HIS PRIVATE MARK.

When I was quite a young man I counted among my close friends a private detective. The two of us were enjoying a quiet smoke and chat in his cozy little office one day when the door opened and his boy ushered in a lady client. She was apparently under 20, and was quite fashionably attired. Her form was tall and slender and her face exceedingly attractive, but bore traces of some sudden and overwhelming affliction, for her eyes were red from weeping.

"Mr. Banks, the detective, I presume?" she queried, turning, after a quick glance at me to my more mature companion.

"At your service, madame. Pray be seated."

"I am in sore trouble, sir," she said, in tremulous tones, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. Death has suddenly robbed me of a father and the prison, if nothing worse, threatens to take a dear cousin from me."

"That is very sad," my friend said, sympathetically. "But compose yourself, my dear young lady; we may yet avert the latter half of your trouble."

"Oh, sir! God grant that you may, for my cousin, whom they suspect of the murder of my poor father, was to be my husband," she said, the seriousness of the case quite overcoming her natural modesty. "But he is innocent, I know it, I feel it, in spite of the evidence against him. Oh, believe me sir, Harry is as innocent of this dreadful deed as I am!"

"My dear young lady," said Banks, encouragingly, "before hearing the first detail of your case I am convinced that he is. My belief in feminine intuitions is based upon the solid foundation of experience. Be calm, therefore, and let me have the story from the beginning."

The circumstances she related were as follows: Her father, Thomas Kempton, was the proprietor of a large furniture factory. He was a man who paid strict attention to business, and was in the habit of remaining in his office after the factory had closed for the night and the men had departed, in order to finish up his large correspondence.

One of the clerks in his employ was a nephew, a fine young fellow, strong of body and generous of heart, but not free from the follies of youth. Harry Stanton was a graduate of college and a thorough athlete, and, being not scarce 20, he had not outgrown his youthful enthusiasm for sports, clubs and semi-incidentally late suppers with the boys.

Now the old are not always so tolerant of the ways of the young as recollection should make them, and so it happened that the frequent transgressions of the uncle's office rules by the nephew caused between the two a considerable friction. On the evening of the tragedy there had been quite a serious quarrel, and the young fellow had left the presence of his employer in hot-headed haste and with angry words.

One hour later and half an hour after the factory had closed Mr. Kempton was found murdered in his private office. He was seated in his chair, his head falling forward on the desk before him. A pocket knife had been used to accomplish the dastardly deed, and this lay on the floor in a pool of blood at the murdered man's feet. On being cleansed and examined the fatal weapon was instantly recognized by the clerks as young Stanton's.

There was no indication of a struggle, the blow had evidently been struck from behind, and with unerring aim had pierced the heart. The safe had been rifled of its valuable contents, and there was evidence that the assassin in making his exit through the general office had stopped to open Stanton's desk, and to remove such things as the young fellow in making a permanent departure would be likely to take.

So much in substance had by interrogatory promptings been drawn from the girl, when Banks said:

"And now tell me what steps have been taken."

"Poor papa's head clerk has employed a detective—a Mr. Gregg—who after looking into the case, started off in hot pursuit of my cousin, whom he firmly believes to be the assassin."

"Um!" came from Banks, as he gazed musingly into the fire. Then young Stanton has disappeared."

"Yes, 'tis all a strange combination of circumstances, but I trust, sir, you still believe him innocent."

"My dear young lady, a professional opinion based on the merits of the case would be rather premature. For the present you must draw what comfort you may from my faith in your intuitions. If you desire it I shall proceed at once to the factory in order to secure some further data."

"Kindly do so in my behalf, Mr. Banks," responded the girl, and then exhibiting to the full her perfect confidence in her hunted lover, she said, "I wish you to spare no expense in bringing the criminal to justice."

Receiving my friends promise to call at her home and report if any important clew was discovered, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away.

At his request I accompanied him to the scene of the tragedy. An hour's investion bore rather barren results. The only important fact brought out beyond what we already knew, was that the suspected young man had been seen near the factory shortly before the discovery of the murder. Banks, I thought, began to look a little bit blue.

"Has this desk of Stanton's been touched?" he inquired presently, pulling out the upper drawer.

"The contents have not been materially disturbed," responded the head clerk. "Detective Gregg simply noted the missing articles, and the bloody-finger marks on the paper where it had been lifted to get at some old letters Stanton used to leave lying around the bottom. The whole matter seemed so clear to him that he was here scarcely ten minutes before he started off in hot pursuit."

"Um!" said Banks in his peculiar way, and then he proceeded to go through the drawer. Being slightly acquainted with one of the clerks, I stepped up to him for a moment's conversation. When I returned to my friend's side he was pocketing a sheet of paper which he had been examining with his microscope. A quick glance at his face showed me he had hit upon a promising clew.

"I think we have seen sufficient," he said immediately, and in a few minutes we were on our way back to town.

"Found something, Banks?"

"A mere trifle," she responded, "but mum's the word, my boy, even for you. A little spice of mystery, you know, will sharpen your interest."

"I was hoping it was of suffisient importance to lead to an immediate and favorable report to your charming client," said I. "Comforting the distressed, when aforesaid distressed are feminine, young, pretty and rich, is right in my line."

Banks laughed good humoredly and then relapsed into ruminating silence.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we again entered the factory office, Banks carrying a package about fifteen inches square. It was wrapped in plain brown paper, bore no label, tag or address of any sort, and as far as I knew might be any one of the thousand things between a tin of biscuits and an infernal machine. Neither Gregg nor his quarry had yet been heard from.

"You will oblige me by gathering all the employees of the factory together in this office, Mr. Williams," said Banks addressing the head clerk. "Let the outer doors be locked and when the men are all in here see that the office door is securely fastened also. I wish to try an interesting little experiment."

"I observe that you use a typewriter," he went on after Mr. Williams had given orders to have the men called. "Will you kindly remove the ribbon, or if you have an unused one better still."

This being brought Banks proceeded to untie his package. Removing the outer wrapper he laid bare a plain cardboard box, the cover of which he was on the point of lifting when he looked up to see the eyes of all present gazing upon it with eager curiosity. Mine, he afterward told me, were fairly popping out of my head. As there was no particular hurry the little devil which tempts us to tantalize entered into him, he stayed his hand and with a most quizzical expression of countenance he lounged back in his chair and coolly puffed at his cigarette.

In five minutes the men, looking somewhat mystified, were all assembled, and everything was ready for the next step, with a quick glance Banks ran his eye over the forty faces before him. Then turning to me he whispered mysteriously: "Stand close beside me and when it comes to names jot down those I give you the signal to. It will save time."

"Now, men," he said, "addressing the gathering, "as little more can be done in the matter of the murder until we hear from Detective Gregg, Mr. Williams here has kindly consented to allow me this favorable opportunity to put to the test a little theory which has recently been brought to my notice. It is said that in China all holders of public offices and especially soldiers are known by their finger marks. The arrangement of the grooves or furrows on the skin, it is claimed, is alike in no two individuals. That I wish to prove or disprove conclusively. As each man's name is called he will please step forward, press his left thumb upon the typewriter ribbon and then make an impression on this strip of prepared glass. To distinguish one from another I desire each man to record his name on the label I have affixed under the space for each impression."

Banks eyed each man keenly as he came up in answer to his name and did as requested. One, two, three, all innocent looking fellows enough went by, but the fourth individual had a sullen sort of look, and receiving the nudge of which I had been forewarned, I jotted down his name. So the registering procession moved along until at last all had left their thumb marks and I had listed just about a dozen names.

"Now," said Banks, lifting the mysterious package, "I have here a small magic lantern through which I propose to put the slide bearing the impressions. It is now dark enough I fancy and —yes—the back of that large calendar yonder will serve excellently as a white surface. Oblige me, Mr. Williams by turning its face to the wall. Thank you."

While speaking my friend had busied himself preparing the lantern so that matters moved absorbingly on without delay.

"To make the test a little more interesting," he continued, "I will first show you the thumb mark of a gentleman whom I have a great desire to meet. We will compare the others with this one."

On the disk of light thrown upon the wall appeared a peculiar arrangement of lines, jagged, running into each other, beginning nowhere and ending in the same place.

Presently with my list before him Banks pushed the long slide in and stopped at No. 4. For a few seconds he allowed it to show out beside the first. It exhibited a conformation entirely different. He then superimposed them or placed the figure on the moving slide directly over that on the stationary one. The result was a most confused network of interwoven lines.

Quickly he hurried through my list, treating each in the same manner and allowing the dissimilarities to speak for themselves. Presently one of the thumbmarks fitted so nicely over the stationary one that not a single variation could be observed. There was no crossing of the lines and no blur. So perfect was the matching of the impression that it turned my eyes toward the lantern to be sure that the two slides were really there. As I did so I noticed a commotion in the back part of the room. Then came a yell from Banks.

"Seize him—John Trasker—the murderer! Don't let him escape, men!"

Before a hand could be raised to stay him John Trasker had plunged headforemost through the window and was flying with terror at his heels down the road.

Ere the doors could be opened and a hue and cry raised he had secured a long start. As it was only dusk outside and there were few houses near the factory, he was still in view, however, and the men tore after him with cries of "Stop the murderer! Stop him!"

Presently a clatter of hoofs was heard and a horse and rider dashed past them, and gained rapidly upon the fugitive. Seeing he would be shortly overtaken if he kept the road, Trasker climbed a stone wall and dashed across a meadow.

With a leap the rider cleared his saddle; with a single bound he went over the wall and almost before the other pursuers realized what was happening, John Trasker was struggling to free his pinioned arms from the iron grasp of his muscular captor.

"Why, if it isn't Stanton!" cried Mr. Williams in surprise, as he and the others came up.

"Good!" exclaimed Banks, with a grin; "this is a little bit of poetic justice I hadn't arranged for."

Arriving at the factory, Trasker broke down and made a most abject confession. He had planned to remain behind that evening to rifle the open safe. Overhearing the quarrel between uncle and nephew, he saw how it might be used to his advantage. On his way through the general office he looked through Stanton's desk and secured his knife. Returning after the deed to complete the evidence against the young fellow, he had left the incriminating thumb-mark.

As for Stanton his story was very simple. He had returned to the premises last evening with a view to apologizing to his uncle, but pride overcame his good intention, he had gone away again without entering. Shortly afterward meeting a friend, who lived some twenty miles from town, he had been tempted with the prospect of a day's shooting to accompany him home. Three o'clock that afternoon, and just after they had got back from the woods, the first information of what had occurred reached him, and borrowing his friend's mare he started post haste for the factory, with what result has already been made known.

Banks received a fifty dollar check and abundant thanks from his charming young client, and some fifteen months later an invitation to the wedding.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Consistency is a jewel often sold to pay the price of success.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diptheria.

Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON

Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.

Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY,

It should be some consolation to the mercilessly-snubbed, newly-rich man, that about three generations hence he will be a highly respected ancestor.

Regardless of Cost.

Customer—Seven dollars for this pair of shoes? Great Scott! The sign in your window says: "Selling Off Regardless of Cost."

Merchant—That's right.

Customer—Regardless of cost! See here! I used to be in the shoe business myself, and I know this pair of shoes never cost more than $3 at wholesale.

Merchant—That's all right, my friend. I'm selling them for $7 regardless of the fact that they cost $3. See?

When Dr. Conan Doyle comes to this country to appear as a public entertainer he will not read from manuscript or his published books, but will tell in an informal way of adventures in the life of a new character he has created, a character, that is not altogether different from the lamented Sherlock Holmes.

BORN.

Sussex, March 11, to the wife of Seth Jones, a son.
Fredericton, April 7, to the wife of Hedley Staples, a son.
Lunenburg, April 2, to the wife of J. H. Wilson, a son.
Lunenburg, April 2, to the wife of Albert Mason, a son.
Wolfville, April 3, to the wife of O. D. Harris, a son.
St. Andrews, April 5, to the wife of R. M. Jack, a son.
Moncton, April 12, to the wife of John Sutton, a son.
Wolfville, March 31, to the wife of L. V. Brown, a son.
Bedford, April 11, to the wife of H. St. Clair Silver, a son.
Mount Uniacke, April 3, to the wife of Jas. Taylor, a son.
Bristol, April 5, to the wife of Lorenzo Lockhart, a daughter.
Windsor, April 5, to the wife of Archie Singer, a daughter.
Parrsboro, April 3, to the wife of Samuel Best, a daughter.
Halifax, April 11, to the wife of Geo. Stewart, a daughter.
Truro, March 22, to the wife of J. J. Johnson, a daughter.
Oxford, April 2, to the wife of C. A. Baird, a daughter.
Parrsboro, April 8, to the wife of Oliver Cameron, two sons.
Halifax, April 11, to the wife of Geo. Stairs, a daughter.
Wentworth, March 11, to the wife of Albert Gibson, a daughter.
Lunenburg, April 1, to the wife of Charles Patterson, a daughter.
Back Bay, N. B., March 30, to the wife of A. H. Jones, a son.
Upper Belmont, April 3, to the wife of Turner Staples, a son.
Dartmouth, March 20, to the wife of Edward Warner, a son.
Little Shemogue, April 7, to the wife of T. A. Blacklock, a son.
Williamsburg, N. B., April 2, to the wife of Stanford Bartlett, a son.
Upper Cape Tormentine, April 9, to the wife of A. J. S. Raworth, a son.
Beach Hill, P. E. I., March 29, to the wife of Dr. Jas. Henderson, a son.
Upper Musquodoboit, N. S., April 7, to the wife of G. D. Turnbull, M. D., a son.

MARRIED.

Tabusintac, March 27, Peter Vanadestine to Elizabeth A. Beatty.
Windsor, April 10, by Rev. P. A. McEwan, Embert Lake to Georgina Haley.
Sussex, April 11, by Rev. Jas Gray, William B. Parlee to Minnie Norris.
Westville April 5, by Rev. R. Cumming, John Mercer to Fanny Parsons.
Windsor, March 29, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Wm. Bowlby to Almira Rogers.
Mira, C. B., April 2, by Rev. W. Calder, Donald McVicar to Flora McLean.
Port Hilford, April 4, by Rev. J. E. Tiner, Edwin R. Lawson to Eva McConnell.
Gibson, April 4, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, Phineas Guitar to Emily McDowell.
Windsor, April 3, by Rev. James Falconer, J. C. Simpson to Alice B. Curry.
St. John, April 4, by Rev. W. Clarke, Robert McConany to Abigal Southern.
Bridgewater, April 4, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, Irwin Eisenhaur to Sophia Emino.
Mira, C. B., April 3, by Rev. W. E. Calder, Jessie Morrison to Alex. McIntyre.
Sackville, April 3, by Rev. W. Harrison, Charles Riley to Margaret W. Wells.
Dartmouth, April 2, by Rev. Chas. Underwood, John J. Gray to Teresa Haley.
Moncton, March 28, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, R. Bruce Milne to Stella Geldart.
Lakelands, N. S., April 11, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Albert Gilbert to Sarah Duffy.
Arichat, C. B., by Rev. James Quinan, Capt. Leon W. Poirier to Leonie Forrest.
Gaspereaux, April 4, by Rev. W. Wass, Arthur J. Beer to Chloe A. Kirkpatrick.
Truro, April 10, by Rev. F. W. Parker, Peter W. Graham to Minnie E. Johnson.
Northeak, N. B., March 28, by J. D. Murray, Thomas Harris to Mary Rolph.
Carrol's Cross, N. B., April 9, by Rev. E. Bell, Jeremiah Lyons to Sarah Price.
Beaver Mountain, April 11, by Rev. J. R. Munroe, Henry Henderson to Jane Grant.
Deer Island, April 4, by Rev. R. E. Stevens, John W. Cammic to Nettie Richardson.
Waltham, April 10, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Donald N. McLeod to Flora Jessie Matheson.
St. John, April 10, by Rev. Geo. M. Campbell, David Dixon to Elizabeth Milligan.
Londonderry, April 5, by Rev. Wm. DeWare, Weldon Carter to Sertia Vightman.
Windsor, March 22, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Frederick Fox to Mrs. Francis Cochran.
St. George, April 7, by Rev. H. E. S. Maider, Thomas N. French to Jennie Leavitt.
Halifax, April 7, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, Wm. J. Richardson to Florence May Maskell.
Upper Canard, N. S., April 4, by Rev W. Dawson, Byron Newcombe to Bessie McCulsh.
Brookville, N. S., April 5, by Rev. F. Beattie, Henry S. Sinclair to Ada M. Corning.
Lake George, N. B., April 4, by Rev. Wm. Ross, Thomas H. McLean to Maggie Kelly.
Granville, N. S., March 31, by Rev. H. Archilles, Lawson Gillmat to Ellen Weatherspoon.
St. Ann's, C. B., March 22, by Rev. John Fraser, John W. Carmichael to Annie Matheson.
Short Beach, N. S., April 10, by Rev. H. H. Cosman, George P. Bower to Mercy Ann Bent.
Lockeport, April 5, by the Rev. D. McKinnon, Thomas P. Simonds to Mrs. Sophia Douglas.
Kingsclear, April 10, by Rev. H. Montgomery, William Drought Maunsell to Annie Clements.
Centreville, N. S., April 9, by the Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Solomon M. Dakin to Mrs. Sarah C. Morehouse.
Upper Black River, March 28, by Rev. John Robertson, Ernest A. Russell to Christina B. Cameron.

DIED.

Parrsboro, April 9, James Fox, 47.
Fairville, April 11, Jacob Arbo, 44.
Amherst, April 6, Mary Schurman.
Chatham, April 7, John Valley, 36.
St. John, April 13, Peter Carney, 79.
St. John, April 14, Charles Hazel, 41.
Moncton, April 12, James Angus, 73.
Fredericton, April 9, James White, 68.
Gairlock, N. S., April 1, Neil Ross, 93.
North River, N. S., Thomas Lynds, 70.
St. John, April 10, James Harrison, 77.
Milltown, April 4, Margaret Burrell, 62.
St. John, April 11, Richard Doherty, 44.
St. John, April 13, Jane E. Johnston, 35.
Amherst, April 6, Charles G. Donkin, 82.
Centreville, March 25, Silas Goodwin, 55.
Picton, April 7, Mrs. William Condon, 74.
Lockeport, April 4, James Townsend, 42.
St. Andrews, April 6, Patrick Doherty, 88.
Fredericton, April 9, James C. Turner, 78.
New Glasgow, April 7, Peter McGowan, 39.
Deer Island, March 28, Lottie C. Ward, 48.
Woodstock, March 31, Mrs. F. G. Stoop, 47.
New Glasgow, April 9, Thomas Christian, 45.
St. David, N. B., April 9, Charles Young, 76.
Antigonish, March 12, William J. Hulbert, 76.
Greenfield, N. B., April 9, Alex. N. Kinney, 47.
Johnston, N. B., April 8, James Thompson, 78.
Norwood, N. S., March 22, Samuel Saunders, 70.
St. James, N. B., April 10, John McCallum, 100.
Clementsvale, N. S., March 12, Amy Wright, 12.
Greenfield, N. B., March 28, Joseph Vaughan, 63.
Moore's Mills, N. B., April 9, Nathan E. Fiske, 21.
Bridgewater, March 14, Mrs. Deborah Minard, 77.
Wallace, N. S., April 8, Mrs. Nellie Jamieson, 80.
Greenwich, N. B., April 11, Mrs. George Inch, 63.
Fort Lawrence, N. S., April 9, Henry McGill, 84.
Bridgewater, April 12, Mrs. Elizabeth Glassie, 57.
Shippegan, N. S., March 31, D. L. Robichand, 82.
Hillside, N. B., March 26, N. Pickle Wanamaker, 64.
Halifax, April 11, Lavenia, wife of Thomas Carter, 41.
Wolfville, April 9, Blanche, wife of O. D. Harris, 27.
Sand Beach, N. S., April 8, Captain John Hibbert, 58.
Windsor, March 7, Abbie, wife of Hugh Parker, 63.
Yarmouth, April 8, Johanna, wife of Jas. A. Wallace, 40.
Norwood, N. S., March 7, Mary, wife of Lewis Allen, 29.
Halifax, April 9, Mary, widow of the late Patrick Dunn, 65.
Upper Northfield, N. S., April 2, Pearl Edwin Knock, 5.
St. John, April 11, Elizabeth Alma, wife of Francis Smith, 38.
Sussex, April 14, George Howard, son of Samuel B. Raymond.
Halifax, April 10, Maria S., widow of Thomas Adams, 67.
Preston, April 11, Angelina, daughter of Samuel McKay, 17.
Virginia, N. S., March 12, Emma, wife of John Coombs, 50.
Caverhill, April 8, Laura May, daughter of Henry Prescott, 16.
Upham, N. B., April 5, Fred W., son of W. H. Fletcher, 27.
Wallace, N. S., April 6, Nancy, daughter of Douglas Campbell, 78.
St. Andrews, April 4, Mary, widow of the late David Petrie.
Wallace, N. S., April 5, Lilla, daughter of John Robertson, 24.
North Brookfield, N. B., March 27, Benjamin Christopher, 82.
New Glasgow, April 7, Catherine Fraser, wife of Capt. Woodruff.
Halifax, April 8, Arthur E., son of Daniel and Barbara Seals, 2.
St. John, April 11, Vernon E., son of D. P. and Bertie Vanwart, 1.
Whiteburn, N. B., April 3, May Honora, daughter of Michael Kelly, 3.
Barrington, N. S., March 26, Margaret A., wife of Harvey Christie, 57.
St. Marys, April 11, John Arthur, son of Robert and Mary J. Peppers, 11.
Waterville, N. B., April 12, Alice, daughter of C. J. and Annie Wolfe.
Halifax, April 2, John S., son of Daniel and Barbara Seals, 3 months.
Stanley, N. B., of consumption, Bell, daughter of Robert McNaughton.
Yarmouth, March 26, Sarah K., widow of the late Geo. Durkee, 83.
New Glasgow, April 7, Kate, daughter of the late Thomas McAskill, 45.
Halifax, April 10, Mary Agnes, widow of the late Richard Tremaine, 81.
Dartmouth, April 12, Jane, widow of the late Jas. Nixon, of St. John, 66.
Lapland, N. S., April 2, Anna Mary, widow of the late George Emeno, 82.
St. John, April 13, Herwald B., son of Charles and Jennie Strang, 6 weeks.
Royalton, N. B., April 4, Charles S., son of Sarah and Nason Beckwith, 27.
Millstream, April 8, Maud, daughter of John and Kate Guilfoiles, 3 months.
St. John, April 12, George H. B., son of John R. and the late Phebe Dixon.
Enfield, April 11, Etta, adopted daughter of John and Susan MacGregor, 14.
New Glasgow, April 8, Minnie F., daughter of the late Abram McDonald, 23.
Moncton, April 9, Alonzo, son of William and Elizabeth Bovard, 5 weeks.
Admiral Rock, N. S., April 2, Creighton, son of Harrison and Julia Turple, 5.
New Glasgow, April 1, Jessie Stewart, widow of the late Hugh W. McKay, 66.
Douglas, N. B., March 27, Robert Vincent, son of Nora and Michael Bowlen, 18.
Little River, N. S., March 18, Mary Black, widow of the late Geo. Thompson, 80.
Plymouth, N. S., March 24, Frank, son of Wentworth and Elizabeth Johnson, 36.
Halifax, April 9, Michael O'Connell, son of Jeremiah and Catherine O'Connell, 49.
Mabou, N. S., March 12, Teressa A., daughter of Alexander and Rachel Pushie, 24.
Torryburn, April 15, Allan Douglas, son of Keith A. and Georgina Barber, 6 weeks.
Barrington Passage, N. S., April 7, Elizabeth A., widow of the late James Crowell, 87.
Bridgewater, April 10, Henry Fairweather, son of Edward D. and Margaret Davison, 2.
St. John, April 13, Henry Hilton-Green, son of the late Hilton Charles Hilton-Green, 18.
Morristown, N. S., April 10, Claude, son of James W. and Eurselia M. Barteaux, 15 days.
Clementsvale, N. S., March 27, Pearl Vivian, daughter of John and Lizzie Dondale, 12.
Great Village, N. S., March 16, Margaret Peppard, widow of the late George Rutherford, 76.
Fourchu, C. B., April 1, Janie, wife of A. D. McKay, and daughter of Wm. McDonald, 30.
Dundee, April 5, Mrs. W. McKinnon, 75.
St. Marys, N. B., April 13, Burtt, son of James Boone, 21.

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DO NOT Dose it with injurious syrups or Narcotics. It may be troubled with worms, and wants

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The Great Worm Remedy.

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REQUIRES NO AFTER MEDICINE.

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DON'T Go to business with a headache, if you do you will find a customer who is hard to please, you will grow1 like a bear with a sore paw and perhaps lose your sale.

DON'T fail to try "PYREXINE." Use it once and you will allow no other headache powder in your house,

BECAUSE

It acts immediately,
It is not an Antipyretic,
It contains no Morphine or Opium,
It contains no Bromide,
It contains no Narcotics,
It Develops no Unpleasant Symptoms,

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One Box 25c. Six Boxes $1.25.

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A $40 cycle for $20 others as low. Budgeans other makes new and 2nd hand. We sell everywhere Repairing and Nickeling. Catalogue of Bicycles and Sundries. Free.
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General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

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RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS
LEAVE VANCOUVER FOR
JAPAN, CHINA, &C.,
On arrival of Express Train from the East, March 5, April 2 and 23, May 14; June 4 and 25, 1894.
for
Hawaii and Australia
at 7 a. m. on Feb. 16, March 16, April 16, May 16 and June 16, 1894.
For rates of fare and other information apply at Company's offices, Chubb's Corner or at Passenger Station.
D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal.
C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway
On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Sussex	16.30
Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and Montreal	16.55

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.
A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted)	12.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y,
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 3.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.
LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.50 p. m.
CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with st'mr Bridgewater for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co., for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.
Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
Trains are run by Railway Standard Time.
Yarmouth, N. S. J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
Winter Arrangement.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK
FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard.
Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.
Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
C. E. LAFORLEY, Agent.

J. D. TURNER,
Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Pigs' Feet, Lambs' Tongues, German Mustard, Peanuts and Fruit. Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish of all kinds,
Wholesale and Retail at
19 & 23 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN N. B.