

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands, They're neither white nor small, And you, I know, would scarcely think That they were fair at all.

I've looked on hands whose form and hue A sculptor's dream might be, Yet are these wrinkled hands Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands— Though heart were weary and sad, These patient hands keep telling on That the children might be glad.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands, They're growing feeble now; For time and pain have left their work On hand, and heart and brow.

But oh! beyond this shadow land, Where all is bright and fair, I know full well these dear old hands Will palm us of victory bars.

Literature.

THE SECRET ENGAGEMENT.

Queenly Kate Vernon bent a downward glance of surprise upon the boyish hand some face that was lifted so pleadingly to hers. It was Frank and kindly in its general expression, yet around the mouth, just softly shaded with down, were traces of self-will, and in the eyes were fierce gleams of passion, far beyond his years.

"Why is it absurd to love you?" he exclaimed, "and why will you persist in treating me as if I were nothing but a boy?" "Because to me you are a boy. I am four years the oldest, which, in a woman, makes quite a difference."

"I care not! What are years to a lover like me? I love you with all the strength of a man's heart. You have your own share of knowledge, and yet you have led me on from day to day by false smiles and flattering words, and only to tell me this!"

"I did not dream of such a thing. I have treated you with the freedom I would have used toward a younger brother, and which I hope you will some day be. Is it possible that you are not aware that I am—and have been for two years past—the betrothed wife of your brother Reginald?"

"Yes, my father was, at first, opposed to it, and gave his consent only on condition that it be kept secret, and that we should have no personal intercourse for two years. But I supposed you to be well aware of it."

"But now that you do know it," she added, laying her hand persuasively upon his arm, "forget the folly that you will smile at a year hence, and let me be indeed your sister."

"It is false! I have purposely deceived and misled me! I will never call you by the name of sister—never!" "Mr. Reginald Curtis," said a servant, throwing open the door.

"For a moment the excited youth stood irresolute, and then rushed out of one door just as his brother entered another. The annoyance and perplexity occasioned by the scene was instantly forgotten by Kate Vernon as she found herself dragged to the true heart that she had chosen from all the world as the dearest and safest refuge that earth could offer. The lovers had not seen each other for two years, and the meeting was a very happy one.

As he turned the corner of the building he ran against a portly looking man, who was standing upon the platform, apparently in a state of strong excitement. "What 'd'ye mean by running against a body in this way?" he said, turning upon her.

"Hello! it is that you, my boy?" he added, in quite another tone. "Where on earth did you drop down from?" "Have you seen anything of Frank?" was Reginald's hurried interrogatory.

"This question suddenly recalled to Uncle Joshua's mind the unpleasant errand that brought him there and its unsatisfactory result. "Seen the young scamp?" he ejaculated, "and he is come down with a thump. No, if I had I'd broken every bone in his body! What does he mean by making such an infernal donkey of himself and all for sake of an arrant flirt, that don't care two pins for him! Can anybody tell me?"

"The train has gone, and he is in it?" "Yes, confound it! I been gone just five minutes when I got here. I'm not so spry as I was once, but I'll stump any pair of legs in town to make quicker time than I did."

As Uncle Joshua said this, he unfastened the last button of his ample vest, and taking out his red bandanna handkerchief wiped the perspiration from his glowing face. "Not that I've anything to say against a strong, full-grown man, like you, going," he resumed, as Reginald stood motionless in perplexed and troubled silence; "but how can such a stirring endurance the hardships of camp, to say nothing of fighting the downright murder; and Kate Vernon's got to answer for it! Was there ever any mischief afoot that a woman wasn't at the bottom of?"

"Are you sure of what you say, uncle?" "Evidence, my dear boy? Any quantities of it. In the first place, I've the evidence of my own eyes. You know son, Henry's house is next to her father's and I can see over there from my room as plainly as I can see your face. And if she didn't encourage the poor boy in his folly I'm no judge of such matters! I used to think that you were sort of squinting in that direction."

Uncle Joshua was ignorant of Reginald's relation to Kate, and was perfectly unconscious of the fact that he was inflicting upon her a most unkind and unjust reproach. Reginald recalled his mother's abrupt departure, and Kate's embarrassment at his allusion to it; and his brow grew dark and stern at the unwelcome conviction that was forced upon him. His standard in regard to feminine purity and propriety was high. Could he take to his heart the woman who had so cruelly trifled with the happiness of his only brother, sending him to what might prove his death?"

Reginald's affection for his brother was peculiarly strong and tender. He was ten years the oldest. Their mother had died in giving Frank birth, and their father followed her five years after, commending with his latest breath the younger to the care of the elder. Reginald never forgot his father's words, and thought kind, easy-tempered uncle Joshua was nominally his guardian, he considered himself from that time responsible for his well-being and happiness.

By the time Reginald reached the hotel his mind was made up. He dared not trust himself in her presence, or yet to write more than a few coldly worded lines which gave no token of the agony they cost him, under their engagement and bidding her an eternal farewell. Poor Kate! she little deserved this treatment from him to whom she had been true, in thought and deed, under circumstances of peculiar trial. Her father anxious that she should marry a man of wealth and standing, who had proposed for her hand, was strongly opposed to her choice, and had consented only on condition, and that their engagement should remain secret, and that they should be separated for two years. During this interval he had used all the influence at his command to wear her heart from him, and bring about the marriage he had in view. But nothing could shake her fidelity; she was the same at heart on the day of their happy meeting as upon the sad morning of their parting, two years before.

As no one knew of her engagement, her unusual personal attractions exposed her to attentions that she would gladly have avoided, knowing as she did, Reginald's fastidiousness in this respect. Partly to avoid these, and partly because her heart was drawn toward the brother of her betrothed husband, she encouraged the preference that Frank evinced for her society never dreaming of the wild passion that was springing up in the heart of her boy admirer. So it is not strange that her heart rose up indignant at the harsh judgment that condemned her unheard, and she resolved that if a word would bring him back to her, she would not speak it.

mean—I should not have presumed to seek an interview, but since chance has favored me, hear me, I beseech you as a simple act of justice to one of the noblest of men and the best of brothers!" The person addressed resumed her seat, fixing her clear, steady eyes with a look of surprise upon the countenance of the speaker, Lieut. Frank Curtis, whom she had not met since his return. She listened in silence to the eloquently worded confession that followed, and his generous vindication of his brother's character and motives, though her countenance showed that she was strongly agitated.

"I am glad to learn that Colonel Curtis does me this tardy justice," she said, as he concluded. "But you give me a title to which I have no right; it is my cousin Catherine that married Mr. Dillingham." "Thank God! that it is not to late; and I that separated you shall be the happy instrument of bringing you again together, never to part again."

"Yes, Lieutenant Curtis, it is too late for that. Your brother misjudged and abandoned me without giving me an opportunity for vindication, and can never be more to me than he is now!" "But Kate—" Here the speaker was interrupted by a hand upon his shoulder, and turning, he saw his brother's pale but composed countenance.

"Leave us, Frank. I can plead my own cause," he resumed, as soon as they were left alone, his tone changing to one of deep and thrilling tenderness; "I say more, I will accept no decision but your own. Tell me, is there no hope in your heart to plead for me, as I have no right to plead?" "Father, had Reginald written this, Kate could have sent back a cold and poor reply; but she, the subtle magnetism of his presence, the eyes that looked into hers, the hand that clasped her waist! Loving him as she did, how could she resist these?" There was a brief but violent struggle; then bursting into tears, she laid her head upon his shoulder.

"You wounded my heart so cruelly!" she faltered. "I know it, my poor dear love! And yet I have the assurance to ask you to place your happiness again in my keeping." "God do much more to me," he added, as he bent his head to her soft-spoken reply, "if I do not cherish it ever as my own!"

CRIME LEADS TO RUIN. Passionate love and wild devotion, vindictive hate and dire revenge, are well known to unite as cause and effect in the breast of the true native of Italy. In that sweet land of sunny skies and balmy airs, of music, poetry and romance, human nature becomes more ardent than in the colder regions of the northland, the passions, if not deeper, are more fiery, and the whole action is more impulsive and less governed by prudent considerations.

While the German would be computing the consequences, the Italian would be doing the deed. About a league to the northward of the present main route between Lucca and Florence, may be seen the ruins of a once noble mansion, and the closing scenes in the history of this place, render it an object of interest to the traveler. It was the family seat of a man of wealth and learning; but who, during the last years of his life, became dissipated, and lost a great portion of his means at the gaming table. He was as proud as Lucifer—far though not a titled man, he was the descendant of a noble house, and was wont to boast of his family name. Never the most amiable of men, he grew to be irascible and violent, and came to be more feared than loved, even by his friends.

His wife, it was said, died of a broken heart. She left an only child, a daughter who inherited her beauty and her sweet and noble qualities. At eighteen years of age, Julia Cavanzi was regarded a prize of the best man of the best fortune. In the city of Lucca, at the age of sixteen, at the house of a friend, where she spent some two or three months, Julia first saw and became acquainted with Francesco Carrivallan, the son of a tradesman, who, by a fortunate speculation outside of his regular business, had just amassed a fortune. Francesco, then a high-spirited youth verging on twenty, naturally fell in love with Julia, and she reciprocated his passion, which had all the fiery intensity of that ardent clime.

For nearly two years everything went on smoothly, no one opposing what all who saw and understood regarded as a happy design of nature, the bringing together and uniting of two beings so well fitted for each other. Francesco and Julia met often. When she was in Lucca, he rode over to the villa, and notwithstanding many happy hours with her, not clandestine, but with the full knowledge of her father, who appeared to regard the visits of the young man in as favorable a light as any suitor could have desired. He knew of the suddenly acquired wealth of the elder Carrivallan, and though his pride was not flattered at the thought of uniting his daughter to the son of a tradesman, yet he felt that money would cover a multitude of sins, more especially as he was fast wasting his own patrimony, and the other had already retired from his petty business.

But suddenly there came a change—a terrible change for the lovers. One day, after an absence of a week—a week spent in gambling and dissipation, to say nothing worse—Signor Cavanzi returned home in a savage mood—so much so, that his servant, who had reason to know their master well, kept as much out of his way as possible. One of his first acts was to send for his daughter to meet him in his library. She obeyed the command, and appeared before him pale and trembling, for she knew she had something to fear and her heart foreboded the worst. "Julia," he said, sternly, fixing his black, snaky eyes upon her, as if intending to pierce her very soul, "when was the tradesman's son here last?" "Yesterday," replied his daughter, trembling more than ever—from the way in which he spoke, she believed her happiness to be in peril. "When do you expect him again?" "He said to-morrow, father."

"You will have plenty of chances to get acquainted." "He is at least fifty years of age!" "The better chance of his dying soon and leaving you a rich and titled widow." "But I do not love him." "That is his affair, not mine." "But I do love Francesco!" "The less reason for seeing him again."

"But, father, my troth is pledged to Francesco!" "Break it, then! that's all. Girl you know me, and I tell you you must marry the Count! The matter is settled, and there is no use of further words." "Indeed the matter is not settled!" returned Julia, for the first time lifting her head boldly and proudly, and giving her astonished father a glance of defiance. "I have a right to a voice in that which concerns my happiness, and I shall use it to reject the proposal of the Count of Popolina."

It was the first time that his daughter (for so she was called) had ever dared to place herself in opposition to his will, and for more than a minute the astonished father sat staring at her in silence, almost doubting his senses; and then he suddenly burst forth in such a storm of rage and fury as few would have cared to withstand. At one time his angry passions so far got the control of him, that he leaped at the mouth like a madman, and twice his hand was raised to strike his daughter to the ground; but she, no longer trembling, now stood erect and firm, and something in her eye told him he had roused a spirit as proud, as haughty, as determined, and as unflinching as his own. "Last some time remained like a cloud in the sky, and he said, 'Julia, before high heaven, I swear you shall marry the Count!'"

"Father," she replied, with compressed lips and flashing eyes, "I will not. The church will give me the choice of the convent; and that, if you press me to it, shall be my refuge." Again the father stormed and swore and threatened; but finding it of no avail, and having at last exhausted himself with his fury, he for once in his life had recourse to reason and persuasion. Here alike failing to change the purpose of the noble girl, he at last ended with a terrible confession, and threw himself upon the floor.

"Julia," he said, sinking down, with a dejected, heart-broken look, "I have been a bold, bad man. I am a forger to a large amount, the count holds the papers, and only your consent to this marriage can save your poor father from the galleys!" This terrible announcement crushed the unhappy one, and with a loud cry she fainted and fell. Her father, the evil of the matter was that the noble Julia, in order to save her father, consented to wed the count, but insisted on her right to have a private parting interview with her lover.

The next day, when Francesco came, she met and told him all. He was astounded, for some time remained like one in a trance, gazing upon her in speechless agony, his soul feeling what his senses almost refused to credit. "And am I to lose you, Julia?" at length burst forth in the most piteous tones from his lips and heart. "It is death to me," she sobbed; "but the promise of my father must be saved from dishonor. Besides, Francesco, you could not wed a felon's daughter!" "I would take you to my heart, dear love, though a thousand crimes stood between us!" was the devoted reply. Suddenly he brightened with a new thought. "Perhaps these papers can be bought of the count," he cried. "My father is now rich, I am his only heir, and I will sacrifice all I possess, or even will possess on earth, to save and win you, without whom life would be a blank!"

With this hope Francesco finally set off to see the count, the prayer of Julia going with him. The interview, a most trying one to temper and feelings of poor Francesco, ended in the hard-hearted nobleman refusing to give up the papers on any condition short of the hand of Julia Cavanzi. So, his way back to see the idol of his soul, Francesco formed a terrible resolve. "I must marry him and obtain these papers," was his final counsel to the weeping and almost heart-broken girl.

We pass over the intervening scenes, so full of anguish unexpressed to those in whom we have taken so deep an interest. In one week from that time, the marriage of the Count of Popolina with Julia Cavanzi was celebrated with great pomp and hundreds envied her who was thus made a lady of rank, and thought how happy she must be with her riches and title. Alas! how little do we know of the heart from the face! how easily we are deceived by external appearances.

Proud of his young bride, the Count of Popolina set off on a wedding tour, to spend his honey moon abroad, and whatever was most attractive, curious, delightful and romantic in Italy. He travelled in state, in his own silken lined coach, with six cream-colored horses, outriders and postillions; and thousands saw and stared with envy, and said his bride was a beauty. "Behold what happiness is bestowed upon those who deny me!" The envied countess was the most miserable of human beings, and would have refused to start upon the journey at all, but for the counsel of her lover at their last clandestine meeting. "Go, my love," he said, "and be prepared to see me when you least expect my presence."

Several places of note had been visited, and the gilded carriage of the count, embellished with his armorial bearings was one day rolling quietly along the base of the romantic Apennines, when it was suddenly surrounded by a formidable banditti, who at once secured the outriders and postillions without any resistance. Such things were common then in Italy; and the count, though considerably alarmed, immediately put his head through the window, told his name, rank and residence, and demanded the amount of ransom. "Remain quietly where you are till we take you to our chief," was the answer; and the carriage, surrounded and controlled by a band of brigands, was at once driven from the highway, by an obscure by-path, into the heart of the mountains—a journey which lasted several hours. Then the count was blindfolded, bound, and led off into a wild, obscure retreat, and the countess was conducted into the bandits' cave and treated with profound respect.

"Mercy!" gasped the count. "Ask it of heaven!" The count begged, implored and threatened by turns, and even offered half of his vast fortunes for his life; but Francesco only smiled strangely, and pointed to the fast flying moments of his watch. The count would have struggled for his life; but besides the fact that physically he was no match for his antagonist, his arms were pinioned, and he was utterly powerless.

The instant the minutes named by Francesco expired, he exclaimed: "Now die, base count! and with the words he drove his stiletto to the hilt through his heart, and hurled him downward into the unknown abyss. It is sufficient to add in explanation, that Francesco had followed the count on his journey, and through one of his servants, who had played the spy upon his master, had learned of such intended movements as had enabled him to make arrangements with a formidable band of bandits for carrying out his purpose as shown.

It was the lovers original intention to reveal himself to Julia immediately after the accomplishment of the deed of blood, but this design he changed, and she knew not that he had a hand in the dark transaction till long years afterward. She, as we have said, was treated with great respect by the robbers, and the next day was escorted to a small village, from whence she procured a conveyance homeward. Of course the count was never seen again; and being assured that he was dead, Julia finally gave her hand to him who only had her heart.

Francisco, however, was not happy, and gradually became a gloomy prey to remorse and fear. Years afterward, through the confession of one of the bandits, he was apprehended and charged with the murder of the count, which he acknowledged, and shortly after put an end to his own life. The shock was too much for the reason of poor Julia, and she ended her days in a madhouse. Signor Cavanzi ran through his property, was deserted by his servants, and finally, in a drunken debauch, set fire to his own mansion and burned himself up in it.

So ends our tragic tale. Bathers' Cramp. The return of the bathing season is an appropriate time for a few words on the subject of the cramp; they can be associated. If the nature and causes of this dangerous affection were more generally known, it is probable that many deaths from drowning in the summer might be prevented. Cramp is a painful and tonic muscular spasm. It may occur in any part of the body, but it is especially apt to take place in the lower extremities, and in its milder forms it is limited to a single muscle. Pain is severe, and the contracted muscles are hard and exquisitely tender. In a few minutes the spasm and pain cease, leaving a local sensation of fatigue and soreness.

When cramp affects only one extremity, no swimmer or bather endowed with average presence of mind need drown; but when cramp seizes the whole of the voluntary muscular system, as it probably does in the worst cases, nothing in the absence of prompt and efficient extraneous assistance can save the individual from drowning. Persons of middle age suffer most from the affection, and men more so than women, and the robust and vigorous more so than the weakly. Neither can there be any doubt that the shock of cold applied to the surface of the body, especially when the body is unduly heated, is the commonest determining cause of the worst and most extensive form of bathers' cramp. On this fact is founded the common prejudice against bathing when the body is much heated.

Many fatal cases have illustrated this point. Last summer a robust man in a boat upon a sultry evening to a deep pool; with his body glowing with muscular exertion, he plunged into the water, when he was immediately seized with general muscular cramp, and at once drowned. The most powerful and most avoidable cause of serious cramp is the sudden immersion of the body, when highly heated, in water of a relative low temperature.—Popular Science News.

Quinine and Chills. Quinine is the popular remedy for chill fever, but it does not always cure. Esquire Pelton of Grass Lake, Michigan, took in all 600 grains of quinine for chronic chills and malarial fever. After that and various other remedies had failed, five bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

ROCK BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight adulterated imitations. Sold everywhere in 5 lb. and 10 lb. tins. See that the name is on the wrapper. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

TRUE VALUE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. As compared with two other brands the strength, only of which have been published, carefully omitted. 1 lb. tin costs 60 cts., gives 2000 cub. in. of Gas. 5 lb. tin costs 2.50, gives 10,000 cub. in. of Gas. 10 lb. tin costs 4.50, gives 20,000 cub. in. of Gas. The purity and wholesomeness of Cook's Friend are unquestionable. Cook's Friend may be had from storekeepers generally.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY '86 Summer Arrangement '86 On and after MONDAY, June 14th, 1886, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows: Trains will leave St. John: Day Express, 7:00 a.m. Accommodation, 11:30 a.m. Express for Sussex, 11:30 p.m. Express for Halifax & Quebec, 10:15 p.m. A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 10:15 p.m. Train to Halifax.

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Halifax & Quebec, 5:30 a.m. Express from Sussex, 8:30 a.m. Accommodation, 12:55 p.m. Day Express, 6:10 p.m. ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. S., June 10th, 1886.

"Golden Fleece." SPRING STOCK! NOW COMPLETE. THE SUBSCRIBER HAS Marked his Stock Down TO PRICES THAT ARE LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE. COMMENCING Tuesday, May 25, HE WILL SELL

Grey Cottons at 3 cts. White Cottons at 5 1/2 cts. Ladies' Fancy Muslins at 8 1/2 cts. English Prints (Wide Widths) at 6 cts. Gingham and Shirtings at 9 cts. Feather Tickings at 14 cts. Dress Goods, commencing at 5 cts. White and Colored Hamburgs at 3 cts. Ladies' Melton Cloths at 50 cts. Gents' All Wool Tweeds at 55 cts. Yarmouth All Wool Home-spuns (Full Weight) at 53 cts. All other goods, STAPLE and FANCY, will be sold at the same extremely low price.

Also a large stock of ROOM PAPERS from a Common Paper 3 cts. per Roll to handsome gilt at 20 cts. per Roll. These goods are sold at LESS THAN HALF PRICE. Sale to continue one Month.

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Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DRIVENESS, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, SALT RHEUM, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND every species of disease arising from disordered BOWELS or BLOOD. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults. FAIRCILD'S CELEBRATED GOLF BALLS. Old Penns. Tennis, Tooth Picks, Gloves and Foot Butliners, Clap Claps, Just opened and the correct thing for a present. S. F. SHUTES. Rope. Rope. Rope. Just received from the Rope Works: 25 CENTS ROPES, for sale low by J. NEILL. HARDWARE, LOCKS, &c. JUST RECEIVED: CASE Locks, 1 Case Shell Hardware, as follows:—Razor Straps, Nail Locks, Iron Cut Nails, Putty Knives, Putty Boxes, Putty Knives, Brass Putty Hooks, Holes, Table Knives and Forks, Auger Bits, Hammer Nails, Tack Knives, Hammer, Wood Fasteners, extra quality, Galvanized Putty, Curving Troughs, Silver Furniture Handles, etc., etc. Z. R. EVERETT.

JUST RECEIVED: THE latest and best Creams in the market. Z. R. EVERETT. April 7. CROWN OF GOLD 125 BARRIS Crown of Gold, Low for Cash. GEO. HATT & SONS. Fredericton, January 13, 1886. FRANCIS DOHERTY has now in stock a very large and choice assortment of HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, Gents' Furnishing Goods. ALSO: READY-MADE CLOTHING of every description, which will be sold cheaper than the cheapest. Give us a call and examine our goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. F. DOHERTY. Fredericton, February 3, 1886. Steel Barb Fence Wire. JUST RECEIVED DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS: 1 TON of Black Rusted steel fence wire; 1 ton of Galvanized steel fence wire; 2 Kegs steel gals. staples for same; Put up at the lowest market price, at the old stand. J. NEILL. May 12. Call, Call, Call, and examine my stock of Groceries, too numerous to mention. Wholesale and Retail, at W. H. VANWARTS. March 17.

JUST RECEIVED: BANANAS, Pine Apples, Bermuda Onions, B. Rhubarb, Oranges, Lemons, Exported Apples and Peaches. GEO. HATT & SONS. VIRGINIA FARMS MILK CONDENSED. Circular, A. O. B. L. B. Central, Va. JUST RECEIVED: BANANAS, Pine Apples, Bermuda Onions, B. Rhubarb, Oranges, Lemons, Exported Apples and Peaches. GEO. HATT & SONS. JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON, 20 Rolls Carpet Felt. J. NEILL. May 20. Plows. Plows. JUST RECEIVED: TWENTY-FIVE per cent reduction on Steel Plows to clear out our New York Stock. J. NEILL. Fruit, etc. JUST RECEIVED: BANANAS, Pine Apples, Bermuda Onions, B. Rhubarb, Oranges, Lemons, Exported Apples and Peaches. GEO. HATT & SONS.