POETRY.

NONE BUT THEE.

I have no help but thine, nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

I have no wisdom save in thine, who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one;
No wisdom can I lack while thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave save thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge and my peace—
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten; yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee;
Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword and spear.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

—OR THE—

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAYDEE.

"'Silence, child! Hush! we are fleeing.' I did not understand. Why should my father flee?—he, the all powerful—he, before whom others were accustomed to flee—he, who had taken for his device, 'They hate me, then they fear me!' It was, indeed, a flight which my father was trying to effect. I have been told since, that the garrison of the castle of Yanina, fatigued with long service——"

Here Haydee cast a significant glance at Monte-Cristo, whose eyes had been riveted on her countenance during the whole course of her narrative. The girl then continued, speaking slowly, like a person who is either inventing or suppressing some feature of the history which he is relating. "You were saying, signora, said Albert, who was paying the most implicit attention to the recital, "that the garrison of Yanina, fatigued with long service——"

"Had treated with the Seraskier Kourchid, who had been sent by the sultan to gain possession of the person of my father; it was then that Ali Tebelen took the resolution of retiring, after having sent to the sultan a French officer in whom he reposed great confidence, to the asylum which he had long ago prepared for himself, and which he called kataphygion, or the refuge."

"And this officer," asked Albert "do you remember his name, signora?"

Monte-Cristo exchanged a rapid glance with the young girl, which was quite unperceived by Albert. "No," said she, "I do not remember it just at this moment; but should it occur to me presently, I will tell you." Albert was on the point of pronouncing his father's name, when Monte-Cristo gently held up his finger in token of reproach; the young man recollected his vow and was silent.

"It was towards this kiosk that we were rowing. A ground floor, ornamented with arabesques, bathing its terraces in the water, and another floor looking on the lake, was all which was visible to the eye. But beneath the ground-floor, stretching out into the island, was a large subterraneous cavern, to which my mother, myself, and the women were conducted. In this place were together 60,000 purses and 200 barrels; the purses contained 25,000,000 f. of money in gold, and the barrels were filled with 30,000 pounds of gunpowder.

"Near these barrels stood Selim, my father's favorite, whom I mentioned to you just now. It was his duty to watch day and night a lance, at the end of which was a lighted match, and he had orders to blow up all—kiosk, guards, women, gold, and Ali Tebelen, himself, at the first signal given by my father. I remember well that the slaves, convinced of the precarious tenure on which they held their lives, passed whole days and nights in praying, crying, and groaning. As for me, I can never forget the pale complexion and black eyes of the young soldier; and whenever the angel of death summons me to another world, I am quite sure I shall recognize Selim. I cannot tell you how long we remained in this state; at that period I did not even know what time meant; sometimes, but very rarely, my father summoned me and my mother to the terrace of the palace; these were my hours of recreation; I, who never saw anything in the dismal cavern but the gloomy countenances of the slaves and the fiery lance of Selim. My father was endeavoring to pierce with his eager look the remotest verge of the horizon, examining attentively every black speck which appeared on the lake, whilst my mother, reclining by his side, rested her head on his shoulder, and I played at his feet, admiring everything I saw with that unsophisticated innocence of childhood which throws a charm round objects insignificant in themselves, but which in its eyes are invested with the greatest importance. The heights of Pindus towered above us; the castle of Yanina rose white and angular from the blue water of the lake, and the immense masses of black vegetation which, viewed in the distance, gave the idea of lichens clinging to the rocks, were, in reality, gigantic fir trees and myrtles.

"One morning my father sent for us; my mother had been crying all the night, and was very wretched; we found the pacha calm, but paler than usual. 'Take courage, Vasiliki,' said he; 'to-day arrives the firman of the master, and my fate will be decided. If my pardon be complete, we shall return triumphant to Yanina; if the news be inauspicious, we must fly this night.'

"'But supposing our enemy should not allow us to do so?' said my mother.

"'Oh! make yourself easy on that head,' said Ali, smiling; 'Selim and his flaming lance will settle that matter. They would be glad to see me dead, but they would not like themselves to die with me.'

"My mother only answered by sighs to these consolations, which she knew did not come from my father's heart. She prepared the iced water which he was in the habit of constantly drinking, for, since his sojourn at the kiosk, he had been parched by the most violent fever, after which she anointed his white beard with perfumed oil; and lighted his chibouque, which he sometimes smoked for hours together, quietly watching the wreaths of vapor, which, ascending in spiral clouds, gradually mixed itself with the surrounding atmosphere. Presently he made such a sudden movement, that I was paralyzed with fear. Then, without taking his eyes from the object which had first attracted his attention, he asked for his telescope. My mother gave it to him; and as she did so, looked whiter than the marble against which she leaned. I saw my father's hand tremble. 'A boat!—two!—three!' murmured my father; 'four!' He then rose, seizing his arms and priming his pistols. 'Vasiliki,' said he to my mother, trembling perceptibly, 'the instant approaches which will decide everything. In the space of half an hour we shall know the sultan's answer. Go into the cavern with Haydee.'

"'I will not quit you,' said Vasiliki; if you die my lord, I will die with you.'

"'Go to Selim!' cried my father.

"'Farewell! my lord,' murmured my mother, determined quietly to await the approach of death.

"'Take away Vasiliki!' said my father to his Palikares.

"As for me, I had been forgotten in the general confusion; I ran towards Ali Tebelen; he saw me hold out my arms to him, and he stooped down and pressed my forehead with his lips. Oh! how distinctly I remember that kiss! it was the last he ever gave me, and I feel as if it were still warm on my forehead. On descending, we distinguished through the lattice-work several boats, which were gradually becoming more distinct to our view. At first they appeared like black specks, and now they looked like birds skimming the surface of the waves. During this time, in the kiosk, at the feet of my father, were seated twenty Palikares, concealed from view by an angle of the wall, and watching with eager eyes the arrival of the boats; they were armed with their long guns inlaid with mother-of-pearl and cartridges, in great numbers, were lying scattered on the floor; my father looked at his watch, and paced up and down with a countenance expressive of the greatest anguish. This was the scene which presented itself to my view when I quitted my father after that last kiss. My mother and I traversed the gloomy passage leading to the cavern. Selim was still at his post and smiled sadly on us as we entered. We fetched our cushions from the other end of the cavern, and sat down by Selim. In great dangers the devoted ones cling to each other; and young as I was, I quite understood that imminent danger was hanging over our heads."

Albert had often heard, not from his father, for he never spoke on the subject, but from strangers, the description of the last moments of the vizier of Yanina; he had read different accounts of his death, but this story seemed to borrow new life from the voice and expression of the girl; the vivid accent and the melancholy expression of countenance at once charmed and horrified him. As to Haydee, these terrible reminiscences seemed to have overpowered her for the moment, for she ceased speaking, her head leaning on her hand, like a beautiful flower bowing beneath the violence of the storm, and her eyes, gazing on vacancy, indicated that she was mentally contemplating the green summit of the Pindus and the blue waters of the lake of Yanina, which, like a magic mirror, seemed to reflect the sombre picture which she sketched. Monte-Cristo looked at her with an indescribable expression of interest and pity.

"Go on," said in the the Romaic language.

Haydee looked up abruptly, as if the sonorous tones of Monte-Cristo's voice had awakened her from a dream, and she resumed her narrative. "It was about four o'clock in the afternoon; and although the day was brilliant out of doors, we were enveloped in the gloomy darkness of the cavern. One single, solitary light was burning there, and it appeared like a star set in a heaven of blackness; it was Selim's link. My mother was a Christian, and she prayed. Selim repeated from time to time these sacred words: 'God is great!' However, my mother had still some hope. As she was coming down, she thought she recognized the French officer who had been sent to Constantinople, and in whom my father placed so much confidence, for he knew that all the soldiers of the French emperor were naturally noble and generous. She advanced some steps towards the staircase, and listened. 'They are approaching,' said she; 'perhaps they bring us peace and liberty!'

"'What do you fear, Vasiliki?' said Selim, in a voice at once so gentle and so proud; 'if they do not bring us peace we will give them war; if they do not bring life we will give them death.' And he renewed the flame of his torch with an alacrity which reminded one of the Dionysian festivals among the ancient Cretans. But I, who was only a child, was terrified by their undaunted courage, which appeared to me both ferocious and senseless, and I recoiled with horror from the idea of the frightful death amidst fire and flame which probaby awaited us. My mother experienced the same sensations, for I felt her tremble. 'Mamma, mamma,' said I, 'are we really to be killed?' And at the sound of my voice the slaves redoubled their cries, and prayers, and lamentations. 'My child,' said Vasiliki, 'may God preserve you from ever wishing for that death which to-day you so much dread!' Then, whispering to Selim, she asked what were his master's orders. 'If he sends me his dagger, it will signify that the sultan's intentions are not favorable, and I am to set fire to the powder; if, on the contrary, he sends me his ring, it will be a sign that the sultan pardons him, and I will extinguish the match and leave the magazine untouched.'

"'My friend,' said my mother, 'when your master's order arrives, if it is the dagger which he sends, instead of despatching us by that horrible death which we both so much dread, you will mercifully kill us with the same weapon, will you not?'

"'Yes, Vasiliki,' replied Selim, tranquilly.

"Suddenly we heard loud cries; we listened: they were cries of joy; the name of the French officer who had been sent to Constantinople resounded on all sides amongst our Palikares; it was evident that he brought the Sultan's answer, and that it was favorable."

"And do you not remember the Frenchmen's name?" said Morcerf, quite ready to aid the memory of the narrator. Monte-Cristo made a sign for him to be silent.

"I do not recollect it," said Haydee.

"The noise increased, steps were heard approaching nearer and nearer; they were descending the steps leading into the cavern. Selim made ready his lance. Soon a figure appeared in the grey twilight at the entrance of the cave, formed by the reflection of the few rays of light which had found their way into this gloomy retreat. 'Who are you?' cried Selim. 'But whoever you may be, I charge you not to advance another step.'

"Long live the Sultan!' said the figure. 'He grants a full pardon to his Vizier Ali; and not only gives him his life, but restores to him his fortune and his possessions.' My mother uttered a cry of joy, and clasped me to her bosom. 'Stop!' said Selim, seeing that she was about to go out; 'you see I have not yet received the ring.'

"'True,' said my mother. And she fell on her knees, at the same time holding me up towards heaven, as if she desired, whilst praying to God in my behalf, to raise me actually to his presence."

And for the second time Haydee stopped, overcome by such violent emotion that the perspiration stood upon her pale brow, and her stifled voice seemed hardly able to find utterance, so parched and dry were her throat and lips. Monte-Cristo poured a little iced water into a glass, and presented it to her, saying with a mildness in which was also a shade of command, "Courage." Haydee dried her eyes, and continued: "By this time our eyes, habituated to darkness, had recognized the messenger of the pacha,—it was a friend. Selim had also recognized him; but the brave young man only acknowledged one duty, which was to obey. 'In whose name do you come?' said he to him. 'I come in the name of our master, Ali Tebelen.'

"'If you come from Ali himself, 'you know what you were charged to remit to me?'

"'Yes,' said the messenger, 'and I bring you his ring.' At these words he raised his hand above his head to show the token, but it was too far off, and there was not light enough to enable Selim, where he was standing, to distinguish and recognize the object presented to his view. 'I do not see what you have in your hand,' said Selim.

"'Approach, then,' said the messenger, 'or I will come nearer to you if you prefer it.'

"'I will agree to neither one nor the other,' replied the young soldier; 'place the object which I desire to see in the ray of light which shines there, and retire whilst I examine it.'

"'Be it so,' said the envoy; and he retired, after having first deposited the token agreed on in the place pointed out to him by Selim.

"Oh! how our hearts palpitated; for it did, indeed, seem to be a ring which was placed there. But was it my father's ring? that was the question. Selim, still holding in his hand the lighted match, walked towards the opening in the cavern, and aided by the faint light which streamed in through the mouth of the cave, picked up the token.

"'It is well!' said he, kissing it; 'it is my master's ring!' And throwing the match on the ground, he trampled on it and extinguished it. The messenger uttered a cry of joy and clapped his hands. At this signal four soldiers of the Seraskier Kourchid suddenly appeared, and Selim fell pierced by five blows. Each man had stabbed him separately; and, intoxicated by their crime, though still pale with fear, they sought all over the cavern to discover if there was any fear of fire, after which they amused themselves by rolling on the bags of gold. At this moment my mother seized me in her arms, and bounding lightly along numerous windings and turnings, known only to ourselves, she arrived at a private staircase of the kiosk, where was a scene of frightful tumult and confusion. The lower rooms were entirely filled with Tchodoars of Kourchid, that is to say, with our enemies. Just as my mother was on the point of pushing open the door, we heard the voice of the pacha sounding in a loud and threatening tone. My mother applied her eye to the crack between the boards; I luckily found a small opening, which afforded me a view of the apartment and what was passing between. 'What do you want?' said my father to some people who were holding a paper inscribed with characters of gold.

"'What we want,' replied one of them, 'is to communicate to you the will of his highness. 'Do you see this firman?'

"'I do,' said my father.

"'Well, read it; he demands your head.'

"My father answered with a loud laugh, which was more frightful than even threats would have been, and he had not ceased when two reports of a pistol were heard; he had fired them himself and had killed two men. The Palikares, who were prostrated at my father's feet, now sprang up and fired; and the room was filled with smoke. At the same instant the firing began on the other side, and the balls penetrated the boards all around us. Oh! how noble did the grand vizier, my father, look at that moment, in the midst of the balls, his scimitar in his hand, and his face blackened with the powder of his enemies! and how he terrified them, even then, and made them fly before them! 'Selim! Selim!' cried he, 'guardian of the fire, do your duty!'

"'Selim is dead!' replied a voice which seemed to come from the depths of the earth, 'and you are lost, Ali!' At the same moment an explosion was heard, and the flooring of the room in which my father was sitting was suddenly torn up and shivered to atoms; the Tchodoars were firing underneath; three or four Palikares fell with their bodies literally ploughed with wounds.

"My father howled aloud, he plunged his fingers into the holes which the balls had made, and tore up one of the planks entire. But immediately through the opening twenty more shots were fired, and the flame, rushing up like fire from the crater of a volcano, soon gained the tapestry, which it quickly devoured. In the midst of all this frightful tumult and these terrific cries, two reports, fearfully distinct, followed by two shrieks more heartrending than all, froze me with terror; these two shots had mortally wounded my father, and it was he who had given utterance to these frightful cries. However, he remained standing, clinging to a window. My mother tried to force the door, that she might go and die with him, but it was fastened on the inside. All around him were lying the Palikares, writhing in convulsive agonies; whilst two or three, who were only slightly wounded, were trying to escape by springing from the windows. At this crisis the whole flooring suddenly gave way; my father fell on one knee, and at the same moment twenty hands were thrust forth, armed with sabres, pistols, and poniards—twenty blows were instantaneously directed against one man, and my father disappeared in a whirlwind of fire and smoke kindled by these demons, and which seemed like hell itself opening beneath his feet. I felt myself fall to the ground; it was my mother who had fainted."

Haydee's arms fell by her side, and she uttered a deep groan, at the same time looking towards the count, as if to ask if he were satisfied with her obedience to his commands. Monte-Cristo rose and approached her; he took her hand, and said to her in Romaic, "Calm yourself, my dear child, and take courage in remembering that there is a God who will punish traitors."

"It is a frightful story, count," said Albert, terrified at the paleness of Haydee's countenance, "and I reproach myself now, for having been so cruel and thoughtless in my request."

"Oh, it is nothing!" said Monte-Cristo. Then, patting the girl on the head, he continued, "Haydee is courageous; and she sometimes even finds consolation in the recital of her misfortunes."

"Because, my lord," said Haydee, eagerly, "my miseries recall to me the remembrance of your goodness."

Albert looked at her with curiosity, for she had not yet related what he most desired to know, namely, how she became the slave of the count. Haydee saw at a glance the same expression pervading the countenances of her two auditors; she exclaimed, "When my mother recovered her senses we were before the seraskier. 'Kill me,' said she, 'but spare the honor of the widow of Ali.'

"'It is not me to whom you must address yourself,' said Kourchid, 'but your new master.'

"And Kourchid pointed out one who had more than any contributed to the death of my father," said Haydee, in a tone of chastened anger.

"Then," said Albert, "you became the property of this man?"

"No," replied Haydee, "he did not dare to keep us, so we were sold to some slave merchants who were going to Constantinople. We traversed Greece, and arrived, half dead, at the imperial gates. They were surrounded by a crowd of people, who opened a way for us to pass, when, suddenly, my mother, having directed her eye to the object which was attracting their attention, uttered a piercing cry and fell to the ground, pointing, as she did so, to a head, which was placed over the gates, and beneath which were inscribed these words,—

'THIS IS THE HEAD OF ALI TEBELEN, PACHA OF YANINA.'

"I cried bitterly, and tried to raise my mother from the earth, but she was dead! I was taken to the slave market and was purchased by a rich Armenian. He caused me to be instructed, gave me masters, and when I was thirteen years of age he sold me to the Sultan Mahmoud.

"Of whom I bought her," said Monte-Cristo, "as I told you, Albert, with the emerald which formed a match to the one I had made into the box for the purpose of holding my hasheesh."

"Oh; you are good! you are great! my lord!" said Haydee, kissing the count's hand, "and I am very fortunate in belonging to such a master."

Albert remained quite bewildered with all that he had seen and heard. "Come! finish your cup of coffee," said Monte-Cristo; "the story is ended."

CHAPTER XXIV.

YANINA.

If Valentine could have seen the trembling step and agitated countenance of Franz when he quitted the chamber of M. Noirtier, even she would have been constrained to pity him. Villefort had only just given utterance to a few incoherent sentences, and then retired to his study, where he received about two hours afterwards the following letter:

"After all the disclosures which were made this morning, M. Nortier de Villefort must see the utter impossibility of any alliance being formed between his family and that of M. Franz d'Epinay. M. d'Epinay must say that he is shocked and astonished that M. de Villefort, who appeared to be aware of all the circumstances detailed this morning, should not have anticipated him in this announcement."

Hardly had he read it when his wife entered. The sudden departure of Franz, after being summoned by M. Noirtier, had so much astonished everyone, that the position of Madame de Villefort, left alone with the notary and witnesses, became every moment more embarrassing. Determined to bear it no longer, she rose and left the room, saying she would go and make some enquiries into the cause of his sudden disappearance.

M. de Villefort's communications on the subject were very limited and concise; he told her, in fact, that an explanation had taken place between M. Noirtier, M. d'Epinay, and himself, and the marriage of Valentine and Franz would consequently be broken off. This was an awkward and unpleasant thing to have to report to those who were awaiting her return in the chamber of her father-in-law. She therefore contented herself with saying that M. Noirtier having, at the commencement of the discussion, been attacked by a sort of apoplectic fit, the affair would necessarily be deferred for some days longer. This news, false as it was, following so singularly in the train of two similar misfortunes which had so recently occurred, evidently astonished the auditors, and they retired without a remark. During this time, Valentine, at once terrified and happy, after having embraced and thanked the feeble old man for thus breaking, with a single blow, the chain which she had been accustomed to consider as indissoluble, asked leave to retire to her own room, in order to recover her composure. Noirtier looked the permission which she solicited. But instead of going to her own room, Valentine, having once gained her liberty, entered the gallery, and opening a small door at the end of it, found herself at once in the garden. Morrel soon discovered the young girl, who, throwing aside all her usual precautions, walked at once to the gate. The first glance which he directed towards her entirely reassured him, and the first words she pronounced made his heart bounce with delight.

"We are saved!" said Valentine.

"Saved!" repeated Morrel, not being able to conceive such intense happiness; "by whom?"

"By my grandfather. Oh, Morrel! pray love him for all his goodness to us!"

Morrel swore to love him with all his soul; and at that moment he could safely promise to do so, for he felt as though it were not enough to love him merely as a friend or even as a father. "But tell me, Valentine, how has it all been effected? what strange means has he used to compass this blessed end?"

Valentine was on the point of relating all that had passed, but she suddenly remembered that in doing so she must reveal a terrible secret which concerned others as well as her grandfather, and she said, "At some future time I will tell you all about it."

"But when will that be?"

"When I am your wife."

During this time, Madame de Villefort had gone to visit M. Noirtier. The old man looked at her with that stern and forbidding expression with which he was accustomed to receive her.

"Sir," said she, "it is superfluous for me to tell you that Valentine's marriage is broken off, since it was here that the affair was concluded." Noirtier's countenance remained immovable. "But one thing I can tell you, of which I do not think you are aware; that is, that I have always been opposed to this marriage, and that the contract was entered into entirely without my consent or approbation." Noirtier regarded his daughter-in-law with the look of a man desiring an explanation. "Now that this marriage which I know you so much disliked, is done away with, I come to entreat you to restore, not your love, for that she has always possessed, but to restore your fortune to your granddaughter."

There was a doubtful expression in Noirtier's eyes; he was evidently trying to discover the motive of this proceeding, and he could not succeed in doing so. "May I hope, sir," said Madame de Villefort, "that your intentions accord with my request?" Noirtier made a sign that they did. "In that case, sir," rejoined Madame de Villefort, "I will leave you, overwhelmed with gratitude and happiness at your prompt acquiesence to my wishes." She then bowed to M. Noirtier, and retired. The next day M. Noirtier sent for the notary; the first will was torn up and a second made, in which he left the whole of his fortune to Valentine, on condition that she should never be separated from him. It was then generally reported that Mademoiselle de Villefort, the heiress of the marquis and marchioness de Saint-Meran, had regained the good graces of her grandfather, and that she would ultimately be placed in possession of an income of 300,000 livres. Whilst all the proceedings relative to the dissolution of the marriage contract were being carried on at the house of M. de Villefort, Monte-Cristo had paid his visit to the Count de Morcerf, who, in order to lose no time in responding to M. Danglars' wishes, and at the same time to pay all due deference to his position in society, donned his uniform of lieutenant-general, which he ornamented with all his crosses, and thus attired, ordered his finest horses and drove to the Rue de la Chausse d'Austin. Danglars was balancing his monthly accounts, and it was, perhaps, not the most favorable moment for finding him in his best humor. At the first sight of his old friend, Danglars assumed his majestic air, and settled himself in his easy chair. Morcerf, usually so stiff and formal, accosted the banker in an affable and smiling manner, and feeling sure that the overture he was about to make would be well received, he did not consider it necessary to adopt any manœuvres in order to gain his end, but went at once straight to the point.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. They are known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word is as good as their bond.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use a key.

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

In Scotland, once, a drunken man met a clergyman chasing his runaway dog on Sunday. Tammas, said the breathless clergyman, "I am sorry to see you in this condition. But whistle for my dog; he is running away. Tammas regarded the speaker with gravity and said: Whistle? I may drink whisky, but I'll no whistle for ony dog on the Lord's day.

THE TORONTO HOME FOR INCURABLES.

PARKDALE, ONT., Feb. 27th, 1882.—Gentlemen, it gives me pleasure to let you know I have derived great benefit from the use of Nerviline. I have been a great sufferer from the Neuralgia in the face, and the last two years was quite a martyr to the malady. So soon as I observed the Nerviline advertised I obtained a bottle from our druggists, Messrs. John Gray & Co., Parkdale, and the effect was marvelous; pain ceased and I can enjoy sound sleep at night, and rise refreshed. I cannot speak too highly of it and heartily recommend it. Alexander Steen.

Miss Wabash (of Chicago)—And now that we are engaged, tell me, my dear Mr. Laker, tell me—— Laker—What, my own? Miss Wabash—Tell me your first name.

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

Yonkers Statesman—See that team of horses, how nicely they go together, John. Why can't a man and woman pull together like that? There is every reason, my dear. Those horses have only one tongue between them!

HANDSOME FEATURES.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

Mrs. Blue—Don't you think that Edgar Allan Poe had the most brilliant imagination you know of? Mrs. Green—O, no! I'm sure he couldn't compare with my husband when he comes home late.

Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry is the safest, surest and best known remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. The Children's Favorite. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

She—Do you believe that one's fate can be read in the hand as people say? He—To a certain extent. Give me your hand, for instance, and I can tell that my fate will be sure to be a happy one.

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.

Dey is a mighty good temperance sermon in a freight train, says Uncle Mose. No matter how much de cars dey gits loaded de ingine wa't does de work gits along strictly on water.

Hawker's Liver Pills, contain no mercury, are purely vegetable, safe, sure and effective. Do not gripe, small, easy to take. Sold everywhere.

Minnie—Honestly, now didn't he drive with one hand as soon as you were out of town? Mamie—No. He—he drove with the other hand.

Does every bone in your body ache? Then bathe in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; rub brisk.

I'd like to be rich, said Tommy. How rich? asked his sister. Oh, rich enough to wear my Sunday clothes every day.

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

Jameson—the new minister seems to be a wide-awake young man. Peterson—Yes; but he's so deaf he can't hear his own sermons.

King's Evil is another name for SCROFULA, and yields to

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Impoverished and impure blood is always effectively restored to vigorous condition by this wonderful remedy. Cures Coughs, Colds and all Wasting Diseases. Almost as palatable as Milk.

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CHRISTMAS TRADE.

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

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

JAMES S. NEILL.

A beautiful line of

GENTS' SOLID GOLD 14k

American Watches

FOR SALE AT VERY FINE FIGURES.

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GOLD FILLED CASES.

A big line of American movements to suit any American case.

An elegant line of American Jewelery always in stock.

Ladies' and Gents' Roll Plate Chains and Fobs. Clocks cheapest in the city.

A full line of Wedding and Engagement Friendship Rings.

Souvenir Spoons, Coffee, Tea and Orange in Sterling Silver.

Work in all branches of the trade neatly and promptly done.

R. BLACKMER,

Nearly opposite City Hall.

The Sun.

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.

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COD LIVER OIL

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Best Quality of Pure Norwegian Oil.

Best Preparation of Hypophosphites.

Best Value for the Money.

50c.

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LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59

ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON,

Agent.

COAL. COAL.

In Stock:

BLACKSMITH,

VICTORIA and

OLD MINE SYDNEY

HOUSE COAL.

To Arrive:

A CARGO OF THAT CELEBRATED

SUGAR LOAF HARD COAL,

In Chestnut, Stove and Egg sizes.

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

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

OFFICE AND STOREHOUSE,

CAMPBELL STREET: Above CITY HALL.

JAMES TIBBITTS,

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.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

AT FAIR PRICES.

Gold Pens,
Albums,
Panels,
Dressing Cases,

Work Boxes,
Manicure Sets,
Ladies Companions,
Smokers Sets,

Fancy Baskets,
Purses,
Satchels,
Opera Glasses,

Ink Stands in Olive Wood,

Books of Poetry,
Books of Adventure,
Books on Travel,
Books on History

Books on Theology,
Books for Children,
Books for Sunday Schools,
Teachers Bibles,

Besides many other requisites too numerous to mention.

Hall's - Book - Store.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having any claims against the Estate of the Hon. Richard Bellamy, deceased, late of the Parish of Southampton, York County N. B., are requested to present the same duly attested, to the undersigned Executors or to Havelock Coy, Barrister, Fredericton N. B., within three months from this date. All persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Dated the 7th day of December, A. D. 1892.

GEORGE S. INGRAHAM
JACOB ALLAN
of Southampton, York Co., Executors
of the last will and Testament of
Richard Bellamy, deceased.

Dec. 10 2 mo

Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the professional co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name WILSON & WILSON, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

WILLIAM WILSON.
GEORGE L. WILSON

Fredericton, Nov. 5, 1892.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.

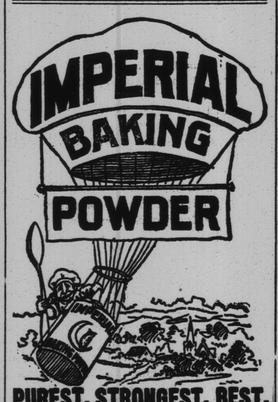
Just Received from Glasgow.

5000 ASBESTOS Fire Bricks. 30 Bags Fire Clay.

For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER



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

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Have now on hand an immense stock of

ORGANS

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First Class in every respect,

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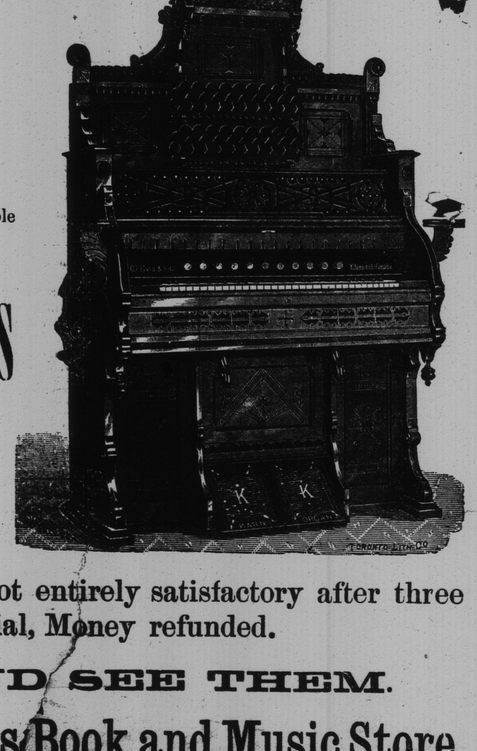

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