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HIGHEST AWARD PARIS EXHIBITION.

GOLD MEDAL & DIPLOMA of HONOUR

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR TOILET SOAP.

# Pears' Soap

FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.

Specially Prepared for the delicate skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

**Fair white hands.**
**Bright clear complexion**
**Soft healthful skin.**

WE USE COPPERINE FOR BEARINGS IN ALL OUR MACHINERY,

A. ROBB & SONS,

*Engineers, Machinists, Iron and Brass Founders, etc.*

*Special Agents for Maritime Provinces*

AMHERST, N. S.

HEADQUARTERS FOR MILL MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

MAKE HENS LAY

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2¼ POUND CAN FOR $1.20, TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CTS POST PAID.

**Sheridan's Condition Powder**

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents; tells how to make money with a few hens), and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or, one large 2¼ pound can and Guide, $1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for $5.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Cure** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I warrant my remedy to **Cure** the **Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to **Cure** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for your not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Invaluable Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

DE LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

BURDOCK PILLS

SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

C. H. S. JOHNSTON,

House and Sign Painter,

Paper Hanger, etc,

*22 North Market street.*

All orders promptly attended to.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

THE ISLAY BLEND

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

WHISKY,

MACKIE & Co's

VERY OLD.

See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old

DISTILLERS:—

LAGAVULIN, LAPHROAIG, } ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE.

OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

CROTHERS, HENDERSON & WILSON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, Track Sulkies, etc., etc.

*Repairing in all its branches promptly done.*

Office and Show rooms, 43 and 45, North St and Factory, 42 and 44, South Side,

Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

HAREM

(NOT THE SULTAN'S)

CIGARETTES.

YILDIZ

CIGARETTES.

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes in the Market.

TRY THEM.

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James F. Wanamake, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and the Province of New Brunswick, formerly of the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, Farmer, and Mary M., his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and made between the said James F. Wanamake and Mary M., his wife, of the one part, and A. Stead, of the said City of Saint John, widow, the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of Register of Deeds in and for the said County of Kings, in Book I, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 389, 390 and 391, there will, for the purpose satisfying the moneys secured thereby, de having been made in the payment thereof, be at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-ninth day of February, A. D., 1890, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called), on Prince William street, in the said City of Saint John, all and singular the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows, to wit:

"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant the grown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of December, 1872, by No. 1876 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly side of the South half of lot number one, grant of John Wright in block C., thence North twenty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South twenty chains to a post and thence twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number two in block C." together with all and singular the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEAD, Mortgagee.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Twelfth Day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and Georg Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and Georg Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and fronting on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say, Commencing at the Northwest corner of a Lot of land owned by the said John McSorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-east corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with Germain Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street, aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of said John McSorley's Lot; thence Northerly along said West line of said John McSorley's Lot one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making a piece of Land one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of Lot number (823) having been conveyed by Christopher Smiler to said John McSorley, by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Records of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Referee in Equity.

J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.

MANUFACTURERS.

1828 Established 1828

J. HARRIS & Co.,

(Formerly Harris & Allen).

Paradise Row, Portland, St. John.

NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY

—AND—

Railway Car Works,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Railway Cars of Every Description,

"PEARLESS" STEEL TYRES,

CHILLED CAR WHEELS.

—ALSO—

Steam Engines and Mill Machinery

The Improved Lowell Turbine Water Wheel, Ship Castings, Pumps, Bridge and Fence Castings, etc., etc.

Portland Rolling Mill,

STRAIT SHORE, PORTLAND.

Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

ST. JOHN BOLT and NUT CO.

Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.

*P. O. Box 454.*

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,

FINISHING NAILS.

*Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.*

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

Capital $10,000,000.

70 Prince Wm. street.

D. R. JACK, - - Agent

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.

RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.

BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.

LARGE BOTTLES!

POWERFUL REMEDY!

MOST ECONOMICAL!

AS IT COSTS BUT

25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,

of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

# THE MYSTERY

—OF A—

# HANSOM CAB.

By FERGUS W. HUME.

**SYNOPSIS.**

The Argus newspaper of Saturday, 28th July, 18—, contained the report of an extraordinary murder. A cabman, Malcom Royston, had driven up to the police station early on the morning previous with the body of a murdered man. He had been employed, he said, by a gentleman in evening dress to drive the deceased, who was at the time under the influence of liquor, to his home St. Kilda. The gentleman, on placing the inebriate in his care left, but almost immediately returned, entered the cab and drove some distance When he alighted he gave the driver directions to proceed further. Later the driver discovered that his passenger was dead; that a white silk handkerchief saturated with chloroform had been tied over his mouth. Then follows the inquest.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. GORBY MAKES A START.

"Well," said Mr. Gorby, addressing his reflection in the looking glass, "I've been finding out things these last twenty years, but this is a pun. I'm mistaken."

Mr. Gorby was shaving, and as was his usual custom conversed with his reflection.

"Hang it," he said, thoughtfully stropping his razor, "a thing with an end must have a start, and if I don't get the start how am I [illegible] ...ted ...tion, ...ran ...d— ...that ...it I ...two ...can ...r it's ...e off ...that ...and ...ove I ...to ...vels ...ng in ...was ...ge I ...ing a kind of thing that carries on most people further than they want to go. There was no violence about it, for the deceased's horn; so he must have been taken sudden and before he knew what the other chap was up to. By the way, I don't think I examined his clothes sufficiently. There might be something about them to give a clew; at any rate, it's worth looking after, so I'll start with his clothes."

So Mr. Gorby, after he had finished dressing and had his breakfast, walked quickly to the police station, where he asked for the clothes of the deceased be shown to him. When he received them he went into a corner by himself and started to examine them. There was nothing remarkable about the coat, as it was merely a well cut and well made dress coat, but he gave a grunt of dissatisfaction Mr. Gorby threw it on one side and picked up the waistcoat.

Here he found something that interested, him very much, and that was a pocket made on the left hand side of the waistcoat and on the inside.

"Now, what the deuce is this for?" said Mr. Gorby, scratching his head; "it ain't usual for a dress waistcoat to have a pocket in it inside, as I'm aware of, and," continued the detective, greatly excited, "this ain't tailors' work; he did it himself, and jolly badly he did it too. Now he must have taken the trouble to make this pocket himself, so that no one else should know anything about it, and it was made to carry something valuable—so valuable that he had to carry it with him even when he wore evening clothes. Ah! here's a tear on the side nearest the outside of the waistcoat; something has been pulled out roughly. I begin to see now. The dead man possessed something which the other man wanted, and which he knew the dead one carried about with him. He sees him drunk, gets into the cab with him and tries to get what he wants. The dead man resists, upon which the other kills him by means of the chloroform which he had with him, and being afraid that the cab will stop, and he will be found out, snatches what he wants out of the pocket so quickly that he tears the waistcoat and then makes off. That's clear enough, but the question is: What was he wanted? A case with jewels? No! It could not have been anything so bulky, or the dead man would never have carried it about inside his waistcoat. It was something flat, which could easily lie in the pocket—a paper—some valuable paper which the assassin wanted, and for which he killed the other.

"This is all very well," said Mr. Gorby, throwing down the waistcoat, and rising, "I have found number two before number one. The first question is: Who is the murdered man? He's a stranger in Melbourne, that's pretty clear, or else some one would be sure to have recognized him before now by the description given in the reward. Now, I wonder if he has any relations here? Private lodgings more like, and a landlady who doesn't read the papers and doesn't gossip, or she'd have known all about it by this time. Now, if he did live, as I think, in private lodgings, and suddenly disappeared, his landlady wouldn't keep quiet. It's a whole week since the murder, and as the lodger has not been seen or heard of, the landlady will naturally make inquiries. If, however, as I surmise, the lodger is a stranger, she will not know where to inquire; therefore, under these circumstances, the most natural thing for her to do would be to advertise for him; so I'll have a look at the newspapers."

Mr. Gorby got a file of the different newspapers, and looked carefully in the columns where missing friends and people who will hear something to their advantage are generally advertised for.

"He was murdered," said Mr. Gorby to himself, "on a Friday morning, between 1 and 2 o'clock, so he might stay away till Monday without exciting any suspicion. On Monday, however, the landlady would begin to feel uneasy, and on Tuesday she would advertise for him. Therefore," said Mr. Gorby, running his fat finger down the column, "Wednesday it is."

It did not appear in Wednesday's paper, neither did it in Thursday's, but in Friday's issue, exactly one week after the murder, Mr. Gorby suddenly came on the following advertisement:

"If Mr. Oliver Whyte does not return to Possum Villa, Grey street, St. Kilda, before the end of the week, his rooms will be let again.—Rubina Hableton."

"Oliver Whyte," repeated Mr. Gorby slowly, "and the initials on the pocket handkerchief which were proved to have belonged to the deceased were, 'O. W.' So his name is Oliver Whyte, is it? Now, I wonder if Rubina Hableton knows anything about this matter. At any rate," said Mr. Gorby, putting on his hat, "as I'm fond of sep breezes, I think I'll go down and call at Possum Villa, Grey street, St. Kilda."

CHAPTER V.

MRS. HABLETON UNBOSOMS HERSELF.

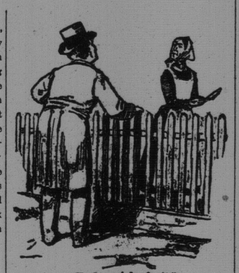
Possum Villa was an unpretentious looking place with one bow window and a narrow veranda in front. It was surrounded with a small garden and a few sparse flowers in it which were Mrs. Hableton's delight. When not otherwise engaged she tied an old handkerchief round her head and went out into the garden, where she dug and watered her flowers until they all gave up attempting to grow from sheer desperation at not being left alone. She was engaged in her favorite occupation about a week after her lodger had disappeared, a shadow fell across the garden, and on looking up she saw a man leaning over the fence, looking at her.

He was a burly looking man, with a jovial red face, clean shaved, and sharp, shrewd looking gray eyes which kept twinkling like two stars. He was dressed in a suit of light clothes, and wore a stiffly starched white waistcoat, with a massive gold chain stretched across it. Altogether he gave Mrs. Hableton the impression of being a well to do tradesman, and she mentally wondered what he wanted.

"What d'y want?" she asked abruptly.

"Does Mr. Oliver Whyte live here?" asked the stranger.

"He do, an' he don't," answered Mrs. Hableton, epigrammatically. "I ain't seen 'im for over a week, so I s'pose 'e's gone on the drink, like the rest of 'em, but I've put sumthin' in the paper as 'll pull him up pretty sharp, and let 'im know I ain't a carpet to be trod on, an' if you're a friend of 'im, you can tell 'im from me 'e's a brute, an' its no more but what I expected of 'im. 'e bein' a male."



"*He do, an' he don't.*"

The stranger waited placidly during the outburst, and Mrs. Hableton, having stopped for want of breath, he interposed quietly:

"Can I speak to you for a few moments?"

"An' who's a stoppin' of you?" said Mrs. Hableton, defiantly.

"Well, really," said the other, looking up at the cloudless blue sky, and wiping his face with a gaudy red silk pocket handkerchief, "it is rather hot, you know, and"—

Mrs. Hableton did not give him time to finish, but walking to the gate, opened it with a jerk.

"Use your legs and walk in," she said, and, the stranger having done so, she led the way into the house, and into a small, neat sitting room, which seemed to overflow with antimacassars, wool mats and wax flowers. There was also a row of emu eggs on the mantelpiece, a cutlass on the wall, and a grimy line of hard looking little books, set in a stiff row on a shelf, presumably for ornament, as they looked too unpleasant to tempt any one to read them. The furniture was of horsehair, and everything was hard and shiny, so when the stranger sat down in the slippery looking armchair that Mrs. Hableton pushed toward him he could not help thinking it had been stuffed with stones, it felt so cold and hard. The lady herself sat opposite to him in another hard chair, and, having taken the handkerchief off her head, folded it carefully, laid it on her lap, and then looked straight at her unexpected visitor.

"Now, then," she said, letting her mouth fly open so rapidly that it gave one the impression that it was moved by strings like a marionette, "who are you? what are you? and what do you want?"

The stranger put his red silk handkerchief into his hat, placed it on the table and answered deliberately:

"My name is Gorby. I am a detective. I want Mr. Oliver Whyte."

"He ain't here," said Mrs. Hableton, thinking that Whyte had got into trouble and was going to be arrested.

"I know that," answered Mr. Gorby.

"Then where is 'e?"

Mr. Gorby answered abruptly, and watched the effect of his words:

"He is dead."

Mrs. Hableton got quite pale, and pushed back her chair. "No," she cried. "Where was he killed?"

"He was murdered in a hansom cab on the St. Kilda road."

"In the open street?" she asked, in a startled tone.

"Yes, in the open street."

"Mr. Gorby," she said at length, "I 'ave 'ad a 'ard struggle all my life which it came along of a bad husband, who was a brute and a drunkard, so, God knows, I ain't got much inducement to think well of the lot of you, but—murder," she shivered slightly, though the room was quite warm, "I didn't think of that."

"In connection with whom?"

"Mr. Whyte, of course," she answered hurriedly.

"And who else?"

"I don't know."

"Then there is nobody else?"

"Well, I don't know—I'm not sure."

The detective was puzzled.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I will tell you all I know," said Mrs. Hableton, "an' if 'e's innocent, God will 'elp 'im."

"If who is innocent?"

"Ill tell you everythin' from the start," said Mrs. Hableton, "an' you can judge for yourself."

Mr. Gorby assented, and she began:

"It's only two months ago since I decided to take in lodgers; but chorin's 'ard work, and sewin's tryin' for the eyes. So, bein' a lone woman, 'avin' been badly treated by a brute, who is now dead, which I was allays a good wife to 'im, I thought lodgers 'ud 'elp me a little, so I put a notice in the paper, an' Mr. Oliver Whyte took the rooms two months ago."

"What was he like?"

"Not very tall, dark face, no whiskers nor mustache, an' quite the gentleman."

"Anything peculiar about him?"

Mrs. Hableton thought for a moment.

"Well," she said at length, "he 'ad a mole on his left temple, but it was covered with 'is 'air an' few people 'ud 'ave seen it."

"The very man," said Gorby to himself; "I'm on the right path."

"Mr. Whyte said 'e 'ad just come from England," went on the woman.

"Which," murmured Mr. Gorby, "accounts for the corpse not being recognized by friends."

"He looks the rooms, said 'e'd stay with me for six months, an' paid a week's rent in advance, an' 'e allays paid up reg'lar like a respectable man, tho' I don't believe in 'em myself. He said 'e'd lots of friends, an' used to go out every night."

"Who were his friends?"

"That I can't tell you, for 'e were very close, an' when 'e went out of doors I never know'd where 'e went, which is jest like 'em; for they ses they're goin' to work, 'an you finds 'em in the beershop. Mr. Whyte told me 'e was a-goin' to marry a heiress, 'e was."

"Ah!" interjected Mr. Gorby, sapiently.

"E 'ad only one friend as I ever saw—a Mr. Moreland—who comed 'ere with 'im, an' was allays with 'im—brother like."

"What like is this Mr. Moreland?"

"Good lookin' enough," said Mr. Hableton sourly, "but 'is 'abits weren't as good as 'is face—'andsom is as 'andsom does, is what I see."

"I wonder if he knows anything about this affair," muttered Gorby to himself. "Where is Mr. Moreland to be found?" he asked aloud.

"Not knowin', can't tell," retorted the landlady; "'e used to be 'ere reg'lar, but I ain't seen 'im for over a week."

"Strange! very!" thought Gorby, shaking his head. "I should like to see this Mr. Moreland. I suppose it's probable he'll call again?" he remarked, aloud.

"I'bit bein' second nature I s'pose he will," answered the woman; "'e might call at any time, mostly 'avin' called at night."

"Ah! then I'll come down this evening on chance of seeing him," replied the detective. "Coincidences happen in real life as well as in novels, and the gentleman in question may turn up in the nick of time. Now, what else about Mr. Whyte?"

"About two weeks ago, or three, I'm not cer'in which, a gentleman called to see Mr. Whyte; 'e was very tall, and wore a light coat."

"Ah! a morning coat?"

"No; 'e was in evenin' dress, and wore a light coat over it, an' a soft 'at."

"The very man," said the detective below his breath; "go on."

"He went into Mr. Whyte's room an' shut the door. I don't know how long they were talkin' together, but I was sittin' in this very room and heard their voices git angry, and they were a-swearin' at one another, which is the way with men, the brutes. I got up and went into the passage in order to ask 'em not to make such a noise, when Mr. Whyte's door opens, an' the gentleman in the light coat comes out and bangs along to the door. Mr. Whyte 'e comes to the door of 'is room, an' 'e hollers out: 'She is mine; you can't do anything;' an' the other turns, with 'is 'an' on the door, an' says, 'I can kill you, an' if you marry 'er I'll do it, even in the open street.'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Gorby, drawing a long breath, "and then?"

"Then he bangs the door to, which it never shut easy since, an' I ain't got no money to get it put right, an' Mr. Whyte walks back his room laughing."

"Did he make any remark to you?"

"No, except he'd been worried by a lunatic."

"And what was the stranger's name?"

"That I can't tell you, as Whyte never told me. He was very tall, with a fair mustache, an' dressed as I told you."

Mr. Gorby was satisfied.

"That is the man," he said to himself, "who got into the hansom cab and murdered Whyte; there's no doubt of it. Whyte and he were rivals for the heiress."

"What d'ye think of it?" said Mrs. Hableton, curiously.

"I think," said Mr. Gorby slowly, with his eyes fixed on her, "I think that there is a woman at the bottom of this crime."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EDITOR.

BEFORE.

Who in his sanctum sits up late,
And strives, with sentences of weight,
To set to right affairs of state?
The editor. Admire him!

Who deeply molds the public thought?
For money who can ne'er be bought?
Who always for the right has fought?
The editor. Respect him!

Who notes what great men do and say,
And flies obituaries away
When they shall die, to publish day?
The editor. Revere him!

Who gives us cure for cough or cold,
Who suffers patiently and long
And sedulous uses language strong?
The editor. Don't chide him!

Who ignorance must ne'er confess,
Who knows of all things more or less—
Or what he don't know sure can guess?
The editor. Consult him!

When youthful talent seeks to rise,
Who views its growth with friendly eyes,
Its merits quick to recognize?
The editor. Oh, bless him!

AFTER.

Who doth good judgment sadly lack,
Who has of taste not e'er a smack?
Who sent my little poem back?
The editor. Confound him!

—Exchange.

**Some Facts About Tea.**

Tea came into use almost by accident. Some Buddhist priests, going on a missionary expedition from northern India to China, took with them the dried leaves and also some cuttings of an indigenous shrub which was said to have the power of correcting any injurious properties in the brackish water they might meet with on the way. The decoction thus made pleased the missionaries so well that they continued, as a matter of taste, to drink it after they had reached China, and introduced it to their converts. They also set about planting the precious shrub, and although it did not thrive so well in China as in its native Assam, becoming smaller both in stem and leaf, it was so well liked that it soon formed the foundation of the favorite beverage of all China. Thence it was brought to Europe, to be drunk and desired by Englishmen of every degree. And it is only of late years that Assam tea has come into the European market, to be looked upon rather suspiciously as the rival of its own degenerated Chinese daughter.—London Standard.

**Birds and Telegraph Wires.**

It has been supposed that birds become accustomed to the presence of telegraph wires, and are careful to avoid them in flying, but it would seem either that this is a mistake, or that their birds on the Scotch and English moors are less intelligent than their fellows. Systematic observation there along a line of telegraph wires has shown that great destruction of bird life goes on throughout the year, and that at certain seasons the roadside is literally strewn with the remains of unfortunate grouse, black game partridge, snipe and other birds. Every morning at dawn marauding bands of rooks come from the lowland woods to feast on the dead and dying, and the farmers and shepherds in the region declare that more grouse are killed annually by the telegraph wires than by all the sportsmen.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Case of Mind Cure.**

A correspondent of The Fairfield (Me.) Journal gives the following instance of mind cure among the Shakers of that town: Dr. Thayer, who lived near what was called the Back Meeting House, was one of the best physicians in the county, but his skill was no avail in the case of his wife, who kept her bed for more than two years. One day there was no grown person about the house and her little boy came running in with a bad cut on his finger or hand, bleeding profusely. With true motherly forgetfulness of self, she sprung up, found bandages and properly dressed the wound; then, sitting down to rest, she looked around; everything seemed so pleasant and she felt so nicely, she decided not to take her bed again, and she did not. She lived several years in the enjoyment of comfortable health.

**Facts About Life.**

The statistics recently published by a leading life insurance company contain many interesting points.

Americans live longer than our foreign born citizens.

Among foreigners next to the Americans stand the Irish, English and Germans, in the order named.

Few Germans or Englishmen die of apoplexy.

Germans furnish the highest percentage of suicide.

Native Americans are comparatively free from diseases of the liver.

Typhoid fever has the most victims in the northwest and the fewest in the south, but in the latter section there is a large mortality from other zymotic diseases and more liver disease, but less kidney disease.—Atlanta Constitution.

**What Are "Morganatic" Marriages?**

The term "morganatic," applied to marriages, had its origin in an ancient custom by which the bridegroom on the day after the wedding gave his bride a morning gift—morganabe. In the case of a nobleman wedded to a wife of low estate this morning gift constituted the wife's portion, or endowment, and from this gift such marriages took the name morganatica. The German law, continuing this tradition, allows the members of the reigning house and certain noble families to contract marriages in all respect legal and valid, except that it gives to the partner of lower birth and to the children no share in the rank, titles and distinctions of the privileged house. Such marriages have often been eminently happy ones.—London Life.

**Good Boys' Rewards.**

Visiting Aunt—Ah! Johnnie, I am very glad to have your mother tell me that you are such a good little boy. Of course you know where all good little boys will go?

Johnnie—Yes, ma'am.

"Well, tell me."

"Their papas will take 'em to the circus."—Exchange.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis is immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure

La grippe has gone through the ranks of the students at Mt. Allison pretty thoroughly, but the height of the epidemic seems to be past. Mrs. Inch, Mrs Burwash and Miss Mack have had the most serious attacks about the institutions, but they are now all convalescent.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

The schooner Genesta, from St. John for New York, lost an anchor off Bass river during the northwest gales.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

Owing to the Newfoundland coast being blocked by ice the Allan steamer Caspian was unable to enter St. Johns, and proceeded direct to Liverpool with the Newfoundland passengers.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

James Lee, formerly a music teacher in this city died at Vancouver last week at the age of 89 years.

**Bearing Sea**

Contains the great seal of the American Republic, and Burdock Blood Bitters contains the virtues of roots, barks and herbs from our fields and forests, making it a wonderful remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, billiousness, bad blood, scrofula and all skin diseases.

**Torments of Toothache.**

I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for toothache. I suffered for several days, then I heated my cheek and rubbed the Yellow Oil on it and was immediately relieved. MRS. DAVID G. ARNOTT, Russel, Man.

**A Business Report.**

Mr. James McCarty, of Rounds & McCarty's Collecting Bureau, Drumbo, Ont., states:—"Have used several bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for kidney disorder and find it a wonderful remedy. Previously I had been taking pills, thinking I had liver complaint, but now I am quite well and will always praise B. B. B."

**A Winter's Tale.**

Last winter my little girl caught a severe cold which lasted all season. I doctored with everything I could get but to no avail. Finally I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and gave her two doses which improved her, and in a week she was entirely cured by its use. MRS. C. NORMAN, Cornell, Ont.

**Little Lucy's Luck.**

"I had a disease of the skin for which Ma tried everything she could think of but without effect, but the first bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters I tried, I found relief. It gave me great satisfaction." LUCY VENABLES, (age 11,) Boissevain, Man.

**First Help for the Wounded.**

In all cases of wounds, bruises sores, cuts and sprains prompt action is necessary and the wisdom of those who keep Hagyard's Yellow Oil on hand is demonstrated. It is a prompt, effectual and reliable cure for all injuries, croup, rheumatism, sore throat, etc. Used internally or externally.

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R. & W. WARMINTON

having decided on retiring from the business so successfully carried on for nearly 40 years, offer their large and

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and also the tools and machinery, Stamping and other Presses, New High Speed Engine and Steel Boiler, Shafting, etc., for sale by tender.

CATALOGUES will be ready this month, and will be forwarded to intending purchasers on application, by letter or personally.

The lease of the warehouse and office on McGill street, and also the factory on King street, can be obtained for a term of years if required.

The stock is in first-class order, and the whole will be ready for inspection as soon as the catalogues are completed.

This is a rare opportunity for acquiring a well established business, with customers in all parts of the Province, and also in the Lower Provinces, and which has for years been doing a large trade that can be doubled with very little exertion.

TENDERS will be received for the whole or any section, but the advertisers do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender. Terms to suit purchasers. Satisfactory security required.

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I HAVE engaged the services of a FIRST-CLASS Watch, French clock and Chronometer repairer, and will guarantee satisfaction to those sending such articles put in thoroughout order.

All work promptly attended to at No. 81 KING STREET.

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Any person in need of the best Nut or Stove Coal brought to this market, should leave their order at once for some of the

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150 Bbls No. 1 XXX P. E. I. Oysters, large and fat.
100 Bbls Narrows Oysters, fine flavor;
75 Bbls Chatham, fresh raked;
4 Bbls Lepreaux Clams; Sweet Cider;
10 Kegs Salt Feet.

Oysters and Clams Shelled to order, and delivered to any part of the city.

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