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S. L. MORRISON,

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FLOUR, MEAL,

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SHOP and RESIDENCE:

59 Brunswick Street.

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Just received: one car load,

Cut Nails,

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100 Kegs Steel

Wire Nails,

For Sale wholesale and retail at

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Just Received:

One carload Refined Iron,

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81 C 115 pure Manila rope,

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Fresh GARDEN SEEDS

FIELD, and FLOWER

BROOMS,

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SEL.

DORA'S FRIEL.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"Come, Dora, the sleigh is at the door. Why, my child, what is this? What has happened?"

"Oh, mamma," and a tearful face was raised from the cushions upon which Dora had thrown herself, "I had a dreadful dream last night, and— I've felt like crying all day long, only I didn't want you to see it, and so I tried to keep up."

"Why, darling, don't you know dreams go by contraries? So dry your eyes, and I will help you on with your thoughts while you tell me about it."

"But, mamma, it was so awful! You know its about time for Clinton to sail, and thought he had been shipwrecked, and I saw him struggling in the waves, and I saw him go down—down—and he—oh, I can't tell it."

In spite of herself, Mrs. Holmes's cheeks blanched as she listened, but with a decided:

"Do not give way to such folly, Dora! she bathed her daughter's face with rose-water, and put on her heavy, fur-lined wraps. Then she enveloped her head in a soft fleece of knitted wool whose delicate pink made the sweet face, with its fair, re-entrained complexion, look even more lovely as she kissed it, and said:

"There, Dora, run along and tell John to call for any schoolmate you would like to have accompany you. I have an engagement at the Dorcas, so I cannot share your sleigh-ride."

"May I call for Annie, mamma?" said Dora, timidly.

A sudden cloud crossed the handsome, haughty face, which but the moment before had worn such a tender, loving expression. It was followed by an instant of indecision, then a glance at Dora's tear-stained face caused her to say:

"Well, Dora, Annie's no favorite of mine, but if it will banish your unaccountable fancies, go for her."

"Thanks, mamma, and I'll crowd in all her little brothers and sisters, and try and forget my worry in listening to their talk."

"You are an odd little thing, Dora; one would think you were a child of mine unless they knew. I never saw the time that I'd be willing to drive through the streets with a sleigh full of shabby children."

Dora did not consider the Grahames a bit shabby, but she was too wise to say so, and thus no unkind feeling was left in her mother's mind toward her, only a half-veiled, half-admitted thought at her queer ideas, ending, as all such criticisms invariably did, with a memory of the face which had been the love-light of her youth, and of which Annie's was a softened counterpart.

That dear face was no longer near to smile upon her, and so it happened that for the sake of her dead husband she was as wax in the hands of his child, although naturally of an unbending, imperious nature herself, and little prone to do things which would create comment in her "set."

Many admiring glances were turned toward the handsome sleigh, with its costly robe, and only one sweet-faced maiden for an occupant, as the high-mettled horses came dashing through the streets to the "merry tintinnabulation of the bells."

But that was soon changed, and when next the musical chimes came within hearing distance, there was added to them an even more attractive sounding chorus, to those who love to listen to the happy voices of children. Looks of surprise, changing rapidly to smiles, greeted the merry group; and youngsters in passing, not knowing in what other way to show their great appreciation of such a "jolly racket," mixed great soft snow-balls and threw them into their midst, causing even more uproarious fun and jollity. Then they reached the broad, solitary country road, and Dora and Annie, no longer afraid that they would run into some one, or that they might be run into themselves, settled themselves down for a good old-time talk together; and so deep was the interest which invested their chosen topic—Dora's brother, Clinton—that they were for a while oblivious to all other sounds as well as sights.

The time had not long gone by when the Grahames had been in different circumstances, and had lived near the Holme's residence.

It was then that the girls' intimacy had commenced, and Dora had become so fondly attached to Annie. That would have been well enough, but when Clinton Holmes began to devote himself to the gentle girl, and even after Mr. Grahame's failure, had declared to his mother that he meant to marry Annie when he grew to be a man, the mother's desire to have her only son make a far different match in that coming time, when she fondly hoped to see him rich and famous, caused her at once to conclude to part with him for a while, and send him to a foreign university to be educated. By that time all danger of having Annie for a daughter-in-law would surely be over. For how could she, growing up without advantages such as wealth alone can bestow, continue to attract a young man who had seen the world, and had been thrown into the society of the beautiful and high-born maidens who were its ornaments? Thus reasoning, she rested content, and put no barrier between Dora's friendship for Annie. "But now Clinton would soon be home, and the intimacy must come to an end," were the thoughts in her mind, as she made ready for the weekly meeting of the society of which she was President.

Some hours later Dora left the little Grahames at their door, and bore Annie off in triumph for the evening, with a parting injunction from Mrs. Grahame not to keep her late.

The two girls ascended the steps, rose from their ride, and with beamishing happy faces that the servant who opened the door in answer to their ring hesitated to give the message she had been directed

to give to Dora, and she was left to the wonder of the twentieth century. It seems as if she had been left to the gray bearded old man, Graham H. Hamrick, to discover something which has puzzled the brains of learned men and scientists for ages past. The discovery is the art of preserving animal and vegetable substances so either may be kept without a sign of decay, decomposition or change, but in his efforts to solve this great problem he has become to be regarded by many people in this section of the country as some kind of being to be avoided, and there are many who will not go near the log house in which the old man has "live dead people" and animals.

Just how Mr. Hamrick conceived the idea that he could preserve animal and vegetable matter in its natural state he does not say; but, after experimenting for years he became convinced that he had not labored in vain, and he declares, and his works prove, that he has the art perfected. Until a short time ago his experiments in preserving or embalming had been confined to lower animals and vegetables, and so successful had been his efforts that he determined to test the process on human bodies.

He secured permission from the authorities of the state hospital for the insane to experiment on two bodies. These were given into his custody, and in one hour after he had them in his room he informed examination. The bodies were examined, and it was found that they had not been mutilated in any way, not a drop of blood had been drawn, nor an incision or puncture made in them.

Since that time the two bodies have been continually exposed to the air and to kinds of climatic changes, but they are still perfect and lifelike. They are now in his room lying on a table, looking as natural as when living. The blood in the veins can be plainly seen standing out in bluish black lines where vessels are superficial.

In the same room are embalmed cats, dogs, fowls, rabbits, fawns and other things—all as natural as life. Sticking about in corners and on rough shelves these "ornaments" give the room the appearance of a museum. Those who have ventured into the home of the farmer have been amazed at the sight. Mr. Hamrick is plain and frank, with only a moderate education, but he has been too shrewd to give the slightest idea of his process.

However, he does not hesitate to say that his process consists of applying a fluid, the ingredients of which can be found in almost any general country store, and that the whole thing is so simple a child could use it. This assertion is doubted by gentlemen who have given the matter years of careful study.

He positively refuses to claim more power in his process than he can prove by past experiment to belong to it.

The home of this queer old man is ever open to those who wish to visit him. There are those who dread him and his humble cabinet because they fear the dead and on account of his association with the embalmed or mummified animals and bodies. It is almost impossible to get anyone to go near the cabin.

The learned doctors of this country are not alone in recognizing him and his secret in a proper way. The Royal Scientific association of France has made him an honorary member and given him a certificate of life membership and a solid gold medal as a token of the esteem in which they hold him for making it possible for the people of this age no longer to speak of "lost art" of embalming.

It was towards the close of a bright summer day that Mr. Eldon came slowly up the garden-walk and Margaret hastening with tender welcome to greet him, saw at once, from his face, that he bore unwelcome news.

"Margaret," he said, "I wish you would come to see a dying man who wishes to bid you farewell. You have never forgotten Harry Norton. It is he."

It was not calmly she could think of the interview. Her hands trembled as she tied the strings of her bonnet; tears filled her eyes, and she leaned heavily on the arm of her husband as he related to her the story of his summons to the house where Harry Norton, feeling his days were numbered, had come to bid her farewell—to die.

The setting sun was glorifying all things in its golden light, and the warm bathes in golden light. They entered the chamber of the dying man. The same golden atmosphere filled it; from the open window came the soft summer air, the glad notes of singing birds.

Lowell Courier: It may sound paradoxical, but when feathers are dear it is perfectly proper to say that their use is "HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures letter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Food for the Weak. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrophulous, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colic.

PALATABLE AS MILK. Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Sold in all Druggists at 50c and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

KILLED BY ALBALROSSES.

During the passage of a Nova Scotia barque, which is in Liverpool, a most extraordinary affair is reported to have occurred, showing alike the ferocious and dangerous proclivities of the albatrosses. The barque had just got out of the latitude where rough weather is always encountered, and was sailing with a fair wind, when the cry of "man overboard!" sounded throughout the ship.

The unfortunate fellow was a Dane, one of the crew, and he was seen at a short distance breasting the waves. The barque was brought round, answering her helm instantly, and the vessel was soon on her way to the struggling man.

Suddenly two large albatrosses were seen to descend with an eagle like swoop and attack the poor fellow in a terrible manner. Both birds dashed at him, and to those on board the vessel it seemed as if they were endeavoring to gouge out his eyes with their hooked bills, while with their wings they kept beating the unfortunate man about the head.

The sight was a terrible one, but did not last long, as the bark sailed over the course where the Dane had fallen overboard about seven minutes before, but there was no where to be seen. There was no doubt in the minds of those on board that the poor fellow was killed by the albatrosses, as he was a powerful swimmer and seemed to fight desperately for a few moments with the ferocious birds.

Moisten a handkerchief with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and inhale for wakefulness.

of the village for the day. No one of him as a clever, ner, accompanied with as to certain changes in vague speeches, means, much or little. Margaret's I quietly on; her father, yield- families of old age, demanded attention. Perhaps close detect a shade of sadness, in those clear gray eyes, one of those who live on pleasure, and no one was more relied upon in as a kind sympathizer

man who settled in the an observant of this strong, ure—this tender daughter Margaret was not a solitary life. She found in Mr. Eldon, and at last chose to walk apart from one so unworthy. and one bright spring wood with him at the village

of a coquette, you v. "But, Margaret, your influences has such power over me; under it, what can I not conquer? Blessed with your love what, might I not become?"

The beautiful lips lost their firmness of expression, and quivered with strongly expressed feeling.

"I have no faith in my power," she said, sadly. "God only knows how intensely I pity you, but I should go mad if I were forced to pity my husband. I must esteem, respect, as well as love the man to whom I give control of all my future."

"Is there no hope for me?" he passionately exclaimed. "Are you so cold, so hard, that you deny me all trial—that you refuse to believe for you I could conquer, would conquer, all that stood between me and my dearest hopes of earthly happiness? Margaret! Margaret! no human creature but yourself can save me. If you refuse to listen—to believe—I care not what girl bears me to oblivion."

"I dare not listen to you," and great tears rolled down her cheeks. "I dare not take upon myself such vows as bind our earthly fate, and feel in my heart how entirely we shall yet be separated in our true union. I must say to you I have no faith in the influence of any woman as opposed to the deadly infatuation of one who indulges in the appetite for strong drink."

"You condemn me, then, to ruin?" "I condemn you to ruin! God forbid! Harry Norton, it all remains with yourself. I cannot conceal from you that I think you have a hard battle before you in life. To conquer that appetite—to determine that you will not yield, and to abstain from all that tends to tempt—to awaken desires for stimulants, no matter how weary, how worn you are with the struggle demands the strongest will—the greatest self-reliance—the praiseworthy spirit—the Christian life. If you are capable of all this? If you doubt yourself at all, in mercy never tempt a woman to share a drunkard's life—to behold herself the mother of children who never know the beauty of the holiness, the protection of home. You think I exaggerate your faults. You do not know all that is burned as with the stamp of fire upon my memory. The years roll back and I see a young, trusting, credulous girl, who knew neither herself nor her needs in life, wedded to a man whose earthly prospects seemed finer than those of most men.

But this girl, so innocent, lovely, and trusting, learned soon—ah! too soon—that her whole life was sacrificed to one whose taste for the accursed stimulus of liquor far exceeded his love for the woman he professed to adore. Year after year passed on, adding to this fatal taste additional strength. No caresses of sweet-lovely little children—no delights of home were half so dear to this man as the one infatuation of his life. This girl, always mature in mind, and far his superior in nature, left no means untried to save him. She was very attractive in manner, conversation and person, and all her attractions were put in force to save him. She consoled his habit of intemperance for years. She kept his faults to herself. She never breathed aught against him. She upheld him, strengthened him, counselled him. Was unwaveringly kind and womanly in life. If woman's influence had been half so dear to this man as the one infatuation of his