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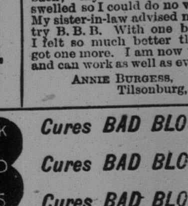

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HAND AND RING

By A. K. GREEN.

Continued.

Amazed, almost frightened, for she had never heard him breathe a word of scepticism before—though, to be sure, he had never mentioned the name of the Deity in her presence—she stood looking at him like one who had received a blow; then she said:

"I believe in God. It is my punishment that I do. It is He who wills blood for blood; who dooms the guilty to a merited death. Oh, if he only would accept the sacrifice I so willingly offer!—take the life I so little value, and give me in return——"

"Mansell's?" completed the lawyer, turning upon her in a burst of fury he no longer had power to suppress. "Is that your cry—always and forever your cry? You drive me too far, Imogene. This mad and senseless passion for a man who no longer loves you——"

"Spare me!" rose from her trembling lips. "Let me forget that."

But the great lawyer only laughed.

"You make it worth my while to save you the bitterness of such a remembrance," he cried. Then, as she remained silent, he changed his tone to one of careless inquiry, and asked:

"Was it to tell this story of the prisoner having fled from his aunt's house that you came here to-night?"

Recalled to the purpose of the hour, she answered, hurriedly:

"Not entirely; that story was what Mr. Ferris expected me to testify to in court this morning. You see for yourself in what a position it would have put the prisoner."

"And the revelation you have received?" the lawyer coldly urged.

"Was of a deception that has been practised upon me—a base deception by which I was led to think long ago that Craik Mansell had admitted his guilt and only trusted to the excellence of his defence to escape punishment."

"I do not understand, said Mr. Orcutt. "Who could have practised such deception upon you?"

"The detectives," she murmured; "that rough, heartless fellow they call Hickory." And, in a burst of indignation, she told how she had been practised upon, and what the results had been upon her belief, if not upon the testimony which grew out of that belief.

The lawyer listened with a strange apathy. What would once have aroused his fiercest indignation and fired him to an exertion of his keenest powers, fell on him now like the tedious repetition of an old and wornout tale. He scarcely looked up when she was done; and despair—the first perhaps, she had every really felt—began to close in around her as she saw how deep a gulf she had dug between this man and herself by the inconsiderate act which had robbed him of all hope of ever making her his wife. Moved by this feeling, she suddenly asked:

"Have you lost all interest in your client, Mr. Orcutt? Have you no wish or hope remaining of seeing him acquitted of this crime?"

"My client," responded the lawyer, with bitter emphasis, "has taken his case into his own hands. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt anything further in his favor."

"Mr. Orcutt!"

"Ah!" he scornfully laughed, with a quick yielding to his passion as startling as it was unexpected, "you thought you could play with me as you would; use my skill and ignore the love that prompted it. You are a clever woman, Imogene, but you went too far when you considered my forbearance unlimited."

"And you forsake Craik Mansell in the hour of his extremity?"

"Craik Mansell has forsaken me."

This was true; for her sake her lover had thrown his defence to the winds and rendered the assistance of his counsel unavailable. Seeing her droop her head abashed, Mr. Orcutt dryly proceeded:

"I do not know what may take place in court to-morrow," said he. "It is difficult to determine what will be the outcome of so complicated a case. The District Attorney, in consideration of the deception which has been practiced upon you, may refuse to prosecute any further; or, if the case goes on and the jury is called upon for a verdict, they may or may not be moved by its peculiar aspects to acquit a man of such generous dispositions. If they are, I shall do nothing to hinder an acquittal; but ask for no more active measures on my part. I cannot plead for the lover of woman who has disgraced me."

This decision, from one she had trusted so implicitly, seemed to crush her.

"Ah," she murmured, "if you did not believe him guilty you would not leave him thus to his fate."

He gave her a short, side-long glance, half-mocking, half-pitiful.

"If," she pursued, "you had felt even a passing gleam of doubt, such as came to me when I discovered that he had never really admitted his guilt, you would let no mere mistake on the part of a woman turn you from your duty as counsellor for a man on trial for his life."

His glance lost its pity and became wholly mocking.

"And do you cherish but passing gleams?" he sarcastically asked.

She started back.

"I laugh at the inconsistency of women," he cried. "You have sacrificed everything, even risked your life for a man you really believe guilty of crime; yet if another man similarly stained asked you for your compassion only, you would fly from him as from a pestilence."

But no words he could utter of this sort were able to raise any emotion in her now.

"Mr. Orcutt," she demanded, "do you believe Craik Mansell innocent?"

His old mocking smile came back.

"Have I conducted this case as if I believed him guilty?" he asked.

"No, no; but you are his lawyer; you are bound not to let your real thoughts appear. But in your secret heart you did not, could not, believe he was free from a crime to which he is linked by so many criminating circumstances?"

But his strange smile remaining unchanged, she seemed to waken to a sudden doubt, and leaping impetuously to his side, laid her hand on his arm and exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, if you have ever cherished one hope of his innocence, no matter how faint or small, tell me of it, even if this last disclosure has convinced you of its folly!"

Giving her an icy look, he drew his arm slowly from her grasp and replied:

"Mr. Mansell has never been considered guilty by me."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Not even now?"

"Not even now."

It seemed as if she could not believe his words.

"And yet you know all there is against him; all that I do now!"

"I know he visited his aunt's house at or after the time she was murdered, but that is no proof that he killed her, Miss Dare."

"No," she admitted with slow conviction, "no. But why did he fly in that wild way when he left it? Why did he go straight to Buffalo and not wait to give me the interview he promised?"

"Shall I tell you?" Mr. Orcutt inquired, with a dangerous sneer on his lips. "Do you wish to know why this man—the man you have so loved—the man for whom you would die this moment, has conducted himself with such marked discretion?"

"Yes," came like a breath from between Imogene's parted lips.

"Well," said the lawyer, dropping his words with cruel clearness, "Mr. Mansell has a great faith in woman. He has such faith in you, Imogene Dare, he thinks you are all you declare yourself to be; that in the hour you stood up before the court and called yourself a murderer, you spoke but the truth; that——" He stopped; even his scornful aplomb would not allow him to go on in the face of the look she wore.

"Say—say those words again!" she gasped. "Let me hear them once more. He thinks what?"

"That you are what you proclaimed yourself to be this day, the actual assailant and murderer of Mrs. Clemmens. He has thought so all along, Miss Dare, why, I do not know. Whether he saw anything or heard anything in that house from which you saw him fly so abruptly, or whether he relied solely upon the testimony of the ring, which you must remember he never acknowledged having received back from you, I only know that from the minute he heard of his aunt's death his suspicions flew to you, and that, in spite of such suggestions as I felt it judicious to make, they have never suffered shock or been turned from their course from that day to this. Such honor," concluded Mr. Orcutt, with dry sarcasm, "does the man you love show to the woman who has sacrificed for his sake all that the world holds dear."

"I—I cannot believe it. You are mocking me," came inarticulately from her lips, while she drew back, step by step, till half the room lay between them.

"Mocking you?" Miss Dare, he has shown his feelings so palpably, I have often trembled lest the whole court should see and understand them."

"You have trembled"—she could scarcely speak, the rush of her emotion was so great—"you have trembled lest the whole court should see he suspected me of this crime?"

"Yes."

"Then," she cried, "you must have been convinced,—Ah!" she hurriedly interposed, with a sudden look of distrust, "you are not amusing yourself with me, are you, Mr. Orcutt? So many traps have been laid for me from time to time, I dare not trust the truth of my best friend. Swear you believe Craik Mansell to have thought this of me! Swear you have seen this dark thing lying in his soul, or I——"

"What?"

"Will confront him myself with the question, if I have to tear down the walls of the prison to reach him. His mind I must and will know."

"Very well, then, you do. I have told you," declared Mr. Orcutt. "Swearing would not make it any more true."

Lifting her face to heaven, she suddenly fell on her knees.

"O God!" she murmured, "help me to bear this great joy!"

"Joy!"

The icy tone, the fierce surprise it expressed, started her at once to her feet.

"Yes," she murmured, "joy! Don't you see that if he thinks me guilty, he must be innocent? I am willing to perish and fall from the ranks of good men and honorable women to be sure of a fact like this!"

"Imogene, Imogene, would you drive me mad?"

She did not seem to hear.

"Craik, are you guiltless, then?" she was saying. Is the past all a dream! Are we two nothing but victims of dread and awful circumstances? Oh, we will see; life is not ended yet! And with a burst of hope that seemed to transfiure her into another woman, she turned toward the lawyer with the cry: "If he is innocent, he can be saved. Nothing that has been done by him or me can hurt him if this be so. God who watches over this crime has His eye on the guilty one. Though his sin be hidden under a mountain of deceit, it will yet come forth. Guilt like his cannot remain hidden."

"You did not think this when you faced the court this morning with perjury on your lips," came in slow, ironical tones from her companion.

"Heaven sometimes accepts a sacrifice," she returned. "But who will sacrifice himself for a man who could let the trial of one he knew to be innocent go on unhindered?"

"Who, indeed!" came in almost stifled tones from the lawyer's lips.

"If a stranger and not Craik Mansell slew Mrs. Clemmens," she went on, "and nothing but an incomprehensible train of coincidences unites him and me to this act of violence, then may God remember the words of the widow, and in His almighty power call down such a doom——"

She ended with a gasp. Mr. Orcutt, with a sudden movement, had laid his hand upon her lips.

"Hush!" he said, "let no curses issue from your mouth. The guilty can perish without that."

Releasing herself from him in alarm, she drew back, her eyes slowly dilating as she noted the dead whiteness that had settled over his face, and taken even the hue of life from his nervously trembling lip.

"Mr. Orcutt," she whispered, with a solemnity which made them heedless that the lamp which had been burning lower and lower in its socket was giving out its last fitful rays, "if Craik Mansell did not kill the Widow Clemmens, who then did?"

Her question—or was it her look and tone?—seemed to transfix Mr. Orcutt. But it was only for a moment. Turning with a slight gesture to the table at his side, he fumbled with his papers, still oblivious of the flaring lamp, saying slowly:

"I have always supposed Gouverneur Hildreth to be the true author of this crime."

"Gouverneur Hildreth?"

Mr. Orcutt bowed.

"I do not agree with you," she returned, moving slowly toward the window. "I am no reader of human hearts, as all my past history shows, but something—is it the voice of God in my breast?—tells me that Gouverneur Hildreth is as innocent as Craik Mansell, and that the true murderer of Mrs. Clemmens——" Her words ended in a shriek. The light, which for so long a time had been flickering to its end, had given one startling flare in which the face of the man before her had flashed on her view in a ghastly flame that seemed to separate it from all surrounding objects, then as suddenly gone out, leaving the room in total darkness.

In the silence that followed, a quick sound as of rushing feet was heard, then the window was pushed up and the night air came moaning in. Imogene had fled.

Horace Byrd had not followed Hickory in his rush toward the house. He had preferred to await results under the great tree which, standing just inside the gate, cast its mysterious and far-reaching shadow widely over the wintry lawn. He was, therefore, alone during most of the interview which Miss Dare held with Mr. Orcutt in the library, and, being alone, felt himself a prey to his sensations and the weirdness of the situation in which he found himself.

Though no longer a victim to the passion with which Miss Dare had at first inspired him, he was by no means without feeling for this grand if somewhat misguided woman, and his emotions, as he stood there awaiting the issue of her last desperate attempt to aid the prisoner, were strong enough to make any solitude welcome, though this solitude for some reason held an influence which was anything but enlivening, if it was not actually depressing, to one of his ready sensibilities.

The tree under which he had taken his stand was, as I have intimated, an old one. It had stood there from time immemorial, and was, as I have heard it since said, at once the pride of Mr. Orcutt's heart and the chief ornament of his grounds. Though devoid of foliage at the time, its vast and symmetrical canopy of interlacing branches had caught Mr. Byrd's attention from the first moment of his entrance beneath it, and preoccupied as he was, he could not prevent his thoughts from reverting now and then with a curious sensation of awe to the immensity of those great limbs which branched above him. His imagination was so powerfully affected at last, he had a notion of leaving the spot and seeking a nearer look-out in the belt of evergreens that hid the crouching form of Hickory; but a spell seemed to emanate from the huge trunk against which he leaned that restrained him when he sought to go, and noticing almost at the same moment that the path which Miss Dare would have to take in her departure ran directly under this tree, he yielded to the apathy of the moment and remained where he was.

Soon after he was visited by Hickory.

"I can see nothing and hear nothing," was that individual's hurried salutation. "She and Mr. Orcutt are evidently still in the library, but I cannot get a clue to what is going on. I shall keep my watch, however, for I want to catch a glimpse of her face as she steps from the window." And he was off again before Byrd could reply.

But the next instant he was back, panting and breathless.

"The light is out in the library," he cried; "we shall see her no more to-night."

But scarcely had the words left his lips when a faint sound was heard from the region of the piazza, and looking up the path, they saw the form of Miss Dare coming hurriedly toward them.

To slip around into the deepest shadow cast by the tree was but the work of a moment. Meantime, the moon shone brightly on the walk down which she was speeding, and as, in the agitation of her departure, she had forgotten to draw down her veil, they succeeded in obtaining a view of her face. It was pale, and wore an expression of fear, while her feet hasted as though she were only filled with thoughts of escape.

Seeing this, the two detectives held their breaths, preparing to follow her as soon as she had passed the tree. But she did not pass the tree. Just as she got within reach of its shadow, a commanning voice was heard calling upon her to stop, and Mr. Orcutt came hurrying, in his turn, down the path.

"I cannot let you go thus," he said, pausing beside her on the walk directly under the tree. "If you command me to save Craik Mansell I must do it. What you wish must be done, Imogene."

"My wishes should not be needed to lead you to do your duty by the man you believe to be innocent of the charge for which he is being tried," was her earnest and strangely cold reply.

"Perhaps not," he muttered, bitterly; "but—ah, Imogene," he suddenly broke forth, in a way to startle these two detectives, who, however suspicious they had been of his passion, had never before had the opportunity of seeing him under its control, "what have you made of me with your bewildering graces and indomitable soul? Before I knew of you, life was a round of honorable duties and serene pleasures. I lived in my profession, and found my greatest delight in its exercise. But now——"

"What now?" she asked.

"I seem"—he said, and the hard, cold selfishness that underlay all his actions, however generous they may have been in appearance, was apparent in his words and and tones,—"I seem to forget everything, even my standing and fame as a lawyer, in the one fear that, although lost to me, you will yet live to give yourself to another."

"If you fear that I will ever be so weak as to give myself to Craik Mansell," was her steady reply, "you have only to recall the promise I made you when you undertook his case."

"Yes," said he, "but that was when you yourself believed him guilty."

"I know," she returned; "but if he were not good enough for me then, I am not good enough for him now. Do you forget that I am blotted with a stain that can never be effaced? When I stood up in court today and denounced myself as guilty of crime, I signed away all my chances of future happiness."

There was a pause; Mr. Orcutt seemed to be thinking. From the position occupied by the two detectives his shadow could be seen oscillating to and fro on the lawn, then, amid the hush of night—a deathly hush—undisturbed, as Mr. Byrd afterward remarked, by so much as the cracking of a twig, his voice rose quiet, yet vaguely sinister, in the words:

"You have conquered. If any man suffers for this crime it shall not be Craik Mansell, but——"

The sentence was never finished. Before the words could leave his mouth, a sudden strange and splitting sound was heard above their heads, then a terrifying rush took place, and a great limb lay upon the walk where but a moment before the beautiful form of Imogene Dare lifted itself by the side of the eminent lawyer.

When a full sense of the terrible nature of the calamity which had just occurred swept across the minds of the benumbed detectives, Mr. Byrd, recalling the words and attitude of Imogene in the face of a similar, if less fatal, catastrophe at the hut, exclaimed under his breath:

"It is the vengeance of heaven? Imogene Dare must have been more guilty than we believed."

But when, after a superhuman exertion of strength, and the assistance of many hands, the limb was at length raised, it was found that, although both had been prostrated by its weight, only one remained stretched and senseless upon the ground, and that was not Imogene Dare, but the great lawyer, Mr. Orcutt.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Mary E. Clarke, formerly of Bridgetown, N. S., died at Dover, N. H., last evening of heart disease.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A man employed in the railway shops at Moncton killed a bear about half a mile out of the city last Saturday evening.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

Cornwallis Valley Railway Co., of N. S. are setting out rows of apple trees throughout the whole length of the road.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

A soldier in Halifax had one of his jaws broken in two places last Saturday night by the kicks of a gang of assailants.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cankermouth.

About a hundred more men, principally from Memramcook, have gone to work on the Ship Railway.

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, dizziness, loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

GARDENIA.

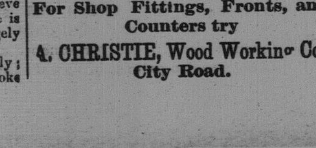
400 BBLS of the above superior oil in stock. Buyers should insist upon getting "GARDENIA." It is very much superior to any burning oil imported and is sold by a local house whose profits arising from its sale are not carried regularly out of the country and spent in the United States. We cry for reciprocity on a large scale, let our people practise it on a small scale first. We have lots of advocates of the reciprocity system; but if you follow the practices of those loudest in their professions of local intercourse you will find room for improvement. We live on each other, and if we persist in buying our goods of houses who carry the money out of the country we will so impoverish ourselves that we will have no money left to spend. Buy "Gardenia" oil, being the only brand of oil sold whose benefits are local.

J. D. SHATFORD, 27 and 29 Water St.

Removal Notice. A. MURPHY has removed his stock of Toys, Books, and Stationary —TO— No. 38 SYDNEY STREET, two doors from the Corner of Leinster Street. A. MURPHY, 38 Sydney street.

Tenders for Coal. FERRY SERVICE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's Office until WEDNESDAY, the 11th day of June next at 12 o'clock, noon, from persons willing to supply from 1,000 to 1,500 Tons Best all Round Screened Soft Coal, for Ferry Steamers, to be delivered in such quantities and at such places as may be required by the Superintendent, between the present time and the 1st day of June next. Persons will please state the name of the mine the Coal is from. Not bound to accept the lowest or any tender. Dated 30th day of May, 1890. JAS. O. STACKHOUSE, Chairman Ferry Committee.



Penitentiary Supplies.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Supplies," will be received at the office of the Warden of the Dorchester Penitentiary, till WEDNESDAY, 11th June, 1890, at five o'clock, p. m., from parties desirous of contracting for supplying that institution for one year from the first day of July, 1890, with the articles comprised in the following classes:

Class 1, Dry Goods.
" 2, Flour.
" 3, Groceries and Coal Oil.
" 4, Butchers' Meat.
" 5, Leather and Findings.

Not less than one of the foregoing classes in its entirety shall form the subject of a tender; but several classes may be included in one tender.

Samples of articles comprised in the first and third classes to be submitted with tender.

The signatures of at least two responsible parties, willing to become sureties in the event of the tender being accepted, are required to subscribe to it before it be accepted.

Any tender not in the prescribed form will be rejected.

All information respecting the details of the above supplies, together with blank forms of tenders and copies of specifications and conditions, and also samples, will be furnished on application to the undersigned.

The printed forms of specification will require to be filled up in detail, both extensions being carried out and additions completed.

JOHN B. FOSTER, Warden.

Dorchester Penitentiary, 20th May, 1890.

SHOP FRONTS. For Shop Fittings, Fronts, and Counters try A. CHRISTIE, Wood Working Co., City Road.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO. LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES. Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS! GREAT MARK DOWN SALE. $8000.00 WORTH Of READY-MADE CLOTHING at less than cost. For the next four weeks we will sell Ready-Made Clothing at less than cost Prices. CALL EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS. Immense Stock of GENTS' FURNISHINGS, Lowest Prices in the City. Our Stock of goods for CUSTOM WORK is strictly first-class, and we guarantee a perfect fit. City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte St, T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

CHEAP EDITIONS —OF— Little Lord Fauntleroy —BY— FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT PRICE 25 CENTS.

LOOKING BACKWARD, By Edward Bellamy. Price 20c. Just Received.

J. & A. McMILLAN, Saint John, N. B.

PROVINCIAL DEBENTURES.

SEALED TENDERS, marked "TENDERS FOR DEBENTURES," for the purchase of the whole or a part of New Brunswick Provincial Debentures, AMOUNTING TO $148,500, to be issued on the 3rd day of JULY next, payable in forty years from date thereof, in denominations of $500 each, and bearing interest at the rate of 3½ per cent., payable half-yearly at the Office of the Receiver General, will be received at the Office of the Receiver General, Fredericton, N. B., up to the 20TH DAY OF JUNE NEXT, at 12 o'clock, noon. The above Debentures are issued under Act of Assembly 53rd Victoria, Chapter 18 for the redemption of out-standing five per cent Debentures.

JAMES MITCHELL. Prov. Sec'y and Receiver General's Office, Fredericton, 14th May, 1890.

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.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market. Cumberland N. S. Beef, Mutton, Veal, Fresh Pork, Ham, Turkeys, Bacon, Chickens, Lard, and Green Stuff. Manufacturers of DEAN'S SAUSAGES. (Established 1857.) Season from Sept. to May.

WILKINS & SANDS, House and Ornamental PAINTERS. Painting done in all its Branches. ORDERS SOLICITED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PAINT SHOP, 266 UNION ST., (Head of Brussels St), St. John, N. B. TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

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

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES ALL UNDISCOVERED TO THIS EYE, AYE MORE. One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY! Tenders for Steel Rails.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside, "Tender for Steel Rails," will be received until SATURDAY, June 7th 1890, from persons willing to purchase the whole or any part of a lot of one hundred tons of used but serviceable steel rails, weighing 56 pounds to the yard; and also the necessary fishplates.

The rails and fishplates will be delivered free of freight charges on cars at any station of the Intercolonial Railway. Tender to state the place and time that delivery will be required and the price per ton of 2240 pounds.

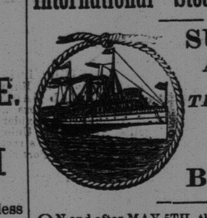
Payment is to be made in cash on delivery.

The department will not be bound to accept the highest or any tender.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Offices, Moncton, N. B., May 31st, 1890.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co., SUMMER Arrangement. THREE TRIPS A WEEK. FOR BOSTON.

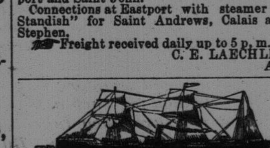


ON and after MAY 5TH, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, morning at 7.25 Standard. Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5 p. m. for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.



WEST INDIES.

THE CANADIAN WEST INDIAN and SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP CO. (L'td), has placed the S. S. LOANDA, (Clyde built), 1478 tons gross register on the route from St. John to Demerara, touching at Yarmouth, Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Guadaloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Trinidad.

The LOANDA has elegant accommodation for forty first-class passengers and 30 second do., with an experienced staff of officers and crew.

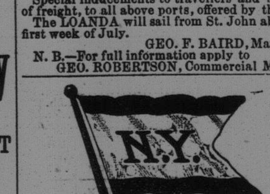
A first-class service guaranteed and ample freight spaces for 12,000 barrels provided.

Special inducements to travellers and shippers of freight, to all above ports, offered by this line.

The LOANDA will sail from St. John about the first week of July.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

N. B.—For full information apply to GEO. ROBERTSON, Commercial Manager.



NEW YORK Steamship Co.

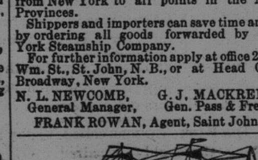
THE IRON STEAMSHIP, VALENCIA! (1600 tons, (CAPT. F. C. MILLER), will leave ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK via Eastport, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every FRIDAY NIGHT AT 12 M., (Eastern Standard Time). Returning, steamer will leave Pier 49, East River, New York, every Tuesday at 5 p. m., (Eastern Standard Time), for Cottage City, Mass., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N.B.

Freight taken on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

Shippers and importers can save time and money by ordering all goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

For further information apply at office 228 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N.B., or at Head Office, 53 Broadway, New York.

N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager. G. J. MACKRELL, Gen. Pass & Freight Agt. FRANK ROWAN, Agent, Saint John, N. B.

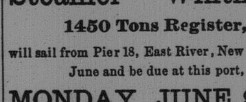


THE NEW YORK, MAINE & NEW BRUNSWICK STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamer Winthrop, 1450 Tons Register, will sail from Pier 18, East River, New York, 7th June and be due at this port, MONDAY, JUNE 9TH.

This ship has superior passenger and freight accommodation, is fitted with electric lights and all modern improvements.

For passage and freight rates apply to TROOP & SON, or H. D. McLEOD, The Company's General Passenger and Freight Agent.



ACCOMMODATION LINE! Saint John and Cole's Island, Washademoak, calling at all Intermediate Stopping Places.

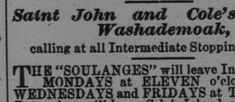
THE "SOULANGES" will leave Indiantown on MONDAYS at ELEVEN o'clock, and on WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS at TEN o'clock. Returning, will leave Cole's Island on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at SIX o'clock, to arrive at Indiantown at Two p. m.

SATURDAY-MONDAY SERVICE, to and from LONG ISLAND, &c. Str. "SOULANGES," commencing Saturday, May 24th, will leave Indiantown every Saturday Evening, at SIX o'clock, for HAMPSTEAD, calling at all Intermediate Stops, including Westfield Wharf. Returning will leave Hampstead at 6 o'clock Monday morning, to arrive at Indiantown at 9.30 o'clock.

Fare for the Round Trip, 50 cents.

Fare to Westfield by Steamer, good to return by N. B. Railway, 65 cents.

WM. H. HUMPHREY.

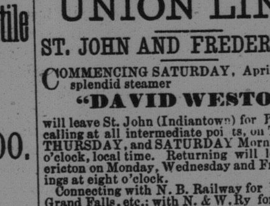


UNION LINE. ST. JOHN AND FREDERICTON.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, April 26th, the splendid steamer "DAVID WESTON" will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredericton, calling at all intermediate points, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY Mornings at nine o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Fredericton on Monday, Wednesday and Friday Mornings at eight o'clock.

Connecting with N. B. Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with N. & W. Ry for Doaktown, Chatham, etc.; and with Stmr. "Florenceville" for Eel River, Woodstock, etc.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager.



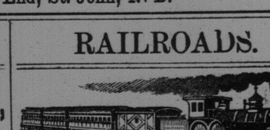
For Washademoak Lake.

THE above first class swift, staunch and commodious steamer, having been rebuilt and refurnished under the strictest government requirements, will, until further notice, leave her wharf Indiantown, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 11 a. m., local time, and calling at all intermediate landings. Returning is due at Indiantown at 1 p. m. on alternate days.

J. E. PORTER, Manager.

READY FOR BUSINESS. 9 Canterbury st. GENTLEMEN: You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to JOHN S. DUNN. TAILOR. Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialty.

RAILROADS.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1889 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

ON and after MONDAY, 30th Dec., 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for H'f'x and Campbellton	7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax	13.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal	17.00
Express for Sussex	16.30

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 17.00 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 17.00, will run to destination on Sunday.

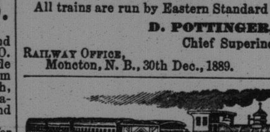
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	11.10
Fast Express from Halifax	15.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	19.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Mulgrave	23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal 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., 30th Dec., 1889.



New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect April 7, 1890. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.15 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North. Buffet Parlor Car St. John to Boston.

8.55 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock.

4.10 p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the west; Houlton and Woodstock. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car for Montreal.

4.45 a. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.45 p. m.—(Except Saturday night)—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, &c.

Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN

FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 7.35 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 7.35 p. m. daily, except Saturday. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.

VANCEBORO, 1.15, 10.20, 10.45 a.m. 12.10p.m.

WOODSTOCK 6.00, 11.40 a. m., 8.30 p. m.;

HOULTON 6.00, 11.40 a. m., 8.30 p. m.;

ST. STEPHEN 7.05, 9.00, 11.55 a. m, 10.20 p. m;

ST. ANDREWS 6.30 a. m.

FREDERICTON 6.05, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN 5.45, 8.45 a. m., 1.15, 2.20, 7.00, p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.10 a. m.—For Fairville, and points west.

4.30 p. m.—For Fairville, Fredericton, and points west.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

9.20 a. m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.

5.10 p. m.—From Fairville and points west.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE AND ST. STEPHEN. Trains leave St. John, East Side, at 7.34 a. m., standard time; West Side, at 7.55, arriving in St. Stephen at 12.15 p. m.; leave St. Stephen at 1.30 p. m.; arriving in St. John 5.55 p. m. Baggage and freight received and delivered at Moulson's, Water street, up to 6 p. m. Telephone St. John, No. 18; Carleton, No. 400 b.

FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent. April 19, 1890.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. SHORT LINE —TO— MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO and all points in Canada and United States. Sleeping Car Berths Reserved. H. CHUBB & CO., City Ticket Agents, St. John, N. B.

HOTELS.

New Victoria Hotel, 248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. J. L. McCOSKERY, Pro. One minute's walk from Steamboat landing. Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK.

CONFUSION of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a distaste for business, are the symptomatic indications of NERVOUS DEBILITY, and these symptoms are usually accompanied by SEMINAL WEAKNESS and LOSS OF POWER. The necessary consequences are CONSUMPTION & DEATH. "LANE'S SPECIFIC REMEDY," is an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sold at $1.00 Per Package, or sent on receipt of price to any address, free of charge. THE LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, QUE. Young men should read Dr. Lane's Essay on Nervous Diseases, mailed free to any address.

Telephone Subscribers

PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:

400 C. Baskin, W. D., grocer, King St., Carleton.
409 Calkins, Geo., residence Wentworth street.
410 Fire Dept. No. 4 Engine House, City Road.
389 King, S. T., & Son, mill, Kingsville.
305 Magilton, J. A., & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods, Germain street.
408 McKeown & Kiarstead, Barristers, Prince Wm. St.
403 McDiarmid, S., Druggist, King, corner Germain St.
392 McLauchlan, D. J., & Likely, J. A., office, North Wharf.
404 McAvity, J. A., residence, 142 Leinster St.
406 National Club, Charlotte street.
405 Scott, N. C., grocer, Cor. Main and Adelaide streets.
407 Sturdee, E. T., broker, Prince William street.

A. W. McMACKIN, Local Manager.