POETRY.

TENNYSON.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

There was no moaning of the bar,
O singer lost from sight;
When out beyond our evening star,
Death drifted thee to light.

Black was the pilot at the helm;
Dark gloomed the hither shore;
But never wave could overwhelm,
The land that gleamed before.

Beyond these voices there is peace!
Life fills thy cup this day!
From pain and weariness surcease
They find who pass this way!

Oh! laurelled at the head and feet,
We cannot call the dead!
Our hearts repeat thy music sweet,
And we are comforted.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

—OR THE—

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROCTOR ROYAL'S OFFICES.

"Listen, Hermine! The hour, then for which I had been waiting during the past year had at length arrived. How I worked, how I hoped, how I sounded every piece of turf, thinking to find some resistance to my spade! But no. I found nothing, though I had made a hole twice as large as the first.

"Think not I contented myself with this one effort," continued Villefort. "No; I searched the whole thicket. All examination was useless, and with a bursting heart I returned to the thicket, which now contained no hope for me."

"Oh," cried Madame Danglars, "it was enough to drive you mad!"

"I hoped for a moment that it might," said Villefort; "but that happiness was denied me. However, recovering my strength and my ideas, 'Why,' said I 'should that man have carried away the corpse?"

"But you said," replied Madame Danglars, "he would require it as a proof?"

"Ah, no, madame, that could not be. Dead bodies are not kept a year; they are shown to a magistrate, and the evidence is taken. Now, nothing of the kind has happened."

"What then?" asked Hermine, trembling violently.

"Something more terrible, more fatal, more alarming for me—the child was perhaps, alive, and the assassin may have saved it!"

Madame Danglars uttered a piercing cry, and seizing Villefort's hands exclaimed, "My child was alive!" said she; "you buried my child alive, sir! You were not certain my child was dead, and you buried it. Ah——"

Madame Danglars had risen, and stood before the proctor, whose hands she wrung in her feeble grasp.

"Yes, the babe lived," said he hoarsely, "it was put in the foundling asylum, wrapped in a piece of linen marked with half a baronial crest and the letter H. Nargonne was a baron and your name is Hermine. Six months later, bearing as a token the other half of this napkin, a woman came and claimed the infant, with whom she went away."

"But you should have enquired for the woman; you should have traced her."

"And what do you think I did? I feigned a criminal process, and employed all the most acute bloodhounds and skilful agents in search of her. They traced her to Chalons, and there they lost her."

"But," replied Madame Danglars, "the Count of Monte-Cristo can know nothing, or he would not seek our society as he does."

"Oh, the wickedness of man is very great," said Villefort, since it surpasses the goodness of God. In less than one week from this time I will ascertain who this M. de Monte-Cristo is, whence he comes, where he goes, and why he speaks in our presence of children which have been disinterred in a garden."

Villefort pronounced these words with an accent which would have made the count shudder had he heard him. Then he pressed the hand the baroness reluctantly gave him, and led her respectfully back to the door. Madame Danglars returned in another hackney-coach to the passage, on the other side of which she found her carriage, and her coachman sleeping peacefully on his box while waiting for her.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SUMMER BALL.

The same day, during the interview of Madame Danglars with the proctor, a travelling carriage entered the Rue du Helder, passed through the gateway of No. 27, and stopped in the yard. In a moment the door was opened, and Madame de Morcerf alighted, leaning on her son's arm. Albert soon left her, ordered his horses, and having arranged his toilet, drove to the Champs Elysees, to the house of Monte-Cristo. The count received him with his habitual smile. It was a strange thing that no one ever appeared to advance a step in that man's favor. Those who would, as it were, force a passage to his heart, found an impassable barrier. Morcerf, who ran towards him with open arms, was chilled as he drew near, in spite of the friendly smile, and simply held out his hand. Monte-Cristo shook it coldly, according to his invariable practice. "Here I am, dear count."

"Welcome home again."

"I arrived an hour since."

"From Dieppe?"

"No, from Treport."

"Indeed!"

"And I am directly come to see you."

"That is extremely kind of you," said Monte-Cristo, with a tone of perfect indifference.

"And what is the news?"

"You should not ask a stranger, a foreigner, for news."

"I know it, but in asking for news, I mean have you done anything for me?"

"Had you commissioned me?" said Monte-Cristo, feighning uneasiness.

"Come, Come!" said Albert, "do not assume so much indifference. It is said sympathy travels rapidly; and when at Treport, I felt the electric shock; you have either been working for me or thinking of me."

"Possibly," said Monte-Cristo, I have indeed thought of you; but the magnetic wire I was guiding acted, indeed, without my knowledge."

"Indeed! pray tell me how it happened?"

"Willingly. M. Danglars dined with me."

"I know it; to avoid meeting him, my mother and I left town."

"But he met here M. Andrea Cavalcanti."

"Your Italian prince?"

"Not so fast; M. Andrea only calls himself count."

"Calls himself, do you say?"

"Yes, calls himself."

"Is he not a count?"

"What can I know of him? He calls himself so. I, of course, give him the same title, and every one else does the same."

"What a strange man you are! What next? You say M. Danglars dined here?"

"Yes, with Count Cavalcanti, the marquis his father, Madame Danglars, M. and Madame de Villefort, charming people, M. Debray, Maximillian Morrel, and M. de Chateau-Renaud."

"Did they speak of me?"

"Not a word."

"So much the worse."

"Why so? I thought you wished them to forget you?"

"If they did not speak of me, I am sure they thought about me, and I am in despair."

"How will that effect you, since Mademoiselle Danglars was not among the number here who thought of you? Truly, she might have thought of you at home."

"I have no fear of that; or if she did, it was only in the same way in which I think of her."

"Touching sympathy! so you hate each other?" said the count.

"Listen!" said Morcerf—"if Mademoiselle Danglars were disposed to take pity on my supposed martyrdom on her account, and would dispense with all matrimonial formalities between our two families, I am ready to agree to the arrangement. In a word Mademoiselle Danglars would make a charming companion—but a wife——!"

"And this," said Monte-Cristo, "is your opinion of your intended spouse?"

"Yes; it is rather unkind, I acknowledge, but it is true. But as this dream cannot be realized, since Mademoiselle Danglars must become my lawful wife, live perpetually with me, sing to me, compose verses and musie within ten paces of me, and that for my whole life it frightens me. One may forsake a mistress, but a wife, good heavens! There she must always be; and to marry Mademoiselle Danglars would be awful."

"You are difficult to please, viscount."

"Yes, for I often wish for what is impossible."

"What is that?"

"To find such a wife as my father found." Monte-Cristo turned pale, and looked at Albert, while playing with some magnificent pistols.

"Your father was fortunate, then?" said he.

"You know my opinion of my mother, count; look at her, still beautiful, witty, better than ever. For any other son to have accompanied his mother for days at Treport, it would have been a complaisance, an unprofitable toil; while I return, more contented, more peaceful—shall I say more poetic?—than if I had taken Queen Mab or Titania as my companion. One plan occurred to me," continued Albert; "Franz likes all that is eccentric; I tried to make him fall in love with Mademoiselle Danglars; but in spite of four letters, written in the most alluring style, he invaribly answered: 'My eccentricity may be great, but it will not make me break my promise.'"

"That is what I call devoted friendship to recommend to another one whom you would not marry yourself."

Albert smiled. "By the way," continued he, "Franz d'Epinay is coming soon, summoned by M. de Villefort, who is apparently as anxious to get Mademoiselle Valentine married as M. Danglars is to see Mademoiselle Eugenie settled. It must be a very irksome office be the father of a grown up daughter; it seems to to make them feverish, and to raise their pulse to ninety degrees until they get rid of them."

"But M. d'Epinay, unlike you, bears his misfortune patiently."

"Still more, he talks seriously about the matter, puts on a white cravat, and speaks of his family. He entertains a very high opinion of M. and Madame de Villefort."

"Which they deserve, do they not?"

"I believe they do. M. de Villefort has always passed for a severe but a just man."

"There is, then, one," said Monte-Cristo, "you do not condemn like poor Danglars?"

"Because I am not compelled to marry his daughter, perhaps," replied Albert laughing.

"Indeed, my dear sir," said Monte-Cristo, "you are revoltingly foppish."

"I foppish! how do you mean?"

"Yes; pray take a cigar, and cease to defend yourself, and to struggle to escape marrying Mademoiselle Danglars. Let things take their course; perhaps you may not have to retract."

"Bah!" said Albert, staring.

"Doubtless, M. le Vicomte, you will not be taken by force; and seriously, do you wish to break off your engagement?"

"I would give a hundred thousand francs to be able to do so."

"Then make yourself quite happy, M. Danglars would give double that sum to attain the same end."

"Am I, indeed, so happy?" said Albert, who still could not prevent an almost imperceptible cloud passing across his brow. "But my dear count, has M. Danglars any reason?"

"Ah! there is your proud and selfish nature. You would expose the self love of another with a hatchet, but you shrink if your own is attacked with a needle."

"But yet M. Danglars appeared——"

"Delighted with you, was he not?"

"Well, he is a man of bad taste, and is still more enchanted with another. I know not whom; study and judge for yourself."

"Thank you, I understand. But my mother—no, not my mother, I mistake—my father intends giving a ball."

"A ball at this season?"

"Summer balls are fashionable."

"If they were not the countess has only to wish it, and they would become so."

"You are right; you know they are unmixed balls; those who remain in Paris in July must be true Parisians. Will you take charge of our invitation to Messieurs Cavalcanti?"

"When will it take place?"

"On Saturday."

"M. Cavalcanti's father will be gone."

"But the son will be here; you will invite young M. Cavalcanti?"

"I do not know him, Viscount."

"You do not know him?"

"No, I have never seen him until a few days since, and am not responsible for him."

"But you receive him at your house?"

"That is another thing; he was recommended to me by a good abbe, who may be deceived. Give him a direct invitation, but do not ask me to present him; if he were afterwards to marry Mademoiselle Danglars, you would accuse me of intrigue, and would be challenging me; besides, I may not be there myself."

"Where?"

"At your ball."

"Why should you not be there?"

"Because you have not yet invited me."

"But I come expressly for that purpose."

"You are very kind, but I may be prevented."

"If I tell you one thing, you will be so amiable as to set aside all impediments."

"Tell me what it is."

"My mother begs you to come."

"The Countess de Morcerf?" said Monte-Cristo, starting.

"Ah, count," said Albert, "I assure you Madame de Morcerf speaks freely to me, and if you have not felt those sympathetic fibres of which I spoke just now thrill within you, you must be entirely devoid of them, for during the last four days we have spoken of no one else."

"You have talked of me?"

"Yes, that is your privilege, being a living problem!"

"Then I am also a problem to your mother! I should have thought her too reasonable to be led by imagination."

"A problem, my dear count for every one—for my mother as well as others; much studied, but not solved, you still remain an engima, do not fear. My mother is only astonished that you remain so long unresolved. I believe, while the Countess G—— takes you for Lord Ruthven, my mother imagines you to be Cagliostro or Count St. Germain. The first opportunity you have, confirm her in her opinion; it will be easy for you, as you have the philosophy of the one and the wit of the other."

"I thank you for the warning," said the count; I shall endeavor to be prepared for all suppositions."

"You will, then, come on Saturday?"

"Yes, since Madame de Morcerf invites me."

"You are very kind."

"Will M. Danglars be there?"

"He has already been invited by my father. We shall try to persuade the great d'Aguesseau, M. de Villefort to come, but have not much hope of seeing him."

"'Never despair,' says the proverb."

"Do you dance, count?"

"I dance?"

"Yes, you; it would not be astonishing."

"That is very well before one is above forty. No, I do not dance, but I like to see others. Does Madame de Morcerf dance?"

"Never; you can talk to her, she so delights in your conversation."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, truly; and I assure you, you are the only man of whom I have heard her speak with interest."

Albert rose and took his hat; the count conducted him to the door. "I have one thing to reproach myself with," said he stopping Albert on the steps.

"What is it?"

"I have spoken to you indiscreetly about Danglars."

"On the contrary, speak to me always in the same strain about him."

"That is enough. Apropos, when do you expect M. d'Epinay?"

"Five or six days hence at the latest."

"And when is he to be married?"

"Immediately on the arrival of M. and Madame de St. Meran."

"Bring him to see me. Although you may say I do not like him, I assure you I shall be happy to see him."

"I will obey your orders my lord."

"Good-bye."

"Until Saturday, when I may expect you, may I not?"

"Yes, I promised you." The count watched Albert, waving his hand to him. When he had mounted his phaeton, Monte-Crisso turned, and seeing Bertuccio, "What news?" said he. "She went to the Palais," replied the steward.

"Did she stay long there?"

"An hour and a half."

"Did she return home?"

"Directly."

"Well, my dear Berticcio," said the count, "I now advise you to go in quest of the little estate I spoke to you of in Normandy." Bertuccio bowed, and as his wishes were in perfect harmony with the order he had received, he started the same evening.

CAAPTER XV.

THE ENQUIRY.

M. de Villefort kept the promise he had made to Madame Danglars to endeavor to find out how the Count of Monte-Cristo had discovered the history of the house at Auteuil. He wrote the same day to M. de Boville, who, from having been an inspector of prisons, was promoted to a high office in the police, for the information he required; and the latter begged two days to ascertain exactly who would be most likely to give him full particulars. At the end ot the second day M. de Villefort received the following note:

"The person called the Count of Monte Cristo is an intimate acquaintance of Lord Wilmore, a rich foreigner, who is sometimes in Paris, and who is there at this moment; he is also known to the Abbe Busoni, a Sicilian priest, of high repute in the east, where he has done much good."

M. de Villefort replied by ordering the strictest inquiries to he made respecting these two persons; his orders were executed, and the following evening he received these details:

"The abbe, who was in Paris for a month, inhabited a small house behind St. Sulpice, composed of one single story over the ground floor and he was the only tenant. The two lower rooms consisted of a dining-room, with a table, chairs, and a sideboard of walnut-tree, and a wainscotted parlor, without ornaments, carpet, or timepiece. It was evident the abbe limited himself to articles of strict necessity. It was true the abbe preferred the sitting-room upstairs, which being furnished with theological books and parchments, in which he delighted to bury himself during whole months, was more a library than a parlor. His valet looked at the visitors through a sort of wicket, and if their countenance was unknown to him or displeased him, he replied that his master was not in Paris, as an answer that satisfied most persons, because the abbe was known to be a great traveller. Besides, whether at home or not, whether in Paris or Cario, the abbe always left alms to be given away, which the valet distributed through this wicket in his master's name. The other room near this library was a bedroom. A bed without curtains, four armchairs, and a couch, covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, composed, with a praying stand, all his furniture. Lord Wilmore resided in Rue Fontaine-Saint George. He is one of those English tourists who wasted a large fortune in travelling. He hired the apartment in which he lived furnished, passed only a few hours in the day there, and rarely slept there. One of his peculiarities was never to speak a word in French, which he however wrote with great purity."

The day these important particulars had been furnished to M. de Villefort, a man alighted from a carriage at the corner of the Rue Ferou, and rapping at an olive green door, asked if the Abbe Busoni were within. "No, he went out early this morning," replied the valet.

"I might not always be contented with that answer," replied the visitor, "for I have come from one to whom every one must be at home. But have the kindness to give the Abbe Busoni——"

"I told you he was not at home!" repeated the valet.

"Then on his return give him that card and this sealed paper. Will he be at home at eight o'clock this evening?"

"Doubtless, unless he is engaged, which is the same as if he were out."

"I will come again at that time," replied the visitor, who then retired.

At the appointed hour the same man returned in the same carriage, which, instead of stopping this time at the end of the Rue Ferou, drove up to the green door. He knocked, and the door was at once opened to admit him. From the signs of respect the valet paid him, he saw his note had produced a good effect. "Is the abbe at home?" asked he.

"Yes; he is at work in his library, but he expects you, sir," replied the valet.

The stranger ascended a rough staircase, and before a table, whose surface was illumined by a lamp, whose light was concentrated by a large shade, whilst the rest of the apartment was in partial darkness, he perceived the abbe in a monk's dress, with a cowl on his head such as was used by learned men of the middle age.

"Have I the honor of addressing the Abbe Busoni?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir," replied the abbe; "and you are the person whom M. de Boville, formerly an inspector of prisons, sends to me from the prefect of police?"

"Exactly, sir."

"One of the agents appointed to secure the safety of Paris?"

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger, with a slight hesitation, and blushing.

The abbe replaced the large goggles, which covered not only his eyes, but his temples, and sitting down, motioned to his visitor to do the same. "I am at your service, sir," said the abbe, with a marked Italian accent.

"The mission with which I am charged sir," replied the visitor, speaking with hesitation, "is confidential on the part of him who fulfils it, and him by whom he is employed." The abbe bowed. "Your probity," replied the stranger, "is so well known to the prefect, that he wishes, as a magistrate, to ascertain from you some particulars connected with the public safety; to ascertain which I am deputed to see you. It is hoped that no ties of friendship or humane consideration will induce you to conceal the truth."

"Provided, sir, the particulars you wish for do not interfere with my scruples or my conscience. I am a priest, sir, and the secrets of confession, for instance, must remain between me and God, and not between me and human justice."

"Do not alarm yourself, M. l'Abbe, we will duly respect your conscience."

At this moment the abbe pressed down his side of the shade, which raised it on the other, and threw a bright light on the face of the stranger, while his own remained obscured. "Excuse me, Abbe," said the envoy of the prefect of police, but the light tries my eyes very much." The abbe lowered the shade.

"Now, sir, I am listening—speak!"

"I will come at once to the point. Do you know the Count of Monte-Cristo?"

"You mean Signor Zaccone, I presume?"

"Zaccone!—is not his name Monte-Cristo?"

"Monte-Cristo is the name of an estate, or rather, of a rocky islet, and not a family name."

"Well, be it so—let us not dispute about words; and since M. de Monte-Cristo and Signor Zaccone are the same——"

"Absolutely the same."

"Let us speak of Signor Zaccone."

"Agreed."

"I asked you if you knew him?"

"Extremely well."

"Who is he?"

"The son of a ship builder in Malta,"

"I know that is the report; but, as you are aware, the police does not content itself with vague reports."

"However," replied the abbe, with an affable smile, "when that report is in accordance with the truth, everybody must believe it; the police as well as all the rest."

"Are you sure of what you assert? Understand, sir, I do not in the least suspect your veracity; I ask you are you certain of it?"

"I knew his father, Signor Zaccone, and when a child I often played with the son in the timber-yards."

"Whence does he derive the title of count?"

"You are aware that may be bought."

"In Italy?"

"Everywhere."

"And his immense riches, whence does he procure them?"

"They may not be so very great."

"How much do you suppose he possesses?"

"From one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand livres per annum."

"This is reasonable," said the visitor; "I have heard he had three or four millions."

"Two hundred thousand per annum would make four millions of capital."

"But I was told he had four millions per annum!"

"That is not probable."

"Do you know this islet of Monte-Cristo?"

"Certainly; every one who has returned from Palermo, or from Naples, or from Rome to France by sea, must know it, since he has passed close to it, and must have seen it."

"I am told it is a delightful place?"

"It is a rock."

"And why has the count bought a rock?"

"For the sake of being a count. In Italy one must have land to be a noble."

"You have, doubtless, heard the adventures of Signor Zaccone's youth?"

"The father's?"

"No, the son's."

"I know nothing certain; at that period of his life, I lost sight of my young comrade."

"Did he go to war?"

"I think he entered the navy."

"Are you not his confessor?"

"No, sir; I believe he is a Lutheran; besides liberty of conscience is established in France."

TO BE CONTINUED.

REMARKABLE LEFT ARM.

A curious freak of nature has taken place in the person of a young man named Jones, aged twenty-two years, living at Stamping Ground, Ky. About two years ago he complained of a severe pain in his left shoulder and arm to the elbow. He suffered intensely for several months, when the part affected began to change color until it became a dark brown and at the same time the pain diminished until it finally ceased, when it was noticed (this was about a year ago) that a thick growth of brown hair had made its appearance on the brown or discolored parts, extending from the elbow to the collar bone, covering the shoulder blade, and at this time the hair is over one inch in length, the pain has entirely disappeared, and the young man has almost twice the strength in that arm that he has in the other.

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but "narves.")
The poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak;
She grew better at once, and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptons and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Slitone—Do you notice how Chugley has fallen into the habit of talking to himself on the street? Chatter—That's the only chance he has to get a word in since he has married.

By a simple system of registered numbers Messrs Tuckett & Son can tell which of their workmen manipulated any particular plug of their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco, if the cady which contained it is known. Should any imperfection be found in any plug, therefore, they can at once single out the workman—from among their 400 hands—who is responsible for it. This system works so thoroughly that the complaints do not average one for every 200,000 plugs turned out.

How do you think I am getting along with my cornet? Why, replied the young woman who lives in the next house, it struck me that maybe it wasn't quite used to you yet.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South America Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Getting used to it.—Balbriggan—I say, old man, what are you putting those toothpicks down your back for? Flanelly—Just getting in training to wear my winter flannels, old fellow.

CORN SOWING.

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes; they are dangerous to use and are sold simply because they afford the dealer larger profit.

She (kissing him)—You've been drinking. I can smell it. He—And you've been powdering. I can taste it.

"SATISFACTORY RESULTS."

So says Dr. Curlett, an old an honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scotts Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

Mr. Staylate—Is your sister expecting me to-night? Tommy—I guess so. She's been sleeping all day.

Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

The dog who chases his tail is like many debators—he never reaches his conclusion.

Ladies, rough hands are a horror. Bathe them well at night in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

A clock is very different from a man. When it strikes it keeps on working.

IMPERIAL

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurant.

COAL.

The Subscriber has now in stock a large quantity of best quality of

LEHIGH HARD COAL.

In Stove and Chestnut sizes.

—ALSO—

Old Mine Sydney,
Reserve Sydney,
Victoria Sydney,
Soft Coal.

These are considered the best House Coals, mined in Cape Breton. I will sell and deliver any of the above Coal at merely a living profit, as my motto is quick Sales and small Margins. Orders left at the Office of P. L. Morrison, Queen Street, will receive prompt attention.

P. FARRELL.

Fredericton, July 4th, 1892.

EXCELLENCE.

RHEUMATISM.—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W. C. London, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

STRAIN.—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

The Wealth of Health

Is in Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

possesses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. *Are you all run down?* Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure and get the genuine.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

TERRA COTTA PIPE.

Now landing per schooner Estella R.,

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Terra Cotta Pipe.

For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

BOYCE BROTHERS.

Next store above Mr. Hodge's,

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE:

1,000 BUSHELS White and Black Feed Oats.
Linseed Meal, Prime Middlings and Coarse Bran in bags, direct from the mills.
Oats, Barley and Buckwheat for late sowing.
A few barrels of good Flour from home grown wheat
Champion Swede Turnip Seed, etc.
Pressed Hay and Straw.

BOYCE BROS.

Fredericton, June 21.

Meat Choppers.

JUST RECEIVED:

4 DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned iron, best Meat Choppers in the country—well established fact. The tinned is much better than the Galvinized Iron.
These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one.

For sale by
R. CHESNUT & SONS.

ALABASTINE.

JUST RECEIVED:

1 TON of Alabastine, sixteen different shades 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.

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE:

OLD and NEW OATS,
MIDDLINGS, BRAN,
HAY, etc.

BOYCE'S FEED STORE,

ext Above Mr. Hodge's,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

Steel. Steel.

JUST RECEIVED:

1 CAR load ten tons of Sled Shoe Steel, running from one quarter to three and one half inches wide, one quarter, five sixteenths and three eights thick. Cut to lengths for Bob and Long sleds,
And for sale at market prices by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

SOAPS

Baby's Own,
Glycerine,
Pears',
Carbolic,
Tar,
Murch's Amber.

196 QUEEN STREET.

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.

COAL. COAL.

In Stock:

BLACKSMITH,
VICTORIA and
OLD MINE SYDNEY
HOUSE COAL.

To Arrive:

A CARGO OF THAT CELEBRATED

SUGAR LOAF HARD COAL,

In Chestnut, Stove and Egg sizes.

Parties requiring, leave your orders early to be delivered from vessel cheap.

Also in Stock:—A car of choice Heavy Chop Feed, composed of Barley, Oats and Wheat. Always on hand:—Hay, Oats, Middlings, Bran, Oilmeal, Lime, Land and Calcined Plaster.

OFFICE AND STOREHOUSE,

CAMPBELL STREET: Above CITY HALL.

JAMES TIBBITTS,

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has removed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT!
CAN'T DO WITHOUT WHAT?

Why a Good FOUNTAIN PEN.

None of your twenty-five cent arrangements, but a good

CAW'S

FOUNTAIN PEN.

You had better call at

HALL'S,

And get one.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.

Just Received from Glasgow.

5000 ASBESTOS Fire Bricks. 30 Bags Fire Clay.
For sale low by
JAMES S. NEILL.

HARD COAL.

800 TONS to arrive and now on the way ex. Schr. "Mary George," "Valetta,"

BEST QUALITY OF

ANTHRACITE,

in Broken Egg, Stove and Chestnut sizes.

Parties requiring Coal had better place order and get it from vessel as Coal is advancing in price in New York.

Old Mine Sydney, Victoria Sydney, Reserve Sydney and Spring Hill to arrive.

E. H. ALLEN,

Campbell St., above City Hall.

Horse Shoes and Wire Nails.

JUST RECEIVED:

200 KEGS Horse Shoes and Wire Nails assorted sizes, at market rates.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Per S. S. Madura.

FROM LONDON.

15 CASKS pure Linseed Paint oil. and for sale at market rates.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

STEP LADDERS.

JUST RECEIVED:

3 DOZEN Step Ladders, running from four to eight feet. Suitable for private families or stores, and cheap at
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

McMURRAY & CO.

Have now on hand an immense stock of

ORGANS

—AND—

PIANOS

which they will sell at the lowest possible prices; also a few new

SEWING MACHINES

First Class in every respect,

—FOR ONLY—

$25.00.

Fully Guaranteed. If not entirely satisfactory after three months trial, Money refunded.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

McMurray & Co.'s Book and Music Store.