

POETRY.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break!

How much the flesh may suffer and yet not die!

I question much if any pain or ache of soul or body brings our end more nigh.

Death chooses his own time, till that is shown

All evils may be borne.

SELECT STORY.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

A TALE OF THE ROCKIES.

CHAPTER X.

"You will tell me all about your troubles this afternoon, dear," said Grace.

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forced back the rising flood and her lips were tightly compressed as she tried to conceive the manner of punishment he would inflict upon his uncle for the cowardly assault upon his sister.

"The Elsie remembered she was expected to accept or reject the kindly proposals of her friends, and thoughts of vengeance died away with the return of the feeling of thankfulness for the happy haven of rest and protection so warmly tendered her.

"I scarcely know how to thank you for your kind and loving invitation," she uttered, her voice trembling and tears again starting to her eyes.

"Your acceptance will be sufficient for our satisfaction," Mr. Lester pleaded.

"We will give you until to-morrow, dear, to think over it, and Elsie knew a mother's heart prompted the tender counsel.

Grace completely broke down the barrier to mirth by quaintly adding, "And as you are not responsible until you are of age, Elsie, we will think over your resolution until we can communicate with Angus."

"Mr. Lester forgot his dignity and laughed uproariously. His wife vainly struggled against her smiles. And Elsie caught the infection with a joyfulness that irradiated her countenance for the rest of the day.

Grace alone preserved her gravity, for she was intensely in earnest in what she had said, and was without perception of the irresistibly comic twist she had given to the supplicatory conversation. But she was delighted at the healthy change in the social atmosphere, and sought no explanation.

Elsie again expressed her sense of obligation so lovingly forced upon her, and stated her resolve to remain until she had given a more serious contemplation to her future.

"That night, after assisting in the entertainment of her new home-mates and the young doctor, charming them with her brilliancy, Elsie dropped into sleep with a long sigh of blissful content. Mrs. Lester had entered her room and kissed her with maternal tenderness ere her head had warmed the snowy pillow.

CHAPTER XI.

The summer sun shone brightly on the grounds surrounding the home of the editor of the M— Advertiser; the twittering robins hopped from bough to bough and flew from tree to tree, in a merry game of hide and seek, the faint breeze played with the maple leaves, putting them in a flutter of delight; and the musical notes of the waterfall foisted up from the ravine, a joyous orchestral accompaniment to the movements of the actors in Nature's theatre. The warm June breeze was dancing high in the treetops to the song of the birds on the pinging branches.

Mrs. Lester and Elsie were seated in the rustic arbor, Grace's favorite retreat. Two weeks had elapsed since Elsie's arrival, and it was only on the preceding evening that she had announced the result of her cogitation upon the situation of her affairs.

"And are you really determined to go in search of your brother, Elsie?" Mrs. Lester asked, disbelievingly.

"I have no other alternative," Elsie replied; "at Christmas I will be freed from the guardianship of my uncle, and Angus must be in Ottawa at that time to look after my portion of father's estate."

"It would be possible to bring your brother in time by a letter, or by sending some gentleman friend for him," Mrs. Lester urged.

"A letter or friend would be disinterested couriers," Elsie argued, and if I go, there will be less fear of failure."

"But do you not fear to go unattended, dear?" Mrs. Lester asked.

"I have plenty of money; that will buy me friends. My robust constitution will supply me with courage. The desire to find Angus will take me over every barrier that may retard my journey."

Elsie made the reply with a confidence in her resources that alienated the elderly lady into a quiet acceptance of the inevitable.

"Since I cannot persuade you from attempting so hazardous an undertaking," Mrs. Lester said, hesitatingly, "I can at least offer you a companion. Franklin and I discussed your resolution last night, and agreed to send Grace with you."

"Then you can turn to any portion of Bacon for my answer," said Elsie, the fun dancing in her eyes.

Peals of laughter went up from around the happy circle, and the rector confessed defeat with a glance of admiration at his fair opponent.

Then Mrs. Lester led the way into the drawing-room, and the evening was devoted to music and cribbage.

When the rector had returned to his home that night, and was safe in the privacy of his chamber, he wondered if he had committed himself to agonistic; but he could not remember exactly what he had said, for his thoughts were yet tangled with the brilliancy of a pair of eyes and the magic of a sweet voice speaking to him in modulated tones.

CHAPTER XII.

The surveyors reached the summit of the main range of the Rockies about the middle of July. The pack train had abandoned them a week ago to return for another supply of provisions, and they had been forced since then to carry the camp equipment on their backs.

[The manner in which articles are transported on the backs of men through the mountains is by an ingenious device invented by the Indians. A bundle is built long and narrow as possible, and weighty in proportion to the bearer's strength and endurance. The trumpline—a strap about twelve feet in length, three inches in breadth at the centre, and tapering to fine points—is then brought into requisition. Its ends are made into two sturdy encircling the middle of the bundle, and are tied in a way to prevent the strap moving from its position. The bundle is stood on end, the bearer sits down, shows his back against the burden, draws the trumpline over his shoulders, and plants his forehead against the broad portion of the bundle. When he regains his feet he finds the pack is comfortably balanced, and permits unlimited freedom in his arduous climbing up and down the steep mountain sides. A novice will suffer from stiffness and pain at the back of his neck for a few days, but the discomforts pass off without any serious result.]

"If you deem it wise that Elsie and Grace should hear it, my previous objection is removed," Mr. Lester replied.

"The young ladies will be none the worse for the disclosure," said the rector, bringing forth the letter at once and reading it.

me to the memory of the teachings which were so industriously implanted in my impressionable heart since first I knelt at my darling mother's knee in prayer.

Were you at my side, you would grasp my hand, awe-stricken at the magnificently-proportioned, gigantic structure which takes the shape of an impenetrable castle set high in the clouds. But I will wait my return home before attempting explanations which, when you have heard, will most assuredly quicken your curiosity and tempt you into a visit to this lovely spot. Your affectionate son,

"Jack Lester."

"The dear boy has been studying under a teacher whose knowledge is immeasurable; and my puny efforts at instruction have faded before the great light which has dawned upon him," the rector commented, immediately after reading the letter.

"You take a decidedly charitable view of the matter," Mr. Lester said, with a sigh of relief. "I am not free from doubts on the correctness of the doctrine which I support, probably with too much hesitancy; but Jack's sweeping change stamps it as a revelation."

"My darling son has a noble mind," Mrs. Lester interposed, with a ring of pride in her voice. "He has, doubtless, grasped a truth which has been shrouded with unnecessary mystery since the worship of God through Christ has been inaugurated."

"Bravo, mamma," exclaimed Grace. "Jack shall hear your loyal expression of opinion, word for word, when I meet him."

"And what has Miss Macdonald to say on the subject?" the rector questioned, anxious to raise discussion.

"I have an idea, after listening to the intelligent comments upon the equally intelligent letter, that Grace's brother has fired a bombshell into an enemy's camp," Elsie replied, with a sobersness which she did not feel.

"And I have an idea," exclaimed the rector, "that my fair friend has supplied the deficiency with right good will."

"I should have warned you against crossing swords with Elsie," laughed Mrs. Lester. "My charming guest has ousted me ignominiously in argument and repartee on several occasions."

"But my colors yet float in the breeze," retorted the rector, "and the bursting of a shell is not considered a cause for defeat."

"My husband intended you a kindness, Mr. Lester, when he assured you of defeat," Mrs. Lester remarked, quietly answering a thrust at the rector's well-known conceit in his ability for flooring any antagonist in argument upon religion.

"My dear madam," returned the rector, with a bland smile, "your husband's assurance is not always as convincing as your own."

"A beleaguered fortress seldom falls promptly return the fire from deadly mortars," Grace suggested, anxious for a renewal of the fight.

"Your suggestion has struck home, Miss Grace," said the rector, "and if Miss Macdonald adjudges my question pertinent, may I ask her if her religious belief is unqualifiedly in accord with that of the writer of the letter?"

"I should be very impolite, Mr. Lester, if I disturb the conviviality of this assembly with a negative," equivoated Elsie, with unbroken cheer.

"Another bombshell!" exclaimed the editor, tickled at Elsie's cleverness.

"Not mortally wounded, but somewhat breathless," reported the rector, with well-remembered urbanity.

"A general laugh ensued at the expense of the clergyman, who returned to the charge with undaunted courage, supported with an interrogation which he delivered as a forlorn hope.

"Would your generosity, Miss Macdonald, help you to acquiesce in the belief of the Jews concerning the divinity of the man they crucified, were we all, excepting yourself, descendants of the serpent who tempted to-be-down-trodden race?" the rector asked.

"You have erected imaginary confessional bars between us, Mr. Lester," laughed Elsie, "and forget other of your flock are present to destroy the secrecy of my confession."

"But if I take on the character of a Jew, you cannot suppose me to be a priest," the rector retorted.

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CHAPTER XIII.

As Harmon's circus was exhibiting in a western town the attendants were thrown into consternation. The Chinese attendants who had been left in charge became panic-stricken, for in the end of the menagerie the famous black panther and the beautiful leopard met in mortal combat. The struggle was one never to be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness it.

The panther fastened his teeth in the throat of the leopard and the fight was fierce and terrible in the extreme. To add to the swiftness of the encounter, both the other animals became excited. The lions and tigers roared and rushed frantically about their cages, the monkeys kept up a terrible chattering, and the huge black bears got up on their hind legs and moved fiercely about, clawing at the bars of the cages and endeavoring with all their might to get out.

The party gathered on the shore of a small lake, regarding its two outlets with great interest, one channel starting the waters on their long journey to the Arctic ocean, the other to the Pacific.

The next day Jack and Angus went on a tour of inspection and discovered a beautiful body of water (Kicking Horse lake) a few miles down the western slope. Two white swans sailed together gracefully upon the rippling surface.

"We will make our headquarters for the present where we stand," Angus said, "and when the pack-train arrives, I will have my way sufficiently advanced to move farther down the slope."

"It is a romantic site for our camp," Jack remarked; "and your resolution promises me time for hunting the borders of this lovely lake most thoroughly."

In two days a little canvas village was established on the shores of Kicking Horse lake and its inhabitants engaged in a daily routine of labor. The ring of the axe and the crashing fall of the great Douglas firs announced the surveyors at work on a compass line.

The cracking of Jack's rifle and the baying of the boundless woods the echoes and drove them mocking in all directions. The quietude of the valley was disturbed, the monarchs of the forest were being laid low, and the big game was starting into greater caution in their movements.

Wandering into a grassy opening one morning, Jack was surprised to see an Indian seated on a log at the opposite side. His first thought was that his strange guide had reappeared, probably bringing him a bogus of letters and newspapers; but he was quickly deceived when he heard the little native say:

"Halo muck-muck!" (no food) exclaimed the Indian, rubbing his stomach and gazing at Jack with a look of entreaty.

"You are in a muck, sure!" Angus retorted, treating him to an astonished stare.

"Sick tum-ah! Halo muck-muck!" (sick; no food) again exclaimed the Indian, drawing out his words to enforce their meaning.

The signs of hunger were so apparent in the hollow cheeks and slim waist of the suppliant, that it was not difficult for Jack to understand the language in which he was addressed. He emptied his pocket of two biscuits, placed there for an emergency, and sat down while the food was being rapidly forced into the aching vacancy.

The Indian appeared to be a comical character. His eyes, glistening with many tears and glistening with hunger, and clothing and rifle as he worked greedily at the biscuits, and a merry twinkle gathered as his gaze was returned with a sympathetic smile. His dark hair showed through a crownless, battered straw hat.

His suit of store clothes were torn in many places and mended by hunching the cloth around the rents and tying with string. His boots were badly broken and only held together with pieces of cord. He was a picture of desolation, and yet his frequent smiles betrayed little sadness.

When he had finished the cakes he pointed his finger at Jack and said: "King George's man! Hi-u muck a muck!" (Englishman; lots of food). Then he pressed his hand to his breast and faltered, "Shuswap!" (the name of his tribe; all broke up).

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Lubon 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 from excess of work, or 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, all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes 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 flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart which beats strong, dizziness of the head, 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.

IN DEADLY COMBAT.

As Harmon's circus was exhibiting in a western town the attendants were thrown into consternation. The Chinese attendants who had been left in charge became panic-stricken, for in the end of the menagerie the famous black panther and the beautiful leopard met in mortal combat. The struggle was one never to be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness it.

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The deadly struggle, however, was short. In five minutes the leopard, a really beautiful animal, lay still and vanquished, with three open wounds on his throat, and the panther retired, satisfied to take the penalty of the law for wild murder. The greatest wonder of all was that the tigers stood the fearful attacks of the lion and lions. Had they not been carefully overhauled before they were placed in the circus there might have been a very serious occurrence to record.

COAL.

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

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In Stone and Chestnut sizes.

Old Mine's 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 at my weekly lowest price, as my motto is the public sale and small margins. Orders left at the office of P. J. Morrison, Queen Street, will receive prompt attention.

P. FARRELL.

Fredericton, July 4th, 1892.

THE RAW, CUTTING WINDS

Bring to the surface every latent pain. A change of even a few degrees marks the difference between comfort and pain to many persons. Happily disease now holds less sway. Science is continually bringing forward new remedies which successfully combat disease. Polson's Nervine—serves pain cure—has proved the most successful pain relieving remedy known. Its application is wide, for it is equally efficient in all forms of pain whether internal or external. 25 cents a bottle, at druggists.

Old Martel—Whiskey has very different effects in different parts of the city. Bowne de Boy—You don't say so? Old Martel—On the Bowery, it causes drunkenness; on Wall street, alcoholism; and on fifth avenue, heart failure.

DIARRHOEA AND VOMITING.

GENTLEMEN—About five weeks ago I was taken with a very severe attack of diarrhoea and vomiting. The pain was almost unbearable and I thought I could not live till morning, but after I had taken the third dose of Fowler's Wild Strawberry the vomiting ceased, and after the sixth dose the diarrhoea stopped, and I have not had the least symptom of it since. Mrs. ALICE HOKES, Hamilton, Ont.

Bellows—Now, if you were in my shoes what do you think you would do? Breeze (examining them)—Well, I certainly think I should get another pair.

A PERFECT COOK.

A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after you use Burdock Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form.

Edison has patented 600 inventions, but he has to sleep all the summer just as vainly as anybody else. Genius cannot do everything.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

GENTLEMEN—Last summer our children were very bad with summer complaint, and the only remedy that did them any good was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. We used twelve bottles during the warm weather and would not be without it at five times the cost. JAS. HEALY, New Edinburgh, Ont.

It often happens that a fellow who "wags his tongue all morning" can't go home then until somebody pays a fine for him.

The experiment which Messrs. Luckett & Son entered upon when they commenced to make their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco was this: to give the public a tobacco of the very finest Virginia leaf at the smallest possible margin beyond its actual cost, in the hope that it would be so extensively bought as to remunerate them. By the end of three years the demand for it had grown so much as to give assurance that the success of the experiment was within reach. The demand for it to-day is more than ten times greater than it was then and it is still increasing. Success has been reached.

"I can take a hundred words a minute," said the stenographer. "I often take more than that," remarked the other in a scornful accent; "but then I have to 'em married."

THE WORST FORM.

DEAR SIR—About three years ago I was troubled with dyspepsia in its worst form, neither food nor medicine would stay on my stomach, and it seemed impossible to get relief. Finally I took one bottle of B. B. and one box of Burdock Pills, and they cured me completely. Mrs. S. B. SMITH, Emmale, Ont.

The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe worth \$400,000. It is not prudent to let a pipe like that ever go out.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Phosphate, or any Injurious.

"How do you like it? Nicely, Thank You. Thank Who?"

Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION?

Give it. That it does not make you sick when you take it. Give it. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil. Give it. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer. Give it. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrophulous Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colic.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and 10c. per bottle. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

COAL.

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

LEHIGH HARD COAL.

In Stone and Chestnut sizes.

Old Mine's 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 at my weekly lowest price, as my motto is the public sale and small margins. Orders left at the office of P. J. Morrison, Queen Street, will receive prompt attention.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Roster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

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

Also a large stock of Feeding Oats, Heavy Feed, and Bran, Chop Feed, and Sell low.

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