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BRITANIA POST CARD CO.

54 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

Welcoming a Wife.

By Lula Johnston.

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Little Miss Merrington hurried from the postoffice clutching tightly the precious letter the clerk had just handed her. She had not needed to glance at the foreign stamp to tell that it was from Harvey Rial. The clear, bold handwriting of the address had told her that before the letter had been removed from the box in which it lay, together with the local paper.

There was a flush on the kindly little face not due to the spring breezes, but to the hope which had risen in her heart. Twenty years before she and Harvey Rial had been engaged to be married. A lovers' quarrel and pride too stubborn to confess fault had resulted in Rial's marriage to Margaret Bond.

Then Miss Merrington had settled herself uncomplainingly to a life of spinsterhood, rejoicing that her father's provision for her future did not make it necessary for her to marry in order to find a home and taking pleasure in the hundred little acts of kindness which had made "Little Miss Merrington" a village institution.

All too soon Rial had discovered his error. His new idol's feet had turned to clay. Margaret's tongue was as sharp as her face was fair, and, with stoic resignation, Harvey Rial had settled himself to lifelong penance for his error.

The thought gave him and Miss Merrington something in common, and, though neither ever alluded to the matter, there was a silent bond of companionship that was none the less sweet because it found no expression in act or word.

Now, then, two years had passed since Margaret had died, and Rial had taken his son to Europe in the hope that travel might benefit his health. Since then letters had come by every steamer—not the romantic epistles of youth, but entertaining stories of travel, infused with a tender sentiment that was implied rather than expressed. There was always the note of longing for home, with a hint that he wished Miss Merrington to share home with him.

The last letter had told that Ralph was well enough to return, and it was probable that the letter she now softly patted in her pocket would name his date of sailing.

Miss Merrington hurried into the neat "front room" and with trembling fingers slit the cover.

"I've told you all there is to tell about London," wrote Rial. "This is just to say that I am sailing tomorrow. We are taking a ten day boat for the sake of the sea air, and this letter goes by one of the liners. And now for the surprise I promised in my last. I am bringing home a bride. May I not ask you to see that the old house is opened and made fit to receive her? We should be in Fairlands five days after you receive this. That should give you plenty of time to prove yourself the model housekeeper. I leave all the arrangements to you, dear friend, and I know that nothing will be left undone to make welcome the new Mrs. Rial. I will tell you all about it when I arrive."

That was all, scarcely a page of the familiar handwriting, but the light died in Miss Merrington's eyes, and the beauty of the spring day faded.

For an hour or more she sat quietly in her chair, the letter in her lap untouched. She had felt sure that when the time came Harvey would speak the words that should make her the happiest little woman in all the world, and now he had married another, some foreign woman whose youth and beauty had proved a subtle attraction.

She could not altogether blame him. She was forty. No man would care to marry a woman past her prime. It was but natural that he should seek some younger woman.

And yet had Miss Merrington faced the tall pier glass standing between the front windows she would have found reflected there a face unmarked by lines of care, but lighted by the glow of earnest brown eyes.

She had scarcely lost her youth in the placid, helpful life she led. Her cheeks were still smooth and unwrinkled, tinted as softly as the petals of a blush rose. Her hair was soft and brown, with never a hint of gray. The sensitive, tender mouth with its constant smile was as appealing as a child's, a mouth surely made for kisses.

The tiny maid with her announcement of the noon dinner brought Miss Merrington back to earth. The letter she tucked in her pocket, and as she ate her simple meal she planned the work that must be done to make the big Rial house habitable and homelike in spite of its two untenanted years.

Once every week in all that time she had gone to see that all was well, but now that it was to be opened there was much to be done. In work she would find forgetfulness of her disappointment. At least she would not fail her old friend.

Five days later Rial came. Miss Merrington was at the station platform to greet him, and many curious, half pitying glances were turned upon her as Harvey tenderly assisted down the steps of the chair car the slender form of a woman younger even than his son. All the town knew of this old love affair.

"Ralph stopped in New York to look after a business matter," Rial explained when greetings were over and the three were comfortably disposed in the solitary village hack. "Maida was im-

patient to see her American home, so we pressed on."

"The house looks very well, if I do say it myself," said Miss Merrington complacently. "I'm sure that Mrs. Rial will like it here."

"It is a lovely town," said the girl impulsively. "I was so afraid that I should not like it."

"Maida imagined that we lived on a prairie and had buffalo and Indians running about," explained Rial. "She wanted to carry a revolver in her hand bag, but I talked her out of it."

Miss Merrington laughed at the conceit, but her heart gave a throb as Rial leaned across to playfully pat the girl's cheek. She was glad that the arrival at the house prevented further demonstration.

Maida was profuse in her praise of the place, and she would not rest content until she had explored every nook and cranny. Not until then was she ready to retire to her room and remove the signs of travel, leaving Miss Merrington free to see that the table was properly set for dinner.

She had slipped out into the garden for some early flowers and was arranging these in a vase when Rial came into the room and with a happy laugh lifted up her dimpled chin and planted a kiss upon her smiling lips.

Miss Merrington started back, with a little cry of pain.

"Is this the way you seek to repay me?" she cried, with flashing eyes. "A new wife in the house just half an hour, and you—you kissed me."

"I could not help it, sweetheart!" cried Rial. "It's so good to be back home after two years in hotels, and you are a part of that home. Will you forgive me, dear, and promise always to be a part of my home?"

Miss Merrington gazed at Rial with dumb anguish in her eyes. Then slowly she turned away to where the French windows gave upon the piazza. With a few quick steps Rial reached her.

"Forgive me, dear, for tormenting you!" he cried. "It was a mean thing to do, but I was only taking a leaf from your own book of the past and proving that jealousy sometimes leads to love. That was why I did not tell you that Maida is Mrs. Ralph Rial."

"Your daughter-in-law and not your wife?"

"I didn't say whose bride I was bringing home," he confessed. "I felt that if you cared you would show it. You do care, don't you, Dorothy?"

The use of the old name broke down Miss Merrington's last barrier of pride. Unresisting, she let him take her in his arms, and it was thus that Maida found them as she came running into the room.

"Now it's perfect!" cried the girl, with a quick appreciation of the situation. "The only thing the dear old house lacked was a mother to welcome the bride, and now—"

"And now the welcome is complete," finished Rial, with his vibrant laugh, as he bent to kiss the soft brown hair.

Told Stanley All About It.

During Stanley's last stay in London he was present one evening at a very swell affair, and the attention paid to him was so annoying that he was delighted when he had an opportunity of slipping away unnoticed. He found a quiet corner in the smoking room and was enjoying a cigar when a spruce young fellow, who, it turned out, was a lieutenant in the navy, came up.

To Stanley's surprise, the lieutenant began to tell him all about Africa, and it soon became evident that he did not know he was talking to the great explorer.

Other listeners strolled in, and pretty soon there was quite a crowd listening to the young man telling the most astonishing things about the dark continent, the Kongo, the shire district, the native races, and so on.

At first Stanley endeavored to correct his mistakes, but the lieutenant knew better, and so he permitted him to talk on. Finally this extraordinary and laughable scene was brought to a conclusion by one of the guests saying:

"But, Mr. Stanley, you told us—"

"Stanley!" cried the lieutenant. "Is this Stanley, the African explorer?"

"Certainly," was the reply. The lieutenant gave one look around, tried to speak, flushed scarlet and then dashed out of the room, followed by a roar of laughter, in which even Stanley joined.

She Was a Joke.

"I have just had a peculiar experience," said a middle aged matron, "that it may be new for others to know. A week ago, while in the parlor of a department store, a refined looking woman came to me in agitation, announced that she had lost her purse, and asked me to accommodate her with a little change, which she would return the next day. She carried several parcels. I gave her, I think, 54 cents—all the change I had—and we exchanged cards."

"Yesterday while downtown I was attracted to a crowd on the corner, in the center of which was a woman announcing excitedly that she had been robbed and asking for some small sum to get home. The coincidence impressed me, as I had not heard from my borrower. I handed this woman a dollar. She boarded a northbound Sixth avenue car. I followed. In the neighborhood of the corner, I saw the woman."

Carries Weight.

"Pa," asked Freddy, "what is a social scale?"

"Generally speaking," replied pa, "it's a place where they weigh money."

In a Culture Belt.

Boston Father—I suppose I shall have to take you to the circus.

Boston Child—And I suppose I shall have to take you to Ibsen.—New York Sun.

BROKEN IN HEALTH

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Health After Medical Treatment Had Failed

"I can truthfully say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me what one of the best doctors in Halifax failed to do—restored my health."

This statement is made by Mr. Wm. J. Weaver, 172 Argyle street, Halifax, Mr. Weaver adds:—"A few years ago I took employment in a large factory as fireman. I knew the work would be hard, and friends told me I would never stand it, but as I was a strong man, weighing 180 pounds, I laughed at the idea of not being able to do the work. Anyhow I started and found the job a hard one indeed. There were a number of firemen employed and men were taking and quitting the job every few days."

During that time I lost 50 pounds weight, and was a broken down man. I kept at the work for two years and I could not take my meals and often took my dinner back home with me without touching it. When I would be working on the night shift I could not sleep in the day time, and this added to my trouble. Finally I became a total wreck and had to quit the work. I could hardly drag myself about, and yet had become so nervous that I could not sit still and would walk about the house until I was ready to drop. The doctor came to see me every day, and changed the medicine time and again, but it did me no good. Finally he wanted me to go to the hospital, and at this stage a friend came to stay with me overnight. While he was reading the evening paper, he came across the testimonial of a cure wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said, 'Why don't you try them, nothing else is helping you and they may do you good.' He went out and got me a box at once. When this was gone I got a half dozen boxes, and before they were all gone I began to feel like a new man. I continued using the pills for a couple of months when I was again as well and as strong as ever I had been in my life, and I was have not seen a sick day since. I feel confident there is no remedy in the world equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for building up a broken down and nervous system, and for such trouble I would strongly recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as Mr. Weaver's because they make the rich red blood that feeds the starved nerves and tones and strengthens every part of the body. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis and other troubles due to had blood and shattered nerves. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GHOST STORY.

The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycollar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a spectral horseman visits Wycollar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description."

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loud, the spectral horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off."

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room and that the spectral horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

The Awakening.

Love is the sparkling wine of life, The spirit of joy and laughter. Alas, the gentle youth soon learns Marriage is the morning after! —Browning's Magazine.

All Doubt Set at Rest.

Finegan—And was you th' best man at Muldoon's wedding, Casey?

Casey (with both eyes blacked)—Naw, I only fought I was.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Ever Try It?

"Whatever else it may do, wearing a plug hat won't give a man horse sense," remarked the observer of events and things.—Yonkers Statesman.

A VISIT TO THE MOON.

Is Such a Thing Within the Bounds of Possibility?

Can men visit the moon? In any age but the present, says Professor Ernest Green Dodge, A. M., this question if seriously asked would have been answered by a chorus of jeers. So far beyond the pale of possibilities has the visiting of other worlds always appeared that writers of fiction have felt free to treat the idea sportively, describing thrilling journeys through space in impossible vehicles.

Nevertheless the thought of exploring distant planets, pausing en route to view the farther side of the moon, so tantalizingly turned from us, is one that fires the human imagination most profoundly. The worst that can be said is that it now looks as difficult to us as the crossing of the great Atlantic must once have appeared to the naked savage upon its shore. The impossibility of the savage became the triumph of Columbus, and the day dream of the nineteenth century may become the achievement even of the twentieth.

A body on the earth's equator is traveling with the earth's rotation at a speed of more than a thousand miles an hour. If relieved of gravity it would not fly suddenly off, like a cannon ball, and disappear into space. For several seconds its rise from the surface of the earth would be so slow as to be practically imperceptible owing to the small difference between a straight tangent line and the earth's slow curvature. Gradually, however, its apparent upward velocity would increase so as to lift it some sixty-five yards the first minute and more than a hundred miles the first hour. It would travel 239,000 miles, the distance between the earth and the moon, in ten days, and if suitably exposed to the earth's attraction, acting as a brake, while screened from that of the moon, its landing could be made gentle and safe. Strangely enough, the untiring attitude of the lunar surface in relation to the earth makes the return voyage absolutely impossible save by a tedious roundabout journey of many months, involving the circumnavigation of Mars.

The query may now arise, "What is the moon good for, even if man succeeds in reaching it?"

We know it to be a barren, rocky world, without air or moisture, unspeakably cold at night and below the freezing point even at noon. However, men could abide there for a time in thick walled, air tight houses and could walk out of doors in air tight divers' suits. Scientists would find in the lunar wastes a fresh field for exploration. Astronomers could plant their telescopes there, free from their most serious hindrance, the earth's atmosphere. Tourists of the wealthy and adventurous class would not fail to visit the satellite, and costly hotels must be maintained for their accommodation. Then it is quite probable that veins of precious metals, beds of diamonds and an abundance of sulphur might be discovered on a world of so highly volcanic a character.

The foregoing may seem filled with "the stuff that dreams are made of," yet most of the assertions are based on the hard facts of mathematics and physics. History is not always particular to follow the precise path laid out for it by prophets, yet in the long run it never fails to achieve larger things than the seer dared to predict.

Public Day.

"Public Day" is a term applied in southern Delaware and on the Eastern Shore of Maryland to those days when by concerted agreement, the result of old tradition, country folks come to town to "do their trading."

WOMAN, ARE YOU WEAK?

Read Below.

One woman in three is struggling against weakness.

Are you one of the weak ones? Not exactly sick, but oh, how miserable!

You discharge your daily duties, but who can measure the burden, the trial?

Talk of bravery, where find a finer spirit than among half-sick women, fighting, struggling to do their duty against terrible odds—and they never give up until they drop.

If you could put a drop of blood under the microscope the cause would be revealed.

You would find the blood thin and watery, red cells far too few, the carrier of life very greatly reduced in vitality, and this means slow death.

Ferrozone cures weakness by fortifying both appetite and digestion and making plenty of blood.

Ferrozone cures weakness by supplying nutriment and building material, by giving the body the constituents it requires for restoring tired organs.

It gives vim, vigor and endurance. Ferrozone is a tissue builder.

It adds force to all the vital functions—the stomach, liver, kidneys. Ferrozone gives sound sleep, sound digestion, promotes perfect removal of all the body wastes.

Ferrozone makes the body grow with health.

Any weak, pale or sickly woman that Ferrozone won't cure—why she must be hopeless. Wonderful power in Ferrozone, wonderful cures it makes, and this you can prove by trying it. Sold everywhere in 50c. boxes.