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For BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, and DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

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BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.

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AUCTION SALES.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's cornerto called) in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday the fourth day of January next, at twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1889, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Elizabeth Ann McIntosh is plaintiff, and John Donnelly defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decretal order as those three tracts or parcels of land described as follows, that is to say:—

FIRST, that lot of land conveyed to the said John Donnelly by Thomas McCrum by deed bearing date the eighth day of November, A. D. 1859, and described as a tract of land in the parish of Musquash, formerly Lancaster, in the City and Province of Saint John, bounded as follows—beginning at a stake standing in the most western angle of lot number one granted to Ebenezer Scott, thence running north fifty-seven degrees, east fifty-three chains of four rods each, to a cedar tree thence north thirty-three degrees, west ten chains to a spruce tree, thence south fifty-seven degrees, west fifty-three chains, and thence south thirty-three degrees, east ten chains to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as Lot O in Thomas O'Kelsher's survey west of Musquash River, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

Secondly, that lot of land in the Parish of Musquash aforesaid conveyed to said John Donnelly by one William Balcom and Mary Jane, his wife, by deed bearing date the ninth day of October, A. D. 1869, described as follows: Beginning at a stake placed at the south east angle of lot number forty-eight, on the west side of the road from St. Andrews to St. John, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, north seventy-five degrees, west fifty-six chains to a post standing on the south west angle of said lot, thence south fifty-nine degrees, thirty minutes east, fifty-nine chains to the west side of the aforesaid road, and thence along the said side of that road in a northerly direction to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as lot number forty-seven, as appears by the original deed to Henry Garbutt.

Thirdly—That lot of land granted by the Crown to the said John Donnelly, described as follows:—Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly bank or shore of French Lake, at the North Westerly angle of the lot purchased by Thomas Donnelly, thence South two degrees, West, thirty-four chains to a stake; thence North fifty-one degrees, West, fourteen chains to another stake; thence South, forty degrees, West thirty-three chains to a post; thence South fifty-one degrees, East twenty chains; thence North two degrees, East sixty chains; thence North seventy-seven degrees, East, thirty chains, to the Westerly shore or bank of French Lake, and thence following the shore courses thereof in a Southerly, Easterly and Northeasterly direction to the place of beginning, containing seventy-five acres, more or less; together with all and singular the buildings, erections and improvements on the said premises belonging; and also all the estate, right, title, claim and demand at law and in Equity of the said John Donnelly, of, in, to, or upon the same and every part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor, A. H. DeMill, Esq., or the undersigned referee.

Dated this 28th day of September, A. D. 1889.

E. H. MACALPINE, Referee in Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James F. Wanamake, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and the Province of New Brunswick, formerly of the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings, and Province aforesaid, Farmer, and Mary M., his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of October, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and made between the said James F. Wanamake and Mary M., his wife, of the one part, and Mary A. Stephen, of the same City of Saint John, spinster, of the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Kings, in Book I, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 388, 389, 390 and 391, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the first-second day of February, A. D., 1890, at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called), on Prince William street, in the said City of Saint John, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant from the Crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, by No. 16678 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block C., Hammond's North, fifty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number one in block C," together with all and singular, the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEPHEN, Mortgagee.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Celebrated Novelist

Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

CHAPTER I.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER EVENTS DURING THE MASTER'S WANDERINGS.

THE full truth of this old matter is what the world has long been looking for and public curiosity is sure to welcome. It so befell that I was intimately mingled with the last years and history of the house; and there does not live one man so able as myself to make these matters plain, or so desirous to narrate them faithfully. I know the master; on many secret steps of his career I have an authentic memoir in my hand. I sailed with him on his last voyage almost alone; I made one upon that winter's journey of which so many stories have gone abroad, and I was there at the man's death. As for my late Lord Durrisdeer, I served him and loved him near twenty years, and thought more of him the more I knew of him. Altogether, I think it not fit that so much evidence should perish; the truth is a debt I owe my lord's memory, and I think my old years will flow more smoothly and my white hair lie quieter on the pillow when the debt is paid.

The Duries of Durrisdeer and Ballantrae were a strong family in the southwest from the days of David I. A rhyme still current in the country side:

Kittle folk are the Durrisdeers,
They ride wi' ower mony spears—

bears the mark of its antiquity; and the name appears in another, which modern reports attributes to Thomas of Ercildoune himself—I cannot say how truly, and which some have applied—I dare not say with how much justice—to the events of this narration:

Twa Duries in Durrisdeer,
Ane to tie and ane to ride,
An ill day for the groom
And a waur day for the bride.

Authentic history besides is filled with their exploits, which (to our modern eyes) seem not very commendable; and the family suffered its full share of those ups and downs to which the great houses of Scotland have been ever liable. But all these I pass over, to come to that memorable year 1745, when the foundations of his tragedy were laid.

At that time there dwelt a family of four persons in the house of Durrisdeer, near St. Bride's, on the Solway shore—a chief hold of their race since the Reformation. My old lord, eighty-five years of age and odd in years, but he suffered prematurely from the disabilities of age; his place was at the chimney side. There he sat reading, in a lined gown, with few words for any man and very few words for none, the model of an old retired housekeeper; and yet his mind very well nourished with study, and reputed in the country to be more cunning than he seemed. The master of Ballantrae, James in baptism, took from his father the love of serious reading; some of his tact perhaps as well, but that which was only policy in the father became black dissimulation in the son. The master's behavior was merely popular and wild: he sat late at wine, later at the cards; had the name in the country of "an unco man for the lasses" and was ever in the front of broils. But for all he was the first to go in, yet it was observed he was invariably the best to come off, and his partners in mischief were usually alone to pay the piper. Some will ascribe dexterity got him several ill wishers, but with the rest of the country enhanced his reputation, so that great things were looked for in his future, when he should have gained more gravity. One very black mark he had to his name, but the matter was hushed up at the time, and so defaced by legends before I came into those parts that I scruple to set it down. If it was true it was a horrid fact in one so young, and if false it was a horrid calumny. I think it notable that he had always vaunted himself quite implacable, and was taken at his word; so that he had the addition among his neighbors of "an ill man to cross." Here was altogether a young nobleman not yet 21 in the year '45 who had made a figure in the country beyond his time or life. The less marvel if there were little heard of the second son, Mr. Henry (my late Lord Durrisdeer), who was neither very bad nor yet very able, but an honest, solid sort of lad like many of his neighbors. Little heard, I say; but indeed it was a case of little spoken. He was known among the salmon fishers in the firth, for that was a sport that he assiduously followed; he was an excellent good horse doctor besides, and took a chief hand, almost from a boy, in the management of the estates. How hard a part that was, in the situation of that family, none knows better than myself, nor yet with how little color of justice a man may there acquire the reputation of a tyrant and a miser. The fourth person in the house was Miss Alison Graeme, a near kinswoman, an orphan, and the heir to a considerable fortune which her father had acquired in trade. This money was loudly called for by my lord's necessities; indeed the land was deeply mortgaged, and Miss Alison was designed accordingly to be the master's wife, gladly enough on her side, with how much good will on his is another matter. She was a comely girl, and in those days very spirited and self willed; for the old lord having no daughter of his own, and my lady being long dead, she had grown up as best she might.

To those four came the news of Prince Charlie's landing, and set them presently by the ears. My lord, like the chimney keeper that he was, was all for temporizing. Miss Alison held the other side because it appeared romantical; and the master (though I have heard they did not agree often) was for this once of her opinion. The adventure tempted him, as I conceive; he was tempted by the opportunity to raise the fortunes of the house, and not less by the hope of paying off his private liabilities, which were heavy beyond all opinion. As for Mr. Henry, it appears he said little enough at first; his part came later on. It took the three a whole day's disputation before they agreed to steer a middle course, one was going forth to strike a blow for King James, my lord, and the other staying at home to keep in favor with King George. Doubtless this was my lord's decision; and, as is well known, it was the part played by many considerable families. But the one dispute settled, another opened. For my lord, Miss Alison and Mr. Henry all held the one view: that it was the cadet's part to go out; and the master, what with restlessness and vanity, would at no rate consent to stay at home. My lord pleaded, Miss Alison wept, Mr. Henry was very plain spoken; all was of no avail.

"It is the direct heir of Durrisdeer that should ride by his king's bridle," says the master.

"If we were playing a manly part," says Mr. Henry, "there might be sense in such talk. But what are we doing? Cheating at cards?"

"We are saving the house of Durrisdeer, Henry," his father said.

"And see, James," said Mr. Henry, "if I go, and the prince has the upper hand, it will be easy to make your peace with King James. But if you go, and the expedition fails, we divide the right and the title. And what shall I be then?"

"You will be Lord Durrisdeer," said the master. "I put all I have upon the table."

"I play at no such game," cries Mr. Henry. "I shall be left in such a situation as no man of sense and honor could endure. I shall be neither fish nor flesh," he cried. And a little after he had another expression, plainer perhaps than he intended. "It is your duty to be here with my father," said he. "You know well enough you are the favorite."

"Ay," said the master. "And there spoke Envy! Would you trip up my heels—Jacob?" said he, and dwelled upon the name maliciously.

Mr. Henry went and walked at the low end of the hall without reply; for he had an excellent gift of silence. Presently he came back.

"I am the cadet and I should go," said he. "And my lord here is the master, and he says I shall go. What say ye to that, my brother?"

"I say this, Harry," returned the master, "that when very obstinate folk are met there are only two ways out: Blows—and I think none of us could care to go so far; or the arbitrament of chance—and here is a guinea piece. Will you stand by the toss of the coin?"

"I will stand and fall by it," said Mr. Henry. "Heads, I go; shield, I stay."

The coin was spun and it fell shield. "So there is a lesson for Jacob," says the master.

"We shall live to repent of this," says Mr. Henry, and flung out of the hall.

As for Miss Alison, she caught up that piece of gold which had just [illegible] the wars, and flung it cl[illegible] through the family shield in the great pa[illegible] window.

"If you loved me as well as [illegible] you would have stayed," cried sh[illegible]

"I could not love you, de[illegible] well, loved I not honor more," sung the [illegible]

"Oh!" she cried, "you ha[illegible] heart; I hope you may be killed!" an[illegible] heart" in chamber. the room, and in tears, to b[illegible] lord with

It seems the master turned [illegible] his most comical manner, and [illegible] he, "This looks like a devil of a wife."

"If think you are a devil [illegible] a son to me," cried his father, "you th[illegible] has always been the favorite, to my shame [illegible] be it spoken. Never a good hour have I gotten of you since you were born; [illegible] never one man so able as myself to make these matters plain, or so desirous to narrate

crept about the country by little and little; it was talked upon by folk that knew the contrary but were short of topics; and it was heard and believed and given out for gospel by the ignorant and the ill willing. Mr. Henry began to be shunned; yet awhile, and the commons began to murmur as he went by, and the women (who are always the most bold because they are the most safe) to cry out their reproaches to his face.

The master was cried up for a saint. It was remembered how he had never had any hand in pressing the tenants; as, indeed, no [illegible] had, except to spend the money. He [illegible] wild perhaps, the folks said; but now much better was a natural, wild lad that would soon have settled down, than a skinflint and a sneckdraw, sitting, with his nose in an account book, to persecute poor tenants. One troll[illegible] who by all accounts had been very badly used by [illegible] master, yet made herself a kind of champion of his memory. She flung a stone one day at Mr. Henry.

"Whaur's the bonnie lad that trustit yel" she cried.

Mr. Henry reined in his horse and looked upon her, the blood flowing from his lip.

"Ay, Jess!" says he. "You, too! And yet ye should ken me better." For it was he who had helped her with money.

The woman had another stone ready, which she made as if she would cast, and he, to ward himself, threw up the hand that held his riding rod.

"What, would ye beat a lassie, ye ugly!" [illegible] cries she, and ran away screaming as though he had struck her.

Next day word went about the country like wildfire that Mr. Henry had beaten Jess Brown within an inch of her life. I give it as one instance of how this snowball grew and one calumny brought another, until my poor patron was so perished in reputation that he began to keep the house like my lord. All this while, you may be sure he uttered no complaints at home; the very ground of the scandal was too sore a matter to be handled, and Mr. Henry was very proud and strangely obstinate in silence. My old lord must have heard of it, by John Paul, if by no one else, and he must at least have remarked the altered habits of his son. Yet even he, it is probable, knew not how high the feeling ran; and as for Miss Allison, she was ever the last person to hear news, and the least interested when she heard them.

In the height of the ill-feeling (for it died away as it came, no man could say why) there was an election forward in the town of St. Bride's, which is the next to Durrisdeer, standing on the Water of Swift; some grievance was fermenting, I forget what, if ever I heard; and it was currently said there would be broken heads ere night, and that the sheriff had sent as far as Dumfries for soldiers. My lord moved that Mr. Henry should be present, assuring him it was necessary to appear for the credit of the house. "It will soon be reported," said he, "that we do not take the lead in our own country."

"It is a strange lead that I can take," said Mr. Henry; and when they had pushed him further, "I tell you the plain truth," he said, "I dare not show my face."

"You are the first of the house that ever said so," cries Miss Alison.

"We will go all three," said my lord; and sure enough he got into his boots (the first time in four years—a sore business for him, had to get them on), and Miss Alison into her riding coat, and all three rode together to St. Bride's.

The streets were full of the riff-raff of all the country side, who had no sooner clapped eyes on Mr. Henry than the hissing began, and the hooting, and the cries of "Judas!" and "Where was the master?" and "Where were the ropes for the traitor?" with him." Even a stone was cast; but the more part cried shame at that, for my old lord's sake and Miss Alison's. It took not ten minutes to persuade my lord home, and Mr. Henry had been right. He said never a word, but turned his horse about, and home again, with his chin upon his bosom. Never a word said Miss Alison, neither to my lord nor to him; no doubt her pride was stung, for she was a bone bred Durie; and no doubt her heart was touched to see her cousin so unjustly used. That night she was never in bed: I have of ten blamed my lady—when I call to mind that night, I readily forgive her all; and the first thing in the morning she came to the old lord in his usual seat.

"If Henry loved me," said she, "he can have me now." To himself she had a different speech: "I bring you no love, Henry; but, God knows, all the pity in the world."

June the first, 1746, was the day of their marriage. It was December of the same year that first saw me alighting at the doors of the great house; and from there I take up the history of events as they befell under my own observation, like a witness in a court.

CHAPTER II.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT DURRISDEER DURING THE MASTER'S WANDERINGS.

I MADE the last of my journey in the cold end of December, in a mighty dry day of frost; and who should be my guide but Patey Macmorland, brother of Tam! For a tow headed, bare legged brat of 10, he had more ill tales upon his tongue than ever I heard the match of, having drunken beether's cup. I was still not so old myself. Pride had not yet the upper hand of curiosity; and indeed it would have taken any man that cold morning to have all the old news of the country and be shown all the places by the way where strange things had fallen out. I had tales of Claverhouse as we came through the bogs, and tales of the devil as we came over the top of the Cairnfoy.

As we came in by the abbey I heard somewhat of the old monks, and more of the free-traders, who use its ruins for a magazine, landing for the most part in a cannon shot of Durrisdeer; and along all the road, the Duries and poor Mr. Henry were in the first rank of slander. My mind was thus highly prejudiced against the family I was about to serve, so that I was half surprised when I beheld Durrisdeer itself, lying in a pretty, sheltered bay, under the Abbey hill—the house most commodiously built in the French fashion or perhaps Italianate, for I have no skill in these arts, and the place the most beautified with gardens, lawns, shrubberies and trees I had ever seen. The money sunk here in production. The would have quite restored the family; but, as it was, it cost a revenue to keep it up.

Mr. Henry came himself to the door to welcome me; a tall, dark young gentleman (the Duries are all black men) of a plain and not cheerful face, very strong in body but not so strong in health; taking me by the hand without any pride, and putting me at home with plain, kind speeches. He led me into the hall, booted as I was, to present me to my lord. It was still daylight, and the first thing I observed was a lozenge of clear glass in the midst of the shield in the painted window, which I remember thinking a blemish on a room otherwise so handsome, with its family portraits, and the purgetted ceiling with pendants, and the carved chimney in one corner of which my old lord sat reading in his Livy. He was like Mr. Henry, with much the same plain countenance, only more subtle and pleasant, and his talk a thousand times more entertaining. He had many questions to ask me, I remember, of Edinburgh college, where I had just received my mastership of arts, and of the various professors, with whom and their proficiency he seemed well acquainted; and thus, talking of things that I knew, I soon got liberty of speech in my new home.

In the midst of this came Mrs. Henry into the room; this was before the birth of Miss Katharine. She used me with more of condescension than the rest; I kept her in the third place of my esteem.

It did not take long before all Pate Macmorland's tales were blotted out of my belief, and I was become, what I have ever since remained, a loving servant of the house of Durrisdeer. Mr. Henry had the chief part of my affection. It was with him I worked, and I found him an exacting master, keeping all his kindness for those hours in which we were unemployed, and in the steward's office not only loading me with work, but viewing me with a shrewd supervision. At length one day he looked up from his paper with a kind of timidness, and says he, "Mr. Mackellar, I think I ought to tell you that you do very well." That was my first word of commendation, and from that day his jealousy of my performance was relaxed; soon it was "Mr. Mackellar" here and "Mr. Mackellar" there with the whole family, and for much of my service at Durrisdeer I have transacted everything at my own time and to my own fancy, and never a farthing challenged.

Even while he was driving me, I had begun to find my heart go out to Mr. Henry; no doubt partly in pity, he was a man so palpably unhappy. He would fall into a deep muse over our accounts, staring at the page or out of the window; and at those times the look of his face, and the sigh that would break from him awoke in me strong feelings of curiosity and commiseration. One day, I remember, we were late upon some business in the steward's room. This room is in the top of the house and has a view upon the bay, and over a little wooded cape, on the long sands; and there, right over against the sun which was then dipping, we saw the free traders with a great force of men and horses scouring on the beach. Mr. Henry had been staring straight west, so that I marveled he was not blinded by the sun; suddenly he frowns, rubs his hand upon his brow, and turns to me with a smile.

"You would not guess what I was thinking," says he. "I was thinking I would be a happier man if I could ride and run the danger of my life with these lawless companions."

I told him I had observed he did not enjoy good spirits; and that it was a common fancy to envy others and think we should be the better of some change; quoting Horace to the point, like a young man fresh from college.

"Why, just so," said he. "And with that we may get back to our accounts."

It was not long before I began to get wind of the causes that so much depressed him. Indeed a blind man must have soon discovered that there was a shadow on that house, the shadow of the Master of Ballantrae. Dead or alive (and he was then supposed to be dead) that man was his brother's rival; his rival abroad, where there was never a good word for Mr. Henry and nothing but regret and praise for the master; and his rival at home, not only with his father and his wife, but with the very servants.

They were two old serving men that were the leaders. John Paul, a little, bald, solemn stomachy man, a great professor of piety and take him for all in all a pretty faithful servant, was the chief of the master's faction. None durst go so far as John. He took a pleasure in disregarding Mr. Henry publicly, often with a slighting comparison. My lord and Mrs. Henry took him up, to be sure, but never so resolutely as they should; and he had only to pull his weeping face and begin his lamentations for the master—"his laddie," as he called him—to have the whole condoned. As for Henry, he let these things pass in silence, sometimes with a sad and sometimes with a black look. There was no rivaling the dead, he knew that; and how to censure an old serving man for a fault of loyalty was more than he could see. His was not the tongue to do it.

Macconochie was chief upon the other side, an old, ill spoken, swearing, ranting, drunken crony of the master's, who brought in an odd circumstance in human nature that those two serving men should each have been the champion of his contrary, and blackened their own side with much light of their own virtues when they beheld them in a master. Macconochie had soon smelled out my secret inclination, took me much into his confidence, and would rant against the master by the hour.

My old lord was uniformly kind to Mr Henry; he had even pretty ways of gratitude, and would sometimes clap him on the shoulder and say, as if to the world, with large "This is a very good son to me." And grateful he was no doubt, being a man of sense and justice. But I think that was all, and I am sure Mr. Henry thought so. The love was all for the dead son. Not that this was often given breath to; indeed with me but once. My lord had asked me one day how I got on with Mr. Henry, and I had told him the truth.

"Ay," said he, looking sideways on the burning fire, "Henry is a good lad, a very good lad," said he. "You have heard, Mr. Mackellar, that I had another son? I am afraid he was not so virtuous a lad as Mr. Henry; but dear me, he's dead, Mr. Mackellar! and while he lived we were all very proud of him, all very proud. If he was not all that he should have been in some ways, well, perhaps we loved him better!" This last he said looking musingly in the fire; and then to me, with a great sigh, adding—"But I am rejoiced you do so well with Mr. Henry. You have found him a good master." And with that he opened his book, which was the customary signal of dismission. But it would be little that he read and less that he understood; Culloden field and the master, these would be the burden of his thought; and the burden of mine was an unnatural jealousy of the dead man for Henry's sake, that had even then begun to grow on me.

I am keeping Mrs. Henry for the last, so that this expression of my sentiment may seem unreasonably strong: the reader shall judge for himself when I am done. But I must first tell of another matter, which was the means of bringing me more intimate. I had not yet been six months at Durrisdeer when it chanced that John Paul fell sick and must keep his bed; drink was the root of his malady, in my poor thought; but he was tended and indeed carried himself like an afflicted saint; and the very minister who came to visit him professed himself edified when he went away. The third morning of his sickness Mr. Henry comes to me with somewhat a hang-dog look.

"Mackellar," says he, "I wish I could trouble you upon a little service. There is a pension we pay; it is John's part to carry it, and now that he is sick I know not to whom I should look unless it was yourself. The matter is very delicate; I could not carry it with my own hand for a sufficient reason; I dare not send Macconochie, who is a talker, and I am—I have—I am desirous this should not come to Mrs. Henry's ears," says he, and flushed to his neck as he said it.

I guessed, when I found it was to carry money to one Jessie Broun, who was no better than she should be, I supposed it was some trip of his own that Mr. Henry was disembroiled in. I was the more impressed when the truth came out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by, Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free

A young man named White at North Colchester, Ont., who recently returned from the Military School, at London, has developed all the symptoms of small pox.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis are immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure

An extradition treaty, negotiated by U. S. Secretary of State Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote, has been forwarded to the U. S. Senate by President Harrison.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Francis Parkman, of Boston, the distinguished historian, has donated a complete set of his works to the Literary and Historical society, of Quebec.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Turn to Colic.

A young married couple residing in the West End were the principals in a story that was related with gusto at a supper table on Mauchan's avenue last evening. Like a sensible, prudent housewife, the bride of a few weeks invested in a book of household recipes and remedies for use in case of an emergency or a big dinner. A few evenings ago there was a commotion in the household, caused by the writhings of the husband, who declared that his hours were numbered on earth. His anxious wife wrung her hands, and in tender accents wanted to know what she could do to relieve his suffering. Tossing and groaning as he was, in what he thought his death throes, he did not forget the book of remedies. When one of his paroxysms of pain had subsided he soothed his anxious wife by saying: "Dearest, get that book and turn to colic." Sure enough, the remedy was found under that head, and a sealskin sack will reward the young wife's foresight.—Washington Capital.

Artificial Coffee.

We have received a somewhat remarkable pamphlet on the production of artificial coffee, and also some equally remarkable samples of the imitation article. The pamphlet bears the name of Mr. Paul Gassen, Cologne, who describes himself as a "specialist for alimentary produce." This artificial coffee is said to be "in imitation of the natural bean," but after an examination of the samples, we are bound to say that there is very little resemblance, either in aroma or appearance, between the product of Mr. Gassen and the original article. It is stated that this article is "in its composition free from ingredients of a strong or disagreeable smell, or of a sticky nature;" and it is further advanced that "an addition of from 16 to 20 per cent. of our artificial coffee to a good quality of genuine coffee cannot be detected."—London Grocer.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

STEAMERS.

Bay Of Fundy S. S. Co.

(Limited.)

THE S. S. DOMINION having to go on the Yarmouth and Boston route and being unable to charter a suitable steamer, the public will please take notice that the tug STORM KING will convey the mails between St. John, Digby and Annapolis, on Saturday and Monday, 28th and 30th inst.

On January 1st it is expected the S. S. ALPHA will be here to perform the service and continue it until the 8th or 11th January, when the CITY OF MONTICELLO will again be ready for active service.

HOWARD D. TROOP, MANAGER.

WEST INDIES.

THE CANADIAN WEST INDIAN and SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP CO. will place the steamer "Portia" on the route from Saint John o Demerara, touching at Yarmouth, Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Gandaloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados; and Trinidad.

The "Portia" has elegant accommodations for 40 first-class passengers and 30 second do., with an experienced staff of officers and crew.

A first-class service guaranteed and ample freight space for 9000 barrels provided. Date of first sail about

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Due notice of future sailing will be given.

Special inducements to travellers and shippers of freight will be offered by this line on first sailing.

For full information apply to

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ON and after MONDAY, November 11th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, and THURSDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

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Leaves St. John for YARMOUTH every TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, at 6 p. m., (calling at WESTPORT when clear). Connections with S. S. YARMOUTH for BOSTON WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with Steamer CITY OF ST. JOHN, for Halifax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS.

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