

POETRY.

TOM AND I.

The meadow, with its clover sweet,
Stretched far above our view,
The daisies grew beneath our feet,
The hyacinths were blue.

And off the spring has brought since then,
The bloom to pear and peach,
The violets to the lowly gien,
The green leaves to the beach.

And we had had since that spring day,
Our share of good and bad and gray,
And now, though old and bent and gray,
We're found, true lovers still.

In perfect faith and hand in hand,
We wait the parting night,
Since we'll meet in the better land
Together, Tom and I.

SELECT STORY.
APPLEBY MANOR.

CHAPTER II.
Fate seemed against him in good earnest
for, as he entered the Manor, Dr. James
came softly down the stairs, and with a
very self-satisfied smile, said—

"I think we shall pull her through
now; she has come round and is sleeping
peacefully."
"Has she spoken?" Sir Francis gazed,
and the doctor shook his head.

"No, no, but that is of no consequence;
she is still dazed and languid, but this
sleep will restore her. No one must go
near the room. Will you give orders to
that effect?" Mrs. Sturt will remain with
her until she awakes or the nurse comes.

"You are not going? You will of
course dine with me?" Sir Francis said
cordially; it was to his interest to be on
friendly terms with all, but to him that
dinner was a time of agony. He was
forced to talk pleasantly, to eat and drink
moderately, while with an ever-increasing
dread he watched the hands of the clock
go round from seven to eight, to half-past,
and so Mrs. Millet.

"She is sleeping well," the doctor said,
following his glance to the huge time-
piece on the mantel-shelf.
"Mrs. Sturt will ring directly she
awakes; and you think that when she
does all her faculties will be clear?"

"I trust so; but it is impossible to tell.
She will require the greatest care and
skillful nursing. She was evidently there
all night; I hear her bed was not slept in.
Had she been danger earlier there would
have been less danger."

"I dined out and did not reach home
till late," Sir Francis said, playing with
his glass. "I suppose the poor child
wandered out and missed her footing. I
have not been along the cliff path since I
came here; but I imagined that, after the
serious accident that happened there some
years ago; my brother would have had a
fine put-up; now there is no protection
whatever."

A carriage drove up to the door as he
finished speaking, and in his nervous im-
patience he snapped the stem of his glass
in two.
The bell was muffled, but before the
handle had been pulled, Baxter had
thrown open the door, and a tall figure
clad in black, stepped into the bright
light of the hall.

"I am Mrs. Millet, the nurse," a low
voice said from behind the thick veil
which hid her face, and Baxter, having
inserted her into the library informed his
master of her arrival.
"That is well," Sir Francis said quietly.
"I have known the woman before, doctor;
you nursed a friend of mine through a
dangerous illness. If you will excuse me,
I will have a few words with her about
the case, and then leave you to give your
instructions." He rose and quitted the
room, crossing the hall to the one oppo-
site.

"I am glad you have come, Nurse
Millet," he said; then, as the door closed
behind him, his face and voice changed.
"Faithful still, Mary. I was beginning to
think you were not. The saints be praised
you have come!"

He flung himself into a chair, and Mrs.
Millet pushed back her veil, revealing a
face which once must have been beautiful,
but had grown faded in coloring and hard
in expression. A fair tall woman of about
thirty, with long grey eyes, that rarely
met a glance; a rather thin long nose
with nostrils that expanded and quivered
during any excitement, and a mouth
naturally weak, but which had acquired a
certain hardness. She sat leaning forward
with downcast eyes, her lips closed in a
livid line, her pale face perfectly motion-
less, save for those quivering nostrils. Sir
Francis glanced at her uneasily, then
went to her side and took her hand in
his.

"Mary, you are hurt because I sent for
you. Is it so?"
"No, Frank, you know it is not so.
You must know I am weaker than I am
before. You bade me come and I am
here. I often think I would be better if
I turned from you; if I gave you up, I
have waited ten years for you to keep
your word, I am waiting still. I have
carried out your every wish. I have been
at your beck and call, but it is useless."
She dropped her arm beside her with a
despairing gesture, and Sir Francis bit his
lip savagely. He did not want a scene
with this woman, upon whose great love
and trust he had trusted; who as a silly
romantic girl, he had enticed from his
humble cottage home, where her parents
bowed their heads broken hearts over
the fate of their only child, the sunny-
haired winning girl, who grew to a bitter
disappointed woman. He had no con-
science, no heart, this man upon whom
she had pinned her faith; he was one of
those human devils that are permitted to
walk this earth.

its business is over—it will be other-
wise, and you will be rewarded."
"You swear it?" she asked, with her
grey eyes fixed upon him.
"Yes, I swear it," he answered with
emphasis.

He would have promised anything just
then to have secured her services, and
the fact the necessity must be great, the
task before her not an easy one, for him
to offer her his name as a recompense.
"Tell me what it is. What is this
thing you have brought me here for?"

Sir Francis drew a chair close beside
her, and leaning forward, made his re-
quest in a voice so low, that it was with
difficulty she caught the muttered words—
"You have come to nurse my niece
who is ill, dangerously ill. There is a
chance that she may live, and a greater
chance that she may not. A little neglect
and a fortune, between me and you. She
holds my name, my reputation, my life
in her hands. Do you understand your
duty now?"

Mary Millet did not speak; she moved
her chair away from him, and pulling off
her black gloves, pressed her large white
hands to her head. No wonder the price
was high when so much was required.
She was a disgraced and dishonored
woman, but some of the good of her early
life still lingered in her nature, and made
her shrink with horror from the work re-
quired of her.

"Have I not sunk low enough?" she
asked, drawing her breath hard, and
those large white hands still spread be-
fore her face.
"Is it the last step downwards?"
"Alas! and lands me at the bottom,"
she said bitterly.

A savage exclamation escaped him; his
eyes burned vindictively as they sought
hers with a pitiless look.
"Then you refuse?"
"And what if I do?"
"Nothing; only 'good-bye.'"
She started up, a flush rising to her
brow and dying away to a deathly pallor.
"You will throw me off?"

"Yes."
There was no doubting the sincerity of
that answer; the woman sank back into
her chair again and rocked herself to and
fro.
"Is it not much after this?" he went
on, realizing fully the danger he was in.
"I did not ask you to murder her; merely
to let nature take its course. The girl is
nearly dead, in all probability will die,
whether you do your best or worse. Come,
I can stay no longer; I do not want
to excite suspicion."

"You have asked too much," she said,
with a sudden decision; "I will go." She
walked quickly to the door, her fingers
ere on the handle, when she turned to
him again—"Anything else," she en-
tered; "ask anything else and I will do
it."

"There is nothing else," he said sternly.
"I have asked you, who once profes-
sed such unyielding devotion, to save my
life and you will not?"
She drew a few steps nearer and anx-
iously scanned the lean dark face of one
which glowed those impenetrable eyes.
"Your life!" she echoed faintly. "You
said your life just now. Frank, to save
ours I will sacrifice my own. The life of
your life is my love for you. It will not
die; it is here, fierce and jealous; a
passion you raised to my cost."

"I do not ask for your life, but your
help," he said coldly; "and that you re-
fuse. I tell you that girl upstairs knows
that which will hang me if credence be
given to her story. Once let it get about
and—"

"It shall not," Mary Millet cried, cast-
ing herself on her knees before him. "To
save you I will do it. You have con-
sidered as usual; I have no will where
your crosses mine."

"You will have no cause to repent
granting this last request," he said, a
great sigh of relief escaping him. "But, Mary,
you must be calm, always on your guard,
and keep everyone away from her. Let
no one see her."

"You are a trust me," she answered, as
the temporary life and color left her face.
"Was I ever careless of your interests?
Did I ever by word or look betray you?
Do you remember in that gambling den
at—"

Sir Francis turned upon her fiercely.
"Hush! For heaven's sake, hush!"
he cried. "Let there be no allusions to
the past. I have done with the good old
days; better are before me after this."

She shivered as she moved slowly to-
wards the door. "Yes, after this," she re-
peated, and at that moment the upstairs
bell rang.

CHAPTER III.
When Sabina opened her eyes, she was
too ill and weak to wonder over her
present condition, or to remember the
past. She was stiff and sore with a pain
which made it impossible for her to
speak clearly. Old Mrs. Sturt had
crept from the bed side to the bell-rope,
and the next thing Sabina was aware of
was the presence of a sorrowful face,
who bent over her, holding her hand
naturally weak, but which had acquired a
certain hardness. She sat leaning forward
with downcast eyes, her lips closed in a
livid line, her pale face perfectly motion-
less, save for those quivering nostrils. Sir
Francis glanced at her uneasily, then
went to her side and took her hand in
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science, no heart, this man upon whom
she had pinned her faith; he was one of
those human devils that are permitted to
walk this earth.

his heat, always the prayer to shield her
from it.
The woman's heart was not dead to
suffering; the sight of that piteous face
on the pillow, the sound of that pleading
voice was more than he could bear. She
bent over Sabina with tightly locked
hands, then passed noisily about the
room. Still the entreating cry for re-
lief that she could give rang in her ears.
At last it became unendurable.
"I will give it to her this time," Mrs.
Millet said; "it may ease her—only one
dose."

She took the bottle in her hand and
uncorked it, and stood holding it, hesi-
tating between good and evil, after all
putting the bottle back, and covering
in her chair with her face hidden.
"One life must go," she argued; "why
not both? I can save one, but not both;
no, not both, as she is only a girl, and
perhaps more fit to die than he."

To do her justice, in that terrible hour
of temptation she did not think of her-
self; it was all for that man who had
dragged her down and degraded her, and
who now sought to steep her more deeply
in guilt.
"Who was her mad, unprincipled love
for him, against her almost obliterated
self. Since she had left her father's home,
she had turned from Providence and every
hope of heaven; she had never allowed
herself to think of the old innocent days
of her childhood, but had stumbled blindly
forward, always sinking lower and lower,
until she had come to this.

She raised her head with a jerk as
though became too bitter, and found
those fever glazed eyes resting upon him.
To the woman's excited fancy they seemed
full of condemning reproach. Springing
up, she hastily poured out the mixture,
and raising the girl's head, gave it to her.
Only five minutes over the time, and yet
she had lived through.

"I cannot do it! I cannot do it!" she
wailed, wringing her hands, and her
feet on the landing, she peered over
the banisters; the house was dark
and still. She did not know where Sir
Francis slept, or she would have gone to
him then and there, and told him it was
beyond the power of endurance to sit and
watch her victim die. For a long time
she stood shivering in the darkness, and
when she again entered the room, it was
eight minutes past the half hour. Sabina
was still moaning and talking restlessly,
and Mary Millet again gave the medicine;
and so on, all through the small hours of
the morning, she obeyed the doctor's
orders.

When day broke it found her haggard
and worn, with new lines upon her face
but without that last awful blot on her
soul. Yet she felt no gratitude for having
saved; she was afraid of the conse-
quences of what she had done, and des-
perately anxious to screen her weakness
from Sir Francis. The fever had left
Sabina, the pain in her head was better;
but she was very weak and ill, and lay
like one dead, perfectly motionless, scarce-
ly breathing, and Mrs. Millet sat beside
her wrapped in gloomy reveries.

When Dr. James found his patient so
much better, he warmly congratulated
the nurse upon her evident care, and
wondered at the peculiar skill that lit up
her face as she turned aside; but she was
a peculiar woman, he decided, when he
knew her better.

Sir Francis heard of his niece's turn for
the better with well feigned pleasure, and
listened quietly to the doctor's praise of
the nurse; and afterwards, when Trema-
ine called, he saw him, himself giving
the welcome news. But he was conscious
all the time of a change in the young
man's demeanor; a certain haughty re-
serve which was foreign to his genial
frank nature.

As Tremaine was leaving he said abrupt-
ly:
"I wish you to understand, Sir, that I
still consider myself engaged to your
niece. The story you told me does not
make me less anxious to make her my
wife."

"Your affection has stood a strong test,"
Appleybread said in his precise manner.
"I trust my niece may soon be
sufficiently recovered for you to tell her
so yourself."

Tremaine looked slightly bewildered.
"Am I then to understand that your ob-
jections are withdrawn?" he asked in a
surprised tone.
"Certainly."

Tremaine left the Manor with a puzzled
look on his forehead; he could not
understand the man. He thought if he
could only see Sabina, only have her for
himself for a short time all would be
well between them. But there were long
days to live through before he could hope
to see her. Still he had something to be
thankful for; the dull despair of yesterday
was lightened. She had been dragged
from the grave.

After breakfast, Sir Francis sent a care-
fully sealed note to Mrs. Millet. Inside
was written—
"Come to my study at your earliest
opportunity."

And though he waited all the morning,
she did not come. It was while he was
gazing at his note with a pale face, that
a shadow of a low phosphen dropped up
at the door. He caught a glimpse of the
driver as she swiftly passed the window
and as the groom sprang to the ground,
Sir Francis himself appeared at the door.

"This is very kind of you, Miss An-
drews," he said, as they met.
"Is it not?" she smiled, casting a
dangerous glance into his face. "But you
must not think I have come to see you,
it is to ask after Sabina. She is better, I
know, for I have just met our new medi-
cal man, and learned the latest news."

"You are not going?" he exclaimed.
"You are not going?" he exclaimed. "I
thought you had at least come to pay a
short visit. Let me help you out."

She shook her head laughing.
"You look as if you had been up all
night; go and lie down and rest, you
need it I am sure."

let us know how Sabina is?"
"Thank you, good-bye."
He looked disappointed and hurt at her
indifference, not knowing how her heart
troubled as he gazed with ardent eyes of
love into hers.

They clasped hands, and she drove
away again, and with a sigh he banished
from his thoughts and turned to the
stern realities of life, to the sickening
doubts and wearying suspense that had
suddenly come upon him.

His secret ways had ever been dark and
evil, but he had been secret. He had
never been threatened with exposure
until this, and now his future lay in the
hands of two women, and he himself
could do nothing but wait. The morning
went by and luncheon was served before
Mrs. Millet came down to tell Sir Francis
how the patient was progressing.

"I am thankful to hear she is so much
better," he said, genially, in a voice in-
dignant to the servants; then, as the door
closed upon them, he laid a heavy hand
on her shoulder, whispering fiercely,
"What is the meaning of this?"

"Oh what?" she asked, faintly, drawing
away from his scrutinizing gaze. "I can-
not help her getting better. I could not
do more than you told me."

"Did you give her that confounded
stuff?"
"Of course not. I threw it away, but
it was not of no difference," the woman
said glibly.

But she grew white to the lips as he
asked her what she had done. "I can-
not help her getting better. I could not
do more than you told me."

"You are lying. You have tricked
me!" he said in a slow hoarse voice.
You have been a traitress! The hand on
his cheek tightened till it bruised her
flesh, but she did not feel the pain.

"You are unjust," she cried, sobbing
wildly. "I did my best. I threw the
stuff away, but she got better and better,
and lies there staring at me till I can't
bear."

"Hush! Do you wish everyone to
hear? Do you wish to ruin me? Re-
member what your reward is to be. Be
quiet if you can, and tell me what has
passed."

Mrs. Millet gulped back the sobs, trying
to steady her voice.
"Stealing is not the landing, she peered
over the banisters; the house was dark
and still. She did not know where Sir
Francis slept, or she would have gone to
him then and there, and told him it was
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surprised tone.
"Certainly."

THE WRONG MAN.
The gentle Gladys sat dreamily in the
gloaming in the front room. She was
very miserable, for on the previous night
she had had words with her own, and
now she fears that her haughty Harold
will not call. She hears a step, a ring, a
voice she knows, and some one speaking
to the servant in the hall. She will not
wait till a light is brought, but gently
calls, Come in!

The visitor enters, and with a sigh of
awful volume the fair Gladys casts her-
self into his arms and softly murmurs:
Oh, my darling, I'm so glad you've
come! I have so wanted to settle this.
And he of the embrace remarked,
Well, miss, it's very nice of you, and I'm
very glad, too, that you're going to settle
up at last.

FOR ONE FIFTY YEARS
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been
used by millions of mothers for their chil-
dren while teething. If disturbed at
night and broken of your rest by a sick
child suffering and crying with pain of
cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle
of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for
children teething. It is pleasant to the taste
and the prescription of one of the
oldest and best female physicians and
nurses in the United States. Price twenty-
five cents a bottle. Sold by all drug-
gists throughout the world. Be sure and
ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING
SYRUP."

Er, long my bosom's loving wife
Will speak that sentence dire,
That makes a burden of my life—
"Get up
and light
the fire."

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS.
Mr. M. Rooney, a well known Halifax
merchant, writes: "I am using Hawker's
Liver Pills and can recommend them as
a sure cure for Biliousness."
What Mr. Rooney says is endorsed by
thousands who have tried these pills.
Once tried they are always sought for
when the trouble recurs. They are easy
to take, exceedingly mild in their action
and effective in a marked degree.

MIXED PAINTS
JUST received several cases Ready Mixed paints,
all of the most reliable quality and color can
be furnished with. Not only is it a wear and tear
on the money, but causes Great Loss of Time and
Money. Red Putty will keep, run, and set after the
brush, and has to be "cleaned" up. It will cost in
time saved to 15 cents per pound, and then will
make a good lasting job. We have Fine Glass
Putty, Fresh, Clean and Bright, no grit, no sand.
We guarantee to give entire satisfaction. If it does
not, it need not be paid for. We can afford to offer
this because it is made of the Very Best Materials.
For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Putty! Putty!
5 Casks Bull, and 3 Casks Bladder Putty.
Putty that is best, is dear at any price and is one
of the most popular colors in paint and plaster can
be furnished with. Not only is it a wear and tear
on the money, but causes Great Loss of Time and
Money. Red Putty will keep, run, and set after the
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For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

DR. R. MCLEARN.
Office and Residence,
Corner Queen and Regent Sts.
Office Hours.
8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.
Telephone 66.
Fredericton, May 6th, 1892.

VIGOR OF MEN
Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.
Weakness, Nervousness, Debility,
and all the train of evils from early excess,
later excesses, the results of overwork, sick-
ness, worry, etc. Full strength, development
and tone given to every organ and portion
of the body. Simple, natural methods. Imme-
diate improvement seen. Failure impossible.
2,000 references. Book, explanation and
proof mailed (sealed) free.
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

HE MEANT IT.
The small boy who was a Sunday school
teacher, had had a row with another one,
and was venting his mind very freely to
his Sunday school teacher.
Don't scold me, she said pleadingly;
what will you do when you meet him in
Heaven?
Do, exclaimed the boy, violently. Do?
Why, I'll yank one of his wings off and
thump the stuffing out of him with it,
that is what I'll do, and the kid looked as
if he really meant it.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS—Distressing Kid-
ney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six
hours by the "Great South American
Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a
great surprise and delight on account of
its promptness in relieving pain in the
bladder, kidneys, back and every part
of the urinary passages in male or
female. It relieves retention of water
and pain in passing it almost immediately.
If you want quick relief and cure this
is your remedy. Sold by Davies, Mack &
Co., Druggists.

Great Feats—I saw a woman carrying
an iron bar weighing 500 pounds a dis-
tance of seventy-five feet last night, said
Hicks. Pugh, said Maxson. I saw a
fragile little woman stop a two ton com-
bustion in the Strand this morning just by
holding up her forehead.

Ich, Mungo and Scabies of every
kind, on human or animals, cured in 30
minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion.
Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co.

Little Turkey—Oh, mamma, mamma!
I've got a cold and silver wishbones in
the jeweller's window. Please get me
one. Mother Turkey—My child, our
lives are in constant peril as it is. With
gold and silver wishbones none of us
escape.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.
There is no lack of so-called cures for
the common ailment known as corns. The
vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms
have been ransacked for cures. It is a
simple matter to remove corns without
pain, for if you will go to any druggist or
medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Put-
nam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply
it as directed the thing is done. Get "Put-
nam's" and no other.

STRATEGY OF A HIGH ORDER.
Pugilist—Say, young fellow, is you the
sporting editor who wrote this article calla' me
a bully?
Sporting Editor (very much agitated)—
No, sir. I didn't write that you were a
bully. This is a typographical error.
What I wrote was that you were a bully
follow.
Pugilist—Is dat so? You have one
wid me.

English Spavin Liniment removes all
hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Bleis-
hishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs,
Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes,
Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Combs,
etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. War-
ranted the most wonderful Bleish Cure
ever known. Warranted by Davies,
Mack & Co.

NEW
DRUG STORE,
2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK,
QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.

Having severed my connection
with the firm of
DAVIS STAPLES & CO.,
I have opened up business on
my own account, in the store
formerly occupied by the

CANADIAN
Express Company,
two doors below People's Bank.

With my experience of twenty-
one years in the Drug Busi-
ness and being manager of the
business of the late firm for
thirteen years, I feel with every
confidence that I can fully meet
the requirements of my friends
and the public generally.

Yours Respectfully,
ALONZO STAPLES,
April 29, 1893.

Executors Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned,
have been appointed Executor of the last will
of the late John A. Morrison.
All persons indebted to such Estate will please
arrange with me at once, and all persons having
any legal claims against such estate are requested
to hand the same to me daily attested to within
three months from this date.
FRANK L. MORRISON,
Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison,
June 10

MIXED PAINTS
JUST received several cases Ready Mixed paints,
all of the most reliable quality and color can
be furnished with. Not only is it a wear and tear
on the money, but causes Great Loss of Time and
Money. Red Putty will keep, run, and set after the
brush, and has to be "cleaned" up. It will cost in
time saved to 15 cents per pound, and then will
make a good lasting job. We have Fine Glass
Putty, Fresh, Clean and Bright, no grit, no sand.
We guarantee to give entire satisfaction. If it does
not, it need not be paid for. We can afford to offer
this because it is made of the Very Best Materials.
For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Putty! Putty!
5 Casks Bull, and 3 Casks Bladder Putty.
Putty that is best, is dear at any price and is one
of the most popular colors in paint and plaster can
be furnished with. Not only is it a wear and tear
on the money, but causes Great Loss of Time and
Money. Red Putty will keep, run, and set after the
brush, and has to be "cleaned" up. It will cost in
time saved to 15 cents per pound, and then will
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Putty, Fresh, Clean and Bright, no grit, no sand.
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this because it is made of the Very Best Materials.
For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

DR. R. MCLEARN.
Office and Residence,
Corner Queen and Regent Sts.
Office Hours.
8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.
Telephone 66.
Fredericton, May 6th, 1892.

VIGOR OF MEN
Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.
Weakness, Nervousness, Debility,
and all the train of evils from early excess,
later excesses, the results of overwork, sick-
ness, worry, etc. Full strength, development
and tone given to every organ and portion
of the body. Simple, natural methods. Imme-
diate improvement seen. Failure impossible.
2,000 references. Book, explanation and
proof mailed (sealed) free.
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

HE MEANT IT.
The small boy who was a Sunday school
teacher, had had a row with another one,
and was venting his mind very freely to
his Sunday school teacher.
Don't scold me, she said pleadingly;
what will you do when you meet him in
Heaven?
Do, exclaimed the boy, violently. Do?
Why, I'll yank one of his wings off and
thump the stuffing out of him with it,
that is what I'll do, and the kid looked as
if he really meant it.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS—Distressing Kid-
ney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six
hours by the "Great South American
Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a
great surprise and delight on account of
its promptness in relieving pain in the
bladder, kidneys, back and every part
of the urinary passages in male or
female. It relieves retention of water
and pain in passing it almost immediately.
If you want quick relief and cure this
is your remedy. Sold by Davies, Mack &
Co., Druggists.

Great Feats—I saw a woman carrying
an iron bar weighing 500 pounds a dis-
tance of seventy-five feet last night, said
Hicks. Pugh, said Maxson. I saw a
fragile little woman stop a two ton com-
bustion in the Strand this morning just by
holding up her forehead.

Ich, Mungo and Scabies of every
kind, on human or animals, cured in 30
minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion.
Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co.

Little Turkey—Oh, mamma, mamma!
I've got a cold and silver wishbones in
the jeweller's window. Please get me
one. Mother Turkey—My child, our
lives are in constant peril as it is. With
gold and silver wishbones none of us
escape.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.
There is no lack of so-called cures for
the common ailment known as corns. The
vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms
have been ransacked for cures. It is a
simple matter to remove corns without
pain, for if you will go to any druggist or
medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Put-
nam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply
it as directed the thing is done. Get "Put-
nam's" and no other.

STRATEGY OF A HIGH ORDER.
Pugilist—Say, young fellow, is you the
sporting editor who wrote this article calla' me
a bully?
Sporting Editor (very much agitated)—
No, sir. I didn't write that you were a
bully. This is a typographical error.
What I wrote was that you were a bully
follow.
Pugilist—Is dat so? You have one
wid me.

WILEY'S
DRUG STORE,
196 Queen Street.

5 Gross HIRE'S ROOT BEER Daily expected.
LACTATED FOOD,
MELLIN'S FOOD,
BUTTER COLOR,
DIAMOND DYES.

JOHN M. WILEY,
Druggist.

R. C. MACREDIE,
Plumber, Gas Fitter,
AND
TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fred-
ericton and vicinity that he has
opened business on Queen Street.

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
where he