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# "Maidens Choosing."

BY ELLEN OLNEY KIRK,

*Author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Through Windily Ways," "Queen Money," "Sons and Daughters," Etc.*

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Littleboy escorts his aunt, Mrs. Craige and her step-daughter Marion, whom he calls cousin, to see Bernhardt at a New York theatre. Richard sees Walter Bellamy, a favorite of fortune, talking to his aunt, and expresses his regrets to Marion that he will now see little more of her society, saying, as she does not understand him, that she has a lesson to learn. She asks him to teach her. He tells her what a rich friend of his, named George Milgate, who desires a wife said to him about his revenue and marriage. Marion dislikes George Milgate and urges Richard to abandon the tone he has taken about himself, and feel satisfied with his own career. Bellamy succeeds in securing a seat beside Marion, and later at Delmonico's they see Hartley Pare, who is Bellamy's mentor. Mrs. Craige is a Southern lady who has not been in New York for twenty-seven years.

Aunt Rachel tells Richard her intention to make Marion's life successful, and her desire is that she should marry well and she asks him to not hinder her. Intimating at the same time a preference for Bellamy.

She is called upon by her relatives Mrs Kenyon and her grand daughter, Mrs. Dorsey, whose husband is very wealthy. Another connection, Ralph Atterbury, a brilliant talker, and now a broker, also calls. Ralph tells her his wife, Nina, who is handsome, can spend more in an hour than he can make in a month, and also describes his elder brother Tom, whose wife is wealthy. He does not succeed in ascertaining the extent of Mrs. Craiges wealth.

He wants to get some of her money for speculation, but fails. He is introduced to Milgate by Richard. Ralph afterwards introduces Milgate to Mrs DeLancy and her sister, Miss Gussie Talbot, who are two handsome and successful women in society.

Later Ralph tells these ladies what he knows about Milgate and asks his wife to invite them and some relatives to dinner. He introduces Milgate also to Mr Keyon and other society leaders. Milgate is entertained by Gussy, to whom he proves a bore. Gussie sees and has just kissed her hair when Edward De Lancey, the master of the house appears. Mrs. Gussy disappears and Milgate is joined by Ralph on the street. They go to the theatre and are joined by Richard, Bellamy, Mrs. Dorsey and Marion. In the confusion of screen, Marion thinking she has taken Richard's arm takes Bellamy's by him and is surprised to find later that Milgate is her escort. Ralph's wife makes no preparation for the dinner party, and he is unnaged.

The dinner's given, after explanations, and is a success. Milgate arrives late and is placed between Mrs. DeLancey and Gussie. He determines to win Marion. Richard introduces him to her.

At Mrs. Dorsey's country house they all meet and Mrs. Dorsey and Marion withdraw for a quiet chat in the former's dressing room. Mrs. Dorsey discusses Marion's future and tells her about her prospects and the pleasures of a marriage engagement. And says there is just one man it is possible for each woman to love. Milgate was enjoying the reflection that he was under the same roof as Marion. At the same moment he hears and hearing a rustle of a gown and a voice rushes out and fell into Mrs. Delancey's arms. She been him off in triumph. Gussy is taken out to dinner by Mr. Berry, an Englishman, who is learning a number of American expressions.

Mrs. Delancey sees Milgate's desire to address Marion, and detains him. She says the party is to enable Bellamy to propose, but that she will not have him as she loves another. Milgate is elated, thinking he is the one referred to. Bellamy joins Marion who soon leaves him.

Marion experienced her first snow storm next day, and she is rallied by Mrs. Delancey about her admirers. Mrs. Delancey finds it dull and proposes playing a trick on some one. A snow slide is erected by the gentlemen and Bellamy amuses the party. Bellamy and Milgate both claim to take Marion down the slide. She accompanies Bellamy, whereat Milgate is angry and declines Mrs. DeLancey's invitation to a slide.

Bellamy's toboggan collides with and buries Milgate in the snow. He gets furious. Bellamy apologizes. Miss Talbot carries her wrist and the sport is ended. Next morning is New Year's Day and Bellamy starts out to Craige and offers himself to Miss Craige. Miss Talbot congratulated wrist keeps her a prisoner and she receives Bellamy, who was once in love with her. She pities her poor wrist and kisses it without offending, then turns from him to kiss her lips.

Mrs. Sydney West has seen this incident and so does Marion, who tries to pretend she has seen nothing. Gussie, taken aback, runs off with a muffled shriek. Bellamy tries to explain and proposes to Marion, who distinctly refuses him. Richard visits the Dorseys. Sees Marion and urges Milgate's suit. He also tells her, he has never seen him to repress his own foolish aspirations. He, however, tells her he has loved her since the first moment he saw her. Richard is called out and soon after Milgate addresses her. He is engaged. A trick has been played on him. He blames Marion. She leaves the room indignant after he has told her he intended to make her his wife, but now all is over between them. Richard tries to calm him. Milgate explains the trick played on him. He asks Richard to plead humbly and apologize for him to Marion. Richard promises to do so. Milgate is shut up for days with a severe cold. Richard tells Milgate he has not spoken to Marion. Ralph Atterbury tries his best to put Milgate in a good light with Mrs. Craige, who promises to use her influence. And tells Marion how really poor they are. Ralph meets Mrs. DeLancey and they laugh over the story of the trick played on Milgate, which has got into the papers. Milgate has recovered and calls on Marion. He has not seen the newspaper article, which does credit to Bellamy. Milgate wants the truth proposes to Marion, who tells him she does not love him and that it is impossible she can be his wife. He feels humiliated and engaged. He sheds Dorsey from when he hears of the newspaper prism about the trick played on him, and that Ralph is its author. He learns Marion returning from Mrs. West's ball is amazed to see Richard in their parlor. Her mother has told him he is to speak to her at a father. She is Craige and cannot be false to what is honest and true.

Richard returns home and is ill with fever. Milgate calls on Ralph, and wants his Winnipeg stock certificates which Ralph holds. Ralph says they are with his brokers who are of shady reputation. He must have money. He calls on Mrs. Craige and gets her check for $2,000 to invest for her. He draws the money. He is distracted and receives to see Cody. Cody & Co. close next day. Milgate calls on him.

[CONTINUED.]

"Good-morning," he said, turning to his visitor the moment they were left together. "I have been expecting you since nine o'clock."

"There was a little flurry on the street," said Milgate, "and I was interested in watching it. Besides, Winnipeg had dropped six points when selling began again. They say it will go up again tomorrow.

"I am glad you do not want it to-day," said Ralph. "Milgate," he went on, with a straight, candid glance, "I am going to ask a favor: it is that you will not press me for the delivery of your stock for a few days. The fact is, the certificates are not, at this moment, in my hands."

"I saw as much as that yesterday," put in Milgate.

"I throw myself on your good-nature," Ralph went on. "I deposited them with a man who is arranging a transfer of some property for me."

Milgate narrowed his eyelids, and his lips set in a hard curve, but he did not speak.

"They are absolutely safe," said Ralph. "Is that your usual way of doing business?" asked Milgate.

"It is not. But then, besides being my client, you were my friend."

"It is to be hoped my certificates are not in Cody & Tatem's hands," observed Milgate; "for they have made an assignment."

The blow struck home. Ralph's jaw dropped; his face grew ashy pale. "It is not true," he gasped.

"It is true," said Milgate, watching his victim and allowing no sign of weakness to escape him. "The reason they offer is that they are short of certain stocks they are bound to deliver to-day."

Ralph uttered an exclamation.

"I see that they have got my money," said Milgate, sitting down for the first time. "What are you going to do about it?"

Ralph's glance wavered and fell. He looked as he felt,—convicted. There was a tremor about his lips.

"What are you going to do about it?" Milgate demanded, in a louder tone.

"For God's sake, Milgate, let things wait a day or two," said Ralph fretfully. "It makes no real difference to you, while to me——"

"I assure you it does make a difference to me," said Milgate. "I object to losing the smallest amount of money, and I object still more to being made a dupe of by any man alive. I don't believe you deposited those certificates with Cody & Tatem. I don't believe you had them to deposit. I don't believe you bought Winnipeg when you said you did. You sold my debenture bonds and appropriated that thirteen thousand dollars odd to carry out some infernal gambling speculations you were involved in with those sharpers. Perhaps you considered it a safe proceeding; but I have got a credible witness. I have your letter and your telegrams besides. Don't you remember that I telephoned you from Gibson's? Well young Gibson heard every word you uttered. I have looked him up, and he is ready to testify in court if I need him."

Ralph turned upon the speaker in a fever of irritation:

"You have not been injuring my credit?"

"I don't know how much credit you have. I only know I mean to look out for my own interests."

"I suppose you want to get your money back," replied Milgate. "I don't mind your credit, or your feelings, or your family."

Ralph burst into tears. In all his life he had had no such moment of weakness. "You think of nobody but yourself," he faltered.

"Of whom should I think? Is a man to let valuable securities vanish like a thimble in a juggler's hands? Does he hold out his money to invite embezzlers?"

Ralph jammed his hands into his burning eyes.

"You are brutal," said he. "You have no right to take this tone. It is as if I had refused to pay; but I have not refused to pay. I have got part of the money to pay you in my pocket, and can get more. I am not abjectly helpless. It is as if you wanted to get me into a tight place, and, finding me there, squeezed me and trampled on me. You can't prove I have not acted on the square."

Ralph uttered an exclamation of disgust. "Why can't you be a man of the world?" said he. "It is impossible to realize that you are the same George Milgate I was proud to call my friend."

"It is impossible to realize that you are the Ralph Atterbury I believed in," said Milgate, with an actual snarl. "When I found that you gave me away, made me a laughing-stock, why naturally I was tired of being your emergency pool."

Ralph looked at him incredulously: "I don't know to what you refer."

"Oh, don't you though?" said Milgate, fiercely. "Who else wrote that poem about my waiting in the snow-storm?"

"I did not write it," replied Ralph. "Who says I did? The idea is absurd."

"Everybody knows that you wrote it," said Milgate. "It is not the only matter in which you have played me false."

"Go on," said Ralph. He smiled. "I want the whole indictment."

"You have tried in every way to humiliate me," said Milgate feverishly. "You sent me to a girl who you knew would put me on the rack. You said she had refused Bellamy. She had not refused him; she is going to marry him. It is in every paper I take up. I have been treated like a dog, and it is all your fault."

"You make yourself ridiculous: nobody else needs to do it for you," said Ralph. He looked at Milgate with such angry scorn that the younger man reddened. "Never," Ralph went on, "did I hear of so miserably inadequate a reason for conduct like yours as getting a cold in your head by waiting out in a snow-storm for a girl who showed her good sense in not caring a pin about you."

In spite of his own wrath, Milgate was almost startled as he saw the glitter in Ralph's eyes. "Tell me," went on Ralph, sternly, "did you set a man to watch me yesterday?"

Milgate shrugged his shoulders: "You will find if you try to go out that he is watching you still."

"I will pay you every cent I owe you," said Ralph, with a look and tone that cut like a lash. "Be sure you shall be paid."

"I want my Winnipeg stock," said Milgate, quietly."

"No: what you want," said Ralph with bitter incisiveness, "is the satisfaction of gratifying a ridiculous rancor worthy only of a savage or a silly schoolboy."

Milgate jumped up as if struck: he walked towards the door, but something yet unspoken forced him to turn back.

"As a rule," pursued Ralph, "when a man can't win a girl, he takes it quietly, and does not make other people pay for the blow to his vanity."

Milgate darted a fierce look at Ralph, seemed about to speak, then, coloring violently, turned and went out of the office without another word.

"I'm glad I said it," Ralph muttered to himself, half elated that he had let go an arrow which should rankle.

Milgate had barely left him when Percy Blake looked in. The moment he saw Ralph sitting at the table drumming with his fingers on the arm of his chair his errand was answered.

"I hope you lose nothing by Cody & Tatem, Ralph?" he observed, quietly. "It is said to be a heavy failure."

Ralph looked at his brother-in-law a moment, dumb, then shook his head. I have heard no particulars," he answered. "Somebody told me they had made an assignment."

"They've got nothing to assign," said Percy Blake. "Cody has been arrested." At the word Ralph started up: he was trembling all over.

"I was just going up-town," said he. "I don't feel well."

Percy Blake went away without another word.

There was no clear thought or intention in Ralph. He wanted to get away from possibility of contact with men whose looks hurt him. On his way up-town he sat quiet and impassive, his lips unbent as if in a half-smile. He was ruined root and branch, he knew that. He had heavier creditors than Milgate with whom he would have to settle. He had put'all he could get hold of into Cody's hands. When he had beguiled himself by lying to Milgate about paying his debt to him he knew that his promises were froth, but it still pleased him that he had put on so heroic a mein.

When he reached his own house he went into his study for a quarter of an hour. Then he emerged with a white face and went up-stairs to Nina's room. She had gone out. He stood before her dressing-table a moment and looked at its pretty appurtenances.

"Poor Nina!" he muttered.

He took out his note-book, still swollen with the money he had drawn at the bank the day before. He had no thought of Rachel Craige at this moment. It was the idea of Nina and the two little girls that pulled at his heart-strings and roused tenderness he had hardly known he possessed. It was to answer their claims upon him that he put Rachel's money in the upper drawer among his wife's trinkets and laces.

"She will find it to-night, and will understand that I put it there for her," he said within himself. A whiff of rich scent floated out from the place and seemed to hang about him like a presence as he went down-stairs and out of the door. He still had no settled plan. He wondered vaguely if Milgate's detective were watching him, but he had lost all dread.

"I think I'll go to Tom's," he now decided. "I rather think Tom is fonder of me than anybody in the world. Once he told me I was his prodigal son. I'll go home to him."

At six o'clock, when Thomas Atterbury entered his own house, he looked very grave. Percy Blake had told him there could be no doubt but that Ralph had been hit heavily.

"Your brother came here two hours ago," said Mrs. Atterbury, almost awed at the sight of her husband's stern face. "He said he would go into your book-room and wait."

Tom gave a positive snort at this news. He puffed out his cheeks, set his full lips firmly together, and walked heavily and majestically towards his library, entered, and shut the door.

There was only firelight in the room, but he could discern his brother's outline in the chair. He half sat, half reclined, his arms thrown forward on the table, his head on his elbow.

"Ralph," said Tom, in a voice that showed that he had passed judgment on the sinner. But Ralph did not answer.

"Are you asleep?" said Tom sternly. It was like this spoiled younger brother to sleep while others bore the burden and heat of the day. He lighted the gas and looked intently at the still figure, his heart softening singularly at the graceful boyish attitude it had taken. Tom was glad afterwards that his heart had softened; for Ralph was dead.

CHAPTER XV.

MARION'S CHOICE.

Dick was ill for three weeks, and for a few days of that time some of his friends were very anxious.

He was in general vaguely conscious of what went on about him, and could be roused, but he was the prey of feverish dreams. Round each trivial incident of his daily life fancies now clustered suggesting difficulties and dangers. He would have columns upon columns of the Republic to fill up, yet all the copy he could furnish by dint of writing hour after hour would be compressed into a paragraph of type. All the men at the office, chance acquaintances at his club, made part of this impessant mental drama. He had but to close his eyes and apparitions arose, some sordid, dull, and prosaic, while others caught a rainbow glint as from heaven itself which played upon these bubbles of fancy. Certain memories came back with an obstinate reality. Milgate was at his side, goading and imperious, sending him on embassies, imposing obligations, questioning his conscience. Dick went up and down in his dreams on an endless quest after Marion, who in the shape of a slight, winged creature in a white gauze ball-dress, was eternally appearing and eternally vanishing: whose wings felt he had to break, yet abhorred the task; whose beauty and sweetness he needed somehow to quench, for it seemed to put new fire into his veins. He was always longing to utter the word which should put an end to these weary struggles, but it would not be uttered.

In fact, for thirteen days it was a weary time for Richard; then he began to mend. Visions left him, and instead he had a feeling of drowsy comfort on his pillow, which he no longer turned over and over seeking a cool soft spot where he might rest. The hour when broth was offered became an experience to linger over the idea of,—to be hopeful about if he heard the door open and shut. Then he began to wonder what day it was, how long he had been ill, and who was taking care of him. He opened his eyes with a stirring of eager curiosity. Some incident of yesterday, no fiction of his own imagining, suddenly gathered shape and meaning. He could not quite seize it, but it seemed, it actually seemed to him that Marion Craige had been here in his room, that she stood over him and smiled down upon him with the look she might have given a child she wished tenderly to encourage. Then his hand had closed on hers, and he had gone to sleep.

Now, taking note of his surroundings, he saw, not Marion, but a guardian angel quite different. In a chair by the fire sat a large woman of supreme ugliness in a nurse's cap and apron, sitting bolt upright, her eyes closed, her month open, and snoring slightly. So Dick also went to sleep again.

The next time he swoke he felt distinctly better. He remembered the comfortable woman by the fire, and called softly, "Nurse."

Something bent over his bed.

"Here is your milk," some one said, very gently.

He opened his eyes and met another pair of eyes looking down at him. They belonged to the face which had played through all his sick fancies. The two looked for a long moment silently at each other; then Richard murmured, with a half-smile,—

"As I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia."

"Yes, it is your child Cordelia," said Marion. "Oh, Dick, you are better? You surely are not out of your head again?"

He was still gazing up at her. She was at once so familiar and so unfamiliar; so lively, just as she had always been, with her wonderful eyes, her white, her soft pink flushes, and yet she was so much more beautiful than he had ever seen her before.

"You must take this," she said, gently.

She fed him skilfully.

"Now," she said, "will you go to sleep again?"

"No, not now," he answered. "I am better."

"You are better, but you must be careful of yourself."

"I would rather be taken care of," said Richard. "I know it is selfish, but I like this."

She had seated herself on the side of the bed, and was smiling as she looked down on him.

"What day of the month is it? When did you come here? How long are you going to stay? What has happened?" said Richard.

"It is the 27th of February," answered Marion. "The chief thing what has happened is that you have been ill."

"Alarmingly ill?"

"I was alarmed," she said, softly. Somehow her hand was in his.

"Is this too a dream?" he asked, presently. "Shall I have to wake up?"

"Never, never, never. We are going to dream all our lives," said Marion. "But now, not another word. You are going to sleep."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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

What a —(Story)!
For Neuralgia, a novel cure—which we hardly believe if true, will ever become popular—is vouched for, it is said, by a correspondent of the New York Sun. An Irish girl in Patterson, N. J., had suffered with Neuralgia of the head and face until almost frantic with pain; actually beating the wall with her head to cause insensibility. Her employer having heard that a Dr. Tarc had cured rheumatism by the sting of a wasp, asked the girl if she would try it. With courage born of despair, she exclaimed "Any other torture would be a pleasure beside this." A yellow wasp was obtained, and vexed into stinging her face. Within a few moments the pain ceased, the girl fell asleep, and strange to say, never again had an attack of neuralgia. Well, we don't blame her. The remedy was probably too heroic for a second dose. A learned specialist when told this yarn remarked "The pain may have stopped temporarily, but it could only have been temporary." Continued he, "it is a fact that a sudden shock to inflamed and painful nerves will stop pain," but the remedy is worse than the disease, as many thinking people in after years find out, who apply fiery and dangerous compounds externally to stop Neuralgia and Rheumatism. They only continue to shock their nervous system, ignorant of the fact that, as in the morphine or alcohol habit (their mental and moral nature is thus gradually being destroyed "Make haste slowly, if you expect to cure any nerve disease" was the advice to a lady by a friend who had been cured of chronic Neuralgia by using for some time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment inhaled, taken internally, and applied externally, as advised in the wrapper around every bottle. Neuralgia is a fever or inflammation of the nerves, and only by degrees can any inflammation be cured; and then only by an anodyne treatment. Old Dr. Johnson had this in mind when he devised his Anodyne Liniment; a remedy now known to nearly every one, as it deserves to be. Surely, a medicine without real merit could not have survived for eighty years, as this one has done.

The boycott by the labor unions against certain lumber dealers of New York was declared off last night, and the sale and delivery of lumber has been resumed. This is a complete victory for the lumber dealers' association.

Oh, What a Cough.
Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of a sure approach of the most dreaded disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough, it never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough in a single night. Sold by druggists at 25c. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

A. B. Morine, one of the Newfoundland delegates to the British parliament, arrived at St. John's yesterday from England. He is to explain the provisions of the draft bill which it was promised would be passed by the colony to temporarily enforce the modus vivendi.

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 is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

The Manipuri Murderers.
SIMLA, May 20—The Manipuris who killed Commissioner Quinton have confessed, and have been sentenced to death.

Hawking and spitting, foul breath, loss of, senses of taste and smell, oppressive headache, etc., are the results of catarrh. Nasal Balm offers a certain and speedy relief and permanent cure from these miseries. Thousands of testimonials speak of its wonderful merit. Try it; sold by all dealers.

The Czarewitch's Suite.
VIENNA, May 20.—A despatch from St. Petersburg says the Czarewitch's suite is composed of reckless youths, who indulge in fighting and other conduct likely to lead the prince into trouble.

"Don't feel well," and yet you are not sick enough to consult a physician. Tell your ailment, what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, miserable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness.

Judge Van Brunt, in the court of general sessions at New York yesterday dismissed the indictments for bribery against Maloney, DeLacy and Keenan in connection with the Broadway railroad franchise.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.
Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so, then you should get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use according to directions, it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

A New Experience.
"This is the first time I ever acted as a street-car conductor," remarked Dolly, as he placed on Mabel's finger the glittering pledge of their troth.
"A street-car conductor?"
"Yes. I am ringing the fair."

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, snuffing, hawking and headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you would be free from sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

A terrific hail storm near Gainesville, Texas, yesterday, damaged a section about fifty miles in length and two to five miles in width. Rabbits, birds and other small animals were killed by thousands by the hail. The total loss is half a million.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,
Gentleman,—In playing Tennis I wrenched my ankle, causing me much suffering and inconvenience, but by using MINARD'S LINIMENT I was not confined to the house a single day. After a few days I was able to continue training for the sports at the Halifax Carnival for which I had entered.
Yarmouth. F. F. COULSON
Instructor Y. A. A. C.

It is currently stated in political circles that Hon. J. A. Chapleau and Hon. Wilfred Laurier at Ottawa, will be knighted on the Queen's birthday.

Never had a preparation a more appropriate name than Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the capillary glands become enfeebled by disease, age or neglect, this dressing imparts renewed life to the scalp, so that the hair assumes much of its youthful fullness and beauty.

The steel plate printers employed by the American Bank Note company, in New York, have inaugurated a strike. They complain of the use of steam presses and the employment of non union men.

Since it is now a well-established fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are generally prescribing Ayer's Sarsaparilla for that most loathsome complaint, and the result, in nearly every instance, proves the wisdom of their advice.

The recent explosion of dynamite at Tarrytown, which killed thirteen men and wounded twenty-two others, is said to have been caused by a spark from a pipe.

The bald man's motto: "There is room at the top." This top may be supplied with a good crop of fine hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

PIANOS MENDELSSOHN & EVANS BROS. ORGANS
PIANOS,
UNSURPASSED IN
Tone, Touch and Durability.
A large Stock to select from.
PRICES LOW.
GOOD BARGAINS FOR CASH.
A. T. BUSTIN,
38 Dock Street.

OYSTERS, OYSTERS.
RECEIVED THIS MORNING:
100 Bbls Choice P. E. I. Oysters,
Fresh Raked,
For sale by the Pint, Quart, Gallon or Barrel.
19 North Side King Square,
J. D. TURNER.

City Fuel Company
ARE now prepared to deliver to any part of the city HARD and SOFT WOOD, Sawn and Split, in sizes as required.
C. A. CLARK,
Manager.
Office, 195 City Road. Telephone 468.

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

The Sunshine of the Heart.
Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. Without it home is dark and desolate, and society becomes a nuisance—a something to be avoided. Unfortunately, we too often meet the miserable, low spirited nervous man and woman. They are continually tortured with a feeling of ennui, a sense of goneness, lifelessness and melancholy. Many complain of their constant nervousness, short breath, a drowsiness after meals, unrest and disquietude at nights dyspepsia and indigestion. Enough all will readily admit to make life unendurable. Hundreds indeed have a desire to end life at once, and thus get rid of their sufferings. Reader are you earnest in your desire to secure a natural, healthy, cheerful character and disposition? Are you actuated by a desire to make the world pleasanter for yourself and others? The desire may be attained by the use of that infallible remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. The history of medicine cannot point to its equal as a cure for the troubles which afflict and torment you. Do as thousands of others have done; use without delay this great restorer of the nerve system, this grand builder of muscle and flesh, and you will live in health and joy to bless its great discoverer.

P. E. ISLAND BEEF.
Mutton, Lamb,
Veal, Fresh Pork,
Fowls, Turkeys,
Spinach, Sausages.
THOMAS DEAN,
13 and 14 City Market.

HATS.
ASK TO SEE OUR
WIDE BAND HATS
for young men, at $2.50,
as good as usually sold at $3.00.
A lot of New Small Styles in fine goods and cheap.
D. MAGEE'S SONS,
MARKET SQUARE.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS.
Ladies send in your orders and have a crock of our celebrated BOSTON BAKED BEANS delivered to your address fresh every Saturday evening.
MITCHELL & LIPSETT,
15 KING SQUARE, North Side.

NOTICE to TRESPASSERS
NOTICE is hereby given that all persons trespassing on the Gilbert property (so called) from between the March Creek and Seely street, (except the private roadway through the property) will be prosecuted according to law.
DAVID O'CONNELL, Lessee.

TRY
MONAHAN'S
Hand Made Boots and Shoes.
162 Union St., St. John, N. B.
(Next door to No. 3 Engine House.)
Every Pair Warranted.
Repairing Neatly Executed.

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

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
PERFUMES
OF THE LEADING MAKERS.
Perfume in Bulk, Choice Quality,
Cologne, Bay Rum, im. and domestic
Florida, Violet & Sachet