POETRY.

GOOD ENOUGH.

Dear boys, I want to give you
A motto safe and good;
'Twill make your life successful
If you heed it as you should,
Obey it in the letter—
Don't say a thing is "good enough"
Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,
Or at daily work,
Don't be a half-way dabbler—
Don't slip and slide and shirk,
And think it doesn't matter
That such talk is "trash" and "stuff"—
For until your task is perfect
It is never "Good enough."

If your work is in the school-room,
Make every lesson tell;
No matter what you mean to be,
Build your foundation well.
Every knotty point and problem
That you bravely master now
Will increase your skill to labor
With the pen or with the plow.

If you sweep a store or stable,
Be sure you go behind
Every box and bale and counter;
It will pay, you'll always find,
To be careful, patient, thorough
Though the work be hard and rough
And when you've done your very best,
'Twill then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motto,
If you ever mean to work
To any station higher
Than a stable boy or clerk.
It will make you independent,
It will make you no man's debtor,
They never say "It's good enough"
Till it can be no better.

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTÁNO

—OR—

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Gentlemen of the jury: I were a blot upon a noble profession, a disgrace to honorable manhood, and a monster in my own estimation, if I could approach the fatal Finis of this melancholy trial, without painful emotions of profound regret, that the solemn responsibility of my official position makes me the reluctant bearer of the last stern message uttered by retributive justice. How infinitely more enviable the duty of the Amicus Curiæ, my gallant friend and quondam colleague, who in voluntary defence has so ingeniously, eloquently and nobly led a forlorn hope, that he knew was already irretrievably lost? Desperate, indeed, must he deem that cause for which he battles so valiantly, when dire extremity goads him to lift a rebellious and unfilial voice against the provisions of his foster-mother, criminal jurisprudence, in whose service he won the brilliant distinction and crown of laurel that excite the admiration and envy of a large family of his less fortunate foster-brothers. I honor his heroism, applaud his chivalrous zeal, and wish that I stood in his place; but not mine the privilege of mounting the white horse, and waving the red flag of the 'Lactees.' Dedicated to the mournful rites of justice, I have laid an iron hand on the quivering lips of pity, that cried to me like the voice of one of my own little ones; and very sorrowfully, at the command of conscience, reason, and my official duty, I obey the mandate to ring down the black curtain on a terrible tragedy, feeling like Dante, when he confronted the doomed—

'And to part I come, where no light shines.'

So clearly and ably has my distinguished associate, Mr. Wolverton presented all the legal points bearing upon the nature and value of the proof, submitted for your examinations, that any attempt to buttress his powerful argument were an unpardonable reflection upon your intelligence, and his skill; and I shall confine my last effort in behalf of justice, to a brief analysis and comparison of the hypothesis of the defence, with the verified result of the prosecution.

"Beautiful and sparkling as the frail glass of Murano, and equally as thin, as treacherously brittle, is the theory so skilfully manufactured in behalf of the accused; and so adroitly exhibited that the ingenious facets catch every possible gleam, and for a moment almost dazzle the eyes of the beholder. In attempting to cast a lance against the shield of circumstantial evidence, his weapon rebounded, recoiled upon his fine spun crystal and shivered it. What were the materials wherewith he worked? Circumstances, strained, well-nigh dislocated by the effort to force them to fit into his Procrustean measure. A man was seen on the night of the twenty-sixth, who appeared unduly anxious to quit X—— before daylight; and again the mysterious stranger was seen in a distant town in Pennsylvania, where he showed some gold coins of a certain denomination, and dropped on the floor one-half of an envelope, that once contained a will. In view of these circumstances (the prosecution calls them facts), the counsel for the defence presumes that said stranger committed the murder, stole the will; and offers this opinion as presumptive proof that the prisoner is innocent. The argument runs thus; this man was an accepted lover of the accused, and therefore he must have destroyed the will that beggared his betrothed; but it is nowhere in evidence, that any lover existed, outside of the counsel's imagination; yet Asmodeus like he must appear when called for, and so we are expected to infer, assume, presume, that because he stole the will he must be her lover. Does it not make your head swim to spin round in this circle of reasoning? In assailing the validity of circumstantial evidence, has he not cut his bridges, burned his ships behind him?

"Gentlemen, fain would I seize this theory were it credible, and setting thereon, as in an ark, this most unfortunate prisoner, float her safely through the deluge of ruin, anchor her in peaceful security upon some far-off Ararat; but it has gone to pieces in the hands of its architect. Instead of rescuing the drowning, the wreck serves only to bear her down. If we accept the hypothesis of a lover at all, it will furnish the one missing link in the terrible chain that clanks around the luckless prisoner. The disappearance of the three hundred and twenty dollars has sorely perplexed the prosecution, and unexpectedly the defence offers us the one circumstance we lacked; the lover was lurking in the neighborhood, to learn the result of the visit, to escort her home; and to him the prisoner gave the missing gold, to him intrusted the destruction of the will. If that man came to Elm Bluff prepared to rob and murder, by whom was he incited and instigated; and who was the accessory, and therefore particeps criminis? The prisoner's handkerchief was the medium of chloroforming that venerable old man, and can there be a reasonable doubt that she aided in administering it?

"The prosecution could not explain why she came from the direction of a railroad bridge, which was far out of her way from Elm Bluff; but the defence gives the most satisfactory solution; she was there, dividing her blood-stained spoils with the equally guilty accomplice—her lover. The prosecution brings to the bar of retribution only one criminal; the defence not only fastens the guilt upon this unhappy woman, by supplying the missing links, but proves premeditation, by the person of an accomplice. Four months have been spent in hunting some fact that would end to exculpate the accused, but each circumstance dragged to light serves only to swell the dismal chorus, 'Woe to the guilty.' To-day she sits in the ashes of desolation, condemned by the unanimous evidence of every known fact connected with this awful tragedy. To suppose this black and frightful host of proofs, what does she offer us? Simply her bare, solemnly reiterated denial of guilt. We hold our breath, hoping against hope that she will give some explanation, some solution, that our pitying hearts are waiting so eagerly to hear; but dumb as the Sphinx, she awaits her doom. You will weigh that bare denial in the scale with the evidence, and in this momentous duty recollect the cautious admonition that has been furnished to guide you; 'Conceding that asseverations of innocence are always deserving of consideration by the executive, what is there to invest them with a conclusive efficacy in opposition to a chain of presumptive evidence, the force and weight of which falls short only of mathematical demonstration?' The astute and eloquent counsel for defence, has cited some well known cases, to shake your faith in the value of merely presumptive proof.

"I offer for your consideration, an instance of the fallibility of mere bare, unsupported denial of guilt, on the part of the accused. A priest at Lauterbach was suspected, arrested and tried for the murder of a woman, under very aggravated circumstances. He was subjected to eighty examinations; and each time solemnly denied the crime. Even when confronted at midnight with the skull of the victim murdered eight years before, he vehemently protested his innocence; called on the skull to declare him not the assassin, and appealed to the Holy Trinity to proclaim his innocence. Finally he confessed his crime; testified that while cutting the throat of his victim, he had exhorted her to repentance, had given her absolution, and that having concealed the corpse, he had said masses for her soul.

"The forlorn and hopeless condition of the prisoner at this bar, appeals pathetically to that compassion which we are taught to believe coexists with justice, even in the omnipotent God we worship; yet in the face of incontrovertible facts, elicited from reliable witnesses, of coincidences which no theory of accident can explain, can we stifle convictions, solely because she pleads 'not guilty'? Pertinent, indeed, was the ringing cry of that ancient prosecutor: 'Most illustrious Cæsar! if denial of guilt be sufficient defence, who would ever be convicted?' You have been assured that inferences drawn from probable facts eclipse the stupendous falsehood of Ananias and Sapphira! Then the same family strain inevitably crops out, in the loosely woven web of defensive presumptive evidence—whose pedigree we trace to the same parentage. God forbid that I should commit the sacrilege of arrogating His divine attribute—infallibility—for any human authority, however exalted; or claim it for any amount of proof, presumptive or positive. 'It is because humanity, even when most cautious and discriminating, is so mournfully fallible and prone to error, that in judging its own frailty we require the aid and reverently invoke the guidance of Jehovah.' In your solemn deliberations bear in mind this epitome of an opinion, entitled to more than a passing consideration: 'Perhaps strong circumstantial evidence in cases of crime, committed for the most part in secret, is the most satisfactory of any from whence to draw the conclusion of guilt; for men may be seduced to perjury, by many base motives; but it can scarcely happen that many circumstances, especially if they be such over which the accuser could have no control, forming altogether the links of a transaction, should all unfortunately concur to fix the presumption of guilt on an individual, and yet such a conclusion be erroneous.

"Gentlemen of the jury: the prosecution believes that the overwhelming mass of evidence laid before you proves, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the prisoner did premediatedly murder and rob Robert Luke Darrington; and in the name of justice, we demand that you vindicate the majesty of outraged law, by rendering a verdict of 'guilty.' All the evidence in this case points the finger of doom at the prisoner, as to the time, the place, the opportunity, the means, the conduct and the motive. Suffer not sympathy for youthful womanhood and wonderful beauty, to make you recreant to the obligations of your oath, to decide this issue of life or death, strictly in accordance with the proofs presented; and bitterly painful as is your impending duty, do not allow the wail of pity to drown the demand of justice, or the voice of that blood that cries to heaven for vengeance upon the murderess. May the righteous God who rules the destinies of the universe guide you, and enable you to perform faithfully your awful duty."

Painfully solemn was the profound silence that pervaded the court room, and the eyes of the multitude turned anxiously to the grave countenance of the judge. Mr. Dunbar had seated himself at a small table, not far from Beryl, and resting his elbow upon it, leaned his right temple in the palm of his hand, watching from beneath his contracted black brows the earnest, expectant faces of the jurymen; and his keen, glowing eyes indexed little of the fierce, wolfish pangs that gnawed ceaselessly at his heart, as the intolerable suspense drew near its end.

Judge Parkman leaned forward.

"Gentlemen of the jury: before entering that box, as the appointed ministers of justice, to arbitrate upon the most momentous issue that can engage human attention—the life or death of a fellow creature—you called your Maker to witness that you would divest your minds of every shadow of prejudice, would calmly, carefully, dispassionately consider, analyse and weigh the evidence submitted for your investigation; and, irrespective of consequences, render a verdict in strict accordance with the proofs presented. You have listened to the testimony of the witnesses, to the theory of the prosecution, to the theory of the counsel for the defence; you have heard the statement of the accused, her repeated denial of the crime with which she stands charged; and finally you have heard the arguments of counsel, the summing up of all the evidence. The peculiar character of some of the facts presented as proofs requires on your part the keenest and most exhaustive analysis of the inferences to be drawn from them, and you 'have need of patience, wisdom, and courage.' While it is impossible that you can contemplate the distressing condition of the accused without emotions of profound compassion, your duty 'is prescribed by the law, which allows you no liberty to indulge any sentiment, inconsistent with its strict performance.' You should begin with the legal presumption that the prisoner is innocent, and that presumption must continue until her guilt is satisfactorily proved. This is the legal right of the prisoner; contingent on no peculiar circumstances of any particular case, but is the common right of every person accused of a crime. The law surrounds the prisoner with a coat of mail, that only irrefragable proofs of guilt can pierce, and the law declares her innocent, unless the proof you have heard on her trial satisfies you, beyond a reasonable doubt, that she is guilty. What constitutes reasonable doubt, it becomes your duty to earnestly and carefully consider. It is charged that the defendant, on the night of the twenty-sixth of October, did wilfully, deliberately, and premeditately murder Robert Luke Darrington, by striking him with a brass andiron. The legal definition of murder is the unlawful killing of another, with malice aforethought, and is divided into two degrees. Any murder committed knowingly, intentionally, and wantonly, and without just cause or excuse, is murder in the first degree; and this is the offence charged against the prisoner at the bar. If you believe from the evidence, that the defendant, Beryl Brentano, did, at the time and place named, wilfully and premeditatedly kill Robert Luke Darrington, then it will become your duty to find the defendant guilty of murder; if you do not so believe, then it will be your duty to acquit her. A copy of the legal definition of homicide, embracing murder in the first and second degrees, and of manslaughter in the first and second degrees, will be furnished for your instruction; and it is your right and privilege, after a careful examination of all the evidence, to convict of a lesser crime than that charged in the indictment, provided all the evidence in this case should so convince your minds to the exclusion of a reasonable doubt.

"In your deliberations you will constantly bear in memory, the following long established rules provided for the guidance of jurors,—

"'I.—The burden of proof rests upon the prosecution, and does not shift or change to the defendant in any phase or stage of the case.

"'II.—Before the jury can convict the accused, they must be satisfied from the evidence that she is guilty of the offence charged in the indictment beyond a reasonable doubt. It is not sufficient that they should believe her guilt only probable. No degree of probability merely, will authorize a conviction; but the evidence must be of such character and tendency as to produce a moral certainty of the prisoner's guilt, to the exclusion of reasonable doubt.

"'III.—Each fact which is necessary in the chain of circumstances to establish the guilt of the accused, must be distinctly proved by competent legal evidence, and if the jury have reasonable doubt as to any material fact, necessary to be proved in order to support the hypothesis of the prisoner's guilt, to the conclusion of every other reasonable hypothesis, they must find her not guilty.

"'IV.—If the jury are satisfied from the evidence, that the accused is guilty of the offense charged, beyond reasonable doubt, and no rational hypothesis or explanation can be framed or given (upon the whole evidence in the cause) consistent with the innocence of the accused, and at the same time consistent with the facts proved, they ought to find her guilty. The jury are the exclusive judges of the evidence, of its weight, and of the credibility of the witnesses. It is their duty to accept and be governed by the law, as given by the court in its instructions.'

"The evidence in this case is not direct and positive, but presumptive; and your attention has been called to some well known cases of persons convicted of, and executed for capital crimes, whose entire innocence was subsequently made apparent. These arguments and cases only prove that 'all human evidence, whether it is positive or presumptive in its character, like everything else that partakes of morality, is fallible. The reason may be as completely convinced by circumstantial, as by positive evidence, and yet may possibly not arrive at the truth by either.'

"The true question, therefore, for your consideration is not the kind of evidence in this case, but it is, what is the result of it in your minds? If it has failed to satisfy you of the guilt of the accused, and your minds are not convinced, vacillate in doubt, then you must acquit her, be the evidence what it may, positive or presumptive; but if the result of the whole evidence satisfies you, if you are convinced that she is guilty, then it is imperatively your duty to convict her, even if the character of the evidence be wholly circumstantial. Such is the law.

"In resigning this to you, I deem it my duty to direct your attention to one point, which I suggest that you consider. If the accused administered chloroform, did it indicate that her original intention was solely to rob the vault? Is the act of administering the chloroform consistent with the theory of deliberate and premeditated murder? In examining the facts submitted by counsel, take the suggestion just presented with you, and if the facts and circumstances proved against you, can be accounted for on the theory of intended, deliberate robbery, without necessarily involving premeditated murder, it is your privilege to put that merciful construction upon them.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I commit this mournful and terrible case to your decision; and solemnly adjure you to be governed in your deliberations, by the evidence as you understand it, by the law as furnished in these instructions, and to render such verdict, as your reason compels, as your matured judgment demands, and your conscience unhesitatingly approves and sanctions. May God direct and control your decision."

CHAPTER XX.

THE VERDICT.

Drifting along the stream of testimony that rolled in front of the jury-box, an eager and excited public had with scarcely a dissenting voice arrived at the conclusion that the verdict was narrowed to the limits of only two possibilities. It was confidently expected that the jury would either acquit unconditionally, or fail to agree; thus prolonging suspense by a mistrial. It was six o'clock when the jurors, bearing the andiron, handkerchief, pipe, and a diagram of the bedroom at Elm Bluff, were led away to their final deliberations; yet so well assured was the mass of spectators, that they would promptly return to render a favorable verdict, that, despite the inclemency of the weather, there was no perceptible diminution of the anxious crowd of men and women.

The night had settled prematurely down, black and stormy; and though the fury of the gale seemed at one time to have spent itself, the wind veered to the implacable east, and instead of fitful gusts, a steady roaring blast freighted with rain smote the darkness. The officer conducted the prisoner across the dim corridor, and opened the door of the small anteroom, which frequent occupany had rendered gloomily familiar.

"I wish I could make you more comfortable, and it is a shame to shut you up in such an ice-box. I will throw my overcoat on the floor, and you can wrap your feet up in it. Yes, you must take it. I shall keep warm at the stove in the sheriff's room. The judge will not wait later than ten o'clock, then I'll take you back to Mrs. Singleton. It seems you prefer to remain here alone."

"Yes, entirely alone."

"You are positive you won't try a little hot punch, or a glass of wine?"

"Thank you, but I wish only to be alone."

"Don't be too down hearted. You will never be convicted under that indictment, at least not by this jury, for I have a suspicion that there is one man among them, who will stand out until the stars fall, and I will tell you why. I happened to be looking at him when your Christmas card was shown by Mr. Dunbar. The moment he saw it, he started, stretched out his hand, and as he looked at it, I saw him choke up, and pass his hand over his eyes. Soon after Christmas that man lost his only child, a girl five years old, who had scarlet fever. To divert her mind, they gave her a Christmas card to play with, that some friend had sent to her mother. She had it in her hand when she died, in convulsions, and it was put in her coffin and buried with her. My wife helped to nurse and shroud her, and she told me it was the card shown in court; it was your card. The law can't cut out the heart-strings of the jury, and I don't believe that man would lift his hand against your life, any sooner than he would strike the face of his child."

He locked the door, and Beryl found herself at last alone, in the dreary little den where a single gas burner served only to show the surrounding cheerlessness. The furniture comprised a wooden bench along the wall, two chairs, and a table in the middle of the floor; and on the dusty panes of the grated window, a ray of ruddy light from the lamp post in the street beneath, broke through the leaden lances of the rain, and struggled for admission.

The neurotic pharmacopœia contains nothing so potent as despair to steady quivering nerves, and steel to superhuman endurance. For Beryl, the pendulum of suspense had ceased to swing, because the spring of hope had snapped; and the complete surrender, the mute acceptance of the worst possible to come, had left her numb, impervious to dread. As one by one the discovered facts spelled unmistakably the name of her brother, allowing no margin to doubt his guilt, the necessity of atonement absorbed every other consideration; and the desire to avert his punishment extinguished the last remnant of selfish anxiety. If by suffering in his stead, she could secure to him life—the opportunities of repentance, of expiation, of making his peace with God, of saving his immortal soul—how insignificant seemed all else. The innate love of life, the natural yearning for happiness, the once fervent aspirations for fame—the indescribable longing for the fruition of youth's high hopes, which like a siren sang somewhere in the golden mists of futurity—all these were now crushed beyond recognition in the whirlwind that had wrecked her.

Her father slept under silvery olives in a Tuscan dell, her mother within hearing of the waves that broke on the Atlantic shore; and if the wanderer could be purified by penitential tears, what mattered the shattering of the family circle on earth, when in the eternal beyond it would be indissoluble reformed? Over the black gulf that yawned in her young, pure life, the wings of her christian faith bore her steadily, unwaveringly to the heavenly rest, that she knew remained for the people of God; and so, she seemed to have shaken hands with the things of time and earth, and to stand on the border land, girded for departure. To meet her beloved dead, with the blessed announcement that Bertie must join them after a while, because she had ransomed his precious soul; and that the family would be complete under the heavenly roof, was recompense so rich, that the fangs of disgrace, of physical and mental torture, were effectually extracted. By day and by night the ladder of prayer lifted her soul into that serene realm, where the fountains of balm are never drained; and into her face stole the reflection of that peace which only communion with the christian's God can bring to those whom grief has claimed for its own.

To-night as she listened to the coronach chanted by the gale, and the dismal accompaniment of the pelting rain, she realized how utterly isolated was her position, and kneeling on the bare floor, crossed her arms on the table, bowed her head upon them, and prayed for patience and strength. The ordeal had been fiery, but the end was at hand, and release must be near.

She heard quick steps in the corridor, and the key was turned in the lock. Had the jury so promptly decided to destroy her? For an instant only she shut her eyes; and when she opened them, Mr. Dunbar was leaning over her, folding closely about her shoulders some heavy wrap, whose soft fur collar his fingers buttoned around her throat. She had not known that she was cold, until the delicious sensation of warmth crept like a caressing touch over her chilled limbs. She did not stir, and neither spoke; but after a moment he turned toward the door; then she rose.

"There is something I wish to say, and this is my last opportunity, as after to-night we shall not meet again. During the past four months I have said harsh, bitter things to you, and have unjustly judged you. In grateful recognition of all that you have so faithfully essayed to accomplish in my behalf, I ask you now to forget everything but my gratitude for your effort to save me; and I offer my hand to you, as the one friend who sacrificed even his manly pride, and endured humiliation in order to redress my wrongs. I thank you very sincerely, Mr. Dunbar."

He took her outstretched hand, pressed it against his cheek, his eyes, held it to his lips; then a half smothered groan choked him, and afraid to trust himself, he went quickly out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EXCELLENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

Scribbler: Good morning, sir! A week or so agone I submitted to you a manuscript entitled: "The Injustice Done to Authors."

Editor—Yes, I remember it.

Scribbler—When I wrote that I was fired by an impulse I could not resist.

Editor—So was the manuscript, sir.

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.

There are people who pray for showers of blessing who want them to come without any clouds.

RACING WITH WOLVES.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travelers of a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hapless traveler are found to tell the tale. In our own country thousands are engaged in a life-and-death race against the wolf consumption. The best weapons with which to fight the foe, is Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery. This renowned remedy has cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and doctors had failed. It is the greatest blood-purifier and restorer of strength known to the world. For all forms of scrofulous affections (and consumption is one of them), it is unequaled as a remedy.

A nervous affection—A man's on the eve of proposal.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

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

The man who puts heart in his work will always have work to put heart in.

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.

She—Do you dance, Mr. Freshleigh? He (sadly)—No; I pay the piper.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

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

"You won't suit me at all," as the man said to the tailor who refused him credit.

THE LIGHTNING'S TOUCH

Is scarcely more rapid than the lightning like action of Nerviline in all kinds of pain. Is it neuralgia? relief is certain and rapid. Toothache is cured as if by magic. Rheumatism finds a master in a few applications of the powerful and penetrating Nerviline. In a word, pain, whether internal or external, finds a prompt antidote in Nerviline. Give Nerviline a trial. Druggists and dealers everywhere sell it, and it costs only 25 cents a bottle.

At the world's a stage—and everybody seems to want the seat with the driver.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

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

Instinct.—She (4 years old)—I'se dot a penny. He (same age)—Let's det married.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

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

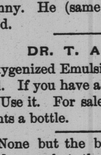
None but the brave deserve the fair, and none but the brave can live with some of them.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

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

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.



The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.

The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. *Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., $1.00.*

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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.

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Moulding Nails.

JUST RECEIVED:

3 CASES Moulding Nails, in one pound papers ½ ¾ ⅞ 1 1¼ 1½ inches; 10 Kegs in 1¾ 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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OFFICIAL SEALS,

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SEALING WAX,

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PAPER FASTENERS,

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MORTGAGES, DEEDS,

BILLS OF SALE, etc.

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Next door to Davis, Staples & Co.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
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Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

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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,

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,

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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.

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GEO. H. DAVIS,

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CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.

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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.

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

McMURRAY & Co.

35 CENTS -A- BOTTLE.

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Difficulty of Breathing
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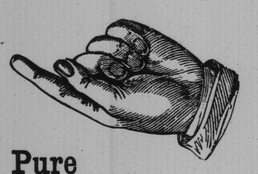

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Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure

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