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ALONE AMONG THE SHADOWS.

I'm alone among the shadows,
And I'm waiting for the light
To chase away the gloom
Of the dreary, weary night.
Like a sighing child deserted
My uncertain way I grope—
I'm alone among the shadows,
But my soul is full of hope.

I'm alone among the shadows,
But my doubts and fears are past,
For I feel the sweet assurance
That the light will come at last;
A ray from hope's bright beacon
Comes through the gloom to me—
I'm alone among the shadows,
But my heart is light and free.

I'm alone among the shadows,
But I hear a sweet voice say,
"You would not prize the daylight
If it were always day."
And so I'll strive in earnest
To keep from error free,
And so who strengthens the weak
Will surely comfort me.
—Francis S. Smith, in N. Y. Weekly.

HIS ONE LOVE.

An Old Man's Unexpected but Happy Disappointment.

An old gentleman, leaning forward with
his hands clasped over a gold-headed cane,
was seated in a summer-house situated
upon the grounds of a hotel at a fashionable
watering-place. He was in a corner, hidden
by drooping vines, and his face expressed
deep and apparently painful thought. The
refrain of his sad musing was:

"Only one person in the whole world to
love me, and I shall lose even that love
now!"

On the other side of the summer-house,
divided from the side the old man occupied
by a rustic partition, two ladies, young and
fair, rushed in, and taking out some fancy
work, settled down for a chat.

One was tall, and dressed in a pretty cos-
tume that was at once youthful and ma-
turally the other was petite, blonde, and not
more than eighteen. Mrs. Courtland spoke
first.

"Embroidery, Alice?" she said. "A
handsome handkerchief corner. For your
nephew?"

"Yes," and the sweet voice faltered,
while a burning blush crimsoned the fair
cheek. "Is it not pretty?"

"Very. I want to talk about your pros-
pects, child. Your Aunt Marcia tells me
you are making a splendid match."

"Did she? I think so, Blanche. Mal-
colm is so noble and good, and a true
Christian!"

"But your aunt tells me he is the favorite
nephew of the great oil merchant, Hiram
Bates, whose wealth is something enor-
mous. You have only to help him play his
cards well, and he will probably be heir to
a magnificent fortune. But what ails you?
You look as if I was telling you a piece of
news."

"I think Aunt Marcia has been misin-
formed, that is all."

"Then he is not Hiram Bates' nephew?"

"I never heard him speak of a rich uncle,
and I am quite sure he has no hope of in-
heriting money. He has a good salary, and
my little fortune will buy and furnish a small
house, so we can make a comfortable, and,
I hope, a happy home."

"Did he never speak to you of his
uncle?"

"Never of a rich uncle. He has told me of
a lame uncle, his mother's brother, who has
been very kind to him, given him an educa-
tion and a start in business. He always
talks of him with the deepest love and
pity."

"Pity?"

"He suffers torture from the effects of a
fall that has lamed him for life and often
causes him weeks of agonizing pain. Mal-
colm tells me with tears in his eyes of his
fear of losing this dearest friend and kind
uncle, and I think he hopes I may be useful
sometimes in nursing him."

"I wonder if she is the same?"

The old man leaning upon his cane was
linking.

"Can it be true? Does Malcolm think so
little of my money, that will be his, that he
has never even mentioned it to his prom-
ised wife? Can it be that I shall gain a lov-
ing, tender niece instead of losing my
nephew, when Malcolm marries?"

Loving his nephew so deeply, Hiram
Bates had felt a keen pain at the news of
his betrothal. He had never seen Alice
Hunter, but he knew she had been brought
up in a circle of fashion, and was the
orphan niece of one of society's gayest
votaries, Mrs. Marcia Haydon.

He ascertained by inquiry that the young
girl had inherited ten thousand dollars
from her father and that her winters were
spent with her Aunt Marcia, her summers
with a maiden sister of her father. She
was quite a belle, although only in society
one season, pretty and accomplished, and
the old man groaned in spirit over his
nephew's choice.

A belle, and with a head full of fashion-
able frivolity, he was convinced that the
girl had been won by the prospect of Mal-
colm's heirship to his own fortune. He had
seen in the future his nephew estranged
from him by the influence of a dressy,
empty-headed woman, or, still more appal-
ling, his niece-to-be making false protesta-
tions of affection, with a hope of winning
golden favors.

While he mused upon the conversation he
had overheard, the silvery voices of his
young neighbors still sounding beside him,
there was a sudden crash, something struck
him upon the head and he lost consciousness.

Cries from the summer-house, from
groups of people collected in the grounds,
brought a party of men speedily to the spot.
The rotten posts supporting the roof upon
one side had given way and the side and
roof had fallen in. Mrs. Courtland and
Miss Hunter were buried under the fallen
timbers, but were uninjured. Not so the
old gentleman, who had been their unsus-
pected listener. He was taken out pallid and
senseless.

Nobody knew him. He had come by the
morning train, had taken breakfast, but no
room, and asked the hour for the return
train. A surgeon, summoned as speedily as
possible, announced a broken arm and an
injury to the head, making a likelihood of a
long, tedious illness. There was some an-
imated discussion, some suggestions of hos-
pital, a search through the pockets of the
unconscious victim, resulting in the discov-
ery of a small sum of money, but no letters,
papers or cards, and finally a desertion of
one and another, each going his or her way,
with the comforting reflection:

"It's none of my business."

But when they had all deserted the in-
jured man the surgeon, still busy binding
up his arm as he lay upon a bench brought
from the ruined summer-house, felt a light
touch on his hand, and looked up to see a

little figure in mourning, with a sweet face,
very pale.

"Can I help you?" Alice Hunter asked.

"No, child, not now."

"What will they do with him?"

"I suppose he must go to a New York
hospital."

"But the ride—the journey?"

"Will cause great additional suffering,
perhaps result in death."

"Doctor, will they keep him here if he is
paid for?"

"Certainly; but there is not money
enough about him to pay his board a week."

"I will pay it."

"You?"

"Yes; I will not let him die for want of
money I have. He"—and her lip quivered—
"he looks like my dear father who is
dead."

"H'm—yes. Here come the fellows to
take him to the station. I think I will take
him to the little cottage where I board. It
will cost less and be more quiet."

Mrs. Courtland declared Alice was out-
raging the proprieties most dreadfully
when the young girl went to the cottage
and offered her services as nurse to the
doctor; but Aunt Sophie silenced comment
by moving her belongings from the hotel to
the quiet boarding-house, and the doctor
found he had a valuable assistant.

Alice explained, in her quiet, low voice,
that her father was ill for nine months be-
fore he died, and she was his nurse. This
accounted for the noiseless woolen dresses,
the velvet-shod feet, the quick eye and ready
hand, and, when the sufferer recovered con-
sciousness, the gentle voice and tact that
quieted him in paroxysms of pain and fever.
Aunt Sophie was too much of an invalid
herself to help, but she sat beside the bed
while Alice moved to and fro, made dainty
soups and tempting dishes, and performed
all nursing duties.

The invalid had one long talk with the
doctor and then submitted to the gentle
ministrations of the two women, only insist-
ing upon a man the doctor provided being
with him at night and within call.

The season was over, and only those three
remained of the summer boarders at the
little cottage, when one cool October day
the sick man, now fast recovering, called
Alice to him.

"I shall soon be well again," he said, re-
gretfully.

"Yes," she answered, cheerily; "very
soon."

"I shall miss my nurse."

"And I my patient; but I am glad you
are recovering. We were afraid at one
time there would be a more painful part-
ing."

"You mean I was in danger of dying.
Why should that be painful. I am old."

She made no answer, looking sorrowfully
into his uplifted eyes.

"And a burden upon you, the doctor tells
me. Why did you make yourself responsi-
ble for a stranger?"

The fair face flushed, the soft eyes were
dewy with feeling as Alice said, softly:

"Because you are old and seemed poor
and friendless. I was glad it was in my
power to aid you. Do not think it was at
any great cost," she added, with a generous
desire to lighten the burden of obligation.

"I have some money lying idle."

"For the wedding day, perhaps. Well,
child, you might have poorer jewels to deck
your bridal than an old man's tears of gra-
titude and love. I am getting well and shall
soon leave you; will you give me a keep-
sake?"

The girl loosened a little locket from a
chain round her throat, cut off one of her
golden curls and put it in the place of some
she took out, and laid the trinket in the old
man's hand.

"With my love," she said, softly.

"Ah, child," he sighed, "an old man,
sick and feeble, wins little love."

"Yet," she said, earnestly, "you must
believe that I have nursed you, since you
were conscious, with affection. My own
father is gone, but if ever you want a
daughter's care or affection, believe me, I
will gladly come to you, if possible."

Three days later the little cottage was de-
serted. Aunt Sophie and she returned to
their home to make up for their lost time in
dress-making and sewing, and Alice cheer-
fully paid out of her small patrimony for
the board and expense of her venerable
patient.

She little guessed how deep an impres-
sion her care and tenderness had made upon
the heart so long closed against human af-
fection, so distrustful of any advances from
his fellow creatures. It was a revelation
to him, this active charity of an utter
stranger. He had gone to the hotel merely
to see Malcolm's choice and had purposely
left all clew to his identity behind him. He
had intended meeting Alice, if possible, un-
known, and watching her unobserved, but
accident had thrown them together in a
way he little anticipated. The first use he
made of his recovery was to write to his
nephew, and Malcolm met him at the depot
when he returned home.

Knowing nothing of the recent accident,
the young man was shocked at the change
in his uncle's face.

"You have been ill?" he cried.

"Very ill."

"Why did you not send for me?"

"I had even better nursing than yours,
Malcolm. Don't ask me any questions now,
but tell me about your marriage prepara-
tions."

"Alice has gone home and will remain
until November. Then she comes to Mrs.
Haydon's and will buy her house and fur-
niture."

"In November?"

"Yes."

Late in November she came. Her trunks
full of Aunt Sophie's daintiest stitching,
and Aunt Marcia gave her cordial greet-
ing. A grand wedding was the display
upon which this lady had set her heart,
and Alice shrank a little at the comments
upon the rich uncle and her own good
fortune in the "first-rate match."

But just before the wedding day a little
note was brought to Alice by a gorgeous
footman, who was driving to her aunt's be-
hind a private carriage. The note was from
Malcolm, and begged her to come to him in
the carriage.

Wondering, but obedient, Alice was
speedily ready, and was driven to a hand-
some brown stone house, where the door
was opened to usher her into a stylish
drawing-room, where a gentleman awaited
her, and Malcolm, advancing, said:

"My Uncle Hiram, Alice."

Kindly blue eyes looked into her own,
withered hands were extended, and a voice
she knew well said:

"We are old friends, Malcolm. Are we
not, Alice?"

Then, before she could answer, the old
man continued:

"I have thought, Alice, that it was unkind
to have my nephew wait for my death be-
fore sharing my wealth. I have borne a

curse of distrust in my heart for many
years, thinking my money won me all the
affection, save Malcolm's, that was offered
me. But though you are well content to
wed the young clerk, and put your own
patrimony into his home, you must not re-
fuse my heir, who has accepted from me an
income that makes him independent, and
this home."

"My love for Malcolm can bear riches or
poverty," was the answer; "but, sir, our
home needs you. You will come, will you
not, to the children, who will try to make
your life happy by loving care? Long be-
fore I knew you, Malcolm told me he hoped,
when he had a home, to win you to live in it.
Will you let me, too, beg of you to come to
us?"

"Gladly, child! Gladly!" the old man
said.
So, where the rich lonely man had feared
to lose the one love of his life, he gained an-
other tenderer, sweeter love, to brighten
his declining years by a daughter's devo-
tion and affection.—Boston Traveller.

TRADE IN PEANUTS.

A Branch of Commerce Very Important to
Southern Farmers.

When we pass a peanut stand, or see a
bag of peanuts in the grocery store, we do
not think of peanuts as forming any im-
portant share in our commerce. We do not
think that the peanut trade is a branch of
trade very important to the people in a cer-
tain section of our country; that if the crop
should fail it would mean suffering and
ruin to many people. Peanuts grow in Vir-
ginia, Tennessee and Eastern North Caro-
lina, Alabama and Mississippi. The best
grade comes from Virginia, and they are
known as "goubers;" in Alabama and
Mississippi as "pinders." Dealers say
that no improvements have been made in the
peanut farms; they are just what they
were thirty years ago, although the peanut
trade has doubled in nine years. The farms
are small, and the crops are cared for by
negroes. The nuts are planted in hills
about a foot apart, in rows about two and
one-half feet apart, and are harvested by
plowing and turning over with long-handled
forks; this shakes off the dirt, when the
vines are gathered and shocked about a
pole, where they are left to dry, the vines
being so placed as to protect the nuts from
the rain; mildewed nuts turn black, and are
less salable though the nuts may be sweet.

A dealer says, in the New York Evening
Post, that "the shocks, after they have been
built up, are left standing for several
weeks, until the nuts are quite dried and
cured. They are then stripped from the
vines by hand, packed in bags, and carried
to the middleman who handles them for the
farmer. By the middleman the nuts are
taken to the top floor of a factory, and are
scoured and polished by rubbing against
each other in a long revolving iron cylinder.
Spouts carry them, after cleaning, to the
second floor, where they are run through a
fanning-mill. From the mill they are de-
livered on to an endless apron, made of
slats hinged together, and as they travel
along on this girls sitting on each side sort
them into grades. The nuts are then put
into sacks and are ready for shipping.

They are brought to New York mostly by
steamers, although some come by rail. They
are sold here as "Wilmingtons," "Vir-
ginians," "Tennessees" and "Spanish." The
last variety was formerly grown in Spain,
but is now raised in Virginia to good ad-
vantage. The grades are known as "fancy
handpicked," "extra handpicked," and
"choice." The screenings are the poorest
nuts, and these are bought by vendors at
county fairs and mixed in with a better
grade."

Peanuts are shipped to all parts of this
country and to the West Indies, but no
trade has been developed with Europe.
This limited trade, however, amounts to five
million dollars per year.

DECEPIT HEN FRUIT.

How Rotten Eggs Are Utilized by the Con-
fectioners of the Hub.

They must utilize pretty nearly every thing
in Boston, according to the following anec-
dote by the correspondent from that city to
the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He says:
Every thing in this world, they say, has
some use. Even rotten eggs are sold here
at three or four cents a dozen to Hobbrows
of the lowest class, who appreciate their
gamey flavor. This is not the only employ-
ment, however, that has been found in Bos-
ton for back-number products of the barn-
yard. Only a few days ago a friend of the
writer chanced to see a greengrocer in the
act of dumping a barrelful of eggs from
a city wharf into Massachusetts Bay. While
in the very act the tradesman was hastily
interrupted by a well-dressed passer by
who exclaimed:

"My dear sir, what are you doing?"

"Dumping bad eggs," responded the
groceryman, briefly.

"Are they hopelessly bad?"

"Awful."

"Chirp?"

"Past that."

"Give you a dollar for the lot."

"Done," said the groceryman. "But may
I ask you what you want them for?"

"Cream puffs," answered the stranger.
"Bad eggs are as good as fresh ones for
making them, with a few chemicals thrown
in. Pay you a dollar a barrel for all you'll
send me. I'm a confectioner."

There are great cold-storage houses in
Boston, by the way, which are filled every
summer with millions of eggs, to be taken
out at this season and sold for "strictly
fresh" at fabulous prices. They taste very
well, too, notwithstanding so many months
of keeping, but get bad almost immedi-
ately. People generally are not aware that
many of the eggs they buy are brought
all the way from China, where a whole na-
tion has been in the poultry business for
seven thousand years.

A Dog That Was a Joker.

There is a dog in Orlando, Fla., with a
fine sense of humor, if this story is true
as told by a local newspaper: His owner
frequently gives him a piece of coin to
carry along to market. A day or two ago
he gave him a dollar, and the dog was trot-
ting along when he saw a colored man ap-
proaching. He stopped a little distance in
front of the darkey, dropped the dollar
from his mouth to the sidewalk, and then
walked to the edge of the pavement, ap-
parently as if he cared nothing for the
money. Mr. Darkey walked briskly up and
was in the act of stooping to pick up the
money, when the dog flew at him as if to
bite, quickly seized the money, and trotted
off with an air of "No, you don't," and over-
took his owner.

What We Are Coming To.

The idea of teaching every girl to thump
a piano, and every boy to be a book-keeper,
will make potatoes four dollars a bushel in
twenty years.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.

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CIANS OF EDINBURGH.

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—AND—

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lasses of plumbing and Gas-Fitting and to per-
orm the work satisfactory and promptly

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