## POETRY.

### GOOD-BYE, GOD BLESS YOU.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold, and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folks deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it

I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for;
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
He says: "Good-bye, God bless you!"

This seems to be a sacred phrase
With reverence, impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned,
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful;

Into the portals of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its greatest function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you;
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told, "Good-bye, God bless you!"

—Eugene Field.

## SELECT STORY.

# BERYL BRENTANO

—OR—

### THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CONTINUED.

### CHAPTER XIX.

To the same astute and unchanging race, whose relentless code of jurisprudence demanded 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life,' we owe the instructive picture of cautious inquiry, of tender solicitude for the inviolability of human life, that glows in immortal lustre on the pages of the 'Mechilta' of the Talmud. In the trial of a Hebrew criminal, there were 'Lactees,' consisting of two men, one of whom stood at the door of the court, with a red flag in his hand, and the other sat on a white horse at some distance on the road to execution. Each of these men cried aloud continually the name of the suspected criminal, of the witness, and his crime; and vehemently called upon any person who knew anything in his favor to come forward and testify. Have we, supercilious braggarts of this age of progress, attained the prudential wisdom of Sanhedrim?

"The state pays an officer to sift, probe, collect and array the evidences of crime, with which the criminal is stoned to death; does it likewise commission and compensate an equally painstaking, lynx-eyed official whose sole duty is to hunt and proclaim proofs of the innocence of the accused? The great body of the commonwealth is committed in revengeful zeal to prosecution; upon whom devolves the doubly sacred and imperative duty of defence? Are you not here to give judgment in a cause based on the indictment by a secret tribunal, where ex parte testimony was alone received, and the voice of the defence could not be heard? The law refers that the keen instinct of self-preservation will force the accused to secure the strongest possible legal defenders; and tailing in this, the law perfunctorily assigns counsel to present testimony in defence. Do the scales balance?

"Imagine a race for heavy stakes; the judges tap the bell, three or four superb thoroughbreds carefully trained on that track, laboriously groomed, waiting for the signal, spring forward; and when the first quarter is reached, a belated fifth, handicapped with the knowledge that he has made a desperately bad start, bounds after them. If by hint of some superhuman grace vouchsafed, some latent strain, some most unexpected speed, he nears, overtakes, runs neck and neck, slowly gains, passes all four and dashes breathless and quivering under the string, a whole length ahead, the world of spectators shouts, the judges smile, and number five wins the stakes. But was the race fair?

"Is not justice, the beloved goddess of our idolatry, sometimes so blinded by clouds of argument, and confused by clamor, that she fails indeed to see the dip of the beam? If the accused be guilty and escape conviction, he still lives; and while it is provided that no one can be twice put in jeopardy of his life for the same offence, vicious tendencies impel to renewal of crime, and Nemesis, the retriever of justice, may yet hunt him down. If the accused be innocent as the archangels, but suffer conviction and execution, what expiation can justice offer for judicially slaughtering him? Are the chances even?

"All along the dim vista of the annals of criminal jurisprudence, stand grim memorials that mark the substitution of innocent victims for guilty criminals; and they are solemn sign posts of warning, melancholy as the whitened bones of perished caravans in desert sands. History relates, and tradition embalms, a sad incident of the era of the council of ten, when an innocent boy was seized, tried and executed for the murder of a nobleman, whose real assassin confessed the crime many years subsequent. In commemoration of the public horror manifested, when the truth was published, Venice decreed that henceforth a crier should proclaim in the tribunal just before a death sentence was pronounced, 'Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini! remember the poor Marcolini'; beware of merely circumstantial evidence.

"To another instance I invite your attention. A devoted Scotch father finding that his only child had contracted an unfortunate attachment to a man of notoriously bad character, interdicted all communication, and locked his daughter into a tenement room; the adjoining apartment (with only a thin partition wall between) being occupied by a neighbor, who overheard the angry altercation that ensued. He recognized the voices of father and daughter, and the words 'barbarity,' 'cruelty,' 'death,' were repeatedly heard. The father at last left the room, locking his child in as a prisoner. After a time, strange noises were heard by the tenant of the adjoining chamber; suspicion was aroused, a bailiff was summoned, the door forced open, and there lay the dying girl weltering in blood, with the fatal knife lying near. She was asked if her father had caused her sad condition, and she made an affirmative gesture and expired. At that moment the father returned, and stood stupefied with horror, which was interpreted as a consciousness of guilt; and this was corroborated by the fact that his shirt sleeve was sprinkled with blood. In vain he asserted his innocence, and showed that the blood stains were the result of a bandage having become untied where he had bled himself a few days before. The words and groans overheard, the blood, the affirmation of the dying woman, every damning circumstance constrained the jury to convict him of the murder. He was hung in chains, and his body left swinging from the gibbet. The new tenant, who subsequently rented the room, was ransacking the chamber in which the girl died, when, in a cavity of the chimney, where it had fallen unnoticed, was found a paper written by this girl, declaring her intention to commit suicide, and closing with the words: 'My inhuman father is the cause of my death'; thus explaining her dying gestures. On examination of this document by the friends and relatives of the girl, it was recognized and identified as her handwriting; and it established the fact that the father had died innocent of every crime, except that of trying to save his child from a degrading marriage.

"Now, mark the prompt and satisfactory reparation decreed by justice, and carried out by the officers of the law. The shrivelled, dishonored body was lowered from the gibbet, given to his relatives for decent burial, and the magistrates who sentenced him ordered a flag waved over his grave, as compensation for all his wrongs.

"Gentlemen of the jury: to save you from the commission of a wrong even more cruel, I come to-day to set before you clearly the facts, elicited from witnesses which the honorable and able counsel for the prosecution declined to cross-examine. An able expounder of the law of evidence has warned us that: 'The force of circumstantial evidence being exclusive in its nature, and the mere coincidence of the hypothesis with the circumstances, being, in the abstract, insufficient, unless they exclude every other supposition, it is essential to inquire, with the most scrupulous attention, what other hypothesis there may be, agreeing wholly or partially with the facts in evidence.'

"A man of very marked appearance was seen running toward the railroad, on the night of the twenty-sixth, evidently goaded by some unusual necessity to leave the neighborhood of X——, before the arrival of the passenger express. It is proved that he passed the station exactly at the time the prisoner deposed he heard the voice, and the half of the envelope that enclosed the missing will was found at the spot where the same person was seen only a few moments later. Four days afterward, this man entered a small station in Pennsylvania, paid for a railroad ticket, with a coin identical in value and appearance with those stolen from the tin box, and as if foreordained to publish the steps he was striving to efface, accidentally left behind him the trumpet-tongued fragment of envelope, that exactly fitted into the torn strip dropped at the bridge. The most exhaustive and diligent search shows that stranger was seen by no one else in X——; that he came as a thief in the night, provided with chloroform to drug his intended victim, and having been detected in the act of burglariously abstracting the contents of the tin box, fought with, and killed the venerable old man whom he had robbed.

"Under cover of storm and darkness he escaped with his plunder to some point north of X——, where doubtless he boarded (unperceived) the freight train, and at some convenient point slipped into a wooded country, and made his way to Pennsylvania. Why were valuable bonds untouched? Because they might aid in betraying him. What conceivable interest had he in the destruction of Gen'l Darrington's will? It is in evidence, that the lamp was burning, and the contents of that envelope could have possessed no value for a man ignorant of the provisions of the will; and the superscription it was impossible to misread. Suppose that this mysterious person was fully cognizant of the family secrets of the Darringtons? Suppose that he knew that Mrs. Brentano and her daughter would inherit a large fortune if Gen'l Darrington died intestate? If he had wooed and won the heart of the daughter, and believed that her rights had been sacrificed to promote the aggrandizement of an alien, the adopted step-son Prince, had not such a man, the accepted lover of the daughter, a personal interest in the provisions of a will which disinherited Mrs. Brentano and her child? Have you not now motive, means, and opportunity, and links of evidence that point to this man as the real agent, the guilty author of the awful crime we are all leagued in solemn, legal covenant to punish? Suppose that fully aware of the prisoner's mission to X——, he had secretly followed, and supplemented her afternoon visit by the fatal interview of the night? Doubtless he had intended escorting her home, but when the frightful tragedy was completed, the curse of Cain drove him, in terror, to instant flight; and he sought safety in western wilds, leaving his innocent and hapless betrothed to bear the penalty of his crime. The handkerchief used to administer chloroform bore her initials; was doubtless a souvenir given in days gone by to that unworthy miscreant, as a token of affection, by the trusting woman he deserted in the hour of peril. In this solution of an awful emigma, is there an undue strain upon credulity? is there any antagonism of facts, which the torn envelope, the pipe, the twenty-dollar gold piece seen in Pennsylvania, do not reconcile?

"A justly celebrated writer on the law of evidence has wisely said: 'In criminal cases, the statement made by the accused is of essential importance in some points of view. Such is the complexity of human affairs, and so infinite the combinations of circumstances, that the true hypothesis which is capable of explaining and reuniting all the apparently conflicting circumstances of the case, may escape the acutest penetration; but the prisoner, so far as he alone is concerned, can always afford a clue to them; and though he may be unable to support his statement by evidence, his account of the transaction is, for this purpose, always most material and important. The effect may be to suggest a view, which consists with the innocence of the accused, and might otherwise have escaped observation.'

"During the preliminary examination of this prisoner in October, she inadvertently furnished this clue, when, in explaining her absence from the station house, she stated that, suddenly awakened from sleep, 'she heard the voice of one she knew and loved,' and ran out to seek the speaker. Twice she has repeated the conversation she heard, and every word is corroborated by the witness who saw and talked with the owner of that 'beloved voice.' When asked to give the name of that man, whom she expected to find in the street, she falters, refuses; love seals her lips; and the fact that she will die sooner than yield that which must bring him to summary justice, is alone sufficient to fix the guilt upon the real culprit.

"There is a rule in the criminal jurisprudence, that 'presumptive evidence ought never to be relied on, when direct testimony is wilfully withheld.' She shudders at sight of the handkerchief. Did she not give it to him, in some happy hour, as a tender Ricordo? When the pipe which he lost in his precipitate flight is held up to the jury, she recognizes it instantly as her lover's property, and shivers with horror at the danger of his detection and apprehension. Does not this array of accusing circumstances demand as careful consideration as the chain held up to your scrutiny by the prosecution? In the latter there is an important link missing, which the theory of the defence supplies. When the prisoner was arrested and searched, there was found in her possession only the exact amount of money, which it is in evidence that she came south to obtain, and which she has solemnly affirmed was given to her by Gen'l Darrington. We know from memoranda found in the rifled box that it contained only a few days previous five hundred dollars in gold. Three twenty dollar gold coins were discovered on the carpet, and one in the vault. What became of the remaining three hundred and twenty-dollars? With the exception of one hundred dollars found in the basket of the prisoner, she had only five copper pennies in her purse when so unexpectedly arrested, that it was impossible she could have secreted anything. Three hundred and twenty dollars disappeared in company with the will, and, like the torn envelope, two of those gold coins lifted their accusing faces in Pennsylvania, where the fugitive from righteous retribution paid for the wings that would transport him beyond risk of detection.

"Both theories presented for your careful analysis are based entirely upon circumstantial evidence; and is not the solution I offer less repugnant to the canons of credibility, and infinitely less revolting to every instinct of honorable manhood, than the horrible hypothesis that a refined, cultivated, noble christian woman, a devoted daughter, irreproachable in antecedent life, bearing the fiery ordeal of the past four months with a noble heroism that commands the involuntary admiration of all who have watched her—that such a perfect type of beautiful womanhood as the prisoner presents could deliberately plan and execute the vile scheme of theft and murder? Gentlemen, she is guilty of but one sin against the peace and order of this community—the sin of withholding the name of one of whose bloody crime she is not responsible. Does not her invincible loyalty, her unwavering devotion to the craven for whom she suffers, invest her with the halo of a martyrdom, that appeals most powerfully to the noblest impulses of your nature, that enlists the warmest, holiest sympathies lying deep in your manly hearts? Analyse her statement; every utterance bears the stamp of innocence; and where she cannot explain truthfully, she declines to make any explanation. Hers is the sin of silence, the grievous evasion of justice by non-responsion, whereby the danger she will not avert by confession recoils upon her innocent head. Bravely she took on her reluctant shoulders the galling burden of parental command, and, stifling her proud repugnance, goes obediently—afair young stranger—to Elm Bluff. Receiving as a loan the money she came to beg for, she hurries away to fulfil another solemnly imposed injunction.

"Gentlemen, is there any spot out yonder in God's acre where violets, blue as the eyes that smiled upon you, now shed their fragrance above the sacred dust of your dead darlings, and the thought of which melts your hearts and dims your vision? Look at this mournful, touching witness, which comes from that holy cemetery to whisper to your souls, that the hands of the prisoner are as pure as those of your idols, folded under the sod. Only a little bunch of withered brown flowers, tied with a faded blue ribbon, that a poor girl bought with her hard-earned pennies, and carried to a sick mother, to brighten a dreary attic; only a dead nosegay, which that mother requested should be laid as a penitential tribute on the tomb of the mother whom she had disobeyed; and this faithful young heart made the pilgrimage, and left the offering—and in subsequence thereof missed the train that would have carried her safely back to her mother and to peace. On the morning after the preliminary examination I went to the cemetery, and found the fatal flowers, just where she had placed them, on the great marble cross that covers the tomb of 'Helena Tracey—wife of the Duke Darrington.'

"Your husbands and fathers, who trust your names, your honor, the peace of your hearts—almost the salvation of your souls—to the women you love; staking the dearest interest of humanity, the sanctity of that heaven on earth—your stainless homes—upon the fidelity of womanhood; can you doubt for one instant that the prisoner will accept death rather than betray the man she loves? No human plummet has sounded the depth of a woman's faithful, patient endurance; and only the wings of an archangel can transcend that pinnacle to which the sublime principle of self-sacrifice exalts a woman's soul.

"In a quaint old city on the banks of the Pegnitz, history records an instance of feminine self-abnegation more enduring than monuments of brass. The law had decreed a certain division for the maintenance of orphans; and two women in dire distress, seeing no possible avenue of help, accused themselves falsely of a capital crime, and were executed; thereby securing a support for the children they orphaned.

"As a tireless and vigilant prosecutor of the real criminal, the Cain-branded man now wandering in some western wilds, I charge the prisoner with only one sin—suicidal silence; and I commend her to your most tender passion, believing that in every detail and minutiæ she has spoken the truth, and that she is as innocent of the charge in the indictment as you or I. Remember that you have only presumptive proof to guide you in this solemn deliberation, and in the absence of direct proof, do not be deluded by a glittering sophistry, which will soon attempt to persuade you that 'A presumption which necessarily arises from circumstances is very often more convincing and more satisfactory than any other kind of evidence; it is not within the reach and compass of human abilities to invent a train of circumstances which shall be so connected together as to amount to a proof of guilt, without affording opportunities of contradicting a great part, if not all, of these circumstances.'

"Believe it not; circumstantial evidence has caused as much innocent blood to flow as the cimeter of Jenghiz Khan. The counsel for the prosecution will tell you that every fact in this melancholy case stabs the prisoner, and that facts cannot lie. Abstractly and logically considered, facts certainly do not lie; but let us see whether the inferences deduced from what we believe to be facts, do not sometimes eclipse Ananias and Sapphira! Not long ago, the public heart thrilled with horror at the tidings of the Ashtabula railway castastrophe, in which a train of cars plunged through a bridge, took fire, and a number of passengers were consumed—charred beyond recognition. Soon afterward, a poor woman, mother and two children, commenced suit against the railway company, alleging that her husband had perished in that disaster. The evidence adduced was only of a circumstantial nature, as the body, which had been destroyed by flames, could not be found. Searching in the debris at the final spot, she had found a bunch of keys that she positively recognized as belonging to her husband, and in his possession when he died. One key fitted the lock in her house, and a mechanic was ready to swear that he had made such a key for the deceased. Another key fitted a chest she owned, and still another fitted the door of her house; while, strongest of all proof, she found a piece of cloth which she identified as part of her husband's coat. A physician who knew her husband testified that he rode as far as Buffalo on the same train with the deceased on the fatal day of the disaster; and another witness deposed that he saw the deceased take the train at Buffalo, that went down to ruin at Ashtabula. Certainly the chain of circumstantial evidence, from veracious facts, seemed complete; but lo! during the investigation it was ascertained beyond doubt, to the great joy of the wife, that the husband had never been near Ashtabula, and was safe and well at a Pension Home in a western state.

"A fate of a very noble and innocent woman is now committed to your hands, and only presumptive proof is laid before you. 'The circumstance is always a fact; the presumption is the reference drawn from that fact. It is hence called presumptive proof, because it proceeds merely in opinion.' Suffer no brilliant sophistry to dazzle your judgment, no remnant of prejudice to swerve you from the path of fidelity to your oath. To your calm reasoning, your generous, manly hearts, your christian conscience, resign the desolate prisoner; and as you deal with her, so may the God above us, the just and holy God, who has numbered the hairs of her innocent head, deal here and hereafter with you and yours."

That magnetic influence, whereby the emotions of an audience are swayed, as the tides that follow the moon, was in large measure the heritage of the handsome man who held the eyes of the jurymen in an almost unwinking gaze; and when his uplifted arm slowly fell to his side, Judge Dent grasped it in mute congratulation, and Mr. Churchill took his hand and shook it warmly.

Mr. Wolverton came forward to sum up the evidence for the prosecution, and laboriously recapitulated and dwelt upon the mass of facts, which he claimed was susceptible of but one interpretation, and must compel the jury to convict, in accordance with the indictment.

Upon the ears of the prisoner his words fell as a harsh, meaningless murmur; and above the insistent mutter rose and fell the waves of a rich, resonant voice, that surrounded, penetrated, electrified her brain, thrilled her whole being with a strange and inexplicable sensation of happiness. For months she had fought against the singular fascination that dwelt in those brilliant blue eyes, and lurked in every line of the swart, stern face; holding at bay the magnetic attraction which he exerted from the hour of the preliminary examination. Of all men, she had feared him most, had shrunk from every opportunity of contact, had execrated him as the malign personification, the veritable incarnation of the evil destiny that had hounded her from the day she first saw X——

Listening to his appeal for her deliverance, each word throbbing with the fervent beat of a heart that she knew was all her own, an exquisite sense of rest gradually stole over her; as a long-suffering child, spent with pain, sinks, soothed at last, in the enfolding arms of protective love. That dark, eloquent face drew, held her gaze with the spell of a loadstone, and even in the imminence of her jeopardy she recalled the strange resemblance he bore to the militant angel she had once seen in a painting, where he wrestled with satan for possession of the body of Moses. Disgrace, peril, the gaunt spectre of death suddenly dissolved, vanished in the glorious burst of rosy light that streamed into all the chill chambers of her heart; and she bowed her head on her hands, to hide the crimson that painted her cheeks.

How long Mr. Wolverton talked she never knew; but the lull that succeeded was next broken by the tones of Judge Parkman.

"Beryl Brentano, it is my duty to remind you that this is the last opportunity the law allows you to speak in your own vindication. The testimony has all been presented to those appointed to decide upon its value. If there be any final statement that you may desire to offer in self-defence, you must make it now."

Could the hundreds who watched and waited ever forget the sight of that superb, erect figure, that exquisite face, proud as Hypatia's, patient as Perpetua's; or the sound of that pathetic, unwavering voice? Mournfully, yet steadily, she raised her great grey eyes, darkened by the violet shadows suffering had cast, and looked at her judges.

"I am guiltless of any and all crime. I have neither robbed nor murdered; and I am neither principal nor accomplice in the horrible sin imputed to me. I know nothing of the chloroform; I never touched the andiron; I never saw Gen'l Darrington but once. He gave me the gold and the sapphires, and I am as innocent of his death and of the destruction of his will as the sinless little children who prattle at your firesides, and nestle to sleep in your arms. My life has been disgraced and ruined by no act of mine, for I have kept my hands, my heart, my soul, as pure and free from crime as they were when God gave them to me. I am the helpless prey of suspicion, and the guiltless victim of the law. Oh, my judges! I do not crave your mercy—that is the despairing prayer of conscious guilt; I demand at your hands justice!"

The rushing sound as of a coming flood filled her ears, and her words echoed vaguely from some immeasurable distant height. The gaslights seemed whirling in a Walpurgis maze, as she sat down and once more veiled her face in her hands.

When she recovered sufficiently to listen, Mr. Churchill had risen for the closing speech of the prosecution.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have Catarrh—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

## NASHWAAK.

NASHWAAK, March 2.—Ludlow's Young's crew came out of the woods this week.

Miss Louise Young left yesterday for a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Jas. Fairley, of Boiestown.

We sympathize deeply with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McBean in the loss of their little daughter, Sadie, of whooping-cough. Rev. Mr. Mullen of Stanley conducted the funeral service.

Rev. T. L. Williams intends beginning a series of special services in connection with the Methodist church here on Monday, 8th inst.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Munroe is very ill. Up to the present time there is no change for the better.

Mrs. John Young and family have gone to her father's, Rev. Jas Mullen, Stanley, for a short visit.

The special services in the Methodist church are very well attended.

### A BEAU OF 1829.

When Grandpa went a-wooing,
He wore a satin vest,
A trail of running roses
Embroidered on the breast.
The pattern of his trousers,
His linen, white and fine,
Were all the latest fashion
In eighteen twenty-nine.

Grandpa was a fine-looking young fellow then, so the old ladies say, and he is a fine-looking old gentleman now. For the past score of years he has been a firm believer in the merits of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. "It renewed my youth," he frequently says. It is the only blood purifier and liver invigorator guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money promptly refunded. It cures liver disease, dyspepsia, scrofulous sores, skin eruptions, and all diseases of the blood. For lingering coughs and consumption (which is lung-scrofula in its early stages) it is an unparalled remedy.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have a Cough—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

## SCOTCH LAKE.

SCOTCH LAKE, March 7.—The snow storm of last week was the heaviest of the season.

Times are quite brisk here at present. There are six teams in this settlement hauling logs to the river.

George Rossborough got home from the lumber woods on Thursday.

John Sinnott has returned home from Lowell, Mass., after a few weeks absence.

We see that young men who go to Uncle Sam's territory to seek their fortunes are glad to get back again.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have consumption—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

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 mstake 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.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have Asthma—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

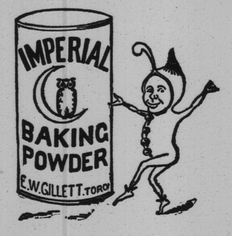
The reason why "Myrtle Navy tobacco has taken so strong a hold upon the smoking community is because it is the genuine article. No man has a desire to smoke anything else than tobacco. Even opium is not smoked for the pleasure of smoking it, but for its soporific effects. The desire for tobacco is, of course, best satisfied by getting the pure article, and when to this is added the finest quality, the satisfaction is complete. These two things are combined in the "Myrtle Navy."

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.

CHEAP, EFFICIENT, PROMPT.
A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy, and promptitude is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly, but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure, and painless. Sold at druggists.

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.

PLEASANT AS SYRUP.
Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry Bark is free from objectionable taste, being almost as pleasant as syrup, while for coughs and colds it gives complete satisfaction, acting promptly even in obstinate cases.




THE IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injuriant.
E. W. GILLETT. Toronto. Ont.

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.

Bar Iron.
312 Bars REFINED IRON.
12 Bundles REFINED IRON.
Just Received,
R. Chestnut & Sons

ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES
RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA,
Sciatica,
Sprains,
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Burns,
Frost-Bites,
Backache.
IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

"August Flower"
What is It For? This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.
G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES
BITTERS

Moulding Nails.
JUST RECEIVED:
3 CASES Moulding Nails, in one pound parers ⅜ ½ ⅝ ¾ 1 1¼ 1½ inches: 10 Kegs in 1½ 2 2½ 2¾ and 3 inches long. Well finished bright nails.
And for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Bells. Bells.
JUST RECEIVED:
25 DOZEN Team Bells. Straps to suit. Chimes for Shafts. Gongs for Back Saddles.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

NOTARY SEALS,
HALL'S BOOK STORE.
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SEALING WAX,
HALL'S BOOK STORE.
PAPER FASTENERS,
HALL'S BOOK STORE.
PAPER FILES,
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CLIPS,
HALL'S BOOK STORE.
MORTGAGES, DEEDS,
BILLS OF SALE, etc.
HALL'S BOOK STORE.
Next door to Davis, Staples & Co.

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.

Skates. Skates.
JUST RECEIVED:
A FULL line of Acme Skates. Long Reach and Boys Skates. Straps, Gimlets and Skate Screws.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS,

R. C. MACREDIE,
Plumber, Gas Fitter,
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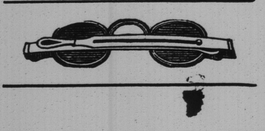
WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,
OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including
ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL
BELL HANGING,
Speaking Tubes, &c.

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES



25, 50 and 75 cts.
PER PAIR.
No More Fancy Prices
I have just received 500 pairs of Spectacles and Eyeglasses, which I will sell from 25 to 75 cts. per pair and guarantee a perfect fit in every case. These are not cheap, shoddy goods, such as are sold by peddlers, but a good reliable article.
CALL AND EXAMINE AT
GEO. H. DAVIS,
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CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.
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GRAND SALE
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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.
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35 CENTS -A- BOTTLE.
USE IT FOR
Difficulty of Breathing
Tightness of the Chest
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Consumption
Bronchitis, Weak Lungs
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Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
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