

Poetry.

Smile Whenever You Can.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan,
To bear all trials bravely
And smile whenever you can.

Why should you dread the morrow,
And thus despond to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay;
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached,
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined;
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casquet
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy
You may have an empty purse,
And earth has many a treasure,
Which I consider worse;
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter,
To smile whenever you can.

Literature.

A WOMAN'S "NO."

A man is seated on a worn horsehair sofa, his head bent on his hands, sobbing as only strong men whose best and dearest feeling have received a death blow can sob.

At his feet lies a crumpled letter, where he had thrown it in the first pang of the agony it had inflicted on him.

There is no need to enter minutely into details. It is the old, old story of man's love and woman's inconstancy.

Hardly two years before Richard Hamilton had stood before the altar by the side of the woman he loved so well, and she had vowed before Heaven to "love, honor and obey" him, to be faithful to him through good and through evil report until death; and now she had broken those vows, and, tempted by money, had left her husband, who was only a struggling actor, and fled with a rich man who had been attracted by her pretty face.

For hours Hamilton sat there in his great desolation; then he rose and put his sorrow from him by a mighty effort. No matter how great his grief, the public must be amused—his engagement fulfilled.

He was what is called "utility man" in a touring company, and that night had played a rather good comedy part. He remembered he had been pleased when he first saw the cast, feeling that he was rising at last in his profession; but now what did it matter? Let him rise or fall, who would care.

He played that night as if he were in a dream. His senses seemed dazed, but the dark phantom of his grief seemed to overshadow him. He had studied the part well, however, and he never missed a cue; so the audience were good-humored, and remained silent at what they certainly could not applaud.

The other members of the company had heard of his trouble, and rallied round him with that useless kindness found in the theatrical profession. He had only to play the first scene of his part, another gentleman insisting on playing it for him, which he did fairly well.

The "heavy man" (i. e., the villain of all the pieces), who was, by-the-by, a thoroughly good fellow, walked home with Hamilton that night; he said, "She's not worth it; no woman is."

Hamilton rested his aching head on his arm as he leaned against the door-post. He was completely crushed, and made no reply.

"Of course you'll get a divorce," went on his friend, after a pause. "Look here old fellow! Lawyers won't do the thing for nothing, you know. Cheap justice is out of the question; and so, you see, we, the company, I mean—will raise enough to begin with, at any rate, and Wiggin is going to let you have a benefit; and, of course, what little you owe us you can pay out of the damages you recover whenever you like."

"No," said Hamilton, rousing himself; "I will get no divorce. Do you think I know so little of the world to believe he would marry her if she were free?"

"Perhaps not; but then, if divorced, you would be free yourself."

Hamilton laughed bitterly.

"I would waste no money on myself," he retorted. "I don't care whether I am free or not."

"But still she bears your name—the name of your family. Don't let her disgrace them farther. Serve the legal tie that binds you, as she has severed all others."

"You are right," said Hamilton. "Yes; I will try for a divorce."

Hamilton had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce; indeed, the case was undelayed, and he might have been awarded heavy damages, but he would not accept the money, which seemed to him the price of his wife's guilt.

Ten years passed away, in which Richard Hamilton had risen high in his profession. He had studied incessantly—more to drown his regret than from love of his art, but fame and money had rewarded his efforts; and when we see him again he is touring with his own company, and playing to large audiences.

All this time he had heard little or nothing of his wife, and could only look back upon his short married life as upon some brief, bright dream that had ended in a hideous nightmare.

Lately, however, the gloom which had become habitual to him had in some measure vanished, and this was particularly the case when he was in the society of Muriel Mervyn, the leading lady.

Muriel was a beauty, tall, fair and graceful, with curling, bright brown hair, a sweet, firm mouth, and dark, violet-blue eyes; and better still, she was, as fairy tales say of their princesses, as good as she was beautiful.

She lived with her mother, a somewhat bad-tempered old lady, if all accounts were true; but Muriel kept her home-troubles to herself, and went about with a bright smile, giving her helping hand to all who needed it.

Sweet, courageous, gentle, unselfish, all that is most pure and womanly, as she was, who can wonder that Richard Hamilton, weary of breeding over the dead past, turned to her for comfort.

She was a clever actress, too. Always graceful and ladylike, sympathetic and tender, they were times when the sweet voice would be raised in passionate pleading or in mortal agony, when the expressive face would become changed, her whole being absorbed in that of the character of who she was playing. It was at such times as these that the depths of her heart were revealed and the firmness and passion that lay as yet dormant therein were disclosed.

The company were playing in a town in the north of Scotland, and the man was pouring down heavily, so Muriel was forced to find occupation and amusement in her somewhat "stuffy" lodgings.

In a cupboard in her sitting-room she found some old volumes of an illustrated paper some nine or ten years old, and as she sat idly turning over the leaves her eyes fell on the name of Hamilton.

It was headed—
"Theatrical Divorce Suit—Hamilton versus Hamilton and Disney."
And then she read the story of Richard Hamilton's great trouble.

By the time she had read the story of the world the unpleasant stories of their early lives are generally forgotten, and Muriel had never heard of this before. She knew he had been married, but she had always believed his wife to be dead.

With a white face, she laid down the book and walked calmly to her room. Once there she looked at the door and fell on the bed with an exceedingly bitter cry. Even while she had read the lines the truth had dawned on her. Her own heart lay open before her, and for the first time she realized that she loved Richard Hamilton.

When at last she left her room all trace of emotion had disappeared. She had locked the secret in the depths of her own heart, and vowed that none should ever know of her suffering.

How often has the Spartan boy been quoted as a model of courage and endurance by those who would seem to forget the heroes and heroines of every-day life.

Muriel Mervyn had taken up her cross bravely, and gone out to fill her accustomed place in the world, with a smile on the lips which just before had uttered such passionate prayers for help.

That night she avoided Hamilton, and certainly gave him no opportunity of speaking to her alone; but on the following morning, when she was out in the town, they met, and he took his place beside her. For some time they talked of indifferent subjects (things theatrical, of course; actors always talk "shop") and then he brought the conversation round to himself—told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

"Oh, stop!" she said, in a low, strained voice. "Remember your wife!"

"But the law has—"

"Freely you, you would say. Mr. Hamilton, you both vowed once to remain true to each other till death parted you. If she broke her promise, it is no reason why you should do so."

"In the eyes of the law, of society, I am a single man," he said.

"Yes, but in the eyes of Heaven you cannot be free. Leave me, Mr. Hamilton; you have my answer."

"Is my life to be one long disappointment?" he asked, sadly. "I loved my wife passionately, but not with the strong, deep love I have given you, Muriel. That was the romantic passion of a boy; this is the love of my manhood. Oh, my darling, the world has been so cold to me! I don't let your hand be against me, too! Think of my lonely, wretched life. Will you not come to cheer me and help me to be a better man?"

"Don't tempt me!" she cried, with a break in her voice which he was quick to notice.

"Tell me, Muriel, will you not relent? Perhaps I have been too hasty. Take time, dear—consider your answer."

"I would be useless," she replied, with gentle firmness; "for until you can come to me with proof of your wife's death we must be strangers."

"And then?" he asked.

"It is ungenerous to ask me now."

"You love me, Muriel—you love me! I will wait, since you must have it so—wait for my freedom!"

"Oh, no!" she cried, with a shudder; "I could not bear to think that for my sake you were wishing for her death."

"I cannot help it; I must hope until I am assured that you do not love me."

"Such, then, is the case," she said, quickly.

"What, Muriel! are you mad? You love me, do you not?"

"No!" she said. And then, turning away with averted face, she fled homeward, leaving him stunned by her words, and unable to understand them.

It was a falsehood, and she knew it, but she had spoken for the best.

"I will go away from him," she thought, "and then, as he thinks I do not love him, perhaps he will learn to forget me."

The next week the following paragraph appeared among the provincial items of a theatrical paper:—

"We understand that Miss Mervyn has succeeded from the Hamilton Shakespearean Company, an amicable arrangement having been come to, and intends resting for a short time to recover her health before accepting another engagement."

Another year has passed, and Muriel is still on her prolonged tour, and Muriel is playing at a London theatre.

On a wet, cold night in early spring, as she was leaving the theatre, her quick eye saw a woman's form leaning, as it were, against the doorway.

Thinking the might be the bearer of some message for her, Muriel asked—

"Are you waiting for any one?"

The woman looked up helplessly, shook her head in reply, and attempted to move on; but she did so she staggered and would have fallen had not Muriel caught her.

"You are ill," she said. "Can I do anything to help you?"

"No," said the woman, in a weak, hollow voice. "I am very ill, I know; but I wanted to purchase some things, so I had to come out to night."

"I hope you don't live far from here?"

"No; in St. John's street."

"That is my way," said Muriel. "You will let me see you home?"

The woman consented—in fact, she seemed too ill and weak to resist—and Muriel left her at what she said was the door of her home.

It was evidently a very poor place, in which she rented but one back room, but it seemed respectable; and Miss Mervyn, whose pity was aroused, said at parting—

"You will let me call to-morrow to inquire if you are better?"

After this she often called, and was soon very much interested in Mrs. Smith, as the woman called herself. She had only been in her present lodgings a few weeks, and was evidently miserably poor, very ill, and quite alone. She would never talk of the past, expecting that once she told Muriel she had been an actress.

Miss Mervyn, we may be sure, did not go empty handed to that poor lodging, and she even persuaded Mrs. Smith to have a doctor. But it was of no avail; and one day, in the middle of May, when Muriel called, she saw a terrible change in the pale, worn face.

"Miss Mervyn," she said, as Muriel entered, "the doctor has told me I shall not see another day. Do you believe it?"

"Yes, I fear it is true," Muriel said gently.

"Well, I'm glad of it. I have taken the doctor at his word, and sent for one I should never dare meet if I were not dying. He may, perhaps, be here soon if I telegraphed last night; but I feel

my strength is ebbing fast, and before he comes—I may have no time afterward—I should like to tell you the story of my life. Will you listen?"

"Certainly," said Muriel gently; "tell me anything if you think it will make you any happier."

"Mine is a tale of sin, too bad, perhaps, for your ears," the woman went on; "but I must tell it. I married, when very young a man who loved me far better than I deserved, for after we had been married two years I listened to the sophistries of a man who tempted me with his wealth, and I fled with him. There was the usual result. After a time he grew tired of me, and a year after the divorce was decreed I found myself alone and penniless in London. What my life has been since I leave you to guess; and at last I found myself ill, dying, with a small sum of money in my possession. I came here and by your kindness my path to the grave has been smoothed. Miss Mervyn, I have repented, but I cannot die until I have my husband's forgiveness. I have telegraphed to him, and—ah, that is his spot on the stairs!"

The door opened and a man entered. Muriel suddenly drew back into the shadow.

"Alice," he said, coming forward, "you see I have come; but why did you send for me?"

"I ask with my dying breath for your forgiveness!"

"Impossible!" he said shortly. "You wrecked my life, Alice, betrayed my love and dishonored my name! I cannot forgive!"

"But with my dying breath I ask it!" cried the woman. "Oh, grant it to me, Richard Hamilton, as you hope for mercy!"

"I cannot," he said shortly.

Muriel came from the shadow, and knelt by the bed before him like a fair angel in that humble home.

"Muriel!" he exclaimed; "you here! This is no place for you!"

"It is," she said, still kneeling there. "Death makes all equal; and, Richard, for my sake, forgive your wife."

He hesitated for a moment, and then, crossing to the bed, took one of his wife's wasted hands.

"I forgive," he said simply.

"And Alice Hamilton sank back upon the pillow exhausted. Presently she sank into a deep sleep. Other watchings joined those two; and just as night began to fall she passed away. With a sigh Hamilton went to Muriel's side.

"Dearest," he said, "you told me once that when I could bring proof of my wife's death I might speak to you again. She lies dead. What do you say?"

Muriel rose, and laid her hand in his with a look of unspoken love. Thus, in that chamber of death, these two, so long parted, were united at last.

Richard Hamilton and Muriel Mervyn were married, and lived very happily together. They have a theatre of their own, and are doing well in every sense of the term.

"By-the-by, dear," said Hamilton, one day, not long after their marriage, "do you know you once told me you did not love me?"

"That was the only falsehood I will ever tell you," she rejoined. "I said so to prevent your thinking too much of me."

"And all the time you liked me?"

"You know I did."

"So, then, Muriel, I suppose I must take this as another instance of the worthlessness of a woman's 'no.'"

Do Figures Lie?

Do figures lie? Let us see.

There were but 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

One sold her chickens two for \$1, getting for 30 chickens \$15.

The other sold hers three for \$1, getting for 30 chickens \$10.

This made \$25 realized on the 60 chickens. The merchant called to divide the money said:—

"You sold your 30 chickens two for \$1, and you sold your 30 chickens three for \$1. That makes 60 chickens at the rate of five for \$2. Well, five into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes \$24 your chickens brought."

But as she saw above the woman actually had \$25 in her pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right.

Do figures lie?

Honey-moon.

"Say, Perkins, old boy, why don't we see you at the club any more? Has your mother-in-law shut you down on you?"

"No, Brown; the fact of the matter is, my wife has had a notion that there is no inducement for me to leave it. You look incredulous, but it's a positive fact. You see my wife used to suffer so much from functional derangements common to her sex, that her spirits and her temper were greatly affected. It was not her fault, of course, but it made home unpleasant all the time. But now, Favorite Prescription, which has been so well and so happy that we are having our honey-moon all over again."

THE LION'S SUPPER.

But a Panther wanted it and the Hunter Escaped.

I had been out alone with my rifle writes an officer of one of H. M. regiments stationed in India, and was on my way home to camp, about 5 o'clock on the edge of a dense wood. Suddenly a lion uttered a terrific roar, and I looked up to find a big fellow facing me. He had been creeping down the edge of the wood, perhaps routed out of his lair by some of our men, and while he was approaching the pool from one direction I was approaching from the other. He was not over 300 feet away, and I knew at a glance that he was mad. His mane was up, his tail switching, and he meant fight. He could have been under cover at a jump, and thus avoided me altogether, and this would have been characteristic of a lion disturbed at that hour of the night. I brought my rifle down, aimed to hit him between the eyes, and pulled the trigger. The ball grazed his skull, knocking him down and making him crazy for a moment. I suspected from his antics that he was only touched, and knew that as soon as he had gathered himself he would come for me. He was whirling round and round, and rolling over, and there was no show for a fair shot. I therefore made a bolt for the nearest tree, and was just off the ground when the lion screamed out, and I dropped my gun to get above his reach.

It was a close call for me. The blood blinded him as he made his spring, and the paw which struck at me passed clear of my body. He went to the ground in a heap, rolled over two or three times, and before he was up I was out of reach. I got a seat about twenty-five feet from the ground, and the way that the old fellow raged and raved for the next quarter of an hour was a circus to see. He had been in ill temper before I raked his skull. He was now so mad that he would have faced a regiment of men. From the line of his neck to the tip of his tail, the tree was smooth, and I did not dare attempt to climb it. I was just safe and no more. The enraged beast made all sorts of attempts to reach me, even trying to climb, but I was safe. Several times he ran back on the plain a few rods and then for me, springing up to within a very few feet of my perch, but never coming high enough. His repeated failures angered him still further, and as a lion ever lost his head and got mad from nose to tail that fellow did. When he found that he couldn't get me he made circles about the tree, rolled over and over, and his growls and roars were enough to set me in a chill.

I had my revolver but it contained only three charges, and I had no more ammunition. I should have to reload his head or heart to kill him, and he would not give me an opportunity to do so. I soon saw that I was doomed to pass the night in the tree, and I then decided to save my bullets for some other danger which might be expected. The sun was hardly gone down when darkness came and the lion gave up trying to reach me, and sat up at the foot of the tree, and as the darkness grew deeper I could see his eye blaze like coals. It was no use expecting any help from the camp, for no one would know which way to look for me, and after awhile I got a hitch around the tree with my scarf, and took such precautions as would prevent me from falling off the limb should I go to sleep.

That was a horrible night. At an early hour every species of wild beast and night bird was active, and pandemonium reigned

through the forest. Twice before midnight other lions approached the tree to be driven off by the sentry and a troop of elephants on their way to the pool passed within 100 feet. About midnight the lion took on at a great rate, scratching up the leaves and switching his tail in defiance, and I heard fierce growling and snarling from some beast, which turned out to be a panther, for he climbed his claws raking the bark as he circled a tree a few yards away. I knew what he was after, and I got my revolver ready to follow him by sound. He ascended to a height of about thirty-eight feet, came towards me on a limb, and I could see his eyes shining like diamonds.

The panther would have to spring about twenty feet to reach me. The lion seemed to know what he was after, and he dashed to and fro under the tree, and kept up such a roaring that all other beasts quit for the time in disgust. I was facing the panther as I sat on my perch. It seemed to me that I was doomed to be eaten by one of the other, and the only possible show I had was a shot at the panther. I could see nothing but his eyes, but I held my revolver as steadily as possible and pulled the trigger. I think the beast was just ready to spring. I cannot say that I hit him, but the flash and report would have confused him. I hardly fired when he came for me but fell short, and down he went to be seized by the enraged lion. The fight would have been worth going a long way to see. It lasted fully fifteen minutes, and the fierce snarls and terrible roars kept me in a tremble. By and by both beasts seemed to have had enough, and the conflict ceased. I heard the lion walking about and whining and moaning, but after a few minutes these sounds ceased, and I was not further disturbed during the night. When daylight came, I saw the panther dead at the foot of the tree, and just at the edge of the pool was the dead body of the lion. He had gone there to drink, and had tumbled over just as he turned from the water.

I examined both bodies carefully before I left. Such work with the teeth and claws few men ever saw. The lion had seized each foreleg of the panther, and crushed the bones of the ankle in his teeth. He had torn his neck in a horrible manner, and had bitten the neck of one of his cheeks until a pull would have exposed the jawbone on that side. The panther had bitten the lion about the throat and breast, but had depended more on his claws. With these he had literally disembowelled the king of the forest.

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Royal Yeast Cakes,
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One Sack Walnuts, (Granob.)
One Sack Almonds,
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ALL RAIL LINE.
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(Eastern Standard Time.)

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12 20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

1 15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:
6 25 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodville.

7 15 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points; St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodville, and points North.

LEAVE GIBSON:
8 00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
'88 Summer Arrangement '88

On and after MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John:

Day Express,..... 7.00
Express from St. John,..... 11.00
Express for Sussex,..... 16.35
Express for Halifax & Quebec,..... 22.15

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 2215 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 to Montreal.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec,..... 5.30
Express from Sussex,..... 8.30
Accommodation,..... 12.55
Day Express,..... 18.00

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., May 31st, 1888.

McMURRAY & Co
SEWING MACHINES
ORGANS.

We are going to sell 100 each this year, if we are to judge by the sales made in the last few months. Our prices are for the BEST SEWING MACHINE in the Market

Only \$27.50 Cash, or \$30.00 \$5.00 per month until paid.
Or our Small Machine for \$20.00, or \$22.50 on same terms.

Every Machine Warranted! If not satisfactory, money refunded!

Our sales of Organs this year has been very large. The LOW PRICES suit the people. We employ no Agents but give the buyer the large commissions paid Agents.

Call and see us or write for prices.

McMURRAY & Co.
FREDERICTON, March 7, 1888.

PETER DUFFIE,
—DEALER IN—
ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, ETC.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED
"New Home," the "Favorite," and the "New National," Sewing Machines.

Holding the Very First Places of all Machines Manufactured.

The "New Home" received first premium for Machines at the St. John Exhibition, 1888, there being eight others exhibited, and is undoubtedly the Best Machine on the market.

The "Favorite" ranks next the "New Home," and surpasses all other Machines.

The "New National," is the only Hand Machine on the market that is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. It is of beautiful workmanship, and will do all kinds of plain and fancy stitching.

These Celebrated and Beautiful Machines can be seen at any time at Salesroom,
CORNER KING AND REGENT STREETS, FREDERICTON.

For Sale at Lowest Prices and Best Terms.
Prices ranging from \$25.00, upwards.

Parts, Attachments and Needles, for all kinds of Machines, and best Spool Oil, constantly on hand. Repairing done to order.

Don't forget! Salesroom Corner King and Regent Sts.
Fredericton, May 9

G. D. CARTER,
DENTIST.

Prosthetic Dentistry a Specialty.
Every safe means used for Painless Extraction.
CHARGES MODERATE.
No charge for Extracting for Artificial Sets.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

OFFICE OVER
F. J. McCausland's Jewelry Shop,
250 Queen St., Fredericton.
July 18-5m.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.
Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh;
Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh;
Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

Special Certificate in Midwifery.

OFFICE:
Fishers' Building, Cor. Queen and York Streets.
RESIDENCE—109 BRUNSWICK STREET.

JAS. R. HOWIE,
192 Queen St., Fredericton.
June 13

LAURANCE'S
SPECTACLES
—AND—
Eye-Glasses,
—AT A—
BARGAIN.

I HAVE a lot of Laurance's best English Glasses, (both in Glass and Pebbles) which I will sell at 20 per cent.

LESS THAN COST.

This is a rare chance to secure a first-class article at

LOW PRICE,
—AT—
OWEN SHARKEY.
Remnants of all kinds, always on hand.
Fredericton, June 6

GREAT RUSH!
New 5 and 10 Cent Store,
Queen St., Fredericton.

JUST OPENED:
A large Stock of New Goods consisting of: Glassware, Tinware, Woodenware, Hardware, Jewelry, Soaps, Pictures, Tops and thousand of Useful and Fancy Articles, at

5 and 10 Cents Each.

ARE YOU MARRIED?

If so, are you aware that our stock of
Bedroom Sets, Parlor Suites,
Tables, Chairs,
Rockers, Mattresses,
Pillows, Stand Lamps,
Hanging Lamps, &c., &c.,
Woven Wire Mattresses,
is the LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE and CHEAPEST
in Fredericton.

We can prove what we say.

TRY US
LEMONT & SONS.
September 25

Notice of Removal.

THE undersigned has removed his Office to
107, BROWN'S BUILDING, Queen Street,
next door across the store of Messrs. George
Hunt & Sons, where he will attend to business
as usual.

MONEY TO LOAN on approved security, in
amounts to suit applicants at current rates of
interest.

WILLARD KITCHEN.
Fredericton, May 9.

TO LET.

THE pleasantly situated House and premises
situated on the upper end of George Street, formerly
occupied by the late F. J. Robinson,
Furnace and first floor cellar, and Garden in
good state of cultivation.

May be seen at any time by applying to
W. H. ROBINSON,
At Bank of Nova Scotia.
Fredericton, Jan. 18, 1888.

Hot Air Registers.
JUST RECEIVED:—36 Square Registers, 6
Smoke Pipe Registers. For sale low.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS,
Fredericton, N. B.

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 genuine of low test, short weight, adulterated or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WALL STREET, N. Y.

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NEW GOODS!
—JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF—
Spectacles and Eye Glasses,
in Gold, Nickel, Steel and Rubber Frames.

SOLE AGENT IN FREDERICTON FOR
LAZARUS CELEBRATED SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.

JAMES D. FOWLER,
Waymaker, Jeweller and Optician,
Opp. Post Office.
AUGUST 9, 1888.

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ORGANS.

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