Poetry.

For the "Farmer."

HAIL! BROTHERS.

Lines written after reading that the Canadian Militia had tendered their services to England, for active service in Egypt.

Hail, brothers, each of you are fit,
To wear the name of man,
You could not brook inert to sit
By apron-string or fan,
Nor yet to inane pleasure flit,
And read of the Soudan,
Thy souls with Gordon-courage lit,
And love of Motherland.

You but respond to Duty's call,
By proffering your aid,
For we are England's children all,
From high to lowest grade,
From those who dwell in lordly hall,
To hut in forest shade,
Shall you revenge Khartoum's fall,
Heart palsied or afraid.

You may be called upon to stand,
And death's advances dare,
In an encounter hand to hand,
With Arab legions, where
Your footing shall be burning sand,
Neath Heaven's fiery glare,
On your brow's no dastard brand,
For chivalry is there.

Firm and dauntless as of old,
Was he of Pompeii,
Tho' death in lava torrents rolled,
He did not flinch or flee,
Long after excavation told,
He met it manfully,
Shall e'er futurity unfold,
You were less brave than he?

Mothers of Canada, to you
I send a soul appeal,
I ask you to incite, imbue
With Spartan woman's zeal,
Thy sons with valor's spirit true,
For home and England's weal,
I tender you God speed, adieu
Brave ones to conscience heal.

MARY J. CAMPBELL.

10, Jefferson St., Bangor, Me.,
March, 1885.

Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER V.

A DECISIVE INTERVIEW.

Avoiding the main hall, Arden sought a private staircase, and made his way to the library. This was an octagon tower, separated from the main building by an enclosure filled with shrubbery. On this occasion it had been left dark and deserted, and thither Judge Ashley had induced Hunter to follow him, that he might learn such particulars of his son's previous marriage as were necessary to be understood by him.

In his progress through the house he had snatched up a lamp, and it now glimmered feebly through the large room, casting deep shadows on the stern face of the outraged father, as he paced to and fro, impatiently awaiting the appearance of Ernest Arden.

Hunter sat near a table, watching his companion, and marvelling if the sad work of this night would result in the acknowledgment of his cousin as Leon Ashley's wife. To her it imported little now, but to her child's future it was of vital importance that the legality of her parents' union should be admitted, and a competent provision made for her support.

All hopes from Ashley himself were ended by the expose of this night, but the pride of the grandfather would surely induce him to save the helpless infant from dependence on strangers. The door opened, and Ernest Arden with eyes kindling with excitement, features pallid from repressed emotion, came quietly into the room, and closed the door behind him. He abrubtly said:

"I am here at your bidding, Judge Ashley; but what can be done without the presence of you son? what has become of him."

"I know not, neither do I care," was the stern response. "From this night he is no son of mine, I disown him; I cast him off utterly as a disgrace to my name. From the lips of this gentleman I have learned the history of the past year, and the revelation has proved to me that Leon is as destitute of feeling, as he is of principle; your sister may thank Heaven that the tie which binds her to him is as slender as a rotten rush, for he would have rendered her miserable."

"Do not speak of Grace," replied Ernest with emotion. "When I think of her in connection with such an insult as this, my blood seethes in my veins as molten quicksilver; and if your son crosses my path just now I cannot answer for what may happen."

"He will take good care not to do that, the heartless, cowardly dog!" exclaimed the old man in bitter anger. "He has fled from my wrath and yours, and it is as well perhaps that he has made good his escape. I sent for you, Ernest, that you may hear this gentleman,s statement from his own lips, as he demands that you shall be fully acquainted with the turpitude of my precious son. He has letters with him written by Leon both to himself, and the unhappy girl he has deserted. If any other proof were wanting, they will show how utterly heartless the writer is."

Arden turned his set face toward the stranger and with effort said:

"I am willing to accept the assurance of Judge Ashley that your proofs bear out the assertions you have made; but I feel that something was due to the helpless bride of to-night, and it was cruel of you to proclaim the downfall of my sister's happiness in so reckless a manner."

Hunter sadly replied:

"I felt that myself the instant after I had spoken, Mr. Arden; but I was laboring under intense excitement, and burning anger against the old man I had once claimed my friend. Leon Ashley stole from me my betrothed bride, only to break her heart; can you wonder that I hate him for the vow he spoke; I hate for the vow he broke. I left her dying, and I found him wedded with another."

The voice of the speaker quivered with emotion, and the impulsive youth put forth his hand and strongly grasped that of Hunter; he felt that they had common cause against the author of all this wrong, and their mutual hatred of Leon Ashley, formed a strong, though brief tie between them. He said:

"I understand, and sympathize with you, sir. What course do you propose to take to right this unfortunate lady? The wrong is even greater than that of my sister."

"Alas! nothing is now left for me to do but to establish the right of her child to bear an honorable name, for my poor Eva is dying. Had he husband deferred his marriage a single month, he would have been free to give his hand to her rival."

Judge Ashley uttered a sigh, and said:

"He wished to do so; entreated that I would not hurry on matters, but he did not confide all to me. He dared not tell me that he had really given his hand to one I would never have consented to receive as his wife. I hurried on the marriage that I might remove him from a dangerous entanglement which he admitted to me. I never dreamed that he had actually married another, and he (weak fool,) rushed into this danger to avoid a collision with me. Young men, let us speak no more of this wretched affair; it can do no good, I will cause inquiry to be made, a copy of the marriage register to be sent to me by the officiating minister himself, and then, when satisfied that my son was the lawful husband of this young woman, I will see what can be done for the child. I will not let it be dependent on the charity of others.

His voice was hard, and there was no relenting on his stern features. Hunter arose and curtly said:

"That is all I have the right to demand of you, sir. But should you change your mind, and eventually become granite toward this helpless infant, you shall not want a friend so long as you live. My life is a wandering and precarious one, but I shall find the means to keep my cousin's child from want, even if she should be utterly cast off by those to whom she rightfully belongs."

The old man haughtily confronted him.

"When convinced that the infant is really the daughter of my son, born in the holy bonds of wedlock, I will permit no stranger to bear the burden of her support; but, until the marriage is proved to my entire satisfaction, I decline to have anything further to do with her or her mother's connexions."

He turned abruptly away and left the room. The two young men silently regarded each other for a brief space, and then Arden impulsively asked:

"It is not your purpose to avenge the baseness of which Ashley has been guilty in some other way than the one you have already taken? Of course you will seek him out and chastize him; it is your first right; but if he survives the encounter with you, my turn will come."

Hunter gloomily replied:

"I would gladly do so, but my hands are tied by a promise extorted from me before I left my cousin. I came hither at her request, to say that she would die without betraying their union to his father, if he would provide for her daughter after her death; but I intended that the child's legitimacy should be acknowledged in the presence of Judge Ashley. The news of Leon's marriage to another while Eva yet live, exasperated me to such a degree that I forgot all my pledges to his unhappy wife, and in the madness of the moment proclaimed his perfidy."

An expression of satisfaction swept over the pallid face of Arden, as he quietly replied:

"It rests with me then to avenge the wrongs of both these injured women. I am glad that any cause induces you to waive you right to a first encounter with him who is now my deadly foe. My sister, woman-like, would also have trammelled me by a promise to spare him, but I evaded it and made my escape before she had succeeded in wringing any such pledge from me. I am free to act, and for this night's work Leon Ashley shall die, or I will bite the dust before him. I swear to pursue him through the world, if that is necessary to bring him to account; once overtaken, I will challenge him to a combat *a la outrance*, and then may God defend the right."

As these words were uttered in a tone of loud defiance, the blind of a window which had been left unfastened was cautiously moved, and a pair of gleaming eyes were flashed upon the excited speaker. Leon Ashley, who had been concealed in the shrubbery listening to what was passing in the library, saw how deeply in earnest his foe was, and his white lips compressed rigidly as he muttered:

"You will not have to go far to find me, youngster. I will deal with you at once, and free myself from such a bloodhound as you would prove to be upon my track. If I can put you out of the way, and that wretched wife of mine once safe in her grave, I should not despair of persuading Grace to renew her vows to me, and yet endow me with all the wealth which would then be hers."

Bitter, reckless, despairing, Leon Ashley turned away and plunged into the woodland that lay on one side of the house there to conceal himself till the guests had departed and it would be safe to seek an interview with the unhappy Grace.

It was his fixed purpose to see her and give her his own version of what had happened to him in the last year; he doubted not that he should be able to convince her that he had been more sinned against than sinning, and he did not despair of yet winning her to believe that through all, he had loved her truly and tenderly.

He knew how weak she was—how desperately attached to himself, and he doubted not that his power over her could accomplish anything he undertook with reference to herself.

After a little more conversation, the two gentlemen in the library parted, and Hunter mounted his horse and returned to the Jolly Angler. He had given his address and that of poor Eva to Judge Ashley, and nothing now remained for him to do but return as speedily as possible to her, bearing with him the consoling assurance that her infant would be cared for when she was left to battle with a hard and bitter world without the tender shelter of a mother's love. He must conceal from her the depth of Ashley's duplicity, for the knowledge of what had that night occurred he knew would prove her death blow.

To the infinite disappointment of Samson and his wife, he would not reveal what had occurred at Arden Place during his absence; he left at dawn on the following morning, impelled by secret uneasiness on Eva's account to hurry to the desolate being who now had no friend on earth save himself.

Arden returned to the house, assuming as calm an air as was possible under the circumstances, and ordered the servants to throw open the supper-room that the numerous guests might refresh themselves before their departure for their own homes.

He nervously shrank from any expression of sympathy, and after a few words of excuse he retired to his own apartment There he was speedily joined by a young friend with whom he had been on most intimate terms.

George Lester grasped his hand warmly and said:

"I came to you as your friend, old fellop. It is impossible to let this thing pass you know, without showing that villain that in spite of your youth you have a man's spirit in you. I have been out twice already, and I am quite ready to settle the preliminaries. What have you resolved on?"

"To take his life, of course," was the prompt reply. "I am not much of a shot it is true, but in a case like this God will defend the right. If Ashley is to be found I commission you to bear to him a motal defiance. If he has fled, I will follow him and compel him to afford me the satisfaction I demand."

"By Jupiter, youngster, but you are true pluck! "You're a man after my own heart, Arden, and I honor your courage. Shall I write the challenge at once?"

"It will be as well, perhaps; but I have an idea that you will not easily find the man to whom it is to be delivered.

"Have no fear on that score; only empower me to act for you and I shall be sure to find him before very long."

"I give you *carte blanche*, and all I desire is to have the meeting over as soon as possible. I have no wish to see my sister again until I have avenged the bitter indignity to which she has been subjected. God! to have her pointed at, and gossipped about, as the heroine of this disgraceful story, is enough to madden me. I shall have no rest till I have wiped out the insult with the blood of that wretched man. I always mistrusted him, but Grace was infatuated with him, and would listen to nothing I could say to dissuade her from accepting him. I yielded to her entreaties to receive him as my brother, and this is my reward. Find him Lester, for the sooner this affair is settled the better for all concerned."

His excited looks, panting utterance, and bitter earnestness assured Lester that no compromise or apology would be listened to; and by nature a belligerent spirit himself, nothing could have suited him better than the part assigned him in this sad affair. He sat down to Arden's desk at once, and wrote a challenge which was entirely approved by his principal.

He smiled grimly and said:

"I have a magnificent pair of pistols which I will take with me to the ground. I shall find my man at Ashurst, be sure of that. Where should he go in such a strait as this but to his own home."

"I hope it may prove so, but the dread of a meeting with his father may keep him away. We have settled all that is possible for the present, and now pray leave me, for I am weary and wretched."

"Don't give up, old fellow; be sure and try to sleep to-night, or your nerves may not be as steady for the work in hand as I could wish. You must kill him at the first fire, or he will be sure to do for you. Good night; I will see you in the morning at as early an hour as possible."

When he was left alone the agitated youth paced the floor of his room till a feeling of exhaustion began to creep over him. He softly crept up stairs, and entered the apartment of his sister,

Hagar was watching beside her, and as soon as he glanced at the still face he said:

"You have given her a composing draught. I am glad to see that anything will make her sleep,"

The old woman said in explanation:

"I coaxed her to let me take her finery off, an' put on her bed gown. I was lucky enough to 'member de draps de doctor lef' for her when she had dat las' spell; an' when I brung 'em to her she tuck 'em herself, and swallowed a powerful dose. I don' 'no as she'll ever git over it, poor thing; but ef her heart's broke, it's jest as well she shouldn't, I 'spose."

"Don't speak of my sister dying for that man, Aunt Hagar! If I thought she could long regret so base a wretch, I should despise her?" was the fierce response from the writhing heart of the proud boy.

"Oh! Marse Erny, don' talk dat way Who would ha' thought Mr. Ashley so wicked? an' he so han'some, too. 'Hansome is as han'some does,' an' as you say my chile ought to be above breakin' her poor heart over sich a rapscallion as dey say he is—— Thar now! ef dat boy aint done gone like a streak o' lightnin'!"

Ernest was indeed gone. A brief examination of his sister's condition had assured him that she was in no immediate danger: and blessing the drug which brought to her the balm of unconsciousness in this hour of bitter anquish, he hurried down stairs, and out into the night, feeling as if the weight of centuries had fallen on him within the last few hours.

He felt that repose was impossible, and he plunged into the woodland hoping that rapid motion would allay the fierce tumult of feeling that fired his blood, and at moments deprived him of all self control.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DUEL BY MOONLIGHT.

The early portion of the night had been overcast, and clouds still drifted over the heavens, but many stars gleamed out, and the full round moon came up from behind the trees, and its silver light fitfully penetrated the leafy arcades through which Ernest Arden wound his way with bitterness in his heart, and a deadly thirst for vengeance on the destroyer of his sister's peace seething there, to the exclusion of every softer or more merciful feeling.

In the lower portion of the grounds, about half a mile from the house, was a wide, semi-circular walk, which sheltered an artificial pond; this had always been a favorite haunt of his, and now he sought it that he might walk unmolested beneath the shadow of the umbrageous trees, and meditate almost to madness on the event of the night.

Morbid and sensitive to an unusual degree, with a high strung temperament which could bear little contradiction, the conduct of Ashley toward his sister had aroused him almost to madness.

A brick wall enclosed the pond, around the edge at which lay a wide green terrace, perforated in one place to admit a flight of steps which led down to the water After taking a few turns to the walk, Arden descended these steps, and after laving his feverish hands in the clear water, he bathed his brow with the hope that it would allay the darting pain that racked his brain.

But there was no healing in them for the fiery torment that surged in his heart and as the broken life of his sister hovered before him, he lifted his voice in execration against the man who had so heartlessly won, but to destroy her.

The clouds drifted slowly away from the face of the moon, and its full light was suddenly thrown on a figure that emerged from the walk Arden had just left, and Leon Ashley advanced till he stood within a few feet of the steps His voice rang out on the night air, clear and defiant:

"Why do you exhaust yourself in useless curses, Ernest Arden, when the object of your wrath is here in person to answer all he may have done to anger you. Come up here and meet me as one foe may meet another."

At the first sound of his taunting voice the youth sprang toward him with blazing eyes. A single bound brought him face to face with Ashley, looking with his white lips and set teeth the very incarnation of vengeful wrath. He hissed:

"So—o—you're still within my reach, traitor! poltroon! wretch! How dared you make my sister—the descendent of an honorable race—the by-word and scorn of all who know her? How dared you offer such an insult to her as a sham ceremony of marriage? Speak, caitiff! before I strike you down at my feet."

"That is easier said than done," replied Ashley, with cool audacity. "I am more than a match for you in strength, and I would not advise you to make such an attempt as that. You ask me why I acted as I did toward your sister; you shall for once have the plain, unvarnished truth from my lips. She held out to me the jewel of temptation not in herself, but in her fortune; and she plainly showed me that I had only to ask, and have. I have nothing of my own; my father is a dictatorial man, and I am tired of being dependent upon him. As to the other woman, I did not regard the tie that binds me to her as valid; and even if it were, I know she would never ruin me by putting forward her her claims. The meddling fool she sent here is my enemy, or he would never have acted as he did tonight."

While Ashley thus spoke in a cool, deliberate manner, the young listener glared on him with an expression of savage fury, which proved how difficult it was to him to restrain the impulse to hurl upon him, and close with him in death-grapple. His breath came from his heaving chest in short, quick gasps, and it was several moments before he recovered sufficient composure to speak.

"Leon Ashley, I denounce you as a deliberate and heartless scoundrel; and I shall be doing good service to the world to rid it of such a miscreant as you are. I have already sent a messenger in pursuit of you, to offer you deadly combat at as early a moment as possible after the dawn of day, and I now hurl defiance at you in my own person. I will meet you at daybreak in the grove that lies between this place and Ashurst; there, in the presence of George Lester, we will settle the quarrel; and may God favor the right."

Ashley replied, with a sneer:

"Your opinion of me is a perfect matter of indifference to me, Mr. Ernest Arden; I accept you challenge, but there is no need of waiting till the dawn of day; the light of the moon will suffice for our purpose, and it is of little importance whether there is a witness to the combat or not?"

"But one of us must die in this encounter," said Aarden, impressively; "and if we fight alone, the surviver may be accused of murder."

"What matters that to you, or to me?" was the reckless response. "If I fall, the world will readily accept your version of the affair, and say that you did well to avenge you sister's wrong at the earliest possible moment. As to myself, I shall hardly remain in this country to suffer the indignity of a public trial for bigamy; and if you are killed, it will only give me another reason for expatriating myself as soon as possible."

"I am unarmed, or I would at once accept your offer," said Arden, with a sudden accession of wrath at the utterance of the word bigamy in the cooly-defiant tone used by his adversary.

To this Ashley replied:

"I have my pistols with me; you are familiar with them, and know them to be good. You shall have your choice, and we can settle our chances, for life or death without the intervention of a third person."

He drew the weapons from his bosom, and held them toward Arden, who eagerly clutched one, and hoarsely said:

"So be it; let us arrange the preliminaries at once."

Ashley, with his eye, measured the width of the terrace, over which the moonlight now shone with undimmed lustre and replied:

"We must avail ourselves of this patch of light as we best can. Since the combat is to be *a l'outrance* we shall not need much space. Five feet between us will suffice?"

Arden nodded his head in assent, and Ashley went on with as much coolness as if arranging for a contillion

"We will stand upon the terrace facing each other, and one of us can count four aloud; at the last word we will fire simultaneously, and God have mercy on the one that falls."

"I understand and agree to all. Let us lose no time, or we may chance to be interrupted."

A strange smile crept to the lip of Ashley as he saw that the hand of his adversary trembled with passion as he clutched his pistol. He knew that Arden's whole nervous system was unstrung by the sufferings of the last few hours, while his own self-possession was as perfect as if no event in life, however disastrous, had power to move him.

He marked out the distance with precision, grasped his weapon, and walked firmly toward his own station The position of the two was fairly chosen, for they stood with their faces toward the north and south, while the great yellow disc of the moon poured its unclouded beams equally upon them.

For an instant the two stood glaring on each other with deadly purpose in their eyes, and the fell thought of death in their hearts. A brief moment of time and one, or both, would be hurled into eternity.

But there was no relenting in the heart of either, and the lips of Leon Ashley neither trembled nor grew pale as they unclosed to utter the fatal numbers.

Slowly, clearly, unfalteringly, came the words of doom—one, two, three, four!"

As the last one was spoken, there was a simultaneous report. A wild cry pierced the heavens, but it was not repeated; for the voice was smothered in the severed waters of the pond through which sunk the form of one of the combatants. The other was stunned only, for the ball of his adversary had passed so near his temple as to singe his hair, and he sunk to the ground partially insensible.

When Ashley raised himself up and looked around, he saw a dark object struggling in the water, and in the impulse of the moment he hurried to the steps and threw off his coat.

But it was too late. While Ashley lay stunned upon the bank, the unfortunate Ernest had twice struggled to the surface, too severely wounded to assist himself, and as his foe gained the steps he sunk to rise no more.

"It is as well so," he muttered; "for if I had saved him it would only have been to give him the power to destroy me at some future time.

The survivor sat down on the stone parapet, bewildered and oppressed by all that had occurred that night. He had fully intended to take the life of the being who had vowed undying hostility to himself; but now his purpose was accomplished something like remorse came to his heart.

By the event of the last hour he felt himself doubly an outlaw, and whither he should turn for safety was now his first consideration.

He had no money about him, but his father had pledged himself to advance him a considerable sum on the following morning to defray the expenses of his projected bridal tour. He shrank from the thought of meeting him now, or asking a favor at his hands, and he mused on the chances of getting in his possession the sum designed for him without applying to Judge Ashley.

He knew where the gold was deposited, and he argued with himself that it was as much his own as if it had already passed into his possession. Moreover, he believed his father would gladly appropriate it himself to his use to remove him from the dangers that threatened him while he lingered in the neighborhood of his home.

An hour was spent in deep meditation and then Ashley arose from his hard seat, and slowly moved toward the spot on which the duel had been fought.

No evidence remained of the deadly encounter which had there taken place, except his own pistol, which had fallen from the relaxed grasp of the wounded man upon the very edge of the terrace. He eagerly stooped and picked it up as he muttered:

"So much the better! When they drag the pond in search of his body, they will find no evidence to criminate me, and I may avow the meeting or not as I may choose, I defy any one to bring home his death to me, unless I voluntarily acknowledge it."

"Hey for Ashurst, and the old man's gold! Ha! ha! in place of going away in all the pomp of briday array, I shall steal from my ancestral home like a thief, loaded with the gold which is now my only salvation. Curse the luck, I must say." And he ground his teeth in impotent rage as he walked rapidly towards Ashurst, taking a cross road which he knew would cut off much of the distance between the two places.

Since the fatal meeting with her brother, he shrank from seeking an interview with Grace; with the blood of Ernest warm upon his hand, he dared not yet approach her with the falsehood which he intended should yet win her to be his.

Yes, he would write to her; firmly deny the validity of his first marriage; and insist that she had given him lawful power over her fate by the ceremony which had been performed that night.

Grace Arden would believe anything solemnly asserted by himself, and he rejoiced in the weakness of intellect, and the strength of feeling, which gave him such boundless influence over her.

Now that the passionate and resentful brother was effectually put out of the way, Ashley believed if he could only gain access to her after the first violence of her grief was passed, that he could mould her to his will.

He must obtain an interview at all hazards before he left his native land; he must risk much to accomplish it, and he felt no shrinking from the thought that the hand red with the brother's blood was really to grasp that of the sister, and force her to walk side by side with him upon the path of life. Yes—he would bear Grace away to a foreign shore, and in the enjoyment of her wealth learn to tolerate her who bestowed it on him, and by his kindness to her in the future atone for the evil he had already wrought her.

Thus meditating, he moved through the solitary woodland at a quick pace, and a little after midnight stood beneath the shadow of the stately home to which he had so lately considered himself the heir: now, he dared not knock at the portal and demand admittance; like the burglar he meant to be, he stole around the house seeking an entrance to the private sanctum of his father, in which he knew the money he sought had been placed.

The southern wing of the house, containing three rooms, was appropriated to the use of Judge Ashley, and the last one in the suite was used by him as a library and sitting-room. It was separated from the others by a narrow passage, the doors opening on which were usually closed at night on account of the old man's horror of a draught.

Aware of this, Ashley believed he would have little difficulty in effecting his purpose and making good his escape, in that quiet country neighborhood it was not thought necessary to be very careful in closing blinds, and as he anticipated, he found one merely pulled in without being fastened. The windows opened to the floor, and a single spring placed him on the floor of the room. In the secretary which stood in the corner he believed the money was placed, and by light of the moon which streamed in at the open window he approached and examined the lock,

(To be continued)

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A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

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"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

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Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."

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which will be sold low for Cash.

March 18, 1885.

A CHANCE to secure a first-class Farm in the Red River Valley at $3.00 per acre is an opportunity for a profitable investment that a

WISE MAN never allows to pass; and during the past year a large number of actual settlers availed themselves of this liberal offer by the ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA RAILWAY CO.,

BOUGHT choice tracts, and commenced improvements. The Company has also many thousands of acres of choice lands, well adapted to Dairy, Live Stock and General Farming purposes, from which

A FARM can be selected that cannot be excelled in any STATE in the UNION.

FOR PARTICULARS, MAPS, ETC. WRITE TO

J. B. POWER, Land Com.

St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R'y Co.

ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

'85 Spring and Summer, '85

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

has now received his SPRING AND SUMMER stock consisting of

Cloths, Doeskins,

ENGLISH,

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN

TWEEDS,

Diagonal and Corkscrew Coatings, in Plain and Fancy Colors.

Also a beautiful assortment of SPRING and SUMMER OVERCOATINGS. Likewise Scotch and English TROWSERINGS in Woollens and Worsteds, making the most complete Stock ever opened in the city. Please call and examine.

WM. JENNINGS.

Fredericton, March 18, 1885

ALWAYS READY

TO Alleviate OUR PAINS AND ILLS.

That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,

Whether Internal or External, Perry Davis' Pain Killer should have a place in every Factory, Machine Shop and Mill, in every Farm, and in every Household, ready for immediate use, not only for Accidents, Cuts, Bruises, etc., but for Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, sudden Colds, Chills, Neuralgia, etc., etc. Sold everywhere. Price, 20c, 25c and 50c per Bottle.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. Limited.

Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

Brushes and Brooms.

Just received from the Manufacturers:

1 CASE and 1 bundle Brushes—White Wash, Wall, Paint and Varnish. Also 20 doz. Brooms.

For sale low.

Z. R. EVERETT.

Oranges and Lemons.

JUST received Messina Oranges and Lemons. Very Cheap at

W. H. VANWART'S.

March 25

Masury's Ready Mixed Paints,

JUST RECEIVED:—2 Tons of the above, in 1lb. and 2lb. Tins; fifteen different colors. For sale low by

JAS. S. NEILL.

April 8.

Wringers. Wringers,

JUST TO HAND:

2 CASES IMPERIAL WRINGERS, cheaper than ever.

Z. R. EVERETT.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to make more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

JAMES W. McCREADY,

Attorney-at-Law,

Notary Public & Conveyancer,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Collections a specialty.

Office with JOHN BLACK, Esq., Queen St.

Fredericton, March 4, 1885

JOHN BLACK,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, ETC.

OFFICE: Queen Street, Fredericton,

Over W. U. Telegraph Office, directly opposite Post Office.

Loans negotiated. Accounts collected.

Dr. R. McLEARN

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE, - - - QUEEN STREET,

Opp. Davis' Drug Store.

Residence, Queen Hotel

Fton, Feb. 4, 1885

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'84 Winter Arangement '85

On and after MONDAY, December 1st, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will Leave St. John.

Day Express,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation,	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex,	4.35 p. m.
Quebec Express,	7.20 p. m.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Pullman Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive in St. John.

Express from Quebec,	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex,	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation,	1.30 p. m.
Day Express,	7.20 p. m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 27, 1884

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

(Operating 443 miles.)

WINTER TIME TABLE.

All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 39 minutes slower than Saint John actual time.

COMMENCING OCTOBER 18th, 1884, Trains run as follows:

St. John Division.

DEPARTURES.

8 10 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for points West, and for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North and South.

3 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for Fredericton.

8 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North.

2 00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

7 25 A. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

9 00 A. M.—From Fredericton for points West, North and South.

7 20 A. M.—From Gibson, for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVALS.

6 30 A. M., at St. John—Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North

10 10 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.

5 40 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.

4 35 P. M., at Fredericton from points West, North and South.

7 00 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

11 50 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

5 35 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing Room Cars on Day Trains, to and from Bangor. Berths secured at ticket office, Water Street—G. A. Freeze, agent.

No train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.

A train arrives at St. John from the West Sunday morning and a train leaves for the West Sunday night.

Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday nights.

Connexion is made at Vanceboro with trains of the Maine Central Railway to and from all points West, at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for all points North.

Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office.

Passengers for points north of Grand Falls will have to remain over at Grand Falls until next morning.

E. R. BURPEE, Gen'l Manager.
N. T. GREATHEAD, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B, October 18, 1884

1884 Christmas-New Year 1885

AT THE

NEW BOOK STORE.

JUST OPENED:

A fine assortment of

Christmas and New Year CARDS,

FROM

English, German, American, and Canadian Manufacturers,

AND MARKED AT THE

VERY LOWEST PRICES!!

Also a very large stock of

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

SUCH AS

Boy's Own Annual,
Girl's Own Annual,
Child's Own Magazine
Chatterbox,
Little Wide Awake,
Sunday at Home,
Leisure Hours,
Children's Friend,
Wood's Natural History,

and a variety of Miscellaneous Books.

FANCY GOODS, TOYS and GAMES.

New Styles of Photograph Albums, and a variety of articles suitable for XMAS PRESENTS

W. T. H. FENETY

Fredericton, November 26, 1884

SEEDS. SEEDS.

TO ARRIVE:

200 bushels Timothy Seed;
2000 lbs. Clover Seed.

The above seed is of good quality and in fine order.

W. H. VANWART.

April 1.

Hardware. Hardware.

SPRING STOCK arriving daily, and at Lower Prices than ever.

JAS. S. NEILL.

April 8, 1885

MEAL. MEAL.

JUST RECEIVED and in stock: One ton of Buckwheat Meal, cheap for cash, at

W. H. VANWART'S.

April 8, 1885.

EBEN MILLER & CO.,

BUILDERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES,

King Street, - - - Fredericton, N. B

Concord Wagons,	Piano Box Wagons,	Iver's Wagons,
Miller Spar Wagons,	White Chapel Wagons,	Top Phætons,
Brewster Wagons,	Cronin Wagons,	Open Phætons.

See Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shifting Rail.

These Shifting Tops have no rival, as a glance at the cut will show for itself; it is so simple It requires only one person to take it off or put it on, and when off no one would think a Top had been on, as no unsightly ends are sticking out. When the Top is on it is as firm as a rock. It can be put on any carriage in use. Persons ordering Buggies or Canopy Top Carriages should see that they have this Rail, as it will be greatly to their interest.

These Tops were awarded a Diploma at the Provincial Exhibition in October, 1880

Particular attention given to orders. Repairing done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice

Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, $32 to $50; CANOPY, $15 to $25

Patented in Canada, March 31st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 10th, [redacted]

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

EBEN MILLER & CO

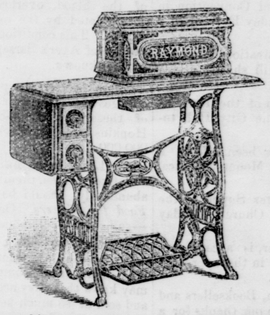
CALL AND SEE THE

NEW "RAYMOND,"

With Large Improved Arm, at

D. M'CATHERIN'S SALES ROOM.

Phœnix Square, Fredericton, N. B.



These machines can be had at the following offices, viz:—

Fredericton, N.B., Newcastle, Miramichi, N.B., Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., Bathurst Gloucester Co., N. B., Campellton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.

Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scota.

D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Province

Address all communications P. O. Box 162, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, May 18, 1883

NEW

INSURANCE AGENCY!

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Companies.

THE undersigned having been appointed Agents for the County of York, for the following **First Class Insurance Companies,** viz:—

THE NORWICH UNION,

the original stock of which is worth 1700 per cent premium.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN

Insurance Company of Montreal, and the

Travellers Life and Accident

Insurance Company of Hartford, Con., are now prepared to accept risks on all classes of Insurable property at current rates.

WETMORE & WINSLOW,

Barristers, &c.

Fredericton, July 30, 1884

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