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TWO SOLDIERS,

—BY—

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

Author of Dunraven Ranch, The Colonel's Daughter, From the Ranks, the Deserter, An Army Portia, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Captain Fred Lane, who has just received this rank and who is appointed to the command of (Troop D) Eleventh Cavalry is introduced to the reader, with a short sketch of his previous life and surroundings. His parents are dead. He is respected by all the men of his troop. A Mrs. Judson, who is the wife of the Captain of B troop, is reported to be "down on Lane." Mrs. Judson's youngest sister Emmy and a Mrs. Loring's pretty neice Pansy Fletcher came from the East some time before the story opens and the latter fell in love with a handsome, rocking and impecunious young dragoon, for which Mrs. Loring blamed Lane. Mrs. Judson is about to essay a matrimonial alliance between her sister and Lieut. Lane when the latter was wounded in the capture of some stage robbers. He subsequently in an Indian fight was again wounded. He meets a friend and former schoolmate named Warden who is showing Lane how he might have succeeded in business and finds fault with him for having gone into the army.

In compliance with the wishes of his friend, Lane enters society which welcomed him, some lucky investments he had made not lessening the warmth of his reception. He becomes sardonic until he meets Mabel Vincent, with whom he falls in love at first sight. He is reading in his office a note addressed him by her by his new title when a congratulatory telegram is received which also names his successor to be Gordon Noel, of the Eleventh Cavalry. Lieut. Noel is described as a cheerful, jolly fellow who manages to secure consideration from his Colonel through the favoritism of the Colonel's wife, but his comrades are rather disposed to question his courage and the fact that during the Modoc troubles he applied for leave because of ill health is instanced unfavorably. He was a society favorite and he is now in the club room of the Eleventh alone, although he has just been surrounded by a number of his comrades.

Lane's devotion to Miss Vincent becomes the subject of social discussion among the younger ladies, one of whom was unwillingly interested in Mr. Lane, during his first six months in society. This lady, Miss Fanny Holton, tells her female friends in strictest confidence that Miss Vincent "doesn't know her own mind." Capt. Lane, in response to Miss Vincent's letter, dons his neat fatigue uniform and prepares to answer it in person.

Captain directs his sergeant to give the reports to his clerk until such time as he returns "Captain" where ever it occurs, and as he is engrossed with thoughts of sweet Mabel Vincent, he fails to notice that his clerk Taintor does not appear for nearly fifteen minutes and that his face is ashen-gray and his hand shakes as if palsied. The sergeant finds Taintor in his office very room after, asks what is wrong and reminds of his promise to stop drinking. He says it is not drink it is ague, and gets the sergeant's permission to procure some quinine at the drug store. The sergeant is suspicious that there is something behind it all. Lane's successor Noel, accompanied by his friend Amos Withers, calls on Lane, who arranges to hand over the property with the recruiting position on the following day, the clothing is to be counted and the moneys are all in the bank be informs Noel. He declines for the present an invitation to join his visitors in a drive and a visit to Mr. Withers' foundries.

Mr. Withers and Noel, who endeavors to create the impression that Lane is his bosom friend, also visit the Chamber of Commerce where they meet Mr. Vincent who has just time to ask Noel if he knew Captain Lane and to express his pleasure in hearing that Lane is "one of the best men that ever lived," because Lane is, he says, a constant visitor at his house. Meanwhile, Captain Lane in the recruiting office has discovered evidences of carelessness on the part of the clerk and sends for Taintor. The orderly reports that Taintor is not at his desk. The sergeant then goes in person for him and reports that Taintor has not been to dinner and the door of his room is locked. He expresses his fears that Taintor is drinking again and explains having allowed him away in the morning. The sergeant and two men are detailed to search for Taintor who is still mi-sing at night fall and Captain Lane has despatched a hurried note to Miss Vincent making his excuses to her mother for his inability to come to dinner because of a strange case of desertion which compels his spending some time with the Chief of Police. In a postscript he mentions that his successor Gordon Noel has arrived. Miss Vincent asks herself where she has heard that name? Captain Lane has completed a letter to Mr. Vincent asking permission to pay his addresses to his daughter Mabel, and now asks the sergeant for news of the disaster. Not a single word has been heard, and the sergeant after asking if the check books are all right, tells that one of the men, Strauss, had picked up a scrap of paper that Taintor had not completely destroyed and the writing did not resemble Taintor's at all. Strauss said it looked more like the Captain's and it made the sergeant suspicious.

Captain Lane examines his check book and finds five or six missing. He visits the Bank, sees the checks and pronounces the signature forgeries. The amount taken is one hundred and sixty dollars which Lane at once makes good from his own money on deposit in another bank. Noel calls as appointed and Lane tells him of the deserting clerk and that the recruiting fund is made all right. Noel remains to say he is a little short of money and wants to have a neat egg in the bank to begin with. He adds he has only drawn on his wealthy cousin twice. An urgent note to Captain Lane from Mr. Vincent is promptly responded to. The interview, during which he tells Captain Lane that ruin is impending and if the blow falls Mabel will be without a dollar, is a painful one. Lane rejoices she is not the heiress she is supposed to be, he wants her alone, and receives from her father his full consent and approbation to win her if he can.

Continued.

Every man in all the great markets East and West knew three weeks ago that a powerful and wealthy syndicate had 'cornered,' as we say, all the wheat to be had, and was forcing the price up day by day; and I had started in on the wrong side. Even if the corner were to break to-morrow I could not recover my losses. The offer the insurance companies made was eagerly accepted, sir! I took the money, and it dribbled away through my broker's fingers. If wheat goes up one cent, we cannot meet our obligations,—we are gone. We have been compelled to borrow at ruinous rates in order to meet our calls; I say we, for poor Clarke is with me in the deal, and it means ruin for him too, though he, luckily, has neither wife nor child. Are you ready, sir, to ally your name with that of a ruined and broken man,—to wed a beggar's daughter?" And here poor old Vincent fairly broke down and sobbed aloud. Long watching, sleepless nights, suspense, wretched anxiety, the averted looks and whispered comments of the men he daily met on 'Change, the increasing brusqueness and insolence of his broker, Warden,—all had combined to humiliate and crush him. He threw himself upon the sofa, his worn old frame shaking and quivering with grief. The sight was too much for Lane. This was her father: it was her home that was threatened, her name that was in jeopardy.

"Mr. Vincent," he cried, almost imploringly, "I cannot tell you how utterly my sympathy is with you in your anxiety and distress. I beg you not to give way,—not to abandon hope. I—I think it may be in my power to help a little: only—it must be a secret between us. She— Mabel must never know."

VI.

In the three days that followed, the transfer of funds and property at the recruiting rendezvous took place, and Mr. Noel stepped in, vice Lane, relieved and ordered to join his regiment. The former was having a delightful time. A guest of the wealthy Witherses could not long be a stranger within their gates to the Queen citizens, and every afternoon and evening found him enjoying hospitalities of the most cordial character. At the club he had already become hail-fellow with all the young element and had made himself decidedly popular among the elders, and every man who had not met that jolly Captain Noel was eager to be presented to him. He was ready for pool, billiards, bowling, or a drink the moment he got within the stately door-way; and, as he sang, whistled, laughed, chatted, and cracked innumerable jokes during the various games, was capital a mimic, and could personate Pat, Hans, or Crapaud with telling effect, his presence was pronounced by every one better then a solid week of sunshine,—something the Queen City rarely, if ever, experienced.

Poor Lane, on the contrary, was nearly worrying his heart out. He had gone to the Vincents' the very evening on which he had seen the father of the family off for New York, and had nerved himself to put his fortune to the test,—to tell her of his deep and devoted love and to ask her to be his wife. That she well knew he loved her, without being told, he felt sure must be the case; but, beyond a belief that she liked and trusted him, the captain had not the faintest idea as to the nature of her feelings towards him. He was a modest fellow, as has been said. His glass told him that, despite a pair of clear gray eyes and a decidedly soldierly cut to his features, he was not what women called a handsome man; and, what was more, there were little strands of gray just beginning to show about his broad forehead and in the heavy moustache that shaded his mouth. Lane sighed as he remembered that he was in his thirty-sixth year. How could she care for him,—fifteen years her senior? Lane rang the door-bell that night and felt once more that his heart was beating even as it did at one o'clock when he was ushered into the awful presence of her father.

"Miss Vincent has not left her room to-day, and is not well enough to come down to-night, sir," said the servant who came to the door, "and Mrs. Vincent begged to be excused because of Miss Mabel's needing her."

"I—I am very, very sorry," stammered the captain. "Please say that Mr. Lane called" (they had known him so well for two months as Mr. Lane that he could not yet refer to himself by his new title), "and—and would call again tomorrow, hoping to hear Miss Vincent was much better."

And then, dejected and miserable, and yet with something akin to the feeling one experiences when going to a dentist's to have a tooth drawn and the dreaded wielder of the forceps proves to be away, Lane retreated down the broad stone steps until he reached the walk, gazed up at the dim light in the window which he thought might be hers, anathematized himself for his lack of self-possession in not having asked whether there wasn't something he could bring her,—something she would like,—for the simple-hearted fellow would have tramped all night all over town to find and fetch it,—and then a happy thought occurred to him: "Women always love flowers." He ran to the next street, boarded a west-bound car, and was soon far down town at his favorite florist's.

"Give me a big box of cut flowers,—the handsomest you have," he said; and while they were being prepared he wrote a few lines on a card, tore it up, tried again on another, and similarly reduced that to fragments, and finally, though far from content, limited the expression of his emotions to the simple words,—

"Do get well by Saturday at latest. I cannot go without seeing you. F. L."

"Where shall we send them, sir?" asked the florist, as he came forward with the box in his hand.

"Never mind: I'll take it myself," was the answer, as the captain popped in the little missive.

And when he got back to the house the light was still burning in the window in the second story, and the doctor had just left, said the sympathetic Abigail, and had said that it was nothing serious or alarming: Miss Mabel would have to keep quiet a day or two; that was all.

But what hard luck for poor Lane, when the days of his stay were so very few! All Thursday morning was spent at the rendezvous, counting over property and comparing papers with Noel. Then, while that gentleman went to the club for luncheon the captain hastened to the Vincents' door to renew inquiries and was measurably comforted by the news that Miss Mabel was much better, though still confined to her room. Would he not come in? Mrs. Vincent was out, but she thought—did that most intelligent young woman Mary Ann—that perhaps there was a message for him. Like Mr. Toots, poor Lane, in his anexity to put no one to any trouble, came within an ace of stammering. It's of no consequence," but checked himself in time, and stepped into the bright parlor in which he had spent so many delicious hours listening to her soft rich voice as she sang, or as she chatted blithely with him and her frequent guests. It was some time before Mary Ann returned. Evidently, there was a message, for the girl's face was dimpled with smiles as she handed him a little note. "Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir; she had to write lying down. Miss Holton has just gone away after spending most of the morning."

Excuse pencil! Lane could hardly wait to read the precious lines. How he longed to give the girl a five dollar bill! but this wasn't England, and he did not know how Mary Ann would regard such a proffer. Shepromptly and discreetly retired, leaving the front door open for his exit, and the sweet June sunshine and the soft warm breath of early summer flowing in through the broad vestibule.

"How good you are to me!" she wrote, "The flowers were—and are still—exquisite. I shall be down stairs a little while to-morrow afternoon, if the doctor is good to me as you are. Then I can thank you, can I not?

The hours dragged until Friday afternoon came. He had had to go to the Witherses' to dinner on Thursday evening, and a dreary, ostentatious, ponderous feast it was. Noel, in full-dress uniform, was the hero of the hour. He greeted Lane a trifle nervously.

"I meant to have telephoned and begged you to bear me out, old man," said he, "but this thing was sprung on me after I got home. Cousin Mattie simply ordered me to appear in my war-paint, and I had to do it. You are to go in to dinner with her, by the way; and I wish you were en grande tenue instead of civilian spike-tail. Here's Amos."

And Amos marched him around to one guest after another,—"self made men, sir."—heavy manufacturers and money-makers, with their overdressed wives Lane strove hard to be entertaining to his hostess, but that lady's mind was totally engrossed in the progress of the feast and dread of possible catastrophe to style or service. Her eyes glanced nervously from her husband to the butler and his assistants, and her lips perpetually framed inaudible instructions or warnings, and so it happened that the captain was enabled to chat a good deal with a slight, dark-eyed, and decidedly intelligent girl who sat to his right and who was totally ignored by the young cub who took her in,—the eldest son of the house of Withers, a callow youth of twenty.

"You did not hear my name, I know," she had said to him. "I am Miss Marshall, a very distant connection of Mrs. Withers's, the teacher of her younger children, and the merest kind of an accident at this table. Miss Faulkner was compelled to send her excuses at the last moment, and so I was detailed—isn't that your soldier expression?—to fill the gap."

"And where did you learn our army expressions, may I ask, said Lane, smilingly.

"I had a cousin in the artillery some years ago, and visited his wife when they were stationed at the old barracks across the river. There's no one there now, I believe. Listen to Captain Noel; he is telling about Indian campaigns.

Indeed, pretty much everybody was listening already, for Noel, with much animation, was recounting the experience of the chase after the Chiricahua chieftain Geronimo. He was an excellent talker, and most diplomatic and skilful in the avoidance of any direct reference to himself as the hero of the series of dramatic incidents which he so graphically told, and yet the impression conveyed—and intended to be conveyed—was that no man had seen more, endured more, or ridden harder, faster, and farther than the narrator. Flattered by the evident interest shown by those about him, and noting that conversation was brisk at Lane's end of the table, the lieutenant soon lost himself in the enthusiasm of his own descriptions, and was only suddenly recalled to earth by noting that now the whole table had ceased its dinner-chat, and that, with the possible exception of the hostess, who was telegraphing signals to the butler, every man and woman present was looking at him and listening. The color leaped to his face, and he turned towards Lane with a nervous laugh.

"I'd no idea I was monopolizing the talk," he said. "Fred, old man, wasn't it G Troop that tried to get across the range from your command to ours when we neared the Guadalupe? Amos and Mr. Hawks had been asking me about the chase after Geronimo."

"Yes; it was G Troop,—Captain Greene's," answered Lane.

"You know that Captain Lane and I are of the same regiment, and, though not actually together in the chase, we were in the same campaign," said Noel, apologetically, and then, quickly changing the subject," By the way, Mr. Hawks, is Harry Hawks of the artillery a relative of yours?"

"A nephew, captain,—my brother Harry's son. Did you know him?"

"Know him? Why, he is one of the warmest friends I have in the whole army,—outside of my own regiment, that is. We were constantly together one winter when I was on staff duty in Washington, and whenever he could get leave to run up from the barracks he made my quarters his home. If you ever write to him just ask him if he knows Gordon Noel."

"Do you know, Captain Lane, that I have found your comrade captain a very interesting man?" observed Miss Marshall; and her eyes turned upon her next-door neighbor in calm but keen scrutiny.

"Noel is very entertaining," was the reply; and the dark-gray eyes looked unflinchingly into the challenge of the dark-brown.

"Yes I have listened to his tales of the frontier, at breakfast, dinner, and during the evening hours. since Saturday last. They are full of vivacity and variety."

"One sees a good deal of strange country and many strange people in the course of ten or a dozen years' service in the cavalry."

"And must needs have a good memory to be able to tell of it all,—especially when one recounts the same incident more than once." And Miss Marshall's lips were twitching at the cornors in a manner suggestive of mischief and merriment combined.

Lane "paused for a reply." Here was evidently a most observant young woman.

"There! I did not mean to tax your loyalty to the regimental comrade, captain: so you need not answer. Captain Noel interests and entertains me principally because of his intense individuality and his entire conviction that he carries listeners with him. 'Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety;' but there should not be quite so much variety in his discriptions of a single event. This is the fourth time I have heard him tell of that night-ride from Carrizo's Ranch to Canon Diablo,"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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.

Women who long ago discarded the hanging, dangling, clashing things in silver still cling to the crystal chatelaine watch.

A GREAT SPELLING MATCH.—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our Homes Publishing Co., in which they will award the following magnificent CASH PRIZES:—One prize of $300; one prize of $200; two prizes of $100; four prizes of $50; eight prizes of $25; twenty prizes of $10; forty prizes of $5; one hundred prizes of $2; and two hundred of $1. These prizes will be awarded to the persons sending in the largest number of correctly spelled words found in the advertising pages of the February number of Our Home, in which no letters occur but those found in the sentence: *Our Homes is Unrivalled as a Home Magazine.*" Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during this competition, which closes April 25th, 1891. Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for a sample copy of the February number, with rules and regulations governing the competition. Address, OUR HOMES PUB. CO., Brockville, Ont.

Conservative women will always wear plain silks, and in the new line of beflowered and fancy effects the browns, reds, blues and dull greens are really attractive, because useful.

No douche or instrument is required to apply Snow's Catarrh Cure. It is easy to use, pleasant and agreeable in its effects. Use nothing else for catarrh and cold in the head.

Fruit saucers are the latest. The newest shape for a celery tray is a mortar board hat. The celery-boat of to-day is provided with a swan's head and neck for a handle, richly decorated.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest specific of the age for the cure of blood diseases, suppressions, irregularities, female weakness, etc. Give them a trial. Never fail.

More white and cream colored gloves are seen with evening dress than tan shades. Suede is reserved for indoor toilets, the street glove being distinctively heavy, serviceable and easy to fit.

Everybody knows that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

Modistes who study the ways of the world fit all carriage, theatre and calling dress sitting, but no thougt his given comfort when the gown in question is to receive in, dance or marry in.

Dr. E. T. Miller, of Cross Plains, Wis., has expressed the opinion that, for obstinate cases of syphilis and scrofula, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unquestionably the most effective remedy known to pharmacy. Wonderful cures have resulted from its use.

Now that cresses are in demand for Lenten breakfasts, the trade has devised cress trays of white china, finished with sea-shells and aquatic flowers and vines.

The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair, resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

Salad, cheese and pudding sets of fourteen pieces, exclusive of knife and spoon, acoop and sauce-boat, are made so elaborately as to exceed the cost of a dinner service. In cobalt blue Burslem, with gold decoration, they are $90; the simplest designs in Royal Worcester are $112; Dresden is $40 and Haviland $22.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
Gentlemen,—About three years ago I was taken very ill with what the doctor called diphtheria. After trying every remedy I could get and finding no relief I thought that death would soon end my sufferings, but a friend advised me to try your liniment. After using one bottle I was able to go out the same as ever. Again this winter I had another attack of the same complaint, but after using your MINARD'S LINIMENT a few times I was perfectly cured. I consider it the best remedy for sore throat ever offered to the public. Yours.
Antigonish, N. S, JOHN A. TOREY

All the miniature swells who go to the opera Saturday afternoon dress in pure white Indian silk. The little gowns are short waisted, after the Recamier style, and between the acts when box calls are exchanged there is a perfect flutter of flying ribbons, none of them an inch wide.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask anyone 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 at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For sale by Parker Bros. Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, G. Waters, West End.

The English dinner set of a hundred years ago, with its quaint decorations has been revived, and is in demand by the people who are furnishing over the houses after the Queen Anne Colonial style.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of any symptom of those distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

There is tendency to have the dessert courses served in white porcelain bear ing no decoration but a band or monogram of gold.

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH FOLLOWING.

Mrs. ——, living near Stratford, Ont. has had an experience worth relating, and her plain, truthful story may, in a measure, be the means of guiding aright other women who labor under as Mrs. —— once did. In her letter to us she says:—"Eighteen months ago my health began to fail. I was nervous, and always felt weary and worn out; I did not sleep well and got up in the morning almost as tired as when I went to bed. I was assisted in the housework by my daughter, a girl of seventeen, who, owing to my continued weakness, was obliged to work a good deal, and neglect her studies. A relative from Toronto paid us a visit, and was surprised to find me so unwell. She urged me, without my permission she drove to Stratford, and came back with a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, which she told me I must commence to use. I had often heard of it before, even in this neighborhood, but had not thought of using it for my own troubles. I commenced its use, and in two weeks felt much stronger and slept better. After using it for five weeks I was as well as ever before. Now my appetite is good, I sleep soundly, rest as peacefully as a child, I am fatter, and my digestion is perfect."

K. D. C. 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.

COAL.

Sootless Coal
OLD ALBION
PICTOU COAL
now landing at cars. No soot; best for ranges.
SPRINGHILL
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IN STOCK.
Both of the above coals delivered to all parts of the city at low rates.
W. H. Gibbon & Son,
SIMONDS STREET.

COAL.
Now landing, ex "Bona Vista" from Cape Breton,
GOWRIE SOFT COAL.
Schr. Adria a cargo of
HARD COALS
In broken, egg and stove sizes. For sale low by
R. P. McGIVERN, No. 9 North Wharf.
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COAL
Daily expected from New York,
PHILADELPHIA and READING CO.'S
HARD WHITE ASH COAL,
In Foundry, Steamboat, Egg and Stove sizes.
200 TONS
Reserve, Victoria, Caledonia,
—AND ALL SIZES—
Anthracite Coals.
PRICES LOW AND ALL COAL SCREENED.
MORRISON & LAWLOR,
27 and 29 Smythe Street.

Coal Landing.
Ex "Robbie Godfrey," from New York,
260 Tons Anthracite Coal,
in Lump, Broken and Stove Sizes.
100 Tons ACADIA PICTOU.
FOR SALE AT LOWEST RATES.
W. L. BUSBY,
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Boston Brown Bread
Every Saturday.
Families Supplied with
CAKE AND PASTRY
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Fresh every day.
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The Calkin Electric Light Co.
ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the
ARC or INCANDESCENT,
at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.
We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction.
GEO. F. CALKIN,
Manager.
Room 2, Pugsley Building.

NOTICE.
By order of the Common Council of the City of St. John:
PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Bill will be presented at the next session of the Provincial Legislature for enactment to authorize the City of St. John to grant annual subsidy payable upon the construction of certain wharves and other harbor improvements at Carleton on the western side of the harbor of Saint John.
The objects desired to be attained by this Bill are:
1. To empower the City of Saint John to enter into a contract with James P. Leary for the construction by him at his own cost of wharves, warehouses, grain elevator and other works of harbor improvement at Carleton, according to plans and specifications and upon such terms and conditions as shall be approved by the Common Council; and to agree to pay a subsidy of *five thousand dollars a year for twenty years* from the completion of the works.
2. To authorize an annual assessment upon the City of St. John to raise such sum of five thousand dollars to provide for the payment of such subsidy in each year.
March 3, 1891.

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Local Legislature, at its next session, for the passing of an Act to incorporate a Company to build a Railway from the City of Saint John to a point of connection with the Central Railway, in the Parish of Upham, King's Co., with the privilege of acquiring running powers over the said railway to St. Martins, and with all the powers usually conferred upon Railway Companies in this province.
Dated at the City of Saint John the Sixth day of February, A. D., 1891.
R. C. SKINNER,
Solicitor for Applicants.

CAUSEY & MAXWELL.
Masons and Builders.
Mason Work in all its Branches.
Slating and Cement Work a specialty
Stone, Brick and Plaster Workers.
JOBBING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.
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Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.
Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.
Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.
Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the Continent.
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Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.
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H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass't Supt. J. R. STONE St. John, N. B. Agent

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars A Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

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LIVERPOOL AND HALIFAX.
(Calling at Moville for Mails and Passengers).

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Steamers.	Tons.	Liverpool.	Halifax.
TORONTO	3,316	Jan. 22	Feb. 14
SARNIA	3,712	Feb. 5	" 28
OREGON	3,712	" 19	Mar. 14
VANCOUVER	5,320	Mar. 5	" 28
SARNIA	3,712	" 19	Apr. 11
OREGON	3,712	Apr. 2	" 25

These Steamers have Saloon, State Rooms, Music Rooms, Smoking Rooms and Bath Rooms *amidships*, where but little motion is felt, and the "Vancouver" is lighted throughout with *Electric Light.*
Special reduced rates have been arranged for Tickets by Intercolonial Railway to Halifax, in connection with Tickets by these Steamers.

RATES OF PASSAGE.
SALOON, $40 to $60, according to accommodation required, with equal Saloon privileges. Return Tickets $80 to $110.
INTERMEDIATE—To Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast or London derry, $35; London, Bristol or Cardiff, $38.
STEERAGE—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Queenstown, Londonderry or Belfast, $20; Dublin, $21; Bristol or Cardiff, $22, and special low rates to Continental and other points.
TICKETS, STATE-ROOMS, CABIN PLANS and full information concerning the Steamers furnished on