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Beef, Mutton, Lamb,
Veal, Spring Chicks,
Turkeys, Fowls,
Native Green Peas,
And all Green Stuff in Season.

THOMAS DEAN,
13 and 14 City Market.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary have been granted to us, the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of George Morrison, junior, deceased.

All persons having claims against the said estate will please file the same, duly attested and all persons indebted to the said estate will please pay the same forthwith, to Mr. D. A. Morrison, at the office on the South Wharf in the City of Saint John, who is authorized to receive the same.

MARGARET M. MORRISON,
JOHN H. BUTT,
JAS. A. BELYEA.
Sept. 6, 1891. Executors.
BARKER & BELYEA Solicitors.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

Capital $10,000,000.

70 Prince Wm. street,

D. R. JACK, - - Agent.

CITY OF ST. JOHN N. B.
TAXES, 1891.
Five Per Cent. Reduction.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

IS HERBBY given that a deduction of FIVE PER CENTUM will be allowed on all Taxes assessed in the present year under the Saint John City Assessment Law of 1889, and paid in at the office of the Receiver of Taxes, City Hall, Prince William street, on or before

Thursday, First Day of October next

By resolution of the Common Council.

FRED' SANDALL,
Chamberlain and Receiver of Taxes.
St. John, N. B., 15th September, 1891.

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.

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.

I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.

A. J. STONER, M. D., DECATUR, ILL.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.

Mf'd only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

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INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION.

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FOR CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS And All BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c. A BOTTLE.

COAL.

COAL.

Now landing ex sch. Lyra: **155 Tons Best PLYMOUTH NUT COAL.**

FOR SALE LOW. TELEPHONE No. 369.

R. P. McGIVERN,
No. 9. North Wharf.

Now landing ex Schr. "Sierra,"

HONEYBROOK LEHIGH COAL.
Broken, Stove and Chestnut Sizes.
FOR SALE LOW. TELEPHONE 250.

R. B. HUMPHREY,
Sept 28, '91. 29 SMYTHE STREET.

RESERVE.

To arrive per bark "Harry Bailey" and sch "L. P." 1300 tons above superior house coal. The large sales of this coal prove that the housekeepers of this city realize how good, clear and cheap a coal it really is. It makes a quick, clean and lasting fire; makes no soot and is entirely free from slack and shale. For one week we are filling orders for it ex yard, screened at vessel price.

MORRISON & LAWLOR,
COR. UNION AND SMYTHE STS.

SPRINGHILL COAL LANDING.
PRICE VERY LOW.

TO ARRIVE—Old Mine Sydney, Victoria Sydney and all sizes Hard Coal, for which we are taking orders at the present lowest market prices.

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HOTEL STANLEY,
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One minute's walk from Steamboat landing Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

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Masons and Builders.
Mason Work in all its Branches.
Slating and Cement Work a specialty
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JOBBING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.
Order Slate at A. G. Bowes & Co., 21 Canterbury Street.
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CITY OF SAINT JOHN
Treasury Department.

CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,
19 September, 1891.

NOTICE is hereby given that under Resolution of the Common Council my Order Book will be Closed for Payment of Accounts from the 25th September to 4th October inclusive.

FRED. SANDALL,
Chamberlain of the City of St. John.

Boston Brown Bread
Every Saturday.
Families Supplied with
CAKE AND PASTRY
of every description.
Fresh every day.

J. O. MILLER,
74 Charlotte street.

How Mr. Hutchison Forgave His Clerk.

Chatham World.

Mr. Millet Salter tells a story which shows how tender a heart the late Hon. Richard Hutchison hid behind a stern countenance. It was a year of great scarcity of breadstuffs, when many comparatively well-off people found it difficult to get flour or meal. There was a short stock in the hands of the merchants, and no way to get more until navigation should open. Flour was $20 a barrel, and cornmeal $10, and it could not be got even at those prices. Mr. Hutchison had to supply his logging teams, and had very little or any to sell. On going to church one Scotch Friday he ordered his clerks not to allow any flour or meal to go out during his absence. A countryman arrived soon afterward with a load of shingles, and wanted a barrel of cornmeal in payment. Mr. Salter told him it was impossible to give him meal or flour, and that he would have to take something else. The man assented, and when the things had been put up the clerk found him in tears. What's the matter? asked young Salter, 'I left my family without a bite of bread in the house,' said the farmer, 'they will not have a bite while I am gone unless the neighbors take it to them, and now I am going home emptyhanded.' This was too much for the lad. Rushing into the counting-room he said to the bookkeeper, Mr. Boyd, 'How much have I to my credit?' 'Ten dollars,' 'Can I have a barrel of cornmeal for it?' 'Yes, replied Mr. Boyd, 'you can have the meal.' Mr Salter got it, gave it to the farmer and sent him away rejoicing. On reflection Mr. Boyd began to think that orders had been actually, if not technically, violated, and he had the entry against Salter on the blotter made 'Cash $10,' so as to avoid any questioning. But this precaution was useless, for Mr. Hutchison met the man with the barrel and saw his own mark on it. 'Which of you has violated my order about breadstuffs?' he asked sternly. Every man pleaded innocent. Then the blotter was examined. No entry of it there! 'Perhaps Salter knows something about it,' some one said, and Salter was sent for and confessed. 'You have not only disobeyed my order, but you have given out the meal without entering it on the books,' thundered the angry employer. Salter ran and got the book, to show the entry, when Mr. Boyd appeared on the scene, explained that Salter had asked for the meal for himself, and it had been entered by his direction as cash paid to the clerk. 'Boy,' said Mr. Hutchison to the trembling clerk, 'your heart is bigger than your head. Mr. Boyd, charge this to my private account.' And he ran his pen through the $10 entry.

Queer world! Queer people! Here are men and women by thousands suffering from all sorts of diseases, bearing all manners of pain, spending their all on physicians and "getting no better, but rather worse," when right at hand there's a remedy which says it can help them because it has helped thousands like them. "Another patent-medicine advertisement," you say. Yes—but none of the ordinary sort. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it's different from the ordinary nostrums in this:—

It does what it claims to do or it costs you nothing!

The way is this: You pay your druggist $1'00 for a bottle. You read the directions, and you follow them. You get better or you don't. If you do, you buy another bottle, and perhaps another. If you don't get better, you get your money back. And the queer thing is that so many people are willing to be sick when the remedy's so near at hand.

The Pugwash & P. E. Island Steamboat Co's steamer Mayflower arrived at Pugwash this morning from Pictou where she has been thoroughly refitted and newly furnished throughout with every convenience for the comfort and accommodation of travellers. This boat is licensed to carry three hundred passengers, and will commence her daily trips this first day of Oct., between Pugwash and Charlottetown. Single fare for the round trip, during exhibition week at Charlottetown.—Amherst Press.

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 $6,000.00 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.

An Acadia mine correspondent writes the Amherst Press:—Jonah Esau—one of our veteran miners—has lately discovered a new deposit of ore, which promises to be a very valuable one. It is just a short distance from the furnace and if it proves as good as those, who have examined it, predict, it will be a great thing for the Iron Co. Experienced miners are of the opinion that these mountains which surround us are filled with ore.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us 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 75c 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.

LADY PATTY.

A SKETCH.

By THE DUCHESS,
Author of "MOLLY BAWN," "PHYLLIS," ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

"I only want you to wind up this wool Toby," pointing to the unrepentant lapdog who is lying in ambush under an ottoman, full of deadly intent, "pulled it all to bits a few minutes ago. !Ha naughty little wretch! I found you out."

Here she makes a dab at the dog, who is delighted with this unexpected chance of a skirmish and darts hither and thither through and behind the legs of chairs and lounges, his bark almost a laugh.

"Its no use," says Helen, emerging from under a lounge, flushed and mirthful. "Here, sit down, Tom, and help me to untangle my knots. It will take time I warn you so that if you have an engagement anywhere——"

"I hope it will take a year, "says Tom, gravely. He seats himself, and, holding ont his hands, accepts the tangled skein. it is a terrible, hopeless skein, as he is glad to see.

"Poor Tom!" says his cousin, laughing. "It is a shame to condemn you to such uncongenial work, but I must have some one."

"Any one would do, of course" says he, rather ruefully.

"Yes, any one; but then of course, too I'd rather have you than one of my maids. But I'm afraid you hate it," says she, glancing up at him whilst endeavoring to untwist the wool. "How do you feel, eh? Insulted? Something like Herclules when——"

"Not if you feel like Omphale," says he, readily. He is looking at her, hoping for even the vaguest blush, but she only laughs.

"Oh! how ready!" says she." How few would have had an answer so pat! well, there, I shan't keep you long. Tnat little tormentor hasn't done as much harm as I fancied."

"Dont hurry on my account," says Tom, grimly.

Nothing more is said for a minute or two, while she devotes herself to the establishment of order in the demoralized wool. Then,—

"Do you know Miss Chester, Tom?" asks she.

"Very well indeed. Plain girl, you mean,—with big eyes, and as good a smile as I know! Oh yes; I've met her often. Her father has one of his numerous places in our part of the world."

"I've seen her," says Helen. "She and the wool seem to grow entangled together at this juncture, because she becomes distinctly confused. "She isn't pretty," says she, at last.

"She's not a beauty, certainly, if you mean that," says Tom. "But somehow I shouldn't call her ugly: when one's mind is lovely I dare say it paints up the features a bit. At all events, Miss Chester is not repulsive. To me she is even good-looking."

"Her nose——" falters Helen, nervously. It is perheps the unkindest speech she has ever made in her life.

"It is massive beyond doubt," says Cholmondeley, "but a diminutive nasal organ might be more contemptible still." 'Give me a man with a nose,' cried the Duke of Wellington. I suppose he was afraid to say give me a woman,' because nowadays the world is so censorious it might have misunderstood him."

"She isn't generally admired, however, is she?" asks Helen, upon whom the innuendo is thrown away.

"No! the contemplative few alone bow to her charms,—Lord Vysely being the chief worshipper. I say! if you go on pulling so hard as that, you'll only make the knot worse."

"Lord Vysely?" says she in a low tone.

"Yes: she suits him, don't you know? Both he and she go in for bringing gold out of mud. It is a sort of crusade.—a modern religious warfare with the devil (nothing to do with the Salvation Army, I assure you,) of which Lord Vysely is commander-in-chief,—a sort of Peter the Hermit, you know. They are searching for nuggets in the slums, and for the two or three gold pieces they find yearly tons of hopeless dross are flung into their path."

"Still, it is noble," says the girl. "To rescue even one would be worth the trouble of a lifetime; and to work like that day after day, with only disappointment and ingratitude to encounter! Oh, he—she"—hurriedly—" must be a splendid character."

He has taken no notice of her small involuntary slips.

"She's a very good girl," says Cholmondeley, indifferently. "And as rich as Crœsus. It is rather unfair that a girl with all that money should have been fallen in love with by a rich man. Things in this world are unequally arranged. Now I should have been the one to fall in love with her, instead of ——" He checks himself abruptly, and only just in time.

"Instead of what?"

"Instead of Vysely," returns he, entirely changing his sentence.

"That is true, then?" says Helen, looking at him.

"What? Vysely's engagement to Miss Chester? Oh, I don't know. They say so. It is not publicly announced, anyway. I dare say there is an understanding. They are a good deal together. It will be a rise in the social scale for her; and as for him, if it is true, I suppose he knows what he is about."

"I am quite sure," says Helen, slowly, "that if he is going to marry her he loves her."

"You seem to have studied him a good deal," says Cholomdeley, with a keen gaze at her.

"I like him," replies she, simply. "I do not think he is a man to pretend anything."

"And of course there is no need for pretence here. Miss Chester's money could not tempt him. He has enough and to spare of his own. Yet, after all, I can't fancy his being in love with her. That, probably," with a smile, "is because I have not studied him."

"To marry for money is to do a base thing," says the girl, dreamily.

"Yet many good people have done it, and have not been a whit the less respected because of it. However, your sentiment is a noble one. You would not marry for money?" says he, directing rather a cynical glance at her.

"I think not; I hope not," says the girl, gently. She sighs quickly, heavily. Her face, it seems to him, has paled a little. And is that an appealing look she has cast at him? It is too brief for analysis; yet he remembers it later on.

She looks singularly young and helpless, yet underneath all it seems to him that there is a strength lying that hardly accords with the youthful tenderness of her face and form.

"You see a good deal of Sir Rufus Greyly," says he, suddeuly, abruptly almost unconsciously. At all events, the words are out before he has time to weigh them. Of course he has heard through his mother of Sir Rufus's pretensions to his cousin's hand, and is well aware how advantageous in a worldly sense such an alliance would be for her. But, then, marry this lovely child to such a brute!

Somehow that swift sad glance of hers has made his heart beat. And yet that he should come to the rescue is absurd. He, the moneyless man! It takes him all his time to keep ahead of his debts, and indeed of late they are fast outrunning him. He has not yet permitted himself to dwell on the forlorn idea that he has fallen in love with his cousin, but at odd moments direful doubts have caught him. What is plain to him, however, is that even were he in love with her his only part would be to stand by and see her wed another. There would be no hope for him,—no smallest chance. He could not speak, it would be too dishonorable; to look on and wish her luck, and endure various bad half-hours in silence, would be his fate in such a case. But to be silent over such a sacrifice as the giving of her to Sir Rufus,—that would be difficult.

"He and mamma are great friends," says Helen, slowly.

"Are they? Then Lady Patty is to be congratulated."

"Mamma! Sir Rufus, you mean."

"No, indeed: your mother,—on her tremendous perspicacity. I believe she is the one person extant who has ever discovered grounds for friendship in him."

"That is very severe," says Helen, gravely,

"Are you advocating his cause?" asks he, almost warmly. "Are you taking his part?"

"I am taking no one's part. But surely it is not right so wholly condemn any human creature."

"Oh! as to human——" Tom is beginning, when suddenly the door is thrown open, and a servant ushers in "Lord Veysely, and Sir Rufus Greyly!"

CHAPTER VI.

Hast thou found any likeness for thy vision?
What of despair, of rapture, of derision,
What of life is there, what of ill, or good?

"Talk of the devil!" says Tom in a low voice. Helen has risen.

"I'm afraid I'm horribly early," begins Sir Rufus, in his feminine high-pitched voice that always grates upon one. "But the fact is, happening to be passing by, could not resist the temptation to come in and see you."

"Tom, ring the bell. Mamma will like to see Sir Rufus," says Helen, very gently and prettily. She is now shaking hands with Lord Vysely, who is drawing some tickets from a pocket-book.

"Your mother expressed a wish to attend this concert," says he, giving her the tickets. "I was fortunate enough to be able to get some tickets. Pray give them to her, with my kind regards. It is too early to hope to see her, I suppose?"

He does not seem enthusiastic over this last suggestion; and, as it is now one o'clock, it might reasonably be supposed that even the feeblest of mortals might manage to be en evidence. As for the concert, it was Helen who had expressed a wish to go to it, not her mother. However, Lord Vysely seems to have thought otherwise.

"How kind of you!" says Helen. Her tone is graver than usual. "I must thank you for mamma Though perhaps she will be down soon.—Did you ring the bell, Tom?"

"Yes," says Cholmondeley. He is feeling interested. How came these two opposites together? Had they met on the hall-door step? It is a singular combination, to say the least of it,—Peter the Hermit and Monsieur le Diable! What has brought these two fellows at this unearthly hour? Sir Rufus to make love, no doubt,—this with a curl of his lips,—but Vysely? One of his quixotic movements, of course,—a hope of redeeming Lady Patty by compelling her to go to an oratorio!

"Tell Lady Patricia that Lord Vysely is here," says Helen, as the servant opens the door. She does not mention Sir Rufus's name, at which Cholmondeley grins secretly. He is glad Helen hates him, as assuredly she does in her own girlish dignified way. He determines on helping her to render Greyly's impromptu morning call a burden to him. He devotes himself upon the spot to Greyly. He grows almost affectionate towards that stout person. Better let the girl talk to a gentleman, even though he be a modern Don Quixote and quite impracticable, than to such a one as this prematurely bald baronet.

Perhaps the fact that the "modern Quixote" is reported to be an engaged man has something to do with it.

At all events, Tom's vivacity and amiability and general bonhomie are so played upon Greyly that the latter begins to regard him as quite a friend, and inwardly resolves to take him into his confidence and implore him to use his influence in the matter of reducing Helen to reason (that is, to an appreciation of his personal charms and his estates) on the earliest opportunity.

Meantime, Helen and Vysely are discussing the night's programme.

"Mamma is going," says Helen a propos of a ball somewhere in Kensington, given by some distinguished artist. "Are you?"

"I've accepted, but I'am afraid I shan't be able to go," says he, hesitating. "You are going?"

"Well, mamma may wish it."

"Does that mean that you don't?"

"No; no indeed" coloring, faintly, swiftly. She had been wishing to go only two minutes ago. "They tell me it will be a charming ball,—that the house is beautiful beyond description."

"So it is; I have been there; so beautiful that I wish I could go there to-night." He grows suddenly thoughtful. To the girl it seems that he is simply regretting the fact that it is out of his power to be present at the ball: she cannot possibly know that he is pondering earnestly the question whether it would not be practicable to put in an appearance there after all.

Lady Patty, entering at this juncture, puts both their thoughts to flight.

She receives Vysely and Sir Rufus with almost an equal amount of effusive delight. Perhaps if there is a shade of empressement in one greeting more than in the other, it is given to Sir Rufus. He is unattached, and a declared suitor for Helen's hand; the other, though a marquis, is already provided for, or at least so society says, and society is always right.

Helen quickly—a little too hurriedly, in fact—presents to her the tickets Vysely had brought.

"Oh! how sweet of you!" cries Lady Patty, directing a gaze from her pretty eyes, through heavily blackened brows and lashes, at Lord Vysely. "How quite too good! So thoughtful!"—she gives a capital to the last word,—"and for a charity, too!—Helen, dearest, you must go too."

"I should like it." says Helen, gently.

"Ah, yes! Helen is all soul," says Lady Patty. She regularly revels in good deeds. Just like me. To do good to any one, that is the main point, eh, dear Lord Vysely? Well, and are we to meet you anywhere? Perhaps,—of course,—I know how it is with young men in the season, and with you especially," with an arch glance meant for a declaration of her knowledge of how it is between him and Miss Chester, that somehow seems to fall flat,—"you have found an engagement elsewhere."

"No, I shall be delighted to escort you and Miss Gifford," replies Vysely, gravely,—so gravely, indeed, that Lady Patty grows uncomfortable. Good heavens! will she have to go, after all? It is for a charity, this concert, and, though a fashionable affair enough, lacks a thing or two that would bring it up to her mark. Of course a great many of the nobility will patronize it; but as for the Royalties? They have given their names; but as for their attending——! It is so hard to move even the minor princes and princesses, and when they give their names they think they have done all that is required of them. It is so cheap. you know, and still so satisfactory,—really quite an honor.

Lady Patty, who has a delicious engagement for the very evening of the concert, grows thoughtful; the flow of conversation that her tongue usually supplies slackens. Supposing she can't go why can't Helen? Caroline might chaperon her. And even if the worst comes to the worst, it won't be half so bad to have a marquis dancing attendance on her. It will drive those Chesters wild. She grows quite cheerful presently, in spite of that precious engagement. She determines to leave the concert an open question so far, and now addresses herself to Sir Rufus with a beaming smile.

"Dear Sir Rufus! To see you so early!" she says. "Quite a pleasure! Your charming gifts we are accustomed to,—aren't we, Helen?—those lovely flowers that Helen values so highly, and always looks forward to,—but your actual presence——"

"It is a treat, isn't it?" says Tom Cholmondely, in a perfectly clear voice.

"Yes, yes, indeed.—Oh, must you go, Lord Vysely? I shall wish I hadn't come down: I seem to be driving you away. A thousand thanks for those tickets: anything to help a good work!—What! you going too, Sir Rufus? You won't stay to lunch, then? So sorry! Goodby. Remember me to your dear mother, and tell her if she would like a ticket for this concert of Lord Vysely's—"

"I should like to go, mamma," interrupts Helen, softly. Lord Vysely is well out of the room by this time, of course.

"Well, darling, and so you can; but there is my own ticket, and—"

"Thanks, thanks awfully, my mother never goes out." says Sir. Rufus. He bids a hasty adieu to Lady Patty, squeezes Helen's unresponsive hand, and is soon heard running down the stairs.

"Dearest child, I knew his mother never went anywhere. It was just a little compliment, you know,—a delicate attention," says Lady Patty, genially.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ESCORTED GIRL.

She is an Interesting Creature and You Like Her Ways.

These are the days when the escorted girls are prevalent. You can tell her at a glance. The girl whose brothers are accustomed to take her about has an air of good fellowship about her which is unmistakable. She is as much at home when being taken for a ride in an open street car by said brothers, or when accepting or sharing a theater treat, as if she were a boy or the brothers were girl friends. But the escorted girl is a study which is most amusing. She is of many kinds, but the general air of being escorted is alike in all varieties. You meet her in the street. There is a self consciousness about her which attracts your attention at once to the fact that she is accompanied by a young man, for there is nothing which holds its italicizing so long as this. You see her in the open cars bound for a ride and bearing all over herself the imprint of having been invited. You watch her at the play. It is almost as interesting as the play itself—especially if the play is an old one. And nowhere do you see more of her than at church, especially at the vespers. All women do not, of course, belong to that class. The escorted girl has the conscious air of having just discovered that she is desirable, but not having yet learned for a certainty that she is worth while. She has the consciousness of suspecting that man is her natural prey, but of not being certain that she will get the chance to devour him. She feels her power, but does not quite know how to use it. She tries it, but with a slightly timid manner. She has not yet gained confidence. There is usually an open attempt to please in her manner which draws marked attention to her. It is while she is in this state that she gives away more of her real nature than she ever does later. And it was while she is in this frame ef mind that she comes under the head of the sort of girl I had been noting lately, and for lack of a better classification have dubbed the "escorted girl." There are women, I find, who never get beyond this stage. They are girls of suggestive possibilities who never realize all that they promise, for some indefinable reason. They never grow sure of their rights, never wear them with authority. This class of women is not uncommon. I recollect them in my youth. One often made great efforts to be made acquainted with them and I never go any further. They are often prettier than less active girls, but lacking reality they are only inspiring to the imagination. Femininity is hard to classify, however, and there is as much difference of opinion about it as about religion.

Nature provides a remedy for all ills, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is nature's remedy for the ills peculiar to the female system. Suppressions, weakness, nervousness and all diseases resulting from impoverished blood, speedily yield to their treatment. Sold by dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

And She Went.

Miss Prudence—My dear, I don't think it is right for you to go out alone so much with Mr. DeFlirt.

May wise—I am sure I must be right, for if I don't go I shall be left.

A Romance.

He asked the maid to be his wife.
Her head lay on his breast;
She lisped a "yes," her lips puckered up.
And he—he did the rest.

Always Desirable.

Mrs. Closefist—I hear checks are to be in great demand by the modistes this fall.

Mr. Closefist—I never knew the time when they weren't.

HAVE YOU READ

this description of rheumatism and neuralgia? "Put your hand in a vise, turn the vise until you can't bear another turn, and that's rheumatism; give it another turn that's neuralgia." And still you'll suffer these tortures when for 25 cents you can buy a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and be relieved.

There may be corners in wheat, but this won't disturb the serenity of the young man who with his best girl, sits in the twilight-glow of the parlor and imagines he has a corner in sugar.

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. Watters, West End.

The man who is too mean to subscribe for a paper, but pounces upon a neighbor's copy before he has had a chance to read it, should go to Germany now that the embargo has been raised.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

"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."

Frank.

Jack Starvely (to Scotch pawnbroker)—You seem to be fond of whistling, "Comin' Through the Rye."

Mr. Parritch—Yes; that's the way most of my money comes!

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.

The Judge—What's the charge against this man? The policeman—Impersonating an officer, sor. He wer thryin' to help a lady across Broadway at me own corner, yer Anner!—Puck.

The record of cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla can never be completely written. The peculiar curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are successful when everything else has failed. If your blood is impure, your digestion out of order, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Visitor—Are you acquainted with scribbler, who writes poetry? Editor—I should say I knew him. I had to buy a new waste basket last week on his account.—Texas Siftings.

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.

The rocking chair always puts its best leg foremost when there is a possible chance for you to trip over it.

We are often deceived in the age of people having beautiful and luxuriant hair, not knowing that they use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep gray hairs away.

"Did they have postmasters in the middle ages?" "No; every man attended to his own mail in those days."

Croup oftens finds a household unprepared for its visit, while the rapidity with which it develops calls for instant treatment. For this dangerous disease Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is an admirable remedy. It saves many lives each year. Keep it in the house.

Foreman Vigilance Committee—Where's the editor? we want him. Office Boy—If you please, sir, he hung himself in the barn last night. Foreman Vigilance Committee—Confound him! He always had a way of gettin' ahead of folks; and just to think—we've walked twelve miles to lynch him!

It is education that makes all the difference between the men who dig in the ditch and the man who bosses the job. It is the superior qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla that give it its acknowledged pre-eminence over all other blood-purifiers.

"How long has he been preaching?" asked the stranger, as he came in during the sermon and took a seat in the back pew. "Thirty or forty years, I think," replied the old member, "but I don't know exactly." "I'll stay then. He must be nearly done."

The Juice of the pure fruit from carefully cultivated lime trees. That is what the great English drink is—Montserrat. Health in it. Solace in it. These dog days. Recuperative power in it. A pleasure to drink, and then it does you good.

Pork. Sausages, Lamb AND Beef

JOHN HOPKINS,
186 UNION STREET.
TELEPHONE 133.

Books.

New Issues every week. Catalogue 96 pages free. Not sold by the dealers; prices too low. Buy of the Publisher.

JOHN B. ALDEN,
393 Pearl Street, New York

STEAMERS.

PICKFORD & BLACK'S West India Steamers.
(CARRYING THE CANADIAN MAILS.)

ST. John, N. B. to Demerara

—CALLING AT—

Halifax, Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Kitt's, Antigua, Montserrat, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, and Trinidad.

—AND RETURNING TO—

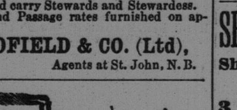
St. John via same Ports, except Halifax.

STEAMERS.	TONS.	Leave St. John.	Leave Demerara.
DUART CASTLE,	1,180,	July 6.	Aug. 1
TAYMOUTH CASTLE,	1,172,	July 23.	Aug. 22
DUART CASTLE,	1,180,	Aug. 20.	Sept. 18
TAYMOUTH CASTLE,	1,172,	Sept. 17.	Oct. 16
DUART CASTLE,	1,180,	Oct. 10.	Nov. 9
TAYMOUTH CASTLE,	1,172,	Nov. 3.	Dec. 2
DUART CASTLE,	1,180,	Nov. 27	Dec. 26
TAYMOUTH CASTLE,	1,172,	Dec. 22	Jan. 20

(And regularly thereafter.)

These Steamers are of the highest class (100 A 1) at Lloyds; have superior accomodations for Passengers and carry Stewards and Stewardess. Freight and Passage rates furnished on application.

SCHOFIELD & CO. (Ltd),
Agents at St. John, N. B.



On the Rhine of America.
STAR LINE
FOR FREDERICTON, &c

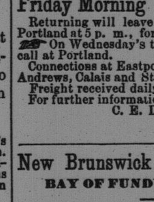
A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, North end every morning, Sunday excepted, for the Celestial City at 9 a. m. Returning will leave Fredericton at 8 a. m. Fare $1.00.

Steamers of this line connect with Stmr. Florenceville and Railways for up-river counties. Return tickets to return same day or by Saturday night steamer. Oak Point, 40 cts.; Hampstead, 50 cts.

On the romantic blue Bellisle Bay, Stmr. Springfield will leave St. John, N. end, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m., calling at all way landings, returning on alternate days.

G. F. BAIRD, St. John. J. E. PORTER, Indiantown.

International Steamship Co.,
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
THREE TRIPS A WEEK
FOR BOSTON.



Commencing September 16th, the steamers of this company will leave St John for Eastport, Portland, Boston, —EVERY— Monday, Wednesday and Friday Morning at 7.25, standard.

Returning will leave Boston at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday's trip the steamers will not call at Portland.

Connections at Eastport with STEAMER for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

For further information apply to

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent. Reed's Point Wharf.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia
BAY OF FUNDY S. S. Co. (L'td.)

CITY OF MONTICELLO.
CAPT. ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

THIS Steamer will on and after the 12th SEPTEMBER, and until the 15th NOVEMBER, sail from the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John at 7.30 a m. (local time), on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Returning will sail from Annapolis, upon arrival of the Halifax Express, due at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, calling at Digby each way.

Travellers to Halifax will please take notice that by this route they can reach that city inside of ten hours, have a greater variety of beautiful scenery, the pleasure of a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy, and choice meals served at reasonable rates on board the steamer.

Staterooms at reduced rates.

HOWARD D. TROOP, President, St. John, N. B.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamship "CITY OF COLUMBIA"
—LEAVES—
SAINT JOHN FOR NEW YORK
via Eastport, Me., and Yarmouth, N. S.
Every FRIDAY at 2 p. m.
(LOCAL TIME.)

Return Steamer will leave NEW YORK, from Pier 40, East River, every TUESDAY at 5 p. m. for Yarmouth, N. S.; Eastport, Me. and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through Bills of Lading.

Holders of tickets entitled to stateroom, berth and meals.

H. H. WARNER, President.
N. L. NEWCOMB, Gen. Manager, 63 Broadway, New York.
J. H. SHERMAN, Agent, St. John, N. B.
Telephone call No. 540.

MRS. J. CONNOLLEY,
85 Union Street, Oddfellows Building.
NEW AUTUMN MILLINERY
in all the latest designs, both Trimmed and Untrimmed.
Orders for Millinery in all its branches will be attended to with care and despatch.

ST. JOHN OYSTER HOUSE,
NO. 5 KING SQUARE.

OYSTERS. OYSTERS.

RECEIVED TO-DAY:
10 Bbls XXX P. E. I. Oysters of delicious flavor.
25 Bbls North Shore " very large These are the first shipment of the season.
Will be in a position to fill all orders. Oysters from the Island by every boat.
40 Doz. McKee's Beer, Fredericton.
Goods delivered to any part of City. Telephone 16.

C. H. JACKSON.

PIANOS — ORGANS

MENDELSSOHN & EVANS BROS.'
PIANOS,
UNSURPASSED IN
Tone, Touch and Durability.
A large Stock to select from.
PRICES LOW.
GOOD BARGAINS FOR CASH.
A. T. BUSTIN,
38 Dock Street.

ONIONS. ONIONS.
—TO ARRIVE—
One Car Superior Yellow Onions.
FOR SALE CHEAP FROM CAR.
Sept. 30, '91 **J. S. TURNER.**

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train Service from St. John.

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 4TH, 1891.

Time:—Eastern Standard.

LEAVE UNION STATION.

6.25 a. m—FLYING YANKEE for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and all points North; Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West.

PULLMAN BUFFET PARLOR CAR, ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

7 15 a. m—ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc

4.40 p. m—EXPRESS for Fredericton and all intermediate points.

*8.30 p. m—NIGHT EXPRESS for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West; †St. Stephen, †Houlton, †Woodstock and points North.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR, ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

‡10.40 p. m—SHORT LINE EXPRESS for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, the West, North-West and Pacific Coast.

Solid trains, including Canadian Pacific Unrivalled Sleeping Cars, run between Halifax, St. John and Montreal without change.

RETURNING, TRAINS LEAVE

Fredericton 6.15, 10.30 a. m., 3.20 p. m.; St. Stephen 7.45, 10.30 a. m., 9.50 p. m.; Woodstock 6.15, 11.40 a. m., 8.30 p. m.; Houlton 6.30, 11.35 a. m., 8.30 p. m.; Vanceboro *1.05, 10.25 a. m.; McAdam Junction *1.35, 10.50 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

Arriving in St. John at *5 35, 9.00 a. m., 1.30, 7.30 p. m.

*Runs Daily, Sundays included. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY,

Shortest, Quickest and Cheapest Route to St. Stephen;

3 HOURS, 15 MINUTES.
NEW PASSENGER CARS

No Charge for Commercial Travellers' excess Baggage

Saturday Trains—One fare, good to Return Monday.

The Road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the Bridges replaced by new ones.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Sept. 7th
TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

ACCOMMODATION (per ferry)	7.14 a. m.
EXPRESS (per ferry)	4.24 p. m.

LEAVE ST. STEPHEN.

EXPRESS	7.45 a. m.
ACCOMMODATION	1.30 p. m.

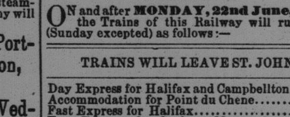
ARRIVE ST. JOHN.

EXPRESS	11 a. m.
ACCOMMODATION	6.15 p. m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Office, No. 3 Pugsley Building. Telephone No. 18. Ticket Agents—Geo. Philps, 97 Prince Wm. street, St. John; J. T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, St. Stephen.

F. J. McPEAKE, Supt.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1891 Summer Arrangements, 1891

ON and after MONDAY, 22nd June, 1891, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.00
Fast Express for Halifax	14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	16.35
Night Express for Halifax	22.30

A Parlor Car runs each way on express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton. Sleeping cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.10
Fast Express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
Day Express from Halifax	18.30
Fast Express from Halifax	22.30

The train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 17th June, 1891.

PEOPLES POPULAR ONE WAY PARTIES

—TO THE—

PACIFIC COAST

—IN—

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleeping Cars, leave Montreal from Dalhousie Square Station at 8 40 p. m.,

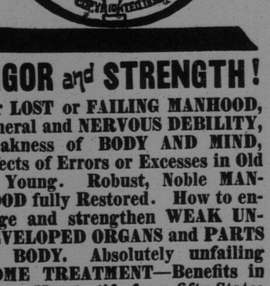
Sept. 30th, Oct. 14th, 28th,
Nov. 11th, 25th,
Dec. 9th and 23rd, 1891.

For further particulars enquire of Canadian Pacific Ry. Ticket Agents.

D. McNICHOL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Montreal.
C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't. Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN DYE WORKS
IS THE PLACE TO GET
Ladies' and Gents' Wear Cleaned or Dyed and Pressed.
C. E. BRACKETT, - 86 Princess St.

BE A MAN!



VIGOR and STRENGTH!

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of BODY AND MIND, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK UNDEVELOPED ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from fifty States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) FREE. Address

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