POETRY.

MY FATHER'S WAY.

"I must look to the sheep in the fold,
See the cattle are fed and warm.
So, Jack, tell your mother to wrap you well,
You may go with me over the farm.
Though the snow is deep and the weather cold,
You are not a babe at six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay,
But the sky was as blue as June;
And father and son came laughing home
When dinner was ready at noon—
Knocking the snow from their weary feet,
Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said,
That I feared I could scarcely get through;
The mother turned with a pleasant smile,
"Then what could a little lad do?"
"I trod in my father's steps," said Jack,
"Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face,
And a solemn thought was there,
The words had gone like a lightning flash
To the seat of a nobler care,
"If he treads in my steps, then day by day
How carefully I must choose my way!"

For the child will do as the father does,
And the track that I leave behind,
If it be firm and clear, and straight,
The feet of my son will find,
He will tread in his father steps and say
"I am right for this was my father's way!"

Oh! fathers treading in life's hard road,
Be sure of the steps you take,
Then the sons you love, when gray haired men,
Will tread in them still for your sake,
Then grey haired men to their sons will say
"We tread in our father's steps to-day."

SELECT STORY.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

"Lillian Wrentmore will marry Francis Devlin, mark my words." The speaker was one of those infallible dowagers who parcel out people's lives like the fates.

"What can she see in him? He is not young, nor particularly handsome, nor especially rich."

"His reputation is none of the best."

"That's it, you may depend. Women of the cold-blooded unemotional sort—and Lillian Wrentmore is one—are often attracted by a thorough-going rake."

"Is she so cold? I don't believe it. If she had any real feeling she would have left Wrentmore. She can inspire devotion, as we know—men have gone silly for her—but she cannot return it."

"Cold-blooded or not, Lillian Wrentmore is hard hit at last. I've seen her with Sir Francis Devlin—trust an old woman's eyes. They'll marry; it is a fait accompli, you may be sure."

"I am astonished that she should sacrifice her independence; and since her widowhood she has revelled in it, as we know."

"She is in love; that is the solution. In love, probably, for the first time in her life; and desperately in earnest, I believe. I should not like to come between her and her choice; nor do I advise anyone else to do so. She'd be as dangerous as a tigress robbed of her young."

For once, there was truth in the talk of the town. Lady Wrentmore, the great beauty, the gay widow, who since her emancipation had flashed to and fro like a brilliant butterfly in the society—admired, coveted, pursued, but always evasive—had suffered herself to be caught at last. She might have re-married a dozen times; the most splendid offers had been made her by the best parties, and yet she had invariably refused. People thought it was because she had had somewhat too much matrimony already—chained, as she had been, through the best years of her young girlish life, to the bath chair of a worn-out, querulous debauche. Her freedom was too dear to her, and she did not mean to surrender it again.

The fact was, till he came in the person of Sir Francis Devlin, the right man had never appeared. They had seldom met in her married days. Lord Wrentmore, not without reason, had kept Devlin at a distance, and Devlin himself had other amusement on hand. Chance had at last brought them together. Lillian was free; Devlin, for the moment, heart whole. The attraction was mutual; first fancy grew into warm liking, and this into passionate attachment—strongest in the woman, for once—but Lillian's undisguised preference flattered and soon won over the man. Francis Devlin, the clever, cynical, blase man of the world, weary of too facile and abundant bonnes fortune, had surrendered at discretion, and was going in for solid, permanent, but humdrum domestic bliss.

It was quite pretty to see them together, their devotion to each other was really touching; as many sighs and soft whisperings, and longing looks into the depths of each other's eyes, as in an idyllic, Arcadian boy-and-girl love affair of the deep passionate, rather turbulent kind. Lillian, the iceberg, melted at last, was madly, furiously jealous of her fiance, ever confessing him, and not always granting him absolution for past *affaires de cœurt*, pinning him to her apron strings, hourly expecting fresh assurances of constancy, yet in perpetual apprehension lest his roving, fickle fancy should fix itself elsewhere.

"I do not like your going to Belcourt, Francis; I hate it, detest it indeed," she said one day, when discussing a long-promised engagement of his to a certain country house. Lillian was not to be of the party.

"It is quite impossible for me to back out; I must go." Devlin had replied pleasantly, but so firmly that Lillian was all the more distressed and unhappy at his decision.

"Not if I asked you to stay away?" she pleaded, using the artillery of her magnificent eyes.

"Anything you ask I will do, in reason: but not this. Lillian, dearest, do not be childish. It is only for a short week. I will write to you every day; telegraph to you, if you like, every hour."

How could she distrust him? Was it not natural? The visit was to the house of his oldest friends; royalty was included among the guests; to withdraw would have been a serious breach of social etiquette.

So Lady Wrentmore yielded, yet with a very bad grace. Something warned her—one of those vague, often foolish and unfulfilled presentiments—that trouble, disappointment, distress, would come of it. And, for once, these evil forebodings were right.

Within the first few days she heard from a dear friend—of course, a woman—the latest news at Belcourt.

"My dear," said the writer, "I hate to make mischief; but really you ought to know. Why do you let Sir Francis out of your sight? No man is to be trusted so far as that. Besides, Lina Cracroft is known to be dangerous. It's not safe to be in the same house with her. She made a dead set at your Francis the moment he appeared, and now it is decidedly a case. If you only saw them together! I am so grieved for you, dear, and think you will have everybody's sympathy. But, then, the idea of trusting Francis Devlin!"

"I cannot, will not believe it!" cried Lillian, very loath to surrender faith in her lover. "It is all envy and uncharitableness."

Then a second letter came, more positive and explicit, giving the most damning details. There had been a ball, a big ball. Devlin and Lady Lina Cracroft had danced together continually, had sat out together, and flirted all night in the most open and barefaced way. "It was really disgraceful," said Lillian's informant; "everyone noticed it—the prince even. You need not believe me; ask them—ask H. R. H. himself; he seemed highly amused."

Lillian's heart sank, but still some small scrap of faith remained to her. Sir Francis had written, too, that morning a cheery, chatty letter, full of caustic criticism upon the company in the house. He spared no one, not even Lady Lina Cracroft, whom he described as a "little flirty dame, without an idea but dress—and not too much of that at times, my dear." All would have been well, he would have completely hoodwinked his credulous fiancee, had he not said in a postscript that it was impossible for him to return to London for another week. He had been pressed to go on to Brooksby Castle. H. R. H. had made a point of it, and he could not possibly refuse.

Suspicion and jealousy go hand in hand. Lillian Wrentmore there and then telegraphed to her fair correspondent at Belcourt: "Does Lin C. go to Brooksby?" and when the answer came in the affirmative she sat down and wrote as follows to Sir Francis Devlin:

"Dear Francis—Your devotion to country house visiting does not surprise me, who knows your fondness for sport of all kinds. But I neither hunt nor shoot and I hate an English winter. London is too detestable; I have had enough of it, and of you. I am off to the Mediterranean in the 'Glorvina' with the O'Dowds. Address uncertain; somewhere between Nice and Corfu. Good-bye.

Yours, LILLAN.

"P. S.—You may say I broke it off, or that you did, whichever suits you best. I shall say nothing."

But she meant to act. Lillian Wrentmore was not the woman to submit tamely to such an affront, such an outrage as this recreant lover had dared to put upon her. It was not, however, on him, whom she now heartily dispised, and could throw away like an old glove, but upon the other, his too facile conquest, that she sought revenge. Lady Lina should suffer for this; she should pay the penalty for both.

Six months later all London learnt that another terrible scandal in high life was about to become public property. The story was told vaguely; but while outsiders wondered who and what was meant, the initiated viewed the approaching expose with infinite concern. Lady Lina Cracroft suddenly realized that she was at the mercy of a bitter and implacable foe; an enemy was in possession of certain damaging facts, held certain compromising letters, knew certain strange details, which were to be used against her to utter confusion and disgrace.

This was Lady Wrentmore. She made no secret of her intention, of the terrible power she wielded to injure another woman.

"I will ruin her utterly," she declared with cruel emphasis, to a friend of both of them, despatched as an intermediary, old Mr. Turnbull, Q. C., who was renowned for his skilful conduct of the most delicate and difficult negotiations. "Everyone shall know what a mean and despicable creature she is. She will poach no more on other people's preserves; shall make no more trusting women wretched; no more fools of weak and gullible men."

"What do you know? What can you do?" she was asked.

"Enough to make the worst chronique scandaleuse this generation has seen. I have letters of hers, written by her, signed by her which will brand her as the lowest and most abandoned of her sex. I shall put the whole of them into her husband's hands. No one else shall have them. Let her send him to me—and soon—otherwise I shall print and circulate them. The first copy shall go to Windsor, and the second to Marlborough House."

"I should not advise you to print or circulate them," said the old lawyer, dryly. "You might find yourselves at odds with the law, to say nothing of what people would think and say of you."

"No threats of that kind will turn me aside," retorted Lady Wrentmore, recklessly. "But your best and safest plan will be to send Mr. Cracroft here."

Lady Lina turned deadly pale when she heard of Mr. Turnbull's failure. Send Mr. Cracroft? Impossible! I don't even know where Herbert is." It was notorious that the Cracroft were a very disunited couple. Each went his or her own way without reference to the other. Their marriage had not been a success. Cracroft, heir to an old title and princely estates, had been forced upon the girl by her family. His love and admiration for her had been sincere until he found out that she had made a convenience of him and much preferred another. They had lately driftd widely apart. He was a proud, rather eccentric creature, much given to travel and big game, anything rather than follow in the wake of a foolish, "flirtatious" wife. He was too proud to bicker and wrangle with her, too considerate for his children's sake to quarrel outright.

It seemed out of the question to appeal to him now. Lady Lina rather took immediate and anxious counsel with her most particular friends, Sir Francis Devlin among the first.

"I wonder how she got the letters?" he asked, as he discussed the matter with her, "and from whom? You have so many correspondents, and are so desperately effusive. I have often warned you of the danger. I've never kept a single line you wrote; of course, others have. Now we must recover possession—by fair means or foul. I will do all I can."

From inquiries adroitly made he soon ascertained how these letters got into the wrong hands. A number of valets, his own among them, had been tampered with by Lady Wrentmore's maid. Hortense was a clever, rusee Frenchwoman, like so many of her class, with a keen eye to business, and a consuming desire to become a rentiere and retire to her native place. Sir Francis invited her to come and see him, and, without preamble, offered her her own price if she would abstract the letters from her mistress.

"How much will monsieur give? Five hundred pounds? Write it down then; I must be protected. Suppose I was caught. Piff-paff! My lady would send for the police, on ne badine pas avec la rousse."

Sir Francis rather weakly committed the engagement to writing. In a day or two Hortense brought it back endorsed by Lady Wrentmore:

"I go £500 better; anything you offer shall be doubled. Who will laugh longest at that? Hortense would be a millionaire. But I shall not wait; either let Mr. Cracroft appear in a fortnight, or I shall send him the whole correspondence, and copies elsewhere, as I told you."

To come to Lady Wrentmore's terms seemed inevitable; but the difficulty was to find Mr. Cracroft. His bankers generally knew his whereabouts, and had last heard of him in Sicily. He talked of going on to the Greek archipelago, thence to the Carpathians perhaps. It would not be easy to catch him, but they would do their best. In the midst of the uncertainty, Mr. Cracroft turned up suddenly and unexpectedly in London.

"What has brought you home?" his wife asked, nervously.

"Only this. What does it mean? No doubt you can explain," and he handed her a letter:

"Lillian Lady Wrentmore has an important communication to make to Mr. Cracroft, and begs that he will call upon her at once. It affects Mr. Cracroft's domestic happiness, and the reputation of one of most nearly allied to him."

Lady Lina could not meet her husband's eyes, fixed on her with stern interrogation.

"What does it mean? Make a clean breast of it. Tell me all you know or suspect."

"She has found out—got hold, I mean, of foolish letters of mine written—long ago—"

He stopped her abruptly and took up his hat.

"Come, Lina, I am going to Lady Wrentmore now; and you must come with me. I insist."

Lady Wrentmore was not displeased when the husband and wife were announced together; she thought she understood Mr. Cracroft's motive, and felt that now her vengeance would be the more dramatic and complete.

"I did not expect to see Lady Lina," she began, with a cruel little smile; "still, as she has done me the honor——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Cracroft, "let us get to business. You sent for me. Why?"

"To put these letters in your hands," and she took a small packet from her despatch box. "They are from your wife to some of her dearest friends——"

"Stay," Mr. Cracroft put up one hand, as he extended the other to receive the packet. "If they are not to you how did you become possessed of them?"

"I—I——" Lady Wrentmore blushed and hesitated. It was a nice thing to acknowledge.

"However obtained—whether you begged, bought, borrowed or stole them——"

"Mr. Cracroft!"

"Is immaterial. You have no right to them. No one has but the person who received them, or the person who wrote them. Did you write them, Lina? Look, do you recognize the writing? Are they yours?"

"Yes," faltered Lady Lina, almost inaudibly, as she turned them over with trembling hands.

"Then put them in the fire," said her husband, briefly.

"Oh, Herbert!" cried his wife, as she hastily obeyed. "How noble of you!"

"She does not deserve such magnanimous treatment," said Lady Wrentmore, savagely. She saw her prey escaping her. "If you only knew, as I am sure you cannot, how shamefully, how disgracefully—"

"Silence, madam!" thundered Cracroft. "Do you imagine I will listen to such aspersions upon my wife! I must beg of you to leave her and me and our affairs altogether alone. Try to reconcile your own conscience to the unworthy part you have played. Come, Lina. Lady Wrentmore, good morning."

"Herbert, how can I thank you sufficiently," began his wife, as they drove back.

"How good and noble of you! But they were very harmless little letters, after all; you might have read them.

"Might I?" he answered dryly. Then, with a hard, bitter laugh, he went on: "Don't descend to that, Lina. We were driven apart before the letters came up; only our separation, if you please, must now be real and complete. The children must go to my mother. I shall try South America, think. Don't give yourself away again, as I shall be too far off to help you."

Although the storm had not burst over her, it long disturbed the air around Lady Lina Cracroft. She was not popular with her sex, and they were as hard upon her as though she had been openly gibbeted.

Nor was Lady Wrentmore spared. She was known as dangerous, unscrupulous in her use of means to an end, and most men gave her a wide berth. In her secret heart she admires the chivalry of Mr. Cracroft more than she despises Sir Francis Devlin.

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.

A Lost Lesson.—Mrs. Winkers (meaningly)—The paper says a man walked into a saloon yesterday afternon, took a drink and dropped dead. Mr. Winkers (solemnly)—Procrastination is a terrible thing. He should have taken his tonic sooner.

PARENTS MUST HAVE REST.

A President of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now: We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

CARL DUNDER'S GAS METER.

Called on by Several Men, at last He Becomes Desperate.

"Sergeant," whispered Mr. Dunder, as he softly entered the station house the other day, "maybe you haf experience mit a gas meter?"

"Maybe she vhas all right, but I dunno, I like to shpeak mit you about him. Three weeks ago I make a change from lamps to gas. I feels afraid, but eaferybody says it vhas all right und dot meter doan' blow me oop sky high some time. I doan' like dot gas. You can't feel her und she doan' haf no wick to turn oop or down. She vhas in shust one hour vhen a feller comes in und shtops und shmiles und listens und says:

"Mr. Dunder, do you wish to be at der golden gates of heafen in about four minutes?"

"Of course not."

"Vhell, it vhas lucky for you I came in shust now. You doan' know about gas. Der pressure on dot meter vhas shust seexteen times too much, und pretty soon you vhas exploded all oafer town. I shall reduce him for you."

"He goes by der place under der stairs und makes it all right. Dot vhas kindness in him, und I ask him to take a glass of beer. He vhas mooch obliged, und he takes two glasses und a cigar."

"I see," said the sergeant.

"Der werry next eafnings a feller comes in und begins to look all around as if he vhas scared, und pooty soon he says to me:

"Mr. Dunder, if you vhas so anxious to die, vhy doan' you go out und hang yourself und put der lives of fifty others in peril?"

"How vhas dot?"

"Vhy, dot gas meter vhas making 400 revolutions to der minute, vhen she can shtand only 150. In three minutes more some flues collapse, und you vhas der gonest dutchman in all dis country und dis sixth ward was the scene of desolation. Vhere you keep dot meter, eh?"

"Vhell, he crawls under der stairs und fixes her oop und safe my life, und of coorse I ask him to take a glass of beer. He vhas oxcited and he drinks four times."

"I'm following you," said the sergeant as Mr. Dunder looked up.

"On der next eafnings I belief dot meter vhas all right, und I vhas feeling happy und peaceful vhen a feller comes in by der door and puts his hand oop to his ear to listen. Pooty soon he whispers to me: "Mr. Dunder, vhas it convenient for you to pay out $32,000,000 on der first part of der month?"

"Heafens, no! Vhas sometimes wrong mit dot gas meter again?"

"Vhell, maybe you vill call him all right, but I doan'. I can tell by dot noise dot she vhas burning gas at der rate of 16,000,000 feet a month. At two dollars a thousand dot makes you $32,000,000. It vhas none of my peesness of course, but if you"——

"He vhas a werry kind man, sergeant. He crawls under der shtairs und fixes oop dose piston rods und cylinder heads und fly-wheels, und he says my gas bill vhas reduced from $32,000,000 to $4.20. My heart goes out for him, und he drinks fife glasses of my beer und eats more free lunch ash sefen men."

"What else?" queried the sergeant.

"It vhas like dot eafery night till I, vhas shakin all ofer mit a shill all der time. One feller he finds dot der trolley vhas out of order, der next one find sshe vhas 200 vholts to much; der third one says she only half a sefen-inch stroke, vhen he should be ten; der fourth one likes to tighten oop der belt und put on a safety valve. So it vhas all der time till last night. Den a feller comes in und begins to look around und grow pale und tell me dot der feed pipe in dot meter vhas shtopped oop und der water all out of der boiler."

"And he got beer also?" queried the sergeant.

"Not mooch! Vhas I some haystacks? Do you see some greenness on me? Look on my back und see if some flies vash roosting dere! I vhas no longer scared. I got mad shust like lightning. I make oop my mind dot I haf troobles enough mit dot gas meter, und I shump for him und haf it all oafer."

"How?"

"Vhy, I take her off der pipe und send her oop shtairs to der garret. Den my Shake brings in der garden hose und puts her on und lets all dot shmell go out by der alley. She vhas boomping avhay all night und all day, but she can't scare me. Fellers come in to shpeak about flues und piston rods und cylinders, but it vhas to late und I vhas a happy man again."

GOOD BUTTER IN WARM WEATHER

The question often arises how cream should be handled during warm weather to get the best results with the butter. It must be remembered that correct flavor scores fifty points, and here is where the most important work is done. Every day's cream must be made a special study. The observant butter maker will notice three very marked stages in the ripening of cream—viz.: a flat acid and a sour acid. The first acid has a flat, insipid taste, with very little odor. At this stage the cream should be thoroughly stirred, getting the air through it as much as possible. With the gradual thickening of the cream there approaches the borderland of the second stage of acid.

Now the skill of the butter maker is put to the test. He must so develop the acid and regulate the temperature that his ideal churning point is reached and have the cream in the churn and under motion within fifteen minutes after he enters the creamery in the morning. No exact rule can be laid down for every man to work by. The danger now lies in overripening, not in too little. What is wanted is a rich, heavy, smooth cream, but not to the third stage where it has a disagreeable taste, forming in small chunks and showing whey around the sides.

The market reports say a great deal of butter lacks body and shows hot water. Remember that the body of butter is in the hands of the butter maker. Cool cream, cool churns, cold water, well cooled worker and tubs, haste in washing and handling, exposing the butter to the warm air as little as possible, then a cold cooler. The dairyman who has plenty of ice and water and a good room in which to keep the milk and who knows how to use the ice properly, is the man who is going to succeed in furnishing the best butter to the market. By careful study any dairyman can acquire this knowledge, and then the exercise of it does the business.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children 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 will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is 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 druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

PEOPLE'S KITCHEN'S IN VIENNA.

Places Where Breakfast Costs 4 Cents, Dinner 7 and Supper 5 Cents.

As a general rule, the cost of any given article depends on the quantities in which it is manufactured, and to this rule cooked food is no objection. The smaller the scale on which the business of a restaurant is conducted the higher must be his charges if he is to extract a living out of it for himself. Where much larger quanities of food are cooked at the same time the cost of their preparation becomes diminished to a mere fraction of that of the raw material, and charges can be lessened accordingly. The success which has attended an experiment of this kind is notably instanced by the "volkskuchen," or "people's kitchens," which have been established in Vienna, according to the National Review. It shows the exceedingly low prices at which food can be supplied where the demand is large and steady, and thus furnishes us with a basis for practical calculations. At the "people's kitchens" no fewer than from 40,000 to 60,000 meals, ample and excellent, are prepared daily. The price of dinner consisting of soup, meat, bread, vegetables, pudding and coffee, with fruit or cheese, is about three pence half penny in English money. A breakfast of coffee, vegetable soup, bread, ham and eggs may be had for two pence. A supper of cold meat, bread, vegetables and pudding, with tea or coffee costs two pence half-penny. The large consumption of food, which allows it to be bought in cheap markets, is, of course, one of the causes enabling the establishments to maintain such low prices. A more important cause is to be found in the perfection of their organization and management.

BENTON.

JUNE 5.—On the evening of the 3rd inst the ladies of the R. C. Sewing circle of the village, held a basket and apron sale. The baskets seemed to be appreciated by the young men for they were very high. They realized the handsome sum of $46,27.

We congratulate Messrs Bert Smith and Henry Merrithew on the birth of their heirs, the population of the place has to be kept up it seems.

Richard Frederick is very ill, fears are felt by his family for his recovery.

James McFrederick has got home from the hospital after six months absence, welcomed by his young friends and relatives.

Norman Wright had a hand badly cut in the lath machine today.

A large new supply of wall paper at A. H. Sawyer's store.

UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY

Cannot be disputed, and the case is yet to be heard from in which Putman's Painless Corn Extractor has failed to perform a perfect cure. This with painless and rapid action and freedom from annoyance during use. The great corn and bunion cure stands unrivalled. Sure, safe, painless. Beware of frauds offered as substitutes for the great corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors. Use no other.

MACDONALD'S POINT Q. C.

JUNE 12.—Farmers are busy with their planting.

A number of our active young men are doing a thriving business catching shad for the St. John market. R, Macdonald caught a shad on Tuesday last that tipped the scales at nine and three-quarter pounds.

Misses Rebecca and Sadie Hendry accompanied by their friend Miss Mary L. Macdonald, spent the 24th of May with Mrs. C. B. Lewis of Hamstead.

Mrs. R. E. Macdonald and daughter, having spent the winter in Boston arrived home gladly welcomed by all their old friends.

Mrs. A. M. Day is visiting her mother at Welsford.

Geo. Macdonald of Cambridge spent Friday and Saturday at the Point.

Miss Rachel Hunt, of St. John, was a victim of violent hysteria, sleeplessness, extreme nervousness and general debiiity, the result of an attack of La Grippe. She thought her case hopeless, but Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic restored her to health, hope and strength. She strongly recommends it to all who suffer as she did.

"Why does the ballet kick so high?"
Said she; "I'd like to know."
And the man behind her said
"So I
Above your mammoth hat can spy
A wee little bit of the show!"

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.

Old Lady—Is this a genuine alligator bag? Dealer—Yes, ma'am. I shot that alligator myself. Old Lady—It looks rather shop worn. Dealer—That's where he hit the ground when he tumbled off the tree, ma'am.

O. S. Mersereau said he never received as much benefit from all the other medicine he ever took as he did from Hawker's Tonic.

An Old Family.—Daughter—The count comes of a very old family papa. Papa—Yes, I know. His father and mother kept a fruit stand and both lived to be past ninety.

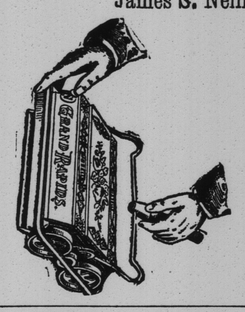
Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davis, Staples & Co.

All Lost.—Rev. Dr. Drowsie—I am afraid that my remarks on the proper raiment for a clergyman this morning were entirely lost. Mrs. Drowsie—How so? Dr. Drowsie—I have since ascertained that there isn't a tailor in my whole congregation.

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

The Wealth of Health
Is in Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites
posseses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. *Are you all run down?* Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure and get the genuine.
Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

Just Received.
Two dozen Grand Rapid Carpet Sweepers. For sale low by
James S. Neill.



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G. T. WHELPLEY,
Has now on hand, a Large Stock
—OF—
Timothy Seed,
Clover Seed,
White and Black Seed Oats.
—ALSO—
Bradley's Superphosphate,
In Large and Small quantities.
310 Queen Street,
Fredericton.

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During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.
The Sunday Sun
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.
Price 5c. a copy. By mail, $2 a year
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Address THE SUN, New York.

THE BEST.
WILEY'S
EMULSION
—OF—
COD LIVER OIL
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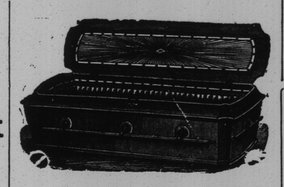
HYPOPHOSPHITES.
Best Quality of Pure Norwegian Oil.
Best Preparation of Hypophosphites.
Best Value for the Money.
50c.

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.

JOHN G. ADAMS,
FUNERAL
—AND—
FURNISHING - UNDERTAKER,



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FREDERICTON.
Caskets, Coffins,
Robes, Mountings, &c.
and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.
Special Prices for Country Orders.
Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.
Residence over Warerooms.
JOHN G. ADAMS.

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.

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.

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,
Speaking Tubes, &c.

"Spring Delights"
New and Elegant
PatternS
—IN—
HOUSE
PAPERS.
—AT—
HALL'S
BOOK STORE.
REFRIGERATORS.
JUST RECEIVED;
12 Refrigerators, the best value of any in our market, in several styles and sizes, and Well Finished. Experience has taught us after handling many other kinds, that This Make are away ahead of anything yet. Please send in your orders.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
GLASS! GLASS!
Now landing per steamer direct from Antwerp.
400 BOXES Window Glass; 6 cases Muslin Glass; 6 cases Coloured Glass; 2 cases Pebbled Plate Glass. For sale low by
JAMES S. NEILL.
Per. Woodboat Templar.
Just Received;
30 Barels Common Whiting, 30 bbls Raw Linseed Oil, 10 bbls Boiled Linseed Oil, 6 bbls Machine Oil, 4 bbls Pure Wool Oil, 1 barrel each of Pure Lard Fine Cylinder, Pure Olive, Castor and Needefoot Oils, 100 kegs Steel Cut Nails, 1 cask Miners Shovels, 1 doz. Long Handled Irish Spades, 5 boxes Common Tin, 2 casks Sheet Zinc, 2 casks Mixed Putty, 5ton assorted Bar Iron, 3 boxes Cut Tacks, 3 cases Common Pickaxes, 1 bbl T Hinges, 2 boxes Strap Hinges, 1 case Augers and Auger Bits, 1 bale Salmon Twine, 1 bale Gilling Thread. For sale low, by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

McMURRAY & Co.
Have Just Received
ROOM PAPER
A CAR LOAD
—OF—
WALL PAPERS,
And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in
Canadian
—AND—
American
Makes.
CALL and SEE the GOODS.
Also a lot of
REMNANTS,
Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.
P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match.
Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents.
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