

POETRY.

HAY MAKING.

The mower is out with his scythe
And beautiful things are falling:
Waves and billows of shining grass
Roll before him; behold him pass!

The mower is out with his scythe
And beautiful things are falling:
They pour out life to the summer breeze
That wafts their fragrance o'er lands and seas;

All through the summer day,
All through the moonlit eve,
While sparrow and field mouse grieve,
The cutting and tossing and stacking toll
Goes on, and the odor, heaped-up spoil
Under midsummer's great, white moon,

Let us remember, one and all,
Through all life's days and eves,
While the bereaved heart grieves,
Mown down and withered and flung and tossed,

Cherish each sweet deed memory;
To find true life, things need must die.
Hay-makings hath for a voice,
May well our helpless hearts rejoice.

And underneath the great, full moon,
Or in the summer's burning noon,
Or in the darkened winter hours,
Patient we wait, our withered lovers
Will bloom again when winter ends.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY.

PART III.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER V.

MADGE'S CONFESSION.

"If he knew himself forgiven by you,
if he only knew you acknowledged that
you had misconstrued his intention
in his last attempt to see you, I will answer
for you being able to do what you wish
with him."

"What I wish," said the general, in a
low voice, "is to see him once again
before I die."

"You must not speak in that manner,
Sir Geoffrey," said Madge, rising in her
seat and bending over him. "I must ask
permission to insist on acting as I
proposed some days since, on calling in
a physician."

"He could do me no good," said the old
man. "I have no illness, no pain, nothing
save a strong conviction that my death
is near at hand. And that thought would
trouble me but little if I could see
George again."

"You shall see him again, and, please
Heaven, live many happy years with him,
in which all this trouble and time shall
be forgotten. But I tell you candidly
I will not move in the matter, and you
know you cannot move without me," she
added with a smile, "unless you let me
send for proper medical aid."

"Let it be as you wish, my dear," said
the general, "only remember what is now
the one desire of my life." And he sank
back in his chair and sighed wearily.

Madge had no idea that within a few
days he could have become so feeble and
so prostrate.

"I availing herself of the permission im-
plied in Sir Geoffrey's last words, Madge
went to Dr. Chenoweth, one of the most
celebrated physicians at Springside, and
asked him to come up to Wheatcroft and
see the general. Her selection was made
partly because Dr. Chenoweth was a mem-
ber of the general's club, and was already
on terms of club familiarity with his in-
tended patient; partly because the doctor
had the reputation of being so much a
man of the world as to be believed in ac-
cidentally; but on reflection she aban-
doned the idea, and receiving the doctor in
the hall, rapidly explained the state the
patient was in before he saw him. With
Sir Geoffrey the doctor was closeted some
time.

Madge, sitting in her own room,
with the door open, intent upon seeing
him before he went, heard his words of
farewell: "And you will recollect, Sir
Geoffrey, that, above all, I entreat upon you
the strictest quiet and freedom from all
mental disturbance. I will not hear for
an instant of your giving your attention
to business matters, even of your mixing
yourself up with your domestic affairs.
You have a prime minister fully com-
petent to deal with them, and in her hands
you must leave them. Understand, I
have assumed dictatorial powers, and I re-
quire them to be obeyed. To a military
man, I know I need amplify no more."

He closed the door behind him as he
spoke, and the next instant was in the
passage, where he was confronted by
Madge.

"In your room, my dear Mrs. Pick-
ering," said he, answering her eager look;
"let us go into your room, if you please.
In matters of this sort I have learned to
distrust giving any opinion, or even mak-
ing a remark, in open passages. Now,"
he continued, when they had regained her
room, and he had motioned her to be
seated, "I am ready to speak freely. Sir
Geoffrey is in anything but a healthy con-
dition; he has had, if I mistake not, some
serious mental worry, which has had its
due effect upon him. Am I correct in this
supposition?"

"You are. The general has recently
had a great deal of anxiety, but he is anx-
ious that it should not be referred to."

"Like all other people in the same
plight. And yet, of course, he keeps on
perpetually prying upon it, and hugging
it to himself. Now, this is all very well
with hypochondriacs, a class of people with
which, my dear Mrs. Pickering, we are
not unfamiliar at Springside; but when
there is any real disease it is a thing
most especially to be guarded against, and
I look to you to—"

"Do you mean to say that Sir Geoffrey
is seriously ill?" asked Madge anxiously.

"I speak to you as a practical woman.

I know you are one by your look, your
earnestness, your very manner of moving
about. As such, you are entitled to frank-
ness, while the fribbles and dolls of so-
ciety should receive merely evasion. Sir
Geoffrey Heriot's heart is seriously affected
and any sudden emotion might be fatal
to him."

Madge, turning deadly white, leaned
her hand upon the table, and, with a steady
breath, then said, "You speak strongly, Dr.
Chenoweth."

"I speak to you the literal, undisguised
truth. I could wrap it up in any form of
conventional sweetmeat that might
please you. I should do so, if I were ad-
dressing most of my clients, but you are
worthy of plainer speaking, and from me
you get it."

"Do you consider Sir Geoffrey's life in
danger?"

"I fear serious news were to be brought
suddenly under his notice, most undoubt-
edly. And I speak thus strongly because,
from what you have just said, he is evi-
dently laboring under an excess of mental
excitement."

"Doctor, in the course of your career,
you must have been the recipient of many
confidences as strange and stranger than
that which I am about to make. Sir Geo-
ffrey is eager for a reconciliation with his
son, from whom, by force of circum-
stances, he has been separated for many years.
Is it likely that the meeting between the
two would be fraught with danger to the
general?"

"Under present circumstances, with the
greatest danger! I would not answer for
his life if he were called upon to undergo
so great an excitement."

"Thank you, doctor," said Madge, after
a moment's pause. "It was important
that your advice should be asked. You
may be certain that it shall be acted on."

"So," she said to herself, twenty min-
utes after, when the doctor's swift roans
had borne him into Springside, and he
was whispering the lightest of nothings
into the deafest of ears in the Hot Wells
hotel, "so ends my plan of immediate re-
conciliation between father and son. It
is plain from Dr. Chenoweth's opinion, that
Sir Geoffrey's strength is not sufficient for
him to bear the meeting, and that it must
consequently be deferred."

When, in the course of the afternoon,
she commenced talking on the subject
with Sir Geoffrey, and approaching it in
the most cautious manner, was about to
suggest the impossibility of summoning
Gerald at once to his father's side, she
was surprised to find how completely the
general coincided with her view.

"Quite right," he said, "quite right.
There is nothing I am so anxious for as to
see my boy, and to take him to my arms;
but we must wait a little; I am not strong
enough to go through much excitement,
and I've just had some news which ne-
cessitates my placing a rod in pickle for
those scoundrels who were here the other
day."

"Scoundrels! what scoundrels?"

"From the Terra del Fuegos mine, my
dear. I shall yet be the means of putting
them in the prisoner's dock."

CHAPTER VI.
COMBINATION AND CONSPIRACY.

Mrs. ENTWISTLE, lying on her sofa,
which—there being no longer anything
worth looking at—had been moved away
from the window, and she looked oppo-
site the fire, was gazing into the glowing
coals, and seeing in them dreary scenes,
which harmonized with the gloomy state of
her mental affliction, for Mrs. Entwistle
was in a very low condition of mind and
body.

Her maid, Mrs. Wills, whose life was rendered
a burden to her by the perpetual and al-
ways contradictory orders which she
was receiving from the invalid, could
have vouched for this; and so could Doc-
tor Asprey, who was in such constant re-
sidence, and had his valuable time so much
intruded upon by his eccentric patient,
that he was compelled to speak out frank-
ly and to come to an understanding with
her.

"Your guinea, my dear Mrs. Entwis-
tle," said the great physician, blandly,
"are as good to me as any one else's, and
if I thought I earned them honestly, I
should not have the slightest scruple in
taking them. Further, I am bound to
say that were I, as I was some years ago,
at my present, to whom I can do no
possible good. Your bodily health is cer-
tainly no worse than it was previous to
your last attack, no worse, that is to say,
in itself. If you suffer yourself to be
preyed upon by any mental disquietude,
you at once put yourself out of the range
of my art. I cannot minister to a mind
diseased, my dear Mrs. Entwistle, nor
should I presume to suggest to you where
you would most probably receive the
necessary consolation."

"Thanks, doctor, for your reticence,"
said Mrs. Entwistle, with a faint smile.

"A man of less thoroughness would
certainly have recommended me to apply
to the incumbent of the parish. How-
ever, my mental disquietude, as you term
it, is not of any great moment, and I will
be care not to pester you causelessly any
more."

In declaring that the trouble which
preyed upon her mind was of no great
moment, Mrs. Entwistle scarcely spoke
the truth. Ever since she had revealed
to her the history of her early days,
and of the manner in which, for the sake
of gratifying her own longings for ven-
geance, she had practiced upon her father's
jealousy, the aspect of life had changed
to her. Other persons would have found
such a life passed on an invalid's sofa,
nebulous, as she knew well, she would
never be carried out but to her grave, suf-
ficiently blank and colorless. But from
the day on which Gerald Harding first
took up his abode with her, to that on
which she saw the unwonted tear steal
down his face, as he listened to the story
of his mother's wrongs, the woman whom
all the world regarded with contempt
(that little world which we make for our-
selves), had enjoyed a wealth of quiet
happiness, such as was granted but to few
of her friends.

From that day she dated the decay of
her felicity; for the time when she fin-
ished speaking, to that then present mo-
ment, when she lay gazing into the hollow
cavern formed out of the glowing embers,
Gerald's manner had altered towards her.
He was not less affectionate; on the con-
trary, whenever he was with her she
could see that he strove to pay her con-
stant attention, and to be especially loving,
both in language and manner, whenever
she addressed her. But the young man
was changed, changed in every way, and
as Mrs. Entwistle thought—putting her-
self aside as much as possible—very
much for the worse. The society into

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life
Away.

Is the truthful, startling title of a book
about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed
tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotine-
induced nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison
makes weak men gain strength, vigor and
manhood. You run no physical or finan-
cial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold under guar-
antee to cure or money refunded. Book
free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St.
Paul St., Montreal.

which she had introduced him, and in
which he had taken such delight, had no
longer any charm for him; formerly his
absences from home were comparatively
rare, and on his return he would gener-
ally bring with him some anecdote of the
company in which his time had been
passed; now he was away constantly from
morning till night, and as regards most of
his actions, was as silent as the grave.

There was one subject, however, on
which Gerald had spoken to his aunt,
and spoken frankly. That girl, whose
acquaintance he had made when he was
amongst those theatrical people, and
whom he had met in London on her way
to some low employment which she had
had spoken about her. When he first
mentioned his accidental encounter with
Rose in the street, narrating at the same
time how he had known her a child, and
given her drawing lessons at Westcot,
Mrs. Entwistle gave no hint. It objected
to his renewal of the acquaintance, but,
on the contrary, expressed a wish that
Rose should be brought to call upon her,
and patronized her, as we have seen.

After she had received a visit from
the young girl, and noticed her rare and
delicate beauty, her simple self-possession,
and the general air of refinement and
high breeding which characterized her,
more especially after she had marked the
effect which these charms had on unmis-
takeably produced upon Gerald, it occurred
to Mrs. Entwistle that certain relations
might eventually arise between the young
people, of which she would be supposed
to be in ignorance, but which would
necessarily prevent her from receiving
Miss Pierpoint in her house.

Mrs. Entwistle was a woman of the
world, and of the world which nowadays
is not reticent in its remarks about mat-
ters which our ancestors discreetly ig-
nored; so she took an opportunity of
mentioning what she had in her mind to
Gerald, and received a reply which, both
in words and meaning, was stronger and
sterner than anything which she had
yet heard from his lips. Mrs. Entwistle
shrugged her shoulders; her nephew
was a praiseworthy man, and the young
man of the world, and she was not to be
taken as an example, were notably dif-
ferent from those of her time. His friend-
ship with this young girl was, she supposed,
one of those queer fancies which were
part and parcel of his artistic nature, the
chivalrous manner in which he treated
her, the way in which he managed to
give up his time for her education and
mental improvement; all this was inex-
plicable to Mrs. Entwistle. It never oc-
curred to her for one moment that George
Heriot, no longer an earnest, but though
not yet restored to his position and his
name, yet well placed before the world as
her adopted heir, could ever intend to offer
marriage to Rose Pierpoint, an un-
known person, who earned her living by
her own labor, and of which she had an-
nounced to her that he had proposed,
and been accepted by this same "young
person," and was only awaiting the result
of his interview with his father to carry
his project into execution, Mrs. Entwistle
was furious.

It is probable that in her rage, she
might have ordered her nephew to quit
the house, had not Gerald in the same
speech announced to her, with all expres-
sions of gratitude for her past kindness
his intention of being solely self-reliant
for the future, and of seeking his fortune
in a foreign country. Then the love for
the boy, which had been growing up
for the last few years, increasing year
by year as his manhood developed, more
than the praiseworthy of his youth, as-
serted itself with full force, and in the bit-
terness of her despair at the idea of
parting from him, the proud woman
humbled herself to pour forth a plaint
which no one could have listened to un-
moved. Why should his marriage,
which ought to be a joy to them both,
prove a source of sorrow to her? What
necessity was there for him to go away?
Could he not bring his wife to that house,
which for years he had looked upon as
his home, where she should be received
with a daughter, and of which she should
be made the mistress? Ah, would he
not wait by her a very, very little time
longer—until—and then her voice
broke, and Gerald, profoundly touched,
whispered that her wishes should be
obeyed.

While, on the other hand, should the
attempt at reconciliation prove a failure,
there was the chance that Gerald, in his
fury, would instantly ally Rose's fate
with his own, and forgetful of the promise
which he had made to remain with
his aunt until her death, would desert
with his wife to seek his fortune in a
new land.

And although her fears had not been
verified, Mrs. Entwistle was still not with-
out alarm. She had seen how much Ger-
ald had taken to her rebuff and the
result he had received, the past noticed,
and could not but grieve over the change
in his appearance and manner, the loss
of the energy which formerly characterized
his every thought and movement, the
dull, moody, brooding state into which he
had fallen, and from which even Rose's
bright, sunny companionship failed to
rouse him. He had told her—for in all
his communications with her Gerald had
been consistently frank—that his one
great aim in life was to be reconciled to
his father, that he had told Rose as much
and that she had given him fresh hope.
It appeared that Rose—how, or through
whom she would not say—had the means
of bringing certain influence to bear upon
Sir Geoffrey Heriot, and this influence was
to be strongly exercised in Gerald's favor.

Mrs. Entwistle being really in her
heart extremely doubtful of the existence
of any such power as that described by
her nephew, at first endeavored to inveigle
Rose into a discussion in which judicious
cross-questioning might expose the pre-
sence or absence of the source and
means of her influence with the general,
finding this to be a failure, and utterly
discouraged by the quiet manner in which
the girl parried all her attacks, Mrs. Ent-
wistle was reduced to uttering small bits
of sarcastic doubt, which incidentally as a
man an' his wife bein' wan' another,
that now he is wan man an' she is another,
beaded.

Daddy, asked little Danny Grogan,
what is this new woman business, any-
how? It means, said Mr. Grogan, after a
moment's thought, that instead of a man
an' his wife bein' wan' another, that now
he is wan man an' she is another, beaded.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
Mrs. WISLOW'S SCOTCH 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 crying with pain of Cutting Teeth,
send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs.
WISLOW'S SCOTCH 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 bowels, and induces refreshing sleep.
It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription
of one of the oldest and best female phy-
sicians and nurses in the United States.
Sold by all druggists throughout the world.
25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for
"Mrs. WISLOW'S SCOTCH SYRUP."

Tom—If you had the privilege of kiss-
ing a pretty girl on the right or left cheek,
which would you do? Dick—It would
be hard to make a choice, but between
the two I should probably find a way out
of the dilemma.

How do you like your new teacher,
Willie? I'm afraid of her, mamma.
She's so awful swell. Does she dress
very stylishly? Does she? Mamma, she
could put you in either one of the sleeves!

marked hesitation before the utterance of
the Christian name.

"It is I, Mrs. Entwistle. I feared to
disturb you, as I thought you were asleep."

"No, I read until I could see no longer,
and then I closed my eyes, principally, I
fancy, to keep myself from glaring into
the fire and seeing uncomfortable visions
there. You have brought Gerald with
you?"

"No. I thought to find him here."

"Have you any news for him?" asked
the invalid, suddenly turning her face to-
wards her companion.

"None at all," said the young girl,
shaking her head sadly.

"Then your mysterious influence, the
secret of which you guard so jealously, has
not yet been able to prevail upon Sir Geo-
ffrey to grant his son that interview upon
which Gerald counts so much?"

"No. It has not."

"It?" repeated Mrs. Entwistle, with
a questioning inflection of her voice, and
in a sarcastic tone. "Your prudence, es-
pecially for so young a person, is quite
wonderful. By saying 'it' you commit
neither yourself nor anyone else. If any
other man than Geoffrey Heriot had been
in question, I would have wagged your
said 'he.'"

"I am forbidden to state the means by
which I am in hopes of winning Sir Geo-
ffrey to our side, and, as you are aware, Mrs.
Entwistle, Gerald, who is equally ignorant
as everybody else, absolves me from tell-
ing him."

"I am aware of that, Rose," said the
invalid, with hesitation, "and I am sure I
do not desire to press you on the subject.
It will be sufficient for us to know the
name of our benefactor, and, when we
will, where we derive any benefit from it."

At this moment Gerald entered the
room, and after bending over his aunt's
sofa, and greeting Rose, he threw himself
into a chair, and sat with his hands deep
in his pockets, silent and moody, waiting
to be spoken to, so unlike the Gerald Har-
ding of a few months previous.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Brother, do you feel sure of your ground
now? I believe the evangelist of the new
convert. No, I can't say that I do, re-
plied the honest young farmer. They's
a morgiaone on it for purty high all it's
worth.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment."
No internal medicine required. Cures
tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the
face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin
clear, white and healthy. Its great heal-
ing and curative powers are possessed by
no other remedy. Ask your druggist for
Swayne's Ointment.

A bond of sympathy—Mrs. Hicks—
This paper tells about a humming-bird that
has formed a strange attachment for an
old hen. How do you account for that?
Mr. Sport—Probably they are both set-
tlers.

TALK ABOUT BLOOMERS.

The Toronto school board had another
lively time discussing Mr. Bell's motion,
that the inspector give in the names of all
teachers wearing bloomers. Introducing
his motion, trustee Bell said he was fight-
ing a moral cause. In Chicago it had been
developed "females would wear bloomers.
Three-quarters of the women would not
wear them."

Dr. Stowe Gullen, a lady, rose and asked
if there was no sense rule, whereby trust-
ees should, in discussion, conduct them-
selves as gentlemen. The chairman asked
Mr. Bell to modify his language. Mr.
Bell stated to follow up his argument,
but got nervous and said he could not go
on after Dr. Gullen's interruption. He
could discuss the question, he said, in the
presence of males, but not of females.

Dr. Stowe Gullen said that she could
not sit still and hear the lady teachers
slandered by classing them with loose
women. Trustee Bell said he was allow-
ing them to discuss the question, and that
of Chicago. Other members ridiculed Mr.
Bell's motion, and after a heated discus-
sion and some very unparliamentary
language, the motion was defeated.

Say, papa, if we were lying at the centre
of the earth, wouldn't we be all funny?
'Cause this geography says everything there
loses its gravity.

In Reply to Of Repeated Questions.

It may be well to state, Scott's Emul-
sion acts as a food as well as a medicine,
building up the wasted tissues and restor-
ing perfect health after wasting fever.

HARRY MARKS, M. P.

Harry Marks, who has been elected to
the Liberal Parliament in one of the
London districts in the St. George's in-
deed division, is a son of a London
rabbi of prominence. He came to
America when a young man, and, drift-
ing to Texas, helped to edit a country
paper. After a while he came to New
York, and was a reporter for the World.

About 1850 he started a small financial
paper in Wall Street, which he soon sold
to his father, that he had told Rose as
much and that she had given him fresh
hope. It appeared that Rose—how, or
through whom she would not say—had
the means of bringing certain influence
to bear upon Sir Geoffrey Heriot, and
this influence was to be strongly exer-
cised in Gerald's favor.

Mrs. Entwistle being really in her
heart extremely doubtful of the existence
of any such power as that described by
her nephew, at first endeavored to inveigle
Rose into a discussion in which judicious
cross-questioning might expose the pre-
sence or absence of the source and
means of her influence with the general,
finding this to be a failure, and utterly
discouraged by the quiet manner in which
the girl parried all her attacks, Mrs. Ent-
wistle was reduced to uttering small bits
of sarcastic doubt, which incidentally as
a man an' his wife bein' wan' another,
that now he is wan man an' she is another,
beaded.

Daddy, asked little Danny Grogan,
what is this new woman business, any-
how? It means, said Mr. Grogan, after a
moment's thought, that instead of a man
an' his wife bein' wan' another, that now
he is wan man an' she is another, beaded.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
Mrs. WISLOW'S SCOTCH 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 crying with pain of Cutting Teeth,
send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs.
WISLOW'S SCOTCH 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 bowels, and induces refreshing sleep.
It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription
of one of the oldest and best female phy-
sicians and nurses in the United States.
Sold by all druggists throughout the world.
25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for
"Mrs. WISLOW'S SCOTCH SYRUP."

Tom—If you had the privilege of kiss-
ing a pretty girl on the right or left cheek,
which would you do? Dick—It would
be hard to make a choice, but between
the two I should probably find a way out
of the dilemma.

How do you like your new teacher,
Willie? I'm afraid of her, mamma.
She's so awful swell. Does she dress
very stylishly? Does she? Mamma, she
could put you in either one of the sleeves!

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor
said he was dying of Marasmus
and Indigestion. At 13
months he weighed only seven
pounds. Nothing strengthened
or fattened him. I began using
Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver
Oil with Hypophosphites, feed-
ing it to him and rubbing it into
his body. He began to fatten
and is now a beautiful dimpled
boy. The Emulsion seemed to
supply the one thing needful.

Mrs. KENTON WILLIAMS,
May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga.
Similar letters from other
mothers.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!
Scott & Bown, Baltimore. 50c. and \$1.

THE OLD SAYING

Throw Physic to the Dogs.
Will not apply to the
Present Day.

ALONZO STAPLES,

Druggist and Apothecary,
HAS IN STOCK—
New, Fresh Drugs
—AND FULL LINES OF—
PATENT MEDICINES.
A CHOICE LINE OF HAVANA AND
DOMESTIC CIGARS.
And all requisites
found in a First-class Drug Store.

Physician's prescriptions com-
pounded with utmost care at all hours.
Opposite Randolph's Flour Store.

W. E. SEERY,

Merchant Tailor,
Has Just Received a splendid new
stock of
CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,

—COMPRISING—
Spring Overcoating,
Suits,
and Trouserings,

Which he is prepared to MAKE UP
in the
LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE
STYLES
AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY,

WILMOT'S AVE.
Saws! Saws!
1 CASE Dixon's Cross Cut Saws, 1 case Oak
Well Buckets, 2 case Oak Kegs, five and ten
gallons each; 3 boxes Best White, 1 box Patent
Door Hangers, 20 bars Galvanized Iron, 38 bundles
assorted Iron, 1 barrel Cast Iron Filings for steam
boiler water, 10 boxes Blumhartz's Axes. Just
received at
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

5 CASES assorted Tinware
1 case Five Gallon, round and oval
12 dozen Sheet Iron Oven Pans
25 Lambert's Tin plates
20 " one pint Tin Cups
1 case Coffee Pots for camp use
20 " Tin Oil Cans, 1, 2, 3 and 5 gallon
10 " Enamelled Lined Scotch Bowls
6 " Stone Boilers, No. 1,
2 " 2 and 3,
3 " 4 and 5,
2 cases Granite Iron Ware, assorted
1 case Portland Cement, 50 gallons, each
1 case Patent Flour Sifters.
And for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Grand Remnant Sale

WALL PAPER

McMURRAY & Co's.

MONDAY NEXT, JAN. 28,

5,000 ROLLS,

QUANTITIES FROM 3 ROLLS TO 25.

This Paper must be sold in order
to make room for our New
Stock to arrive Feb. 15th.

McMURRAY & Co.

Wiley's ... EMULSION ...

COD - LIVER - OIL.

Gives Best Results. The Best
Purest and Best Materials Preparation
used in Manufacture.
Best Value for the Money. in the Market

PRICE 50 cts. Readily taken by Children.
SOLD No preparation equal to it.
Everywhere For Building up the System.

JOHN M. WILEY, Manufacturer

190 Queen Street, Fredericton.

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

If you catch cold now it will
hang on you all summer.
WEAR GRANBY RUBBERS
They are the best and last longest.
Perfect in Style, Fit and Finish.
THEY WEAR LIKE IRON.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

Would inform the people of Fredericton
and vicinity, that he has re-
sumed 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, etc.

INSTANT

GROCERY MENDER.

Mends Solid as a Rock.

A trustworthy, clean and interesting family news-
paper, free from sensational and object-able mat-
ters, in both reading and advertising columns
offering to the educated and intelligent public, the
most instructive and entertaining selection