

Murtime Poetry.

Be Patient with the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone  
Beyond earth's weary labor,  
When small shall be our need of care  
From comrades or from neighbor:  
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,  
And done with all the sighing—  
What tender truth shall we have gained,  
Alas, by simply dying?

Thou lips too chary of their praise  
Will tell our merits over,  
And eyes too swift our faults to see  
Shall not defect discover;  
Thou hands that would not lift a stone  
Where stones were thick to cumber  
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers  
Above our pillow'd slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I  
Ere love is past forgetting,  
Should take the earnest lesson home—  
Be patient with the living!  
To-day's repressed rebuke may save  
Our blinding tears to-morrow;  
Then patience, when keenest edge  
May what a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when  
Death's silence shames our clamor,  
And easy to discern the best  
Through memory's mystic glamour;  
But wise it were for thee and me  
Ere love is past forgetting,  
To take the tender lesson home—  
Be patient with the living.

Literature.

A NIGHT OF DANGER.

There was something—I forget what to take both grandmother and grandfather away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burns' Hollow. It may have been a funeral, or some religious meeting, for they both drove off dressed in their best, in the gig, with old Ajax harnessed to it, and after I had tucked in grandma's iron-grey silk skirt and run back into the house for grandma's glasses, and had seen the gig vanish in the distance, I felt quite lonely. Burns' Hollow was a lonesome place at all times; and the handsome, rambling mansion, which might have sheltered a regiment, had a ghostly air about it when one walked through the upper rooms alone.

There were two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oaks and the Irish lad, Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun, and in five minutes the door opened and Hannah came in with the tray.

"Please Miss," said she, as she set it down, "may I run over to Mapleton to-night. My sister's married daughter had a boy last night, they tell me, and I want to see it, naturally—it's the first I've ever had of grand-niece or nephew."

"Who brought you the news?" asked I.

"Anthony, Miss," said Hannah. "He met George—that's my niece's husband—when he was out after the cow, straying as he always is, and he told him. 'Tell Hannah she's a grant-aunt.'"

"You may go," I said, "but don't stay late. Grandma and grandpa may be away all night, and I feel nervous. To be sure, there is Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late." I repeated this injunction with a sort of right stealing over me—a presentiment of evil, I might say—and something prompted me to add, "Be back by nine." Why, I cannot say, but I felt as if, at nine, I should be in some peculiar danger.

Hannah promised, and after doing all that I required, went away, and I heard her heavy shoes ten minutes after on the garden walk outside.

Early as I was, I had dropped the curtains and lit the wax candles on the mantle, and I sat long over my tea, finding a certain companion in it, as women of all ages will.

I sat thus a long while, and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door—a timid sort of rap—so that I knew at once that it was neither a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to answer the door, but finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark, and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke it advanced, and by the light from the hall lamp I saw a black man. I had always had a sort of fear of a negro and instinctively shrank away, as I did so he spoke, in a husky whisper:

"This is Marsa Morton's isn't it, Miss?"

"Yes," I replied. "But grandfather is out."

I retreated. He advanced.

"Please, Miss," he said, "Judge B—sent me here. He said Marsa Morton 'ud help me on. Let me stay here a night, Miss. I's travelled five days since I left him. Hilda! like. I's awful hungry—'pears like I'd drop, and Ole Marsa is arter me. For de lub ob Heaben, Miss, let me hide somewhere, and gib me jes' a crust. Marsa Judge promise Marsa Morton 'ud help me, an' it's kep me up—Marsa will, I know."

I knew that grandfather had given sanctuary to some of these poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be doing wrong in admitting a stranger in his absence.

Caution and pity struggled within me. At last I said:

"You have a note from the Judge, I suppose."

"I had some writin' on a paper," said the man, "but I's lost it. De night it rained so. Ah, Miss, I's tellin' truff—Judge sent me, sure as I's a sinner. I's been help along so far and 'pears like I must git to Canada. Can't go back no ways. Wife's dead, and de young uns. Got car a year ago, Miss, I'll pray for you every day ob my life if you'll jes' be so good to me. So'll Dinah. Thank ye, Miss."

For, somehow, when he spoke of wife and children, I had stepped back and let him in.

As he came back hall door at which the rap had come, and the kitchen was close at hand. I led him thither. When I saw how worn he was, how wretched; how his eyes glinted, and how under his rough blue shirt his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution. I brought out cold meat and bread, drew a mug of cider, and spread them on the table. The negro ate voraciously, as only a starving man could eat, and I left him, to find Anthony, to whom I intended to give directions for his lodging through the night.

To my surprise, Anthony was nowhere in the house, nor about the garden.

"Hannah must have taken him with her across the lonely road to Mapleton." It was natural, but yet I felt angry—She should not have left me there quite alone; and what if the negro should be an imposter, after all? I shuddered at the thought; but when I returned to the kitchen, there he sat, humble and fearful as before, and I could harbor no such fancy.

Yet I longed for Hannah's return, and listened very anxiously until the clock struck nine. Then, instead of her foot steps, I heard the patter of rain drops, and the rumbling of thunder, and looking out, saw that a heavy storm had suddenly come on.

Now, certainly, grandpa and grandma

would not return, and perhaps Hannah, waiting for the storm to pass, would not be there for hours. However, my fear of the negro was quite gone, and I felt a certain pride in conducting myself bravely under these trying circumstances.

Accordingly, I went up stairs, found in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters and carried them kitchenward.

"Here," I said, "make yourself a bed on the settee yonder, and be easy for the night. No one will follow you in this storm, and no doubt, grandpa will assist you when he returns. Good-night."

"Good-night, and God bless you, Miss," said the negro, speaking still in the same husky whisper. And so I left him.

But not to go upstairs to my bedroom. I intended for that night to remain dressed, and to sit up in grandpa's arm-chair, with candles and books to keep me company. Therefore, I looked myself in, took the most comfortable position possible, and opening a volume, composed myself to read.

Reading I fell asleep. How long I slumbered I cannot tell. I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel.

At first I mixed with my last dream so thoroughly that I took no heed of it; but at last I understood that some one was at work upon the lock of a door.

I sat perfectly motionless—the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip, chip, went the horrible little instrument, until at last, I knew whence the sounds came.

Back of the sitting-room was grandpa's study. There, in a grand old-fashioned safe, were stored the family silver, grandpa's jewelry, and sundry sums of money and important papers. The safe itself stood in a closet in a deep recess, and at the closest the thief was at work.

The thief—ah! I would not doubt the negro I had admitted, had fed and sheltered.

Perhaps his next act would be to murder me. I listened. The storm was still raging; but though the road was lonely, better that and the pelting rain than this house with such horrible company. I could not save my grandfather's property; but I might save my own life from those horrible black hands.

I crept across the room, out into the hall, and to the door. There, softly as I could, I unfasted bars and bolts; but, alas! I was above my reach. I waited, listened.

Then I moved a hall chair to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing so I struck my shoulder against the door frame.

It was but a slight noise, but at that moment the chip of the chisel stopped, I heard a gliding foot, and—horror of horrors—a man came from the study, sprang toward me, and clutched me with both hands, holding my arms as in a vice, while he hissed in my ear:

"You'd tell, would ye? You'd call help! You'd better have slept, you had; for you see, you've got to pay for waking! I'd rather hear a bit like you off; but you know me now, and I can't let ye live."

I stared in his face with horror, mingled with an awful surprise; for now that I was close to me I saw, not the negro, but my own hired man Anthony—Anthony whom I had supposed miles away with Hannah. He was little more than a youth and I had given him many a present, and always treated him kindly.

I pleaded with him wildly.

"Anthony—I never did you harm. I am young—I am a girl—Don't kill me, Anthony. Take the money, but don't kill me, for poor grandpa's sake!"

"You'd tell on me," said Anthony, doggedly. "Likely I'd be caught. No, I've got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders and clutched my throat fiercely. I had time to utter one suffocating shriek; then I was strangling, dying, with sparks before my eyes, and a sound of roaring waters in my ears, and then—

What had sprung on my assassin, with the swift swiftness of a leopard? What had clutched me from him, and stood over him with something glittering above his head? The mist cleared away—the blurred mist which had spread over his eyes, and as sight returned I saw the negro with his foot upon Anthony's breast.

The fugitive whom I had house and fed had saved my life.

Ten minutes after—ten minutes in which but for that poor slave's presence I would have been hurried out of life—the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax were heard without, and my grandpa were with me.

It is needless to say that we were not ungrateful to my preserver; needless, also, to tell of Anthony's punishment.

It came out during his trial that he had long contemplated the robbery; that the absence of his master appearing to afford an opportunity, he had deceived Hannah away by a lie, and hidden in the study. He knew nothing of the negro's presence in the house, and being unusually superstitious, had actually fancied my presence for a creature from the other world, and submitted without a struggle.

Long ago—so we heard—the slave, a boy no longer, met his wife and children beyond reach of danger; and now that the bonds are torn from all in this free land, doubtless his fears are over, and he sits content beside his humble Canadian hearth when eventide comes on.

THE MISER'S TREASURE.

In one of the meanest houses of the meanest quarters of London, a miser sat poring over a heap of gold and gems. The only furniture the room contained, was an old rickety chair, a small deal table, and an iron pot. The miser sat in the chair, his treasure was spread on the table, and he was gazing over it with a farthing rush-light, the only luxury he ever indulged in.

This treasure was vast in amount—much of it consisting of diamonds—which now, more than ever, and some of them of large size, glittered before the miser's eager eyes.

The room which the miser occupied was one of several in an old, rickety building, which contained a number of tenants, some of them as poor in fact as he was in appearance. Now it happened that about a week before the night we speak of, a burglar had taken up his quarters in the adjoining room, which was only separated from the miser's by a board partition, and in one place in this partition there was a small crack. Coming into his room late one night, the man of crime perceived a faint glimmer of light, and applying his ear to the crevice, discovered the miser in the act of counting over his treasure. He watched him eagerly till he put it away, but could not see where he hid it. The next day, after the old man had gone, he entered the room with a skeleton key, and made a search for the treasure, but did not succeed in finding it, so carefully was it concealed. Now, on possessing it, he returned to his own room and nearly out away a board, low down, large enough to permit him to crawl through, and carefully put it back in its place, determined that the next time the old miser should count his treasure he would be with him.

While, therefore, on the present night, the miser was engaged with his treasure, the burglar very softly removed the cut board, and crept forward as stealthily as a cat, till he stopped just behind the man he had come to murder and rob.

"Ah!" groaned the miser at length, beginning to rouse from the fascination which a sight of his treasures had thrown over him, "this really does my soul good, but it's too expensive for me to be looking at it by this costly light. I must say good night to you, my lovely gold and glorious diamonds, and you must go back into my strong box, where, as fast as I can, I will add good, honest companions to you; yes—ha! ha!—good, honest companions, I assure you!"

At this moment, as if his soul had suddenly received an impression from the evil influence hovering over him, he started, shuddered, and threw his eyes quickly around. It was his last look. Like a tiger springing upon his prey, the robber clutched him by the throat with both hands, and strangled him so quickly that he never uttered even a cry.

As soon as he was satisfied that his victim was dead, the robber lifted the body, and laid it upon the straw in the attitude of natural repose, seized his ill-acquired treasure, and thrust it into different pockets, blew out the light, and crept back into his own apartment and carefully replaced the board. Then he drew a long breath, and sat down to consider his situation and altered circumstances. He was now, by one bold, wicked deed, the possessor of a fortune—an amount so vast that he hardly trembled to think about it.

What was he to do next? how keep and turn it to account? He was a man of crime—a convict who had only recently returned from transportation—was well known to the detective police, was liable to be arrested at any moment. His best plan, he thought, would be to get out of the country as soon as possible; and as it would be dangerous for him to remain where he was, even till morning, the first thing for him to do was to leave his quarters at once, and go down and get aboard the first vessel he could find going directly out of England.

Day by day just breaking as the murderer reached the bank of the Thames, in the quarter of the shipping, and he was abjectly skulking along, actually attracting observation in his efforts to avoid it, when he was startled at hearing a sharp voice ring out:

"Halloo, Flipper Jimmy, when did you get back?"

"Flipper Jimmy," as he was familiarly called by his cronies, looked quickly around, and beheld of all others the very man who had arrested him prior to his transportation. Had he stopped and spoken to the officer, all would have been well, for the latter only intended a friendly hail, and to let him know that he was still about, and ready to arrest him again, if necessary; but the murderer, with his guilty conscience and vast treasure, was too much frightened to act with cunning, or even with reason, and he at once bounded away.

"Oho!" cried the officer; "that's it, eh? and at once bounded after him. There were very few people astir in this quarter, and the two had a clear run along the quay. Finding the officer gaining on him, and determined not to be captured, the convict suddenly plunged head-foremost into the water, with the view of passing under a vessel, and either concealing himself, or escaping on the other side. This attempt, however, proved fatal, for his head came in contact with the sharp corner of a half-sunk anchor, and was split open at once.

The officer now called to his assistance a rough-looking man, who had evidently just looked up from a night's sleep among some lumber, and the two soon had the body of the robber on the quay.

"Here's work for the coroner!" said the officer, as much thinking aloud as addressing the man who had assisted him. "I now follow for an old burglar, and probably he has some of his thieving about him."

With this he thrust his hands into one of the dead man's pockets, and to his utter amazement, drew forth full of gold and diamonds. This was so much more than he had expected to see, that for nearly a minute he remained as if fascinated with the sight, staring at the jewels, turning them over, looking through them, and really wondering if they could possibly be genuine, totally oblivious the while to the presence of the stranger.

Meanwhile the latter was not idle. The moment his eye fell upon the treasure the expression of his dark, ugly features changed to that of an avaricious fiend, and he at once resolved to be himself the possessor. Glancing quickly around, and perceiving no one on the quay, and only here and there one astir on the distant vessels in the vicinity, he stepped softly back, picked up a good-sized billet of wood, returned, and beat in the skull of the officer with a single blow. The act was seen from a near vessel, and the cry of murder raised; but the second man of crime beat fiercely over the two dead bodies, and succeeded in getting most of the treasure into his possession before any one came near him. He then started and ran, and strange as it may seem, eluded his pursuers and effected his escape.

He managed to get about fifteen miles from London the same day, and fearful himself of losing his vast treasure, he went into a wood and buried it at the foot of a tree, intending to let the most of it remain there till all his plans should be perfected for a voyage to America. He was signing there by a farmer, who was watching for game in some bushes near by, and who, after he had gone, went there, uncovered the ground, and found himself overwhelmed with astonishment. The diamonds had been buried here by the robber; and believing these to have been stolen, and that he had as much right to them as the thief, the farmer took them home with him, pondering all the way what he should do with them, whether to keep them secreted for the present, or go before a magistrate and disclose the whole story. Being undecided, he gradually became very mysterious, and resolved to tell his family nothing.

He looked the diamonds in a chest in his bedroom, and then locked his gun with two balls and set it beside the bed.

That night the old farmer became unusually restless, and late in the night he dreamed that a robber was at work at his chest, taking out the diamonds by handfuls. He awoke in a state of wild excitement, the perspiration streaming from every pore; and seeing, as he supposed, the robber still at work at his treasure, he jumped up, seized his gun, fired, and shot his own wife through the back. She lived only two hours. She had got up to get some medicine for a sick child, and was bending over the till of his chest, where it was kept, when the fatal mistake was made.

He was apprehended for murder; and when his explanation was given, it was considered too improbable for belief. He pointed out the tree where he had buried the diamonds, and a watch was set, and the second murderer arrested on his return for them. In time the whole facts came out. The farmer was cleared, but the murderer was hung. For want of the treasure went to the crown.

Thus ends the sad tale of a beggarly miser's fortune, which, directly and indirectly, caused the death of five persons, besides the diamonds, and was finally lost, like a drop of water, in the moneyed ocean of the British government.

The three "R's"—We are, you are, and they are.

To be witty it is not necessary to be vulgar, irrelevant or mean.

There is some appropriateness in speaking of a lady's bonnet as "just killing" in these days. It is chiefly made up of dead birds.

"Can February March?" asked the punster, with a sickly smile. "Perhaps not," replied the quiet man, "but April May."

"Who should decide when doctors disagree?" We don't know who should, but we know that the undertaker generally does.

Grocer: "Half a pound of tea? Which will you have, black or green?" Servant: "Shure, anyther will do. It's for an old woman that's blind."

When young Jenkins told his father he'd only been out on a little lark, the old gentleman muttered that "he guessed there was more swallow than lark."

Have a time and place for everything, and do everything in its time and place, and you will not only accomplish more, but have far more leisure than those who are always hurrying, as if in vain attempting to overtake time that had been long since departed.

"Good morning," Mrs. O'Toole. An' so they tell me your husband is sick. An' what sime ter be the matter wid the poor man?" "Ah, Mrs. Murphy, he has had a terrible attack of spine in his back; he's fast it comin on this long winter."

"If there's anything I like it's roast goose," remarked Fenderson, as he passed up his plate for a second helping. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there's nothing so beautiful as a fagg amongst the members of a family."

"What a murderous looking villain the prisoner is," whispered an old lady in a court room to her husband. "I'd be afraid to get near him."

"S'!" warned her husband, "that ain't the prisoner. He ain't been brought in yet." "It ain't! Who is it, then?" "It's the Judge."

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant, at Franklin, writes: "I was afflicted with pain in my shoulder for eight years—almost helpless at times—have tried many remedies, but with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. After a few applications the pain left entirely, and I have been able to take my work. Do not take Electric Oil or Electric Bells, but take that you get Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

"There is a good deal of religion in nature," solemnly remarked a young Aberdeen clergyman calling upon a lady of his congregation recently. "The temple of nature is a temple of God; the temple of nature is a temple of God; the temple of nature is a temple of God. We should never forget that there is a sermon in a blade of grass." "Quite true. We should also remember that grass is cut very short sometimes."

GREAT RESULTS ARE SPEEDILY ACCOMPLISHED BY THE USE OF DR. DYER'S CELEBRATED VOLTIC BELT WITH ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY APPLIANCES, FOR THE SPEEDILY CURE OF NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL KINDS OF PAIN. COMPLETE RESTORATION TO HEALTH, VIGOR AND UNDOING GUARANTEED. NO RISK IS INCURRED IN TRYING IT, AND IT IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A DOLLAR IN ONE WOMAN'S HANDS GETS MORE LIVING AND COMFORT FOR THE FAMILY, THAN TWO DOLLARS EXPENDED BY ANOTHER. AND SUCH PEOPLE ALWAYS GET ON IN THE WORLD. THEY SAVE THE LITTLE THINGS; KNOW HOW TO PROVIDE COMFORTS, AND KNOW HOW TO SAVE SICKNESS AND DOCTOR'S BILLS. THEY WASTE NOT, AND WANT NOT. A FEW SPECIMENS FOR HEMIPLEGIA, FOR MALARIA, FOR FEVER, FOR RHEUMATISM, FOR COUGH OR COLD, FOR WHOOPING COUGH, FOR GOUT OR OTHER ILLNESS, AT ONCE CURE THE CHILD AND SAVE THE SICKNESS, AND THE DRUGGIST'S AND DOCTOR'S BILLS. SUCH PEOPLE KNOW WHAT THEY BUY, AND THEY SAVE EVERY CENT, KNOWING THAT THE DOLLAR SAVED IS NOT ONLY ONE DOLLAR IN THE POCKET, BUT A DOLLAR IN THE HAND, AND THEY ALWAYS GAIN. HUMPHREY'S MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in Cloth and Gold, will be sent post paid upon application to the Co. 100 Fulton St., New York.

Keep quiet a few days.

London Times.

This is what the good doctor and kind friends say time and again to those whose nerves are all unstrung, worn out with labor and care, sleepless nights, poor appetites, unable to digest the little they do eat, and a general miserableness all over.

There is no doubt about the advice being good, but how many of the suffering thousands can follow it? Not one in twenty! The clergyman who keeps together a large congregation; the man that manages an important business; the poor man with his family to support, as well as the wife who presides over the rich man's household, seeing that everything is complete and in order or the mother who cannot afford a nurse, and is broken up by a fretful baby, must all go on, notwithstanding the advice to

Keep quiet a few days.

What then are you to do? To go on seems certain death. And drop all cares you cannot; the road looks dark, but 'tis before day. Will and determination have much to do with our existence. Never give up. Study to find where you have gone astray. Nature is the hardest, and abandon all that is possible that do you harm. Yet you will find it necessary at times to depend on a good reliable medicine to help you out. Hops are a good nerve and tonic; Podophyllin a cathartic and liver regulator; Bala acts on the kidneys and urinary organs.

These, properly combined with other ingredients, have proved the greatest medicine ever prepared, and known throughout the world as Hop Bitters.

None genuine without a bunch of green hops on the white label on the bottle, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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WELCOME TO SOAP PAYS NO FANCY PROFIT

But is an original compound, made from the PUREST STOCK, and is sold by the makers and dealers nearer the cost of production than any other Laundry Soap in the market. See that you get this Soap, and not accept any of the numerous imitations that try to get the greater money by the name of WELCOME and the Clasp.

There are some who seem born under a lucky star. Everything they touch is successful, and what is ill luck to others is a find to them. But such geniuses are no patterns. The most of people must depend for success in life upon some plain common sense every day gains and savings. Some men will live better on one dollar than another will on a dollar and a half or even two dollars, and wear better clothes, eat better food, and have more time for improvement and leisure. A dollar in one woman's hands gets more living and comfort for the family, than two dollars expended by another. And such people always get on in the world. They save the little things; know how to provide comforts, and know how to save sickness and doctor's bills. They waste not, and want not. A FEW SPECIMENS FOR HEMIPLEGIA, FOR MALARIA, FOR FEVER, FOR RHEUMATISM, FOR COUGH OR COLD, FOR WHOOPING COUGH, FOR GOUT OR OTHER ILLNESS, AT ONCE CURE THE CHILD AND SAVE THE SICKNESS, AND THE DRUGGIST'S AND DOCTOR'S BILLS. SUCH PEOPLE KNOW WHAT THEY BUY, AND THEY SAVE EVERY CENT, KNOWING THAT THE DOLLAR SAVED IS NOT ONLY ONE DOLLAR IN THE POCKET, BUT A DOLLAR IN THE HAND, AND THEY ALWAYS GAIN. HUMPHREY'S MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in Cloth and Gold, will be sent post paid upon application to the Co. 100 Fulton St., New York.

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JUST RECEIVED: CASE LOCKS, 1 Case Shelf Hardware, 30 Follows, 3000 Straps, 3000 Locks, Brass Curtain Rings, Picture Nails, Popcorn Tacks, Brass Screen Hinges, Screens, Razors, Pocket Knives, Brass Picture Hooks, Brass Table Knives and Forks, Anger Bells, Haller Cases, Desk Cases, Hammer, Wood Screws, extra quality; Galvanized Nails, Curving Irons, silver Furniture Handles, &c., &c.

Z. R. EVERETT, March 17.

Fresh Cod, Herring, melts and Haddies. GEO. HATT & SONS, Fredericton, January 13, 1885.

Just Received: 10 GROSS RISING SUN STOVE POLISH—cheap at ever. GEO. HATT & SONS, Fredericton, January 27th, 1885.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY 85 Winter Arrangement '86

On and after MONDAY, November 16th, 1885, 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.  
Express for Halifax & Quebec, 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 Montreal.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & 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., November 11th, 1885.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO. Arrangement of Trains—In effect October 12, 1885.

LEAVE FREDERICTON: (Eastern Standard Time)

6:20 A. M.—Express for St. John.  
8:00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with Train for St. Stephen, Hinton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.  
10:20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with Train for Hanger and all points West, and for St. Stephen, St. John, St. Andrew's, Hinton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and all points North.  
3:20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

10:20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and St. John.  
2:40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Hanger and points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock and Hinton.  
5:20 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, Hinton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and all points North.  
7:20 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON:

6:50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.  
4:20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

F. W. CROMBIE, Gen'l Manager.  
H. D. McEVOY, Supt. Southern Division.  
J. P. LEAVITT, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.  
St. John, N. B., October 9, 1885.

Christmas Bargains! JACKET AND ULSTER CLOTHS.

The Subscriber has on hand a LARGE STOCK of LADIES' Jacket & Mantle Cloths, in Colored and Black for Winter wear, which he intends to dispose of at Half Price.

Parties desiring an article of this kind, will find to their advantage to call at the

"GOLDEN FLEECE."

FURS!

We have in stock Ladies' Furs, consisting of Seal, Persian Lamb, and Chanchille.

Ladies' Fur Lined Cloaks and Gents' Persian Lamb Caps, which will be sold less than Cost.

Also, a lot of Ladies' Jackets, Ulsters, and Knit Vests at Half Price.

THOS. A. SHARKEY, Fredericton, Dec. 9, 1885.

1885 FALL 1886 WINTER! STAPLE AND FANCY Dry Goods, CLOTHING, &c., O. SHARKEY'S

A LARGE STOCK comprising in part the following: Fancy Goods in Black and Colours; Cashmeres, Ottoman Cloths, Figured Lustres, Serges, Brilliantines, Princess Corsets; Wool Suitings, Twilled and Plain Weaves; Ulsters, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Shawls, Trunk Linings, Jersey Jackets, Woolen Hose; Kid Gloves and Mitts, Cashmere Gloves; Corsets, Fur Capes, Fur Trimmings; Grey and White Cottons, Shawlwaists; Ties, Caps, Scarves, Fur Collars, Braces; Towelling, Table and Floor Oil Cloths; Wool, Hosiery, Tapestry and Brussels Carpets; Cotton Wares, Men's, Youths and Boys' Clothing in Ulsters, Overcoats, Reverses, Coats, Pants and Vests; Underclothing, White and Regatta Shirts; Hats, Caps, Suits, Ties, Collars, Braces; Knit Wool Gloves, Kid Mitts; Calfskin Boots, Fur Gaiters; Grey and White Blankets, Flannelled Colours; Corsets, Black, Slender, Rubber Coats; Trunk Linings, Wall Paper and Remnants of all kinds; All of which I shall sell at lowest cash prices.

OWEN SHARKEY, Fredericton Dec. 16, 1885.

TEA! TEA! Landing To-day: 54 Half Chests Kaisow Congou; 50 Boxes (20 lbs. each) Packing do. 24 Caddies (10 lbs. each) Kaisow do.

Our Stock of Teas is now complete! and Customers can depend upon getting good value.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON, Fredericton, January 27.

WHITES Candles, new Vinegar, Lemons and Apples, at W. H. VANWARTS, March 17.

Tea. Tea. Tea.

JUST RECEIVED AND IN STOCK: 35 Hb. Chests Tea—quality extra. Also 100 Hb. Caddies of 10, 12 and 20 lbs. each. At W. H. VANWARTS, Fredericton, January 13, 1885.

J. C. RISTEEN & CO., Corner Queen and Smythe Streets, Fredericton, N. B. MANUFACTURE

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, AND MOULDINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS FOR BUILDING PURPOSES. MILL-PLANING, TURNING, AND SAWING TO ORDER.

WE HAVE IN STOCK AT ALL TIMES Doors, Sashes, Flooring, Sheathing, Stair Posts, Rails, Ballusters, Clapboards, &c.

Furniture in Bedroom Set, Ash, Walnut, and Office Desks, Sideboards, &c. all of which we sell at Low Prices. Give us a call before purchasing.

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 Phaetons, Brewster Wagons, Cronin Wagons, Open Phaetons.

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 upright 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 Carriage Top Carriages should see that they have this Top, as it will 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, 1878.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. EBEN MILLER & CO.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW "RAYMOND," With Large Improved Arm, at D. MCATHERIN'S SALES ROOM, Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N. B.

MUMPHREYS' Friends and the Public to know that I have opened a window in G. W. Schleyer's Studio, FOR THE PURPOSE OF REPAIRING WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY. Having had ten years' experience in the business, I am prepared to do GOOD WORK AT SHORT NOTICE. Prices moderate, and goods delivered when promised. Don't forget the place, opposite Normal School, Fredericton. Formerly with C. A. McCausland. Fredericton, June 10.

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 RUNNERS for sale cheap. Gas Stacks and HOT WATER FITTINGS, all ways in stock. Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended to. Thimshe's Work of every description 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.

HAGYARDS YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purge. Is a safe, sure, and effectual remedy for worms in Children or Adults.

FAIRCHILD'S CELEBRATED (OLD) Pens, Pencils, Tooth Picks, Goggles and all the best material manufactured to order the premises at shortest notice.

S. F. SHUTES.

JOHN HARVEY PHOTOGRAPHER! Next below Peoples' Bank. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.

JUST RECEIVED: 125 BARRELS Crown of Gold, Low for Cash. GEO. HATT & SONS, Fredericton, January 13, 1885.

JOHN HARVEY PHOTOGRAPHER! Next below Peoples' Bank. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.

JUST RECEIVED AND IN STOCK: 35 Hb. Chests Tea—quality extra. Also 100 Hb. Caddies of 10, 12 and 20 lbs. each. At W. H. VANWARTS, Fredericton, January 13, 1885.