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POOR DOCUMENT

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OAK TANNED "EXTRA" Brand. BELTING. The J. C. McLaren Belting Co. (Established 1856) MONTREAL and TORONTO. Send for Illustrated List and Discounts.

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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

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Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds. ST. JOHN BOLT and NUT CO. Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets. P. O. Box 454.

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CAUSEY & MAXWELL, Masons and Builders. Mason Work in all its Branches. Slating and Cement Work a specialty. Stone, Brick and Plaster Workers. JOBBING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY. Order Slate at A. G. Bowes & Co., 21 Canterbury Street. W. Causey, Mecklenburg st. Robt. Maxwell, 385 Union st.

Hazelton's Vitalizer for ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FAILING MEMORY, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, arising from excess of indulgence, producing some of the following effects:—Nervousness, Debility, Dimness of Sight, Self Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Ambition, Melancholy, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, etc., also Gonorrhea and Gleet. Write for information including stamp. Address J. E. HAZELTON, 308 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Druggist. Mention this paper.

Intercolonial Railway

Tenders for Steel Bridges.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Steel Bridges," will be received until Saturday, the 17th May, 1890, for the construction and delivery of 11 pairs of Steel Plate Girders for deck bridges of forty (40) feet clear span.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., and at the office of G. W. Robertson, 136 St. James st., Montreal, where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., April 21st, 1890. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company. Capital $10,000,000. 70 Prince Wm. street. D. R. JACK, - - Agent

PROFESSIONAL.

PROFESSOR SEYMOUR, CHIROPODIST. CORNS, Callouses, Bunions, Warts, Chilblains, Ingrown Nails treated without pain. Proprietor of the Corn, Wart and Bunion Cure. My Methods are infallible. 21 SYDNEY STREET, Opp. Old Burying Ground, St. John, N. B.

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Burdock Blood Bitters. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. PROMOTES DIGESTION. Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes: DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B. which I did, and after using 2 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. ACTS ON THE BOWELS. Rapid Recovery. DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my back. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B. MISS F. WILLIAMS, 445 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. REGULATES THE LIVER. Direct Proof. SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia. MARY A. E. DRACON, Hawkstone, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. REGULATES THE KIDNEYS. A Prompt Cure. DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever. ANNIE BURGESS, Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. PURIFIES THE BLOOD. Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B. by regulating and toning these organs, remove the cause and make new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

To Housekeepers and Cooks. If you want a nice Rose, Cream, Cocoanut or Fruit Pudding for Dessert you should try a package of EXCELSIOR PUDDING, PUT UP BY The Dominion Food Co. Ask your grocer for it and take no other. A. L. RAWLINS, Jr., Agent, St. John, N.B.

MANTLE MIRRORS —AND— FRAMED PICTURES. A fine assortment. Low for cash or on easy weekly payments if desired. F. A. JONES, - - 34 Dock St.

HAND AND RING

By A. K. GREEN.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a startling coincidence. It was 12 o'clock at Sibley, and Jones, Hayes and several others stood discussing the eccentricities of criminals. A tramp slunk rapidly past them. A bump-backed individual joins them and enters into the conversation. He relates a picture to them, murder in all its details, and proves that the tramp would be the one accused. Shortly afterwards Mr. Orcutt, one of the party, discovered that his landlady has been murdered, and the crime is similar in every respect to that described by the hump-back. She had been struck from behind with a billet of wood. Robbery seemed not to have been the object. Mr. Byrd, a detective, happens to be in the place attending court. He has at the tramp arrested.

A number of friends and acquaintances are with the dying woman, when suddenly a young girl enters. She is beautiful in every respect and peculiar—a trait which one might call mysterious. She enquires after Mrs. Clemmens. All seem to fear her, and Mr. Byrd learns that she and the widow Clemmens were not friends. The detective is strangely drawn to the girl. He follows her from the room. Mr. Ferris alone seems to have influence over her, and takes her to show where the attempted murder took place. She starts at seeing something, and trys to distract the attention of those present. Mr. Byrd picks up the feet a diamond ring which she claims as her's.

The dying woman stirs. She speaks. "Hand, Ring!" are the words uttered. Then she calls down vengeance on her murderer. Mr. Byrd is employed in the case. He learns from a letter that there is some family mystery connected with the widow Clemmens.

An old crone accosts the detective and throws out insinuations against Miss Dare, the young lady spoken of before. Byrd, although these insinuations are a measure with his own views, endeavors to dismiss them from his mind. He tells Lawyer Orcutt, who is in love with Miss Dare and a kind of guardian to her. While they are talking she comes along; states that she is going to Buffalo im mediately, but the lawyer detains her.

Continued.

This tone of command from one who had hitherto adapted himself to her every whim, seemed to strike her. Paling quickly, she for the first time looked at him with something like a comprehension of his feelings, and quietly replied:

"Forgive me. I had forgotten for the moment the extent of your claims upon me. I will wait till to-morrow before going."

Turning, she were alone together in the library, he turned toward her with a look whose severity was the fruit of his condition of mind rather than of any natural harshness or imperiousness.

"Now, Imogene," said he, "tell me why you desire to leave my house."

Her face, which had assumed a mask of cold impassiveness, confronted him like that of a statue, but her voice, when she spoke, was sufficiently gentle.

"Mr. Orcutt," was her answer, "I have told you. I have a call elsewhere which must be attended to. I do not leave your house; I merely go to Buffalo for a few days."

But he could not believe this short statement of her intentions. In the light of these new fears of his, this talk of Buffalo, and a call there, looked to him like some merest subterfuge. Yet her gentle tone was not without its effect, and his voice visibly softened as he said:

"You are intending, then, to return?"

Her reply was prefaced by a glance of amazement.

"Of course," she responded at last. "Is not this my home?"

Taking her hand in his, he looked at her long and searchingly.

"Imogene!" he exclaimed, "there is something serious weighing upon your heart. What is it? Will you not make me the confident of your troubles? Tell me what has made such a change in you since—since noon, and its dreadful event."

"I have not anything to tell," said she.

"Not anything?" he repeated.

"Not anything."

Dropping her hand, he communed a moment with himself. If there was any possible consequence lay between them he could not doubt. That it had reference to and involved the crime of the morning, he was equally sure. But how was he to make her acknowledge it? How was he to reach her mind and determine its secrets without alarming her dignity or wounding her heart? To press her more urgently was impossible. No; some method must be found, but what way? With all his acumen and knowledge of the world, he could think of but one. He would ask her hand in marriage—aye, at this very moment—and from the tenor of her reply judge of the nature of her thoughts.

If a distinct wrong or even a secret of an unhappy or debasing nature lay between them, he knew that nothing, not even the bitterest necessity or the most headlong passion, would ever drive her into committing the dishonor of marrying him.

Bracing himself, therefore, to meet any result that might follow his attempt, he drew her gently toward him and determinedly addressed her.

"Imogene, I told you at the gate that I had something to say to you. So I have, and though it may not be wholly unexpected to you, yet I doubt if it would have left my lips so-lightly than the usual qualifications if not urged me to offer you my sympathy and protection."

He paused, almost sickened; at that last phrase she had grown so terribly white and breathless. But something in her manner, notwithstanding, seemed to encourage him to proceed.

"Imogene, I love you."

She did not shrink.

"Imogene, I want you for a wife. Will you listen to my prose, and make my home forever happy with your presence?"

Ah, now she showed feeling; now she started and drew back, putting out her hands as if the idea he advanced was insupportable to her. But it was only for a moment. Before he could say to himself that it was all over, that his worst fears had been true, and that nothing but the sense of some impassable gulf between them could have made her recoil from him like this, she had dropped her hands and turned toward him a face upon whose deep inquiry and evident struggle after an understanding of his claims, spoke of a mind clouded by trouble, but not alienated from himself by fear.

"You are kind," she said. "To be your—wife"—she had difficulty in uttering the word, but it came at last—"would be an honorable protection. I appreciate both. But I am in no mood to-night to listen to words of love from any man. Perhaps six months hence——"

But he already had her in his arms. The joy and relief he felt were so great he could not control himself. "Imogene" he murmured, "my life, my case—" And scarcely heeded her when in a burst of subdued agony, she asked to be released, saying that she was ill and tired, and must be allowed to withdraw to her chamber.

But a second appeal woke him from his dream. If his worst fears were without foundation; if her mind was pure of aught that unfitted her to be his wife, there was yet much that was mysterious in her conduct and, consequently, much which he longed to have explained.

"Imogene, I must ask you to remain a moment longer. Hard as it is for me to distress you, there is a question which I feel it necessary to put to you before you go. It is in reference to the fearful crime which took place to-day. Why did you take such an interest in it, and why has it had such an effect upon you that you look like a changed woman to-night?"

Disengaging herself from his arms, she looked at him with the self composure of one driven to bay, and asked:

"Is there anything strange in my being interested in a murder perpetrated on a person whose name I have frequently heard mentioned in this house?"

"No, no; but what led you to her home? It was not a spot for a young lady to be in, and any other woman would have shrunk from so immediate a contact with crime."

"I am not like other women," she declared. "When I hear of anything strange or mysterious I want to understand it. I did not stop to ask what people would think of my conduct."

"But your grief and terror, Imogene! They are real and not to be disguised. Look in the glass over there and you will yourself see what an effect all this has had upon you. If Mrs. Clemmens is a stranger to you; if you know no more of her than you have always led me to suppose, why should you have been so unnaturally impressed by today's tragedy?"

It was a searching question, and her eye fell slightly.

"Still," said she, "because I am not like other women. I cannot forget such horrors in a moment." And she advanced again to the door.

Unconsciously his eye followed the movements and rested somewhat inquiringly upon that hand. It was gloved, but to all appearance was without the ring which he had seen her put on at the widow's house.

"You are wondering about the ring that caused a portion of the scene we are discussing. Mr. Orcutt, I told the gentleman who handed it to me to-day that it was mine. That should be enough for the man who promises sufficient confidence in me to wish to make me his wife. But since your looks confess a curiosity in regard to this diamond, I will say that I was as much astonished as anybody to see it picked up from the floor at my feet. The last time I had seen it was when I dropped it, somewhat recklessly, in into a pocket. How or when it fell out, I cannot say. As for the ring itself," she haughtily added, "young ladies frequently possess articles of whose existence their friends are unacquainted."

Here was an attempt at an explanation. But Mr. Orcutt was certain that the ring was lying on the floor of the room where it was picked up, before Imogene had made her appearance there, and was therefore struck with dismay at this conclusive evidence of her falsehood.

Yet, as he said to himself, she might have some association with the ring, might even have an owner's claim upon it, incredible as this appeared, without being in the possession of such knowledge as definitely connected it with this crime. Ellis was not known to any but the highest officials. He was employed for special purposes. Indeed, he possessed more than the usual qualifications for his calling. In the first place, he possessed much acuteness without betraying it. Of an easy bearing and a polished address, he was a man to please all and alarm none, yet he always knew what he was about and what you were about, too.

In the second place, he liked the business. He found in this pursuit a nice adjustment of cause to effect and effect to cause that at once pleased and satisfied his naturally mathematical mind.

As a rule, Mr. Byrd was not sent out of town. But, on the occasion of Mr. Ferris desiring a man of singular discretion to sift the idea he advanced was imparted to her. But it was only for a moment. Before he could say to himself that it was all over, that his worst fears had been true, and that nothing but the sense of some impassable gulf between them could have made her recoil from him like this, she had dropped her hands and turned toward him a face whose deep inquiry and evident struggle after an understanding of his claims, spoke of a mind clouded by trouble, but not alienated from himself by fear.

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