POETRY.

WHAT IF?

What if the currents of your life
Are rolled and vexed, and go amiss,
And trouble your whole portion is?
Faint not—all victory comes through strife.

What if dark clouds make up your sky,
And every wind's and tide's attack
Is pushing hard to beat you back?
Court not despair—still harder try.

What if your friends keep out of view.
And while you sorrow, seem like those
Who wear the livery of our foes?
Fret not, but battle on anew.

What if a thousand shafts of wrong,
And grievous obstacles and hate,
Pursue you early, long and late?
Yield not, but keep your courage strong.

What if the world seems simply made
To sweep your dearest hopes away,
And balk your efforts day by day?
Care not—move onward unafraid.

What if the best work brings but pain,
Perplexity and loss and doubt?
Faint not, but fight the battle out;
No worthy life is lived in vain.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

—OR THE—

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PROMISE.

"Ah, my dear doctor, said the proctor, "heaven declares itself against my house! What a dreadful death—what a blow! Seek not to console me; alas! nothing can alleviate so great a sorrow—the wound is too deep and too fresh! She is dead! she is dead!"

A cold dampness covered the young man's brow, and his teeth chattered. Who could be dead in that house, which Villefort himself called accursed? "My dear Villefort," replied the doctor, with a tone which redoubled the terror of the young man, "I have not led you here to console you; on the contrary——"

"What can you mean?" asked the proctor, alarmed.

"I mean that behind the misfortune which has just happened to you, there is another, perhaps, still greater."

"Can it be possible?" murmured Villefort, clasping his hands. "What are you going to tell me?"

"Are we quite alone, my friend?"

"Yes, quite; but why all these precautions?"

"Because I have a terrible secret to communicate with you," said the doctor. "Let us sit down."

Villefort fell, rather than seated himself. The doctor stood before him, with one hand placed on his shoulder. Morrel, horrified, supported his head with one hand, and with the other pressed his heart, lest its beatings should be heard. "Dead! dead! repeated he within himself; and he felt as if he were also dying.

"Speak, doctor—I am listening," said Villefort; "strike—I am prepared for everything!"

"Did you notice the symptoms of the disease to which Madame de Saint-Meran has fallen a victim?"

"I did. Madame de Saint-Meran had three successive attacks, at intervals of some minutes, each one more serious than the former. When you arrived, Madame de Saint-Meran had already been panting for breath some minutes; she then had a fit, which I took to be simply a nervous attack, and it was only when I saw her raise herself in the bed, and her limbs and neck appear stiffened, that I became realy alarmed. Then I understood from your countenance there was more to fear than I had thought. This crisis past, I endeavored to catch your eye, but could not. You held her hand—you were feeling her pulse—and the second fit came on before you had turned towards me. This was more terrible than the first; the same nervous movements were repeated, and the mouth contracted and turned purple."

"And at the third she expired."

"And at the end of the first attack I discovered symptoms of tetanus; you confirmed my opinion."

"Yes, before others," replied the doctor; "but now we are alone——"

"What are you going to say? Oh, spare me!"

"That the symptoms of tetanus and poisoning by vegetable substances are the same." M. de Villefort started from his seat, then in a moment set down again, silent and motionless. Morrel knew not if he were dreaming or awake. "Listen," said the doctor; Madame de Saint-Meran has sunk under a violent dose of bruchine or of strychnine, which, by some mistake, perhaps, has been given to her."

"Villefort seized the doctor's hand. "Oh, it is impossible!" said he; "I must be dreaming! It is frightful to hear such things from such a man as you! Tell me, I entreat you, my dear doctor, that you may be deceived."

"Doubtless I may, but had Madame de Saint-Meran any enemies?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Would her death affect any one's interest?"

"It could not indeed; my daughter is her only heiress—Valentine alone. Oh, if such a thought could present itself, I would stab myself to punish my heart for having for one instant harbored it."

"Indeed, my dear friend," said M. d'Avrigny, "I would not accuse any one; I speak only of an accident, you understand; of a mistake; but whether accident or mistake, the fact is there; it speaks to my conscience, and compels me to speak aloud to you. Make enquiry."

"Of whom?—how?—of what?"

"May not old Barrois, the old servant, have made a mistake, and given Madame de Saint-Meran a dose prepared for his master?"

"For my father?"

"Yes."

"But how could a dose prepared for M. Noirtier poison Madame de Saint-Meran?"

"Nothing is more simple. You know poison becomes remedies in certain diseases, of which paralysis is one. For instance, having tried every other remedy to restore movement and speech to M. Noirtier, I resolved to try one last means, and for three months I have been giving him brucine; so that in the last dose I ordered for him there were six grains. This quantity, which it is perfectly safe to administer to the paralyzed frame of M. Noirtier, gradually accustomed to it would be sufficient to kill another person."

"My dear doctor, there is no communication between M. Noirtier's apartment and that of Madame de Saint-Meran, and Barrois never entered my mother-in-law's room. In short, doctor, although I know you to be the most conscientious man in the world, and although I place the utmost reliance in you, I want, notwithstanding my conviction, to believe this axiom, errare humanum est."

"Is there one of my brethren in whom you have equal confidence with myself?"

"Why do you ask me that?—what do you wish?"

"Send for him; I will tell him what I have seen, and we will consult together, and examine the body."

"And you will find traces of poison?"

"No, I did not say of poison, but we can prove what was the state of the body; we shall discover the cause of her sudden death, and we shall say, 'Dear Villefort, if this thing has been caused by negligence, watch over your servants; if from hatred, watch your enemies.'"

"What do you propose to me d'Avrigny?" said Villefort in despair, "so soon as another is admitted into our secret, an inquest will become necessary; and an inquest in my house—impossible! Still," continued he, looking at the doctor with uneasiness, "if you wish it—if you demand it, it shall be done. But, doctor, you see me already so grieved—how can I introduce into my house so much scandal, after so much sorrow? My wife and my daughter would die of it! and I, doctor—you know a man does not arrive at the post I occupy—one has not been king's proctor for twenty-five years without having amassed a considerable number of enemies; mine are numerous. Let this affair be talked of, it will be a triumph for them, which will make them rejoice and cover me with shame. Pardon me, doctor, these worldly ideas; were you a priest I should not dare tell you that; but you are a man, and you know mankind. Doctor, pray recall your words; you have said nothing, have you?"

"My dear de Villefort," replied the doctor, "my first duty is humanity. I would have saved madame de Saint-Meran, if science could have done it; but she is dead, my duty regards the living. Let us bury this terrible secret in the deepest recesses of our hearts; I am willing, if anyone should suspect this, that my silence on this subject should be imputed to my ignorance. Meanwhile, sir, watch always—watch carefully, for perhaps the evil may not even stop here. And when you have found the culprit, if you find him, I will say to you, 'You are a magistrate, do as you will!'"

"I thank you, doctor," said Villefort, with an indescribable joy; "I never had a better friend than you." And, as if he feared Doctor d'Avrigny would recall his promise, he hurried him towards the house.

When they were gone, Morrel ventured out from under the trees, and the moon shone upon his face, which was so pale it might have been taken for a phantom. "I am manifestly protected in a most wonderful, but most terrible manner," said he; but Valentine, poor girl! how will she bear so much sorrow?"

At the extremity of the building he saw one of the three windows open. A waxlight placed on the mantel-piece threw some of its pale rays without, and a shadow was seen for one moment on the balcony. Morrel shuddered; he thought he heard a sob.

He crossed the flower garden, which, by the light of the moon, resembled a large white lake, and, having passed the rows of orange-trees which extended in front of the house, he reached the step, ran up quickly, and pushed the door, which opened without resistence. He crossed the ante-room and found the staircase, its carpet preventing his approach being heard. Happily he did not meet any one. Now, especially, did he find the description Valentine had given him of the interior of the house useful to him; he arrived safely at the top of the staircase, and while feeling his way, a sob indicated the direction he was to take; he turned back; a door partly opened enabled him to see the road, and to hear the sorrowing voice. He pushed it open and entered. At the other end of the room, under a white sheet which covered it, lay the corpse, still more alarming to Morrel since the account he had so unexpectedly overheard. By the side, on her knees, and her head buried in the cushion of an easy chair, was Valentine, trembling and sobbing, her hands extended above her head, clasped and stiff. She had turned from the window, which remained open, and was praying in accents that would have affected the most unfeeling; her words were rapid, incoherent, unintelligible; for the burning weight of grief almost stopped her utterance. The moon shining through the open blinds made the lamp appear to burn paler, and cast a sepulchral hue over the whole scene. Morrel could not resist this; he was not exemplary for piety, he was not easily impressed, but Valentine suffering, weeping, wringing her hands before him, was more than he could bear in silence. He sighed, and whispered a name, and the head bathed in tears and pressed on the velvet cushion of the chair—a head resembling a Magdalene—was raised and turned towards him. Valentine perceived him without betraying the least surprise. A heart overwhelmed with one great grief is insensible to minor emotions. Morrel held out his hand to her. Valentine, as her only apology for her not having met him, pointed to the corpse under the sheet, and began to sob again. Neither dared for some time to speak in that room. They hesitated to break the silence which death seemed to impose; at length Valentine ventured.

"My friend," said she, "how came you here? I would say you are welcome, had not death opened the way for you into this house."

"Valentine," said Morrel, with a trembling voice, "I had waited since half-past eight, and did not see you come; I became uneasy, leaped the wall, found my way through the garden, when voices conversing about the fatal event——"

"What voices?" asked Valentine.

"Your servants," said he, "who were repeating the whole of the sorrowful story; from them I learned it all."

"M. Franz arrived to sign the contract just as my dear grandmother was dying."

"Alas!" said Morrel, with a feeling of selfish joy; for he thought this death would cause the wedding to be postponed indefinitely.

"But what redoubles my sorrow," continued the girl, as if this feeling was to receive its immediate punishment, "is that the poor old lady, on her death bed requested the marriage might take place as soon as possible; she also, thinking to protect me, was acting against me."

"Hark!" said Morrel. They both listened; steps were distinctly heard in the corrider and on the stairs. It is my father, who has just left his cabinet."

"To accompany the doctor to the door," added Morrell.

"How do you know it is the doctor?" asked Valentine, astonished?"

"I imagine it must be," said Morrel. Valentine looked at the young man; they heard the street door close; then M. de Villefort locked the garden door and returned upstairs. He stopped a moment in the ante-room, as if hesitating whether to turn to his own department or into Madame de Saint-Meran's; Morrel concealed himself behind the door; Valentine remained motionless, grief seemed to deprive her of all fear. M. de Villefort passed on to his own room.

"Now," said Valentine, "you can neither go out by the front door nor by the garden." Morrel looked at her with astonishment. "There is but one way left you that is safe," said she; "it is through my grandfather's room." She rose, "come," she added. She then passed through the corridor, and led the way down a narrow staircase to M. Noirtier's room; Morrel followed her on tiptoe; at the door they found the old servant. "Barrois," said Valentine, "shut the door, and let no one come in." She passed first. Noirtier, seated in his chair, and listening to every sound, was watching the door; he saw Valentine and his eye brightened. There was something grave and solemnin the approach of the young girl which struck the old man, and immediately his bright eye began to interrogate. "Dear grandfather," said she hurriedly, "you know poor grandmamma died an hour since, and now I have no friend in the world but you." His expressive eyes evinced the greatest tenderness. "To you alone, then, may I confide my sorrows and my hopes?" The paralytic motioned "Yes." Valentine took Maximillian's hand. "Look attentively, then, at this gentleman." The old man fixed his scrutinizing gaze with slight astonishment on Morrel. "It is M. Maximilian Morrel," said she; "the son of that good merchant of Marseilles, whom you doubtless recollect."

"Yes," said the old man.

"He brings an irreproachable name, which Maximilian is likely to render glorious, since at thirty years of age he is captain and officer of the Legion of Honor. The old man signified that he recollected him. "Well, grandpapa," said Valentine, kneeling before him, and pointing to Maximilian, "I love him, and will be only his; were I compelled to marry another, I would destroy myself."

The eyes of the paralytic expressed a multitude of tumultuous thoughts. "You like M. Maximilian Morrel; do you not, grandpapa?" asked Valentine.

"Yes."

"And you will protect us, who are your children, against the will of my father?"

Nortier cast an intelligent glance at Morrel, as if to say, "Perhaps I may."

Maximillian understood him. "Mademoiselle," said he, "you have a sacred duty to fulfil in your deceased grandmother's room, will you allow me the honor of a few minutes' conversation with M. Noirtier?"

"That is it," said the old man's eye. Then he looked anxiously at Valentine.

"Do you fear he will not understand you. He knows everything I know," said she. Valentine rose, placed a chair for Morrel, requested Barrois not to admit any one, and having tenderly embraced her grandpapa, and sorrowfully taken leave of Morrel, she went away. To prove to Noirtier that he was in Valentine's confidence and knew all their secrets, Morrel took a dictionary, a pen, and some paper, and placed them all on a table where there was a light.

"But first," said Morrel, "allow me, sir, to tell you who I am, how much I love Valentine, and what are my designs respecting her." Noirtier made a sign that he would listen.

It was an imposing sight to witness this old man, apparently a mere useless burden, becoming the sole protector, support, and adviser of the lovers, who were both young, beautiful, and strong. His remarkably noble and austere expression struck Morrel, who began his recital without trembling. He related the manner in which he had become acquainted with Valentine, and how he had loved her; and that Valentine, in her solitude and her misfortune, had accepted the offer of his devotion. He told him his birth, position, and means; and more than once, when he consulted the look of the paralytic, that look answered, "That is good, proceed."

"And now," said Morrel, when he had finished the first part of the recital, "now I have told you of my love and my hopes, may I inform you of my intentions?"

"Yes," signified the old man.

"This was our resolution: a cab was in waiting at the gate, in which I intended to carry off Valentine to my sister's house, to marry her, and wait respectfully M. de Villefort's pardon."

"No," said Noirtier.

"There is another way," said Morrel. "I will go to Franz d'Epinay—I am happy to be able to mention this in Mademoiselle de Villefort's absence—and will conduct myself towards him so as to compel him to challenge me." Noirtier's look continued to interrogate. "You wish to know what I will do?"

"I will find him, as I told you, and will tell him the ties which bind me to Mademoiselle Valentine; if he be a sensible man, he will prove it by renouncing by his own accord the hand of his betrothed, and will secure my friendship and love until death; if he refuse, either through interest or ridiculous pride, after I have proved to him that he would be forcing my wife from me, that Valentine loves me, and will love no other, I will fight with him, give him every advantage, and I shall kill him, or he will kill me; if I am victorious, he will not marry Valentine, and if I die, I am very sure Valentine will not marry him."

Noirtier watched, with indescribable pleasure, this noble and sincere countenance, on which every sentiment his tongue uttered was depicted, adding by the expression of his fine features all that coloring adds to a sound and faithful drawing. Still, when Morrel had finished, he shut his eyes several times which was his manner of saying "No."

"No?" said Morrel; you disapprove of this second project, as you did of the first?"

"I do," signified the old man.

"I understand," said Morrel, "I am to wait."

"Yes."

"Whence then will come the help we need—from chance?" resumed Morrel.

"No."

"From you?"

"Yes."

"I swear to you on my honor," said he, "to await your decision respecting the course I am to pursue with M. d'Epinay."

"That is right," said the old man.

"Now," said Morrel, do you wish me to retire?"

"Yes."

"Without seeing Mademoiselle Valentine?"

"Yes."

Morrel made a sign that he was ready to obey. "But," said he, "first allow me to salute you as your daughter did just now." Noirtier's expression could not be understood. The young man pressed his lips on the same spot on the old man's forehead, where Valentine's had been. Then he bowed a second time and retired. He found the old servant outside the door, to whom Valentine had given directions; he conducted Morrel along a dark passage, which led to a little door opening on the garden. Morrel soon found the spot where he had entered; with the assistance of the shrubs he gained the top of the wall, and by his ladder was in an instant, in the cloverfield, where his cab was still waiting for him. He got in it, and thoroughly wearied by so many emotions, he arrived about midnight in the Rue Meslay, threw himself on his bed, and slept soundly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INCONVENIENT RECOLLECTIONS.

"Do you know, my dear," she suddenly said as she looked up from her work, "do you know that next week will be the twentieth anniversary of our wedding?"

"Is that so? By George! how time flies! Why I had no idea of it."

"Yes, we have been married almost twenty long years," she continued, with something of a sigh. "You have been a good husband to me, darling."

"And you have been a blessed little wife to me, Susan. Come here and let me kiss you. There!"

"I was thinking to-day—I was thinking of—of——"

"Of that sickly-faced baboon who used to walk home with you from church before I knew you?" he interrupted.

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, that Brace fellow, of course."

"Why, George, he wasn't such a bad fellow."

"Wasn't he? Well, I'd like to know of a worse one, and there you were as good as engaged to him."

"Yes, George, but you know you were keeping company at the same time with that Helen Perkins."

"That Helen Perkins? Wasn't Miss Perkins one of the lovliest and prettiest young ladies in Liverpool?"

"No, she wasn't. She had teeth like a horse!"

"She did, eh! How about that stoop-shouldered, white-headed Brace?"

"And such big feet as she had! Why, George, she was the laughing stock of the town."

"Nothing of the kind—nothing of the kind! She was a young lady who would have made a model wife."

"Then why didn't you marry her, and all her moles and warts, and mushroom eyes?"

"Don't talk that way to me! Her eyes were as nice as yours!"

"They were not."

"They were. I believe you are sorry because you didn't marry that Brace!"

"And I know that you are sorry because you didn't marry that beautiful and accomplished Miss Perkins!"

"I am! Oh? I thought you said I had been a good husband to you?"

"And did't you call me your blessed little wife?"

Then he plumped down and began to read the mortgage sales and advertisements in the paper, and she picked up her sewing and gave the cat a gentle kick. These old things will come up now and then, and somehow neither side ever gets entirely over them.

Blotches, pimples, liver patches,
G. M. D. right quick dispatches,
Drives away incipient tumors,
Clears the blood from poisonous humors;
Ailing one, whoe'er you be,
Try the worth of G. M. D.—

which is the great Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce—a wonderful tonic and blood-purifier. The "Discovery" is a standard remedy for consumption, bronchitis, colds and lung troubles; guaranteed to benefit or cure, if taken in time, or money refunded.

Young Featherly—Are these your children? Mrs. Brand—Oh, yes! the boy is five years old and the girl is seven. Well, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years.

THOUGH the soil of Virginia grows the best tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of adjoining counties is often quite different, the one producing leaf which at once deteriorates if grown in the other. The leaf of the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice sections of the State, which, through some combination of local influences, produce a better quality than any others. This is shown by its always commanding a higher price than any other smoking leaf.

Mrs. Drowsie—What, my dear, you are not going to wear that bright-colored necktie in the pulpit, are you? The Rev. Mr. Drowsie—Yes, I am. That's the only way I can keep the audience awake.

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

DON'T FORGET

That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required is to apply the old and well-tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly and painlessly on hard and soft corns.

Young Earnest—Do you know Miss Seaside, everyone thinks you an awful flirt. Miss Seaside—Well, they are very unjust. I am most constant, for my love is eternal—though the object changes.

THAT PALE FACE.

For Nervous Prostration and Anaemia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

Clerk—What size stocking do you want? Willie—About No. 20, I guess. Clerk—Why, my little man, you can't wear a larger size than 4. These are for Christmas.

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

Stalate—The time for us to part is coming on apace. Ethel—Yes, but the pacing record isn't likely to be broken.

Oh, papa! I know what makes people laugh in their sleeves! Well, my son, what makes them? Cause that's where their funny bone is.

EXCELLENCE.

RHEUMATISM.—Mr. WM. HOWES, 63 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.—Mrs. 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.

HE HAD THIRTEEN WIVES.

On His Deathbed a Bad Man Warns Suspectible Women.

A stranger about forty years old committed suicide in a boarding house at Los Angelos a few days ago. He left a remarkable letter in which he said he was a member of one of the largest families of this country, whose ancestors came from Jamestown. After confessing to having committed murder the writer says: "During a period of twenty-one years I have been married to thirteen different women. In every case, except the first, my sole motive was to secure money, not love or affection. I have three children by the first, and one by all the rest except three. One of the women to whom I've been married had $300,000 in her own right, three others had from $150,000 to $200,000 and none of the others were worth less than $10,000.

HIS GENERAL RULE.

"My rule generally was to live with my wife until I got the money in my control and then I was off for new fields to win another fair bride. I always had plenty of money and went in the best of style, and only operated in and among the aristocracy of the country. In this sphere my vain and giddy victims were easily captured, and it was often a case of 'love at first sight' with them. I have some hesitation about leaving a statement, but for several reasons I have decided to do so. First, those around me, of course, knew nothing of my intentions, and are perfectly innocent of what I am about to do, and this statement will relieve them of any suspicion.

DIAMONDS AND A SILK HAT.

"Second, it may be a warning to some good women, who are too often ready to receive and entertain strange men of whom they know nothing more than that they wear a silk hat, display a big lot of diamonds and toy with a gold headed cane. Beware of this class. Third. If these would-be detectives and officers of the law will pay more attention to the class of men whom I warn the women against, I can assure them that they will succeed in their business better. I have often seen a poor, dirty and ragged tramp dragged to jail, whose only affense was to beg a quarter or a dime to buy a much needed meal, while perhaps half a dozen of the worst criminals in the country, like myself, were lookers on, but in the guise of gentlemen whom Mr. Officer would scarcely dare to look at, much less attempt to arrest."

Abraham Lincoln

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated president of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said, "NEIGHBORS GIVE YOUR BOYS A CHANCE." These words come with as much force today as they did thirty years ago.

How give them this chance?

Up in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young, and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life.

Here is their chance!

The country referred to lies along the Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley, or North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutritious of grasses.

If a fruit farming region is wanted there is the whole state of Washington to select from.

As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade mountains, the greatest mountain scenery to be seen in the United States from the car window is found. The wonderful bad lands, wonderful in graceful form and glowing color, are a poem. Lakes Pend d' Oreille and Cœur d' Alene, are alone worthy of a trans-continental trip, while they are the fisherman's Ultima Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the Columbia river is a daylight dream. To cap the climax this is the only way to reach the far-famed Yellowstone Park.

To reach and see all this the Northern Pacific railroad furnish trains and service of unsurpassed excellence. The most approved and comfortable Palace Sleeping cars; the best Dining cars that can be made; Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers; easy riding Day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin Locomotives, make a train fit for royalty itself.

Those seeking for new homes should take this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to

CHAS. S. FEE,
G. P. & T. A.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

advt.

Fond Mother (of delicate dude)—I think it is time Clarence selected a profession. What would you advise? Old Gent (reflectively)—He might do nicely as a typewriter girl.

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples& Co.

When the wooden-legged man got a pair of skates he was mad; but what was his anger in comparison with that of the man without arms who got a pair of gloves at Christmas time?

IMPERIAL

CREAM TARTAR

BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

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

E. W. GILLETT. Toronto. Ont.

COAL.

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

LEHIGH HARD COAL.

In Stove and Chestnut sizes.

—ALSO—

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

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

P FARRELL

Fredericton, July 4th, 1892.

"No Funds"

Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "no funds." Take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil & Hypophosphites *to increase your energy and so make good your account at the bank of health.*

IT CURES

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS and all forms of Wasting Diseases.

Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

HOUSE FURNISHING

HARDWARE

—FOR THE—

CHRISTMAS TRADE.

Granite Iron Ware in Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Sauce Pans, Pudding Pans, Rice Boilers, etc.; Pearl Agate Ware in the above lines; Carpet Sweepers, Mrs. Pott's Irons, Clothes Wringers, Hearth Brushes, Coal Hods, Coal Vases, Fire Iron Setts, Dinner Bells, Call Bells,

With a large line of Fancy and Plain House Furnishing Hardware. For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

BOYCE BROTHERS.

Next store above Mr. Hodge's,

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE:

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

BOYCE BROS.

Fredericton, June 21.

Meat Choppers.

JUST RECEIVED:

4 DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned iron, best Meat Choppers in the country—well established fact. The tinned is much better than the Galvinized Iron.

These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one.

For sale by
R. CHESNUT & SONS.

ALABASTINE.

JUST RECEIVED:

1 TON of Alabastine, sixteen different shades all ready to mix in cold water. No boiling or hot water needed.

This is without a doubt an improvement on the old style. Try it.

For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE:

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

BOYCE'S FEED STORE,

Next Above Mr Hodge's,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

Steel. Steel.

JUST RECEIVED:

1 CAR load ten tons of Sled Shoe Steel, running from one quarter to three and one half inches wide, one quarter, five sixteenths and three eights thick. Cut to lengths for Bob and Long sleds,

And for sale at market prices by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Farm for Sale.

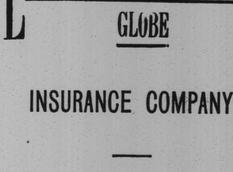
THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 500 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation.

There are two houses, barns and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair.

For further particulars apply to
JOHN A. EDWARDS,
Queen Hotel.

F'ton, April 9, 1892.

WILEY'S - DRUG STORE.



SOAPS

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

196 QUEEN STREET.

THE

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON,
Agent.

COAL. COAL.

In Stock:

BLACKSMITH,
VICTORIA and
OLD MINE SYDNEY
HOUSE COAL.

To Arrive:

A CARGO OF THAT CELEBRATED

SUGAR LOAF HARD COAL,

In Chestnut, Stove and Egg sizes.

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

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

OFFICE AND STOREHOUSE,

CAMPBELL STREET: Above CITY HALL.

JAMES TIBBITTS,

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

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

CHRISTMAS GOODS

AT FAIR PRICES.

Gold Pens,
Albums,
Panels,
Dressing Cases,
Work Boxes,
Manicure Sets,
Ladies Companions,
Smokers Sets,
Fancy Baskets,
Purses,
Satchels,
Opera Glasses,
Ink Stands in Olive Wood,
Books of Poetry,
Books of Adventure,
Books on Travel,
Books on History,
Books on Theology,
Books for Children,
Books for Sunday Schools,
Teachers Bibles,

Besides many other requisites too numerous to mention.

Hall's - Book - Store.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.

Just Received from Glasgow.

5000 ASBESTOS Fire Bricks. 30 Bags Fire Clay.

For sale low by
JAMES S. NEILL.

HARD COAL.

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

BEST QUALITY OF

ANTHRACITE,

in Broken Egg, Stove and Chestnut sizes.

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

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

E. H. ALLEN,

Campbell St., above City Hall.

Horse Shoes and Wire Nails.

JUST RECEIVED:

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

Per S. S. Madura.

FROM LONDON.

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

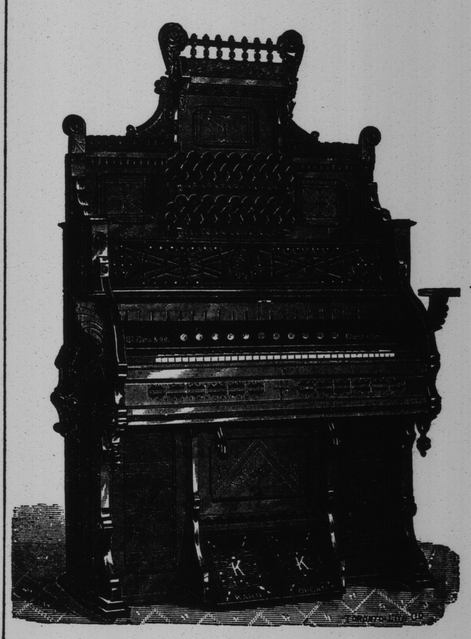
STEP LADDERS.

JUST RECEIVED:

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

McMURRAY & CO.

Have now on hand an immense stock of



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—AND—

PIANOS

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

SEWING MACHINES

First Class in every respect,

—FOR ONLY—

$ 25.00.

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

CALL AND SEE THEM.

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