POETRY.

GRANDFATHER'S COAT.

Patch it and darn it with skill and with care,
That it may always be found in repair;
Make fast the buttons that still the front grace,
There is not one can be spared from its place;
Grandfather's coat of dark bottle green,
Must be kept mended and dusted and clean
So long as our grandfather, aged and dear,
Needs it to wear while he stays with us here.

Why, how would he look, with white flowing hair,
Clad in a coat like what stylish men wear?
Rather this garment, many years worn,
Be a bit shabby or a bit torn;
Tarnished the buttons, or lost from their place,
Ancient brass buttons we ne'er could replace;
Venerable grandfather, never we can
Bear to see looking like some other man.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

—OR—

A CASTAWAY.

PART I.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER III.

JULIET.

Home, as realized by little Vane, was a large house in a fashionable square in Brighton, belonging, as the child understood, to his uncle, his father's brother, a leading physician of the place. Doctor Vane, Philip remembered as a quiet little man, with white hair and a thoughtful face, who used to pat the boy's head, and surreptitiously give him half-crowns—surreptitiously, that is to say, as far as concerned Mrs. Vane, a full-blown handsome woman, whom Philip always remembered with flowers in her cap, and a very fresh complexion. From the first, Philip had a dim childish notion that the doctor was afraid of Mrs. Vane, whom, as the child learned in the course of time, he had married when a widow, and who had two sons; one with very large whishers, and the other with a black-and-white dog. When the child came back for the next holidays, he learned that the dog-owning son had gone to Spain, which was a long way off, as he understood, to fight for something or somebody not clearly defined; but the other son with the whiskers was still there, and took Philip up to his bedroom, which was at the top of the house, and made him very sick by insisting upon his smoking a pipe—a proceeding which seemed fraught with great delight to the whishered gentleman. When Philip came home six months afterwards, at Christmas, he found the house in sad tribulation, for the son with the dog was dead, and the son with the whiskers had gone to Australia, not, as the boy gathered from the talk among the servants and the visitors to the house, without having distinguished himself by squandering a vast amount of money and running very deeply into debt. The doctor, Philip noticed, was thinner, whiter, and more thoughtful than ever; and though Mrs. Vane wore as many flowers in her cap, she seemed to have dropped suddenly into an old woman, and shed her teeth, as he had heard of deer shedding their horns, while her fresh complexion was, he noticed, muddled and streaky.

The boy never saw his uncle alive again; he was sent home from school to attend the funeral, and formed one of a very small procession which, in the roaring wind and drifting rain, struggled up one of the back streets of the town to the little evangelical chapel at which, at his wife's command, the kindly old doctor had given regular attendance, and in the burying-ground attached to which his remains were laid. After the ceremony, the little funeral party broke up, the well-known yellow carriage of the physician who had paid the last respects to his old friend stood at the churchyard gate, ready to bear him off on his round of visits; an old school friend of the deceased, who had come down from town, jumped into a cab to catch the return train; and Philip and the lawyer got into the mourning-coach to return together. On their way back, the lawyer told the boy that Mrs. Vane was not well enough to see him, but that he was to go back to school that evening as soon as he had had his dinner; then, to Philip's great wonderment, asked him whether he had read 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Philip Quarll,' and whether he did not think he should like to be a great traveller like those heroes. The meaning of these questions was explained a few days afterwards, when the schoolmaster called him into the apartment which was alternately a reception room and a torture chamber; and instead of, as the boy expected, bidding him prepare for instant punishment, told him that he was to leave school the next day for Plymouth, where his passage had been taken in one of the steamers immediately starting for the West indies, he having been bound apprentice to a cousin of Mrs. Vane's, who was a merchant and planter in the island of St. Vincent.

Philip Vane went to Plymouth, and to the West Indies, but not to St. Vincent. Indeed, he carefully avoided that island, having, while on board the royal mail steamer Shannon, made the acquaintance of several young gentlemen who were going out to join her Majesty's land forces then quartered at Jamaica; and by whose aid the lad, quick at games of skill, and lucky at games of chance, turned the fifty pounds with which he had been presented by Mrs. Vane's agent on sailing into a sum worth four times the original amount. For two or three years he remained in the colonies, enjoying the hospitality invariably extended there to every one who makes himself agreeable, living at the different messes, riding races for the officers, staying with the merchants at their up-country villas, and providing himself with pocket money by bold and lucky card-playing. By the time that the desire to return to his native country became too strong to be denied, Philip Vane had mixed so much with the military, and was so thoroughly conversant with their manners and customs, that, on his arrival in England, he deemed it expedient to announce himself as Captain Vane. It was as Captain Vane, ostensibly fly-fishing for his amusement at Chepstow, but in reality hiding from the officers of the sheriff of Monmouth, that he made the acquaintance of Miss Pierrepoint, who at the time was acting in that ancient town. His intentions towards that young lady were at first strictly dishonorable; but finding that she was to be won by nothing short of the marriage ceremony, and believing that he saw in the development of her talent the foundation of a future income for himself, he honored her by making her his wife. Captains becoming somewhat common, he gave himself a sort of billiard room brevet, and appeared as Major Vane, under which title he was favorably known in a shady fifth-rate little club, composed of adventurers like himself, and their victims, calling itself by the high-sounding name of the Craven, and locating itself in a dingy little street in the neighborhood of Piccadilly; had his presence 'remarked' by the reporters of sporting newspapers as a regular attendant at the principal turf-meetings, and led that odd sort of flashy swindling, disreputable existence which has so many votaries in the present day. Though two years had passed since his marriage, he had never introduced his wife to any one, and had insisted upon her keeping their connexion secret, even from the little sister who was her sole relative. From time to time he appeared at places where she was acting, as he had appeared at Wexeter, giving her the benefit of his society, sometimes for a longer, sometimes for a shorter period, but invariably insisting, whether present or not, on receiving two-thirds of the salary, which she earned by her exertions, and leaving her and her sister to subsist on the remainder.

Had the salary thus earned been tolerably large, it is not improbable that Major Vane's conjugal attentions might have been greater than they actually were; but the major confessed to himself that his matrimonial speculation, as a speculation had been a failure. In confidential communications with himself, the major did not scruple to own that he had not much regard for his wife. Even when he perpetrated marriage, it was from the commercial aspect that he regarded the step; and from that point of view it had been a decided failure. It ought to have turned out right; he himself could check off a score of instances in which worthy gentlemen, friends of his own, were deriving large sums from the theatrical earnings of ladies who were their acknowledged or unacknowledged partners; but these ladies were spirited persons, with little clothing and less grammar, whose portraits were in the photographer's windows, and whose christian names, affectionately diminished, were in the mouths of London generally.

More than once he had suggested to his wife that an equally glorious career lay before her if she only chose to embrace the opportunity and accept an engagement, which, without his connexion with her being known, he could procure for her; but she invariaby refused, remaining at Wexeter, or some such dreary place, "doing her spouting," as he pleasantly, but ironically called it, for a salary of three pounds a week, and a benefit which did not realize more than forty pounds.

Major Vane, however, was a philosipher. His marriage had been a mistake; he owned it to himself, but to no one else. And by the time that he had descended to the coffee-room to breakfast on the morning after the meeting in the lane behind the turnpike, he had thoroughly determined on ridding himself of the connection at the first available opportunity. Meantime, he should receive the money for the benefit and the two-thirds of the week's salary; and when an opportunity offered itself, he should grasp it, and Miss Pierrepoint would hear of him no more.

While the omnibus containing the large-souled gentleman was moving towards the railway station, Miss Pierrepoint emerged from her lodging and made the best of her way towards the theatre. It was very early for a rehearsal, even at such an unconventional theatre as that of Wexeter; but with a view to see whether she could not make some effect in other than merely spouting parts, and thus please her husband, Miss Pierrepoint had determined on playing for her benefit, the part of Phœbe in Paul Pry, one of those waiting maids known only to the stage, who carry their hands in the pockets of their little black silk aprons, who are the chosen recipients of their young mistresses' secrets, and the terror of the lives of the elderly gentlemen, their masters. Phœbe has songs to sing, and the leader of the band, who, like every other person in the theatre, would have done anything for Miss Pierrepoint, was coming early to try them over with her. Phœbe has a certain amount of interchange of repartee with the principal character and the low comedian, whose notion of repartee consisted in making faces at the gallery, and whose dry humor, so often lauded, resolved itself in forgetting his part, and substituting the slang phrases of the day, was coming to go through their scenes. After there was a full rehearsal of Romeo and Juliet, which was to be the leading piece on the benefit evening; so it was tolerably late in the day before Miss Pierrepoint's work was over.

Just as she was moving toward the stage door, she felt her arm touched, and a low voice said in her ear:

"Won't you speak to me?"

Turning round she saw Gerald Hardinge; he was dressed in his working garb, a loose canvas jacket and trousers, spotted here and there with great daubs of paint.

"Mr. Hardinge! she cried, putting out her hand.

"No," he said, drawing back, "I cannot shake hands with you now; I have been at work and have not had time to wash the traces off. I looked down from the flies and saw you were going away, so hurried down to stop you, as I have something to say to you."

"I am very glad you did; I was sorry to have missed you last night——"

"Yes," interrupted the young man, "but we cannot talk here in this passage with the wind blowing in, and old Gonnop listening to every word. Come down on to the stage, there is no one there now, and we can have it all to ourselves."

She turned back, and passing through the littered mass of disused scenery stacked up against the walls, they went down on to the stage, now but very partially illumined by a faint gleam of light, coming through the window at the back of the distant gallery. For a minute neither of them spoke, then Miss Pierrepoint said:

"What has kept you at work so late today, Mr. Hardinge? I have heard of no new piece in preparation."

"No," he said, "there is nothing new, only I think it would be a disgrace to the theatre if we put on that worn and ragged old pair of flats for the garden scene in Romeo and Juliet, and I persuaded old Potts to let me touch it up afresh."

"Was it only for the credit of the theatre that you did that?" asked Madge, looking softly at him.

"Well, no, perhaps not," he said. "I dare say I should not have done it if it had been Miss Delamere's benefit, or if Miss Montmorency had been playing Juliet. You know well enough why I did it."

"You are a kind, good boy, Gerald," said Miss Pierrepoint, softly laying her hand on his arm, "and never mind giving up your time, or taking trouble for me."

"Kind, good boy, am I?" said he petulantly; "it is very little I am able to do, but even that don't meet with much return."

"Gerald!" said Miss Pierrepoint, "what do you mean?"

"Where were you last night?" asked he, turning suddealy on her; where did you go to after you had finished here?"

"You have not the slightest right to ask me that question, Mr. Hardinge," said Miss Pierrepoint, drawing herself up and looking straight at him, "and certainly not to ask it in that tone."

"I know I have no right," interrupted Gerald.

"But as I have no reason to be ashamed of what I did," continued Miss Pierrepoint, without heeding him, "I do not mind telling you that I went to meet a person on important business of my own."

"And you did not get back until nearly midnight," said Gerald.

"How do you know that?"

"How do I know it? Because I saw you return. I walked up and down the street in front of your door, from the time Rose told me you were out, until I saw you safe once more within the house."

"What, were you there during all that terrible storm?" asked Miss Pierrepoint.

"Yes, I was. I did not mind that; there was far too great a storm going on within my breast for me to pay much attention to the thunder and lightning; I thought perhaps you had gone to meet some man, and I was nearly mad."

"My poor boy," said Madge, soothingly.

"Oh, Madge! if you only knew what I suffer through jealousy; all this morning I have been like a lunatic, looking down on the stage, and seeing that old Boodle make love to you at rehearsal."

"But Boodle plays Romeo, Gerald!"

"Yes, I know all about that; of course he must do it, and he is fifty years old, and wears a wig and false teeth, but still I hate to see him or anyone else come near you, or touch you."

"But why are you so jealous, Gerald?"

"Why? Because I love you. You know it, Madge, you know this, you are certain of it, and yet you ask me why I am jealous."

"Yes, Gerald," she said in a low voice, her hand again falling softly on his arm, "I think you are fond of me; you have shown that you are, indeed, more than once."

"No, I have not!" he burst out; "I have no chance or opportunity of doing so! I only want to prove to you how much I love you! I hate the life you are leading, and I want to take you away from it—I hate to see you stared at by a lot of senseless gabies, who think they are patronizing you by clapping their hands and thumping their infernal umbrellas. I hate to see these brutes of officers—we shall have them all here on Thursday night, I suppose—haw-hawing about the passages, and talking of you in their idiotic manner. I want to take you out of all this, I want to marry you and make you mine, and mine alone?"

"To marry me!" she said, with a very sad smile. "You forget, Gerald, that I am six years older than you, and that I shall be an old woman——"

"I knew you would say that! I hate it! You shouldn't say that," he broke out impetuosly. "How many hundreds of men are there who have married women older than themselves, and lived perfectly happy lives! You make yourself older than you are by the hard work you do. I want to work for you, to slave for you, to make money that you may share it, to make a name that you may be proud of me; and I will do it yet. I am not always to remain a drudge in a country theatre. I shall get the chance some day, and, then, oh, Madge, how proud I shall be of you as my wife!"

"You are a foolish boy," she said, bending her deep hazel eyes full upon him, "and must not talk to me in this way."

"No," he said, curling his lip and shrugging his shoulders; "such talk is idle, now, I know; I know I have nothing to offer now. If I ever had the chance of attaining a position, I would ask you to marry me; for then the knowledge that I was fighting for you, would nerve me in the struggle; and you would not say no to me then, would you, Madge?"

"You shall ask me when the chance arrives, Gerald," said the girl in a low tone, "and I will answer you then."

"That time may be nearer than you imagine," said the young man. "Now, you have had a long day, and will have to begin again shortly. Let me see you home."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WILL RETURN TO CANADA.

Nearly Four Thousand French Canadians Planning to Come Back Home.

The exodus of French Canadians to the United States has so long been the subject of regret, that it will be the more surprising and the more pleasing to learn that nearly the whole population of an American village is contemplating emigration to this country. They are native French Canadians and their children, who went to seek work in the forests and mines of Michigan. Protection having failed to prevent the destruction of the forests and to create a market for the products of the mines, they are now out of employment and under the necessity of removing to some place where other industries prosper. Their patriotic sentiments have led them to seek to resettle on Canadian soil, and on this they and the country are to be congratulated. Rev. Father Paradis, formerly Oblat, who had the celebrated dispute with the Gilmours, under the Mercier regime, is the promoter of this movement, and the Canadians who have responded to his appeals are those settled in the county of Houghton, Mich., and principally in the town of Lake Linden, of which they form fully one-half of the population. Houghton county is the centre of the copper country of lake Superior. In the palmy days of the mining industry French Canadians were attracted there in large numbers and formed the village of Linden. In 1871 they formed a Catholic congregation and erected a church, which was rebuilt in 1880. Subsequently they organized a St. Jean Baptiste society, and gradually transplanted all the customs of French Canada to that rugged soil. Their preponderance gave to the town an appearance which decidedly reminded one of the Province of Quebec. From 1889 to 1891 they even had a newspaper published in French. They had their share of the public offices and commanded the respect of all those who lived around them. The last American crisis affected them most seriously, as copper was practically a drug on the market, and the lumbering operations had long been decreasing. Knowing the state of affairs Father Paradis, who still makes colonization his work of love, left for Michigan and reached Lake Linden on the 21st of December. He found ready listeners, and by the 5th of January he had the names of 572 families, forming a population of 2,985 souls, who expressed their intention of returning to Canada as soon as he found them suitable land to settle upon. The whole French Canadian Catholic congregation of Lake Linden, numbering 446 families in Lake Linden, 62 in Hancock, 54 in Calumet and 10 in Dollar Bay have also signified their intention of returning. Their emigration took place at various times from 1850 to 1894, no less than 281 of these families having left the country since 1880. Rev. Father Paradis has been back to Montreal for a week. He has interviewed the Canadian Pacific authorities, who have promised him reduced rates for the settlers, and he has since left for Ottawa where he goes to interview the government. There are 50,000 Canadians in Michigan, he declared, who are under the necessity of seeking new homes owing to the changed conditions where they have settled. If the government is willing to assist, the majority of them can be brought back to Canada.

Small Boy—Ma, pass the bread. Mother (sternly)—If what, my son? Small Boy (smartly)—If you can reach it.

NEWSPAPER LOVE FEAST.

A unique newspaper banquet took place the other night at the Walker House, Toronto, when the staffs of the Globe and Empire dined together. The Globe has been printed in the Empire office ever since the destruction of its premises by fire on Jan. 6, and this banquet was in the words of the menu card, intended to mark the hospitality extended by the Empire to the Globe after that disaster. Robert Jaffray presided, and 150 guests were present, including Sir Frank Smith, W. R. Brock, Hon. G. W. Ross, Jos. Tait, W. B. McMurrich, Barlow Cumberland, D. Creighton and J. S. Willison, editor of the Globe.

A feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Creighton, as manager of the Empire, of a handsome marble clock from the Globe staff in recognition of his kindness during their stay in his office.

You don't believe in Spiritualism? Now, look here. What would you say if you were at one of these seances and you should see a great, heavy square piano, with eight men sitting on the top of it flying around the room? Sometimes it comes near hitting you, then it sails away.

I don't know about the spirits of your friends and relatives, but I can tell you plainly that my friends, while they were on the earth, never tugged around eight lazy fellows on a piano, and I am sure they are not doing it now they are dead.

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."

Teacher—What was the reason our ancestors did not have any knowledge of the earth being round? Speak out Johnnie. Johnnie—Perhaps it was because they didn't have any school globes in those days.

Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out, said the landlord of a Texas hotel to a newly arrived guest who was sitting by the fire.

That's what I'm afraid of, replied the stranger. The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat, and I didn't feel it when I came out, and I haven't felt it since.

Hubbie—You are crowned with beauty dear. Wife—That's all right, Charlie, but I've got to have a new spring bonnet just the same.

Avoid taking cold. If you do take it, and it's only in your head, Hawker's catarrh cure will clear it out in a few hours. If it strikes you in the throat and lungs, Hawker's balsam will effect a speedy and complete cure.

Mildred—So you sprained your ankle jumping from a cable car, eh? Was it painful?

Gertrude—Oh, I didn't mind the pain; but when I saw how young and handsome the ambulance surgeon was and remembered that I was wearing Nile green stockings with a tan colored dress I fainted dead away.

A school caught fire, and as the boys watched it, one in another school said enthusiastically to his companion: Johnny, don't you wish it was ours?

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.

A Perverted Philosopher—An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, ain't it, said Meandering Mike.

Of course it is, replied Plodding Pete.

Well, dat's de reason I don't accept no job from nobody. Ef I was workin' I might be tempted ter go on a strike. An' den see de trouble I'd be in.

She—Papa's chief objection to you is that you have no occupation. He—No occupation? Good gwacious! Doesn't he know that I am waising a mustache!

Mr. Smallchange—Did your sister seem pleased with the flowers I sent her? Small Sister—Yes, indeed, she sent them over to a sick friend as soon as she could.

There is nothing more disagreeable and irritating than a hacking cough. Hawker's balsam offers the means of a speedy and complete cure.

Nehemiah, compare the adjective cold, said a schoolmaster to his head boy. Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin, triumphantly responded Nehemiah.

Talk is cheap, observed the man who believes in proverbs.

Humph! remarked the man who doesn't. That remark shows that you never hired a lawyer or rented a telephone.

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENTS.

Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through it's use, of Consumption and Scrofulous diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

It is the empty wagon that makes the most noise, said the man who delights to talk in aphorisms.

Well, what of that? retorted the other man. It is just the otber way with a man. He makes the most noise when he is full.

For an irritated or sore throat there is nothing so soothing and healing as Hawker's balsam.

Lady Commercial (to her husband who is rather cold to her): John, the kisses you give me now are not up to the sample you gave me when you asked me to be yours. It isn't business!

Dr. Manning's german remedy cures neuralgia. Apply the remedy freely.

Visitor—I hear your last servant left you without giving notice. Housekeeper—Yes; she poured paraffin on the fire and was blown out of the window.

Are any of the colors discernible to the touch? asked the school teacher. I have often felt blue, replied the boy at the head of the class.

Freddie (to his sister at full-dress party)—You ought to be put in the Zoo. Why so? You are so dear and almost bare.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is for

Coughs,
Colds,
Sore Throat,
Bronchitis,
Weak Lungs,
Consumption,
Loss of Flesh,
Emaciation,
Weak Babies,
Crowing Children,
Poor Mothers' Milk,
Scrofula,
Anæmia;

in fact, for all conditions calling for a quick and effective *nourishment*. *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 1895
—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 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, 1896, without charge. Specimen Copies Free. Address

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

PER S. S. SARNIA,
VIA HALIFAX.

Just Received:
3 ton Cable Chain, assorted sizes.
3 Blacksmiths' Bellows, Reversible pipes.
3 Heavy Solid box Blacksmiths' vices.
3 Wrights' best quality anvils.
1 Cask Best Norway Iron Trace Chain.
And for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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

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

PRICE SOLD Everywhere 50 cts.

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

People of GOOD COMMON SENSE usually appreciate a good article that is honestly made, well finished and up to date. This explains the great success of

GRANBY RUBBERS

They Wear Like Iron.

HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL.

Seasonable Hardware for Lumbermen and Blacksmiths.

Snow Shovels
Tackle Blocks
Bar Iron
Sled Shoe Steel
Drill and Pevey Steel
Steel and Iron Horseshoes.
Horse Nails
Horse Pails
Shoeing Hammers and Rasps
Narrow, Cut and
Lance Tooth Saws
Grindstones and Fixtures
Blacksmith's Coal
Powder and Dynamite
Rope, etc.

For sale wholesale and retail

JAMES S. NEILL.

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.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPIES.

Boston Transcript

A trustworthy, clean and interesting family newspaper, free from sensational and objectionable matter, 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

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

Scales! Scales!

12 BOXES Family Scales, 12 doz. Wheel heads, 15 boxes Cut Tacks, 10 boxes Wrought Iron Washers,
10 boxes Wrought Iron Nuts,
1 box Grazier's Points,
1 box Fell e Plates,
5 boxes Moulding Nails.
Just received, 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 good the greater the cost. There are certain prices below which no good, honest materials can be bought. If you pay less, you get less, 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 car-load 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.

F'ton, 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 Heads,

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.