MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

The Other Englishman

"You are English, I take it, sir?"

It was clear to me that at any rate the speaker was. I was traveling alone. I had not fallen in with three Englishmen in as many weeks. And I turned to inspect the newcomer with a cordiality his smudged and smutty face could not wholly suppress. "I am," I answered, "and I am very glad to meet a fellow countryman."

"You are a stranger here?" He did not take his eyes from me, but indicated by a gesture of his thumb the busy wharf below us, piled high with hundreds and thousands of frail crates full of oranges. From the upper deck of the San Miguel we looked directly down upon it, and could see all that was coming or going in the trim basin about us. The San Miguel, a steamer of the Segovia Quadra & Co's line, bound for several places on the coast southward, was waiting to clear out of El Grao, the harbor of Valencia, and I was waiting rather impatiently to clear out with her. "You are a stranger here?" he repeated.

"Yes; I have been in the town four or five days, but otherwise I am a stranger," I answered.

"You are not in the trade?" he continued. He meant the orange trade.

"No, I am not; I am traveling for pleasure," I answered readily, "You will be able to understand that, though it is more than any Frenchman or Spaniard can." I smiled as I spoke, but he was not very responsive.

"It is a queer place to visit for pleasure," he said dryly, looking away from me to the busy throng about the orange crates.

"Not at all," I retorted; "it is a lively town and quaint besides, and it is warm and sunny. I cannot say as much as that of Madrid, from which I came two or three weeks back."

"Come straight here?" he asked laconically.

I was growing a trifle tired of his curiosity, but I answered, "No; I stayed a short time at Toledo and Aranjuez—oh, and at several other places."

"You speak Spanish?"

"Not much. Muy poco de Castellano," I laughed, calling to mind that maddening grimace by which the Spanish peasant indicates that he doesn't understand, and is not going to understand you. He is a good fellow enough, is Sancho Panza, but having made up his mind that you do not speak Spanish the purest Castilian is after that not Spanish for him.

"You are going some way with us—perhaps to Carthagena?" persisted the inquisitor.

He laid a queer stress upon the last word, and with it shot at me a sly glance—a glance so unexpected and scrupulously inoffensive that I did not answer him at once. Instead I looked at him more closely. He was a wiry young fellow, rather below than above the middle height, to all appearance the chief engineer. Everything about him, not excluding the atmosphere, was greasy and oily, as if he had come straight from the engine room. The whites of his eyes showed with unlovely prominence. Seeing him thus, I took a dislike for him. "To Carthagena?" I answered brusquely. "No, I am not going to stay at Carthagena. Why should you suppose so, may I ask? Unless, indeed," I added, as another construction of his words occurred to me, "you think I want to see a bit of fighting? No, my friend, the fun might grow too furious."

To explain this I should add that three days before there had been a mutiny among the troops at Carthagena. It was mentioned at the time in the English papers. An outlying fort was captured, and the governor of the city killed before the attempt was suppressed. Of course, this was in every one's mouth, and I fancied that his question referred to it.

My manner or my words, however, disconcerted him. Without saying more he turned away, not going below at once, but standing on the main deck near the office in the after part. There was a good deal of bustle in that quarter. The captain, second officer and clerk were there, giving and taking receipts and what not. He did not speak to them, but leaned against the rail close at hand. I had an uncomfortable feeling that he was watching me, and this I suppose gave rise to a strange shrinking from the man, which did not stay with me always, but returned from time to time.

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Presently the dinner bell rang, and simultaneously the San Miguel moved out to sea. We were to spend the next day at Alicante, and the following one at Carthagena.

Dinner was not a cheerful meal. The officers of the ship did not speak English or French, and were not communicative in any language. Besides myself there were only three first class passengers. They were ladies—relatives of the newly appointed governor of Carthagena, and about to join him there. I have no doubt that they were charming and fashionable people, but their partiality for the knife in eating was calculated to prejudice them unfairly in English eyes. Consequently, when I came on deck again, and the engineer—Sleigh, he told me his name was—sidled up to me, I received him graciously enough. He proffered the omnipresent cigarette, and I provided him in return with something to drink. He urged me to go down with him and see the engine room, and after some hesitation I did so. You see, it was after dinner.

"I have pretty much my own way," he said, boastingly. "They cannot do without English engineers. They tried once, and lost three boats in six months. In harbor my time is my own. I have seven lickers miles me, all Spaniards. They tried it on with me when I first came aboard, they did! But the first that out with his knife to me I knocked on the head with a shovel. I have had none of their sauce since!"

"Was he much hurt?" I asked, scanning my companion. He was not big, I have said, and he slouched and shambled. But with all this there was an air of swaggering dare deviltry about him that gave color to his story.

"I don't know," he answered. "They took him to the hospital; he never came aboard again—that is all I know."

"I suppose your pay is good?" I suggested, timidly. To confess the truth, I felt myself at a disadvantage with him down there. The flaring lights and deep shadows, the cranks and pistons whirling at our elbows, the clank and din, and the valves that hissed at unexpected moments, were matters of every hour to him—me they imbued with a mean desire to propitiate. As my after dinner easiness abated, I regretted that it had induced me to come down.

He laughed—a short harsh laugh. "Pretty fair," he said, "with my opportunities. Do you see that jacket?"

"Yes."

"That is my shore going jacket, that is," with a wink. "Here, look at it!"

I complied. It appeared on first sight to be an ordinary sailor's pea coat; but, looking more closely, I found that inside were dozens of tiny pockets. At the mouth of each pocket a small hook was fixed to the lining.

"They are for watches," he explained, when he saw that I did not comprehend: "I get five francs over the price for every one I carry ashore to a friend of mine—duty free, you understand."

I nodded to show that I did understand. "And which is your port for that?" I said, desiring to say something as I turned to ascend.

He touched me on the shoulder, and I found his face close to mine. His eyes were glittering in the light of the lamp that hung by the steam gauge, with the same expression in them that had so perplexed me before dinner. "At Carthagena!" he whispered, bringing his face still closer to mine; "at Carthagena! Wait a minute, mate; I have told you something," he went on, hoarsely. "I am not too particular, and, what is more, I am not afraid! Ain't you going to tell me something?"

"I have nothing to tell you!" I stammered, staring at him.

"Ain't you going to tell me something, mate?" he repeated monotonously. His voice was low, but it seemed to me that there was a menace in it.

"I have not an idea what you mean, my good fellow," I said, and, turning away with some abruptness—my eye lit upon a shovel lying ready to his hand—I ran as nimbly as I could up the steep ladder, and gained the deck. Once there I paused and looked down. He was still standing by the lamp, staring up at me, doubt and chagrin plainly written on his face. Even as I watched him he rounded his lips to an oath; and then seemed to hold it over until he should be better assured of its necessity.

I thought no worse of him by reason of his revelations. In a country where the head of a custom house lives as a prince on the salary of a beggar, smuggling is no sin. But I was angry with him, and vexed with myself for the haste with which I had met his advances. I disliked and distrusted him. Whether he were mad, or took me for another smuggler—which seemed the most probable hypothesis—or had conceived some other false idea of me, whatever the key to the enigma of his manner might be, I felt sure I should do well to avoid him.

Like should mate with like, and I am not a violent man. I should not feel at home in a duel, though the part were played with the most domestic of fire shovels, much less with a horrible thing out of a stoke hole.

About half past 10, the San Miguel beginning to roll, I took the hint and went below. The small saloon was empty, the lamp turned down. As I passed the steward's pantry I looked in and begged a couple of biscuits. I am a fairly good sailor, but when things are bad my policy is comprised in "berth and biscuits." With this provision against misfortune, I retired to my cabin, luxuriating in the knowledge that it was a four berth one, and that I was its sole occupant.

In truth I came near to chuckling as I looked round it. I did not need a certain experience I had had of a cabin three feet six inches wide by six feet three inches long, shared with a drunken Spaniard, to lead me to view with contentment my present quarters. A lamp in a glass case lighted at once the cabin and the passage outside, and so gave assurance that it would burn all night. On my right hand were an upper and lower berth, and on my left the same, with ample standing room between. A couch occupied the side facing me. The sliding door was supplemented by a curtain. I could hardly believe that this was all my own. What joy to one who had known other things, to arrange this and stow that, and fearlessly to place in the rack sponge and tooth brush! What wonder if I blessed the firm of Segovia Quadra and Company as I sank back upon my well lung mattress.

I slept well at sea. The motion suits me. Even a qualm of seasickness does but induce a pleasant drowsiness. I love a snug berth under the porthole, and to hear the splash and wash of the water racing by, and the crisp plash as the vessel dips her forefoot under, and always the complaint of the stout timbers as they creak and groan in the bowels of the ship.

Cosy and warm, with these sounds for a lullaby, I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was again down in the engine room, and sitting opposite to the other Englishman. "Haven't you something to tell me? Haven't you something to tell me?" he was droning monotonously, wagging his head from side to side the while, with that same perplexing smile on his face which had so distressed me waking. "Haven't you something to tell me?"

I strove to say that I had not, because I knew that if I did not satisfy him, he would do some dreadful thing, though what I did not know. But I could not utter the words, and while I was still struggling with this horrible impotency, that surpassed any waking misery, the thing was done. I was bound hand and foot to the crank of the engine, and going up and down with it, up and down! Oh, it was fiendish cruelty! I wept and prayed to be released, but the villain took no heed of my prayers. He sat on, regarding my struggles with the same impassive smile. In despair I strove to think what it was he wanted—what it was—and—

How the ship was rolling! Thank heaven, I was awake or half awake! In my berth at any rate, and not in that horrible engine room. But how was this? The other Englishman was here too, standing by the lamp, looking at me. Or—was it the other Englishman? It was some one who was not smiling, yet some one too who had a smudged and smutty face. All the wonder in my mind had to do with this question. I lay for awhile in an indolent mood, between sleeping and waking, watching him. Then I saw him reach across my feet to a little shelf above the berth. As he drew back something that was in his hand—the hand that rested on the edge of my berth—glittered, glittered as the light fell upon it, and, wide awake, I sprang to a sitting posture in my berth, and cried out with fear.

He was gone in an instant, and in the same second of time I was out of bed and on the floor. A moment's hesitation, and I drew aside the curtain, which was still shaking. The passage without was still and empty. But opposite my cabin and separated from it only by the width of the passage was the door of another cabin, which was, or rather had been when I went to bed, unoccupied. Now the curtain drawn across the doorway was shaking, and I scarcely doubted but that the intruder was behind it. But behind it also was darkness, and I was unarmed, whereas that upon which the light had fallen in the man's hand was either a knife or a pistol.

No [illegible] that I hesitated, or that discretion seemed the better part of valor. To be sure, I might call the steward and have the cabin searched, but I feared to seem afraid. I stood on tiptoe for a few moments listening. All was still; and presently I shivered. The excitement was passing away; I began to feel ill. With a last fearful glance at the opposite cabin—had I really seen the curtain shake? might it not have been caused by the motion of the ship?—I drew close my sliding door, and climbed hastily into my bunk. Robber or no robber, I must lie still. In a very short time, what with my qualms and my drowsiness, I fell asleep.

I slept soundly until the morning light filled the cabin, and I was aroused by the cheery voice of the steward, bidding me "Buenos dias." The ship was moving on an even keel again. Overhead the deck was being swabbed. I opened my little window and looked out. As I did so the night's doings rose in my memory. But who could think of dreams or midnight assassins with the fresh sea air in his nostrils, and before his eyes the exact vignette of blue sea and gray rocks—gray, but sparkling, gemlike, ethereal under the sun of Spain? Not I, for one. I was gay as a lark, hungry as a hunter. Sallying out before I was dressed, I satisfied myself that the opposite cabin was empty and bare, and came back laughing at my folly.

But when I found that something else was empty and bare, I thought it no laughing matter. I wanted a biscuit to stay my appetite, until the steward should bring my "cafe complet," and I turned to the little shelf over my berth where I had placed them on going to bed. There were none there now. Curious! I had not eaten them. Then it flashed upon my mind that it was with this shelf my visitor had meddled.

After that I did not lose a moment. I examined my luggage and the pockets of my clothes; the result relieved as much as it astonished me; nothing was missing. My armed apparition had carried off two captain's biscuits, and nothing else whatever!

I passed the morning on deck puzzling over it. Sleigh did not come near me; was he conscious of guilt, I wondered, or offended at the abruptness of my leave taking the night before, or was it merely that he was engaged about his work? I could not tell.

About noon we came to our moorings at Alicante. The sky was unclouded. The shabby town and the barren hills that rose behind it—barren to the eye, since the vines were not in leaf—looked baking hot. I had found a tolerably cool corner of the ship, and was amusing myself with a copy of "Don Quixote" and a dictionary, when the engineer made his appearance.

"Not going ashore?" he said.

For the twentieth time I wondered what it was in his manner or voice that made everything he said to me seem a gibe. Whatever it was, I hated him for it, and I gave my feelings vent by answering sullenly, "No, I am not," and forthwith turning to my books again.

"I thought you travelers for pleasure wanted to see everything," he continued. "Maybe you know Alicante?"

"No, I don't," I answered snappishly. "And in this heat I do not want to know it!"

"All right, governor, all right!" he replied. "Think it might be too hot for you, perhaps? Ho! ho! ho!" And with a hoarse laugh that lasted him from stem to stern, and brought the blood to my cheeks, he left me. But I could see that he did not lose sight of me, and I heard him chuckling at intervals at his own joke for a half an hour afterwards. Though where the joke came in, I could not for the life of me determine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ulcerated Stomach.

"For three years I was unable to work, suffering from ulcerated stomach. Medical aid having failed, I was told to try Burdock Blood Bitters, of which 7 bottles made a permanent cure. This was two years ago, and I feel that I have to thank B. B. B. for being alive and well to-day." Mrs. Rose Ann McCloskey, Marmora, Ont.

There is a town in Arizona called "Aching Tooth." It ought to grow, because there is nothing to stop it.

A Frightened Mother.

"My little girl, 4 years old, frightened me one night by a croupy cough, but I gave her a dose of Hagyard's Yellow Oil which relieved her at once, and she slept all all night. I have since used it in several cases of croup, frost bites, etc., and find it always reliable. Mrs. Eva Bradley, Virden, Man.

A Indian woman, who has been induced to join a circus, goes among her people by the name of Half-Stones-in-Her-Stomach.

"When the spring-time comes," we usually find ourselves drowsy and exhausted, owing to the impure and sluggish state of the blood. To remedy this trouble, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best, yet safe and economical, blood-purifier in existence.

If you want to cure a woman of angular penmanship, tell her that her handwriting looks like her.

If your cough keeps you awake and restless by night, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and obtain immediate relief. This remedy allays inflammation, heals the pulmonary organs, induces sleep, and restores health. The sooner you begin the better.

There are men who are really wise. To be wise in one's own conceit is otherwise.

The Blood is the Life.

And on its purity largely depends the general health. No one is free from danger, and nine-tenths of humanity actually do suffer from one form or other of impure blood. No one remedy has such a wide range of curative power as has Burdock Blood Bitters—that best of all blood purifiers and tonics.

The New York World asks, "Is the bustle on the wane?" Sometimes vain World, it is, and sometimes it is on the back of a chair.

The Safe Plan

When suffering from a troublesome cold, a hacking cough, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, or other forms of throat or lung troubles, is to use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam to loosen the phlegm and soothe and heal the inflamed mucous surfaces. It cures where others fail.

The nurses in a children's hospital should not be called worthless because they have little patients about them.

A faded or gray beard may be colored a beautiful and natural brown or black at will, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

A simile is generally supposed to be a species of comparison, but is more of a paradox. You knock one of its's out to make it smile.

What were you thrashing your boy for last night?" asked a neighbor of Mr. Caution. "Wild oats," was the old man's reply.

No Profit There.

I.

"See, here, we charge for seats occupied, whether anything is eaten or not."

II.

"Well, I reckon he won't make nothin' on this meal o' vittles."—Time.

Two Mournful Tramps.

Some eight or ten tramps were recently beating a passage from Pittsburg east on a freight line. The conductor ordered them off, and, approaching two of the fraternity, who for tattered garments and uncleanliness could be better imagined than described, the following ensued:

Conductor (slightly kicking the one)—Well, where are you going?

First Tramp (tearfully)—I'm goin' to New York. My mother's dead.

Conductor (benignly stirred)—If that is the case you may remain.

Then, turning to tramp No. 2, he inquired: "And where arn you going?"

Second Tramp (ostensibly weeping)—I'm—I'm going to the funeral.

They did not reach their destination on that train.—Philadelphia Press.

Rents in California.

Easterner—I understand rents have declined 50 per cent. in southern California, owing to the collapse of the boom.

Californian—That's so. Everything has gone to the dogs. Why, sir, you can rent a cot bed in the ocean front of an A tent for $100 a month.—New York Weekly.

Happily Disappointed.

"Oh, pshaw, boys, here comes the teacher. This spoils all our fun."

But somehow or other their fun wasn't all spoiled.—Life.

Another Sad Accident.

The Showman—We now come, ladies an' gents, to the only Circassian woman ever born without feet, who, with her beautiful head of natural hair, is the greatest won—

The Beautiful Circassian—Fire! Police!—Time.

Probably the oldest and most famous woman's club in America is the Sorosis of New York, founded more than twenty years ago by Jennie June, Alice Cary and Kate Field. The club holds its social meeting on the first Monday of each month in the banqueting hall of Delmonico's.

READ THE GAZETTE.

The Place for Them.

There is a young man here who has been undergoing a siege of boils. One day he remarked with a sigh: "There is only one good place for boils." "And where is that?" was asked with breathless interest. "On somebody else," said he.—Philadelphia Press.

A Cure for Lumbago.

That painful complaint can be quickly cured by the right remedy. Miss Mary Jane Gould, of Stoney Creek, Ont., says: "I was troubled with lumbago, and could not get relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, one bottle of which cured me entirely."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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Grocers and Dealers in Canned Goods of every description,
Announce that they will remove to their new store on
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on Monday next, and as they will open with an entirely new stock, they will sell out their stock in the Charlotte st. store at reduced rates to clear.
The stock comprises the best fresh Groceries of all kinds, Tea, Canned Goods, &c.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tender for Campbellton Wharf," will be received at this office until Tuesday, the 9th April next, for the construction of a Ballast Wharf at Campbellton, Restigouche County, N. B., in accordance with a plan and specification to be seen on application to Malcolm Patterson, Esq., Campbellton, at the office of the Department, St. John, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.
Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
A. GOBEIL, Secretary.
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, March 11th, 1889.

COAL.
SYDNEY (Old Mines),
SPRINGHILL,
VICTORIA,
SCOTCH (Fell,)
PICTOU.
HARD COAL.
LEHIGH (Honey Brook,)
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These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar admixture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangements of the digestive organs, and for obstructions and torpidation of the liver and bowels which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. Sold by all Chemists.
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Section of Railway between Annapolis and Digby.
TENDER FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Section of Railway between Annapolis and Digby" will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, 1st 8th day of April, 1889, for certain works of construction.
Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, on and after the 25th day of March, 1889, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.
No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.
By order,
A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 9th March, 1889.

G. R. PUGSLEY, L. L. B.,
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, &c.
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PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:
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330 Bowman, I. C., residence, King street East.
325 Carritte, deB., Commission Agent, Water street.
286 C. P. R. Telegraph Co., Prince Wm. street.
328 Dunbrack, H., residence, Wright street, Portland.
329 Gleeson & Morrison, Coal, Smythe street.
324 Lynch, J. P., Commission Merchant, Market street.
315 McAvenney, Dr. A. F., Charlotte street.
326 Macaulay Bros. & Co., Dry Goods, King street.
190 McAvity, Geo., residence, Princess street.
92 Smith, George F., residence Union street.
334 Simonds, E. I., residence, Waterloo street.
327 Stratton, James, residence, Hazen street.
332 The Calkin Electric Co., Princess street.
322 Vassie, J. & Co., Dry Goods, King street.
319 Vassie, W., residence, Mecklenburg street.
A. W. McMackin, Local Manager.

ASSESSORS' NOTICE
THE BOARD OF ASSESSORS OF TAXES for the City of Saint John, in the present year, hereby require all persons liable to be rated, forthwith to furnish to the Assessors,
True Statement of all their Real Estate, Personal Estate and Income,
and hereby give notice that Blank Forms, on which statements may be furnished under the City Assessment Act, 1882, can be obtained at the office of the Assessors, and that such statements must be perfected under oath, and filed in the office of the Assessors within THIRTY DAYS from the date of this notice.
Dated this first day of April, A. D. 1889.
WM. F. BUNTING, Chairman. JOHN WILSON. URIAH DRAKE. } Assessors of Taxes.
Extracts from "The St. John City Assessment Act of 1882."
SEC 23—"The Assessors shall ascertain, as nearly "as possible, the particulars of the real estate, the "personal estate and the income of any person "who has not brought in a statement in accordance with their notice and as required by this "law, and shall make an estimate thereof, at the "true value and amount to the best of their information and belief; and such estimate shall be "conclusive upon all persons who have not filed "their statements in due time, unless they can "show a reasonable excuse for the omission."
SEC 43—"No person shall have an abatement "unless he has filed with the Assessors the statement, under oath within the time hereinbefore "required; nor shall the Common Council in any "such case sustain an appeal from the judgment of "the Assessors unless they shall be satisfied that "there was good cause why the statement was not "filed in due time, as herein provided."

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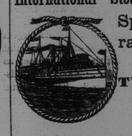
International Steamship Co.,
Spring Arrangement.



TWO TRIPS —A— WEEK.

ON MONDAY, March 4th, the steamers of this Company will leave Saint John, MONDAY and THURSDAY for Eastport, Portland and Boston at 8 a. m., local.
From March 12th to April 29th will leave Saint John, every TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a. m.
And Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 5.30 p. m., and Portland 5.30 p. m. same day, for Eastport and Saint John.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.
tel. sun.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LIMITED.)
THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," Fleming Master, will sail from St. John, for Digby and Annapolis until further notice, on
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
at 7.45 a. m., returning same day, commencing Wednesday, 27th inst.
St. John, N. B., March 23rd 1889. TROOP & SON Managers.

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

CHOICE PERFUMES
Just received a full assortment —OF— Lubins, Atkinson's, Gosnell's Ect, in small bottles. —ALSO— A complete stock of first quality of PERFUMES IN BULK. Prices low.
WILLIAM B. McVEY
CHEMIST,
185 Union St., St. John N. B.

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Madam! See what 15 Cents will do! It will bring you a sample copy of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will tell you how to get Dress Silk, Skin Sacque, the Silk Dress, the Gold Watch and Dollar Dollar, and other valuables, without a dollar.
YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER
two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to "GODEY," The Best Family Magazine in America.
For 1889 it will contain:—Fashions in Colors. Fashions in black and white; latest from Europe. Original Novelties in Needle Work and Embroidery. Latest and most popular Music. Plans for the house you want to build. Directions for decorating your home. Cookery and household help, by Mrs. Chas. Hove, teacher in several fashionable New York academies, and selected by the Board of Education for the New York Public Schools. Literary enrichments by NELLY BLY, who got herself locked up in a insane asylum to find out how crazy treated the insane; ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, EMILY LENNOX, OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, MRS. HIRSTAND, EDGAR FAWCETT, DAVID LOWRY, etc.
Every Lady Her Own Dressmaker
who subscribes to Godey's Lady's Book. The coupon with which you will find in each number entitles you to your own selection of any cut paper pattern illustrated in Godey's Lady's Book. Your fee, Sample Copy will contain one of these coupons. Send 15 cents for Sample, which will be allowed on your subscription when received. The pattern shown you how to cut out the garment you want. That's all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number, for which send 15c. at once. "Godey" is only $2.00 a year.
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Superfine Carriage Paints —AND— Pure Colors in Oil and Water Colors,
At very low prices.
Alabastine for Walls and Ceilings.

W. H. THORNE & CO.
Market Square.

OYSTERS, OYSTERS.
13 Bbls Buctouche Oysters. TO ARRIVE.
15 Bbls Chatham Oysters.
For sale Wholesale and Retail at
CHAS. H. JACKSON'S,
No. 5 North Side King Square.

NOTICE.
APPLICATION will be made at the next ensuing session of the Legislature of New Brunswick for the passing of an act to incorporate the Exhibition Association of the City and County of St. John, giving to said Association power to hold exhibitions of an industrial and other character, and to do all lawful acts in furtherance thereof, to hold real and personal property for the purpose of exhibitions and for the management of the property of the Association, with further power to do anything necessary to holding exhibitions and making the same conductive to the development of the resources of the Province.
WM. J. PARKS, Secretary.
St. John, N. B., Feb. 5th 1889.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.
ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 30
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMODATION	13 30
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent
RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.
(ALL RAIL LINE.)
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Jan. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.
8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, for Fredericton, St. Andrews St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Bangor.
3.35 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.
8.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor Portland, Boston, and points west; Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stepuen, Presque Isle, Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.
ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.
5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.
10.00 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.
4.00 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.
LEAVE CARLETON.
8.25 a.m.—For Fairville, Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points west.
3.20 p.m.—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.
ARRIVE AT CARLETON.
10.10 a.m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.
4.10 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Grand Southern Railway.
ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 31, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—
LEAVE ST. JOHN at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 p. m.; St. Stephen at 12.25 p. m.
LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m.; St. George at 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.07 p. m.; St John at 1.12 p. m.
Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by James Moulson, 49 Water Street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.
Baggage will be received and delivered at Moulson's, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.
H. LAWRANCE STURD
F. W. HOLT, Superindendent.
St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

Buctouche and Moncton Rv.
ON and after MONDAY, Dec. 17th. trains will run as follows:

NO. 1.			NO. 2.		
Lv.	Buctouche	8 30	Lv.	Moncton	16 00
	Little River	8 48		Lewisville	16 04
	St. Anthony	9 04		Humphreys	16 08
	Cocaigne	9 20		Irishtown	16 26
	Notre Dame	9 22		Cape Breton	16 40
	McDougall's	9 38		Scotch Sett	16 48
	Scotch Sett	9 50		McDougall's	17 00
	Cape Breton	9 58		Notre Dame	17 16
	Irishtown	10 08		Cocaigne	17 18
	Humphreys	10 30		St. Anthony	17 34
	Lewisville	10 34		Little River	17 50
Ar.	Moncton	10 38	Ar.	Buctouche	18 08

C F. HANINGTON, Manager

W. M. CALDWELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office and Residence
LANCASTER ROAD, Fairville.

G. T. WHITENECT,
157 Brussels Street.
HOUSE, SHIP, SIGN, AND DECORATIVE PAINTER.
Paper Hanging, Gilding, Whitewashing, Calsomining, Glazing, Etc.
Telephone Communication with all the Leading Houses.

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