Literature.

A MONSTROUS WRONG!

CHAPTER XVII.

Elspeth opened the door and Miss MacKinloch, staff in hand, went out into the draughty hall. Her heels clattered over the slippery floor like the tapping of a hammer. She began to descend the wide staircase. As she neared the bottom a sudden impulse came to her to listen to the conversation of her guests, herself unseen. She would have scorned eavesdropping at any other time, for she had a nice sense of honor, but to-day she was not quite herself. She was weak and ill; she feared that she might have wronged her kinspeople, and she longed to overhear such words of kindliness toward herself as should warrant her better feeling toward them. She moved along the great hall, and passed the door of the drawing-room. In the rear of the latter apartment was a spacious room which served its owner as library, morning-room, and private parlor. Here were her books; here she settled accounts with her bailiff and servants; and here, very often, her meals were served to her. She opened the door and softly entered.

The room was not half so large as the drawing-room, and was divided from the latter by heavy velvet portieres. The three windows looked upon a gloomy plantation of firs, and were heavily curtained. The velvet carpet was like moss under the thread, a bright wood-fire burned on the hearth, and the general aspect of the chamber was bright and pleasant.

Miss MacKinloch closed the door noiselessly and crossed the floor in the direction of the portiere. A high-backed easy-chair stood at one edge of the drapery The old lady sank down among its yielding cushions, and lifted a fold of the velvet in her hand. Through the opening thus afforded, she obtained a very good view of the interior of the drawing-room.

Miss Dougal was sitting before the hearth, her long thin curls hanging meagrely down the sides of her long thin face a piece of Berlin embroidery in her hands her head raised coquettishly, and with an attempt at archness which sat oddly on her ancient and faded visage. She was regarding Melcombe, who was pacing to and fro, with visible impatience, and who was talking to her as he walked.

The pair were on very friendly terms, at least outwardly. The inclemency of the weather, which had confined Melcombe to the house, and Miss MacKinloch's indisposition, which had driven the couple to seek each other's society, had been valuable aids to the schemes of Miss Dougal. She had just been declaring to Melcombe, as a great secret, that Miss MacKinloch had long since avowed an intention of making her—Miss Dougal—her heiress, and that a will to such effect was at that very moment in the hands of the old lady's Edinburgh solicitor. Melcombe had risen from his seat with some agitation, and began to pace the floor, while Miss Dougal watched him furtively, hoping that his next words would be a proffer of marriage.

It was at this interesting juncture that Miss MacKinloch, thirsting to hear some kindly and generous word spoken of herself, made her appearance on the scene.

Unconscious of the proximity of any listener, Melcombe took a few hasty turns up and down the room, and then said, huskily:

"This is really true, then, Josepha? Aunt Joe has made her will, devising all her property to you?"

"To me, absolutely," said Miss Dougal, with a little air of exultation that went far to confirm her words in Melcombe's opinion. "All her money in the funds, her real estate in Edinburgh, and this wretched old castle, with thousands of acres attached, with the fishing and shooting that you gentlemen think so valuable—everything comes to me, on account of my name, you know. I ought to have some compensation for my name of Josepha," she added, with an affected little laugh. "I suppose that I shall have a great many suitors when I come into possession of the MacKinloch property. The old woman has not used half her income, and her wealth is now immense."

"You speak of her respectfully," said Melcombe, with a little sneer.

"You called her the old crone yesterday," retorted Miss Dougal, "and wondered if she were going to live forever.

"If you hope to make a great marriage on the strength of your heirship, you may have to wait twenty years yet, and you will be a veritable antique by that time," said Melcombe, bitterly.

"I shan't have to wait so long," said Miss Dougal, composedly. "Miss Joe is failing rapidly. She is past eighty years of age. This cold of hers may deepen into something serious. I don't think she can last till spring."

Melcombe's face flushed with his annoyance.

"If Aunt Joe has made any such will as you declare," he exclaimed, "I shall contest it. I am her great-nephew, and have a greater right to inherit her property than you, who are only a cousin, several times removed. I will break up the will—"

"On what ground?" asked Miss Dougal calmly.

"On the ground of undue influence, incompetence to make a will, or general imbecility," cried Melcombe, irritably. "I can bring forward her eccentricities and prove her insane, and I will do it! The wretched old beldame! She has asked me to visit her every autumn for twenty years, and I have martyred myself to this result! But you won't come so easily into possession, Josepha. If there's any law in Great Britain, I'll have my rights!"

Miss Dougal wondered if she had not carried her little fiction too far. Nevertheless, she pursued her scheme to its intended termination.

"Of course," said she, in a low voice, "Miss Joe can do as she likes with her own property, it not being entailed. But I feel for your disappointment. I would not have a lawsuit for the world. You have expected to inherited her estates, and so have I. She must be near her end. Now, if we were to unite our claims—"

"Unite them? How?"

Miss Dougal's head dropped affectedly.

"What is it that the poet says?" she asked. "Two souls with but a single thought: two hearts that beat as one.' You know, of course, how our interests could be combined. Do not compel me to speak more plainly."

An amused smile flitted over Melcombe's cruel lips. He comprehended her, and in spite of his irritation and deep seated annoyance, could not help admiring the audacity of the 'old girl," as he irreverently termed her in his thoughts.

"I suppose you mean that we could be married?" he demanded, bluntly.

Miss Dougal gave a faint little scream of dismay, and appeared quite shocked at such plain speaking; nevertheless, she listened breathlessly to what should follow.

"This isn't leap year," said Melcombe, "but I suppose that you may possibly be an extreme advocate for woman's right—an extremist of the extreme, I might say. But I fear that we can't 'unite' our interests," and his tones were smooth and full of sarcasm. "When I marry I intend to do the wooing. And I have other views for myself, my dear Josepha. I think I will trust to the law to secure to me my rights."

Miss Dougal's face reddened as it had not done for years. She was mortified and angry and could not conceal her agitation.

"You may rest assured that I shall defend my case with spirit," she exclaimed. "And remember that I shall be in possession, and that 'possession is nine points of the law.' I suppose that you will leave the castle at once?"

"By no means. Aunt Joe is not dead yet, and has therefore, time to make a new will. I will see her this very day—"

"Miss Joe rose and held up the portiere with her long, bony hand. Her guest recoiled before her. Her black, hard eyes blazed like coals from out her yellow face. She had been furious and angry while listening to the conversation we have described, but now she looked as implacable as fate, as hard and cold as stone. She had more than ever a weird, uncanny, witch-like look. Both Melcombe and Miss Dougal knew instinctively that she had overheard them, and was prepared to wreak her vengeance upon them.

"There is no time like the present," said the old lady, in a croaking voice. "You can see me now, Mr. Gifford Melcombe."

She advanced with the aid of her staff into the drawing-room, and confronted them with those terrible, blazing eyes.

Her guests seemed stricken dumb.

"I have overheard your conversation," continued the old lady, in cold, stern tones, looking from one to the other. I suppose that I ought not to be surprised at it. Yet, and she broke into a little, bitter laugh, I came down stairs hoping to overhear some word of affection, some expression of kindness, for I find that I am human, after all. I heard what I ought to have expected to hear. When I have rated you both it appears that I have done you no injustice.

"Miss Joe—" began Miss Dougal, tremblingly.

"Silence!" flashed the old woman, turning upon her like a tigress. "The old beldaime is old, but she is not yet in her dotage. I heard your speculations in regard to my death. I fear that I shall live to prevent your grand marriage, Josepha Dougal. And as for you, Gifford Melcombe, I shall put it out of your power to prove my insanity or imbecility."

"My dear aunt—"

Miss MacKinloch laughed hollowly.

"Spare me your hypocrisy!" she commanded. "After the revelation you heve unwittingly given me of your secret sentiments, you will not be surprised if I order the chariot to take you both to Callander.

Miss Dougal glanced towards the rain drenched windows.

"You would send me away in this weather?" she exclaimed. "It is so late we would not reach the station to-day—"

"You can stay over night, but you will leave MacKinloch Castle at daybreak, both of you!' cried the old lady sternly. I shall not see either of you again, either while you remain under my roof or afterward. I hope never to see again your false, hypocritical faces while I live!"

She made a retrogade movement towards the reportiere.

"There is one thing more," she said in a spark of malice in her eyes. "I don't mind telling you how near you have been to the prize you so highly esteem. I made my will many years ago, and have never taken the trouble to change it. As it now exists you are named in it as my co-heirs. All my property was to have been equally divided between you, as my nearest relatives. I say, *was* to have been. I shall make a new will as soon as I can send for my solicitor, and I may say that neither of you will be remembered in it beyond the value of a shilling. We part now, Josepha Dougal and Gifford Melcombe, and we part forever. With to-morrow's dawn, whatever the weather, you will leave my house."

Without another word, without allowing any response from her thunder-stricken guests, she raised the velvet drapery and disappeared into the inner room. By a common impulse they hurried after her, but she had vanished into the hall, and was clattering swiftly up the great stair.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DROPPED LETTER.

The gloomy September day, with its driving gusts of wind and ceaseless, drizzling mist, drew to a close. Darkness gathered early in the wild and lonely glen. The loch and the distant mountain walls alike were blotted out. The North wind tore through the upper pass and swept down the valley like an armed and hostile host, crashing its way out at the lower gap between the hills, and leaving devastation in its path.

It was a night for home comforts, for snug firesides, and pleasant companionship. The former were not lacking at the ruined old castle of the MacKinlochs, but there was nothing of the latter. Fires blazed in the great baronial hall, in the drawing-room and library, but no one lingered by their hearths. Miss Dougal was up stairs in her own chamber engaged in packing her trunk. Whatever the weather in the morning, it was settled that she must go Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping; she was afraid to go home, knowing that the reproaches of her parents would be many and bitter, and her own self-reproaches were scarcely more easy to bear. How near she had been to wealth? Even half Miss MacKinloch's property would be a grand inheritance. And she had forfeited it by her folly—by her miserable, wretched folly.

"I wish the old woman would die to night!" she muttered. "Then the will would stand, and I would still be an heiress. If she makes another will, I had better be dead than living. We have long been spending more than our income upon the strength of our 'expectations.' We shall have to move into a smaller house, dismiss our servants, and live like beggars, or with the most pinching economy. Oh. dear! oh, dear! I wish she would die to-night, or that I would!"

Gifford Melcombe had completed his arrangements for departure, and was now pacing his room, keen-witted, self possessed, and calculating. His first rage had passed; he had vented his passionate anger in bitterest curses upon Miss Dougal, Miss MacKinloch, and upon himself, and was now cool and thoughtful.

How could I have been such a donkey? he asked himself. "It was not like me. Of course, I could not suspect that the old woman would be listening. She had been confined to her bed for a week, and was supposed to be still too ill to leave her room. But I am usually so cautious that I cannot understand how I could have been betrayed into such indescretion. So, Josepha was to have been co-heir with me? The old girl began the trouble, and I am glad the heaviest loss falls on her. She hasn't a penny of her own, while I have a very tidy little income. I have counted on the MacKinloch money. I shall hate to lose it. But must I lose it?" he asked himself, suddenly. Is its loss an absolute necessity?

He took a few turns to and fro, his brows heavily knitted. The wind made a frantic dash around the angle of the old castle, the windows rattled, a chimney fell with a dull racket, but he was too abstracted to heed the storm or its effects.

"If she could only die before she has time to make another will," he thought. "She is weak and old—why should she not die this very night? Her death to-night would double my income. And it might happen so easily."

He took a few other uneasy turns up and down the spacious chamber.

"If she should live to make another will," he mused, pausing before his bright hearth, "to whom would she leave her money? Not to the Dougals—not to me. Not to her more distant kin, for she hates them. She would leave it to charities or to strangers. Now she is not given to sentimentality. The asylum won't get much from her. She would never sink the MacKinloch money into some great corporation where it would be lost sight of. She would be far more likely to leave it to strangers. And who stands so good a chance of becoming her heir as this young companion of hers—this beautiful Miss Wynn? She has taken a wonderful fancy to this young girl. I believe she will make Miss Wynn her heir."

The more he considered this idea, the more it appeared to him probable.

"I might win the whole estate through the girl," he thought. "That would be better than to divide it with Josepha Dougal. This Dolly Wynn is a splendid beauty. She would create a sensation in a London drawing-room I loved Queenie—poor lost Queenie Redburn—with all my soul. I never expected to be able to love another woman, yet I do love this girl, and I mean to make her my wife. I love her as I loved Queenie, yet with the greater force and passion that come with riper years. I wonder if she is in the old woman's room. I must see her to-night, since the old beldame's fiat has gone forth and I'm to be expelled this Eden at daybreak.

He opened his door to watch for Dolores.

If Melcombe and Miss Dougal were chargrined and unhappy, Miss MacKinloch was in scarcely happier mood. She had returned to her room irritable and justly incensed, and ventured her anger on Dolores and old Elspeth, driving the latter to open rebellion and remonstrance. She had brooded for hours over her griefs, refusing to see either of her guests, although both had entreated to be admitted to her presence. She had returned, unopened a letter sent to her by Miss Dougal, and had sent an order to her coachman to have the chariot at the door at daybreak. She was keenly and terribly disappointed in her mercenary relatives and the idea of taking vengeance upon them by leaving her property to strangers occupied her thoughts.

Dolores was not permited to read to her, and was early dismissed to her room. As the girl emerged into the long, draughty, dimly-lighted hall, closing Miss MacKinloch's door behind her. Melcombe's door opened more widely, and he came forth with a light and noiseless step.

"One moment, Miss Wynn," he exclaimed, in an agitated voice. "Let me have a moment's speech with you—"

"At this hour?" asked Dolores, in surprise.

"It is not to late, and I must speak to you now or not at all, since I leave at daybreak."

"Are you going away while Miss MacKinloch is ill and the weather is so stormy?" asked Dolores.

Melcombe saw that she knew nothing of the affair of the afternoon, and drew a breath of relief.

"I must go," he replied hastily. "My aunt is recovering, and I must be in England. Miss Wynn, the drawing room is lighted, and I see that you are shivering with the cold. Will you come down stairs and let me speak with you for a moments. I cannot keep you standing here, and I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

Dolores hesitated. She supposed that Melcombe desired to give her some injunctions in regard to her care of his aged relative, and after a moment's deliberation assented. She had been told by Mrs. Magruder that Melcombe was likely to succeed Miss MacKinloch in the possession of her property, and this belief gave him an air of authority in the girl's esteem. Melcombe led the way down the stair and across the great hall, and she followed him.

They entered the drawing-room. A cluster of wax lights burned on the high carved mantel-piece and another cluster was upon the table. Melcombe closed the door and pushed a low satin chair before the hearth.

"Sit down," he said, gently. "I will not detain you long. Our acquaintance has been brief, Miss Wynn, but I hope you will not think me premature in what I am about to say."

There was a peculiar agitation in his manner that surprised even himself. As he looked now upon the splendid young lovliness of this girl, as he gazed into the luminous depths of her sombre eyes, he felt his whole being thrill with passionate admiration and love for her. She seemed to him the most magnificent prize this world could bestow. Her dark pale beauty stirred his imagination, reminding him of tropical nights and great golden stars shining from dusky settings. He realized that wealth, power, rank—the gods he had worshiped—were all of small account and valueless beside her. His early love for Queenie Redburn dwarfed into insignificance beside this new and consuming passion. To make her his wife became from this moment the supreme purpose of his life.

"Miss Wynn," he said, and the fire that leaped from his pale eyes startled her. I am to leave Kinloch in the morning, and I cannot go with the words unspoken that fill my soul. You are a young girl of not half my years. You are fresh from school where you have lived as secluded as a nun in a convent. Your experience of life has been brief and narrow; nevertheless, you cannot look forward to an existence of drudgery all your days. Your life must be hard and unsatisfying. You must have dreams of something different, of a home of your own, of some one to love you, of a tender true, and faithful heart to stand between you and the world."

Dolores's face flushed, then grew pale as any snow-drift. The fair blonde face of young Sir Basil Nugent stood out distinct and clear in her memory, stirring her soul with almost uncontrollable agitation.

Gifford Melcombe watched her a moment wonderingly. Could it be that she returned his love? He continued:

"I have known you but a few days, Miss Wynn, but acquaintanceship need not be reckoned by hours and days. I have loved you from the first hour I saw you. Every minute since passed in your society has but served to rivet my bonds. I love you, Miss Wynn, with more than the ardor of youth. I never loved but once before; I expected to remain faithful to that lost love until death, but I find that this new passion is, beside the other, as the sun to the moon. I do not offer you the first freshness of a youthful heart, but I do lay at your feet the strong passion of my manhood. Will you accept it?"

He devoured her face with his burning gaze. As she made a movement to answer, he hastened to interpose, seeing perhaps that her surprise was not that of joy.

"I ought to tell you something more of myself," he said, "before demanding your answer I am a gentleman by position—that goes without saying. I am a favorite in the best society. I count many titled people among my personal friends. I have a good income, and can keep my wife in ease and luxury. I can indulge her in travel, in society, in dress, and in her fancies and caprices. I do not own a country seat," and his tune was regretful, "but I can hire a beautiful villa on the Thames, and even keep up a pony-chaise. So much for the material advantages I can offer you. And as to the rest, Miss Wynn—Dolly," and his voice lingered on her name caressingly, "as to the love and care and tenderness, words could not describe the half I have to offer. Will you be my wife?"

"I am sorry to hear all this, Mr. Melcombe," said Dolores, and I can only thank you for the high compliment you pay me, while I decline your offer."

"You—decline it!"

Dolores bowed her young head gravely.

Melcombe was astonished. A hired companion, dependent upon the caprices of an irritable and hard old woman, rejecting the position he offered her—it seemed incredible.

"Can no pleadings of mine soften your heart to me?" he asked quickly. "Is it impossible that I should win your love.

Quite impossible, answered Dolores, flushing. I appreciate the honor you do me, Mr. Melcombe, but I shall never marry.

"Never marry? Why, you are but eighteen, with a marvelous beauty that would set all London wild, if you were but properly introduced to society. Never marry! Miss Wynn have you already loved?" he asked, with sudden suspicion.

The sombre eyes drooped, then were raised to his in a fearless expression. In those velvety depths he read the story of her ill-fated love.

(To be continued.)

☞ Millions of packages of the Diamond Dyes have been sold without a single complaint. Everywhere they are the favorite Dyes.

In a lecture on gambling and gamblers' methods, Mr. J. H. Stanly said that $40,000,000 was squandered annually in New York city on gambling games.

ANSWER THIS.—Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, billiousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

"You wouldn't take me for a married man, would you?" asked a student of a Cortland girl last Sunday night I rather think I would if you should ask me," was the response. He bought a ring next day.

Kind friend, that nervous, hacking cough is draging you to consumption and the grave. Do not longer delay. Procure Adamson's Balsam at once. It is an unfailing remedy for coughs, colds, and lung disease. Ganong Brother's Selling Agents, St. Stephen.

Gov. Butler, of Massachusetts, keeps on attending to his extensive law practice, and justifies himself as follows:—"Gov. Talbot did not stop his woollen mill when Governor; why, then, should I stop my jaw mill when I am Governor?"

We notice that agricultural newspapers all over the country are now exposing the worthlessness of the *large* packs of horse and cattle powders. We put the ball in motion and claim the credit of it. *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* are absolutely pure, and are the only kind worth buying.

"Away then," said Prof. Parish to the thirty-five young women to whom he was giving diplomas, as graduates of the Philadelphia Woman's Medical College, "with the fallacious reasoning that women may with propriety devote her capabilities to the study of the lily or the rose, the spider or the beetle, but cannot study man the noblest work of God"

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE

Is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Popularity.

Why they are popular. The reason that National Pills are so universally popular is because they are certain in their action, mild and painless in their operation, and never leave the bowels constipated. They are sugar coated, and contain no mineral poison.

The latest mathematical question runs as follows: Two girls met three other girls and all kissed. How many kisses were exchanged.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

Mssrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is wholly devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says, "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Sens.

Factory at Stanstead, P. Q.,—Trade supplied by Wholesale Druggists.

—THE MILD POWER CURES.—

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

In use 30 years.—Each number the special prescription of an eminent physician.—The only Simple, Safe and Sure Medicines for the people

LIST PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3.	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4.	Diarrhœa of Children or Adults	.25
5.	Dysentary, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6.	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7.	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9.	Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo	.25
10.	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11.	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12.	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16.	Fever and Ague, Chill, Fever, Agues	.50
17.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19.	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
20.	Whooping Cough, violent coughs	.50
24.	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27.	Kidney Disease	.50
28.	Nervous Debility	1.00
30.	Urinary Weakness, Wetting the bed	.50
32.	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

Sold by druggists, or sent by the Case, or single Vial, free of charge, on receipt of price. Send for Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease &c. (144 pages), also Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

The Great American Remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, LOSS OF VOICE, HOARSENESS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS.

Prepared from the finest Red Spruce Gum. (Delicious Flavor.) Balsamic, Soothing, Expectorant and Tonic. Superior to any medicine offered for all the above complaints. A scientific combination of the Gum which exudes from the Red Spruce tree—without doubt the most valuable native Gum for Medicinal purposes.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

Every one has heard of the wonderful effects of the Spruces and the Pines in cases of Lung Disease. In France the physicians regularly send their consumptive patients to the pine woods and order them to drink a tea made from the Spruce tops.

In this preparation the Gum never separates, and all its anti-spasmodic, expectorant, tonic, and balsamic properties are preserved. This Syrup, carefully prepared at a low temperature, contains a large quantity of the finest sticked Gum in complete solution.

Its remarkable power in relieving certain forms of Bronchitis, and its almost specific effect in curing obstinate hacking Coughs, is now well known to the public at large.

Sold by all respectable chemists. Price, 25 and 50 cents a bottle.

The words "Syrup of Red Spruce Gum" constitute our Registered Trade Mark, and our wrapper and labels are also registered.

KERRY, WATSON & CO.,
Wholesale Druggists,
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers,
Montreal.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or a disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action to all the organs.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to the powerful curative power. (2)

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the same time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

Tapley's Remedy.

N D H S

—FOR—

Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, AND SCIATICA.

IS ONE of the best preparations now before the public for the cure of those distressing complaints that have baffled the skill of physicians for ages past. It is perfectly safe and reliable, being prepared from the prescription of a surgeon in the British army, who compounded it for the cure of these Nervous Diseases existing in the regiment to which he was attached, and by this Remedy he was enabled to effect a positive cure in every case. Wherever it has been used according to directions, it has never failed to produce the most satisfactory results.

It has but recently been introduced into this country, but during the last two years it has been used here. Its cures of the above diseases have numbered more than that effected by all other remedies combined; it has cured cases of from one to twenty years standing, as can be vouched for by the testimony of most reliable disinterested parties.

Sold at all the principal Drug Stores in the Province.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

GEO. H. DAVIS OR J. M. WILEY,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

March 14

FREDERICTON

MONUMENTAL WORK!

Queen St., just above Reform Club Rooms.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he is prepared to execute all sorts of

PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL

MONUMENTS, TABLETS,

FENCE STONES & POSTS.

First Class Material and Workmanship guaranteed.

JOHN MOORE.

Fred'n, Feb. 8

JAS. R. HOWIE

HAS RECEIVED HIS

SPRING AND SUMMER

CLOTHS,

and respectfully invites the inspection of customers to his large and well selected stock of

British and Canadian

TWEEDS,

Diagonals,

BROAD CLOTHS,

DOESKINS, Etc.

GENTLEMEN'S

Wedding and Mourning Outfits

A SPEIALTY.

The Furnishing Department is the Largest in the City.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

May 11, 1882

WILEY'S

DRUG STORE.

ZOPESA,

HOYT'S COLOGNE,

TEABERRY,

ENOS' FRUIT SALT.

JUST RECEIVED BY

JOHN M. WILEY,

Opposite Normal School,

Queen St., Fredericton.

July 19, 1882

PRACTICAL

PLUMBING.

AND

GAS FITTING!

ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS establishment now having two thoroughly PRACTICAL PLUMBERS and GAS FITTERS in their employ, are prepared to attend to all work entrusted to them in a thorough workmanlike manner.

Parties desiring to have their houses fitted with all the modern improvements in the above business, would do well to apply to us for estimates before going elsewhere.

A variety of GLOBES and PATENT GAS BURNERS for sale cheap.

GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTINGS, always in stock.

Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended to. Tinsmiths Work of every discription, and of the best material manufactured to order the premises at shortest notice.

☞ Prices to suit the times. ☜

J. & J. O'BRIEN,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B

JANUARY 1st, 1883.

LEMONT'S

VARIETY STORE.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

To the Patrons of Lemont's House Furnishing Store

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Martin Lemont's store was burned out in the big fire of 1850, on the site of Sharkey's Block; again burned out 1854, on Phœnix Square Block. He then moved down into Coy's Block, next above our present store. There we were burned out in 1869, re-occupying the same stand again in 1869. From that time to 1871, we remained there. On May 1, 1871, we addressed you with a circular, stating we would move into our present place of business on that date. We again desire to inform you that our Warerooms are now fixtures, and after so many years, again we thank you for your patronage in the past, and desire a continuance of the same.

With the largest Store and Warerooms in the City, we have facilities for carrying on a wholesale and Retail Trade second to none in the Province. There are three Showrooms eigty-three feet deep by twenty-three feet wide, and a cellar under all, giving a floor space of 7,636 feet. Besides this we have other warehouses and back stores, with a workshop to have Furniture Made to Order, and an Upholsterer to finish.

Our store is situated between the Queen Hotel and the Barker House, and is but four minutes easy walk from the City Hall. If you look up high, you will see our big sign, "Lemont's Furniture Warerooms."

We have gone out of the Second-Hand Goods Department.

We buy our Goods direct from the manufacturers in England, France, Germany, United States and Canada for CASH, and sell lower than any other house in the trade.

Parties going into housekeeping, and otherwanting House Furnishing Goods, will find this the most reliable store to buy them in Fredericton. The especial attention of the ladies is desired.

We shall in the future, as in the past, keep the largest stock of goods, in New Household Furniture, Parlor Suits in all kinds of coverings being a specialty, and a magnificent stock of furniture for every room in the house; White and Colored Stoneware; China; Cut and Pressed Table Glassware; Cutlery; Kitchen Wares; Lamps for Churches and Private Residences; Fancy Goods; Christmas Goods; Woden Ware; Household Hardware; Bohemian Vases; Cabinet Organs, of Celebrated Makers, on the instalment plan; Vases &c. Goods delivered.

Respectfully yours,

WM. LEMONT,
M LEMONT.

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!!

RUBBERS & OVERSHOES.

The finest and best assortment of Ladies, Gents, and Misses' RUBBERS and OVERSHOES ever brought into this city.

RUBBER GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Ulsters, Reefers, and Overcoats.

MEN and BOYS' CLOTHING.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Our stock of Boots and Shoes will be found to be complete in every department.

☞ All of the above goods will be sold at prices which defy competition. Purchasers will find this out by giving us a call and examining our prices.

FRANCIS DOHERTY.

Nov. 15

PIANOS

AND

ORGANS

Tuned and Repaired.

E. CADWALLADER

SUNBURY STREET

Dec. 11—52. (between Charlotte and George Sts.

1883 EXHIBITION. 1883

An Exhibition will be held in

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK,

Commencing on Oct. 2nd, 1883

open to Exhibitors from every part of the Dominion.

THE Dominion Government, the Provincial Government, and the City of St. John, have all promised liberal Grants of Money towards the Exhibition, and the erection of Splendid Permanent Buildings in addition to those already on the ground, and for the general success of the Exhibition.

The Exhibition will be open for all kinds of Agricultural Produce, Live Stock, Dairy Produce, Machinery, and Manufactures in Metals, Wood and Textile Fabrics, Domestic Manufactures, and the Fine Arts.

Freight will be carried at reduced rates.

Space in the Buildings and Stalls for Stock given free.

This will be the largest and most thoroughly representative Exhibition ever held in the MARITIME PROVINCES, and will be an excellent opportunity for the Manufacturers of the Dominion to show their productions to the people of the Lower Provinces. Premium Lists and Circulars, giving full particulars, will be ready shortly, and sent everywhere free, on application.

JULIUS L. INCHES,
Secretary.

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 3, 1883

HOLIDAY GIFTS!

Useful and Acceptable,

AT

JACKSON ADAMS,

County Court House Square.

It is often a difficult matter to determine just what to buy. Our List below is composed of articles very appropriate for presents, Ranging in Price from 5 Cents to $5

Music Stands,
Parlor Tables,
Foot Rests,
Slipper Boxes,
Book Shelves.

Paper Racks,
Album Stands,
Folding Chairs,
Rocking Horses,
Brush & Comb Boxes.

Slipper Racks,
Towell Racks,
Ladies Work Tables,
Ebony & Gilt Tables.

Wall Pockets,
Doll Bedsteads,
Children's Sofas,
Children's Chairs,
Boquet & Vase Brackets.

This class of goods are always welcome in the Library, Chamber, or Parlor. Remember the place.

JACKSON ADAMS

County Court House Square.

☞ A nice assortment of Window Cornices—in all Gilt, Ebony and Gilt, Rosewood and Gilt—made to measurement.

Fredericton, Dec 13, 1882

American Express Company.

ATTENTION is called to the following REDUCED RATES for carrying MONEY and PARCELS between any of the Offices of the Company.

MONEY.—$20 and less, 15 cents; larger sums proportionally smaller.

MERCHANDISE.—7lbs. and less, 25 cents to $1.00, according to the distance.

Rates between Fredericton and St. John.—30 lbs. and less, 25 cents; 100 lbs, 50 cents.

The Company has 4,000 agencies in the States and Canada. They guarantee to their patrons QUICK TIME, PROMPT DELIVERY, AND POSITIVE SECURITY.

Further information will be cheerfully given by application to

WHITTIER & HOOPER,
Agents.

JAMES EGGLESTON,
Gen'l Superintendent, Boston.

Fredericton, June 15, 1882

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH

FACTORY!

King St., - - Fredericton, N. B.

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS,

SLEIGHS and PUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc

ON HAND:

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE

A LARGE LOT OF

IVERS,
PIANO BOX,
TOP PHÆTONS,
WAGON CONCORDS,
GENERAL GRANDS,

AND A LARGE LOT OF

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

☞ *Terms to give satisfaction.* ☜

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable.

J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

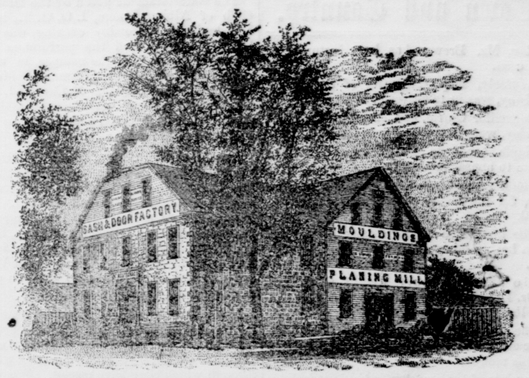
PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.



J.