POETRY.

UNCERTAINTY.

What gifts has Fate in store for me?
(The coming year dawns soon)
Shall I at Indian summer's fire
Forget the flowers of June?
Press grapes through days of purple haze,
Dream through the autumn moon?
Stir to the speckled quail's clear note
On chill December's noon?

Shall I descry through bare black trees
That shape I dread and know,
A gaunt gray wolf with hungry eyes
A-skulking through the snow?
Ah! down Dread's lane Death sings a song
So strangely sweet and low.
He says: "Why hasten on thy path,
I give thee peace for woe."

And down Hope's lane Sleep binds a wreath
Of poppies wrought with bay;
He gives the pilgrim happy dreams
To speed him on his way;
For Hope, with tempting promises
Through summer's golden day,
Fulfills in autumn's fruited store
The presage of the May.

Apast the lanes of Hope and Dread
Where Druid oak trees wait,
Fate spins the thread of destiny,
Nor pauses soon or late.
Is it a strand of rainbow hue
Or black as night grown late?
My heart is but a coward's heart.
I dare not question Fate.

SELECT STORY.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTINUED.

"And it was a terrible temptation, poor thing!" added Miss Greville, feelingly. "You see, if she had confessed that she was in the avenue with her sweetheart after dark, she would have lost her place."

"Not for the first offence," replied Mrs. Ormsby, "we are not so severe as that at Cheston. Indeed, Mr. Ormsby told me just now not to say anything more about it. Only I am disappointed, grievously disappointed in Jane."

"I think one is always disappointed in people, dear Mrs. Ormsby. How can they ever be all one wishes? I have given up expecting it long ago, and have learnt to be stoical just to save my heart from breaking."

Mrs. Ormsby's look of compassionate surprise recalled Miss Greville to herself.

"Very melodramatic, is it not?" she added, with a forced laugh, "but one gets a little out of heart sometimes, and then it is a comfort to rail against everybody and everything."

"In those circumstances it is always a comfort to me to remember those I can trust and who will never disappoint me," answered Mrs. Ormsby gravely. "I suppose there must be wicked people in the world, but one does not want to think of them more than one can help."

"One has to think about them generally," Miss Greville said, "because they cause you so much suffering."

"I am not sure that weak people do not cause their friends as much suffering as wicked ones," the other replied. "I would sooner trust a wicked than a weak person; the first can sometimes be relied upon, the last never."

Such a shadow came into Miss Greville's eyes at these words, that Mrs. Ormsby felt quite sorry she had spoken so strongly. Perhaps the poor girl had a relation or lover whose weakness or vice had caused her sorrow, and she could not bear the reminder. To divert her attention Mrs. Ormsby gave her a commission to execute in the village, but to her surprise, Miss Greville begged that she might be allowed to put it off until the afternoon, as she had some letters to write and could take them to the post with her.

"Go whatever time you like, my dear, of course," Mrs. Ormsby replied, "only I should keep my letters and put them into our bag if I were you, for I begin to be afraid these new people at the post office are rather careless. I have written twice to Miss Rodswell, under cover to the housekeeper both times, begging her to let me have a line to say if she knows where Aunt Dorothea is, and I get no answer. If I don't hear soon I shall telegraph."

"That is a very extreme measure," observed Miss Greville, laughing. "Mrs. Stace will be sure to write directly she knows where her mistress is."

"I suppose she will, but it is very tiresome to be kept in suspense like this."

"Any day the suspense may end. To-morrow; even to-night you might get a letter."

"You have always a word of encouragement for one," cried Mrs. Ormsby, gratefully. "I should have been twice as anxious all this time but for you."

"It is a good thing then that I am naturally hopeful and sanguine," the girl said, but there was a look in her eyes that seemed to falsify her words. "And then, in this case, I am not trying to buoy you up against my conscience, for I honestly believe that Miss Rodswell is quite well, but that your letters have missed on both sides, and you will hear from her before a week is out, complaining of your silence and giving you a certain address. You will see I am a true prophet later," she concluded, with so much emphasis, that she convinced her listener in spite of herself. "They always tell me I have the gift of second sight, thanks to my Highland blood."

"I did not know you were a Highlander, my dear," observed Mrs. Ormsby with interest.

"I was once upon a time, but I have gone through so much, I seem almost to forget," she answered, passing her hand over her brows in a confused weary way. "Life is such a hard thing, somehow."

"It oughtn't to be to a young creature like you," Mrs. Ormsby replied, both surprised and touched by this sudden sadness.

"I don't know about that. Had you been compelled to earn your own living as I have since I was a child, your experiences would rather set you against your fellow-creatures. Here I am happy and well treated, but it it almost for the first time. I want you to remember this, Mrs. Ormsby, should you ever be called upon to judge me, if I disappoint you in any way," the girl spoke agitatedly, in earnest, sorrowful accents. "I wanted to be a good woman, but I never had the chance; and, oh!" her voice breaking, her eyes full of tears, "I think I must be pursued by fate—everything is made so hard for me."

Then she burst out laughing, suddenly, in the midst of her tears, called herself a fool, uncompromisingly, and darted out before Mrs. Ormsby could ask questions or give her any sign of sympathy.

Sir Charles Manby and the Cursons came to luncheon, and when Miss Greville appeared, Mrs. Ormsby looked at her anxiously.

But there was no trace of emotion on her face, except a slight flush on either white cheek, which added to her beauty so much, that the young baronet—who was very far gone by this time, thanks to the opposition he met with from her—could not keep his eyes off her face.

She wore a creamy dress of some soft, silky material, fitting her exquisite figure like a glove, and no ornaments of any kind; but in the bosom of her dress was a lovely bunch of crimson roses the gardner had presented to her that morning, and she looked very cool and fresh to Minna, who came in hot and flushed, from her walk in the sun.

She was in such bright spirits, Mrs. Ormsby could not help feeling puzzled. She never could disguise her feelings, or assume a character that was not her own, and she found it difficult to understand or sympathize with those who had more adaptability. She watched her with an odd sort of fascination, and, presently, she saw her bend down to Sir Charles, and say something in a low voice.

He looked up at her, quickly, eagerly, and a flush—of joy, evidently—passed over his face. He spoke a few impetuous words in reply, she nodded coldly, and then she sat back in her chair and became silent. She did not seem to rally her spirits after this, and Mrs. Ormsby found herself wondering what it was she could have said to depress herself so much, whilst giving pleasure to her neighbor.

Mr. Banbury did not appear at luncheon. It was an understood thing that he should not, as he took long walks in the middle of the day; but, contrary to his custom, he joined them on the lawn afterwards, and threw himself down lazily on the grass at Minna's feet.

"Our pet aversion seems in fine form to-day," he observed, glancing towards Miss Greville, who in her white dress, made a pretty picture against the background of drooping acacia leaves and delicate magnolia trees. Her face was pale now, but her large brown eyes shone with an almost holy light, as if they were fed from the fire of passion within her; and Sir Charles went closer and closer to the flame, like the silly moth that he was.

"Then you do think her handsome?" Minna asked.

"Did I ever say she was not?"

"I think you did; but perhaps you only said it because you thought that it would please me to hear her disparaged."

"That is very probable," he answered, bluntly, "unless I meant that handsome was not the word that applied to her—she being actually beautiful. Look at her as she sits there, and you cannot find a fault in her face."

"She is too pale," said Minna, critically.

He glanced again at the downcast face, that attracted him in spite of himself.

"But such a soft delicate pallor, like the outer petals of a plush rose. Sallowness is hateful, but there is something very graceful—if I may use the word—about that creamy skin of hers, with brown eyes and hair."

"Almost every Englishwoman you meet has brown hair, as far as that goes," returned Mina, scornfully.

"But not that shade of brown with bronze reflects in it. Assuredly," with feigned enthusiasm, "I admire and dote upon Miss Greville."

"This is odd, because you are her Mordecai, and are the only persons who refuses to bow down to her."

"Perhaps that is because, if I once began I might lose all control over myself and bow too low. 'At her feet he bowed; he fell.' Look at poor Sir Charles; I am sure he is a warning. He is nothing better than her slave."

Minna drew her teeth together with a vicious little snap. He was torturing her cruelly, this man, whose basilisk eyes seemed to read into her very soul, and yet she dared not call out. He knew her secret, of course, and yet she must keep up the pretence of hiding it for her dignity's sake. She turned her head in the direction he indicated in order to avert her angry face from him, and when she answered him, her voice was perfectly under her control, but as cold as ice.

"That is no affair of mine, Mr. Banbury. You seem to think I have nothing better to do than to watch my neighbors."

"What else has one to do on an August afternoon, when it is too hot to move and almost to talk. Besides, when one has a friend, one would like to save him from making a fool of himself. Poor Sir Charles would be very grateful to you, I am sure, if you did."

"Poor Sir Charles can take care of himself."

"No, poor Sir Charles can't. What man has a chance when he has an unscrupulous woman to deal with?"

"You have not yet proved that Miss Greville is unscrupulous, be pleased to observe."

"I don't pretend to have proved anything, but that is what I want to do with your help."

She shrugged her shoulders petulantly.

"I quite understand you, Mr. Banbury, and I am not going to be either your ally or your dupe," retorted Minna, and she got up quickly and left him.

Mr. Banbury laughed softly to himself, and moved into a more comfortable position. He knew quite well that Minna was only coquetting with the bait she would presently swallow, and as he was in no special hurry, he blinked his eyes at the bars of sunshine that filtered through the leaves overhead until he felt drowsy, and then he fell comfortably to sleep.

"Abominable manners to go to sleep where there are ladies," said Miss Greville in a low voice to Sir Charles. "But then, he is quite common; I wonder Mr. Ormsby invites him."

"He was at Eton and Oxford with Tom Curson, and ought to know better."

"But, as he doesn't——" shrugging her shoulders.

"He ought to be taught. I will give him a good talking to when I get him alone."

"Oh, no—not for the world!" she cried, and in her eagerness she unconsciously gripped hold of his arm—a fact Minna was quick to note and misunderstand. "After all, what does it matter to me? It is for Mrs. Ormsby to complain, not Mrs. Ormsby's companion."

"I wish you would'nt be always obtruding your poverty," he said distressfully. "Surely it is not necessary, when no one remembers it but yourself."

"I want to keep 'umble, as Uriah Heep said. "You all spoil me," and the large brown eyes sought his gratefully, and fell under the fire of his answering look, in which there was as much passion as reproach. "I shall forget who I am soon."

"That is just what I want you to do." He lowered his voice still more to say, "Or rather I want you to be somebody else."

She jumped up suddenly and ran to Mrs. Ormsby's side.

"I saw you drop a stitch," she said, taking the knitting out of her hand with a gay little laugh. "Poor old Simon will never get his stockings if you go on in this way."

"I think you had better take them in hand," returned Mrs. Ormsby, giving them up to her. "I can't think how I should get on without you."

Miss Greville sat down beside her, instead of returning to her former place, and presently Tom Curson announced that the sun was off the tennis ground and they went to play. Miss Greville insisted that they should play the first set without her, and Mr. Banbury had to be roused to make a fourth.

"I believe you sleep with one eye open, Banbury," Tom Curson said, when the other sprang up directly his name was mentioned, and proclaimed himself ready.

"Nay, both," he answered, and then he added with a significant twinkle of his blonde eyelashes in Miss Greville's direction, "for I even saw Mrs. Ormsby drop that stitch."

If she heard, she did not make any sign; her eyes were bent on the work Mrs. Ormsby had resigned to her, and she seemed to forget the people around her, to become absorbed in thoughts that took her far away from her surroundings; and gradually a weary look came into her face—a tired, sad look of pain.

CHAPTER VII.

DINNER was over at Cheston, Mr. Ormsby and his guest had gone to the smoking room, a bad habit the squire had got into since Mr. Banbury's advent. Mrs. Ormsby had settled herself for a doze, Miss Greville stood at the open window, her face paler than ever, a strange look in her beautiful eyes, her red lips compressed into a thin straight line.

The clock began to strike nine out in the perfumed darkness, where the honeysuckles and clematis hung their drowsy heads, and the roses gave out a breath of fragrance every time they bowed their heads to the soft night wind. Then the tallboy clock in the hall took up the refrain in a loud sonorous voice, and was copied in a shrill treble by the dainty little French pendule on a gilded bracket between the two windows.

Then Miss Greville stole out of the room on tiptoe, watching Mrs. Ormsby anxiously as she glided across the threshold, and once in the hall she threw a grey cloak over her shoulders, drew the hood close about her face, and opened the door very softly, stole out into the garden and vanished round a corner, avoiding the neighborhood of the squire's smoking-room, the open window of which threw a broad band of light across the lawn to the very edge of the dark shrubberies.

Miss Greville did not pause one second until she came to an arbor at the end of the grounds, and into this she flew and fell prone into Sir Charles' arms. They closed about her with a tight passionate strain, and for one minute, hardly that, she lay there panting, breathless, with no strength to resist the kisses that fell like rain on her lips and eyes. But presently she struggled to get free, and said, shivering a little as she retreated a few steps from him—

"You must not talk to me of love to night, Sir Charles. I asked you to meet me here because—because I wanted a favor of you—something I am ashamed to ask——" she broke off, agitatedly.

"You need not be ashamed," he said, for there is nothing I possess I would not give you."

"Even money?" she said in a quick breath.

"That above all things, even to my last farthing, unless you wanted it for a lover whom you prefer to myself."

Her pale face grew whiter, but she met his glance steadily, and forced her dry lips to answer, without hesitation—

"I have no lover, Sir Charles, and I want the money for a purpose even you would approve if I dared tell you all."

"Why don't you dare? It is some relative who is wild and unsatisfactory, and you want to send him out of the country to save him from further disgrace? That is it my dearest—I have guessed aright, have I not? And you come to me because you know I could have no greater happiness than to serve you or to save you from anxiety or pain. I will ask no questions, I can see you would rather I did not; but just tell me what you require, and with one kiss of your lips the debt shall be cancelled and forgotten. Ah! my love, my dear love, if you only knew how sweet it is to have you ask help of me," he went on in a rapture of tenderness. "You have been so coy and cool always——"

"But I am not cold and coy to-night," she murmured, moving closer to him again, "if so I should not be here."

Sir Charles saw the effort she made to say something that would please him, while all her thoughts were occupied apart from him.

"You need not be afraid of my misunderstanding you," he replied, like the chivalrous gentleman he was. "I know you would not have done me this honor unless you had been forced."

"That is true. There was not time to write, and I could not have borne the suspense if there had been. Besides, if I had thought much about it, my courage would have failed me, and I should never have asked you at all."

"Then you would have denied me a great pleasure."

"And saved myself a terrible humiliation, for even now I dare not tell you how much I want."

"Shall I try and guess, then; let us say a hundred pounds, just to begin with something."

"That is not enough," she answered, miserably.

"Two, then, or three. Why should you be afraid to tell me, even though it be still more?"

"Three will do," she said in a low troubled voice; "it shall do, I mean. Oh, Sir Charles, on the whole face of this earth there is not a more wretched woman than I this night. Remember this if ever you want to blame me, and pity me instead; I longed to die once—oh! how hard—but now I can't and mustn't, however much I may suffer, and the worst of it is I can see no hope anywhere, no gleam of light in the darkness."

"Not here on my breast, darling?" he said entreatingly.

"Not even there," she returned, evading his grasp—"at least to-night. I have too much before me to think of such things."

"But to-morrow, dear, you will let me tell you how fondly I love you?"

"To-morrow you shall tell me just what you like," she said, with a feverish laugh; "but I cannot stay now, for Mrs. Ormsby will wake and miss me. And—and I must have the money to-night."

"To-night," he repeated; "but I haven't anything like that amount in the house, and there is no way of changing a cheque at this hour. Stop, if I give you a cheque would that do? I have one in my pocket book for £320, my steward handed me this afternoon for arrears of rents, and fortunately I did not send it to the bank; would you be able to change that if I gave it to you?"

She hesitated a little, but when he assured her that his steward's name and his own endorsement would satisfy anyone in Ayrshire, she thanked him and took it.

"But mind this," he said, as he put it into her hand, "you have sworn to me that you have no lover."

"I have no lover," she answered coldly and sternly.

"Except me?"

"Except you," she repeated after him with parrot like fidelity.

"And you will listen to-morrow?"

"I will listen to you to-morrow."

"You might be an automaton," he said, discontentedly, "or a child repeating the lesson he had learnt by rote, without understanding or feeling one word of it; and yet if you were to play me false——"

"What then?" she asked, in a curiously calm voice.

"I would kill you, or myself, or him."

"I think not. You would just shrug your shoulders and say—

'Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?'"

"You are quite wrong. I should say nothing of the kind. I never pretended to be philosophical. You are the first woman I have ever cared for, and I should not let you go easily."

"But you will let me go now?" she implored.

"Until to morrow, my dearest."

"Until to-morrow," she said, and putting his arm aside she went to the entrance of the arbour and stood their listening. The shrubs rustled a little, as if they were whispering together, but beyond this there was no sound, and she stepped out. Then, remembering her promise, she groped her way back to Sir Charles' side. He felt a sudden warm breath on his lips, quickening his pulses, thrilling through his whole being, and almost before he knew she had kissed him, she was gone.

And he stood there, dazed and motionless, a great joy at his heart. That caress had set all his doubts at rest. She did care for him then? And he had worried himself so needlessly over her possible indifference to his love.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BANBURY ordered some black coffee to be brought to him the last thing that evening, telling Mr. Ormsby he intended to sit up all night, and though the other seemed rather surprised he said nothing. It was an understood thing at Cheston that Mr. Banbury was an eccentric and ubiquitous individual, and his moods were so changeable that they could never count upon what he would do or say next, or where he would turn up. Sometimes he went to bed just as others were rising, occasionally he retired when the rest did; but this was no guarantee that you would not meet him stealing along the landing two or three hours later, and the maids—who hated him to a woman, because of his 'nasty, secret ways,' as they said—declared they had caught him once or twice, with his ear at Miss Greville's keyhole. That he was rather prying there could be no doubt, and he was ready for a gossip anywhere, even in the servants' hall, when he got the chance.

Mr. Ormsby left him smoking his sixth pipe and drinking his third cup of black coffee, and his parting words were—

"If you hear the thief let me know if you can. I should like to see the fun."

And he went off with a laugh. Mr. Banbury smoked one more pipe, and was half way through his fourth cup of coffee, when an unaccountable, overwhelming feeling of drowsiness came over him. It might have been that the dead silence brooding over the sleeping house affected him, or the country air was too strong; but, presently, in spite of his struggles, his energetic protests, his forced marches into the hall and back, he sank upon a couch and fell into the very soundest sleep he had ever known in his life.

He never so much as stirred a finger until the squire's cheery "good-morning" greeting broke upon his ear, and then he sat up dizzily, with a strange pulsating feeling in his head.

"How queer you look, Banbury," the squire remarked, surveying the limp form and pallid face in some concern. "Are you ill?"

"I believe I have been drugged," he answered angrily. "I never felt like this before. Where is Miss Greville?"

"Why Miss Greville?" asked Mr. Ormsby, laughing.

"Never mind, sir; have you seen her this morning?"

"Not yet, but I expect she will be down in a moment. The breakfast bell hasn't rung."

But Mr. Banbury was gone. Up the stairs, three steps at a time, he went, Mr. Ormsby listening to his impetuous passage with half amused wonder; then down he rushed again, still more impetuously, and burst into the smoking room like a human whirlwind.

"She is gone!" he cried, and muttered an oath between his teeth, "Miss Greville is gone!"

"Sir!" said the old squire with dignity, "you never dared go to her room!"

"The door was open, and I glanced in. The bed had not been used—don't you understand?"

"She has probably gone for a walk, and why not? It seems to me that you have taken a very strange tone about that poor girl all the way through. I should almost have thought—only it seemed so absurd—that you suspected her of the robbery."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW WAY TO START RACES.

A Device That is Said to do Away With Runaways and Unfair Starts.

A New Yorker has patented a device which he claims will put a stop to crooked horse racing and also prevent the annoying delays now encountered by the starter. A model of the device is now on exhibition. It consists of a canvas gate set on wooden poles and working automatically, that will prevent any racing until a lever is pulled and the gate is raised by the starter. The gate frame is made of iron with heavy canvas stretched between the end bars. The gate is four feet high and is set just above the four foot railing of the track. The lever that sets it free is fitted on the starter's stand, one hundred feet away. The gate, when released, springs upward and hangs sixteen feet from the ground, in such a way that it cannot obstruct the view. The starter does not touch the lever until the horses with their jockeys, are all in line, so that each has an equal chance of getting away fairly. When the lever works, the flag drops at the same instant.

To get away in time, the jockey, so the inventor says, will have to watch the canvas gate instead of the starter, and will not have time to watch the other jockeys around him and indulge in tricks. A dishonest start, it is said, can be instantly detected by the public under the new system, and the device is so simple that a boy can operate it.

The new gate is hung on ornamental wooden poles twenty feet high. It is attached to weights fastened to steel wires which run on sheaves at the top of two additional wooden poles placed sixteen feet from the two supporting poles. It will cost about five hundred dollars to build a gate.

Sporting men who have seen this newfangled starting machine, are divided as to its merits, so far as preventing unfair starts goes is concerned. It is believed, however, that it will prevent the disastrous runaway starts which so frequently occur. The inventor further says that a field of horses can be successfully started inside of five minntes, so that every onlooker can see whether the start is fair or unfair.

DIED OF STARVATION.

John Reilly, 40 years old, formerly with the Barnum and Bailey show, died from starvation in Bleecker street, New York, on Monday, the 29th instant. Reilly had been out of work for a long time and was waiting for the circus season to open, living in the meanwhile at the Mission and lodging house in the Bowery. He had not a cent, and told the people at the Mission that he had eaten nothing for two days. He was given a ticket for a meal in the soup house of the Industrial Christian Alliance on Bleecker street. While on his way there, he fell from exhaustion and lack of nourishment. He died within a few minutes.

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."

Seven desperate convicts escaped from the Pratt mines, Birmingham, Ala., by blowing open the iron grating with dynamite. Guard John Patton was seriously hurt. A posse of officers led by deputy sheriff Dexter, came up with four escaped convicts near Gorthite and a battle followed, the convicts having secured guns. Dexter was instantly killed and one of the convicts fatally hurt. The others escaped.

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

"Why, Tommy! Why did you slap sister Ethel?"

"She was so darned good, mamma, I couldn't help it."

NOTICE TO PARENTS.

All parents are especially requested not to neglect to give their children Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, etc. It is the children's favorite and a sure cough cure. Sold everywhere. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle.

Farmer (reading from newspaper to his wife who is working about the room)—"Gosh, wife! but don't them city folks go it strong? Here's one gal who spent two thousand dollars on her weddin' trousers."

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. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Employer—"You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in, didn'nt you?" Office Boy, "Yes sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it in his chair."

Ahead of all others.—Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam, the favorite cough cure.

Lightly—How do you manage to keep your gas bills so small?

Tightly—I have four daughters, and there's a beau in the parlor every night.

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. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

"Money causes all the trouble in the world!" yelled the socialist. And the meek little man in the back row remarked that there were an awful lot of people looking for trouble.

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Mother—"Back already? Well, I'm glad it's over. Did the tooth hurt you much when it was pulled?" Small son—"I—I—didn't have it out." "What? Didn't you go to the dentist's?" "Yes'm, but there was two people ahead of me." "Why did'nt you wait?" "I—I was afraid they'd feel 'shamed if I stayed and heard them holler."

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPIES.

Boston Transcript

A trustworthy, clean and interesting family newspaper, free from sensational and objectionable matters, in both reading and advertising columns offering to the educated and intelligent public, the most instructive and entertaining selection of news, literary, political, financial, art, music and general topics of the day and season.

Daily Evening Transcript. No Sunday Edition.

Saturday Evening Transcript. Sixteen or more pages.

Weekly Transcript. Published Friday's.

Address BOSTON TRANSCRIPT CO., 324 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

1831 THE CULTIVATOR 1894
—AND—
Country : Gentleman.

THE BEST OF THE
AGRICULTURAL WEEKLIES.
DEVOTED TO
Farm Crops and Processes,
Horticulture & Fruit Growing,
Live Stock and Dairying.

While it also includes all minor departments of rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomology, Bee keeping, Greenhouse and Grapery, Veterinary Replies, Farm Questions and Answers, Fireside Reading, Domestic Economy, and a summary of the News of the Week. Its Market Reports are unusually complete, and much attention is paid to the Prospects of the Crops, as throwing light upon one of the most important of all questions—When to Buy and When to Sell. It is liberally illustrated and by Recent enlargement, contains more reading matter than ever before. The subscription price is $2.50 per year, but we offer a Special Reduction in our

Club Rates for 1894.

Two Subscriptions in one remittance $4
Six Subscriptions do. do. 10
Ten Subscriptions do. do. 15

☞ To all New Subscribers for 1894, paying in advance now, we will send the paper Weekly, from our receipt of the remittance, to January 1st, 1894, without charge. Specimen Copies Free. Address

LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers, Albany, N. Y.

Blood

should be rich to insure health. Poor blood means Anæmia; diseased blood means Scrofula.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood; cures Anæmia, Scrofula, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, and Wasting Diseases. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

Sheet Zinc and Flour Sifters.

3 CASKS Sheet Zinc, 3 casks Flour Sifters (patent)
1 case Josepin Butts assorted sizes.
12 boxes Family Scales, just right for this season of the year.
1 case Sled-shoe Bolts.
6 boxes Wrought Iron Nuts.
4 cases Carpenter's Planes
6 cases Barn Lanterns.
2 barrels Lantern Globes.
1 barrel Strap and T Hinges.
24 doz. Sheet-iron Pans for cooking stoves.
3 doz. Tin Boilers.
3 doz. Steamers.
Just to hand R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

SHOVELS.

JUST received 15 Bundles Steel Shovels long and short handles.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results 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.

Wiley's ... EMULSION ...
—OF—
COD - LIVER - OIL.

Gives Best Results.
Purest and Best Materials used in Manufacture.
Best Value for the Money.
The Best Preparation in the Market
Readily taken by Children.
No preparation equal to it.
For Building up the System.

PRICE SOLD Everywhere 50 cts.

JOHN M. WILEY, Manufacturer
196 Queen Street, Fredericton.

For First-class Footwear, Faultless Fit and Finest Finish, in Foremost Fashions, at Fairest Figures, Find Granby Rubbers and Overshoes.

They wear like Iron.

ALL DEALERS SELL THEM.

PILES.

Any One Suffering from Any Form of "PILES,"

BLIND, BLEEDING, ITCHING, OR PROTUDING

Can Find Relief and a Lasting Cure.

Address C. H. FREDERICTON.
Box 38.

Snow Shovels.

Just to Hand.

IN consequence of the heavy snow storms we ordered an extra 10 doz Snow Shovels. For sale low by
R. CHESTNUT & 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.

GEO. L. WILSON,

Barrister, Notary Public, etc.

Office next door below J. J. Weddall's
Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.
March 4, 1893.

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.
Fton, April 9, 1892.

Steel Sinks

(Just to Hand.)

1 Doz Steel Sinks, wont crack with hot water like cast iron. Best made.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

THE AMERICAN

$8 DOLLAR $8

Typewriter.

THIS is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a $100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price, for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a Typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen, and has the advantage of such simplicity, that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes Capitals, small letters, figures and marks, 71 in all.
Writes just like a $100 machine.
No shift keys. No Ribbon. Prints from the type direct.
Prints on flat surface.
Writing always in sight.
Corrections and insertions easily made.
Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8½ inches.

Easy to understand, learned in five minutes.
Weighs only four pounds, most portable.
Compact, takes up but little room.
Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.
Capital and lower-case keyboard alike, easily mastered.
More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.
Takes good letter press copies.

Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price, $8 00 in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all enquiries for further information.

A. S. MURRAY,
Special Agent, Fredericton, N. B.

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.

McMurray & Co.