POETRY.

ENDURANCE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, yet not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh;
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each knife recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our sense the bitter fangs reveal,
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still.
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone.
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavment, pain, all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,
Lo! all things can be borne.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

—OR—

A CASTAWAY.

PART II.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER IX.

"At last I thought I saw my way to carrying out this idea. A grand ball was to be given at a French banker's to which no one was to be admitted except in mask and domino, the supper hour being named for the period of identification, when disguise was to be laid aside. Invitations were sent to the Heriots and myself, and accepted by all; but, acting on the advice of an anonymous letter, written by me in the same hand and style as those previously sent to him, Major Heriot pleaded illness just before the time of starting, and begged us to go alone. The anonymous letter told him that he would that night have an opportunity of observing Mr. Yeldham's conduct towards his wife. Mr. Yeldham's dress he knew, as he had a hand in its selection; Mrs. Heriot and Miss Hastings would be dressed in similar dominoes, black with rose edgings. And as the ladies were exactly alike in height and figure, he must, if he would keep an eye of observation on his wife, be careful to remember the sole distinguishing mark; which was, that she would wear a small lavender-colored bow sewn on the hood of her domino, whereas her sister's would be perfectly plain.

"When the carriage, containing only my sister and myself, drove up to the door of the hotel where the ball was given, she alighted first; and as she was getting out, I securely pinned to the hood of my own domino the lavender bow which I had provided for the purpose. We were both masked, as was every one else, but we were soon joined by Mr. Yeldham, whose dress we recognized at once, and by other friends. I managed to draw Mr. Yeldham apart from the others, and quickly perceived that our movements were watched by a small active figure in a black domino. I danced two consecutive dances with my companion, and afterwards, under the pretext of suffering from heat, asked him to take me into the conservatory, where we seated ourselves in a position where our every movement could be seen by the frequent loungers in the passage ae the end, whither, however, the sound of our voices could not reach. No sooner were we seated, than I marked the slight figure in the black domino intently regarding us. I talked with great animation, though purposely in a low tone, and seemed to inspire my companion. I reminded him of some story of private theatricals with which he had amused me when in London, and asked him to repeat it. He acted the scene which he described, and in so doing he took my hand and bent over me as though addressing me in the most fervent manner. At that moment, with one upward glance, I saw the man in the domino turn away and disappear; then I knew that my revenge on the man who had slighted me was about to be accomplished."

"Good God!" cried Gerald, "I see it all now!"

"Stay and hear me out. I was about to meet some friends in Switzerland, and had arranged to start at a very early hour that morning. On our arrival at home, Mrs. Heriot was surprised to find that her husband had just gone out. He did not return until he had shot Edward Yeldham in the full belief that he was Mrs. Heriot's lover."

"But could not my mother prove——"

"What? and to whom could she appeal? To me, you will say, to prove that I, and not she, was the person addressed in the conservatory? I was far away by that time, and the letter which she wrote failed to reach me."

"But the domino—Sir Geoffry—my father—knew that the woman who was in the conservatory wore a lavender bow in her domino hood?"

"That lavender bow was in the hood of Mrs. Heriot's domino when she produced it to convince her husband of his error! I myself pinned it there as she rested on my shoulder on our way back from the ball."

Mrs. Entwistle paused, and looked up at Gerald expecting an outburst of wrath.

But the tears were in his eyes as he muttered in a broken voice:—

"My poor darling! my poor darling! how she must have suffered! Thank God, her innocence can now be proved!"

CHAPTER X.

TRACKED.

The startling news which Mrs. Pickering conveyed to Mr. Drage seemed literally to take away his breath. He pressed one hand on his heart and leaned his head on the other, which was supported by the writing-table at which he was seated. He remained in this position for a few moments, until the spasm had passed away. When he raised his head, his voice was scarcely under his command as he said:

"This is very dreadful news! Is it perfectly to be relied on?"

"I have already given you my authority. I came upon it by the merest accident last night as I was reading aloud to Sir Geoffry. I have taken a copy of the paragraph, and it is there." She laid the paper on the desk before him. He took it up and read it attentively. Then he said:

"It is frank enough, certainly, and prints the names plainly, and in full. If you have any donbt as to its authenticity, I think we can make ourselves certain on that point through my father."

"Your father, Mr. Drage?"

"Yes. He is, as you know, somewhat potential in the city, where"—pointing to the paper—"both the late husband of the lady and your—and Mr. Vane seem to have been engaged. If I were to write to my father he could doubtless make enquiries, and ascertain if the news herein contained is false or true."

"I have little doubt of its truth," said Madge, "but still less of the identity of the person spoken of with my husband. Accepting this, what am I to do?"

"You must take action of some kind, Mrs. Pickering," said Mr. Drage, nervously. "It would be impossible for you to remain quiet, now that you have been placed in possession of this information."

"I wish the wretched newspaper had never come into the place!" cried Madge. "I was living quietly enough, and should have continued to do so, no matter what had hoppened in the outer world, so long as the knowledge of it was kept from me. What benefit has learning this news been to me, or to anyone? It has completely destroyed the peace of mind which I have been so long in acquiring; and, after all, what good can I do? What harm can I prevent?"

"You must, indeed, have been much upset," said the rector gravely; "for I should scarcely recognize that remark as coming from one, who, in general, thinks so little of herself, and so much of her opportunities of serving her fellow-creatures. Surely you must perceive that you may now be the means of saving this lady from an illegial marriage, and from a life of consequent misery."

"Does one necessarily follow the other?" asked Madge, bitterly. "Mine was a legal marriage, and yet it can scarcely be said to have been a happy one. This woman has been married before, and has had experience of the world. She will know how to humor her husband, and, besides, too, she has wealth. I don't think that Philip Vane, having much of his own way, and plenty of money at his command, would be an ineligble companion for such a person. I am by no means prepared to allow that there must necessarily be even the usual amount of married misery in such a union."

The scarlet spot stood out brightly on the rector's cheeks, and he moved forward in his chair as though about to speak. He managed, however, to check the threatened outburst of his wrath, and said, quietly:

"You are plainly not yourself this morning, Mrs. Pickering; you are the last person in whom I woulk have expected to find an apologist for outraging a law made both by God and man. I scarcely think we can discuss the matter while you are in this spirit; it would be better for you to allow me to call upon you in a day or two, when the effect of the news which you have thus suddenly learned has somewhat subsided."

There was nothing cruel in this remark but the words were the harshest which, since his acquaintence with Madge, the rector had ever used towards her, and his manner was marked by a sternness which she had never previously noticed in him.

"I was wrong," she said frankly, "and you are right in thus repoving me; but I suppose even you will allow that my fate just now is somewhat hard? I have described to you what effect this announcment had upon me when I first saw it last night; I was stupified. An hour afterwards, when I read it at my leisure, and pondered over it, I was mad, and could have killed Philip Vane had he crossed my path. At that moment I could have killed this woman who is to be his wife! Now, I wish to kill no one, except," she added, with a faint smile, "perhaps the newspaper-man. whose paragraph has so upset me, and my real desire would be to leave things exactly as they are, to fall into such channels as chance may mark out for them, and to pursue the even tenor of my way."

"That is impossible now, Mrs. Pickering," said the rector, speaking in his usual soft tone and trustful manner. "It is not for us to enquire why you, the person most interested in hearing of this news, should—accidently apparently—have had it brought before you. That it was with some wise purpose, I do not doubt, though I cannot say positively; but this I can say positevly, that being aware of it, it is your duty to prevent the commission of this crime."

"That can only be done effectually by my seeing this—this lady, and acquainting her with the exact position in which I stand towards tue man she is about to marry."

"That I think should be your last resource," said Mr. Drage, after a pause. "Under the old rules of woodcraft, it was not considered a part of sport to give any law to the fox, who might be 'trapped and slain' whenever he could be caught, and no doubt the majority of the world would class Mr. Vane in this category. But situated as you are with him, it is only fair that, even at this juncture, he should experience better treatment at your hands; and it will be right, I think, that in the first place you should let him know your acquaintance with his project, and your determination to thwart it."

"That would involve my seeing him?" asked Madge.

"Unquestionably," replied the rector; "it is not a matter that could be managed by deputy."

"I could not do that," said Madge, shuddering. "I could not possibly face him alone again."

"You need not be alone," said Mr. Drage; "I will accompany you, very willingly, if you wish it. As your parish priest and intimate friend, the repository of your confidence, I could go with you on this errand, and——"

"It would be impossible, under any circumstances, cried Madge; I could not see him again—I will not do it."

"You must," said Mr. Drage, firmly. "It is a matter of duty, and when I have said that to you, I know I need say no more."

There must have been something in this tall, fragile, ungainly man—perhaps it was the earnestness of his manner, or the knowledge on the part of those who heard him, that, in all sincerity, he practised what he preached—which commanded obedience.

After his last words, Madge said, simply, "Very well, I will do as you wish."

And he knew that his advice would be followed to the letter.

"I need not have to tell you that you are acting rightly," he said; "you have an intuitive knowledge of it."

"I will do as you advise," she replied; "but there is one thing which we have not yet settled. How and where am I to to find Philip Vane?"

"I do not imagine there will be much difficulty in tracing him," said the rector. "I will, with your permission, enclose a copy of that paragraph to my father, and without giving him any reasons, will ask him to find out for me whether the news contained in it is true, and who and what are the persons whose affairs are therein described. I will ask him to find out what is Mr. Vane's city status, and his private address."

"You are determined to leave me no loophole," said Madge, with another attempt at a smile.

"Determined," said Mr. Drage, taking her hand. "I have soen you under a great many phases, and I want you to be successful in this as in all the others."

So the letter was written to the rector's father, and in the intervale between its despatch and the receipt of the reply, Madge endeavored to school herself for the task which she had undertaken to execute. It would be a difficult one, she knew right well, but she knew also that her best chance of going through with it successfully, was to cultivate the callousness with which, for so long a time, she had regarded Philip Vane and his affairs, and from which she had only been roused by the sudden shock of the news concerning him. The indignation roused by that news, the strange feeling of jealousy that anyone should occupy what was her lawful position, the curious desire to claim that position, which she had long since calmly yielded up, directly she saw it about to be taken by another—all these disturbing sensations had passed away and left her calm and equal-minded as she had been for months, for years previously. Whether or not her equanmity would desert her when she saw her husband face to face, she could not say. She endeavored to rehearse in her mind all that might probably take place on the occasion of their first meeting; all the sneers and brutalities which he would hurl at her, when he heard the object of her visit, and after a certain amount of preparation, she conducted herself, so far as the rehearsal was concerned, to her entire satisfaction.

In about a week's time she received a letter from Mr. Drage, saying that his father's reply had been received, and he would be glad to see her at the rectory on the first convenient opportunity.

That same day she took occasion to go into town, and found the rector expecting her. When the servant who announced her had retired, Mr. Drage said, with a grave smile:

"You will be more pleased than I am myself, with a certain portion of the news which I have to announce to you. My father placed my letter in the hands of a confidential clerk who has been with him for years, and he it is who replys to my enquiries. I will read what he says."

The rector took up a letter lying on the desk before him, and read as follows:

"There would seem to be no doubt about the truth of the newspaper paragraph, copy of which was forwarded by you. Have traced paragraph from Anglo-Indian paper, where it was expanded by addition of last lines. to Fashionable Tattler, where it originally appeared, and have seen receipt for three and six, as payment for it. Andreas Bendixen died 5th of June, 1858. Personal property sworn under one hundred and thirty thousand pound; clear half to widow, other half divided among three brothers, but to remain in the business for ten years. Mrs. Bendixen resides 204, Harley street. Sent there—out of town—servant declined to give address. Philip Vane, general manager, Terra del Fuegos Mining Company, and on various boards of direction. Private residence, Z 20, the Albany. Sent to both places—said to be out of town. Messenger saw clerks in the city—valet at Albany. Both declined to give Mr. V.'s address, professing not to know it.

"Which portion of this communication is to please me more than it does you?" asked Madge, as he laid down the paper.

"That which states that Mr. Vane's presen whereabouts cannot be ascertained" said the rector. "You seemed so averse to meeting him the last time we talked the matter over, that I imagined that you would have been glad of the excuse thus afforded you."

"On the contrary," said Madge; "the more I have thought of the matter, the more I have seen it from your point of view, and the more am I convinced of the necessity of my taking action in it."

"The necessity seems to me more than ever urgent," said the rector. "Neither of these people are to be found in London; both are simultaneously away from town, and the address of neither can be ascertained. Had not the insertion of that paragraph shown that they evidently courted publicity, I should imagine they had gone away to be married quietly from some friend's house in the country, and to escape from the usual fuss and worry of a fashionable wedding. Even as it is, if we want to prevent this man from carrying his atrocious scheme into operation, I do not think we have any time to lose."

"What more can we do?" asked Madge.

"I am afraid—nothing," said the rector shrugging his shoulders. "I have written to my father's head clerk to renew the enquiries at Mr. Vane's address from day to day, and to let it be known that an important communication awaits him."

So Madge returned home, beaten and dispirited at her failure. The next morning brought a letter from Rose. It ran thus:

"DEAREST MADGE,

"What they call the London season is over now, and the work at the office has become very much slacker, so the superintendent says I can have my fortnight's holidays now if I like, and I think I should like very much indeed, for the weather is dreadfully hot, and I have been working very hard all summer, and begin to feel that I want a change. So I write to ask if you can get a holiday at the same time, Madge, and then we might go to some seaside place together, and enjoy ourselves. That would be nicest of all but if you cannot manage to get away from your duties, I might come down to Springside and go into our old lodging, or one like it, and you could come to see me whenever you are disengaged. If you told Sir Geoffry Heriot your sister were coming down, I don't suppose that he would make any objection to your being a great deal with me, as he seems, from all you say of him, to be a very kind old man.

"For I must see you somewhere, Madge, I must indeed. I know that no amount of fresh air or change of scene would do me half as much good as a long talk with you, and I shall only fret and worry myself until I have it.

"Can you imagine what it is all about, Madge? You are so quick and clever, that I daresay you have guessed already, and indeed I should not be surprised if my previous bad been filled with no other subject, as I always write to you exactly what I think, and I have scarcely thought about anything else for months. Of course, Madge, I mean Gerald Hardinge! He has been very kind to me, and I have seen a great deal of him lately; he has lent me plenty of books, and some of his drawings to copy, and the other evening, when I incautiously said something about missing that old piano, which we used to thump and strum away on at Miss Cave's lodgings, Mr. Hardinge asked if I would permit him to hire another for me. I could not sanction this, of course, and said no; but he insisted so strongly, that I had to invent a little story, and tell him that Mrs. Bland would not sanction any piano practice in her house. I can see you raise your eyebrows in astonishment when you read what I am now going to tell you. That frequently during these long summer evenings, I have walked with him in Kensington Gardens, and that we have talked for hours and hours together, and that he has never said one word of you. I cannot tell exactly what it is he talks about; I often try to think of it after we have parted, and I am at home again alone, but I never can recollect it exactly; I only know that he talks very clever and very charmingly, and I am only required to say a word here and there.

"Oh, Madge, it is no use my beating about the bush any longer, and attempting to deceive you; I have read over what I have just written, and I might as well put in so many words what you already know, that I am madly in love with Gerald, and think there is no one like him in the world. Don't think this is a sudden fit of frenzy, and that I have gone mad; it has been growing and growing ever so long, ever since we were at Wexeter together, and he used to give me drawing lessons.

"Mind, Madge, he does not make love to me—at least, I mean to say, exactly make love; he is far too honorable to take the slightest advantage of my position, and he is so patient with my ignorance and my folly; so careful to prevent its ever occurring to me that I am not moving in his sphere, or that there is any difference in our rank in life, and so handsome—you have no idea, Madge, what he is like now—that I cannot help loving him immensely.

"I do not know that I should have taken even you into confidence, Madge, if it could have gone on in this way, but I am sensible enough to know that it cannot. The summer evenings are at an end now, and there will be no more long walks, and then all my chances of seeing Gerald, save for a few moments at a time, are over; and then I sometimes think that if I were to give up seeing him it would kill me, and then I know I must give it up, and then I think I should go mad, only I find comfort in the remembrances of your strong, sound sense, and the certainty that you will advise me for the best; and remember, dear, whatever has to be done, and whatever is to be said to Gerald about it, you must say it for me, because I could never—but we will talk this all over when I come down to see you.

"Oh, by the way, you recollect my writing to you some time ago of Gerald telling me about an old lady whom he wished me to call upon, but she was ill at the time. She is always ill, it appears, and as Gerald wished her very much to see me, I walked there with him the other evening. She lives in a fashionable part of the town, in a tiny mite of a house, exquisitely furnished, and looking on to Hyde Park; she has been a handsome woman, and was so beautifully dressed, just in good taste, you know, for an invalid, who is always compelled to lie on a sofa. She tried to be very polite, but she is of the old C-A-T order, looking me up and down, and through and through, and "Miss Pierrepointed" me whenever she addressed me. When I rose to go, I almost expected her to ring and order "the young person to be shown out." Gerald looked annoyed, and I rather think the introduction was a failure. He has not said much about it since, only that Mrs. Entwistle was peculiar, and that allowances must be made for her as an invalid, etc.

"Now, dearest Madge, write to me at once, and tell me what we shall do about meeting; and don't fret yourself about what I have told you, for it is all perfectly right, and I will be entirely guided by your advice.

"Your loving

"ROSE.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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 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. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

An Irish tenant farmer, returning from a somewhat distant market late one afternoon, missed his way and got into a boghole, where he stuck fast. His landlord, who knew the locality well, chancing to pass shortly afterward on horseback, noticed his tenant's dilemma, and smilingly shouted:

"Hullo, Pat, you have got fixity of tenure now."

"Yes, begorra," ejaculated Pat, "and sure I'd be moightily obliged if yer honor would evict me."

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging: most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops that itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most places removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 25 cents. Dr Swyne & Son, Philadelphia.

"Mabel, I think all you girls that wear coats and vests ought to wear plug hats," said Charlie.

"Do you, Charlie?" answered Mabel sweetly. "Well, I think you men that part your hair in the middle would look most awfully cunning in side-combs."

Don't wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in wasting diseases and consumption.

Edward L. Wedderburn, second son of Judge Wedderburn, died at his father's residence, Hampton, Monday, of consumption. The deceased was well known in Fredericton, and very many friends regret to hear of his early death.

Mr. G. L. Holyoke, editor of the Woodstock Press, received a telegram Monday afternoon from Cheyenne, Wyo., stating that his son, Geo. T. Holyoke, had been run over by a train, and it is thought fatally injured. He was a young man about 27 years of age.

A request has been made on behalf of Charles Murphy, New York's crack bicyclist, to the Pennsylvania railroads for one of its engines as a pace maker. It is proposed to lay a board track between the rails and ride behind the engine. Murphy thinks he can go a mile in a minute.

For a moment there was an awful silence between them.

"This is final—you will not marry me?" he said at last, with forced calmness.

"No, I will not," she replied firmly.

He plunged his hand into his pocket and tightly clenched a six-chambered revolver, and then—went round the corner and pawned it for a drink.

"Although I'm stuck up, I'm not proud," as the fly said when he crawled out of the molasses pitcher.

Blazier—How did that bank clerk friend of yours come to be crooked? Lazrey—He used to ride a bicycle.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. *Send for pamphlet. Free.*

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $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 compounded with utmost care at all hours.

Opposite Randolph's Flour Store.

1831 THE CULTIVATOR —AND— 1895

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 alargement, 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 1895.

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

☞ To all New Subscribers for 1895, paying in advance now, we will send the paper Weekly, from our receipt of the remittance, to January 1st, 1895, without charge. Specimen Copies Free. Address

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

Saws! Saws!

1 CASE Diston's Cross Cut Saws, 1 case Oak U Well Buckets, 2 cases Oak Kegs, five and ten gallons each; 3 boxes Boat Nails, 2 boxes Patent Door Hangers, 250 bars Refined Iron, 35 bundles Round Iron, 1 barrel Cast Iron Fittings for steam or hot water, 10 boxes Blenkhorn's axes: Just received at

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Wiley's ... EMULSION ...

—OF—

COD - LIVER - OIL.

Gives Best Results. The Best
Purest and Best Materials used in Manufacture. Preparation
Best Value for the Money. in the Market
PRICE SOLD Everywhere 50 cts. Readily taken by Children.
No preparation equal to it.
For Building up the System.

JOHN M. WILEY, Manufacturer

196 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.

LANDING—

Timothy Seed,

Red Clover do.

Long Late Clover do,

Alsyke Clover do,

☞ Write for Samples and Quotations.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

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

BY RAIL.

5 CASES assorted Tinware
25 Stove Boilers, round and oval
12 dozen Sheet Iron Oven Pans
25 " Lumberman's Tin plates
25 " one pint Tin Cups
2 " Large Coffee Pots for camp use
2 " Tornado Oil Cans, 5 gallons each
12 " Tin Oil Cans, 1, 2, 3 and 5 gallons
3 " Enamelled Lined Scotch Bowls
6 " " " Stove Boilers, No's. 8 and 9.
3 " Enamelled Lined Spittors
2 cases Granite Iron Ware, assorted
6 Parafine Oil Tanks, 60 gallons each
1 case Patent Flour Sifters.
And for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

—AND—

TINSMITH,

Would inform the people of Fredericton and vicininity, 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, etc.

SHOVELS.

6 DOZEN Long Handled Steel Shovels
10 barrels Portland Cement
75 kegs Steel Wire Nails
15 bundles Hay Wire,
25 kegs Steel Horse Shoes
40 dozen Narrow Axes
3 cases Mortice Locks
2 " Mineral Knobs
4 " Wrought Iron Nuts
1 case Rim Locks
1 " Loose Pin Bolts
25 boxes Steel Cut Tacks, put up in small wooden kegs,
2 rolls Rubber Packing
1 case Spiral Packing
5 barrels Raw Linseed Oil
2 ton Genuine Elephant White Lead.

Just to hand.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Lead Pipe.

Just Received:

6 COILS LEAD PIPE, 2 barrels Pipe Fittings in end ess variety; 1 box Globe Valves, Stop and Waste Cocks, Hose Bibbs and Brass Fittings; 40,700 feet Plain Iron Pipe, 15 dozen Steel Snow Shovels, 4 boxes Mrs. Potts' Sad Irons; and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Facts! Facts!

IT is false economy to refuse a good article and accept a poor one because of the low price. All goods cost money to produce. The better the goods the greater the cost. There are certain prices below which no good, honest materials can be bought. If you pay less, you get loss, no use dodging the fact. We always buy the best and sell the best, we don't believe in shoddy. We have just received one carload of STOVES and we consider them THE BEST in the market of their kind, and we invite the public to look them over if they are in want.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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.

Grand Remnant Sale

—OF—

WALL PAPER

—AT—

McMURRAY & Co's.

—COMMENCING—

MONDAY NEXT, JAN. 28,

—CONSISTING OF—

5,000 ROLLS,

—IN—

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.

IT WILL

COME

—AND—

EVERYBODY

—WILL—

Enjoy it!

But you will
Have to ANNOUNCE
The date.

Then when you do, have
IT DONE NICELY.

WE REFER TO

FINE

JOB WORK.

We are prepared to do fine printing of every description from a CALLING CARD to a THREE SHEET POSTER in several colors, and prompt in delivery of the same.

WHY TAKE A

"SLOP" BILL

When you can get one neat and attractive for the SAME PRICE that it will cost you for one gotten up in any shape.

Wedding INVITATIONS,
Tags,
Bill and Letter Headings,

Which you will require, and also necessary to have printed cheaply yet in good order.

Have it Done Attractive.

SEND FOR PRICES to

THE HERALD PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.,
Fredericton, N. B.