

13^d of Works.

Fredericton

VOL. III.

FREDERICTON, N. B. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

No. 46

Professional Cards. H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S., DENTIST. Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

C. E. DUFFY, Barrister-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES: West side of Carleton St., Second Door from Queen St. Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

BLACK, JORDAN & BLISS, Barristers, Notaries, &c. SOLICITORS BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA 260 QUEEN STREET.

Money Lended on Real Estate at lower current Rates. Fredericton, N. B., May 2.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. Best English, American and Canadian Companies.

APPLY AT OFFICE OF JAS. T. SHARKEY, Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

JAS T. SHARKEY, Barrister & Attorney, FREDERICTON, N. B. Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

T. AMOS WILSON, BOOKBINDER

Paper Ruler. Cor. Queen and Regent Sts. Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 27.

The Best Stock of MILLINERY to be found in the city is at the Millinery Establishment

MISS HAYES, QUEEN ST.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R.Y. NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION. All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In Effect Oct. 3rd 1892.

DEPARTURES. 6.15 A.M. EXPRESS for St. John, St. Stephen, & Amherst, &c.

2.55 P.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton, St. John and points East, also with Night Express for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and Saturdays excepted, with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, the West North West and Pacific Coast.

ARRIVALS. 9.15 a.m. from St. John, etc. 1.15 a.m. from St. John, Bangor, Montreal, etc.

GIBSON. DEPARTURE. 6.20 A.M. MIXED, for Woodstock, Fredericton, Edmeston, and all points North.

ARRIVE. 4.50 p.m. from Woodstock and points North.

All above Trains run Week days only. G. E. McPHERSON, D. McINTOSH, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. John, N. B.

SPRING MEDICINES! Hood's Sarsaparilla. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Radway's Sarsaparilla. Our Own Sarsaparilla.

W. H. CARTEN, Druggist and Apothecary, Cor. Queen and Carleton Sts. ESTABLISHED 1855 Taylor's Leafes 145 & 147 FRONT ST. EAST TORONTO

Don't Fail to Read This! A WANT SUPPLIED. Having noticed lately the eagerness of purchasers of Ready-Made Clothing to get a better article than that which is imported from Montreal, I have decided this coming year...

GRANBY RUBBERS. Honestly Made. Latest Styles. Beautifully Finished. Everybody Wears them. Perfect Fit. All Dealers Sell Them. THEY WEAR LIKE IRON.

Watches and Jewelry CAUTION. EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY! IS MARKED T. & B IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE.

F. J. McCausland, Opp. A. F. Randolph & Son's, Fredericton, N. B., June 7. JOHN H. FLEMING, 152 Union Street, Saint John, N. B.

A ST. CATHARINES MIRACLE. An Old and Esteemed Citizen Restored to Health and Strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of a gripe, diseases depending on humors in the blood such as eczema, chronic erysipelas, etc.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of a gripe, diseases depending on humors in the blood such as eczema, chronic erysipelas, etc.

This is meant for you. It has been truly said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Comparatively few are able to do so, owing to the impure condition of our blood.

A Little Nervous Caution for Leisure Reading. Perhaps Cupid is painted blind because he goes about naked.

CAUTION. EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY! IS MARKED T. & B IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE.

THREE SCORE YEARS & TEN OLD DR. GORDON'S REMEDY FOR MEN. ABSOLUTELY Cures Lost Power, Nervous Debility, Night Losses, Discharges caused by Abuse, Over Work, Indigestion, Zoster, Chills or Shiverings, Lack of Energy, and all other ailments of the Urinary and Reproductive Systems. Young, middle-aged or old men suffering from the effects of Spermia, and all other ailments, should use this REMEDY TO RESTORE THEM TO HEALTH AND VIGOR.

OCCIDENTAL ODDITIES. A Graphic Description of a Trip across the Continent in Winter. By a Frederictonian.

I don't believe him, but as this statement moved the argument in my favour. Of course I agreed with him for the time. He further said that he had known other blanked greenhorn start on a morning to walk to that mountain top, where there is a famous trout lake, and return at midnight of that day (or the next, I really forget which) tired to death with no fish.

The country from Fort William to within a short distance of Winnipeg is wild and broken, with rapid rivers and many lakes, but containing valuable forests and mineral deposits. Marillo, thirteen miles from Fort William is the railway station for the Rabbit Mountain Silver District, and four miles from the station are the Kakabeka Falls, where the Kaministiquia river leaps from a height of 250 feet into the rapids of the Kakabeka.

It is a matter of fact, I didn't, I was lost in a sense of my own injury. I felt hurt, my importance was entirely underestimated. I drew myself up and said with all my native dignity and quietness: "Sir, I am a newspaper man!"

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CH TRIAL FOR 30 DAYS. The most complete and latest in the world. It is a matter of fact, I didn't, I was lost in a sense of my own injury. I felt hurt, my importance was entirely underestimated. I drew myself up and said with all my native dignity and quietness: "Sir, I am a newspaper man!"

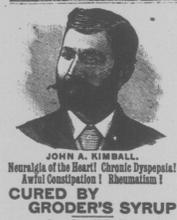


THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND. Skoda's German Soap and Skoda's Ointment, Should Always Find a Place in the Nursery!

No REMEDIES in the world equal SKODA'S for Blood and Skin Diseases. Endorsed and used by Physicians, are they not worthy your trial?

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

POOR DOCUMENT



JOHN A. KIMBALL,
Neuralgia of the Heart, Chronic Rheumatism,
Aerial Constipation, Rheumatism,
CURED BY
GRODER'S SYRUP

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THE AMERICAN BARON.

(By JAMES DE MILLE.)

(Continued.)

A vague idea that a communication had passed between them on the preceding evening with reference to the road, was in his mind, and his vengeful feeling was stimulated by this thought to the utmost pitch of intensity.

Hawbury then looked at his horse, and they flew along the road. After the first cry and shot that they had heard there was no further noise. The stillness was mysterious. It showed Hawbury that the struggle, if there had been any was over. But the first idea still remained in his mind, and he was now aware of it. On they went, and now they came to the turn in the road. Round this they whirled, and in an instant the scene revealed itself.

Three carriages stopped, some drivers standing and staring indifferently; a group of women crowding around a portico form that lay in the road, a pale beautiful girl whom a beautiful woman was clinging passionately; a crowd of armed brigands with leveled pistols, and immediately before them a horseman—the Italian, Giraole.

One glance showed all this. Hawbury could not distinguish any face among the crowd of women that bent over Lady Dalrymple, and Ethel's face was thus still unveiled!

What the devil's all this about? asked Hawbury, haughtily as his horse stopped at the Baron's carriage.

You are prisoners—began Giraole. But before he could say another word he was interrupted by a cry of fury from Dacres who the moment that he recognized him, sprang to his feet, and with a long keen knife in his hand, leaped from the carriage into the midst of the brigands, striking right and left, and endeavoring to force his way toward Giraole. In an instant Hawbury was by his side. Two men fell beneath the horse thrusts of Dacres's knife, and Hawbury from the rifle in his hand, and the clubbed end of this he began dealing blows right and left. The men fell back and leveled their pistols. Dacres sprang forward and was within three steps of Giraole—his face was full of ferocity, his eyes flashing, and looking not so much like an English gentleman as one of the old vikings in a Berserker rage. One more spring brought him closer to Giraole. The Italian retreated. One of his men flung himself before Dacres and tried to grapple with him. The next instant he fell with a groan, stabbed to the heart. With a yell of rage the others rushed upon Dacres, but the latter was soon suddenly seized with a new idea. Turning for an instant he held his assailants at bay, and then seizing an opportunity, sprang into the woods and ran. One or two shots were fired, and then half a dozen men gave chase.

Meanwhile one or two shots had been fired at Hawbury, but in the confusion they had not taken effect. Suddenly, as he stood with uplifted rifle ready to strike his enemies made a sudden rush simultaneously upon him. He was seized by a dozen strong arms. He struggled fiercely, but his efforts were unavailing. The odds were too great. Before long he was thrown to the ground on his face, and his arms bound behind him. After this he was gagged.

The uproar of this fierce struggle had roused all the ladies, and they turned their eyes in horror to where the two were fighting against such odds. Ethel raised herself on her knees from beside Lady Dalrymple, and caught sight of Hawbury. For a moment she remained motionless, and then she saw the escape of Dacres, and Hawbury going down in a grasp of his assailants. She gave a

loud shriek and rushed forward. But Giraole intercepted her.

Go back, he said. De miler is my prisoner. Back, or you will be bound.

At a gesture from him two men advanced to seize Ethel.

Back! he said, once more in a stern voice. You must be tenfold to mild.

Ethel struck back, but he did not recognize it. If he thought of it, all he supposed it was the scream of common terror from one of the women. He was sore and bruised and fast bound. He was held down also in such a way that he could not see the party of ladies. The Baron's carriage intercepted the view, for he had fallen behind this during the final struggle.

After a little time he was allowed to sit up, but still he could not see beyond the carriage.

There was now some delay, and Giraole gave some orders to his men. The ladies waited with fearful apprehensions. They listened eagerly to hear if there might not be some sounds of approaching help. But no such sounds came to gladden their hearts. Lady Dalrymple, also, still lay senseless, and Ethel full of the direct anxiety about Hawbury, had to restrain her efforts toward reviving her aunt.

By five long the brigands who had been in pursuit of the fugitive returned to the road. They did not bring back either of them. A dreadful question arose in the minds of the ladies as to the meaning of this. Did it mean that the fugitives had escaped, or had been shot down in the woods by their traitful partners? It was impossible for them to find out. Giraole went over to them and conversed with them apart. The men all looked sullen, but whether that arose from disappointment or gratified curiosity, it was impossible for them to discern.

The brigands now turned their attention to their own men. Two of these had been shot dead, but the most cruel fate of all, that of the dagger of Dacres, and the scowl of pain and rage which they threw upon Hawbury and the other captives showed nothing but the most cruel fate of all. Another, however, still lay there. It was the one who had intercepted Dacres in his rush upon Giraole. He lay motionless in a pool of blood. They turned him over.

His white, rigid face, as it became exposed to view, exhibited the unmistakable mark of death, and a gasp on his breast showed how his fate had met him.

The brigands uttered loud cries, and advanced toward Hawbury. He sat regarding them with perfect indifference. They raised their rifles, some clapping their hands, others taking aim, swearing and grunting all the time like maniacs.

Hawbury, however, did not move a muscle of his face, nor did he show the slightest feeling of any kind. He was covered with mud, and his clothes were torn and splashed with mud, and his hands were bound and his mouth was gagged, but he presented a coolness that astonished his enemies. Had it not been for this coolness his brain might have been blown out in which case the narrative would never have been written; but there was something in his look which made the Italian pause, gave Giraole time to interfere, and thus preserved my story from ruin.

Giraole then came up and made his men stand back. They obeyed silently. Giraole removed the gag, and then he stood and looked at Hawbury. Hawbury sat and returned his look with his usual nonchalance, regarding the Italian with a cold, steady stare, which produced upon the latter its usual maddening effect.

Miler will be glad to hear, said he with a mocking smile, de miler; but de miler half been fancee to me, an' so I take dis occasion to mak her fancee. I all love her, an' I love you. I have her life, an' she has her fancee to me since den.

Now Giraole has chosen to say to Hawbury from the conviction that Hawbury was Minnie's lover, and that the statement of this would inflict a pang upon the heart of his supposed rival which would destroy his coolness. The Italian, however, struck at Hawbury's jealousy rather than at his pride. He said that he was disappointed. Hawbury heard his statement with utter indifference.

Well, said he, all I can say is that it seems to me to be a devilish odd way of going to work about it.

Aha! said Giraole, fiercely. You say de miler. So shall be mine. Aha!

Hawbury made no reply, and Giraole, after a gesture of impatience, walked off.

In a few minutes two men came up to Hawbury, and led him away to the woods on the left.

CHAPTER XXIV.
AMONG THE BRIGANDS.

Giraole now returned to the ladies. They were in the same position which he had left them. Mrs. Willoughby with Minnie, and Ethel, with the maids, attending to Lady Dalrymple.

Mildred said Giraole, I beg your attention. I haf had de honor to inform you dat de mess is my fancee. So haf give me her heart an' her hand, so love me and I love her. I was prevent from to e her, an' I haf to take her in dis manner. I feel sad at de pain I half give you, an' assure you dat it was inevitable. You shall not be troubled more. You are free. Mees, be continued, taking Minnie's hand, you haf promise me dis fair had, an' you are mine. You come to one who loves you betwain dan life, an' who you love. You owe your life to me. I shall make it so happy as never!

I'm sure I don't want to be happy, said Minnie. I don't want to leave darling Kitty—and it's a shame—and you'll make me hate you if you do so.

Mildred, said Giraole to Mrs. Willoughby, de mees says so not want to come, you may come an' be our stairee.

Oh, Kitty darling, you won't leave me! will you, all alone with this horrid man? said Minnie.

My darling, moaned Mrs. Willoughby, how can I go. Oh, my sweet sister, what misery!

Oh, now that will be really quite delightful if you will come, Kitty darling. Only I'm afraid you'll find it awfully uncomfortable.

Giraole turned once more to the other ladies.

I beg you will assure de mildred when she receive of my consideration de mees distingué, an' convey to her de regrettes dat I haf. Mildred he continued addressing Ethel, you are free, an' can go. You will not be molested by me. You all go safe. You had not ver far. You all go home dere—forward—before us.

With these words he turned away.

You may come with me, he said to Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie. Come. Set out ver far.

He walked slowly into the woods on the left, and the two sisters followed him. Of the two Minnie was far the more cool and collected. She was as composed as usual, and as there was no help for it, there with her. And Willoughby, however, was terribly agitated, and wept and shuddered and moaned incessantly.

Kitty darling, said Minnie, I wish you advanced out there was not much more to feel quite nervous. I never saw you so bad in my life.

Poor Minnie! Poor child! Poor sweet child!

Well, if I am a child, you needn't go and tell me about it all the time. It's really quite horrid.

Mrs. Willoughby said no more, but generally tried to repress her own feelings, so as not to give distress to her sister.

After the Count had entered the wood with the two sisters, the drivers removed the horses from the carriages and went away, led off by the man who had driven the ladies. This was the man whose stolid face had seemed likely to belong to an honest man, but who now was shown to belong to the opposite class. These men went down the road over which they had come, leaving the carriage behind them, and then they returned to the carriage. Giraole followed the way, and Minnie and her sister followed him. The wood was very thick, and grew more so as they advanced, and there was not much more to be seen.

Several times a wild thought of flight came to Mrs. Willoughby, but was soon dispelled by a helpless sense of their own helplessness. How could she persuade the impracticable Minnie, who seemed so free from all concern? or, if she could persuade her, how could she accomplish her desire? She would at once be pursued and surrounded, while even if she did manage to escape, how could she ever find her way to any place of refuge? Every minute, also, drew them deeper and deeper into the woods, and the more they advanced, the more they were surrounded by a sense of helplessness and hopelessness, and a sense of one who is going to bid him.

Giraole said nothing whatever, but had the way in silence walking slowly enough to accommodate the ladies, and sometimes holding an overhanging branch to prevent it from springing back in their faces. Minnie walked on lightly and with evident interest upon the forest. Once a passing lizard caused her a pretty little shriek of alarm, thus showing that she was not so calm in the face of fear and frightful danger, she could be alarmed by even the most innocent object that affected her fancy. Mrs. Willoughby thought that she understood Minnie better, but this little shriek at a lizard, from one who smiled at the brigands, struck her as a problem quite beyond her power to solve.

The woods now began to grow thinner. The trees were larger and farther apart, and rose all around in columnar array, so that it was possible to see between them to a greater distance. At length there appeared before them, through the trunks of the trees the gleam of water. Mrs. Willoughby noticed this, and wondered what it might be. At first she thought it was a harbor on the coast; then she thought it was some river; but finally, on coming nearer, she saw that it was a lake. In a few minutes after their first sight of it they had reached its banks.

It was a most beautiful and exquisite spot. All around were high wooded eminences, beyond whose undulating summits arose the towering forms of the Appennine heights. Among these hills lay a little lake about a mile in length and breadth, whose surface was as smooth as glass, and reflected the surrounding shores. On their right, as they descended, they saw some figures moving, and knew them to be the brigands, while on their left they saw a ruined house. Toward this Giraole led them.

The house stood on the shore of the lake. It was of stone, and two stories in height. The roof was still good, but the windows were gone. There was no door, but half a dozen or so of the brigands stood there and formed a sufficient guard to prevent the escape of any prisoner. These men had dark, wicked eyes, and sallow faces, which afforded fresh terror to Mrs. Willoughby. She had thought in her desperation of making some effort to escape by bribing the men, but the thoroughbred rascality which was evinced in the faces of these ruffians showed her that they were the very fellows who would take her money and cheat her afterwards. If she had been able to speak Italian, she might have secured the services by the prospect of some future reward after escaping; but as it was, she could not speak a word of the language and thus could not enter upon the preliminaries of an escape.

On reaching the house the ruffians stood aside, staring hard at them. Mrs. Willoughby shrank in terror from the beautiful glances of their eyes; but Minnie looked at them calmly and innocently,

but not without some of that curiosity which a child shows when he first sees a Chinaman or an Arab in the street. Giraole led the way upstairs to a room on the second story.

It was an apartment of large size, extending across the house, with a window at each end two on the side. On the floor there was a heap of straw, over which some skins were thrown. There were no chairs, nor was there any table.

Rossie sat, said Giraole, mildred, for de accommodation. It gif me pain, but I promise it shall not be long. Only dis day an' dis night here. I haf to detain you dat time. Den we shall go to where I haf a home—ter for de bride. I haf a home—where you shall be happy bride, mees—

But I don't want to stay here at all in such a horrid place, said Minnie, looking round in disgust.

Only dis day an' night, said Giraole, imploringly. Affaire you shall have all you shall wish.

Well at any rate, I think it's very horrid in you to shut me in the woods. You might let me walk outside in the woods. I've so awfully fond of the woods.

Giraole smiled faintly.

And so you shall have plenty of de wood—but to morra. You wait here now. All stand up yess—secure—all right! yess—slip to night, an' in de morra early you shall be mine. Den shall come a priest an' we shall have de ceremony.

Well I think it was very unkind of you to bring me to such a horrid place. And how can I get down? You might let me get down by the stairs. You might let me get down by the stairs. You might let me get down by the stairs.

Unkind! Oh, mees—my heart, my life, all ara yours, an' I lay my life at your feet.

I think it would be far more kind if you would put a chair at poor Kitty's feet, returned Minnie with some show of temper.

But, oh, carissima, tink—de wild wood—nothing here—no, nothing—not a chair—only de straw.

Then you had no business to bring me here. You might have known that there were no chairs here. I can't sit down on nothing. But I suppose you expect me to advance out there with my horrid dress—de know what is. I'm sure I don't know what poor dear papa would say if he were to see me now.

Do not grieve, carissima mia—de, de, charming mees decompose yourself. To morra you shall go to a better place, an' I will carry you to my castle. You shall haf every want, you shall enjoy every wif, you shall be happy.

But I don't see how I can be happy in a chair, returned Minnie, in whose mind this one grievance now became pre-eminent. You talk as though you think I am made of stone or iron, or that I can stand here all day or all night, and you want me to sleep on that horrid straw and those horrid carry things. I suppose this is the mode that you speak of. I'm sure I wonder why you ever thought of bringing me here. I suppose it don't make sense to you, but I can stand here all day, and you will not let me have a chair; and I think you are very unkind.

Giraole was in despair. He stood in thought for some time, but the thought that Minnie's rebuke was deserved. If she had reproached him with wailing like a child, he could have borne it, and could have returned a reply. But such a charge as this was unanswerable. It certainly was very hard that she should be so shut up, and that she should be so shut up, and that she should be so shut up. How in the world could he satisfy her?

Minnie's eyes, returned Minnie, in whose mind this one grievance now became pre-eminent. You talk as though you think I am made of stone or iron, or that I can stand here all day or all night, and you want me to sleep on that horrid straw and those horrid carry things. I suppose this is the mode that you speak of. I'm sure I wonder why you ever thought of bringing me here. I suppose it don't make sense to you, but I can stand here all day, and you will not let me have a chair; and I think you are very unkind.

I think you are very, very unkind, said Minnie, and I really don't see how I can ever please you again.

This was too much. Giraole turned away. He rushed downstairs. He wandered frantically about. He looked in all directions for a chair. There was plenty of wood certainly—for all around he saw the vast forest; but of what use was it? He could not transform a tree into a chair. He communicated his difficulty to some of the men. They shook their heads helplessly. At last he saw the stump of a tree which was such a shape that it looked as though it might be used as a seat. It was his only resource, and he seized it. Calling two or three of the men, he had the stump carried to the old house. He rushed up stairs to acquaint Minnie with his success and to try to console her. She listened in coldness to his heavy words. The men who were carrying the stump came up with a clump and clatter, breathing hard for the stump was very heavy, and finally placed it on the landing in front of Minnie's door. On reaching that spot it was found that it would not go in.

Minnie heard the noise and came out to see what it was. She saw the stump, and she looked at the stump, then at the men, and then at Giraole.

What is this for? she asked.

Est—est—est for a chair.

A chair! exclaimed Minnie. Why, it's nothing but a great big, horrid, ugly old stump.

Her remarks ended in a scream. She turned and ran back into the room. She said—what is de matter? cried the Count, looking into the room with a face pale as anxiety.

Oh, take it away! take it away! cried Minnie, in terror.

What? what?

Take it away! take it away! she repeated.

But set one for you—set one seat.

To be continued.

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10.00 Handsome Table Stand.	1.00.
15.00 Handsome Picture, 21x28, 3 in. Gilt Frame.	2.00.
20.00 Ruby Glass Water Set, 10 pieces.	2.50.
30.00 Silver Plated 5 Lotted Caster.	3.00.
40.00 Handsome Platters Easler.	4.00.
60.00 China Tea Set, 44 pieces, Gold Finish.	7.00.
75.00 Polished Quarter Oak Centre Table.	10.00.
100.00 Handsome Frank Easy Chair.	12.00.
150.00 Handsome Antique Chamber Set, 7 pieces.	20.00.
200.00 Silver-Plating for Pictures and Stand.	25.00.
300.00 Silver Service.	45.00.

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