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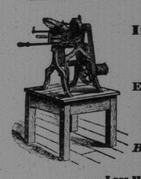

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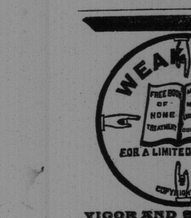

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The Doings of Raffles Haw. Awfully Rich for an Englishman.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

[CONTINUED.]

"I am very glad to hear what you say," said he. "It is a pleasure to know that the worship of gold is not quite universal, and that there are at least some who can rise above it. Would you mind my shaking you by the hand?"

It was a somewhat extraordinary request, but Robert rather prided himself on his Bohemianism, and upon his happy facility for making friends of all sorts and conditions of men. He readily exchanged a cordial grip with his chance acquaintance.

"You expressed some curiosity as to this house. I know the grounds pretty well and might perhaps show you one or two little things which would interest you. Here are the gates. Will you come in with me?"

Here was indeed a chance. Robert eagerly assented and walked up the winding drive amid the growing fir trees. When he found his uncouth guide, however, marching straight across the broad gravel square to the main entrance he felt that he had placed himself in a false position. "Surely not through the front door," he whispered plucking his companion by the sleeve. "Perhaps Mr. Raffles Haw might not like it."

"I don't think there will be any difficulty," said the other, with a quiet smile. "My name is Raffles Haw."

CHAPTER III.

A HOUSE OF WONDERS.

Robert McIntyre's face must have expressed the utter astonishment which filled his mind at this most unlooked for announcement. For a moment he thought that his companion must be joking, but the ease and assurance with which he lounged up the steps, and the deep respect with which a richly-clad functionary in the Hall swung open the door to admit him, showed that he spoke in sober earnest. Raffles Haw glanced back, and seeing the look of absolute amazement upon the young artist's features, he chuckled quietly to himself.

"You will forgive me, won't you for not disclosing my identity," he said, laying his hand with a friendly gesture upon the other's sleeve. "Had you known me you would have spoken less freely, and I should have had not the opportunity of learning your true worth. For example, you might hardly have been so frank upon the matter of wealth had you known that you were speaking to the master of the Hall."

"I don't think I ever was so much astonished in my life," gasped Robert.

"Naturally you are. How could you take me for anything else but a workman. So I am. Chemistry is one of my hobbies, and I spend hours a day in my laboratory yonder. I have only just struck work, and as I had inhaled some not over pleasant gases, I thought that a turn down the road and a whiff of tobacco might do me good. That was how I came to meet you, and my toilet, I fear, corresponded only too well with my smoke-grimed face. But I rather fancy I know you by repute. Your name is Robert McIntyre, is it not?"

"Yes, though I cannot imagine how you know."

"Well, I naturally took some little trouble to learn something of my neighbors. I had heard that there was an artist of that name, and I presume that artists are not very numerous in Tamfield. But how do you like the design? I hope it does not offend your trained taste."

"Indeed, it is wonderful, marvellous. You must yourself have an extraordinary eye for an effect."

"Oh, I have no taste at all. Not the slightest. I cannot tell good from bad. There never was such a Philistine. But I had the best man in London down, and another fellow from Vienna. They fixed it up between them."

They had been standing just within the folding doors upon a huge mat of bison skins. In front of them lay a great square court paved with many colored marbles laid out in a labyrinthine arabesque design. In the centre a high fountain of carved jade shot five high thin feathers of spray into the air, four of which curved towards each corner of the court, to descend into broad marble basins, while the fifth mounted straight up to an immense height and then tinkled back into the central reservoir. On either side of the court a tall, graceful palm tree shot up its tender stem, to break into a crown of drooping green leaves, some fifty feet above their heads. All around were a series of Moorish arches, in jade and serpentine marble, with heavy curtains of the deepest purple, to cover the doors which lay between them. In front, to right and left, a broad staircase of marble, carpeted with rich thick Smyrna rug work, led upward to the upper stories, which were arranged around the central court. The temperature was warm and yet fresh, like the air of an English May.

"It's taken from the Alhambra," said Raffles Haw. "The palm trees are pretty. They strike right through the building into the ground beneath, and their roots are all girt round with hot water pipes. They seem to thrive very well."

"What beautifully delicate brass work!" cried Robert, looking up with admiring eyes at the bright and infinitely fragile metal trellis screens which adorned the spaces between the Moorish arches.

"It is rather neat. But it is not brass work. Brass is not tough enough to allow them to work it to that degree of finness. It is gold. But just come this way with me. You won't mind waiting while I remove this smoke."

He led the way to a door upon the left side of the court, which to Robert's surprise swung slowly open as they approached it.

"That is a little improvement which I have adopted," remarked the master of the house. "As you go up to the door your weight upon the planks releases a spring which causes the hinges to revolve. Pray, step in. This is my own little sanctum and furnished after my own heart."

If Robert expected to see some fresh exhibition of wealth and luxury he was wofully disappointed, for he found himself in a large but bare room with a little iron truckle bed in one corner, a few scattered wooden chairs, a dingy carpet, and a large table heaped with books, bottles, papers, and all the other debris which collect around a busy and untidy man. Motioning his visitor into a chair, Raffles Haw pulled off his coat and, turning up the sleeves of his coarse flannel shirt, he began to plunge and scrub in the warm water which flowed from a tap in the wall.

"You see how simple my own tastes are," he remarked, as he mopped his dripping face and hair with the towel. "This is the only room in my great house where I find myself in a congenial atmosphere. It is homely to me. I can read here and smoke my pipe in peace. Anything like luxury is abhorrent to me."

"Really I should not have thought it," observed Robert.

"It is a fact, I assure you. You see, even with your views as to the worthlessness of wealth, views which I am sure are very sensible and much to your credit, you must allow that if a man should happen to be the possessor of vast—well, let us say of considerable sums of money—it is his duty to get that money into circulation, so that the community may be the better for it. There is the secret of my fine feathers. I have to exert all ingenuity in order to spend my income, and yet keep the money in legitimate channels. For example, it is not very easy to give money away, and no doubt I could dispose of my surplus, or part of my surplus in that fashion, but I have no wish to pauperize anyone, or to do mischief by indiscriminate charity. I must exact some sort of money's worth for all the money which I lay out. You see my point, don't you?"

"Entirely, though really it is something novel to hear a man complain of the difficulty of spending his income."

"I assure you that it is a very serious difficulty with me. But I have hit upon some plans, some very pretty plans. Will you wash your hands? Well then perhaps you would care to have a look round. Just come into this corner of the room and sit upon this chair. So. Now I will sit upon this one, and we are ready to start."

The angle of the chamber in which they sat was painted for about six feet in each direction of a dark chocolate brown, and was furnished with two red plush seats protruding from the walls, and in striking contrast with the simplicity of the rest of the apartment.

"This," remarked Raffles Haw, "is a lift though it is so closely joined to the rest of the room that without the change in color it might puzzle you to find the division. It is made to run either horizontally or vertically. This line of knobs represents the various rooms. You can see 'dining,' 'smoking,' 'billiard,' 'library,' and so on upon them. I will show you the upward action. I press this one with 'kitchen,' upon it."

There was a sense of motion, a very slight jar, and Robert, without moving from his seat, was conscious that the room had vanished, and that a large arched oaken door stood in the place where it had occupied.

"That is the kitchen door," said Raffles Haw. "I have my kitchens at the top of the house. I cannot tolerate the smell of cooking. We have gone up eighty feet in one and a half seconds. Now I press again and here we are in my room once more.'

Robert McIntyre stared about him in astonishment. "The wonders of science are greater than those of magic," he remarked.

"Yes, it is a pretty little mechanism. Now we try the horizontal. I press the 'dining knob and here we are. Step towards the door, and you will find it open in front of you."

Robert did as he was bid, and found himself with his companion in a large and lofty room, while the lift, the instant that it was freed from their weight, flashed back to its original position. With his feet sinking into the soft, rich carpet, as if he were ankle-deep in some mossy bank, he stared about him at the great pictures which lined the walls.

"Surely, surely, I see Raphael's touch there," he cried, pointing at the one which faced him.

"Yes, it is a Raphael, and I believe one of his best. I had a very exciting bid for it with the French Government. They wanted it for the Louvre, but of course at an auction the longest purse must win."

"And this 'Arrest of Cataline,' must be a Rubens. One cannot mistake his splendid men and his infamous women.

"Yes, it is a Rubens. The other two are a Velasquez and a Teniers, fair specimens of the Spanish and the Dutch schools. I have only old masters here. The moderns are in the billiard room. The furniture here is a little curious. In fact, I fancy that it is unique. It is made of ebony and narwhal's horns. You see that the legs of everything are of spiral ivory, both the table and the chairs. It cost the upholsterer some little pains for the supply of these things is limited. Curiously enough, the Chinese Emperor had given a large order for narwhal's horns to repair some ancient pagoda which was fenced in with them, but I outbid him in the market, and his Celestial Highness has had to wait. There is a lift here in the corner, but we do not need it. Pray step through this door. This is the billiard room," he continued, as they advanced into the adjoining room. "You see I have a few recent pictures on the walls. Here is a Corot, two Meissonniers, a Bouguereau, a Millais, an Orchardson, and two Alma Tademas. It seems to me to be a pity to hang pictures over these walls of carved oak. Look at those birds hopping and singing in the branches. They really seem to move and twitter, don't they?"

"They are perfect. I never saw such exquisite work. But why do you call it a billiard room, Mr. Haw? I do not see any board."

"Oh a board is such a clumsy, uncompromising piece of furniture. It is always in the way unless you actually need to use it. In this case the board is covered by that square of polished maple which you see fixed into the floor. Now I put my foot upon this motor. You see?" As he spoke, the central part of the flooring flew up, and a most beautiful tortoise shell billiard table rose up some four feet into the air. He pressed a second spring, and a bagatelle table appeared in the same fashion. "You may have card tables or what you will by setting the levers in motion," he remarked. But all this is very trifling. Perhaps we may find something in the museum which may be of more interest."

He led the way into another chamber which was furnished in antique style, with hangings of the rarest and richest tapestry. The floor was a mosaic of colored marbles, scattered over with mats of costly fur. There was little furniture, but a number of Louis Quatorze cabinets of ebony and silver, with painted plaques, were ranged round the apartment.

"It is perhaps hardly fair to dignify it by the name of a museem," said Raffles Haw; "It consists merely of a few elegant trifles which I have picked up here and there. Gems are my strongest point. I fancy that there perhaps I might challenge comparison with any private collector in the world. I lock them up, for even the best servants may be tempted." He took a silver key from his watch chain and began to unlock and draw out the drawers. A cry of wonder and of admiration burst from Robert McIntyre as his eyes rested upon case after case filled with the most magnificent stones. The deep still red of the rubies the clear scintilating green of the emeralds, the hard glitter of the diamond, the many shifting shades of beryls, of amethysts, of onyxes, of catseyes, of opals, of agates, of carnelians seemed to fill the whole chamber with vague, twinkling many-colored lights. Long slabs of the beautiful blue lapis lazuli, magnificent bloodstones, specimens of pink and red and white coral, long strings of lustrous pearls, all these were tossed out by the owner as a school boy might pour marbles from his bag.

"This isn't bad," he said, holding up a great glowing yellow mass as large as his own head. "It is really a fine piece of amber. It was forwarded to me by my agent at the Baltic. Twenty-eight pounds it weighs. I never heard of so fine a one. I have no very large brilliants: there were no very large ones in the market: but my average is good. Pretty toys are they not?" He poked up a double handful of emeralds from a drawer, and then let them trickle slowly back into the heap.

"Good heavens!" cried Robert, as he gazed from case to case. "It is an income fortune in itself. Surely a hundren thousand pounds would hardly buy so splendid a collection.

"I don't think that you would do for a valuer of precious stones," said Raffles Haw, laughing. "Why the contents of that one little drawer of brilliants could not be bought for the sum which you name. I have a memo here of what I have expended up to date on my collection though I have agents at work who will probably make very considerable additions to it within the next few weeks. As matters stand however, I have spent, let me see: pearls, one forty thousand; emeralds, seven fifty; rubies, eight fo rty; brilliants, nine twenty; onyxes—I have several very nice onyxes—two thirty. Other gems, carbuncles, agates—hum! Yes, it figures out at just a little over four million, seven hundred and forty thousand. I daresay that we may say five million, for I have not counted the odd money."

"Good gracious!" cried the young artist, with staring eyes.

"I have a certain feeling of duty in the matter. You see the cutting, polishing and general sale of stones is one of those industries which is entirely dependent upon wealth. If we do not support it it must languish, which means misfortune to a considerable number of people. The same applies to the gold filagree works which you noticed in the court. Wealth has its responsibilities and the encouragement of these handicrafts is among the most obvious of them. Here is a nice ruby. It is Burmese, and the fifth largest in existence. I am inclined to think that if it were uncut it would be the second, but of course cutting takes away a great deal." He held up the blazing red stone, about the size of a chestnut, between his finger and thumb for a moment, and then threw it back into its drawer. "Come into the smoking room," he said. "You will need some little refreshment, for they say that sight-seeing is the most exhausting occupation in the world."

THE END.

SHE WOULDN'T HAVE HIM.

But Her Father Would, Buy Guns, Much to the Dude's Sorrow.

The Cairo Short Line passenger from Paducah had a very heavy load of excursionists Sunday, returning home from Kentucky, where they had been spending the Fourth. Among the number was a dapper little man from St. Louis whose name is withheld because it would add nothing to this o'er true story. He was very sweet, at least his vanity told him so. The dude sported lavender pants, a black silk tennis shirt, a flashy tie, and wore a No. 6½ beaver hat. Like all of his kind, the dude had a mania for breaking hearts, and made himself conspicuous by ogling all the ladies on the train and by loud remarks drawing attention to himself. His forte, though, was a promenade at the various stations where the train pulled up. Then he was in his element, as he minced along the platform or took up an artistic pose, as much as to say, "Look at me, ain't I sweet?" Whenever he approached a woman, he she black or white, this foolish dude had some inane witticism to crack at her expense.

This conduct continued till the train reached a station this side of Pinckneyville, Ill., where a long halt was made. Here was the dude's opportunity, here he surpassed all previous efforts in his role as a railroad masher, and here, also, he was overtaken by a vengence.

On the platform stood an old gray-haired gentleman, with strongly marked features, and by his side a modest girl of 17 years, neatly and becomingly dressed. They were evidently father and daughter. The natty little dude spied them as soon as the train pulled in. Here was his opportunity, of which he quickly availed himself. Accompanied by three companions he walked slowly past the couple, making some remark as he reached them. The girl's cheeks crimsoned, while an ominous frown gathered on the father's brow. Unaware of their danger, the quartet proceeded to the station saloon and gleefully quaffed their soda, after which each lighted a cigarette and retraced their steps to the train, again having to pass the father and daughter. Whether the soda flew to the dude's head and made him more reckless than usual, or whether the fact that the girl was so modest and shrinking that he thought her lawful game, and as her only protector was an old man, no danger was apprehended, the St. Louis dude grew bolder as he approached the couple, and turning to a companion said, "This girl says that she won't have me."

In a moment the old gentleman reached forward and grasped the surprised masher by the back of the neck, saying: "No, by gum, but her father will," and proceeded to mop the platform with his dudeship. Back and forth the natty little man was dragged, and his lavender pants was split up one leg, his silk shirt torn, while his handsome beaver was hopelessly crushed as though so much paper. Then, turning him around, the old man planted a No. 10 shoe squarely and fairly at the base of the dude's spinal column, elevating the little man into the air and landing him off the platform a hopeless and helpless wreck. His three valiant companions had fled at the first onslaught of the old man, but the 400 or 500 passengers gave him such an ovation as seldom falls to the lot of mortal, the cars fairly rolling under the applause so heartily bestowed.

His dudeship dragged himself away, a sorer, if not a wiser man. Where he hid himself no one knew, but he was not seen again until the cars reached the Union Depot, where he was detected limping painfully between a standing train, wending his weary way to the nearest street car line.

"It is cruel to keep that dog closely muzzled this warm weather," said a New York gentleman to a boy leading a small dog. "The owner of that dog must be a cruel man." "Oh, no, sir; he is the kindest hearted man in the world. He keeps the dog muzzled to prevent him from biting." "From biting children, I suppose." "Oh, no; from biting the fleas that worry the life out of the poor animal."—Texas Siftings.

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Mr. Fussy (engaging board)—Ah! I see you have a piano. Do I have the use of that? Mrs. Pancake—Why, certainly. Mr. Fussy—Well, then, please let me have the key and I'll lock it.

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Kind Father—My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you. Daughter—Are you sure of that, pa? Kind Father—Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months and he still keeps coming.

Edward Linlef of St. Peters, C. B., says—"That his horse was badly torn by barbed wire. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

It is a very discreet man who never says either too much or too little. At a business meeting the chairman announced: "Brother Skimmer submits his resignation as a member of this society. What action will be taken upon it?, "I move you, sir," said one of the parliamentarians present, "that the resignation be accepted, and that a vote of thanks be tendered to Brother Skinner."

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Coughs, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. Large size most economical. For sale by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

"Thank heaven," exclaimed the reformer fervently, "war, the scourge of our civilization, seems to have become a thing of the past." "Yes," said the prosaic cynic, "but the cigarette factories are still in full blast."

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

"Pat, Pat, you should never hit a man when he is down!" "Begobs, what did I worruk so hard to get him down for?"

For Over Fifty Years

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

Patient—Doctor, a peculiar thing happened to me last night. Everthing I saw on my way home appeared doubled. Optician—How many beers had you drunk? Patient—Oh, doctor! Optician—Well, tell me. Patient—If I must, five. Optician—Hereafter drink four; that's your limit.

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

Teacher (after reading the piece aloud). "Now, then, Harry, can you tell me why Ben Adhem's name led all the rest?" Harry. "Yes, ma'am. The list was alphabetically arranged."

Red and rosy cheeks follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are nature's remedy for driving all diseases, resulting from poor and watery blood, enriching that vital fluid, building up the nerves and promptly correcting irregularities, suppressions and the ills peculiar to females. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sticky (supe)—I want me tree dollars, see? Manager—Tell Props that I said he should give you the stage diamonds.

No more misery with the wash. No more dirt in the kitchen. The old chemical powders have had their day. They now cease to be. Lessive Phenix is the name of the new solutive. It is so emollient in its properties that, used in the bath, it makes the skin fair and soft. No more soda. No more aches. Use Lessive Phenix and the wash is a pleasure. White or colored clothes, it is all the same. It makes them all beautiful. Use Lessive Phenix upon silver or tinware and the cleansing and brightening effects are marvelous. Ask your grocer for it,—and dont take the injurious powders.

Jagway—Yes, sir; a friend of mine who lives up in Michigan gave me that ring and I am proud of it. Dashaway—Is it a diamond? Jagway—It is celebrated for, don't you? No. What? Dashaway—For its copper mines.

The Grand Trunk System.

The Grand Trunk system differs from the human system in that the same troubles do not affect both alike. Dyspepsia and Biliousness are for all diseases of the human system there is no tonic like Hop Bitters, regulator and strengthener as good as Burdock Blood Bitters. A weak system can be built up by B. B. B.

A Nationalist Plan.

A proposal, which would obtain favor with even the opponents of the nationalist party, contemplates the planting of a supply sufficient for each family of nature's great dyspepsia specific and blood purifier, B. B. B., in every home in the land. The benefits of such a boon to the people would be incalculable.

Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

Health is impossible without an pure blood, for without it health is impossible; without health happiness is impossible, and without happiness prosperity is impossible. B. B. B. purifies and enriches blood and nothing else does so well as B. B. B., the best blood purifier known.

Imperial Federation.

Will present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhœa, etc. It is a sure cure.

What's the Reason?

The causes of summer complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., are the excessive heat, eating green fruit, over-exertion, impure water and sudden chill. Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is an infallible and prompt cure for all bowel complaints from whatever cause.

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

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

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

AUCTION SALES.

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction at Chubbs' Corner, so called on Prince William street, City of Saint John on

Saturday, the 25th Day of July

next, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

ALL JOHN MEALEY'S leasehold, right, title and interest in "All that certain lot, piece, portion or parcel of that lot of land known as the school lot situate in the parish of Lancaster in the City and County of Saint John, and bounded and described as follows, viz: That is to say fronting on the road or highway leading from Carleton to St. Andrews, beginning at a post standing at the south eastern corner of lot number seven and extending along the aforesaid road easterly ninety (90) feet more or less to a post in the line of lot owned or lately owned by Simon Z. Lake, thence along the said line northerly one hundred and sixty (160) feet, more or less, thence forming an angle and extending southerly one hundred and fifty (150) feet more or less to the place of beginning together with the buildings and erections thereon being. The same having been levied on under several executions issued out of the Supreme and County Courts against the said John Mealy individually and also against the said John Mealy and William H. Clark.

JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff.

St. John, N. B., 16 April, 1891.

Equity Sale

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY;

BETWEEN "THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING SOCIETY," PLAINTIFFS, AND JAMES MCMINAMIN, HENRY DUFFELL, THE HALIFAX BANKING COMPANY, CHARLES H. PETERS AND CHARLES N. SKINNER, DEFENDANTS.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the 5th day of SEPTEMBER next at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity made in the above cause on the first day of June, last past, with the approbation of the undersigned, a Referee in Equity duly commissioned, appointed and sworn to act in and for the said City and County of Saint John under and by virtue of an act passed in the forty-ninth year of the reign of her present Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled "An Act Respecting the Administration of Justice in Equity," the mortgaged lands and premises described in a certain Indenture of lease bearing date the 21st day of February A. D. 1882 made between Irene M. Simonds and Gertude Ann Simonds of the first part and the said James McMinamin and James McMinamin Jr. of the second part in the Plaintiffs' Bill and in said decretal order, as: "Beginning on the eastern side of Bridge street, thirty feet northerly from the house formerly owned by Thomas Gunard, and now owned by Edward Tierney, and running from thence northerly by the said street thirty feet, thence easterly at right angles thereto one hundred feet, thence southerly parrellel to the said street thirty feet and from thence westerly one hundred feet to the place of beginning" The lot hereby leased being bounded on the North by the lot leased to and occupied by Roanna Tierney. Together with all the buildings and erections thereon STANDING and BEING.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

Dated this twenty-ninth day of June, A. D. 1891.

G. C. A. J. COSTER, Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

JOHN L. CARLETON, Referee in Equity.

St. John Oyster House

No. 5 King Square, North Side.

RECEIVING DAILY:

FRESH P.E.ISLAND OYSTERS

1 Barrel Spa Water, 30c. gallon;

40 Gallons Clams;

4 Barrels Clams.

FOR SALE LOW BY

C. H. JACKSON.

A SONG OF THE YEARS AND A MEMORY OF ACADIA,

BY H. L. SPENCER.

Mr. Spencer ranks among the first Canadian poets."—*Goldwin Smith.*

"He is a true visionist, having the poets' second sight and renders his meaning in such a melodious manner that we must ever be glad to listen"—*Rev. A. J. Lockhart.*

"His theme are man's hopes, life's disappointments, regrets for the vanity of human wishes, the immemorial and ever during subjects of poetry."—*John Livingston.*

"Songs like his will be sung through all the centuries."—*Edgar L. Wakeman.*

"Mr. Spencer's poems in the Watchman are full of individual character and suggestiveness."—*William Online (in Voyage).*

Published by J. & A. McMILLA