The flowers have closed their tender leaves The Lily's gracious head All low must lie, Because the gentle Summer now is

Grieve, oh ye Autumn winds! Summer lies low, The rose's trembling leaves will soon be For she that loved her so,

Alas, is dead:

Wail, oh ye Autumn winds! She lives no more, The gentle Summer, with her balmy breath Still sweeter than before And brighter every day the smile she

And one by one her loving children go.

Mourn, mourn, oh Autumn winds, Lament and mourn; How many half-blown buds must close and

Hopes with the Summer born And leave us desolate and earth forlorn

## Niterature.

## THE HOUSE OF A TRAITOR.

As you leave Porte Vecchio and go North-west toward the interior of Corsica, the land rises rapidly, and after three hours' traveling through winding paths, obstructed by huge rocks and often cut by deep ravins, you find yourself on the edge of an extensive maquis. The maquis is the country of the Corsican shephards and of those who are at enmity with justice. You must know that the Corsican laborer, in order to spare himself the trouble of manuring his fields, sets fire to a certain extent of wooded land. So much the worse if the flames spread farther than is necessary, but then he is sure to have a fine harvest, when he sows his seed in this soil, fertilized by the ashes of the trees it once bore. The grain reaped and carried away (for they leave the straw, which it would be troblesome to gather), the old roots, which have remained in the earth unconsumed by the flames, shoot forth in the following Spring plicity. very thick branches, which in a few years attain the height of seven or eight feet. It is this kind of heavy underbrush that goes by the name of maquis. It is comrosed of different kind of trees and shrubs, mixed and confounded as the good God pleases. A man can only open a passage through it axe in hand, and maquis have been known so thick and bushy that the mountain sheep themselves can not get through.

If you have killed a man, fly to the maquis of Porte Vecchio, and you will live there in safety, provided with a good gun, powder and ball-do not forget a brown cowled cloak, which will serve both mattress and covering. The shepherds will give you milk, and cheese, and chestnuts, and you will have nothing to fear from justice, or the relations of the defunct, except when you will be obliged to go to the town to renew your ammunition.

Mateo Falcone, when I was in Corsica, lived about half a league from this maquis. He was quite rich for that country, living "nobly," in Corsican phrase (that is to say, without working himself), from the produce of his flocks, which the shepherds, a kind of nomadic race, pastured here and there in the mountains. When I saw him, two years after the events I am about to relate, he appeared about 50 years old, at the most. Imagine a small, but robust man, with crisp, curly hair, black as jet, an aquiline nose, thin lips, large bright eyes, and a skin of deep tan color. His skill in shooting passed for something extraordinary, even in his country, where there are so many good shots. For instance, Mateo would never shoot at a mouflon with a gun loaded with buckshot, but at a hundred and twenty paces he would kill it by a ball in the head or shoulders, as he chose. He used his gun as well at night as in the daytime -and they related the following evidence of his skill, which might appear incredible to one who has not traveled in Corsica. At eighty paces distant a lighted candle was placed behind a transparent paper as large as a plate. He took aim, then the candle was extinguished, and, at the end of a moments time, in the most utter darkness, he shot and pierced the paper three times out of four! Endowed with such transcendent merit Falcone had at tained a great reputation. He was said to be as good a friend as he was a danger ous enemy, and, beside being neighborly and charitable, he lived in peace with all the world, in the district of Porte Vecchio. But it was also told of him, when a

Corte, where he married his wife, he had rid himself in a vigorous manner of a rival who was as dreaded in war as in love-at least, a certain shot, which much surprised this rival, as he was shaving before a little mirror hung to his window, was attribut ed to Mateo. The affair having died out Mateo married. His wife had brought him at first three daughters (to his great rage), and finally a son, whom he named Fortunato. He was the hope of the family, the heir to his name. The girls were all well married; their father could reckon, when needed, upon the daggers and carbines of his sons-in-law. The boy was only 10 years old, but of a promising

character. One fine day in autumn Mateo wen early with his wife to visit one of his flocks in a clearing in the maquis. The Fortunata desired to go with him, but the clearing was too far off, and, besides house. So the father refused.

He had been gone some hours, and little Fortunato was lying quietly in the sun, gazing at the blue mountains and thinking how he was going to dine next Sunday in the town with his uncle, when his meditations were suddenly interrupt ed by a gun-shot. He jumped up and catch me! but I would carry you off with turned toward the side of the plain whence proceeded this noise. Several shots followed at regular intervals, ap proaching nearer and nearer, till suddenly in the path which led from the plain to Mateo's house, appeared a man wearing a long beard and a pointed cap, such as the mountaineers wore; he was covered with rags and dragged himself painfully along, leaning on his gun. He had just

been shot in the thigh. This man was an outlaw, who, having gone during the night to buy powder in the town, had on his way fallen into an like you to go and find him." ambush of Corsican police. After a vigorm iquis before being caught.

him; "You are the son of Mateo Fal. Porte Vecchio as proud as a peacock, and have found him. I should never have Cone ?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"I am Giannetto Sanpiero. The soldiers my watch and find out!" farther."

" And what will my father say if I hide you without his permission?" "He will say you have done well."

"Who knows?" "Hide me quickly! they are coming!" "Wait until my father comes back." "Wait! Curses on you! They will be will kill you!"

"I have my stiletto-"

"But can you run as fast as I can?" "Your joke is a very cruel one!" And the boy darted off and placed him! self out of the bandit's reach.

door of your house?"

"What will you give me if I hide you?" said he, drawing nearer.

pocket, which hung from his belt, and to believe of what he said, drew from it a five-franc piece, which he

"Fear nothing. I will hide you well." Then he made a great hole in a heap of so that it almost touched the child's face. having them bound behind his back. straw, or hay, near the house. Giannetto Fortunato showed plainly in his face the crawled in, and the child covered him up struggle in his soul between covetousness so as leave him a little air to breathe, and the respect due to hospitality. His without it being possible to suspect at a naked breast heaved violently, and he casual glance that this heap of hay could seemed half suffocated. However, the hide a man. Moreover, with a cunning watch continued to turn and twist about, ingenuity, worthy of a savage, he caught and sometimes struck the end of his nose. opened his mouth. The child looked una cat and her kittens, and placed them on Finally, little by little, his right hand rose easily, sometimes at his mother, then at top of the straw, as if it had not been slowly toward the watch, the end of his his father, who, leaning on his gun, look. the season is said to be the latest notion moved for some time. Finally, noticing fingers touched it, and he felt its weight ed at him with an expression of furious

uniforms, with yellow collars, and commanded by an adjutant, were before

already captured several. have grown! Have you seen a man pass

you not seen a man pass here? Tell

"Have I seen a man pass?" "Yes; a man with a pointed cap of black velvet, and a vest embroidered with

"A man with a black velvet pointed cap, and a vest emcroidered in red and

repeat my questions." "This morning M. le Cure rode by our door on his horse, Piero. He asked me

how papa was, and I told him-" the rogue. Tell me quickly, which way and I am certain he took this path."

"Why knows?" "Who knows!" roared the adjutant 'I know that you have seen him!" "Can one see all passers by when one is

You were not asleep, good-for-nothing may lie easier." little wretch; the gun shots must have

wakened you.' "You think, then, my cousin, that your guns make a great noise? My father's carbine makes a much louder one."

"May the devil confound you! I am very sure you have seen Giannetto. Per haps you have hidden him. Comrades go into the house and see if our man is not there. He was dragging along on one foot, and he knows too much, the rogue, to try and reach the marquis while limping in that manner, Besides, the marks carry any burden but his arms. of blood stop here."

tunato, when he knows people have entered his house when he was absent?" "Rascal!" said the adjutant, seizing him by the ear; do you know that I can make you sing another tune? After

have given you twenty blows with the flat of a sword you will speak. tunato, with emphasis.

tia; that I can put you in a dungeon on he took a position to make a brave de. ing voice. straw, with chains on your ankles, and I fense, if necessary. will have you guillotined, if you do not tell we where Giannetto Sanpiero is?" The boy burst out laughing at this ab-

surd threat, and repeated; "My father is Mateo Falcone." "Adjutant," said one of the soldiers, in a low tone, "beware of quarreling with

Gamba was evidently embarrassed. He talked in a low voice with his men, who had already searched the house. It was not a lengthy operation, for the cabin of a Corsican contains but a single square room. The furniture consists of a table,

some benches, a chest or two, and hunt ing and cooking utensils. Meanwhile. the little boy played with the kittens and seemed to take a malicious joy in the evi dent confusion of his cousin and the sol-One of the latter approached the heap

of straw, and he saw the cat, and carelessly thrust his bayonet into the straw, shrugging his shoulders, as if he felt the precaution ridiculous. Nothing stirred, and the child's face betrayed not the slightest emotion. The adjutant and his troop were in despair. Already they looked seriously at the plain as if disposed to re turn whence they came, when their chief, convinced that threats produced no im some one must remain to guard the pression on Falcone's son, resolved to make a last effort, and try the effect of

caresses and bribery. "Little cousin," said he, "you seem a very wide-awake fellow, you'll make your mark; but you are playing an ugly game with me, and if I was not afraid of giving pain to my cousin Mateo, may the devil

"Bah!" said the child.

"But, when my cousin Mateo returns shall relate the whole affair to him, and he will whip you till the bloods comes for

having lied to me." "Really !"

"You will see-but hold-you are fine boy, and I will give you something.' "And I, my cousin, will give you a piece of advice, which is, if you wait much longer Giannetto will be in the maguis, and then it will need more than one strong fellow

The adjutant drew from his pocket a hungry." ous defense he had succeeded in making silver watch, worth about ten crowns, and, good his retreat, hotly pursued and firing observing that the eyes of the child tinued the adjutant, somewhat mortified; from rock to rock. But he was not far in sparkled as he looked at it, he said to him he killed two of our men, and not conadvance of the soldiers, and his wound holding the watch dangling by its steel tent with that, broke Corporal Chardou's \$10 added for "advice as to the reasonmade it impossible for him to reach the chain: "Would you not be delighted to arm-but that is no great harm, he is only ableness of the bill." have a watch like that, hanging from your a Frenchman. Afterward he was hidden He approached Fortunato and said to neck? You would walk the streets of so finely that the devil himself could not when people would ask you, "What's discovered him had it not been for my o'clock?" then you could say, "Look at little cousin, Fortunato."

give me a watch."

"Yes, but your uncle's son already has one; not as handsome as this, to be sure, in town, and he can send him a fine pre but then he is younger than you." The child sighed.

"Well, do you want this watch, little Fortunato, glancing at the watch from

here in five minutes. Come! hide me, or the corner of his eye, resembled a cat to whom you offer a chicken. As it feels Fortunato replied, with the greatest you are joking, it dares not put its paw on coolness: "Your gun is not loaded, and the fowl, and from time to time turns there are no more cartridges in your away its eyes, so as not to yield to the temptation, but licks its chops every minute, and seems to say to its master,

However, the adjutant seemed sincere in offering his watch. Fortunato did not "You are not Mateo Falcone's son! stretch out his hand, but said, with a bitter Will you let me be arrested before the smile, "Why do you joke with me?" "By beaven! I am not joking only tell

The child appeared moved with com- me where Giannetto is, and the watch is Fortunate smiled incredulously, and

fixing his black eyes on those of the ad The outlaw fumbled in a leathern jutant, he tried to read there how much "May I lose my epaulettes!" cried the

traces of blood on the path, he carefully before the adjutant dropped the end of anger. covered them with dust, and then calmly the chain. The dial plate was sky blue, A few moments after six men in brown it shone like fire. The temptation was whoever knew the man thoroughly.

Fortunato raised his left hand slowly, Mateo's door. This adjutant was a dis- pointed with his thumb, over his left tant relative of Falcone. He was called shoulder, at the heap of straw. The ad-Theodoro Gamba, an active man, much jutant instantly understood his gesture feared by the outlaws, of whom he had He let go the end of the chain, and For-"How do you do, little cousin?" said watch. He arose with the agility of a shirt he, smiling, to Fortunata. "How you deer, and ran a few steps from the heap of straw, which the soldiers immediately commenced to overturn. It was not long be-"Oh! I am not as big as you, my fore a man, covered with blood, poinard in hand, crawled out, but as he tried to rise to his feet, his wounded thigh did "That will come by and by. But have not allow him to stand erect. He fell, and the adjutant threw himself upon him and seized his stiletto, and he was soon securely tied, despite his struggles. Lying on the ground, and bound up like a faggot, Giannetto turned his head towards Fortunato, and hissed, "Son of a dog!" The child tossed back the five franc piece Giannetto had given him, feeling that he

said coolly to the adjutant: will be forced to carry me to the town." took his way toward the maquis, bid-"You ran quicker than the squirrel "Ha! little villain; you are playing awhile ago," replied the cruel conqueror, but be easy; I am so glad to have caught Giannetto went, for it is he I am after, you that I could carry you for a league on my back without fatigue. As for the rest, comrade, we will make you a litter there what was passing in his soul. out of some branches and your cloak, and

at Crespole's farm we shall find horses." | father. "All right," said the prisoner, "put

While the soldiers were employed, some in making a kind of litter out of branches, and the others in dressing Giannetto's wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly appeared at the turn of the path which led to the maquis. The woman walked slowly, bending painfully under the weight of an enormous sack of chestnuts, while her husband strolled by her side, carrying only his two guns, one knees. in his hand, the other in his shoulderbelt, for it is unworthy for a Corsican to

As he caught sight of the soldiers his "And what will papa say," asked For- first idea was that they came to arrest him. But why? Had Mateo any trouble with the law? No; he enjoyed, a good reputation, but he was also a Corsican and a mountaineer, and there are few such who, in searching their memory, can not recall some peccadillos, such as gun shots dagger thrusts, and other like trifles, "My father is Mateo Falcone," said For. Mateo, more the most of men, had a clear | Maria, and the litany aunt my taught conscience in this respect, for more than me." "Do you know, you little scoundrel, ten years he had aimed his gun at no that I can take you away to Corte, or Bas. man. But he was, however, prudent, and

> "Wife," said he to Giuseppa, "put down your sack and be ready."

She obeyed immediately. He gave her the gun from his shoulder-belt, which might cramp his movements. He then loaded the one he held, and advanced slowly toward his house, skirting the trees, which bordered the road, ready, at the least hostile demonstration of the slodiers, to throw himself behind the largest trunk, where he could fire under shelter. His wife followed in his tracks.

holding the spare gun and its cartridge, box-the business of a good housewife is to load her husband's gun in case of a On the other side of the field the adjutant was much troubled at seeing Mateo advance in this manner, with measured steps, gun in hand, and his finger on the Mateo should be a relative of Giannetto, soul."

or his friend, and he wished to defend him, the contents of his two guns could reach us, one after the other, as sure as a letter by the post, if he aimed at me, depot on Friday is very touching, says notwithstanding our relationship. In this perplexity he took a brave resolution to advance alone towards Mateo, and relate the whole affair to him, accosting him as an old friend; but the short distance that separated him from Mateo appeared ter- Ah Sin the trouble of burying them,

"Ah, my brave comrade," cried he, man, allee samee bimeby Chinaman eat "how goes it?" It is I, Gamba, your dog."

Mateo, without replying had stopped, and, while the other spoke, slowly raised the barrel of his gun, so that it pointed to the sky at the instant the adjutant simple. Keep out of debt, keep your

tant, holding out his hand; "it is a long up the policy which turned a poor boy time since I last saw you." "Good day."

"I came to say how do you do, as I passed, to you and my good cousin, Pepa. We have made a long journey to-day, but we must not complain of fatigue, for we have made a famous capture. We have just seized Giannetto Sanpiere."

"God be praised!" cried Giuseppa: he stole a milch-goat from us last week." These words rejoiced Gamba. "Poor devil" said Mateo: "he was

"The knave fought like a lion," con-

"Fortunato!" exclaimed Mateo. "Fortunato!" said Gamba; "yes, Gianare after me. Hide me, for I can go no "When I am a big boy my uncle will netto was hidden under that heap of straw Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawyonder. But my little cousin showed me berry, which gave immediate relief."

his hiding place. So I will tell his uncle sent for his trouble. And his name and yours will appear in the report that I

shall send to the attorney general."

his head hanging down.

him. Then, turning to one of the guard, tables. "Comrade,,' said he, "give me a drink,' The soldier handed him his gourd, had doubtless saved for the purchase of adjutant, "if I do not give you this watch, and Giannetto drank the water given from the system of impurities which

and they descended with rapid steps to-

Ten minutes passed before Mateo

"You begin well," said Mateo, finally, the case newly polished, and in the sun in a calm voice; but a terrible one to "My father!" cried the child, ad vancing, tears in his eyes, as if to throw himself at his knees. But Mateo cried Back!" and he stopped, sobbing and motionless, a few steps from his father. Giuseppa drew near. She had just

perceived the chain of the watch, one tunato felt himself sole possessor of the end of which hung from Fortunato's "Who gave you that watch?" she

> "My cousin, the adjutant" Falcone seized the watch, and throwing it violently against a stone broke it into a thousand pieces. "Women," said he, "is this my

> The brown cheeks of Giuseppa turned vivid scarlet. "Have a care what you say, Mateo. Do you remember to "I ask your pardon, wife. This child

then, is the first of the race of Falcone who has been guilty of treachery." The sobs and tears of Fortunato re had ceased to deserve it; but the outlaw doubled, and Mateo kept his lynx eyes "Yes, yes!—answer quickly, and don't paid no attention to this movement. He sternly fixed upon him. Finally he struck the butt-end of his gun on the "My dear Gamba, I can not walk; you ground, threw it on his shoulder, and ding Fortunato follow him. The child

Giuseppa ran after Mateo and seized "He is your son," said she, in a trembling voice, fixing her black eves on those of her husband, as if to read "Leave me." gaid Mateo, "I am his

The mother embraced her son, and also a little straw on the litter, that I entered the house weeping; throwing herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin she prayed fervently. Meanwhile, Falcone walked down the path some 200 paces, and stopped on reaching a little ravine. He sounded the earth, and found it soft and easy for

digging. The spot appeared a favorable "Fortunato," said he, "stand yonder near that great stone.' The child obeyed, and fell on his

"Say your prayers," said Falcone, "My father, my father, do not kill "Say your prayers!" repeated Mateo

n a voice which made the child's flesh The child, sobbing and stammering, repeated the "Pater Noster" and the 'Credo." At the end of each prayer

the stern father responded "Amen.' "Are those all the prayers you know?" asked he. "My father, I also know the 'Ave

"Repeat them!" The child finished the litany in a sink

"Have you finished ?" "Oh! my father, forgive me. Mercy will never do it any more! I wil beg my cousin, the adjutant, so hard he

will release Giannetto. He was still speaking-Mateo raised his gun to his shoulder, saying: " May God pardon you!"

The child made a desperate effort for to rise and embrace his father's knees, but it was to late: Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell, stone dead. Without casting a glance at the body Mateo took his way back to the house

to get a spade to dig his son's grave He had gone but a few steps when he met Ginseppa, who was running toward him, alarmed at the noise of the shot. "What have you done?" she shrieked. "Justice!"

"Where is he?" "In the ravine, I am going to bury him. He died like a Christian. I made trigger. "If, perchance," thought he. him recite his prayers. God rest his

> The sequel to the tale of the China man who had his toes cut off at the the Vancouver News-Advertiser. A hungry dog happening to come by saw the toes lying by the side of track, and without waiting to inquire whether they were Caucasian or Mongolian proceeded to make his dinner off them, thus saving who sagely remarked "Dog eat China-

The Millionaire's Secret. "The secret of success," said the prince of American millionaires, "is very head cool and your bowels open." Thus "Good day, comrade," said the adju. in twelve words of wisdom was summed

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A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont. writes-" My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhœa, having tried other remedies, we tried

A Pretty Fashion for Weddings.

A pretty fashion has lately found its way into bridal entertainments, and that is the sprinkling of bride and bride-They had reached the detachment by groom with rose petals instead of rice, this time. Giannetto was already lying which is not a pleasant practice for those on the litter, and ready to depart. When so honored, or a safe one so netimes. he saw Mateo in Gamba's company he where horses are concerned. The petals smiled strangely, then, turning his head may be of all colosr-but white for pretoward the door of the house, he spat ference-and they are gathered in little savagely on the sill, crying: "The baskets or white satin bags, distributed at the last moment. The fashion of Only a man who had resolved to die tracing designs on dinner tables, in and would have dared to use the word out of dishes, flower receptacles, etc., "traitor" in connection with Falcone. with flower petals is also carried to a A stab from a stiletto would have im- most artistic height at present. The mediately avenged the insult. But petals should correspond with the flow-Mateo made no other gesture than carry- ers in these receptacles. Field poppies ing his hand to his head, as if overcome and green barley is one of the fashionwith grief. Fortunato had gone into able floral combinations of the day .the house when he saw his father arrive Feathery shrub spiraeo is beautiful when but he soon reappeared, carrying a bowl put into tall glasses lightly, but in tolerof milk, which he offered to the prisoner, ably big sprays, with the addition of the large purple clematis. The rose and "Away, cur!" cried the outlaw to clematis are also put together on dinner

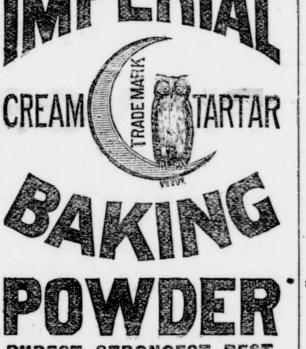
THE PROPER CHANNEL for the escape powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight provided you do as I ask. My men are him by a man with whom he had just would, if they remained, poison the of the money and, seizing it, said to Gian- witnesses, and I can not retract my pro- exchanged shots. Afterward he begged blood, is through the bowels. When they would tie his hands so that they this outlet is obstructed it may be dis-As he spoke he held the watch nearer were crossed on his breast instead of encumbered with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic "I like," said he, "to lie at my ease." Cure, a remedy which regulates the sys-They hastened to satisfy him; then the tem, invigorates digestion, and is pure adjutant gave the signal of departure, and safe as well as effective. It cures bade adieu to Mateo, who did not reply, all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

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ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON: 25 A. M.-From Fredericton Junction, 2 15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St.
2 15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, and 7 15 P. M.—Express from St. John, and inter-mediate points; St. Stephen, Houston

20 A. M.-Mixed for Woodstock and points ARRIVE AT GIBSON

H. D. McLEOD. A. J. HEATH, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY '88 Summer Arrangement '88 On and after MONDAY, June 4th,

run daily, (Sunday excepted) as fol-Trains will leave St. John: Day Express, .....

Express for Halifax & Quebec, ..... 22.15 A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 22.15 Train to Halifax. On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednes-DAY and FRIDAY, a Sleeping Car will be attach-Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec, ..... 5.30 Express from Sussex...... 8.30 All Trains are run by Eastern Standard D. POTTINGER, RAILWAY OFFICE, oneton, N. B., May 31st, 1888.

PRACTICAL TAILOR, has just received his

Spring and Summer CLOTHS.

p in the LATEST STYLE. PRICES MODERATE. JOSEPH WALKER,

Store, Queen Street, Fredericton.

Fredericton, April 4

Call early and have your Suites made

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

5 and 10 Cents Each. | September 12

Articles, at



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

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, The "GOOD LUCK."

ELEVATED OVEN.



The Good Luck Elevated Oven Cook Stove, is the best Elevated Oven Stove in the market to-day. This Stove is guaranteed to bake faster than any Elevated Oven Stove in the market. The damper on top of Stove, gives complete control of fire, doing away with all necessity for a Damper in the Smoke Pipe. EVERY STOVE GUARANTEED.

FOR SALE AT

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE, Opposite County Court House.

PETER DUFFIE.

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

Sewing Machines. A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, McAdam Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and The "New Home" received first premium for Machines at the St. John Exhibition, 1883. here being eight others exhibited, and is undoubtably 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

rive perfect satisfaction. It is of beautiful workmanship, and will do all kinds of plain and 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 Sperm Oil, constantly on hand. Repairing done to order. Don't forget! Salesroom Corner King and Regent Sts.

NOTICE.

ngs, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trouserings from which I am prepared to make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according to the

PRICES MODERATE. Mens' Furnishing Department My stock of Mens' Furnishing Goods canno of English and American make, in all the White and Regatta Shirts, Linen Collars, Silk Handkerchie's, Braces, Merino Underwear

Rubber Clothing a specialty. JAS. R. HOWIE,

192 Queen St., Fredericton.

Hosiery and well selected assortment of Fancy Firs and Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of

LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES

Eye-Glasses, -AT A-BARGAIN.

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. LOW PRICE, \_\_\_AT\_\_\_

CEORGE H. DAVIS'

DRUGGIST, Cor. Queen and Regent Sts. FREDERICTON.

Harness Oil Blacking. JUST RECEIVED: 1 GROSS Harness Oil Blacking specially prepared for preserving Harness, Boots and Shoes and more particularly for winter of It is just the very best thing manufactured

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

For sale by

G. D. CARTER. DENTIST.

Every safe means used for Painless CHARGES MODERATE. No charge for Extracting for Artificial

OFFICE OVER F. J. McCausland's Jewellry Shop,

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M. Licentitate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh :

OFFICE Fishers' Building, Cor. Queen and York Streets, RESIDENCE-109 Brunswick Street.

It so, are you aware that our stock of Bedroom Setts. Parlor Suites Tables, Chairs,

Hanging Lamps, &c., &c.,

Mattrasses.

Stand Lamps,

Rockers,

Pillows,

Woven Wire Mattrasses, is the LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE and CHEAPEST We can prove what we say. TRY US

Notice of Removal.

MONEY TO LOAN on approved security, in WILLARD KITCHEN.

TO LET

THAT pleasantly situated House and premises at the upper end of George Street, formerly occupied by the late F. P. Robinson. Furnace and frost proof 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,

Prosthetic Dentistry a Specialty. Practical Tailor. 1888, the Trains of this Railway will I BEG to inform my numerous patrons, that I have just opened out a very large and well Satisfaction guaranteed.

> 250 Queen St., Fredericton, July 18-5m.

Licentitate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh; Licentitate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. Special Certificate in Midwifery.

ARE YOU MARRIED?