

POETRY.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The great big church was crowded full of broadcloth and silk, An' a'ntis rich as cream that grows on our o' brindle's milk, Shined boots, billed skirts, stiff dresses and stovpipe hats were there, And doods with trousers so tight they couldn't kneel down in prayer.

The man in his poolpit high said, as he slowly ris: "Our organist is kep to hum, laid up with roamatiz, An' we've no subetstoot, as Brother Moore ain't here, Will some o' the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Bowing low, he spoke in a carefully modulated voice, deep and resonant as a bass viol: "Welcome to such hospitality as our poverty permits. A cipher telegram forwarded from the nearest station, sixty miles hence, prepared us to expect a newly married woman searching for a man, known to the second world as Robert Luke Brentano. You claim to be his nearest blood relative?"

"I am his sister. How is he?" "Alive, but sinking fast; sustained beyond all human calculation by the hope of seeing you. You have not come one moment too soon. The man you seek is only a lay brother here. The rules of our order forbid the admission of women to the cloister, but in articulo mortis I can deny him now the confession he wished to offer you?"

"He knows, and holds death fast to see you. His self-imposed penance makes him steadfastly refuse the comparative comfort of our meagre infirmary, and it is his wish to die where he has spent so many nights in penitential prayer. For several days the paralysis of years has been gradually loosening its fetters, and this morning the distressing and ghastly distortion of one side of his face almost disappeared. Through his voice is well-nigh gone, it returns faithfully, and his strength seems supernatural. Fearing that you might not arrive in time, I have written down his last confession, and here commit it to you."

"He placed a roll of paper in her hand, and drawing his cowl over his head, led them up an easy stairway cut in the stone to a second terrace four feet wide, that projected as a roof beyond the lower tier of cells. In that still, cold, and brilliant atmosphere, where dazing and the snow blink, how sharp the outline of projected shadows, how close the bending heavens seemed! but to the yearning soul of Beryl, the silent, solemn sublimity of the mighty panorama made no appeal.

to her heart, laid his head on her shoulder.

"Bertie! My darling! my darling!" He tried to raise one arm to her neck, but it fell back. She lifted it, held it close, and, face to face, with her lips on hers, she broke into passionate sobbing, rocking herself to and fro in the tempest of grief.

"Give me, give me—sin!" He struggled for breath, which her tight clasp denied him, and for some minutes he panted, while Mr. Dunbar fanned him with his hat. Then the heaving chest grew more quiet, and after a moment his eyes lighted with a happy smile as they fastened on Beryl's face bent over him.

"I was too unworthy. I dreaded your pure eyes, and mother's, as I would an accusing angel's. I did not know, then, that mother was already one of the blessed. I know now that neither life nor death, nor sin nor shame, nor the brand of disgrace can change mother's love; for I see her to-day, smiling at the door, beckoning me to follow where the sun shines forever. My sainted mother!"

"Her last breath was a blessing for you, See, Bertie! this was her wedding ring. Her final message was: 'Give this to my darling!' Be comforted, dear Bertie; she loved you to the end—supremely. You were her idol in death as in life. Our father's ring was the most sacred relic she owned, and she left it to you."

"She attempted to place the gold band on one of his fingers, but he closed that hand, and the dark eyes, so like his mother's, were for an instant dimmed by tears.

"Keep it; no sin of theft soils your hands. You can wear it without a blush. You never robbed an old man of his gold. That was my crime. I am a thief."

"Our God sees you have repented bitterly, and He has pardoned your sins for His dear Son's sake. Tell me, Bertie, have you made your eternal salvation sure? Are you, in your soul, at peace with God?"

"At perfect peace. I want to die, because now I am no longer afraid to meet Him who forgives even thieves. Gigit waa a little."

He seemed to make a desperate effort to rally his strength, and the thin, fine nostril flared in the battle for breath. "There has been a terrible mistake, and they mean to suffer for what they imagined happened. When I found I had only a few months to live, I wrote to Father Beck, whom I had known in Montreal, and asked him to tell mother where I was. I never knew till he went to X—and wrote us about the trial, that I was expected and punished for a crime that you never committed. I thought you and mother were safe in New York all those years, and I knew that you would be sure to take care of her. I have it all written down—and I can't tell you now—but I want to look straight into your dear eyes—my dear sister, my loving sister—and let you learn first from me—the reward you have won—your Bertie is not a murderer. I did take the money from the vault, which was wide open when I saw it. I did steal and destroy the will, which I thought unjustly robbed us all of our right to the Darrington estate, but that was my sole offence. I am a thief before God and man, but there is no more stain of blood on my hands than on your's. General Darrington was not murdered. He died by the hand of God alone."

A bluish shadow settled around his parted lips, and he panted. Mr. Dunbar raised him, fanned him, rested his head more comfortably against his sister's shoulder; and again he looked intently into her eyes, as though his soul searched for departure, and might itself in the presence of hers before the final flight. "He struck me with the andiron, and broke my wrist here—then before I ever touched him—as he raised it to assault me the second time—there came an awful blinding glare—the world was wrapped in a blue fire—and God struck us both down. When I became conscious, my senses were all stunned, but after a while I knew I was lying on the floor with a cold hand resting like lead on my face. I got up; the figure didn't move, and I supposed, like myself, he was stunned by the shock. As I passed a mirror on my way to the window I saw myself—for the lamp was burning bright. God had branded me a thief. Do you see here—drawn—paralysed, oh, Gina! All these years I have worn the dark streak, and one eye was blind, one ear deaf and I was a walking shadow of my own sin, horrible to look upon—and I fled to avoid the gaze of my race. Somewhere—in Illinois, I think—I heard two men a train speak of a large reward offered for the recovery of Gen'l Darrington's will, which had been stolen by one of his heirs, whom the police were hunting. I was branded—and on my breast here was printed the face of the dead man—for he had torn my shirt open as he seized me with one hand, and struck me with the other. I hid in mines, covered the plains, secreted myself in a bee ranche, then the Canadian railroad was partly built, and I joined the grading party and worked—until the curse of my sin was more than I could bear. I heard of the Holy Brothers here, made my last journey, confessed my theft, and entered on my penance. Gina, General Darrington was killed instantly by the lightning."

"As the burden Beryl had long borne slipped suddenly from her heart, the joy of release from blood-stain was so unexpected, so intense, that her face blanched to a deadly pallor, and the glad eyes she lifted to her husband's shone as those of an angel.

"Bertie—Bertie—" Words failed her. She could only kiss the wasted cold hand that wore the innocent bloodstain. After some moments, the dying man said almost in a whisper: "I never knew you was punished for my sin until it was too late to save you; but God's witness cleared your pure name. The lightning that scorched me printed its testimony to set you free. My sister—my sister—I could will surely recompense your faithful—" The voice died in a gurgle.

"I have my reward, dear Bertie. Oh, how much more than I deserve! I have you in my arms, innocent of murder, thank God! thank God! I have the blessed assurance that your pardoned soul goes to meet mother's in eternal peace; and to secure that, I would willingly have died an ignominious death. It was through the fiery flames of prison, and trial, and convict shame, that God led me to the most precious crown any woman ever wore—my husband's heart, which holds for me the whole wide world of earthly peace and hope. For your sin you have suffered, its consequences to others from the destruction of the will have been averted by the proper transfer of all the property which Gen'l Darrington left to his chosen heir, Prince. Peculiarly no one was injured by your act, Dear Bertie—Bertie, are you listening?" He smiled, but made no answer, and

his eyes had a strained and exultant expression. After a long silence, he cried huskily:

"The curse is taken away—out of my blinded eyes I see—"

A slight spasm shook him, and feeling his cheek grow colder, Beryl threw off the fur cloak, and folded it closely around the wasted body, which leaned heavily against her. The sunny, short rings of hair clung to his sunken, blue-veined temples, where cold drops gathered; and a grey seal was set about the wan lips that writhed in the fight for breath.

"Bertie, kiss me—tell me you are not afraid!" She fancied he nestled his face closer; but the wide eyes were fixed on the golden light that was fading across the narrow doorway.

Pressing her quivering lips to his, she sobbed: "Tell mother her little girl was faithful—"

Another spasm shook the form, and, after a little while, the eyes closed, the panting ceased, and the tired breath was drawn in long, shuddering sighs.

On the stone floor Beryl knelt, with her brother's icy hand clasped against her cheek; and as she watched, the twitching of the muscles ceased, the lips, so long distorted, took on their old curves of beauty. A marble pallor blanched the dark stain of the branded cheek, and the face of innocent youth came slowly out of the long eclipse. Death, God's most tender angel, laid her divine lips upon the scars of sin, that vanished at her touch; drew her white fingers across the lines and shadows of suffering time, and, leaving the halo of eternal peace upon the frozen features, gave back to Beryl her beautiful Bertie of old.

The sun was setting, and far away the icy domes and minarets of immemorial mountains took on the burnished similitude of the New Jerusalem, which only the exiled saw from lonely Patmos.

Lennox Dunbar lifted his wife from the form of the sleeper, whose ransomed soul had entered early into rest, and folded her tenderly to the heart that henceforth was her refuge from all earthly woes.

At midnight the brooding silence of the snow-bloomed solitude was broken by the tolling of the monastery bell; and while all the mountain echoes responded to the slow knell for the departed soul, there rose from the chapel under the cliffs the solemn chant of the monks for their dead.

"Give them eternal rest, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Labon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous weak and exhausted, who are broken down by overwork, who are suffering in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the head, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden irides, only looking sick, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension, every function wastes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart, or a heavy, strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pains about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave., Toronto, Canada.

An Episcopal clergyman who has officiated twice at large political conventions says the only office in the prayer book for such occasions is the forms of prayer to be used for those at sea.

GIVES GOOD APETITE. SIRS.—I think your valuable medicine cannot be surpassed, according to the benefit I received from it. After suffering from headache and loss of appetite for nearly four years, I read D. R. B., with the greatest success, finding it gave me great relief and good appetite. I now enjoy good health which I owe to your valuable medicine. MISS MINNIE BROWN, London, Ont.

Teacher—"You have written statesman with a possessive case sign—state's man. That is incorrect." Boy—"Doesn't the state own the man?" Teacher—"No; the statesman owns the state."

The aroma of the tobacco leaf is so completely conserved in the manufacture of "Myrtle Navy" that age has no effect in diminishing it; even after the plug has been kept for years it gives out its full flavor under the combustion in the pipe, mellowed in tone by its age and making the most exquisite smoke which tobacco can be made to give. Age, too, hardens the structure of the plug and gives to the tobacco, when cut, that almost granular appearance in which all connoisseurs delight.

A SURE RELIANCE. GENTLEMEN.—We have a family of seven children and have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past ten years in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It never fails us and has saved many doctor's bills. J. T. PARKINSON, Granton, Ont.

TEMPERANCE VALE. JUNE 30.—The government road machine has been used to do work in Nottoway, it gives good satisfaction. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Julietta Rodgers is convalescent. Our popular school teacher Bessie Taylor left here for Fredericton to-day and will not return. Our hay crop in this section is as good as we have had for the past ten years. James K. Pinder has got his drive on the Nackawick stream all in and his mill will run, through the whole season. Potato bugs are very busy in this section.

BROCKWAY. JUNE 30.—Miss Maggie Best has just arrived from Boston and intends spending the summer here. The recent rain has raised the water so as to enable the drive which was hung up on Davis Brook, to be started again and it is thought they will succeed in getting it into the boom this time. Miss Dollie Brockway gave her friends a very pleasant quilting party last week.

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

JUNE 27th.—The District council of R. T. of T. met with Campbell on the 21st inst., District councillor Cummings in the chair. The council was carried on very harmoniously, and did a considerable amount of business. There were present from Doaktown, district committee Cummings, William Russell, and Miss Ogilvie, from North Portage, John Fairley Jr., Miss Palmer and Miss Coombes from Boiestown No 42; Rev. Mr. Wass, Miss Wilson and Miss Chase. With the above named there was a number from Bloomfield No 18, and Campbell was well represented.

In the evening a public meeting was held in the church. The church was crowded to overflowing. The programme was well filled and well carried out. The opening address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Wass of Boiestown, and was very appropriate. Miss Chase of Boiestown, gave a recitation which deserves special mention as it portrayed real life and was well given. Mr. Cummings of Doaktown spoke at some length on the evils of intemperance and was well received. He was followed by Mr. Russell of Doaktown, who gave a rosy in hand, paced the terrace, and the two laid the dying man back on his pallet of straw.

Fainter grew the slow breath, and the voice of the monk rolled through the silence, like the tremulous swell of an organ. On the stone floor Beryl knelt, with her brother's icy hand clasped against her cheek; and as she watched, the twitching of the muscles ceased, the lips, so long distorted, took on their old curves of beauty. A marble pallor blanched the dark stain of the branded cheek, and the face of innocent youth came slowly out of the long eclipse. Death, God's most tender angel, laid her divine lips upon the scars of sin, that vanished at her touch; drew her white fingers across the lines and shadows of suffering time, and, leaving the halo of eternal peace upon the frozen features, gave back to Beryl her beautiful Bertie of old.

BEAR ISLAND.

JUNE 27.—There seems a prospect of some railroad work being done up here and perhaps they mean business. It is to be hoped they do. We understand the St. John gentlemen who drove through the St. John section to Woodstock with C. S. Ingraham looking over the intended route were favourably impressed with the looks of the country and expressed surprise at its beauty and fertile appearance and stated that it was their first visit to this part of the province, having always before gone via McAdam Junction. In fact they had no idea there was so much country up here and they were surprised to find people living here. Well we don't wonder they were surprised, having formed their opinions on the surroundings of McAdam Junction.

Some of the contractors on different sections of the river are having trouble in keeping their shoo booms, as maliciously disposed persons have cut some of them and watchmen have been put on them. One night last week Charles Pickard of the B-cony was watching his boom when a stick dynamite was thrown into one of the boom logs so close that some of the pieces knocked down the shanty over his head.

Mr. Isaac Brown of Southampton is engaged delivering large numbers of rats at Springfield and while the steamer was laid up he kept a team to carry back his men. His boat was anchored beside the raft. Last week coming down his raft struck the shear boom at Davidson intervals with such force that it threw one horse off the platform on which it stood and it got down among the logs and for a while it looked as though it was getting Wm. Moores and others from the shore it was at last thrown into the river and swam ashore.

We learn that Mr. Hezekiah Dunham who has started a packet line tow boat was so unfortunate as to sink it at Russell bar where there now lies in the channel with a stick of dynamite fast getting Wm. Moores and others from the shore it was at last thrown into the river and swam ashore.

A man never realizes how much wisdom he possesses till somebody asks him for advice.

HARTIN SETTLEMENT.

JULY 5th.—Miss Katie Nicholson has returned from Waterville, N.S. Mr. and Mrs. S. Graham are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young son in mid-August.

Mrs. Charles Irvin is ill. Mrs. John Hartin is visiting her mother, at Tower Hill, Charlotte Co. We are pleased to see J. H. McCanna in our midst again. We had a very interesting sermon last Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, preaching from the third chapter of John and sixteenth verse.

The examination of the school which has been under way to do work in Nottoway, it gives good satisfaction. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Julietta Rodgers is convalescent. Our popular school teacher Bessie Taylor left here for Fredericton to-day and will not return.

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You've tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have you and you're disappointed. The results are not immediate.

And did you expect the disease of years to disappear in a week? Put a pinch of time in every dose. You would not call the milk poor because the cream doesn't rise in an hour? If there's no water in the cream is sure to rise. If there's a possible cure, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sure to effect it, if given a fair trial. You get the one dollar it costs back again if it don't benefit you. We wish we could give you the makers' confidence. They show it by giving the money back again. In all cases not benefited, and it's surprise you to know how few dollars are needed to keep up the refund.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Cures the worst cases permanently. No experimenting. It's "Old Reliable." Twenty-five years of experience.

Victor (in the Hoggins' art gallery)—Your husband must be quite a connoisseur, madam. Mrs. Hoggins (with dignity)—Mr. Hoggins is a capitalist, sir, if you please.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and relieves inflammation. It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Mamma—"When that boy threw stones at you why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing them back?" Little son—"Tell you? Why, you couldn't hit a barn door."

A LIBERAL TRIUMPH. Scores of men and women who have always suffered their prejudices to blind them to the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters now use and praise this wonderful tonic purifier as the best remedy known for dyspepsia, constipation and all blood diseases.

Mr. Galore—"In all your extensive reading, Mr. Scribble, what is your favorite passage from?" Mr. Scribble (with a sigh) From New York to Liverpool.

Corns! Corns! Corns! Discovered at last—a remedy that is sure, safe, and painless. Putnam's Painless Corn Extract never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extract, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Putnam & Co., Kingston.

"Yes, every man has his price," but he can't make his grocer agree with him.

SUMMER COMPLAINT AND DIARRHOEA. I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint and diarrhoea, as I have used it in my family, both for children and adults, with the best results.

F. E. DENN, Clear Creek, Ont. Every man thinks he will be able to afford better thing in six months from now.

OH, MY HEAD. That splitting headache, aching brow and irritable feeling can be immediately relieved and permanently cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for headache, constipation and all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

A man never realizes how much wisdom he possesses till somebody asks him for advice.

PACKING. JUST RECEIVED. 1. PACKAGE of Cotton Packing, the best in all sizes in general use. And for sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Lawn Mowers. FOR SALE LOW AT NELL'S HARDWARE STORE.

Horse Shoes and Wire Nails. JUST RECEIVED. 200 K. Horse Shoes and Wire Nails, assorted sizes, at market price. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Phosphates, or any injurious.

"How are you?" "Nicely, Thank You." "Thank Who?" "Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION Which cured me of CONSUMPTION." Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it. Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil. Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer. Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds. Beware you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

COAL. BEST QUALITY HARD & SOFT COAL. PRICE LOW.

Orders left at the Office of Frank I. Morrison, or at the store of John Owens, Queen Street, will be promptly attended to. P. FARRELL.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deadly sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX. G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BURDOCK. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD. CURES. DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEAVY BURDEN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

PAPER. We have just stored a fine assortment of BROWN WRAPPING PAPER, All sizes and weights. STRAW PAPER, PAPER BAGS.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS. FEED, - SEED. FERTILIZERS.

ON HAND AND TO ARRIVE: Choice Canadian and Western TIMOTHY SEED.

Alsace and Northern Red CLOVER SEED. SEED BARLEY, 2 AND 4 ROW SEED BUCKWHEAT; SEED OATS; SEED RYE; SEED VETCHES; SEED PEAS—different varieties; SEED ENGLISH CORN, White and Red Cob; SEED RED TOP; BRADLEY'S FERTILIZERS; LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER; HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN and MIDDINGS; HOUSE and BLACKSMITH COALS.

JAMES TIBBITTS, 300 B. EXES Window Glass, 4 Cases Crown and Square double thick. For sale at market rates. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

ALABASTINE. JUST RECEIVED: 1 TON of Alabastine, sixteen different shades of all ready to mix in cold water. No boiling or hot water needed. This is without a doubt an improvement on the old style. Try it. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

GRAND SALE

OF WALL PAPERS.

MCMURRAY & CO. will offer on MONDAY next, March 21st, over 20,000 ROLLS WALL PAPER.

Having purchased the stock in trade of Mr. E. B. Nixon, at a very low price, consisting of Fine Bronzes, Gilts and Plain Papers, Together with the balance of our own stock we will sell at PRICES lower than ever offered in this city. The stock must be sold to make room for our NEW PAPERS to arrive in a few days.

MCMURRAY & CO. P. S.—On hand a large stock of Window Shades, Plain and Fancy, at lowest prices.

MCMURRAY & Co.

G. T. WHELPLEY,

SEEDS, SEEDS,

Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, White Seed Oats, Black Seed Oats, Superphosphate.

—ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF— Feeding Oats, Heavy Feed, Chop Feed, and Bran, Sell low.

G. T. WHELPLEY, 310 Queen St. Fredericton.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1889, - \$39,722,809.56 ASSETS IN CANADA, " - \$70,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent. FEED, - SEED.

FERTILIZERS. ON HAND AND TO ARRIVE: Choice Canadian and Western TIMOTHY SEED.

Alsace and Northern Red CLOVER SEED. SEED BARLEY, 2 AND 4 ROW SEED BUCKWHEAT; SEED OATS; SEED RYE; SEED VETCHES; SEED PEAS—different varieties; SEED ENGLISH CORN, White and Red Cob; SEED RED TOP; BRADLEY'S FERTILIZERS; LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER; HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN and MIDDINGS; HOUSE and BLACKSMITH COALS.

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R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND TINSMITH,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL.

BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

SPECIAL SALE.

There will be a Special Sale of

ROOM PAPER.

Commencing immediately

"ALL THE YEAR AROUND."

HALL'S BOOK STORE.

STAMPING. - - - EMBOSSING.

DONE AT HALL'S BOOK STORE.

Steel Monograms Cut To Order.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.

Just Received from Glasgow. 5000 A. BRISTON Fire Bricks, 30 Bags Fire Clay. For sale low by JAMES S. HELL.

HIS LAST SEASON.

THE FAMOUS STALLION, SIR CHARLES, 2745.

WILL make this his last season in the province, at his owners stable, 47 Waterloo street, St. John. This horse has proved himself such a good sire that it is hardly necessary to say anything about him. He is the sire of Maggie T. 2, 2 1/2; Mand 2, 2 1/2; King Charles, 2, 2 1/2 and a score of other fast ones. This will positively be his last season as Mr. McCoy intends removing his stud to the States in the fall.

TERMS \$30 FOR THE SEASON. JOHN MCCOY, 47 Waterloo Street, St. John. April 23rd, 1892.—L.

ALABASTINE.

JUST RECEIVED: 1 TON of Alabastine, sixteen different shades of all ready to mix in cold water. No boiling or hot water needed. This is without a doubt an improvement on the old style. Try it. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.