

POETRY.

WHY SHOULD WE WEEP FOR THOSE WHO DIE?

Why should we weep for those who die? They fall, their dust returns to dust; Their souls shall live eternally...

SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"That would ease us of a difficulty. In that case, we should put you into an Italian mad-house as Anita's daughter. I think so—I'm not sure, but I think it is safer, perhaps, to keep you here, and if anything should happen to you—as it may do—a few of these paving stones will loosen and come up, and the soil I fancy is soft enough beneath."

CHAPTER IX.

"Why, Linden, where are you off to now?" "I am going abroad, Dick. I can't stop while I talk to you. Sit down there, if you like, I must put these things into this portmanteau."

English signor's was staying there; but he has gone. They say that old Anita has gone too."

Linden and Dick parted from the lad and went slowly up the hill. "Beaming never seemed to be a likely man to commit suicide," Dick observed.

"No; foul play, more likely. Ah! what a desolate garden. And this is the house, more desolate still. I mean to search it, Dick."

"You scarcely expect to find anything do you?" "Not the diamonds; but I may find some scrap of evidence of the robbery, and even that is worth searching for."

"For an hour they wandered about the great rooms, some of which were empty, and then went out in the open air. Dick passed outside the door leading into the grounds, and stood there holding a cigar between the fingers of his left hand, whilst his right hand searched for his box of fuses."

"The box was forthcoming but it was empty. Dick looked round for Linden, and that he was resting on a rickety seat, overgrown with a green tangle of leaves, beneath the olive mantled wall."

"Linden, can you give me a light?" Dick shouted. "No answer came. Linden was looking far away to the land of sunset."

"Poor fellow!" murmured the younger man to himself, "his thoughts are all he has. I'll leave him with them for a bit. Now, I wonder if this heaven forsaken place can afford a match! I suppose they light fires and candles sometimes. There ought to be a box of matches somewhere; I'll go and see."

"The yellow light died out of the sunset sky; the shades of the olive-crowned wall grew fainter and fainter on the grassy path; darkness enveloped the old garden; but still Linden and his thoughts were left alone together."

"At last he missed Dick, rose, and looked vaguely round for him, then went towards the house. "Dick!" he cried, but no answer came. He was not impatient. Leaning his shoulder against the stone framework of the open door, he waited."

"Linden, for heaven's sake, come here!" The voice started him from his reverie. He turned to see his friend's white face close beside him.

"I've found Mrs. Beamish," panted Dick. "She's dead, I think, but I'm not sure. Come!" "What are you talking about?" cried Linden roughly. "Don't joke upon such a subject!"

"Joke! Look at me! Do I look like a man who is joking? Don't waste moments; they're precious. Come!" Linden, like a man in a dream, followed whither Dick led him.

"She was in a vault like place under ground," the young fellow gaspingly explained. "I didn't want to disturb you so I went exploring. I found her and managed to carry her up here. I fancied she was breathing, and then I fainted. See—she is here."

"A few minutes interval, then a little more brandy was administered. And then at last the feeble pulse beat more surely; the girl with a long shiver moved slightly and opened her eyes."

"Dick, go and find a doctor," said Linden quietly. As Dick departed he drew the girl a little closer within his arms. He looked down at her with a tender reverent glance. "I am here, Nessa; you are safe; you are with me," he said gently.

"The shaken eyes had no gladness in them. They looked at him, but that was all. "Dearest, do you know me?" "Yes," she faintly murmured. "All is well, Nessa. You have been cruelly used, but all is well. You are safe with me. Tell me, dear one, that you are glad to see me."

"I am tired—so tired," was the murmured answer; and the weary eyelids closed again. Three months later, one golden summer evening, a bright haired woman was standing upright before the great oriel window of the drawing room at Mount Lisbon.

She was shading her eyes with her hand, and watching the sun go down, and looking with a happy smile at the path of gold upon the water. Someone came softly across the room and stood beside her.

"Nessa," he said. "Hugh!" She turned a soft loving glance upon him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her. "I didn't hear you come," said she self-reproachfully; and yet I was thinking about you."

"Was it the thought of me that brought that happy smile to your lips, Nessa?" "Yes," she answered simply. "I am glad I have the power to make you happy. Nessa, when are you going to give me the right to guard you from trouble?—that is what I have come tonight for." "When I asked you two months ago you said 'wait'—when I asked you a month ago I got the same reply. I have waited long enough, dearest; I want you to be mine—mine to love and honor and cherish—mine till death parts us. When will you give yourself to me?"

"Whenever you will take me, Hugh,"—now. "My darling!" During the next few minutes neither spoke again. Linden's arm was about the slender waist; the bright head was drawn down to rest against his shoulder. "I wish I hadn't grown so pale and thin, and old and plain, Hugh!" she said presently. "I can't bear to come to you with all my good looks gone? Please don't run down my bride. I won't have it. She's the fairest woman in the world."

"I may grow to look less old again, by-and-by, Hugh; I hope I shall; happiness works wonders, and I am not really old!" "Old—just a girl in her teens?" "But age doesn't go by years. I lived years and years and years—fifty or sixty I think—in those two horrible weeks—"

"Don't talk of that time; don't think of it!" "I use to beg him to kill me quickly, I begged and begged for nothing else; but he wouldn't strike me and kill me; that would have been too kind."

"Dearest, put the thought of those dreadful days away." "Can I? Will they ever quite go? He is dead and I ought to forgive him. I try sometimes; but it is hard."

"The mystery of his death has been explained, Nessa; that is one of the things I had to tell you. Giraud murdered him; your surmise was correct. He and Bea-

sh divided the money which the sale of the diamonds had brought them; they met their confederates late at night at a little place some ten miles further along the shore; the subordinates were paid, each according to his services, and Bea-

sh and Giraud, the principals in the transaction, set out in a little boat to row home. The night was dark; along the loneliest bit of the coast Giraud took the plug out of the bottom of the boat. He was a strong swimmer, the other could not swim at all. When the boat was sinking, he bade Beaish give him his bag of gold and he would save him; the gold was given him, and he swam off to shore and left his companion to his fate."

"How do you know all this?" "Giraud was mortally wounded in a brawl in Vienna; he made a confession—this confession—before he died."

"Nothing has been heard, I suppose, of old Anita?" "Nothing."

"I am always trying to remember something connected with Anita; and just when I think I remember, things become confused in my mind again. I have a dim recollection of her coming to me when I was ill and half delirious, and telling me that Percy was dead and that he had promised her money and had not given it. She left the door open—the door of the place in which he had locked me—and told me she would not have murdered on her conscience, that she was going away, and that I was free to go where I would, too. I am not sure whether I have imagined all that, or whether she really came and said the things which again and again come into my thoughts."

"Dick said the door was really open, when he found me and I was lying on the threshold. I suppose I tried to walk and was too weak and faint. I shall never remember those last days very clearly."

"For which lapse of memory be thankful, Nessa?" "Yes; unconsciousness saved my brain, I think. Hugh!"

"I had one more scrap of news to tell you, dearest."

"What is it?" "Dick and Minnie are engaged."

"Ah! That isn't news to me?" "It only took me some time to get the news. But I had a note from London, from Minnie, just now. She says she isn't half good enough for Dick."

"Well in that verdict you know I am inclined to agree," laughed Linden. "She is kind hearted. And she is less influenced now by those than she used to be. Her love for Dick has done her good. I think."

"All true love works for good," said Linden with a tender smile. "I speak from personal experience, Nessa."

"And I," returned Nessa, softly, "from personal experience, agree."

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT.

Oct. 16.—We are at present enjoying some very fine warm weather for October. Our farmers are getting pretty well through with digging their potatoes and have an extra good crop, both in quantity and quality, some having more than they have room to store them for the winter. Turnips are also looking fine, and will be above the average. Wheat, with some farmers, is an extra crop; while others complain of it being very poor. Andrew Ores, of Macnamara, raised forty-five bushels from two bushels of seed. We call that pretty good for New Brunswick. The knitting party at Mrs. Jones Edmondson's, was quite well attended, and several of our young men are again preparing for leaving for the lumber woods.

An epidemic, something like la grippe, is at present visiting several of the families in this place. Some have been quite ill, but are getting around all right again. Mrs. J. Palmer, of Scotch Lake, and her daughter, Mrs. Sheldon, from Massachusetts are visiting at D. Haines'. Mrs. David Pickard spent a few days visiting here.

We were pleased to see so many prizes, from the late provincial exhibition, won by our villagers. This shows that some of our farmers are not backward in a good cause. Mrs. Peters, of Vancouver, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. Allen.

GASPEREAUX.

Oct. 12.—Our long wished for bridge is nearing completion. The wood work is being painted. When finished we will have one of the finest bridges in the county. Geo. Briggs is jubilant over the greatest yield of potatoes this season. Fifty barrels "snow flakes" from one barrel of seed. Miss Langin has gone to the reforming or Boys Industrial Home, to assume the duties of matron. Her many friends in Gasperaux miss her very much, but it is a good thing for the unfortunate little waifs who are sent to the Home, that a lady so well fitted for her duties has charge of them. Miss Langin is a first class teacher, and a graduate of Boston city hospital school of nursing. The quarterly meeting of the Baptist church is to be held here beginning Friday, 13th inst., 7:30 p. m.

WICKHAM, Q. C.

Oct. 10.—The councillors office passed off quiet to-day. Mr. McCrea resigned, the result being Vaesart and DeLong. Miss Susie Whelpley left for Boston last week. She has spent the summer with her sister, Mrs. T. M. Carpenter. David Smith, of Sunbury county, has purchased the millstone belonging to Geo. Day's grist mill of this place. The farmers are digging their potatoes. The average is good, being very large in size. Gifford Slipp, of Orromocto, has been visiting his friends in Queens county. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Belyea are intending to spend their twentieth anniversary of their marriage in St. John at her father's, Mr. Barker.

DURHAM.

Oct. 13.—Henry A. Stoddard, of Calais, who has been visiting his friends here this week, left for his home on Saturday. Harry Johnson, of Douglas, paid a visit to his relatives here, on Monday and Tuesday last. He has just returned home from the Northwest, to which he expects to return in a few weeks. Miss Eva McLean, of Nashwaak, is spending a few days with her friends. The harvest is about finished. Potatoes were an extra crop; oats quite good.

AN EXTRA CATCH.

Great joke on Jarley. What was that? Went fishing and didn't catch anything. Ordered a half a dozen bass sent to his house, so that his wife would think he caught them. When the basket was opened they turned out to be bottled bass.

She (wearily)—Yes, I'm engaged to three men, and they have each of them given me a ring. He—What if all three should happen to call on you at the same time? She—Why, then, I'm afraid there would be a circus with three rings in it.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Oct. 10.—A thunder storm, accompanied by very severe lightning, passed over here last evening. Barred Plymouth Rock No. 274, 1st; white Brahma chicks No. 275, 1st; white Leghorn chicks No. 276, 1st. A visit to his henry is of interest; and if you have an hour to spare in passing he will show you through. The building is on dry ground, two feet stone wall, finished inside to bottom of sill with rocks, then six inches of gravel; banked outside to top of sill. House 12x24. In front 10 ft. posts; back 5 ft. Double boarded with tar paper between, and shingled. One window in south-east end 2x4 double glass. Inside a walk whole length of henry, 3 ft. wide. Nest boxes are on raised floor, and extend six in walk where eggs are taken. Roosts are over nests on a A-shaped floor; droppings fall in troughs in the walk. Dropping boxes kept half full of road-dust which absorbs all odors. A lath partition forms one room 8x13 which is calculated for the roosters in winter, and for "setting" in spring. Mr. T. thinks it a bad plan to have all together in laying season. On one side of walk there is a "lally-board" to learn all the eggs gathered are worked. The owner takes several poultry magazines; among them Farm Poultry printed in Boston by J. S. Johnson, which he thinks the most of. "If you wish," said he, "to learn all the ins and outs of poultry just read this publication. Directly under the windows are "dust baths." Feed boxes are arranged in the side of the sills. Water fountains are fixed in the walk where the fowls drink, but cannot in any way dirty the water. He is raising white leghorns imported from West Michigan, by John Oldham; Brahmas imported from Rhode Island and Plymouth Rocks from New Plymouth. He purchased the white leghorn cock which took first prize at the provincial exhibition last month from A. W. Thomas. For his energies confined to poultry raising, also he exhibits considerable skill in general farming; he has turkeys that weigh 18 lbs. each; potatoes a dozen of which weighed 14 lbs; spring pigs that weigh 250 lbs; and last but not least 100 bushels of oats from 4 bushel sowing. Beat it if you can!

James T. Masten of Campbell Settlement, had 31 turkeys taken last week by the foxes. There are no foxes (?) in this way, and when turkeys are driven away from the house, they are not to raspberries and some of them are missing. It is tempting to say that a neighbor, whose grain they are in the habit of destroying, has dislocated their necks, and laid them beside their own potato patch.

Mrs. J. Churchill of Temperance Vale, raised this season 41 geese for one goose and gander in two hatchings. To-day she has in one flock the whole 43 full grown geese. Who can beat it? Mr. Churchill says that since the enormous duties have got so high, that there is more money in "goose raising" than in "sheep raising." It now stands in hand for the tory brethren at Ottawa to see how many affaurs that our American friends will put a duty (as high as that on lamb) on geese.

Under his plan has found the plough-coller. The planter that was used to pry open his store door. Grant is a blacksmith, and he says, owing to its peculiar shape, he knows for whom he sharpened this particular collar. Powder and shot were also stolen. One of the parties he suspects was a blacksmith, who fired six seven shots in a single evening since the theft. These have late of game and bought some more powder of him. All the parties he suspects have been identified by the committee other thefts, such as apples, chickens, etc.

Scene: Sabbath school superintendent pro tem to the front: "Bro. A, you pray."

"I won't!" "Bro. B, you pray."

"I won't!" "Bro. C, you pray."

"I won't!" "Bro. D, you pray."

"I won't!" (And so on alphabetically.) "Now that the singing exercises are through, we'll proceed with the classes. But in the meantime I wish to say that during the week a committee will wait on all those brethren that showed disobedience."

A. E. Farnham is sick. Dr. Turner is attending him.

HARTLAND, CAR. CO.

Oct. 12.—The election of councillors came off on Tuesday—Richardson and Phillips were elected. Miss Watson has returned from St. John, and is now showing a fine lot of millinery.

Miss Eva Alexander, from Kilburn, spent a few days last week with her brother, E. Alexander. Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McFarland left last Friday to attend the F. C. Baptist convention in St. John.

Rev. Jos. Cahall will lecture Monday evening in Burt's hall. Subject: "What we eat."

WASHADEMOAK, QUEENS. Oct. 16.—The people of this place were pleased to have a visit from Hon. A. G. Blair and L. P. Perry, our representatives, who were looking after our roads and bridges in the interest of the public, and by so doing, they have made many new friends.

The visit stirred up the wrath of the anti-Blair or tory party, and after consulting some of their oracles and observing the position of the moon, they came to the conclusion that October 10th, would be the day that they could get in power in our council. The liberal ticket had been formed, being John Leonard and S. C. Perry. J. H. Pearson, the standard bearer and exponent of tory laws and all dark tory deeds, put a candidate in the field, in the person of David Hamilton, so the story goes, and in his mind he saw his candidate leading the poll. The observing liberal party saw a brake in the tory ranks, for the most intelligent in the parish had deserted them, and one on whom they had always relied as the man of the party. When it became known that they had lost John Thompson, there was more consternation in the tory ranks than there was in James' army, when Churchill left James and joined William's army.

The result has justified the opinion of the liberal party, the parish was liberal, as the following figures will prove. Liberals: John Leonard, 131; S. C. Perry, 127; Tories: David Hamilton, 75; Deacon Somerville, 47. A more dejected crowd never left any polling place. They might have been seen wending their way homewards, after their day's work, with feelings better imagined than described.

On the 10th inst, G. Dunham was united in marriage to Miss L. Coyle, both of the parish of Johnston. The service was performed by Rev. S. Hamington, in the presence of a large assemblage of invited guests. The young couple received the best wishes of their many friends for their future happiness.

English Spain Liniment removes all hard, scab or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, King Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes, Sprain Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co.

She (slightly tintured with woman's rights)—Do you believe in the equality of woman? He (emphatically)—I do not. She (drawing away from him)—What! He—I believe woman to be eminently superior to man.

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 remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co.

A LONELY UNIVERSE. Aunt Samantha is visiting at a house in Buffalo. She is an old maid and very devout, always concluding her prayers with the words: "God bless the world."

Why does she say such funny things in her prayers? asked the little daughter of the house. Why, what does she say? replied the fond mamma. I don't remember all she says, but she ends with "World without end, ah, me."

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

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. Mrs. Winslow's SCOTCHING 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 SCOTCHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Colic, Wind, Flatulency, Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's SCOTCHING SYRUP" for children teething, 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 druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SCOTCHING SYRUP."

Wife—Did you notice, dear at the party last evening how grandly our daughter, Clara, swept into the room? Husband (with a grunt)—Oh yes! Clara can sweep into the room grandly enough, but when it comes to sweeping out the room she isn't there.

MACDONALD'S POINT Q. C.

Oct. 16.—Miss May Macdonald, Miss Ida Wright, Miss Anna Barnes and Miss Minnie Macdonald, who have been visiting their friends and relatives in St. John have returned home. Mrs. T. C. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Macdonald, and Miss Ella B. Macdonald are in St. John.

Miss Davis and Miss Davis of St. John are the guests of Mr. G. W. Macdonald. Mrs. Geo. R. Belyea is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. W. Christy, of St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Macdonald and family intend leaving sometime this week for their home in Boston. S. L. Denton, of Douglas Harbor, Q. C., is spending a few days with his friends here. Stephen Smith, of Somerset St., St. John, spent last week with his friends at the Point.

Rev. J. D. Wetmore preached in the Baptist church last evening. Mr. Wetmore is an able speaker, and always has a household of hearers.

WHITE'S COVE, Q. C.

The people in this vicinity have about finished harvesting their grain which, as a general thing, has been very good. The potato crop is unusually large. The Rev. E. J. Clements preached in the Methodist church here on Sunday, 15th, to a goodly number of people. The Methodist church has been thoroughly repaired by Westford Taylor and C. W. White.

Rev. J. Ferris is having his dwelling repaired by H. Fisher; he has also a large granary in course of construction. The work is being done by Abraham Ferris. W. W. Wright has taken charge of the school at the Range for the remainder of the term.

F. D. White who is teaching at Cole's Island has been home on short vacation. Mrs. L. P. Ferris has returned home from a short visit to St. John. Westford Taylor who has been home spending his vacation, has returned to Boston to resume his dental studies.

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Loathing of Food, dyspepsia or Biliousness, take Hawker's Liver Pills. They will cure you. Recommended by leading Physicians as a most reliable medicine.

Don't you think there is always some (puff) risk in riding (puff) in a smoking car? I do, sir. There is no telling (puff) how light a cigarette. (Moves three seats) forward.

H. A. Harvey, manager at St. John of the Bank of British North America, writes to the Hawker Medicine Co., of a case that came under his notice where a man who had been laid up all winter with a heavy cold and severe cough was restored to health by Hawker's Cold and Cough Balm and Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

I tell you, Tompkins, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented married life, the happy light of years, the long restful calm?—How long have you been married?—Er—four days.

A PROMINENT LAWYER SAYS: "I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has been cured by Hawker's Kidney and Bladder Pills, which my wife has bounding confidence."

But why are you so bitter against the police? asked the caller. It's just this, said Mr. Owspeak. As soon as I have taught a girl how to be a good cook one of them comes along and marries her.

BE WARNED. Don't be a fool; know what you want and refuse to be imposed upon by greedy dealers when they attempt to palm off some producing substitutes for Putnam's Patent Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless corn cure. Putnam's Corn Extractor is the best, the safest, and only painless corn remedy. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

She—It can hardly be questioned that every woman is more or less of a mind reader. He—Do you think you can read mine? She—I'd rather not. Mamma is a little particular as to the character of my reading.

English Spain Liniment removes all hard, scab or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, King Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes, Sprain Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co.

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No-Fund's SCOTT'S EMULSION. Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "no funds." Take SCOTT'S EMULSION. It cures CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS and all forms of Wasting Diseases.

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 Business 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, 1892.

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 having any claims against the estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having any legal claims against the estate are requested to hand the same to me duly attested to within three months of the date hereof. Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison, JOHN A. MORRISON, Fredericton, June 9, 1892.

MIXED PAINTS. JUST received several cases Ready Mixed Paints, all of the popular colors in one and two pound cans, quart, half and one gallon tins. They are easily applied and dry quickly. Very handy for house painters who have painting to do. Call and get one of our sample cards. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

VIGOR OF MEN. Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored. Don't be a fool; know what you want and refuse to be imposed upon by greedy dealers when they attempt to palm off some producing substitutes for Putnam's Patent Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless corn cure. Putnam's Corn Extractor is the best, the safest, and only painless corn remedy. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

WEEKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, Debility, and all the train of evils from early error or later excess, the result of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

McMURRAY & Co. Have Just Received A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, 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. McMurray & Co.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE. 186 Queen Street. 5 Gross HIRE'S ROOT BEER Daily expected. Just Received: LACTATED FOOD, MELLIN'S FOOD, BUTTER COLOR, DIAMOND DYES. JOHN M. WILEY, Druggist. THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES. WM. WILSON, Agent. NEW SEEDS. G. T. WHELPLEY, Has now on hand, a Large Stock of Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, White and Black Seed Oats. Bradley's Superphosphate, In Large and Small quantities. 310 Queen Street, Fredericton. Scales. Scales. SCREEN DOORS. 5 C. Sheathing Paper. 100 ROLLS Tinned Sheet-iron, 100 rolls 1 1/2 in price. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, and TINSMITH. WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has removed 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. It is BEYOND QUESTION! That Our PAPER ENVELOPES are the Best for the Price, you can get. For QUALITY AND VALUE. ACCOUNT BOOKS. Are Unexcelled. YOU WANT THE BEST GOODS AT THE BEST PRICES, THEN BUY YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS. Hall's - Book - Store. Farm for Sale. THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Battery wharf, containing 2 1/2 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 Street, April 9, 1892.

BICYCLES. WE have several Bicycles on hand from last year which we will sell at a bargain to anyone who wants on Easy Terms. We prefer having some other goods, and are reminded of the woman in Harvey Settlement, who is now living happily with her sixth husband, a convincing proof of the wisdom of the old injunction, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Know this! Try, try, and if you don't succeed this time, you will either die from the effort or you will succeed. Come early and get a bargain. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.