POETRY.

HOW HAYSEED BOUGHT A WATCH.

When Farmer Hayseed struck the oil
He sold his farm, and with its soil
Still clinging to his gaiters brown,
He gayly took a trip to town.

Inside a jeweler's shop he strayed,
And there one hundred dollars paid
For a gold watch, which he next day
Took back to get one twice as gay.

"Good mornin'," grinned old Hayseed to
The jeweler; "how du yeou du?
I guess I'll change this turnip for
Thet one that costs a hundred more."

The salesman, with a smiling face,
Took back the watch and gave in place
The one of double cost. "Hello!"
He cried, as Hayseed turned to go.

"I want a hundred dollars more
Before I let you leave my store."
Old Hayseed tipped a knowing wink;
"Wa al, neow, young man, I'm green, you think.

"B'gosh! I hain't; I'll let you see
Yeou can't play bunko onto me.
Didn't I give yeou yesterday
One hundred dollars cash in pay?

"And hain't this watch thet I brought back
A hundred more? Jehosaphat!
Don't one and one make two? Some fools
Hain't much on figgerin' out of schools."

The jeweler scratched his puzzled head;
"That's so—you're right," he slowly said;
And begging pardon for his doubt,
He let the mad old farmer out.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

By this time the reason of Edwards was getting the ascendency of his feelings, and, as he began to see the real difficulties of the case, he listened more readily to the conversation of the lawyer. The ungovernable emotion that escaped the youth, the first moments of his surprise, entirely passed away; and, although it was still evident that he continued to be much agitated by what he had heard, he succeeded in yielding forced attention to the advice which the other uttered.

Notwithstanding the confused state of mind his, Oliver soon discovered that most of the expedients of the lawyer were grounded in cunning, and plans that required a time to execute them that neither suited his disposition nor his necessities. After, however, giving Mr. Lippet to understand that he retained him in the event of a trial, an assurance that at once satisfied the lawyer, they parted, one taking his course with a deliberate tread, in the direction of the little building that had a wooden sign over its door, with "Chester Lippet, Attorney-at-law," painted on it; and the other pacing over the ground with enormous strides towards the mansion-house. We shall take leave of the attorney for the present, and direct the attention of the reader to the client.

When Edwards entered the hall, whose enormous doors were opened to the passage of the air of a mild evening, he found Benjamin engaged in some of his domestic avocations, and in a hurried voice inquired where Judge Temple was to be found.

"Why, the Judge has stepped into his office, with that master carpenter, Mister Doolittle; but Miss Lizzie is in that there parlor. I say, Master Oliver, we'd like to have had a bad job of that panther, or painter's work—some calls it one, and some calls it t'other—but I know little of the beast, seeing that it is not of British growth. I said as much as that it was in the hills the last winter; for I heard it moaning on the lake shore one evening in the fall, when I was pulling down from the fishing-point in the skiff. Had the animal come into open water, where a man could see where and how to work his vessel, I would have engaged the thing myself; but looking aloft among the trees is all the same to me as standing on the deck of one ship, and looking at another vessel's tops. I never can tell one rope from another——"

"Well, well," interrupted Edwards; "I must see Miss Temple."

"And you shall see her, sir," said the steward; "she's in this here room. Lord, Master Edwards, what a loss she'd have been to the Judge! Dam'me if I know where he would have gotten such another daughter; that is, full grown, d'ye see. I say, sir, this Master Bumppo is a worthy man, and seems to have a handy way with him, with firearms and boat-hooks. I'm his friend, Master Oliver, and he and you may both set me down as the same."

"We may want your friendship, my worthy fellow," cried Edward, squeezing his hand convulsively; "we may want your friendship, in which case you shall know it."

Without waiting to hear the earnest reply that Benjamin meditated, the youth extricated himself from the vigorous grasp of the steward, and entered the parlor.

Elizabeth was alone, and still reclining on the sofa, where we last left her. A hand, which exceeded all that the ingenuity of art could model, in shape and color, veiled her eyes; and the maiden was sitting as if in deep communion with herself. Struck by the attitude and loveliness of the form that met his eye, the young man checked his impatience, and approached her with respect and caution.

"Miss Temple—Miss Temple," he said, "I hope I do not intrude; but I am anxious for an interview, if it be only for a moment."

Elizabeth raised her face, and exhibited her dark eyes swimming in moisture.

"Is it you, Edwards?" she said, with a sweetness in her voice, and a softness in her air, that she often used to her father, but which, from its novelty to himself, thrilled on every nerve of the youth; "how left you our poor Louisa?"

"She is with her father, happy and grateful," said Oliver. "I never witnessed more feeling than she manifested, when I ventured to express my pleasure at her escape. Miss Temple, when I first heard of your horrid situation, my feelings were too powerful for utterance; and I did not properly find my tongue, until the walk to Mr. Grant's had given me time to collect myself. I believe—I do believe, I acquitted myself better there, for Miss Grant even wept at my silly speeches."

For a moment Elizabeth did not reply, but again veiled her eyes with her hand. The feeling that caused the action, how ever, soon passed away, and raising her face again to his gaze, she continued with a smile:

"Your friend, the Leather-Stocking, has now become my friend, Edwards; I have been thinking how I can best serve him; perhaps you, who know his habits and his wants so well, can tell me——"

"I can," cried the youth, with an impetuosity that startled his companion. "I can, and may Heaven reward you for the wish. Natty has been so imprudent as to forget the law, and has this day killed a deer. Nay, I believe I must share in the crime and the penalty, for I was an accomplice throughout. A complaint has been made to your father, and he has granted a search——"

"I know it all," interrupted Elizabeth; "I know it all. The forms of the law must be complied with, however; the search must be made, the deer found, and the penalty paid. But I must retort your own question. Have you lived so long in our family not to know us? Look at me, Oliver Edwards. Do I appear like one who would permit the man that has just saved her life to linger in a jail for so small a sum as this fine? No, no, sir; my father is a judge, but he is a man and a Christian. It is all understood, and no harm shall follow."

"What a load of apprehension do your declarations remove!" exclaimed Edwards: "He shall not be disturbed again! your father will protect him! I have your assurance, Miss Temple, that he will, and I must believe it."

"You may have his own, Mr. Edwards," returned Elizabeth, "for here he comes to make it."

But the appearance of Marmaduke, who entered the apartment, contradicted the flattering anticipations of his daughter. His brow was contracted, and his manner disturbed. Neither Elizabeth nor the youth spoke; but the Judge was allowed to pace once or twice across the room without interruption, when he cried:

"Our plans are defeated, girl: the obstinacy of the Leather-Stocking has brought down the indignation of the law on his head, and it is now out of my power to avert it."

"How? in what manner?" cried Elizabeth; "the fine is nothing surely——"

"I did not—I could not anticipate that an old, a friendless man like him, would dare to oppose the officers of justice," interrupted the Judge; "I supposed that he would submit to the search when the fine could have been paid, and the law would have been appeased; but now he will have to meet its rigor."

"And what must the punishment be, sir?" asked Edwards, struggling to speak with firmness.

Marmaduke turned quickly to the spot where the youth had withdrawn, and exclaimed:

"You here! I did not observe you. I know not what it will be, sir; it is not usual for a judge to decide until he has heard the testimony, and the jury have convicted. Of one thing, however, you may be assured, Mr. Edwards; it shall be whatever the law demands, notwithstanding any momentary weakness I may have exhibited, because the luckless man has been of such eminent service to my daughter."

"No one, I believe, doubts the sense of justice which Judge Temple entertains!" returned Edwards, bitterly. "But let us converse calmly, sir. Will not the years, the habits, nay the ignorance of my old friend, avail him anything against this charge?"

"Ought they? They may extenuate, but can they acquit? Would any society be tolerable, young man, where the ministers of justice are to be opposed by men armed with rifle? Is it for this that I have tamed the wilderness?"

"Had you tamed the beasts that so lately threatened the life of Miss Temple, sir, your arguments would apply better."

Edwards!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Peace, my child," interrupted the father; "the youth is unjust; but I have not given him cause. I overlook thy remark, Oliver, for I know thee to be the friend of Natty, and zeal in his behalf has overcome thy discretion."

"Yes, he is my friend," cried Edwards, "and I glory in the title. He is simple, unlettered, even ignorant; prejudiced, perhaps, though I feel that his opinion of the world is too true; but he has a heart, Judge Temple, that would atone for a thousand faults; he knows his friends, and never deserts them, even if it be his dog."

"This is a good character, Mr. Edwards," returned Marmaduke, mildly; "but I have never been so fortunate as to secure his esteem, for to me he has been uniformly repulsive; yet I have endured it, as an old man's whim. However, when he appears before me, as his judge, he shall find that his former conduct shall not aggravate, any more than his recent services shall extenuate, his crime."

"Crime!" echoed Edwards: "is it a crime to drive a prying miscreant from door? Crime! Oh, no, sir; if there be a criminal involved in this affair, it is not he."

"And who may it be, sir?" asked Judge Temple, facing the agitated youth, his features settled to their usual composure.

This appeal was more than the young man could bear. Hitherto he had been deeply agitated by his emotions; but now the volcano burst its boundaries.

"Who! and this to me!" he cried; "ask your own conscience, Judge Temple. Walk to that door, sir, and look out upon the valley, that placid lake, and those dusky mountains, and say to your own heart, if heart you have, whence came these riches, this vale, those hills, and why am I their owner? I should think, sir, that the appearance of Mohegan and the Leather-Stocking, stalking through the country, impoverished and forlorn, would wither your sight."

Marmaduke heard this burst of passion, at first, with deep amazement; but when the youth had ended, he beckoned to his impatient daughter for silence, and replied:

"Oliver Edwards, thou forgettest in whose presence thou standest. I have heard, young man, that thou claimest descent from the native owners of the soil; but surely thy education has been given thee to no effect, if it has not taught thee the validity of the claims that have transferred the title to the whites. These lands are mine by the very grants of thy ancestry if thou art so descended; and I appeal to Heaven for a testimony of the uses I have put them to. After this language, we must separate. I have too long sheltered thee in my dwelling; but the time has arrived when thou must quit it. Come to my office, and I will discharge the debt I owe thee. Neither shall thy present intemperate language mar thy future fortunes, if thou wilt hearken to the advice of one who is by many years thy senior."

The ungovernable feeling that caused the violence of the youth had passed away and he stood gazing after the retiring figure of Marmaduke, with a vacancy in his eye that denoted the absence of his mind. At length he recollected himself, and, turning his head slowly around the apartment, he held Elizabeth, still seated on the sofa, but with her head dropped on her bosom, and her face again concealed by her hands.

"Miss Temple," he said—all violence had left his manner—"Miss Temple I have forgotten myself—forgotten you. You have heard what your father has decreed, and this night I leave here. With you, at least, I would part in amity."

Elizabeth slowly raised her face, across which a momentary expression of sadness stole; but as she left her seat, her dark eyes lighted with their usual fire, her cheek flushed to burning, and her whole air seemed to belong to another nature.

"I forgive you, Edwards, and my father will forgive you," she said, when she reached the door. "You do not know us, but the time may come when your opinions shall change——"

"Of you! never!" interrupted the youth; "I——"

"I would speak, sir, and not listen. There is something in this affair that I do not comprehend; but tell the Leather-Stocking he has friends as well as judges in us. Do not let the-old man experience unnecessary uneasiness at this rupture. It is impossible that you could increase his claims here; neither shall they be diminished by anything you have said. Mr. Edwards, I wish you happiness, and warmer friends."

The youth would have spoken, but she vanished from the door so rapidly, that when he reached the hall her form was nowhere to be seen. He paused a moment in stupor, and then, rushing from the house, instead of following Marmaduke to his "office," he took his way directly for the cabin of the hunters.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of lunar years."
—POPE.

Richard did not return from the exercise of his official duties until late in the evening of the following day. It has been one portion of his business to superintend the arrest of part of a gang of counterfeiters, that had, ever at that early period, buried themselves in the woods, to manufacture their base coin, which they afterward circulated from one end of the Union to the other. The expedition has been completely successful, and about midnight the sheriff entered the village, at the head off a posse of deputies and constables, in the centre of whom rode, pinioned, four of the malefactors. At the gate of the manison-house they separated, Mr. Jones directing his assistants to proceed with their charge to the county jail, while he pursued his own way up the gravel walk, with the kind of self-satisfaction that a man of his organization would feel, who had really for once done a very clever thing.

"Holla! Aggy!" shouted the sheriff, when he reached the door; "where are you, you black dog? will you keep me here in the dark all night? Holla! Aggy! Brave! Brave! hoy, hoy—where have you got to Brave? Off his watch! Everybody is asleep but myself! poor I must keep my eyes open, that others may sleep in safety. Brave! Brave! Well, I will say this for the dog, lazy as he's grown, that it is the first time I ever knew him to let any one come to the door after dark, without having a smell to know whether it was an honest man or not. He could tell by his nose, almost as well as I could myself by looking at them. Holla! you Agamemnon! where are you? Oh! here comes the dog at last."

By this time the sheriff had dismounted, and observed a form, which he supposed to be that of Brave, slowly creeping out of the kennel; when, to his astonishment, it reared itself on two legs instead of four, and he was able to distinguish, by the starlight, the curly head and dark visage of the negro.

"Ha! what the devil are you doing there, you black rascal?" he cried. "Is it not hot enough for your Guinea blood in the house this warm night, but you must drive out the poor dog, and sleep in his straw?"

By this time the boy was quite awake and, with a blubbering whine, he atempted to reply to his master.

"Oh! masser Richard! masser Richard! such a ting! such a ting! I nebber tink a could 'appen! neber tink he die! Oh, Lor-a-gor! ain't bury—keep 'em till masser Richard get back—got a grabe dug—"

Here the feelings of the negro completely got the mastery, and, instead of making any intelligible explanation of the causes of his grief, he blubbered aloud.

"Eh! what! buried! grave! dead!" exclaimed Richard, with a tremor in his voice; "nothing serious? Nothing has happened to Benjamin, I hope? I know he has been bilious, but I gave him——"

"Oh, worser 'an dat! worser 'an dat!" sobbed the negro. "Oh! de Lor! Miss Lizzy an' Miss Grant—walk—mountain—poor Bravy!—kill a lady—painter—Oh, Lor, Lor!—Natty Bumppo—tare he troat open—come a see, masser Richard—here he be—here he be."

As all this was perfectly inexplicable to the sheriff, he was very glad to wait patiently until the black brought a lantern from the kitchen, when he followed Aggy to the kennel, where he beheld poor Brave, indeed, lying in his blood, stiff and cold, but decently covered with the great coat of the negro. He was on the point of demanding an explanation; but the grief of the black, who had fallen asleep on his voluntary watch, having burst out afresh on his waking, utterly disqualified the lad from giving one. Luckily, at this moment the principal door of the house opened, and the coarse features of Benjamin were thrust over the threshold with a candle elevated above them, shedding its dim rays around in such a manner as to exhibit the lights and shadows of his countenance. Richard threw his bridle to the black, and, bidding him look to the horse, he entered the hall.

"What is the meaning of the dead dog?" he cried. "Where is Miss Temple?"

Benjamin made one of his square gestures, with the thumb of his left hand pointing over his right shoulder, as he answered:

"Turned in."

"Judge Temple—where is he?"

"In his berth."

"But explain; why is Brave dead? and what is the cause of Aggy's grief?"

"Why, it's all down, squire," said Benjamin, pointing to a slate that lay on the table, by the side of a mug of toddy, a short pipe, in which the tobacco was yet burning, and a prayer-book.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT WEDDINGS.

In nine cases out of ten the American bride chooses a church wedding, says the New York Home Journal. She loves to make it a great affair and omits none of the orthodox customs; the bridesmaids, wedding cake, ring and thimble—and also the slipper and rice. She sees there is provided for her wearing:

Something old, and something new,
Something borrowed, and something blue.

The "old" is oftenest an heirloom of lace, the "borrowed" an orange blossom or two which has been worn by other brides, the "blue" a tiny knot of ribbon on the garter.

These ceremonies are full of significance and in observing them the bride of to-day links herself in the long chain which stretches back to the early stages of the world. The wedding-ring, and the choice of the third finger as being connected with the heart, are mentioned in old Egyptian literature. The blue ribbon—whether worn as a badge, or order, or at bridals—comes down from the ancient Israelites, who were bidden to put upon the borders of their fringed garments a "ribbon of blue"—blue the color of purity, loyalty and fidelity. Bridesmaids are a relic of the ten witnesses of old Roman Confarre'atio. The Spanish custom of wearing fragments cut from the bride's flowers. The old and the new symbolize her past and her future—not divided, but united. The "something borrowed" signifies a pledge to be redeemed. Nothing is without significance—unless, indeed, it be that blossom of the nineteenth century, the usher.

THE PEOPLE OF MALTA.

The population of Malta is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, and the difficulties about Maltese marriages now under discussion arise from the fact that canon law is recognised as the civil law of Malta. The population is increasing at a rapid rate, early marriages being encouraged by the Church, which provides each young woman with a small dowry. There is a large emigration of the surplus population to the Northern Shores of Africa, where the Maltese language is an advantage in trading with the Arabs, and where there there is a demand for labor. Many of the large and beautiful churches met with throughout the islands have been built by voluntary labor, and nearly all the amusements and pastimes of the people are associated wich Church festivals. There are many professional beggars in Valetta, but poverty in the proper sense of the term is practically unknown, the rural population being especially well housed, regular, sober, industrious and frugal. The peculiar dress at one time worn by the men has almost disappeared, but the graceful and becoming Faldetta is still worn by the women of all classes, with the exception of a few, in Valetta, who of late years have adopted less elegant European head dresses. The language of the upper classes and of the law courts is Italian, but Italian is not understood by the peasantry any more than English. One is particularly struck with the slight impression which British 90 years' occupation has had upon the habits and customs of the Maltese. "Should the British leave the Islands to-morrow," remarked a Maltese gentleman, "there would be no more traces of them in ten years than there is now of Greeks, Romans or Arabs."

AN OZARK ROMANCE.

"D'ye lak me, Sue?"
"Purty well, Jim."
"How much, d'ye reckon?"
"Oh, er good deal."
"But how much, now?"
"Oh, er lot."
"How'd ye lak ter"——
"Oh, Jim!"
"How'd ye know what I war goin' ter say?"
"I know'd."
"What?
"You know."
"I was goin' ter ast ye 'ef ye'd go er fishin' s'evenin'."
"Ye wasn't, nuther."
"Yes, I war."
"Jim?"
"Him!"
"Ye don't lak me."
"Yes, I do, a heap."
"No, ye don't."
"I orter know."
"How?"
"Why, Sue, didn't I jist ast yer ter git ready an' j——"
"Ye said ye war goin' to ast me to go fishin'."
"Sue?"
"What, Jim?"
"I didn't mean it."
"Then what did ye mean?"
"Oh, Sue, quit yer foolin' an' go an' ast yer paw."

TO MAKE A GOOD RUBBER CEMENT.

Procure from a depot of rubber goods or from a large rubber store where such goods are to be had, a piece of virgin india rubber. With a wet knife cut from it the thinnest shavings possible; with a pair of sharp shears divide the shavings into fine threads. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle about one-tenth full of the shreded rubber, then fill it three-fourths of pure benzine. The rubber will perceptibly swell in a moment if the benzine is a good article. If frequently shaken the contents of the bottle in a few days will be like a syrup. Should there be clods of undissolved rubber through it, add more benzine; if it be thin and watery more rubber is needed. The unvulcanized rubber is sometimes obtainable at the druggists. A pint of cement may be made from a piece of solid native rubber the size of a large hickory nut; this quantity will be found invaluable. It forms an admirable air and water-tight cement for bottles by simbly corking and immersing the stoppers in it. Three coats of it will unite with great firmness broken places in shoes, refractory patches and soles on rubbers, will fastened backs on books, rips in upholstery, and will render itself generally useful to the ingenious housewife, as it dries in a few minutes.

THE MAMMOTHS.

The great Siberian mammoth, a species of elephant of this period, was from sixteen to eighteen feet high and twice as heavy as any elephant existing to-day. Its tusks were from ten to fifteen feet long, and curved upward with a great sweep. We know all about this animal, for at least two specimens retaining the skin and the hair have been found preserved in the ice in such perfect condition that dogs and wolves have fed on the meat when it had been dug out of the ice. Its body was covered with long black hair and red wool. Its trunk was like the elephants, but its legs were shorter. The further north naturalists go, the more remains of this animal are found in the ice. There must have been a temperate climate in the places over which they roamed, for the hair, while it shows that the animal could resist some cold, is not heavy enough to ward off the cold which exists at present in the Arctic regions. Nor, if the present low temperature had prevailed there, would there have been food for these vast birds. It is inferred that the cold came suddenly and killed them, and if they had been dead any length of time before the ice enveloped them there would have been some decay.

A NEW BUTTER SUBSTITUTE.

According to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, M. Heckel and Schlagden Hauffer have discovered and reported upon a certain Spanish broom-like bush, native of the west coast of Africa, which belongs to the Polygala family, and to which they have given the specific name of butyracea. The native name of the bush is Malonkang or Ankalaki. Its seeds yield 17.5 per cent. of a yellowish butter-like fat of a very agreeable nutty flavor, and could well serve as a substitute for butter. The fat softens between 28° and 30° C., beginning to melt at 35°, but does not become fluid below 52°. Upon cooling, it remains fluid for a long time, only beginning to solidify at 33°, when it regains its original consistency. Its density at between 35° and 38° C. is 0.904. It saponifies very easily with alkalies, and contains 21.5 per cent. palmitin, and 6.16 per cent. myristin. It contains small quantities of formic and acetic acids, but no buteric or valeflanic acid, and therefore it does not easily become rancid.

FORGOT WHAT HE CRIED FOR.

A little boy sat on the floor crying. After a while he stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly, he said:—"Mamma, what was I crying about?"

"Because I wouldn't let you go out to play."

"Oh, yes," and he set up another howl.

WHOLE WHEAT.

To prove that white flour does not meet the requirements of the body, Magendie fed it wholly to a number of hogs, and at the end of 40 days they died. Others to which he gave the wheatmeal, at the end of this time were in first-class condition. More than half the children under twelve years of age have decayed teeth, owing to the insufficient supply of the required mineral ingredients, and this deficiency is caused as a rule by eating white bread. Dyspepsia, constipation, loss of nerve power and many other diseases are produced by improper feeding. Sulphur is required for growth of the hair, yet white flour does not contain a trace; the phosphates are also notably lacking, and these substances are absolutely necessary in animal economy. When flour is made of the whole grain of wheat we have an article of food which contains all the elements the body requires for support; and this flour should be universally used, in spite of the false æsthetic taste that demands a "white loaf." What the body requires should be the touchstone, rather than what pleases the eye of the unthinking housewife.

The Utica Observer tells how a schoolboy of that city came home the other day, humming a song. The tune attracted his father's attention, and he asked him to sing the song. The boy did so. It was a rollicking sailor song, and in the chorus, keeping time with the tap of the parent's boot the boy sang: "We'll fill our bowls and eat the toast——." At this point the father stopped him and asked him where he had learned the song. The boy replied that he had learned it at school. "I once knew that song," said the father, "But I never knew it ran "We'll fill our bowls and eat the toast." "It isn't printed that way," said the boy, "but the teacher said she never heard of anybody's drinking toast, so she made us scratch out drink and sing it eat."

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If we all received just deserts what a dry time we would have.

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
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SCOTT'S EMULSION
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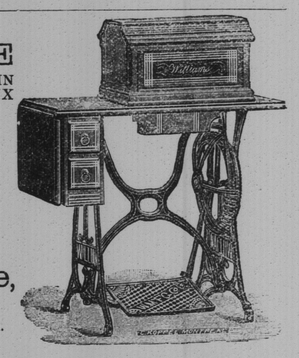
—WE ALSO SELL THE—
Celebrated "White" Sewing Machine,
which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.



ROOM PAPER—We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States, before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, Blacks, Gilts, Granites, Engrain and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at prices never known in this City.
BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS;
GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS.
Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.
McMURRAY & CO.

R. BLACKMER,

PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,
HAS IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF
WALTHAM WATCHES
in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases.
Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc.
and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.
A FULL LINE OF
CLOCKS
Of the best makes.
SILVERWARE
In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality.
ENGRAVING
On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly executed.
The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.
One Door Below the People's Bank

Turnip Sower.
FOR SALE CHEAP.
1 - TURNIP - SOWER,
BY
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Carriage Bolts.
JUST RECEIVED:
5 CASES containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 9,000 Tire Bolts.
For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

S. L. MORRISON,
Dealer in
FLOUR, MEAL,
TEA,
COFFEE,
SUGAR,
MOLASSES,
TOBACCO,
CANNED GOODS
—AND—
General Groceries.
QUEEN STREET,
OPP. CITY HALL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

NOTICE.
ALWAYS IN STOCK:
HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS, MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN,
COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL,
LIME,
LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER.
Hard and Soft House Coal.
Best Old Mine Sydney and Grand Lake Blacksmith Coal.
SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT,
" OATS, " PEAS,
" BARLEY, " CORN.
ALSO,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST.
Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall
JAS. TIBBITS.

Fancy Tailoring!
JUST OPENED,
A Choice Line of
SUMMER CLOTHS
In All the Latest Patterns.
NOTE—I do not claim the Largest Stock in the City, but I do claim to
Sell First-class Goods at a Small Profit.
A visit to my Store, when you are in the City, will convince you of this fact.
JOSEPH WALKER,
Practical Tailor,
NEXT DOOR ABOVE W. H. VANWART'S GROCERY STORE,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

THE
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67
Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
WM. WILSON, Agent.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,
MASON,
Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,
SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
JOBBING a specialty.
Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory

Per S. S. Nova Scotian.
1 1-2 TONS assorted sizes of CABLE CHAIN, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received at
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS
THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the Season of 1890, imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction last season.
At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the President in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.
ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF
Beans, Peas, Beets,
Carrots,
Parsnips, Onions,
and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.
My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.
Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.
Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.
REMEMBER THE OLD STAND,
GEO. H. DAVIS,
Druggist and Seedsman,
CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.
FREDERICTON.

G. T. WHELPLEY.
JUST RECEIVED,
500 Bushel TIMOTHY SEED,
1 Ton CLOVER FEED,
SEED OATS,
FEEDING OATS.
ALWAYS IN STOCK:
Flour, Cornmeal, Pork, &c.
A FRESH LOT OF
Christie, Brown & Co.'s BISCUIT,
SOCIAL TEA BISCUIT,
SODA BISCUIT in 2 and 3 lb. Boxes,
GRAHAM WAFERS,
MACCAROONS, &c.
TO ARRIVE,
3 Cars Ontario Seed Oats,
1 Car Bran and Middlings.
G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 QUEEN STREET,
FREDERICTON.

WANTED
RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. CLYNE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.
FROM NEW YORK.
10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.