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POOR DOCUMENT

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Substitutes are sometimes recommended by druggists and storekeepers for the sole purpose of making greater profit.

There is nothing so good as Pears' Soap.

It has stood the test for 100 YEARS.

PROFESSIONAL.

CARD!

WILLIAM PUGSLEY,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
OFFICE:—Pugsley Building. Entrance from Canterbury street.

DR. CANBY HATHEWAY
DENTIST,
158 GERMAIN STREET.

DR. CRAWFORD,
L. R. C. P., London, Eng.
Late Clinical Assistant Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, London, Eng.
OCULIST,
may be consulted only on diseases of
EYE, EAR and THROAT.
62 Coburg St., St. John, N. B.

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DENTIST.
OFFICE,
Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts.,
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PLAIN
—AND—
ORNAMENTAL
PAINTING.

WILKINS & SANDS,
266 UNION ST.,

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

MR. E. LAWTON announces his removal from the "BEN LOMOND HOUSE" to "HAWTHORN HOUSE," where he hopes for the continued patronage of his old Customer. He also can fairly expect many additional patrons, because the present premises are only seven miles from St. John and afford increased facilities for the accommodation of his guests.
Address, E. LAWTON,
HAWTHORN HOUSE,
Loch Lomond Road,
Simonds, N. B

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

NEW NOVEL TO-DAY.
A SHARP LESSON,
By Mrs. E. Lovett Cameron.
PRICE 35c.
Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price by,
J. & A. McMILLAN,
98 and 100 Prince Wm. St.
ST. JOHN N. B.

Another Shipment of **Fine Imported Havana Cigars, including La Rothschilds, Garcias, Pure Gold, El Ambar, Queen, Oscar Y Amanda, Etc. 3 for 25 Cents a specialty,**
—AT—
S. H. HART'S,
69 KING STREET.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets
Meals Served at All Hours.
Dinner a Specialty.
WILLIAM CLARK.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing
THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.
Brockville, Ont.

INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION.
Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER
FOR CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c. A BOTTLE.

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William Mahoney, of Central Norton, in the county of Kings, and Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and Catherine Mahoney, his wife, Christopher Albert Yorke, the representatives of Francis X. Yorke, and all others whom it may concern.
Take notice that there will be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, on Saturday the fifth day of December, A. D. 1891, at twelve o'clock, noon:—

ALL that lot, piece or parcel of land or interest therein conveyed by way of mortgage by one Francis X. Yorke to one Isaac G. Oulton by indenture, bearing date the sixth day of June, A. D. 1876, and therein described as:
"All his right, title and interest in a certain lot "of land and premises, situate in the Town of "Portland, in the City and County of Saint John "and Province of New Brunswick, granted to the "said Francis X. York by deed bearing date the "twenty-eighth day of December, in the year of "our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seven-"ty-four, registered in Book P, number 6 of "Records, pages 95 and 96, dated the twenty-eight-"day of December, A. D. 1874, as by reference to "the said deed, will more fully and at large ap-"pear," together with all buildings and improvements thereon.
The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale, contained in said Indenture of Mortgage, which is recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book Y, number 6 of Records, pages 409 to 412, and which was duly assigned to the undersigned Sarah Elizabeth Hazen, formerly of said City of Saint John, but at present residing in Italy, spinster, by assignment, bearing date the fourth day of August, A. D. 1891, and recorded in the office of said Registrar of Deeds in Book O o 6 Records, pages 48 and 49, default having been made in the payment of moneys secured by said Indenture of Mortgage.
Dated this twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1891.
SARAH ELIZABETH HAZEN.
By G. C. COSTER, her Attorney.

Notice of Sale.

To Martin Tiernan, of Portland, now the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick Dealer in Paint, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, made between Martin Tiernan, of Portland, in the County of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, Junk Dealer, of the one part, and Thomas Harrison, of the same place, Tailor, of the other part, and registered in Book T, No. 4, pages 90, 91, 92 and 93 of Records for the City and County of Saint John, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called) on Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John aforesaid, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of January next at twelve o'clock noon:—
"The Leasehold, the Lease from William Wright to one Duncan Urquhart, who assigned the same to said Martin Tiernan, and the lot of land in the said Lease and Mortgage described as follows, viz: "All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the said parish of Portland, belonging to the said William Wright, and bounded or described as follows: That is to say, beginning at the north-eastern corner of the lots now under lease to George Lanergan, fronting on the lane or passage way commonly called Brook Street, thence southwardly one hundred feet along the eastern line of the said Lanergan lot, thence at right angles along the rear of the lots fronting on the City Road easterly thirty feet, thence northwardly on a course parallel with the first mentioned line one hundred feet to Brook Street aforesaid, and thence westwardly along the line of Brook Street thirty feet to the place of beginning. Together with the buildings thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging, and the term of years in the said lease mentioned."
Dated this thirty-first day of October, A. D., 1891.
MICHAEL A. FINN,
Administrator of
Thomas Harrison's Estate.

Notice of Sale.

To James Tyrick of the City of Saint John in the Province of New Brunswick, Machinist, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, made between James Tyrick, of the city of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, machinist, of the one part, and Thomas Harrison of the same place, tailor, of the other part, registered in book D, No. 6, of records of the City and County of Saint John, pages 502, 503, 504, 505, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's corner, so called, on Prince William street, in the City of Saint John aforesaid, on TUESDAY, the fifth day of January next, at twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:—
"All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said City of Saint John, and bounded and described as follows:—that is to say, to commence at a distance of sixty-five feet two inches from the north east corner of David Fisher's dwelling house, thence that is to say from the said place of beginning westerly by the line of North street aforesaid twenty-seven feet eight inches to a division line or fence separating this lot from a lot of land now or formerly owned by Jeremiah Dove; thence south one degree west fifty-one feet two inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east sixteen feet six inches; thence south one degree west eighteen feet four inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east seven feet seven inches; thence south one degree west five feet four inches; thence south eighty-eight degrees east thirteen feet eight inches; thence one degree east thirty-two feet four inches; thence north eighty-eight degrees west ten feet two inches; thence north one degree east forty-two feet nine inches or to the place of beginning, together with the buildings, erections and improvements thereon being, and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging."
Dated this thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1891.
MICHAEL A. FINN,
Administrator of
Thomas Harrison's estate

Beef, Mutton, Lamb,
Veal, Spring Chicks,
Turkeys, Fowls,
Native Green Peas,
AND ALL GREEN STUFF IN SEASON.

THOMAS DEAN,
13 and 14 City Market.

WM. WEATHERHEAD,
16 and 18 Dorchester St.,
BOARDING, HACK,
—AND—
LIVERY STABLE.
All stock, Carriages, Harness, &c. NEW. Horses first-class; Horses suitable for Ladies' driving. We cater to the best patronage in the city.
TERMS REASONABLE.

A Fair Blockade-Breaker.

By T. C. DE LEON,
Author of "Creole and Puritan," "The Puritan's Daughter," etc.

I DARE DO ALL THAT MAY BECOME A MAN;
WHO DARES DO MORE, IS NONE.—MACBETH.

But its most singular and most romantic aspect was the well-known fact that many women essayed the breaking of the border-blockade. Most of them were successful,—more than one well-nigh invaluable, for the information she brought, sewed in her riding-habit, or coiled in her hair. Nor were these coarse camp-women or reckless adventurers. . . . Others are recalled,—petted belles of Baltimore, Washington, and Virginia summer resorts of yore,—who rode through night and peril alike, to carry tidings of cheer home and bring back information woman may best acquire. New York, Washington, and Baltimore today boast three beautiful and gifted women, high in their social ranks, who could—if they would—recite tales of lonely race and perilous adventure, to raise the hair of the budding beaux about them.—Four years in Rebel Capitals.

SYNOPSIS.

For it was mid winter of 1863 that—clime-imposed rest in the grapple for life, or death, of the blue or gray Granite, still watching in lair, crouch on either side of that world-noted river, the Potomac. Carolyn Clay was one of those woman, developed only "by storm and stress," who could, at needs, rise to heights of heroism, and even do deeds to shame a soldier. She had stood the social campaigns of two seasons, and now was crossing the river, with much needed medicine, between these warring sections, with her companion, Evan Faunleroy, who had cast his lot as a private soldier under the guidon of the "Black Horse." They meet Lieutenant Greene,—D—North Carolina, "You had best be very watchful as you near the ferry." The tramp of hoofs was plainly heard—perhaps five or six, perhaps a score. "Cavalry," the scout whispered. "Probably our scouts." He noted the motion of her hand, testing the chamber of a pistol. Took refuge in the thick forest. The agony was over: the last rider had disappeared. "Thank God! we can make the ferry, now."

[CONTINUED.]

Not one word of reply came to the bustling major's; rigmarole; and, if the girl even heard his words, they conveyed no sense to her. Only did she start from deep revery when the Irish trooper, rising from his knees, said, cherrily,—
"Bedad! but there's a darlin' av a blaze! Bad luck to the broosh, but it's blowed me onto entherly! Kape up yer sperrits, miss! There's th' blankit kiver ye from th' cowld; an' ye'd bether catch a wink av shlape, fur ye'll be called airly, oi'm belavin.' Niver fear, darlin'," he added, lower, "oi'm a fethyer mysel,' an' oi know th' failin's av a dochter! Bad cess to th' major's tongue!"—his voice fell to a whisper,—"he's makin' av it woorse fur ye, whin it's hard enough, shure!—Good-night miss; an' don't fit th' fire go low. Plisant dhrames!"
"Thank you!" the girl answered, with a deep breath, that was less a sigh than a half-awakening. You are very good. Who is the general's guide——"
"Tention, Lynch!" sounded the major's voice from without. "Cease talking with the prisoner! I cannot impress you men with the fact that no soldier should talk, under any circumstances. And you should learn from me that——"
Then the voice died away on the night wind, leaving the snow-muffled tramp of the sentry for sole companion to the girl's thoughts.

CHAPTER IV.

ACCURATION.

The snow-flakes sifted down noiselessly but larger and faster; the tread of the sentry was softened almost into silence; and the fire now crackling merrily on the old hearth, whirled the sparks up the cracked chimney in dizzy dance.
Carolyn Clay sat like a statue, her chin resting on her hand, and her face, now pale, swept by light or shadow, as busy memory sent each from her brain.
For the rencontre in the general's tent had added other and far different thoughts to anxious memory and eager speculation on the outcome of this adventure,—the most dangerous, so far, that all her risky essays as a blockade-breaker had forced upon her.
In all her previous trainps along the Potomac trail—as (in her "hair-breadth escapes" from patrol gun-boats in crossing the well-watched river—Miss Clay had escaped capture. Indeed, had the operetta been written then, she had certainly gained the sobriquet of "The Mascotte," from her good fortune.
But now, added to the danger of suspicion for a spy was the trial of a darling brother, loved beyond expression of words, whose chances in his struggle for life or death would be lessened by her delay.
In the rapidly-forming coals rose pictures of a narrow cot in a hospital ward, a fever-burned boy tossing restlessly upon it, and a stately form, worn by watching and anxiety to semblance of itself, leaning tenderly over him, smoothing the hot pillow, while the agevained hand put the cooling draught to his lips. And the girl's sense could actually hear the words of fervent prayer go up, above the boy's fair hair, anon changed to cheering talk of sister soon to come and bring relief.
Quickly, unconsciously, memory's camera had changed its slide, and in the coals before her the picture was of a gay ball-room of the previous year. It was New-Year night; the roads frozen; and Richmond's best and her fairest were there, her bravest and her tenderest To a dim nook, a stairway half hidden from the throng, came subdued hum of distant voices, softened music of a waltz. She heard the very notes, low, sweet, and tremulous,—and her breathing kept time to the strain,—Lanner's "Romantiker." And to that rhythm there had kept time eager, earnest pleading of a strong, brave voice, tempered by deep-est feeling and resistless truth, as it told anew "the old, old story."
A shiver ran through her lithe form, the shining coils of ruddy hair bent lower on her breast, as Carolyn Clay saw the woman in the coals hesitate—half yield; as she heard her own voice, scarce protesting, give its solemn pledge to remember,—to cherish those words always; to wait until the war was over, but to trust—until the death from her quivering lips; the cheeks that glowed—spite of captivity and peril, spite of watching mother and fevered brain—suddenly sallowed, and the lips, thin-curved by scorn, pressed tightly on each other, and a cruel light of disdainful hate gleamed from the hot gray eyes.
For now memory whispered of that gray, bitter gloaming at head-quarters when the hints of men became certainty. Rumor—coming as the wind comes, whence no man listeth—crept through the camps that he—Peyton Fitzhugh, their pride and boast, though but three months returned from Europe to serve his State—had ridden out of the lines without leave and was heard of no more! Then—worse than news of capture,—of death itself!—that he, flower of Virginian chivalry, had deserted.
Oh, the shame, the hidden horror of it! None dreamed of his plighted love, of her half-plighted troth; but Carolyn Clay came of a line to whom their own disapproval was keenest of all reproach. And her heart hardened itself, even as Pharaoh's of old, against the man who had betrayed her,—worse, himself,—worst of all, his country!
Nor was room left for doubt. Rumors, strange doubts, crept in at first; then came stories of disloyal work, with raiding Federals; and, last, captain Charlton reported that, riding, with a gay party from a farm-house frolic, he himself had seen the traitor by the Federal officer who ambushed them. Charlton had fired, in his flight, and saw the tall deserter reel in his saddle, blood streaming from his brow, at his Kentucky hunter cleared the fence and distanced pursuit. And when this formal report was made at head-quarters, with name and date given, the fair, frank face of General Stuart had grown black as night. Twice he advanced on Charlton, ready to speak. Twice, by supreme effort, he controlled himself, striking his fist upon the table at last, and thundering out,—
"From this hour, let no man dare to breathe the name of Peyton Fitzhugh in my command! Gentlemen, so instruct your troops. Remember, this is not a request, but an order. See that it is obeyed!" . . .
So the grave of oblivion had closed over the memory of him who had been Stuart's chosen soldier, his knight exemplar. For Jeb Stuart's word was law, sealed by the love of his men; and for months Peyton Fitzhugh had been as dead to his old comrades as though his body actually festered in the grave, with the stake of superstition driven through it.
Thus the fair girl sat and thought the night away, its minutes gliding swiftly on, as though her fancies had been sweet; the snow falling without, faster, deeper, more silently; the thud of the sentry's foot-fall less and less distinct. And the fire-flame flickered, grew dull, the brush-branches falling into coals, fast graying into ash. But she never moved, only the changeful flit of feeling over her features telling that she still waked and thought and suffered, even while the fertile brain formed plan after plan for escape, each quick-dismissed as hopeless.
Out in the dim, misty edge of snow-drifts, cut by a clump of trees some dozen yards away from the hut, a shadow lurked. Once—again it moved, dim, noiseless, flitting as a ghost. Then, as the sentry turned away, beating his arms and shifting his carbine to keep down the snow-cramp, the shadow glided forth into the hazy light. Swift, noiseless, direct it sped upon the trooper's track. Nearer it drew,—nearer still; a sudden spring, and an iron arm had circled his throat, a sudden wrench had torn the carbine from his grasp.
Deadly still, but in deadly strain, the two strong men tugged some seconds. Then the shadow's arm relaxed; the trooper—limp, inert, helpless—slip from that death-like grip and sunk motionless upon the snow.
The hinges of the crazy old door creaked ominously, as Carolyn Clay turned her head. An instant later, she stood erect, defiant, as the smouldering brush flashed into flame before the draught.
"How dare you—coward?"
Low, clear, but almost in a hiss, came the words from the pale woman.
"Hush!" the man answered, in voice so hollow she scarce recalled it. "Betray yourself by any noise, and we both are lost. I come——"
"Peyton Fitzhugh! leave me this instant, or I call the guard!" She drew up to her full height, pointing to the door with arm-sweep of a queen. "Your very presence would be insult to any Virginian woman; to me it is disgrace!"
"Listen!" the man answered, in hoarse whisper. Think what you will, but, for God's sake, hear me. I have just left the general. He is angered, vengeful. He knows all,—your real name, your attachment to Stuart, your mission to the river——"
"And you told him!—the scorn in her voice was infinite.—"You!"
"I come to save you," he answered, rapidly, the great effort to be calm only betrayed by heaving chest, and nails that dug into his clinched hands. "Villify, despise me as you must in thought, but waste no time in words. You remember that night? Women like you forget no more than men like me. Then I swore to serve you to the death.—Stop! I know what you would say; the gulf between us,—the shame,—the horror!—Oh, God! Carolyn, do not stop for that! Your life—your honor—my worthless life not counted—all rest on one single instant now! Come; you are free!"
Something in the strong, low-spoken words, a will hers could not combat, forced the girl to listen, even while she shuddered and shook her head. Then, as the man eagerly, pleadingly, held out his hand, she drew back, her old self once more.
"Keep back!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "You are lying to me!—lying for your revenge! He who could betray his country would not scruple to betray a helpless woman."
A shadow of agony unspeakable swept the man's face, and his lips opened as if to speak. But a mighty effort closed them again; and he answered only with pleading gesture to the door.
"Leave me!" the woman said low, but imperiously. "Go! or I call the guard!"
"Bitter, hard as you are," the man answered, calmly, but with laboring breast, "your pride will ruin all. Miss Clay, by every memory of the past,—by the grave of my dead mother,—I swear I speak the truth. In the copse yonder stands my horse. The sentry is——powerless. As hour's ride brings you to roads you know; sunrise sees you safe with Confederate cavalry. By my soul, I swear I speak only truth."
"And did I trust you——"
"Yes, I know," he interruped, eagerly, almost happily. "If you do, it is not that you hate—despise me less, but that you must use every vile means for—the cause! Will you come?"
Again he extended his hand, entreating. Again the woman drew back, with a shudder.
"Oh, God! Dare I trust this man?" burst from her lips in half-sob.
"You can!" he whispered, eagerly. "You can trust me as you could Evan, for your own sake,—for your cause,—for little Fairfax!"
"You know?" She stared at him.
"Yes, I know." He hesitated an instant, adding, almost fiercely, "It is the spy's business—the traitor's—to know all. Poor little 'Fairfax!'"—again his voice softened to infinite tenderness,—"he will die—you will murder him—unless you use these means to save. An hour's ride, and you are free, safe among friends."
With something like a sob, he finished raising his hand to push the damp hair back from his forehead. The embers flickered into blaze again, throwing full light upon his face, and the woman—hesitant till then—again drew back, shuddering.
"An omen!" she cried. "That scar—Cain's branded upon your forehead—warns me not to trust the traitor!"
He stared at her wondering.
"Hypocrite!" she answered to the look, "I too know all,—the swift Confederate brand upon you,—Captain Charlton's bullet marked——"
"Charlton!"
A great amaze made his face blank one instant. Then the name passed his lips, low, vengeful as a curse. His breast rose and fell, as he dashed his hat to his head, striding one step towards her.
"Obstinate, relentless!" he said, rapidly, in hollow voice. "Will you prove selfish as well? Carolyn Clay, I have said what man dare say. Did I say one word more,—did I convince you,—then I should despise myself as you despise me! I have solemnly sworn to save you, at risk of—of all that is left to me,—at risk of losing what a girl like you could never dream! A moment more, the relief comes, and all is lost; for I swear I will not leave this hut alone! No: do not answer: there is no time. If your own honor is risked,—if your mother's heart is broken,—if little Fairfax dies for want of remedies his prideful sister might have won him,—then I call God to witness that the sin is on your head!"
The woman's bosom rose and fell; words rushing to her lips died upon them; she heard her own heart beating thunderous in her throat.
"Come! For the sake of all dear to you,—cause, mother, brother,—come!" the man pleaded. "Vile, despicable as I am in your eyes, let me atone in part, by saving you—and Fairfax."
The sob so close to Carolyn Clay's lips burst through them. A great joy gleamed in the deep eyes of the traitor Virginian; and again—with obsecration piteous in its meekness—he held out his hand.
With bowed head, but quick gesture of dissent, the woman withdrew her own, half extended to take it; but she pointed to the door, without a word.
Into the blinding drifts of snow, whirling and eddying now in the colder wind, passed those two, he carefully closing the door, to hide all gleam from within. A few paces through the soft white carpet, then the woman drew back shivering, with what had been a cry, but for his warning hand upon her arm.
"My God! You killed——"
"S-sh! No! Carolyn, are you a child?" Fitzhugh whispered. "One sound, and they are upon us. Be a woman! Remember—Fairfax!"
Again on swiftly and noiselessly, to the skirt of woods, into its heart, through crisp, snow-clad underbrush, out into the open, a hundred yards beyond. There stood a noble horse saddled but untethered, a cavalry blanket wound about the pommel to form a lady's seat.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANOTHER
Bankrupt stock to be added to the Grand cheap cash sale now going on at WATERBURB & RISING'S,
212 UNION STREET.

Having purchased all the winter stock contained in the
20th CENTURY STORE
—INCLUDING—
MEN'S
Long Boots,
Overshoes,
Rubbers,
Skating Boots
and a general assortment of Heavy Foot Wear. We offer the entire lot with the balance of the Boston Shoe Store's stock, and the large purchase recently made in Quebec, at cash prices actually one third lower than the same goods can usually be purchased elsewhere.

REMEMBER
212 UNION STREET.
WATERBURY & RISING.

NAPOLEON'S SISTER PAULINE.

The Bad but Beautiful Princess Whose Statue by Canova Is Famous.

The most famous, though not the most precious, work of art in the Borghese collection is the Canova statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese. She was the second daughter of Charles and Letitia Bonaparte, therefore a sister to Napoleon I., and it was apropos of this statue, if I mistake not, that a famous anecdote got into circulation. Some of the ladies of the imperial court were discussing the subject, when one of them, braver than the rest, ventured to ask the Princess Pauline, who was then in Paris, how could she possibly have posed naked for it. "Why, the studio was kept very warm," was her reply. Whether the anecdote is a true one or not does not matter much; but certainly the bewitching Pauline posed for the Canova statue in a state of nudity. It represents her as Venus Victrix, holding in her hand the golden apple as the prize of victory. When I went to look at it I found her caressingly reposing on a bed, ensconced in drapery, ostensibly as a cover of her nakedness, and yet so arranged as to expose her symmetrical form in all its beauty.
Pauline was the loveliest of Napoleon's sisters and the least virtuous. With the hot blood of the South running through her veins she ripened to maturity long before she was out of her teens and attracted numerous admirers. Mme. Ducrest, writing of her, says she was the loveliest woman I ever beheld; there was not the slightest imperfection in her delicious face, to which was joined an elegant figure and the most seductive grace. She was an incomparable beauty, but she had little or no instruction, no conversational powers and her manners were exceedingly dissolute." It seems only too probable that there was truth in the terrible assusations laid to the charge of this lovely but profligate woman, but fortunately she had redeeming qualities. With all her frailties she was not a mischief-maker; she might put out her tongue to her sister-in-law behind her back and cry because Josephine had finer jewels than she had, but she never tortured her like her brother and sisters did, and never allowed her to be swayed by political motives to do a bad act.
In 1797, when Napoleon was at the chateau of Montebello, already playing the sovereign, he sent Joseph to Marmont with the proposal that he should marry Pauline. Marmont declined, and the offer which he refused was accepted by Gen. Leclerc, a brilliant young officer of no great station, who may have been ignorant of Pauline's licentiousness though that with the actor Lafont, of the Theatre Francaise, had made noise enough. Gen. Leclerc died in St. Domingo of yellow fever, and Pauline returned to Paris. Having little confidence in her and anxious that she should conduct herself decently at all events during the time she would have to pass in mourning, Napoleon confided her to the care of his brother Joseph and his worthy wife, but she soon became as profligate as she was before her marriage, in spite of the threats and remonstrances of Napoleon. Then came the chance to marry Prince Borghese, the liaison between them having become so public that a wedding was necessary. The wedding caused quite a flutter among the old families of the Faubourg St. Germain, who felt themselves suddenly brought into contact with the Bonapartes. Strange to say, no official notifications were made of this marriage. The ceremony was celebrated without any pomp at Joseph's country residence of Mortfontaine, in the absence of Napoleon who was at the camp of Boulogne.
It was the statue of this Princess that Canova esteemed as one of his best works, and if I refer to it today it is because it came very near being thrown on the market a few days ago, something that was only prevented by the Italian Government. Fancy a prince of one of the most patrician families that Rome has ever known finding himself hard up, but that is what ails the Borghese. He owes $5,000,000 and wants to sell his celebrated gallery of pictures and statuary, but as the Government of Italy opposed his doing so, family relatives have managed to raise 13,000,000 francs or so with which he may "stand off" a few of those who are pushing him too closely.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

An actor in London used to play Bill Sikes with a patent hammer. When he whacked Nancy in the forehead this hammer left a blood splash on it. It has been cruelly suggested that the man who is playing Bill to Grace Hawthorne's Nancy uses an ax, and uses it real hard.

"Give me Lessive Phenix," says the housewife. And if the grocer should say: "Mrs. Shrewd, we're out of that now, but wouldn't an ordinary washing soda do?" That lady would promptly reply:—"No, it will not do. I suffered enough with burnt and puckered hands and yellow clothes while I used the old chemicals. I know what Lessive Phenix is; I have tested it both upon clothes and silverware, and about everything in the house; and it is just marvellous. No old common powders for me any more. I save in time, labor and soap with Lessive Phenix, and then I have lovely white clothes."

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterwards? If not we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so tones the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and assimilated.

Etiquette at a Wedding.

Where any question exists as to which side of the church the families of the participants in a wedding should occupy, the custom is for the bridegroom's family and friends to sit to the right of the aisle, while those of the bride sit on the left, says the New York World. The bridegroom does not pay for anything connected with the wedding, unless he should choose to send bouquets to the bridemaids, and, of course to the bride, and presents and boutonniers to his best man and the ushers.
A widow removes her first wedding ring at her second marriage, and does not assume it again. The engagement ring is taken from the third finger of the left hand and worn afterward as a guard to the wedding ring. It is not considered good taste to cut the finger out of the glove for assuming the ring.
No matter how beautiful may be the orange blossoms on your wedding gown, they can never be worn but once. Usually the modiste arranges clusters of roses to take the place of the blossoms, and the roses are put on as soon as the wedding dress is taken off. All these seem little things, but they have their absolute significance, and a bright woman does not wish to show to the world at large her ignorance of their symbolism.

G. H, Raymond, M. D. L. R. C. P. Lndon, Eng. says of Malto Peptonized Porter:—"I find it an excellent tonic for persons suffering from dyspepsia or sluggish liver and I consider it would be an invaluable preparation for women nursing or for consumptives, as it must be a flesh producing agent of high order."
Can be obtained of all druggists.

The house of James I. Breen, Long Island, Kings Co. with all its contents was destroyed by fire last Thursday night. No insurance.

D. C. Allan, M.D., Jefferson Med. Coll., Amherst, N. S., himself a confirmed dyspeptic writes of Malto Peptonized Porter. "In proper doses remains on my stomach without distressing me, and so far fills that which I have vainly looked for. I should like physicians, in the interest of such wretched persons as I am from a starving disease, to know the good qualities of your preparation. Can be obtained of all druggists.

A conspiracy was discovered to defraud David H. Parmeter of Medford N. S. ont of his share of his father's estate by his brother who alleging that he was insane, have kept him for some years in confinement. They will be prosecuted.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

A man named Fox is said to have been confined 11 years in jail at Kentville without a commitment. The case will be investigated.

G. F. Johnson, M. D. University of N. Y., of Sussex, N. B. says of Malto Peptonized Porter:—"An important feature in its merit is that it can be taken by those who cannot take porter in its plain state on account of its causing indigestion. Can be obtained of all druggists.

At the London aquarium one of the principal feats just now is the hypnotizing of a horse. A performer also catches a dog that is fired out of a cannon. The dog endures this without having his bark peeled off.

THE MALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER is recommended by hundreds of medical men, as being the most powerful in the market for invalids, consumptives and dyspeptics. See testimonials from medical men and be convinced. Ask your druggist for it.

Kate Reignolds (Mrs. Winslow) has been reading in Boston for the benefit of the Women's Suffrage Association.

G. H. DeWolfe, M. B. C. M., & M. B. M. D., Edinburgh, himself a dyspeptic, says: "I cannot but admit that I have found Malto Peptonized Porter of the very greatest benefit in my case, (atonic dyspepsia). Of course I am now well but it has done me more good than anything yet." Can be obtained of all druggists.

A large quartz vein carrying copper of excellent quality has lately been uncovered in the parish of Alma, Albert county. Active measures for its development will probably be undertaken at an early date.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around as seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for Tee we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The complimentary tickets issued by Herrmann, the magician, are printed on black cards, with a skull in the centre, the figure 13 on the skull and the words "Dead Head" printed across the face.

J. Cove, M.D. University of Penn, Springhill Mines, says of Malto Peptonized Porter: "I find it a most valuable preparation in cases where the stomach is irritable, and could not retain any food." Can be obtained of all druggists.

Yarmouth is to have a unique entertainment on 19th by the Euterpean Orchestra, composed entirely of young ladies of Milton, who will be assisted by Mrs. T. B. Flint, Mrs. Masters, Misses Moody, Pelton and others. A tambourine march by the ladies of the orchestra will be a feature, and even the ushers are to be of the fair sex.

Dr. William's Pink Pills bring joy and health to all who use them. For all the ills that afflict the female system they are a specific, enriching the blood, building up the nerves, and converting pale and sallow complexions into the rosy glow of health. Try them. Sold by all dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50c. per box, or 5 boxes for $2—by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lydia Thompson's tour in the legitimate began last Monday in Baltimore. She is to play "A Clerical Error," "Written in Sand," "A Bed of Roses," and "Hamlet Up to Date."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Rose Coghlan, J. T. Sullivan, Marguerite Fealy, Augustus Heye, and a few others, have been losing diamonds. Surprising, how careless actors are with their diamonds.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without.
Cape Island. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
That string on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

Charming people, these exceptional people! Here's a medcine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for instance, and it's cured hundreds, thousands that're known, thousands that're unknown, and yet yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit of human nature which you call "I" is different from the other parcels of human nature? "But you don't know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the causes are the same—impure blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-nine out of every hundred. You may be the exception. And you may not. But would you rather be the exception, or would you rather be well? If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get your money back—but suppose it cures you.
Let the "Golden Medical Discovery" take the risk.

The Old Man's Drunk Again.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3.—After a total abstinence of 20 weeks, J. L. Sullivan has commenced drinking again, and last night appeared at the Bush street theatre under the influence of liquor. Much disappointment is felt by sporting men here at Sullivan's relapse into his old habits, as it was hoped that he would keep himself in good condition until next fall, when, as has been announced, he will again enter the prize ring for the last time.

Free to Ladies.

Every lady reader of this paper sending at ONCE her address on a postal card will receive a FREE copy of THE LADIES (Pictorial) NEWSPAPER, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Competition. Over $5,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prizes of value for each locality. THE LADIES NEWSPAPER is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a GOOD prize by a little work. NO CHEAP PRESENTS will be given. It costs you nothing for full information and a sample copy, if you send AT ONCE. Address: THE LADIES NEWSPAPER CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train Service from St. John.
IN EFFECT NOV. 29TH, 1891.
Time—Eastern Standard.

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†6.00 a. m.—ACCOMMDATION for Fred