck, naked, except his fur boka, hanging from the shoulder, and carrying two long spears in his hand, he seemed a strange acquaintance for two persons so prosaic as Mr Haggett and Ben Lodge.

This thought, indeed, occurred to both of them with renewed strength that day; and it was emphasized by the remark of one of the mechanics,—

"That black fellow seems to know you pretty well;" addressed to Ben Lodge.

"Yes," said Ben, with hesitation, and a glance of doubt at Ngarra-jil; "we knew him in England. He were dressed fine there."

"Well," said the good-natured mechanic, "he's the same man still as he war theer. 'Tisn't clothes as we ought to vally in our friends."

This remark brightened Officer Lodge's face, and his hesitating manner toward his wild friend vanished. When the anchor was weighed, and the last visitor had jumped on the barges to go ashore, there were no warmer farewells spoken than those of Mr Haggett and Ben Lodge to Ngarra-jil.

That evening, at Mr Little's pleasant dinner table, Mrs Little spoke to Mr Wyville about the destination of the passengers.

"They are going to settle in the Vasse district," he said; "they have purchased homesteads there."

"You have built extensively on your own land there, I believe," said Mr Little.

A shadow, scarcely perceptible, flitted over Mr Wyville's face; but his voice had its accustomed tone as he answered.

"Yes; I have worked out an old fancy as to the site and plan of a dwelling-house. But the building was not for myself. Mr. Sheridan has bought the place from me."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Little, in a disappointed tone; "after sending scores of workmen and gardeners from Europe, and spending four years and heaps of money to make a lovely place, to go and sell it all, just when it was finished! I'm sure Mr. Sheridan might go and make some other place beautiful. It really is too provoking."

"Mrs. Little," said Hamerton, adroitly taking the good lady's attention from a subject which she was in danger of pursuing, "will you not direct me to some rare spot that is capable of beauty and hungry for improvement? I, too, am hunting for a home."

The lure was quite successful. Mrs. Little ran over in her mind all the pretty places she knew in the Colony, and instructed Mr. Hamerton with much particularity and patience.

The further conversation of the evening touched no matter of importance to the persons present.

After some weeks the steamer returned to Fremantle, and lay at anchor for several months, except some pleasure-trips round the adjacent coast, arranged by Mrs. Little, and taking in many of the ladies of the Colony.

Mr. Wyville was engaged every day in directing the operation of the new and humane law he had brought to the Colony. At first, it seemed as if it must end in failure. Its worst enemies were those it proposed to serve. The convicts as soon as they found the old rigor relaxed, and a word take the place of a blow; when they saw offences that used to earn five years in chains, punished by twenty stripes or a reproach from a superintendent, or at worst, by a red stripe on the sleeve,—when first they saw this, they took advantage of it, and shamefully abused their new privileges.

Among the officials of the convict service were many who watched this result with satisfied eyes,—croakers, who always predict defeat, and a few envious and disappointed ones, who had lost some selfish chance by the change.

At last, it came to such a condition,—the reports from the outlying districts were so alarming, and the croakers and mischief-makers became so bold in their criticism,—that even the warmest friends of the new system held their breath in fear of something disastrous.

But through the gloom there was one steadfast and reliant heart and hand. He who had planned the system had faith in it. He knew what its foundations were. When even the brave quailed he still smiled; and though his face grew thin with anxious application, there was never a quiver of weakness or hesitation in it.

His near friends watched him with tender, sometimes with terrified interest. But, as the storm thickened, they spoke to him less and less of the danger, until at last they ceased to speak at all. They only looked on him with respect and love, and did his few behests without a word.

Mr. Wyville knew that he was trying no experiment, though he was doing what had never been done before. It was not experimental, because it was demonstrable. He had not based his system on theory or whim, but on the radical principles of humanity; and he was sure of the result. All he wanted was time to let the seething settle. Those who doubted, were doubting something as inexorably true as a mathematical axiom. His ship was in the midst of a cyclone; but the hand on the tiller was as true as the very compass itself, for it obeyed as rigidly a natural law.

To be Continued.

Is It Really Consumption?

Many a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, in its worst form. Nothing can be more happily calculated to nip this danger in the bud than is Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

Physicians prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla in cases of scrofula, and in every form of chronic disease, because this medicine is safer to take, and is more highly concentrated, than any other preparation. It can always be depended upon as an effective blood purifier.

THE HISTORY OF HUNDREDS.—Mr. John Morrison, of St. Anns, N. S., was so seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that dropsy was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic **PILLS.**

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH AND KIDNEYS

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In 3, 5, 10 and 20 lb., Boxes

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SUGAR,
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RICE,
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with full assortment of General Groceries which I wish to sell to my first-class customers at the lowest possible prices.

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Fredericton, N. B., 21st Oct., 1885. tf

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New Brunswick Railway

ALL RAIL LINE.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 24TH, 1886.

Eastern Standard Time.

—:LEAVE FREDERICTON:—

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

9 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for McAdam Junction and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points north.

1 10 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and intermediate points East.

—:ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:—

11 55 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.

3 35 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.

6 40 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

—:LEAVE GIBSON:—

7 00 A. M.—Express for Woodstock, and north.

—:ARRIVE AT GIBSON:—

4 30 P. M.—Express from Woodstock and north.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. | F. W. CRAM, General Manager.
J. E. LEAVITT, General Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 20th, 1886.

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WESTERN DIVISION.

A MIXED TRAIN for passengers and freight will be run daily (Sundays excepted).

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LEAVING GIBSON at 8 00 a. m. (local time and arriving at Doaktown at 12 10 p. m.

Returning, will LEAVE DOAKTOWN at 12 40 p. m., and arrive at Gibson at 5 00 p. m

THOMAS HOBEN,
Sept 1, 1886. Train Manager

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