

POETRY.

WHOS' BUSINESS.

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady...

SELECT STORY.

BONNIE ADAIR.

By the Author of Mrs. Deland's "Lover"
"Foot Graces," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"I shall not ask you if I may come,"
he said, easily, for you may be braver
than last night, and summon up sufficient
courage to say so...

"No, but I should like to, if she would
let me call. I was up early this morning,
and told a very talkative old woman, who
met me all I wished to know...

"What are you thinking of, I wonder?"
Doyle questioned, picking up some of the
warm, soft sand and letting it run through
her fingers on to her unglued hand...

"You little coquette! How dare you
try to tell me such wicked stories? I
have watched you all the time, and your
thoughts were not of chocolate nougat..."

"It is, isn't it?" Bonnie said, in the
voice of one who has a grievance. "Sometimes,
when I was quite a little girl, I used to try
to tell stories, and I was always found out..."

"Why, no, mother, I am hardly damp,"
Bonny declared, feeling her skirts. "I
jumped up at once. This is Mr. Doyle,
the gentleman I told you was so kind
about my luggage..."

rather dilated upon that small service he
rendered her, and Mrs. Adair now took
the opportunity of thanking him for his
exceeding kindness...

"So very kind of you," she said, lan-
guidly, dropping Tony upon the sand.
"Bonny, that terrible dog has been fight-
ing again, or rather a dog fought him..."

"Don't they muzzle them down here?"
Doyle questioned, staring down at the fat,
asthmatic pug, round which they were
standing...

"Why do you bring out a sunshade?"
her mother asked, as she unfurled a large
umbrella. "You look like a pipey—and
no gloves. Bonny, when will you grow
wiser?"

"The whole day had gone by without
even a glimpse of the sun or even his
sisters. All the morning she had lain on
the sands, almost hidden from view by
some rocks that jutted out to the sea..."

"What a lovely color!" he said, looking
at her, and then she dipped her hand
into her pocket and carefully brought
forth a small, oval box, with a picture on
the lid...

"You talk of what you don't understand—
it was the fashion of the day; and he
had lovely, glossy black hair."
"Greased!" Bonny exclaimed, with in-
finite disgust.

"Oh well, miss! you are so sharp and
so clever, I shall say no more," Mrs. Adair
cried, very much offended; and just at
that moment a loud peal at the door an-
nounced a visitor.

"Then I will tell you," he said, and a
thrill of passion seemed to run through
the words. "I feel that I would give
everything I possess just to hold that little
sunburnt hand in mine and kiss that
soft, pink palm as long as I liked..."

men, and wondered what Lenore could
see in Ted Charteris. Then Mrs. Adair
said she was tired of sitting still, and
would like to walk up and down; so off
they started.

Bonny felt her knees tremble as she
passed those good-looking, well-dressed
people, from whom she kept her eyes
studiously turned. As they came back
they met Alec Doyle sauntering towards
them; he at once raised his hat, and turn-
ing, walked beside Mrs. Adair, who, be-
fore five minutes had elapsed, thought
him a most gentlemanly and agreeable
man.

"He had so much to say that was worth
listening to, and he was so considerate;
when Mrs. Adair thought she was tired
he found a snug corner for her, and stood
talking to her, while Bonny, of course,
sat beside her mother. Then Doyle
thought he was tired too, said he had
been walking all the afternoon, and so
sat himself beside Bonny; but still he did
not say much to her, though every now
and then the girl would meet a glance
that set her pulses throbbing wildly, and
brought the color to her face.

"Shake hands," he pleaded; "but she
only shook her head, and without a word
followed her mother; afterwards they met him
in the town, walking with one of his sisters.
They seemed very much engrossed with
each other, and neither noticed Bonny.
Mrs. Adair was patiently having her hair
pulled and the face scratched by the prongs
of Mrs. Adair's umbrella.

"The next day it rained—rained in-
cessantly throughout the day, throughout
the night; but by seven the next morn-
ing the sun was shining brightly, and
trees, shrubs and flowers looked fresh
and clean after their drenching. The very
sky seemed a deeper blue, across which
billowy, white clouds were sailing. Bonny
was out before, looking the very incarna-
tion of health and high spirits, but by
the evening the high spirits at least had
departed.

"I thought you had gone away," she
said simply, wondering at the sudden
faintness that had seized her and made
her feel so dizzy and queer; it was going
off again, but she leaned against the bridge
feeling glad of her support.

"I meant to have gone away," he said,
dropping the end of his cigar into the
water, where it fell with a fizz and was
whirled down stream. "I daresay I shall
take my departure to-morrow. Tell me,
child, have you thought of me at all?"

"Bonny, there was once upon a time,
a man who had travelled all over the
world, and on one of his journeys he saw
a gorgeous tropical flower, that seemed
to him the most beautiful flower he had
ever seen, and he wanted it for his own;
so he plucked it and carried it away with
him. Afterwards he grew weary of it,
his gaudy colored tiring his eyes, and he
found that it stem was covered with
thorns, and he wished he had passed it
by. Later on he found a lovely little
English flower, that did not give him
look at, and he felt that he would have
bartered his soul for the possession of that
one frail blossom."

"Then why did he not pick it?" Bonny
asked, wholly mystified by this tale.
"Because there was a law that only
allowed a man to have one flower at a
time. But never! I'm making a muddle
of it—I never could tell stories. But,
Bonny, if such a thing had ever happened,
would you have blamed that man for
breaking the law?"

heart, Bonnie Adair; I can no more help
loving you than I can help breathing,"
he whispered, passionately, with his face
close to hers as he held her tightly pressed
in his arms.

"The girl answered him never a word;
the joy, the perfect bliss of being loved by
him—her idol, her hero—was painful in
its intensity. She could only cling to
him, silent and trembling, while she felt
his beloved arms about her, and his
warm breath on her cheek, as he told her
how he loved her—calling her his darling,
his love, his sweetheart.

"Mother—What?—I am told that
your husband plays poker every night at
the club, plays for money, too.
Married Daughter—That's all right.
He gives me all his winnings—
Mother—What? Do you mean?
Married Daughter—Mrs. Nextdoor
makes her husband give her his winnings,
too, and then she gives the money to me,
and I hand her what my husband won
from hers, and so we both have twice as
much money as we would get out of them
otherwise."

"Whatever misery comes to us after-
wards, we shall be happy," he said,
with an old, passionate defiance, and
"O, Bonny, little sweetheart, would to
Heaven I could spirit you away to some
enchanted island, where you and I could
live just for one another without another
soul to interfere between us. Just you and
I, Bonny, love, only you and I!"

"The next day was Sunday. Mrs. Adair
seldom went to church. She said it man-
aged her back, and her health. That, and
it gave her cold, and that the doctor said
it was quite the worse place she could go to;
so, instead, she read a chapter of the bible
at home, and idled away the rest of the
morning. Lenore and Bonny always
went to church, and this Sunday was a
brilliant day. A really hot, summer day,
when one could apparently see the heat
rising from the ground like a quivering
mist. In church it was almost unbearable.

"When from over-work, possibly assisted
by an inherited weakness, the health fails
and rest or medical treatment must be re-
sorted to, then no medicine can be em-
ployed with the same beneficial results as
Scott's Emulsion."

"I thought you had gone away," she
said simply, wondering at the sudden
faintness that had seized her and made
her feel so dizzy and queer; it was going
off again, but she leaned against the bridge
feeling glad of her support.

"I meant to have gone away," he said,
dropping the end of his cigar into the
water, where it fell with a fizz and was
whirled down stream. "I daresay I shall
take my departure to-morrow. Tell me,
child, have you thought of me at all?"

"Bonny, there was once upon a time,
a man who had travelled all over the
world, and on one of his journeys he saw
a gorgeous tropical flower, that seemed
to him the most beautiful flower he had
ever seen, and he wanted it for his own;
so he plucked it and carried it away with
him. Afterwards he grew weary of it,
his gaudy colored tiring his eyes, and he
found that its stem was covered with
thorns, and he wished he had passed it
by. Later on he found a lovely little
English flower, that did not give him
look at, and he felt that he would have
bartered his soul for the possession of that
one frail blossom."

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCOTTISH SYRUP has been
used by millions of mothers for their chil-
dren while teething. If disturbed at
night and broken of your rest by a sick
child suffering and crying with pain of
cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle
of "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCOTTISH SYRUP" for
children teething. It will relieve the
poor little sufferer immediately. Depend
upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about
it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach
and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens
the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and
gives tone and energy to the whole system.

IT WAS ALL RIGHT.
Mother (anxiously)—I am told that
your husband plays poker every night at
the club, plays for money, too.
Married Daughter—That's all right.
He gives me all his winnings—
Mother—What? Do you mean?
Married Daughter—Mrs. Nextdoor
makes her husband give her his winnings,
too, and then she gives the money to me,
and I hand her what my husband won
from hers, and so we both have twice as
much money as we would get out of them
otherwise."

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South
American Rheumatic Cure for Rheuma-
tism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to
3 days. Its action upon the system is
remarkable and mysterious. It moves
at once the cause, and the disease immedi-
ately disappears. The first dose greatly ben-
efits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

English Spavin Linctament removes all
hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blem-
ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs,
Sprains, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes,
Spavins, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs,
etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Wrote
the most wonderful Blemish Cure
ever known. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

English Spavin Linctament removes all
hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blem-
ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs,
Sprains, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes,
Spavins, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs,
etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Wrote
the most wonderful Blemish Cure
ever known. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

English Spavin Linctament removes all
hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blem-
ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs,
Sprains, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes,
Spavins, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs,
etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Wrote
the most wonderful Blemish Cure
ever known. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

English Spavin Linctament removes all
hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blem-
ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs,
Sprains, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes,
Spavins, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs,
etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Wrote
the most wonderful Blemish Cure
ever known. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

English Spavin Linctament removes all
hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blem-
ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs,
Sprains, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes,
Spavins, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs,
etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Wrote
the most wonderful Blemish Cure
ever known. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

English Spavin Linctament removes all
hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blem-
ishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs,
Sprains, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes,
Spavins, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs,
etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Wrote
the most wonderful Blemish Cure
ever known. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

Watch your Weight
If you are losing flesh your
system is drawing on your
latent strength. Something
is wrong. Take

Scott's
Emulsion
The Cream of Cod-Liver Oil,
to give your system its need-
ed strength and restore your
healthy weight. Physicians,
the world over, endorse it.

SHOVELS.
VIGOR OF MEN
Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility,
and all the train of evils from early errors
of diet, worry, etc. Full strength, develop-
ment and tone given to every organ and
portion of the body. Simple, natural method. Imme-
diate improvement seen. Failure impos-
sible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and
precise method (sealed) free.

THE AMERICAN
\$8 DOLLAR \$8
Typewriter.

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 8 1/2 inches.

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 8 1/2 inches.

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 8 1/2 inches.

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 8 1/2 inches.

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

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

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

PILETS.
Any One Suffering from
Any Form of "PILETS,"
BLOOD, BLEEDING, ITCHING, OR PROTRUDING
Can Find Relief and a
Lasting Cure.

Snow Shovels.
Steel Snks.
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
A CAR LOAD
OF
WALL PAPERS,

And are now prepared to show the largest
stock of Wall Paper in the city, in
Canadian
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.

McMurray & Co.