POETRY.

JUST COMMON FOLKS.

A hundred humble songsters trill
The notes that to their lays belong,
Where just one nightingale might fill
The place with its transcendant song.
And thus Fame comes, and with its smile
A soul with lasting greatness cloaks
And leaves a thousand else the while
To be for aye just common folks.

If only sweetest bells were rung,
How we should miss the minor chimes!
If only grandest poets sung
There'd be no humble little rhymes.
The modest, clinging vines add grace
Unto the forest's giant oaks,
And 'mid earth's mighty is a place
To people with just common folks.

Not they the warriors who shall win
Upon the battlefield a name
To sound above the awful din;
Not theirs the painter's deathless fame,
Not theirs the poet's muse that brings
The rhythmic gift his soul invokes;
Theirs, but to do the simple things
That duty gives just common folks.

They are the multitudes of earth
And mingle ever in the crowd,
Elbowing those of equal birth,
Where none because of caste is proud.
Bound by the meshes of a fate
That sometimes a decree revokes;
Above the lowly, 'neath the great,
Are millions of just common folks.

Fate has not lifted them above
The level of the human plan;
They share with men a brother love,
In touch with pleasure and with pain.
One great, farreaching brotherhood
With common burdens, common yokes
And common wrongs and common good,
God's army of just common folks.

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

—OR—

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XVII.

Already clouds were gathering, and I had been in the waiting-room I think about an hour, when the storm broke in its fury. I had seen the telegraph operator sitting in his office, but he seemed asleep, with his head resting on the table; and during the storm I sat on the floor, in one corner of the waiting-room and laid my head on a chair. At last when the tempest ended, I went to sleep. During that sleep I dreamed of my old home in Italy, of some of my dead, of my father — of gathering grapes, of one I dearly loved — and suddenly some noise made me spring to my feet. I heard voices talking, and in my feverish dreamy state, there seemed a resemblance to one I knew. Only half awake I ran out on the pavement. Whether I dreamed the whole, I cannot tell; but the conversation seemed strongly distinct; and I can never forget the words, be they real or imaginary,—

"There ain't no train till daylight, 'cepting it be through freight.'

"Then a different voice asked: 'When is that due?"

"'Pretty soon I reckon; it's mighty nigh time now, but it don't stop here; it goes on to the water tank, where it blows for the bridge.'

"'How far is the bridge?'

"'Only a short piece down the track, after you pass the tank.'

"When I reached the street, I saw no one but the figure of an old man, I think a negro, who was talking away. He limped and carried a bundle on the end of a stick thrown over his shoulder. I was so startled and impressed by the fancied sound of a voice once familiar to me, that I walked on down the track, but could see no one. Soon the 'freight' came along; I stood aside until it passed, then returned to the station, and found the agent standing in the door. When he questioned me about my movements, I deemed him impertinent; but having nothing to conceal stated the facts I have just recapitulated. You have been told that I intentionally missed the train; that when seen at 10 p.m. in the pine woods, I was stealing back to my mother's old home; that I entered at midnight the bedroom where her father slept, stupified him with chloroform, broke open his vault, robbed it of money, jewels and will; and that when Gen'l Darrington awoke and attempted to rescue his property, I deliberately killed him. You are asked to believe that I am 'the incarnate fiend' who planned and committed that horrible crime, and, alas for me! every circumstance seems like a bloodbound to bay me. My handkerchief was found, tainted with chloroform. It was my handkerchief; but how it came there on Gen'l Darrington's bed, only God witnessed. I saw among the papers taken from the tin box and laid on the table, a large envelope marked in red ink, 'Last Will and Testament of Robert Duke Darrington; but I never saw it afterward. I was never in that room but once; and the last and only time I ever saw General Darrington was when I passed out of the glass door, and left him standing in the middle of the room, with the tin box in his hand.

"I can call no witnesses; for it is one of the terrible fatalities of my situation that I stand alone, with none to corroborate my assertions. Strange, inexplicable coincidences drag me down; not the malice of men, but the throttling grasp of circumstances. I am the victim of some diabolical fate, which only innocent blood will appease; but though I am slaughtered for crimes I did not commit, I known, oh! I know, that behind fate stands God! — the just and eternal God, whom I trust, even in this hour of extremest peril. Alone in the world, orphaned, reviled, wrecked for all time, without a ray of hope, I, Beryl Brentano, deny every accusation brought against me to this cruel arraignment; and I call on my only witness, the righteous God above us, to hear my solemn asseveration; I am innocent of this crime; and when you judicially murder me in the name of Justice, your hands will be dyed in blood that an avenging God will one day require of you. Appearances, circumstances, coincidences of time and place, each, all, conspire to hunt me into a convict's grave; but remember, my twelve judges, remember that a hopeless, forsaken, broken-hearted woman, expecting to die at your hands, stood before you, and pleaded first and last — Not Guilty! Not Guilty!"

A moment she paused, then raised her arms toward heaven and added, with a sudden exultant ring in her thrilling voice, and a strange rapt splendour in her uplifted eyes,—

"Innocent! Innocent! Thou God knowest! Innocent of this sin, as the angels that see Thy face."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. GRANTLIN.

As a glassy summer sea suddenly quivers, heaves, billows under the strong steady pressure of a rising gale, so that human mass surged and broke in waves of audible emotion, when Beryl's voice ceased; for the grace and beauty of a sorrowing woman hold a spell more potent than volumes of forensic eloquence, of juridic casuistry, of rhetorical pyrotechnics, and at its touch the latent floods of pity gushed; people sprang to their feet, and somewhere in the wide auditory a women sobbed. Habitues of a a celebrated Salon des Etrangers recall the tradition of a Hungarian nobleman who, apparently calm, nonchalant, debonair, gambled desperately; "while his right hand, resting easily inside the breast of his coat, clutched and lacerated his flesh till his nails dripped with blood." With emotions somewhat analogous, Mr. Dunbar sat as participant in this judicial rouge et noir, where the stakes were a human life, and the skeleton hand of death was already outstretched. Listening to the calm, mournful voice which alone had power to stir and thrill his pulses, he could not endure the pain of watching the exquisite face that haunted him day and night; and when he computed the chances of a conviction, a maddening perception of her danger made his brain reel.

To all of us comes a supreme hour, when realizing the adamantine limitations of human power, the "thus far, no farther" of relentless physiological, psychological and ethical statutes under which humanity lives, moves, has its being — our desperate souls break through the meshes of that pantheistic idolatry which kneels only to "Natural Laws"; and spring as suppliants to Him who made Law possible. We take our portion of happiness and prosperity, and while it lasts we wander far, far away in the seductive land of philosophical speculation, and revel in the freedom and irresponsibility of Agnosticism; and lo! when adversity smites, and bankruptcy is upon us, we toss the husks of the "Unknowable and Unthinkable" behind us, and flee as the Prodigal who knew his father, to that God whom (in trouble) we surely know.

Certainly Lennox Dunbar was as far removed from religious tendencies as conformity to the canons of conventional morality and the habits of an honorable gentleman in good society would permit; yet to-day, in the intensity of his dread, lest the "consummate flower" of his heart's dearest hope should be laid low in the dust, he involuntarily invoked the aid of a long-forgotten God; and through his set teeth a prayer struggled up to the throne of that divine mercy, which in sunshine we do not see, but which as the soul's eternal lighthouse gleams, glows, beckons in the blackest night of human anguish. In boyhood, desiring to please his invalid and slowly dying mother, he had purchased and hung up opposite her bed, an illuminated copy of her favorite text; and now, by some subtle transmutation in the conversation of spiritual energy, each golden letter of that Bible text seemed emblazoned on the dusty wall of the court-room: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

When a stern reprimand from the Judge had quelled all audible expression of the compassionate sympathy that flowed at the prisoner's story — as the flood at Horeb responded to Moses' touch — there was a brief silence.

Mr. Dunbar rose, crossed the intervening space and stood with his hand on the back of Beryl's chair; then moved on closer to the jury box.

"May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury: Sometimes mistakes are crimes, and he who through unpardonable rashness commits them, should not escape 'unwhipped of justice.' When a man in the discharge of that which he deemed a duty, becomes aware that unintentionally he has perpetrated a great wrong, can he parley with pride, or dally, because the haunting ghost of consistency waves him back from the path of a humiliating reparation? Error is easy, confession galling; and stepping down from the censor's seat to share the mortification of the pillory, is at all times a peculiarly painful reverse; hence, powerful indeed must be the conviction which impels a man who prided himself on his legal astuteness, to come boldly into this sacred confessional of truth and justice, and plead for absolution from a stupendous mistake. Two years ago I became Gen'l Darrington's attorney, and when his tragic death occurred in October last, my professional relations, as well as lifelong friendship, incited me to the prompt apprehension of the person who had murdered him. After a careful and apparently exhaustive examination of the authenticated facts, I was convinced that they pointed only in one direction; and in that belief, I demanded and procured the arrest of the prisoner. For her imprisonment, her presence here to-day, her awful peril, I hold myself responsible; and now, gentlemen of the jury, I ask you as men having hearts of flesh, and all the honorable instincts of manhood, which alone could constitute you worthy umpires in this issue of life or death, do you, can you wonder that regret sits at my ear, chanting mournful dirges, and remorse like a harpy fastens her talons in my soul, when I tell you, that I have committed a blunder so frightful, that it borders on a crime as heinous as that for which my victim stands arraigned? Wise was the spirit of a traditional statute which decreed that the author of a false accusation should pay the penalty designed for the accused; and just indeed would be the retribution, that imposed on me the suffering I have entailed on her.

"Acknowledging the error into which undue haste betrayed me, yet confident that Divine Justice, to whom I have sworn allegiance, has recalled me from a false path to one that I can now tread with absolute certainty of success, I come to-day into this, her sacred temple, lay my hand on her inviolate altar, and claiming the approval of her officiating high-priest, his honor, appeal to you, gentlemen of the jury, to give me your hearty co-operation in my effort to repair a foul wrong, by vindicating innocence.

"Professors of ophthalmotology in a diagnosis of optical diseases, tell us of a symptom of infirmity which they call pseudoblepsis, or 'false sight.' Legal vision exhibits, now and then, a corresponding phase of unconscious perversion of sight, whereby objects are perceived that do not exist, and objects present become transformed, distorted; and such an instance of exaggerated metamorphopsia is presented to-day, in the perverted vision of the prosecution. In the incipiency of this case, prior to, and during the preliminary examination held in October last, I appeared in conjunction with Mr. Wolverton, as assistant counsel in the prosecution, represented by the honorable Mr. Churchill, district solicitor; the object of said prosecution being the conviction of the prisoner, who was held as guilty of Gen'l Darrington's death. Subsequent reflection and search necessitated an abandonment of views that could alone justify such a position; and after consultation with my colleagues I withdrew; not from the prosecution of the real criminal — to the discovery and conviction of whom I shall dedicate every energy of nature — but from the pursuit of one most unjustly accused. Anomalous as is my attitude, the dictates of conscience, reason, heart, force me into it; and because I am the implacable prosecutor of Gen'l Darrington's murderer, I come to plead in defence of the prisoner whom I hold guiltless of the crime, innocent of the charge in the indictment. In the supreme hour of her isolation, she has invoked only one witness; and may that witness, the God above us, the God of justice, the God of innocence, grant me the inspiration, and nerve my arm to snatch her from peril, and triumphantly vindicate the purity of her noble heart and life."

Remembering the important evidence which he had furnished to the prosecution, only a few hours previous, when on the witness stand, people looked at one another questioningly; doubting the testimony of their own senses; and vox populi was not inaptly expressed by the whispered ejaculation of Bedney to Dyce,—

"Judgment day must be breaking! Mars Lennox is done turned a double summerset, and lit plum over on t'other side! It's about ekal to a spavinned, ringboned, hamstung, hobbled horse clearin' a ten-rail fence! He jumps so beautiful, I am afeered he won't stay whar he lit!"

Comprehending all that this public recantation had cost a proud man, jealous of his reputation for professional tact and skill, as well as for individual acumen, Beryl began to realize the depth and fervor of the love that prompted it; and the merciless ordeal to which he would subject her. Inflicting upon himself the smarting sting of the keenest possible humiliation, could she hope that in the attainment of his aim he would spare her? If she threw herself even now upon his mercy, would he grant to her that which he had denied himself?

Dreading the consequences of even a moment's delay, she rose, and a hot flush crimsoned her cheeks, as she looked up at the judge.

"Is it my privilege to decide who shall defend me? Have I now the right to accept or reject proffered aid?"

"The law grants you that privilege; secures you that right."

"Then I decline the services of the counsel who offers to plead in my defence. I wish no human voice raised in my behalf; and having made my statement in my own defence, I commit my cause to the hands of my God."

For a moment her eyes dwelt upon the lawyer's, and as she resumed her seat, she saw the spark in their blue depths leap into a flame. Advancing a few steps, his handsome face aglow, his voice rang like a bugle call,—

"May it please your honor: Anomalous conditions sanction, necessitate most anomalous procedure, where the goal sought is simple truth and justice; and since the prisoner prefers to rest her cause, I come to this bar as Amicus Curiæ, and appeal for permission to plead in behalf of my clients, truth and justice, who hold me in perpetual retainment. In prosecution of the real criminal, in order to unravel the curiously knitted web, and bring the culprit to summary punishment, I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to ponder dispassionately the theory I have not the honor to submit to your scrutiny.

"The prisoner, whom I regard as the victim of my culpable haste and deplorably distorted vision, is as innocent of Gen'l Darrington's murder as you or I; but I charge, that while having no complicity in that awful deed, she is nevertheless perfectly aware of the name of the person who committed it. Not particeps criminis, neither consenting to, aiding, abetting nor even acquainted with the fact of the crime, until accused of its perpetration; yet at this moment in possession of the only clue which will enable justice to seize the murderer. Conscious of her innocence, she braves peril that would chill the blood of men, and extort almost any secret; and shall I tell you the reason? Shall I give you the key to an enigma which she knows means death?

"Gentlemen of the jury, is there any sacrifice so tremendous, any anguish so keen, any shame so dreadful, any fate so overwhelmingly terrible as to transcend the endurance, or crush the power of a woman's love? Under the invincible inspiration, when danger threatens her idol, she knows no self: disgrace, death affright her not; she extends her arms to arrest every approach, offers her own breast as a shield against darts, bullets, sword thrusts, and counts it a privilege to lay down life in defence of that idol. Oh! loyalty supreme, sublime, immortal! thy name is woman's love.

"All along the march of humanity, where centuries have trailed their dust, traditions gleam like monuments to attest the victory of this immemorial potency, female fidelity; and when we of the nineteenth century seek the noblest, grandest type of merely human self-abnegation, that laid down a pure and happy life, to prolong that of a beloved object, we look back to the lovely image of that fair Greek woman, who, when the parents of the man she loved refused to give their lives to save their son, summoned death to accept her as a willing victim; and deeming it a privilege, went down triumphantly into the grave. Sustained, exalted by this most powerful passion that can animate and possess a human soul, the prisoner stands a poor, voluntary, self-devoted victim; defying the terrors of the law, consenting to condemnation — surrendering to an ignominous death, in order to save the life of the man she loves.

"Grand and beautiful as is the spectacle of her calm, mournful heroism, I ask you, as men capable of appreciating her noble self-immolation, can you permit the consummation of this sacrifice? Will you, dare you, selected, appointed, dedicated by solemn oaths to administer justice, prove so recreant to your holy trust as aid, abet, become accessories to, and responsible for the murder of the prisoner, by accepting a stainless victim, to appease that violated law which only the blood of the guilty can ever satisfy?

"In order to avert so foul a blot on the escutcheon of our state judiciary, in order to protect innocence from being slaughtered, and supremely in order to track and bring to summary punishment the criminal who robbed and murdered Gen'l Darrington, I now desire, and request that your honor will permit me to cross-examine the prisoner on the statement she has offered in defence."

"In making that request, counsel must be aware that it is one of the statutory provisions of safety to the accused, whom the law holds innocent until proved guilty, that no coercion can be imployed to extort answers. It is, however, the desire of the court, and certainly must accrue to the benefit of the prisoner, that she should take the witness stand in her own defence."

For a moment there was neither sound nor motion.

"Will the prisoner answer such questions as in the opinion of the court are designed solely to establish her innocence? If so, she will take the stand."

With a sudden passionate movement at variance with her demeanor throughout the trial, she threw up her clasped hands, gazed at them, then pressed them ring downward as a seal upon her lips; and after an instant, answered slowly,—

"Now and henceforth, I decline to answer any and all questions. I am innocent, entirely innocent. The burden of proof rests upon my accusers."

Mr. Dunbar watched her, noted the scarlet spots burning on her cheeks, the strange expression of her eyes that glowed with unnatural lustre, a scowl darkened his face; a cruel smile curved his lips, and made his teeth gleam. Was it worth while to save her against her will; to preserve the heart he coveted for the vile miscreant to whom she had irrevocably given it? With an upward movement of his noble head, like the impatient toss of a horse intolerant of curb, he stepped back close to the girl, and stood with his hand on the back of her chair.

"In view of the palpable evasion of justice through obstinate non responsion, will it please the court to overrule the prisoner's objection?"

Several moments elapsed before Judge Parkman replied, and he gnawed the end of his grizzled moustache, debating the consequences of dishonoring precedent — that fetich of the bench.

"The court cannot so rule. The prisoner has decided upon the line of defence, as is the inalienable right; and since she persistently assumes that responsibility, the court must sustain her decision."

The expression of infinite and intense relief that stole over the girl's countenance was noted by judge and jury, as she sank back wearily in her chair, like one lifted from some rack of torture. Resting thus, her shoulder pressed against the hand that lay on the top of the chair, but he did not move a finger; and some magnetic influence drew her gaze to meet his. He felt the tremor that crept over her, understood the mute appeal, the prayer for forbearance that made her mournful grey eyes so eloquent, and a sinister smile distorted his handsome mouth.

"The spirit and intent of the law, the usages of criminal practice, above all, hoary precedent, before which we bow, each and all sanction your honor's ruling; and yet despite everything, the end I sought is already attained. Is not the refusal of the prisoner proof positive, 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ' of the truth of my theory? With jealous dread she seeks to lock the clue in her faithful heart, courting even the coffin, that would keep it safe through all the storms of time. Impregnable in her citadel of silence, with the cohorts of codes to protect her from escalade and assault, will the guardians of justice have obeyed her solemn commands when they permit the prisoner to light the funeral pyre where she elects to throw herself — a vicarious sacrifice for another's sins? For a nature so exalted, the Providence who endowed it has decreed a nobler fate; and by His help, and that of your twelve consciences, I purpose to save her from a species of suicide, and to consign to the hangman the real criminal. The evidence now submitted, will be furnished by the testimony of witnesses who, at my request, have been kept without the hearing of the court."

He left Beryl's chair, and once more approached the jury.

"Isam Hornbuckle."

A negro man, apparently sixty years old, limped into the witness stand, and having been sworn, stood leaning on his stick, staring uneasily about him.

"What is your name?"

"Isam Clay Hornbuckle."

"Where do you live?"

"Nigh the forks of the road, close to 'Possum Ridge."

"How far from town?"

"By short cuts I make it about ten miles; but the gang what works the road calls it twelve."

"Have you a farm there?"

"Yes'ir. A pretty tolerble farm; a cornfield and potato patch and gyarden, and parsture for my horgs and oxin, and a slipe of woods for my pine knots."

"What is your business?"

"Tryin' to make a livin', and it keeps me bizzy, for lans is poor, and seasons is most ginerally agin crops."

"How long have you been farming?"

"Only sense I got mashed up more'an a year ago on the railroad."

"In what capacity did you serve, when working on the railroad?"

"I was fireman under ingeneer Walker on the lokymotive 'Gin'l Borygyard,' what most ginerally hauled freight No. 2. The ingines goes now by numbers, but we ole hands called our'n always 'Borygyard.'"

"You were crippled in a collision between two freight trains?"

"Yes'ir; but t'other train was the cause of the ——"

"Never mind the cause of the accident. You moved out to Possum Ridge; can you remember exactly when you were last in town?"

"To be shore! I know exactly, 'cause it was the day my ole 'oman's step-father's granny's funeral sarmont was preached; and that was on a Thursday, twenty-sixth of October. an' I come up to 'tend it."

"Is it not customary to preach the funeral sermons on Sunday?"

"Most ginerally, boss, it are; but you see Bre'r Green, what was to preach the ole 'oman's had a big baptizin' for two Sundays han' runnin', and he was gwine to Boston for a spell, on the next comin Saddy, so bein' as our time belonks to us now, we was free to 'pint a week day."

"You are positive it was the twenty-sixth?"

"Oh, yes'ir; plum postiv. The day was norated from all the baptiss churches, so as the kinfolks could gether from far and nigh."

"At what hour on Thursday was the funeral sermon preached?"

"Four o'clock sharp."

"Where did you stay while in town?"

"With my son Ducaleyon who keeps a barber-shop on Main street."

"When did you return home?"

"I started before day, Friday mornin', as soon as the rain hilt up."

"At what hour do you think?"

"The town clock was a strikin' two, jes as I passed the express office at the station."

"Now, Isam, tell the court what you saw, and what happened; and be very careful in all you say, remembering you are on your oath."

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTENSE SUFFERING!

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable.

They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

ST. JACOBS OIL

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Clothier — Why did you charge that man $6 for a $5 pair of pants! New Clerk — He wanted a $6 pair and the highest priced pants in the store are $5, so I gave him a pair of those. Clothier — You may consider your salary increased from 10 to 12.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If 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 Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. 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.

"Do ye kape butter here?"

"Kape butter? ye greenhorn! I've kept butter this twenty years."

"Well, kape it then. It's too ould for me."

FOR YOUNG OR OLD.

Gentlemen,— One of my little girls (aged 4 years) had been troubled with costiveness in its worst form since infancy. We tried different remedies which gave relief while using, but as soon as discontinued she would be worse than before using. She lost her appetite and was growing weak and delicate. A friend of mine who had used B. B. B. with grand results for the same disease advised me to try it, and also the Burdock Pills, which we did. She did not take the contents of one bottle before it relieved her, and not only relieved her, but permanently cured her, for she has not been troubled once since, and she is now eight years old.

HENRY REYNOLDS, Sarepta, Ont.

A game of "living whist" was played at Newburyport the other night. A gentleman in each case played the knave, but a lady played the deuce.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you are Feeble and Emaciated — Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Violet: "Ma, how do people know it's a man in the moon?" Mother sadly: "Because it's always out nights."

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

The new Egyptian dream book is creating quite a stir. Whether you believe in dreams and visions or not it will interest and instruct all who read it, as it contains full interpretations of a complete list of dreams with other attractive features. Sent by return mail on receipt of 3 cent stamp, T. MILBURN, & Co., Toronto, Ont.

First Statesman — "How is the official investigation into these railway charges coming on?" Second Statesman — "Splendidly, splendidly. We've succeeded in not finding out a thing."

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have a cold — Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Der loser nefer labors under a mishtook. He nefer labors under anyting dot vos hafe any work in it, says Hans.

WHEN NATURE SMILES AGAIN.

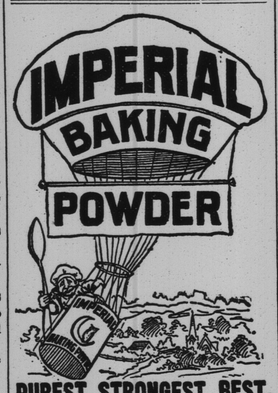
When nature smiles again in the mild spring days, mankind often groans from the effects of bad blood and kindred troubles engendered by the long hard winter. Remove the cause of all the trouble by purifying your blood with nature's remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters, the best blood searcher and tonic ever discovered.

"I have just learned the difference between a vase and vahs and a vauze." "How do you distinguish them?" "Anything that costs less than fifty cents is a vase; between fifty cents and $7 is a vahs; over $7 is a vauze."

EXTENDED EXPERIENCE,

Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere. Substitutes are everywhere offered as just as good. Take "Putnam's" only.

"Paw," said little Tommy Figg, "I heard Mr. Watts say that great men's sons never did any good. I ain't a great man's son am I?" Up to a late hour Mr. Figg's mind had not found a sufficiently diplomatic answer.



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injuriant.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed 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.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P. O. address.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE St WEST TORONTO, ONT.

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used

Relieved in Two Days.

your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Constipation Life of Misery

While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind."

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

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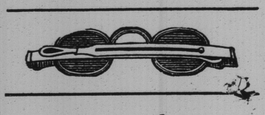

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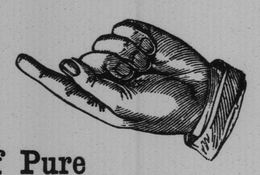

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