Literature.

THE TURRET CHAMBER.

In a well-known desmesne in one of the barren but beautiful counties of Ireland, stands an antique and venerable abode, known to all the country round as Castle O'Donohue. The ancient family bearing that name, however, long since parted from their ancestral acres, and the castle passed into the keeping of strangers. The family occupying it at the time of this episode in its history, were named Fitzgerald, his daughter Kathleen, a niece named Belle, and a nephew, Gerald, the children of his brother.

Sir William was a hearty, handsome courteous Irish gentleman on the old time model; Kathleen a belle and beauty, recently returned from a foreign boarding school, and the light of her old father's eyes, likewise the pulse of his heart and the joy of his soul, together with a hundred more endearing titles, which he saluted her by every day of his life. Belle was a light-hearted, loveable Irish maiden with merry gray eyes, a saucy nose, rosy cheeks, and the glossiest black hair that ever shone, and the most bewitching foot and ankle in all the county of Tipperary, whence she came. Gerald was a handsome, gay, and gallant cavalier, the sworn knight of his fair cousin Kathleen, whom he adored after the true Irish fashion.

On the night on which our little story opens, the four persons just described were all seated in the grand old drawing room, discussing with considerable interest a prominent addition to the party.

"You say this Captain Donaldson is handsome, Gerald?" asked Kathleen.

"Ask Belle," returned Gerald, with a mischievous glance at his sister, who had been very quiet, but whose cheeks were even rosier than usual, as her eyes were brighter.

"Oh, indeed, is Belle supposed to know best regarding the gallant captain's personal appearance. Tell us all about Captain Donaldson, Belle, dear."

"For shame, Gerald!" exclaimed Belle, pouting, but not regarding her brother with implacable anger.

"Come, Belle—don't keep one in suspense," pursued Miss Fitzgerald. "I am dying to know all about this captain."

"I don't know anything at all about this Captain Donaldson, Kate," said her cousin, turning away, and fixing her eyes upon the glowing peat fire in the wide, old-fashioned chimney-place: for Sir William was Irishman enough to prefer peat to coal, and a wide, deep fire-place to the modern grate.

"His eyes are blue, I'll be sworn," resumed Kathleen.

"Then you'll lay perjury on your soul, Kate, my dear," said Belle. "Captain Donaldson's eyes are the darkest, deepest most beautiful brown that ever were seen."

"His nose is a regular Irish turn-up, I suppose."

"It's as straight and as handsome as your own, Kate."

"Oh, it is, eh? Then his hair is black, of course—black as the raven's wing."

"Indeed it is very unlike a raven's wing, or any thing else I ever saw. A ripe chestnut, perhaps comes the nearest to its color of anything I can compare it to, though in the light it is particularly bright, and shining like gold in the sun."

"Fair hair with such dark eyes; isn't that remarkable, Belle, particularly on a man."

"It is remarkable, Kate. Captain Donaldson is a remarkable looking man. I never say any one so handsome. His features are perfect; his figure is a model his hands are as white and delicate, and almost as small as any lady's I know of. So that with his fair hair, dark eyes, and olive-tinted complexion, he is really marvellous." And Belle, having completely warmed up to her theme, turned upon her cousin a face beaming with admiration in the description of his beauty.

"Well, he seems to be rather an astonishing person, I confess," was Kate's demure remark, on the conclusion of her cousin's panegyric; and, glancing mischievously at Gerald, she added, "So much for knowing nothing at all about Captain Donaldson."

Belle caught the words and flushed scarlet to her brow, and then growing deadly pale, she exclaimed:

"Oh, what have I done? what have I said?" And then her eyes overflowed with tears of mortification. She rose precipitately and left the room.

"Is she attached to him, Gerald?" asked Kate, shocked to think her words had, perhaps, wounded the sensitive and high-spirited girl.

"I'm afraid she is, Kate," he returned, "and I'm afraid, hopelessly too. She would have told me before now if any love had passed between them. She's a charming and very pretty girl, is Belle, and I try to bring them together as much as possible, for I really think a man could hardly resist Bell, if he once knew her well."

"Oh dear! I hope she isn't angry with me," and then Kate, feeling a little troubled on the subject, very soon said "good night" to her cousin, kissed her father, and hurried away to her room.

It was almost at the top of the castle: a curious, old-fashioned apartment, with tapestry hangings and wainscotted walls, interesting to Kate from the air of mystery and romance that seemed to cling about it. It was always called the turret-room. The two girls occupied it on all occasions when Belle was at the castle; and Kate now found her cousin in bed, but not asleep. Belle was not angry, but very quiet, and all her wonted rosy bloom faded from her cheeks. She had indulged in a short, but passionate fit of weeping, and her heart was sore with its weight of wasted love and mortification at having revealed her secret. Till that night she had never quite known how much she loved Barry Donaldson.

Kate didn't know what to say, and so she just kissed her cousin and kept silence.

Belle understood and thanked her, but she couldn't meet her gaze. Her face flushed, and a little sob shook her. She turned gently away, and all night, sleeping or waking, kept her face turned to the wall.

On the following day Captain Donaldson arrived.

He was as Belle had said, marvellously handsome; but there was a settled determination of purpose in his dark eyes—an almost cruel firmness in the handsome mouth and well-moulded chin that Belle had omitted to mention; perhaps she had not observed it, but Kathleen both observed and felt it, and she shuddered at the clasp of his hand when she welcomed him to her father's house. Not only did he seem a man who had the will to carry out what ever he had determined upon, but in case he did not himself succeed he would put it out of the power of any other to accomplish what he had failed to do.

Belle met him very quietly; she seemed to have her feelings well under control. Gerald and Donaldson were old friends; and that was sufficient for Sir William. He regarded Gerald, the future husband of Kathleen, and heir to the castle and title, as his own son; and was at all times prepared to receive his friends as his own.

Captain Donaldson was well aware of the engagement existing between Gerald and his cousin, (in fact, he had been invited to Castle O'Donohue as much to see his friend's *fiancee* as to be subjected to the witcheries of Belle Fitzgerald); but this knowledge did not prevent him from determining before the close of the first day to win Kathleen for himself. He paid her all the delicate flattery of little attentions, deference to her opinions whenever expressed, admiration of her taste in dress, her preference in color, and half a hundred other indescribable trifles, not without weight he had always hitherto found in attacking the citadel of a woman's affections. Whether he was making headway in the present instance it took him some time to decide. But it did not take Kathleen any time to decide, nor to assure Gerald, when he half jealously rallied her on the subject, that she could never look upon any man excepting him to whom her faith, her heart and her hand were already pledged. Gerald said not a word more. Such an assurance from Kathleen Fitzgerald he knew was all sufficient. From that time he regarded all Captain Donaldson's love-making with smiling indifference. Not so his sister. From the moment that Belle had seen in which direction Donaldson's attention wandered, she felt that all was over—that she had lost him forever. To hope to win him from Kathleen never entered her heart; and notwithstanding the engagement between her cousin and her brother, she could not bring herself to believe that Kathleen could resist Captain Donaldson or prefer Gerald to him. It was in vain that she sought to rally from her disappointment; her heart sank like lead within her—the rosy color had left her cheek, and never appeared there save in fitful, feverish blushes, and the brightness of her eyes was painful now. Bitterness raged within her soul when she saw the devoted love bestowed on Kathleen by Captain Donaldson—that love for which her heart was breaking, which had taken all the light and freshness and brilliance from her life. And so the days wore on, bringing unalloyed happiness to one, only of the party. Sir William, in happy unconsciousness, saw nothing of Belle's despair, of Gerald's trouble on behalf of his sister, of Captain Donaldson's hot pursuit of Kathleen, or of Kathleen's dread of the proposal long pending, and which she had so far successfully, averted.

The last day of Captain Donaldson's stay had come; it was evening, and early on the morrow he was to leave Castle O'Donohue. He was very gay, the life of the company, and Gerald regarded him curiously, for he saw that Kathleen was grave, and her face wore a pained look which he had never seen there before.

"He has spoken, and she has refused him—I know by the expression in those true and tender eyes; and he is trying to bear his rejection bravely, that she may not think him unhappy; well, he is acting like a gentleman in this, at least, though it would be better if he had abstained from the attempt to win away his friend's betrothed."

Very differently did Belle read the signs in the manner of the man she loved and of her rival.

"She has accepted him, and now her only sorrow is that she will break poor Gerald's heart. Oh, Kathleen! Kathleen! God forgive you—you have broken two hearts this day, and yet, my more than sister, I will try not to grudge him to you," and poor Belle tried to stifle the agony that pressed upon her heart and contorted her pale, pretty face.

It was late before they parted for the night, and later still before Belle slept, though she feigned to do so, that she might not awake the questioning of Kathleen. At last her senses were fast locked in slumber, when—it might be after she had slept a couple of hours—she awoke with a start, trembling and afraid, as if feeling the shadow of some great calamity. The first light of the gray dawn was faintly struggling through the great window, but that did not serve to quiet her in the least, her nervousness seemed to increase.

"Kathleen!" she cried, "wake, Kathleen! Cousin, dear, speak to me! I've been dreaming—oh! how frightened I am. Kathleen! Kathleen, dear!" and she put out her hand to touch her cousin—to arouse her from the deep sleep that did not break at the sound of her voice; and as she did so, she fell back on the pillow with a piercing, terrified, penetrating shriek that woke all the echoes in the old castle, and roused every living thing within its walls.

In less time that it has taken me to place the words here, Sir William, Gerald, and Captain Donaldson, each with torches in their hands, were thundering at the door of the turret chamber. No answer was returned to their repeated calls and knockings; the door was securely locked and bolted from the inside, and maddened with fearful apprehensions, the three men at length succeeded in wrenching the door off its hinges and forcing an entrance.

An appalling sight met their gaze. The beautiful Kathleen lay cold and dead upon her pillow, the dark stains upon her snowy garments and the bed linen showing how death had found her. A single blow from a dagger, dealt directly above the heart, had taken away her life without a groan. Beside her lay Belle, as white and inanimate as the dead girl; and as the servants were all thronging into the room by this time, Belle was left to the care of the women, while Gerald and Captain Donaldson carried Sir William, who had fallen in a fit, to his own room.

It was a long time before Belle could be at all revived, and when at last she opened her eyes, her frame shook with a long, irrepressible shudder, and covering her face with her hands, she turned away from the sight of Kathleen, and moaned forth:

"Bridget—Alice—dress me—oh, pray, pray, do! I can do nothing for myself; and take me away from this awful room—far, far away from this awful sight!"

The bewildered and horrow-stricken women obeyed, and Belle, unable to walk, was assisted down into the parlor. But she was not able to give any information about the tragedy that had taken place; and to all the inquires of her uncle, when he was sufficiently recovered to question her, she returned the same answer she had given to all others:

"Ask me nothing! I know nothing, and can tell nothing!"

Of course it was not possible, even if such a thing had been desired, to keep the murder a secret. It very soon got public, and in the course of the day the police, under command of a sergant, arrived at the castle from the next town. To them Belle was compelled to give a more connected statement than had yet been gathered from her, but it was contained in few words:

"I awakened," said the poor girl, who was almost paralyzed from the shook she had received, "with a terrible fear upon me. I cried out to my cousin, and when she did not answer I put out my hand to shake her from her sleep, and in, doing so, touched something cold and thickened like coagulated blood--at the same time I became conscious that my poor cousin was stiff and clammy to the touch of my hand, and I shrieked aloud with this new horror and previous nervousness. I know nothing more till I was roused from the faint I fell into, and found myself surrounded by people."

"You found no difficulty in entering the room, gentlmen?" asked one of the police, turning to Sir William, Gerald, and Captain Donaldson, who were present during this examination of Belle.

"Oh, yes—we were obliged to force the door," exclaimed Captain Donaldson, while the other two maintained a painful silence.

"Was there any other means of entering the room, Miss Fitzgerald?" pursued the policeman.

"Not that I am aware of; and the door was securely barred and locked and bolted on the inside—I attended to it myself before going to bed—"

"Stop, Miss Firzgerald?" interrupted the sergeant. "There is no necessity for criminating yourself."

Criminating myself!" exclaimed Belle; and then glancing from one to the other, she for the first time seemed to realize the unspoken suspicion dawning upon every face—upon every face but that of her brother Gerald. It was as a keen stab to the frank, generous spirit of the girl. For a moment she felt as if her reason was about to desert her; she clasped her temples with both her hands, and exclaimed, in heart-rending tones:

"O God! can any one suspect me of this terrible crime? I did not murder my cousin!"

Sir William burst into tears and covered his face; a strange expression passed over Captain Donaldson's face, not unobserved by Gerald, who sprang forward and caught his sister in his arms, as with a low moan she fell back in a sort of stupor.

The sergeant then stepped forward too, and addressed Gerald:

"You must understand, Mr. Fitzgerald, he said, that this duty is a painful one, but——"

"I know what you would say, sir," interrupted Gerald, but you see the condition of my sister. It would be at peril of her life that you would attempt to remove her from here. For what time she remains under this terrible suspicion, you must allow your officers to remain at the castle and keep guard over her—that is if you cannot trust to the honor of my uncle and myself."

"Mr. Fitzgerald, I dare not," returned the man, respectfully; "it is not a question of honor—no one doubts the honor of the Fitzgeralds."

"I understand," said Gerald, haughtily, and taking his sisters light form in his arms, he signed to the policemen to follow him. When they came to the room in which he intended to leave the poor girl, he sent the sergeant himself to examine the apartment, and assure himself there was no practicable mode of escape except through the door. He then laid Belle on the bed, and sending one of the women to take care of her, left her room door guarded by two policemen.

It was a terrible blow to the gallant young Irishman; he could hardly determine whether the loss of his betrothed, or the terrible suspicion under which a beloved sister was thrown, was the most difficult to bear; but through it all that cruel, strange, triumphant expression that had glimmered for one moment on the face of Captain Donaldson was not forgotten. It aroused dark thoughts within him, and he resolved to test their truth.

It was, perhaps, well in every sense that Gerald became suspicious of Captain Donaldson, as the thoughts to which it gave rise kept him from sinking beneath the weight of his afflictions. He it was who ordered all the preparations for the funeral of the hapless Miss Fitzgerald, for Sir William was completely prostrated—helpless as a child, and Belle remained in the same almost trance-like stupor into which she had fallen on finding herself suspected of the murder of her cousin. Deeply as Captain Donaldson would have wished to leave the castle, common courtesy forbade that he should do so before the funeral had taken place.

It was midnight, and the fair form of Kathleen Fitzgerald lay in the family vault; the mourners who had gathered from every corner of the county, had departed, and the old castle, silvered with a flood of moonlight, yet seemed dark with the shadow that had fallen upon it. Gerald had communicated his suspicious to one of the policemen, and little though Captain Donaldson suspected it, his room was guarded night after night. That there must be some secret entrance to the turret-chamber Gerald felt convinced, and even while the corpse lay robed upon its bed of death, he had not hesitated to seek the dread scene and search for that entrance. He had not, so far, discovered it; but even as he despaired of doing so, the thought of his lost Kathleen urged him to renewed effort, and he determined never to give up the search till he had discovered the guilty one. Again at midnight he was at his work, and weary and heart-broken, he leaned against the wall, when on the instant he felt something move and slide away from the pressure of his arm. Repressing a triumphant exclamation, he turned, and lo! the long-sought entrance was discovered. Quickly he caught up his night-lamp, and proceeded to examine it; he found that it opened upon a winding stair, which descended, how far he could not tell, but resolved immediately to discover. He began the descent slowly and cautiously, but had not proceeded more than a dozen steps before he stumbled upon an object which fixed the crime, beyond any doubt, upon him whom he had suspected as the guilty one. He stopped and raised a long, sharp knife, red with the stain of Kathleen's blood, now dark and dried upon its blade. He recognized the murderous weapon instantly for a bowie-knife which Donaldson had often shown him, and boasted of having captured from a bully in San Francisco during his trip to California. It had been dropped at the very moment that Belle's cry awakened the house, and Captain Donaldson, not daring to pause even a moment to search for it—dreading, too, that it might be discovered with him, now that the alarm had been given so quickly, sped on toward his room, and having satisfied himself that he bore no traces of the deed he had committed, joined Sir William and Gerald at the same moment that they were londly clamoring for entrance to the turret-chamber. With what mingled feelings Gerald now grasped the handle of this knife, and stalked forward like an avenging fate toward the room of his ere-while friend, words are powerless to describe. At the very moment that he was seeking for the entrance to Donaldson's room, the panel slid aside obedient to the touch of him who had first discovered it, and the two men stood facing each other.

At a single glance Captain Donaldson comprehended all, and saw that he had periled his life in delaying so long to return and search for his bloody weapon.

"Now, you execrable villain, I have you in the net of your own spreading," cried Gerald, advancing into the room, and holding the terrible witness, red with its tale of crime, before the eyes of the murderer. But Donaldson was not prepared to yield all without a final struggle, and throwing himself heavily upon Gerald, he wrestled with him for the knife. It would have gone hard with Gerald then, had not the policeman wrenched open the door, and sprang to his assistance. Donaldson was finally overpowered, and at last stood passive in the officer's grasp, but glaring upon Gerald with hate expressed in every lineament of his face, he said:

"Yes, I killed her—I loved her and she refused me. I swore that no other man should possess the woman I coveted, and I have kept my oath!" and then before either of his capitors could guess at his object, he had eluded them both, and with an agile spring darted to the other side of the room, and held them at bay for a few moments. It was a terrible scene—Donaldson's back was braced against the window, a pistol was leveled at his head by the policeman, and Gerald, still like an avenging fate, stood facing him, with the knife tight clutched in his hand; and over all the pure light of the moon streamed in through the high window, and mingled with a ghastly blueness with the lamp-light within. Simultaneously the hands of the policeman and of Gerald clutched Donaldson again, but once more he wrenched himself from them, and then, from the force of the movement, he fell back heavily—the solid window frame creaked, the glass crashed into a thousand pieces, and down into the court-yard, a hundred feet below, fell the mangled, crushed, and lifeless body of Barry Donaldson.

Sir William Fitzgerald never recovered from the terrible loss of his daughter, and a few months later he was laid to rest beside her, hurried to an untimely grave by that undying sorrow. Belle was never the same girl after the horror of that dark night's work, and its subsequent cruel trials, nor was the change less sad or marked in her brother. Two of the saddest beings—two also of the gentlest, kindest, tenderest hearted—in all Ireland this day, are the unwedded lord of Castle O'Donohue and his maiden sister, Miss Isabel. But though no smile ever gladdens their pallid faces, or lightens the sadness of their quiet eyes, the blessings of every sore heart and every tired wayfarer who has ever sought relief at their gates, have not failed to cast a halo about the lives of the two lonely mourners.

The Ghostly Terror of the Seas.

The phantom ship known as the Flying Dutchman is still supposed to be sailing on the seas, bringing disaster to all other ships that are unfortunate enough to encounter it.

"The cruise of H. M. S. Bacchante, 1879-1882," says the Scientific American, is the title of a book compiled from the private journal, letters, and note books of Queen Victoria's two grandsons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George. The Princes have given a very creditable account of their journey around the world. Their experience with the phantom ship, the so-called Flying Dutchman, which they encountered near Sydney, is thus described:

"July 11, 1881.—At 4 A. M., the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange red light, as of a phantom ship, all aglow, in the mist of which light the masts, spars, and sails of the brig, 200 yards distant, stood out in strong relief. As she came up, the lookout man on the forecastle reported her as close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle. But on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen, either near or right away to the horizon. The night being clear and the sea calm, 13 persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Dieman, or the Flying Dutchman, or who else, must remain unknown. The Tourmaline and Cleopatra, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light at a quarter to eleven A. M.

"The ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the Flying Dutchman fell from the foretopmast crosstrees, and was smashed to atoms. At a quarter past four P. M., after quarters, we hove to, with head yards aback, and he was buried in the sea. He was a smart royal-yard man and one of the most promising young hands in the ship, and every one feels quite sad at his loss. At the next port we came to, the admiral also was smitten down."

Lubricating a Crank.

Sam Foster is a New Yorker of means, always elegantly dressed, a practical joker and a very good amateur ventriloquist. One day he was on the palatial steamer "Mary Powell," going up the Hudson.

"Now, boys," said Foster, "let's have some fun with the engineer."

A creaking, squeaking noise was heard among the machinery. The engineer was somewhat startled, and lubricated various parts of the machinery with great industry and a can containing half a pint of oil.

Foster nudged one of his boon companions in the ribs, and pretty soon the machinery squeaked again. Once more the engineer calmed down a suspected piston by anointing it with his alleviator. The squeaking still continued, and Foster pointed out the place that needed oiling. Once more the engineer took his can, and removing the cork, poured the contents down the back of the festive Foster and over his forty dollar suit of clothes.

"There," said the engineer, "I don't think that crank will squeak again in a hurry."

SLEEP.

Exercise your body and your mind gently till you are tired, and no longer; sleep till you are refreshed, but no longer when the bed becomes irksome, get up, if circumstances permit; when again nature calls for rest, follow her dictates, and regard not the time or hour. In health, custom rules; but when sickness takes the helm, nature will not be controlled. In good health, seven or eight hours' sleep is generally sufficient; a disposition to lie in bed beyond the usual hours generally arises from some derangement of the digestive organs. In sickness, if the patient is favored with sleep, nothing will so soon renovate and restore strength; when a nurse perceives her patient inclined to sleep, let everything give way, no matter what time it happens. A patient should never be awakened to take medicine; no medicine can be so beneficial as sleep, which is the balm of Gilead of this state of being, and comforts both mind and body beyond any other thing. Sleep is sound sweet, and refreshing, according as the alimentary organs are easy, quiet, and clean.

Mrs. Uriah Johnsone, River Hurbert, writes:—"Minard's Liniment cured me of a very sore nose, and also inflamation in the eyes; it is the cure-all and I believe it is the best inflamation allayer and pain killer in the world. It sells every day.

Gilbert Laird, St, Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

"Mary," said he, gazing into her bright eyes, "can you tell me why you are like the weather?" "I give it up," said Mary, quite promptly. "Because," said Charley, "you are so changeable you know." "Very good," said Mary, "but can you tell me, Charley, why you are not like the weather?" Charley having failed to guess, she added: "Because the paper here says the weather is going to clear off." Charley looked serious and began searching for his hat.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidential to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

"Doctor," said he, as he entered the office, "I don't know what the trouble is, but I can't sleep at night." "What is your business, my friend?" "I'm a plumber, sir," "Young man, you need a clergyman. I can't undertake to cure your conscience."

He Acted Wisely.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. Now, take my advice, replied his friend, "go to your Druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaints.

ROYAL

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, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall street, New York.

1886] SPRING [1886

NEW GOODS

—AT—

OWEN SHARKEY'S

now on hand, a large stock of

DRESS GOODS

in all disirable Shades and Textures.

Mantle Cloths, Mantles, Shawls, Dolman's; Gossimers, Umbrellas, Parisols, Hose; Gloves, Corsets, &c, &c.
Cretonnes, Lace Curtains, Lambriquins; Laces, Muslins, Ribbons, &c.
Table Linens, Towelings, Hollands; Tickings, Ducks, Cottonades;
Gray and White Cottons;
Sheatings, Shirtings, Swandowns;
Scarlet, Blue, White and Fancy Flannels;
Table and Floor Oilcloths;
Brussels, Wool and Hemp Carpets.

Mens' and Youth's Clothing,

—IN—

Coats, Pants, Vest, Shirts, Drawers;
Collars, Ties, Braces;
Silk and Linen Pocket Handkerchiefs;
English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Worsted Coatings—choice Pattens and low prices.
Mens' Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Travelling Bags.

Mens' Suits $5.00 to $20.00;

Suits Underclothing 75cts to $2.50;

Remnants of all kinds always on hand. Room Paper daily expected.

☞ Prices will compare favorably with the lowest in the city.

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May 12.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

New Building, a few doors above the People's Bank.

Queen St., - Fredericton,

respectfully invites his friends and customers to inspect his large and well selected stock of

Scotch and English Suitings;
Fancy Trouserings in Checks;
Fancy Trouserings in Stripes;
Scotch and Irish Serges, in all Shades, for summer wear;
Black Worsted Goods, for fine suits, in all the newest makes;
Fancy Cheques in Worsted — quite new
Summer Overcoatings, &c.;
English Walking Hats;
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All the latest Novelties for Spring in

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All New Goods!

No Old Stock!

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JAS. R. HOWIE,

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JUST OPENED:

HARD and soft, Fur and Felt, Hats, in great variety, for Men, Boys and Children. A large stock of Straw Hats, in all sizes, very cheap.

S. NEALIS.

May 26

Stone Churns and Crocks.

JUST RECEIVED:

24 LARGE Stone Churns, Butter Crocks, Milk Pans, Jugs, Bean Jars, etc. A splendid stock at

LEMONT'S.

June 9

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

DRESS Goods, Prints, Muslins, Shirtings, Bedticks, Flannels, Tweeds, Grey and White Cottons, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, and a general assortment of Dry Goods, very cheap for cash.

S. NEALIS.

May 26

FARM MOWERS,

FOR SALE LOW AT

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

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,	11.0 a. m.
Express for Sussex	4.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax & Quebec,	1 .15 p. m.

☞ A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 10.15 P. M. Train to Halifax.

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

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. B., June 8th, 1886.

NEW BRUNSWICK

RAILWAY CO.

Arrangement of Trains---In effect June 27, 1886.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

6 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermedate points, and for Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West. St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.
8 30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for McAdam Junction, and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points West; St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock.
12 10 noon—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.
3 30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

10 50 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from St. John, and all points East.
2 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.
6 00 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from McAdam Junction and St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.
7 40 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

11 10 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and for Aroostook and Grand Falls.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

10 10 A. M.—Express from Woodstock, and from Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen'l Manager.

H. D. McLEOD,
Sup't Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B, June 25, 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	5½ "
Ladies' Fancy Muslins at	8 "
English Prints (Wide Widths) at	6 "
Ginghams and Shirtings at	9 "
Feather Tickings at	14 "
Dress Goods, commencing at	5 "
White and Colored Hamburgs at	3 "
Ladies' Melton Cloths at	50 "
Gents' All Wool Tweeds at	55 "
Yarmouth All Wool Homespuns (Full Weight) at	53 "

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 a handsome Gilt at 30 cts. per Roll.

These goods are sold at

LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

Sale to continue one Month.

T. A. SHARKEY,

"GOLDEN FLEECE."

June 6

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,

Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

TRUNKS AND VALISES.

JUST OPENED:

THE best and cheapest assortment of Trunks and Vallses and Satchels, yet offered to the public. Please call and examine.

S. NEALIS.

May 26

Just Received:

ONE Car Load Flour, Crown of Gold, Star, Raval, Model, Sun Pattent. Also: Corn Meal, Oat Meal all at the very lowest possible price at

W. H. VANWART'S.

June 9

WHITE'S Candies, new Vinegar, Lemons and Apples, at

W. H. VANWART'S.

March 17.

Fresh Cod, Herring, Smelts and Haddies.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Fredericton, January 13, 1886.

Tea, Tea. Tea.

JUST RECEIVED AND IN STOCK:

35 HALF Chests Tea—quality Extra. Also Caddies of 5, 10, 12 and 20 lbs. each At

W. H. VANWART'S.

Just Received:

10 GROSS RISING SUN STOVE POLISH—cheaper than ever.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

EBEN MILLER & CO.,

BUILDERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES,

King Street, - - - Fredericton, N. B

Concord Waons, Miller Spar W aons, Brewster Wa ons,
Piano Box Wagons, White Chapel W aons, Cronin Wagons,
Iver's Wagons, Top Phætons, 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, 1878

☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED. ☜

EBEN MILLER & CO

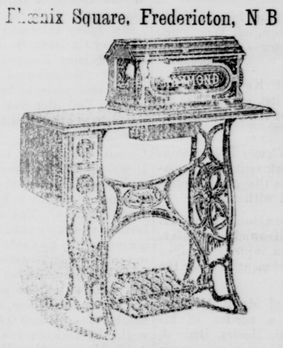
CALL AND SEE THE

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., Campeton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.

☞ *Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scota.* ☜

D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Provinces

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

Fredericton, May 18, 1883

HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC

Veterinary Specifics

Cure Diseases of

Horses, Cattle, Sheep

DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY,

In use for over 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R. R., &c.

Used by U. S. Government.

☞ STABLE CHART ☜

Mounted on Rollers & Book Mailed Free.

Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC

SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

JOHN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHER!

Queen Street, - - - Fredericton,

Next below Peoples' Bank.

Pictures Copied and Enlarged.

Fredericton, October 14, 1885.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Creamers. Creamers.

JUST RECEIVED:

THE latest and best Creamers in the market.

Z. R. EVERETT.

April 7.

CROWN OF GOLD.

JUST RECEIVED:

125 BARRELS 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,

AND

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 4 barb steal fence wire;
1 ton Buckthorne steel fence wire;
1 ton Galvanized steel fence wire;
2 Kegs steel galv. staples for same;
For sale 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. VANWART'S.

March 17.

PRACTICAL

PLUMBING.

AND

GAS FITTING!

ESTABLISHMENT.

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

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

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

GAS STEAM and HOT WATER FITTINGS, always in stock.

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

☞ Prices to suit the times ☜

J. & J. O'BRIEN,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B

FANCY GOODS!

We have now in stock the

GREATEST VARIETY

ever offered in this city, and at

Very Low Prices!

We invite you to call and examine them, and take a look at our stock of Books, which will be found just what is wanted for the Holidays. Also on hand, a number of

Organs, Pianos,

AND

Sewing Machines,

which will be sold at

Low Prices and on Easy Terms,

AT

McMURRAY & CO'S

Book and Music Store,

Q