MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

The Johnstown Stage.

By ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

[CONTINUED.]

Aroused from a troubled sleep by the report of a pistol, followed by a man's shriek, more shots, curses and groans, she had opened her eyes just in time to see a heavy body fall over the wheel and on to the ground. Then the stage had started forward, the wheel going over the thing on the ground with a sickening jolt. As the stage bounded on, she had been thrown violently to and fro, clinging convulsively to her baby, unable to realize what this grisly horror of the night might be. With shaking hands she now unfastened the door, and stepping out, found herself alone in the awful silence and solitude of the night.

Hark! what was that? She tore her veil from her head, and with it came her hat. Great masses of black hair fell down her shoulders, and a white, young face shone out in the moonlight, lovely even in its terror. The noise was but the piping of an insect, but it sounded like a distant shriek. Then the wind stirred the dry buffalo grass, and it seemed to the panic stricken woman as though it was the voices of men pursuing. Her hair arose, and all the blood in her body rallied in her heart. She would have fainted had it not been for the wailing of the dependent baby in her arms. What should she do? Her first impulse was to run from what might be behind her. But her feeble limbs failed at the sight of the wide plains and obstructing sage brush. If she could but get upon the stage and drive. She went to the horses and spoke to them. One of them whinnied in reply, and that encouraged her. She crept between them, talking to them all the time in trembling, beseeching tones, and got the lines out from beneath their hoofs. Then holding the reins and the baby in one arm, she scrambled on to the wheel, and from there to the driver's seat. Everything was so big, the lines, the seat, the brake, her little feet did not reach the dash board, but rested on some sacks of barley that filled the forward boot. In this barley she made a nest for the baby. When she was ready to start, it was evident that she was not ignorant of driving. She held the lines and whip like the amateur drivers of the New York Coaching clubs. The horses had been restive during these prolonged preparations, and they started off freely at her timorous word.

And now the distraction of driving had the effect of motion diminished her first ghastly horror and replaced it with nervous excitement. She had no difficulty in finding the road, the horses took her back to it. When she reached it, however, she stopped to look around and determine which way led to Pack City. It would be frightful to make a mistake and drive back into that awful tragedy. She thought with a shudder of what might be there, dead or living, in the moonlight, and in the blackness of the bushes. She wondered what had become of the driver. Was it his body that she had seen fall from the stage? He must be either dead or wounded; perhaps he was only wounded. She would send back help instantly from Pack City. But when she decided on the direction she still hesitated. The recollection of that tall, broad shouldered young driver, who had been so kind and courteous to her, persisted in obtruding itself on her mind. Perhaps if he was only wounded he might be lying now for want of a little help. He had helped her in her need, he had helped her baby. In common humanity ought she not to go back to his assistance? Was it not cowardly to take the stage and desert him? Longing to go the other way and weeping hysterically, she finally turned the reluctant horses toward the canyon.

The moon had lit up the vicinity of the scrub oaks by the time the stage moved slowly back on the scene. All was silent and deserted. Suddenly the horses snorted and shied at a mass of blue cloth lying in the road. The woman turned the team to one side and drove it against some trees. Then taking her baby in her arms she crept down from her perch, and, starting at every sound, stole her way to the prostrate form. It was the driver's face which she uncovered, as ghastly white as her own, and smirched with blood and dust. Then she slipped her hand under his coat and laid it over his heart. It was still beating. Hurriedly she searched his pockets for the flask that he had used in her service but a few hours before; it was her turn now. She lifted his head and poured the raw whisky generously down his throat. He responded with a groan and a gasp that frightened her anew, and then struggled to a sitting posture. "Water!" he cried, "for God's sake, water!" Then, as she hesitated, he continued faintly, "my hat. There's a spring over there," and lay down with another groan.

Her fear was dispelled by the sound of his voice. She found the spring, and, filling his hat, let him drink, and bathed his face and head. He revived at this treatment, and, again sitting up, took out his knife, and asked her to cut his sleeve off. "I am losing blood terribly from my arm," he explained. She bravely but trembingly did as she was told. When she had cut away the soaked cloth and bared the massive arm, he helped her to improvise a tourniquet with his handkerchief and a piece of stick, and the bleeding was stopped. After a second dose of whisky and water he commenced to improve rapidly. She bound another cloth around his head. "The fellow with the rifle did that," he said. "That is what knocked me off the box. It's only a graze, but it was a mighty close call." Then he struggled to his feet and looking around saw the stage. "They didn't get the box, did they?" he cried eagerly.

"I don't know," she said, taking up her baby and hushing its cries. "I don't think so. The horses ran away."

"The horses ran away!" he said, staring wonderingly for the first time at the pretty, white face that was raised to his. "Well, but—why—how did the stage get back here?"

"I brought it back," she replied, lowering her head under his persistent gaze.

"You brought it back!" he exclaimed.

"You brought it back!" he exclaimed; "you!"

For a few minutes the wounded lieutenant looked down at the slight form of the woman who stood before him in the moonlight, veiled in her own long black hair. Then, as he realized what she had done, he took off his hat and dropped it in the road, having but one available arm, and offered her his hand. She placed hers frankly within it, and he raised the little gauntlet respectfully to his lips. "You are very brave," he said with considerable feeling; "I am glad to think that perhaps I owe you my life."

The Johnstown stage was later than ever that night when it drew up in front of Abe Goldstein's store, in Pack City. Simultaneously with its arrival the drinking and gambling saloons and other places of public resort suddenly became deserted. It was said that a woman had driven the stage in, and that a man with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling was sitting alongside of her, holding a baby. While Wells-Fargo's box and the mail sacks were being taken out, for Goldstein's store was also the express and postoffice, the story was briefly given to the crowd. Then a cheering, pistol firing procession accompanied the stage down the street to the hotel. Here a dozen strong arms fairly lifted the woman from the box, while the baby was only rescued from its mob of volunteer bearded nurses by the energetic intervention of the muscular landlady. The lieutenant himself, after being enthusiastically asked to drink in the aggregate liquor enough to have stocked a wholesale whisky store, was put to bed and a messenger dispatched for the surgeon at the fort.

Meantime a little party of horsemen swiftly and silently rode out of the town in the direction whence the stage had come. The next day the lieutenant was informed that Whistling Dick had been found dead in the road at the head of Stony creek grade. A false gray beard had been picked up near the body, and was thoughtfully offered to the lieutenant as a memento. "We struck the other fellow's trail," said his informant, "in that clump of scrub oak. He was wounded, and there wasn't any trouble in following it. We finally corralled him down in Stony creek. But he was game, and played that gun of his for all it was worth before we took him in. You never would have guessed, now, that it was Jim Gatesby himself, the company's new driver. But that's who it was, for a fact. I've heard since that the express folks kind of suspicioned him of standing in on that last robbery."

* * * * * *

One year has passed. Again the silent City of Rocks has lost its sharp outlines in the shimmering heat of a July afternoon. On the bench outside of the stage house door Nate, the station keeper, is sitting, reading a month-old newspaper. On the edge of the water trough opposite him Frank, the helper, is mending a horse collar. Presently Nate throws down the paper and exclaims: "Well, I'll be durned!" Frank looked up inquiringly. Nate, rolling a cigarette from a piece of brown wrapping paper, continued: "Ye reclect the old gen'l'man from the states wot went up the line about two months after Lieut. Calverly laid out Whistling Dick and that smarty of a Jim Gatesby?"

Frank nodded his head. He was a man of few words.

"Ye re'lect how many questions he asked about that little rumpus? Specially 'bout the lady with the kid, who showed such a heap o' sand? That old gen'l'man was her father."

"I knowed that," said Frank, in a tone that resented having his interest excited to no purpose.

"Of course ye knowed it," replied Nate, calmly. "Didn't he perk up his head like a grass fed cayuse and tell ye so when he brought her down the line agin about two weeks afterward? Of course ye knowed it. Didn't he tell every mother's son all along the line that it was his daughter? Why, when he went out to the Sahatlin agency and got her to give up teachin' the Injuns' kids and go back home with him, they tell me that he set up the drinks for the whole durned town. But ye didn't year how it was that the lady ever come out into this country to teach sivashes, did ye? No! Well, then, the way of it was this. She bucked agin the old man in gittin' married. She 'lowed her jedgment laid over his, but it didn't pan out worth a durn. Her husband was no good, and when he found her father wasn't going to chip in to help 'em along, he went back on her. But she didn't go nowing 'round the old man to be tuk back. That wasn't her style. She just got an appointment as school teacher out yere, which was 'bout as fur away as she could git. But she hadn't no more'n gone when her husband passed in his checks in a railroad smash up. Well, the old man didn't know where she were, till one day he came across a newspaper tellin' 'bout the stage being jumped out yere. Then he got on to her trail, and followed her up and tuk her home. P'raps ye re'lect that about two months afterward the lieutenant went back to the states. Nat'rally. Well, I'm a sluice robber of him and she ain't got married! Yes, sir, yere it is in the paper. They say the old man's richer than Blue Gulch, and give 'em a couple of hundred thousand to start on. And wot's more, among the weddin' presents they got was a solid silver tea set with a 'scription on it, as how it was presented to Lieut. and Mrs. George W. Calverly by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, 'in grateful remembrance of their gallant defense of the Johnstown stage.'"

THE END.

Tobacco Used in Europe.

The total tobacco consumption of Europe is about 2½ pounds by each inhabitant. In the Netherlands the proportion is a little over 7 pounds to each inhabitant; in Austria-Hungary, 3.8 pounds; in Denmark, 3.7 pounds; in Switzerland 3.3 pounds; in Belgium, 3.2 pounds; in Germany, 3 pounds; in Norway, 2.3 pounds; in France, 2.1 pounds; in Sweden, nearly 2 pounds; in Spain, 1.7 pounds; in Great Britain and Ireland, 1.34 pounds; in Italy, 1.25 pounds, and in Russia, 1.3 pounds. In the United States the proportion is said to be greater than that of any European country except Holland—4½ pounds per inhabitant. The largest revenues derived from tobacco are those of France, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, and then Spain and Italy.—Uhlands Wochenschrift.

Nothing to Offer.

Managing Editor—You're pretty young, Mr. Dobler, but as our criminal reporter has just left us I'm willing to give you a trial in his place.

Applicant (haughtily)—Excuse me, but I'm not inclined to look favorably upon such an offer, sir. My line of writing has been quite above work of that kind.

Managing Editor—Indeed! What line of writing has yours been, Mr. Dobler?

Applicant (proudly)—I have edited our College of Journalism paper for the last two years, sir.

Managing Editor—Ah, I see; but I'm sorry that I've nothing at present to offer you commensurate with your ability and experience, Mr. Dobler, as both our janitor and his assistant are giving entire satisfaction.—Detroit Free Press.

A Standing Query.

"How is it," asks Thackeray, on one of his most characteristic pages, "that the evil which men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, whilst our good, kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossoms? Certain it is that scandal is good brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbor is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scored, deviled and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend, with currant jelly, is but a sickly, unrelishing meat."

A Duke's Orchids.

The facts about the Blenheim orchids are as follows: The duke has about 40,000 plants of one sort and another, but he manages his houses on business principles, and whenever a rare flower turns up among the imported specimens he sells it. He never gives 50 guineas or anything like that sum for a plant, but he sold one the other day for 100 guineas to Mr. Sanders, the famous dealer. It need hardly be said that the value of the collection is a trifle under £3,000,000—the preposterous estimate put upon it by some addlepated scribblers.—London Truth.

Missouri is the only state in the Union that makes no provision for her militia. In 1886 there were seven regiments in the state, while now there are but two, numbering 1,800 men.

Clara Louise Wells, of Naples, Italy, has taken out a patent for improvements in the method of obtaining fresh from salt water, for supplying towns and other purposes.

TO LEAVE WASHINGTON.

LEGISLATORS WHOSE TERMS WILL EXPIRE ON MARCH 4.

One Term in the House of Representatives Is Only an Apprenticeship—Some of the Old Senators Whose Faces Will Be Missed—Delaware's Four Bayards.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—In a few days the semi-centennial congress of the Unites States will come to an end after fourteen months of work. At the close of every congress a large number of statesmen retire from public to private life, a few of them to reappear when the conditions shall prove more favorable to their personal ambitions, but the great majority to pass the remainder of their days in comparative obscurity. On March 4 not a larger number than usual retire from the halls of congress, to be replaced by other men from their states or districts. It is noteworthy that so few of the disappearing statesmen are senators. So far as is definitely known only five senators are to retire—Bowen of Colorado, Palmer of Michigan, Salsbury of Minnesota, Saulsbury of Delaware, and Riddleberger of Virginia—though it is possible Chandler of New Hampshire and Kenna of West Virginia will fall of re-election. In the list not one great historic name appears, unless it be that of old Uncle Eli Saulsbury. The remaining four outgoing senators are single term men, having taken seats in the senate six years ago. Palmer did not care to remain longer in the senate, Sabin and Bowen were defeated for renomination, while Riddleberger has entirely lost his grip upon the politics of Virginia. Saulsbury, on the other hand, has been in the senate eighteen years, and before his advent the seat was for many years occupied by his brother Willard. After March 4 the state of Delaware will not be represented in congress by either a Bayard or a Saulsbury, the first time such a thing has happened for nearly half a century. There have been two Saulsburys and four Bayards in the senate from Delaware, the latter occupying one seat for fifty years. The retiring senator is nearly 72 years old, and one of the quaintest old figures in congress. Considerably more than six feet tall, he is very thin, and time has bent the top of his figure till he greatly resembles a shepherd's crook. It is a habit of his to pace up and down in the rear of the senatorial chairs with his head nearly upon his breast and his long arms half interlocked upon his back. He is an old fashioned man, very obstinate, and his under lip protrudes like that of a bull dog, giving his face an expression of resoluteness and determination that is not often met with.

* * *

Bowen is a man whose career has been full of vicissitudes and surprises, and he has such a remarkable facility for shifting his base and bobbing up serenely from below that he may be expected to come back to congress from Oklahoma or Alaska, or almost any place.

Palmer has his ease and his stock farm too well to remain in public life, and Sabin will devote his attention to manufacturing. Nobody knows what will become of Riddleberger.

* * *

Another noteworthy fact is the small number of members of congress from the south who have found it necessary to retire to private life at the end of this term. There is a belief that the people of the south secure the services of abler representatives than the north for the simple reason that in the southern states men are generally chosen to go to congress on the score of ability alone, wealth having no influence there than in other sections of the country. It appears that when the people of the south get an able and honest man in the house they delight in keeping him there, and thus enabling him to grow stronger and more influential as session after session adds to his experience and prestige.

* * *

Certainly this theory is borne out by the figures which the close of this congress brings before us. Of the 76 senators, 325 representatives and 8 delegates in the present congress, 409 in all, a little more than one-fourth, or 118, retire after four years has been pointed out as "the man that beat Frank Hurd," and Capt. Thomas, of Illinois, who is the dean of the retiring contingent, and in his committee on naval affairs one of the most useful men in congress.

Presidents, cabinet ministers, senators and representatives come and go, but good old Uncle Sam we always have with us.

WALTER WELLMAN.

Puss Is All Right.

The cat has ever been regarded as a mysterious creature and has of a consequence been shunned, as amateur swimmers avoid deep holes, by the youth of our land in their literary efforts. The dog and the horse are notoriously what are termed "old stand bys" as subjects for composition, but it is noteworthy that the cat, though even more familiar to all than either of the aforementioned animals, is neglected in all Friday afternoon literature. The feline is much beloved by reason of its frivolous and gay nature. Its propensity to amuse itself with any light object or, in default of other movables, its own fleeting tail endears it to all young persons, but there is an unnatural gravity and air of absorption in deep philosophical matters about the mature cat which is forbidding, not to say awe inspiring. It may be that its uncanny nature has caused it to be associated with witches. Certainly its habit of being out at all hours of the night gives color to the suspicion that it is a baleful beast. A cat acts as if it knew that the disclosure of its secrets would result in death to all its kind at the hands of an enraged humanity. Now there is something frank and open hearted about a dog. He may bite an enemy, but a cat will scratch its dearest friend. A dog cannot keep a secret. A cat never tells one.—Chicago Mail.

The Paris Executioner.

There has been considerable talk about Deibler's want of dexterity in dispatching Prado. After every execution we hear the same things, for Deibler is a little, hesitating man, with anything but an impressive way of doing business. His appointment as executioner caused many heartburnings, for, when Heindrichs died, there were 300 applications for the post. Deibler has married the daughter of Roch, the previous "Monsieur de Paris." He had also served as assistant to Heindrichs, and had made several important improvements in the mechanism of the guillotine. Considering his familiarity with blood, he is a very nervous man, and he has never forgotten Tropman's biting off Heindrichs' fingers during the operation of adjusting the lunette. The fact is that it is very difficult in tilting the bascule to so work it that the neck of the condemned man falls exactly into the hollow of the lunette so that the blade should strike in the right place; but Deibler was only a quarter of a minute in fixing Prado, though, no doubt, it seemed much longer to the waiting crowd, and to Prado.—Paris Cor. Pittsburg Chronicle.

The first power loom for weaving carpets was set in motion by E. B. Bigelow, of Boston. Ten yards a day was its original capacity.

GRAN'MA.

A wrinkled face hallowed with snowy white hair,
Bright eyes that beam on you with kindliness rare,
And a smile showing for you the tenderest care,
Has gran'ma.

A plain dress, old fashioned and spotlessly neat,
A slow, gentle voice, sympathetic and sweet,
Telling love from the heart, and a patience complete,
Has gran'ma.

Dear hands often weary, but seeking no rest,
Helping, mending or knitting for those in the nest,
In spite of mistakes ever doing their best,
Has gran'ma.

The dearest companion, the stanchest of friends
To petted grandchildren she ever defends
From whippings deserved, and whose mischief she mends,
Is gran'ma.

The quaintest old stories of days long ago
When she was a girl and gran'pa was her beau,
And how the old homestead was buried in snow,
Tells gran'ma.

The baby cries for her; big children and small,
The neighbors, the old folks who on her must call,
Good mamma, kind papa, the servants and all
Love gran'ma.

Ah! May we, when aged, become so endeared,
May our lives, rightly lived, make us loved and revered,
And, viewing the future, be strengthened and cheered
Like gran'ma.

—H. C. Dodge.

Horseshoes of Rubber.

The proposed substitution of India rubber for metal in the manufacture of horseshoes is based upon various supposed advantages, one of these being that the former enables the horse to go easier over all kinds of roads and rough or slippery ground without slipping.

According to this design, the shoe consists of an India rubber bottom piece molded to fit over or around the frog of the hoof, with a ledge or protecting rim rising up the front and around the level where the nails are clamped, the protection having a ledge under which a steel band or other appliances can be drawn and nipped tight to retain the rubber shoe. The band is connected by studs, which pass through the heel part of the hoof, this being cut away from the inner side for the purpose, and the stud or studs may work eccentrically to obtain grip or fixing. If the rubber shoe is used with an iron shoe the frog portion, or pad, has a front plate and two side wings partially imbedded in it to hold the rubber shoe in place. If the rubber shoe be divided or made thin in the center a swivel or other bar can be contracted from the rear to reduce the width of the pad, so that it enters easily and also expands so as to fix the rubber shoes in position.—New York Telegram.

Nothing Like it.

"I was troubled with liver complaint a good many years, but I was cured with one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. I have never found any medicine like B. B. B., in fact one bottle made a complete cure. W. J. West, Parkhill, N. S.

Merritt— You don't seem to mind what your mother says.

Little Johnnie— No: but dab does.

Common Croup

Is often fatal when not remedied in time. Leslie B. Nicholson, 19 Wellesley Ave. Toronto, says: As a quick cure for croup colds, sore throat, chilblains, etc., I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil." It is a sure cure. Directions accompany each bottle.

Baldness ought not to come till the age of 55 or later. If the hair begins to fall earlier, use Hall's Hair Renewer and prevent baldness and grayness.

There are men in Lincoln whose funerals will be ranked among the most successful society event of the season.

Partly Gave Up.

"In the year 1885 I coughed for six months, and having unsuccessfully tried many remedies, I partly gave up, thinking I had consumption. At last I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, less than one bottle of which cured me, leaving me as well as ever I was." Henry W. Carns, Wabash, Ont.

Miss Lovelorn—De Garry said I looked very pretty last night.

Miss Caustique— You must have surprised him very much.

Health Failing Fast.

I was swollen from head to foot with dropsy of six months' standing, and my health was failing fast, but after taking one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, I am quite well, and think there is no medicine equal to B. B. B., and to it remain a true friend." Joseph Heric, Linwood, Ont.

The town of Mills City, Va. recently had its name changed, and now rejoices in the title of "New York Jr."

The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.

For this the professor discharged both she and another teacher.

High Valuation.

"If there was only one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba, I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Hunt, of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

Mrs. Talyor of El Pasco, Tex; fell down the elevator shaft at the Clarendon Hotel to-night, a distance of thirty feet and escaped with a slight sprain of the wrist. She landed on her bustle and it saved her.

Let quality, not quantity, be the test of a medicine. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the concentrated extract of the best and purest ingredients. Medical men everywhere recommend it as the surest and most economical blood medicine in the market.

Prof August Vontwiertsheim, who claims to be a German baron has been sent to the penitentiary for one year from Fort Wayne Ind., for obtaining money under false pretences.

A Dreadful Doom.

To be unable to satisfy hunger without being distressed with heart burn, indegestion, dizziness or faintness, seems a dreadful doom. All who suffer those will find prompt relief and permanent cure in Burdock Blood Bitters. B. B. B. positively cures dyspepsia in any form.

We have great respect for the penetration of the man who discovers good qualities in us.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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NOTICE.

Special Inducements are now offered by the well known CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL to all who are in want of First Class Goods.

SPECIAL SALE,

during the remainder of this month, and Very Low Prices.

ALL

my stock of Good Ready Made Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods have been remarked and are now offered during this Special Sale at prices that are startling, and must be cleaned out to make room for New Spring Goods.

MENS,
YOUTHS,
BOYS,
and CHILDREN'S
Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers,

And a fine assortment of

Gents Furnishing Goods.

I, also, have on hand one of the Finest Stocks of

Scotch and English Cloths

for Custom Work which will be made up to order very low, and perfect Fitting Garments Guaranteed.

Don't forget the Place,

City Market Clothing Hall,
51 Charlotte Street.

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GROCERS' SUNDRIES

ESSENTIAL OILS AND Flavoring Extracts

JONAS' TRIPLE FLAVORING EXTRACTS, H. JONAS & CO. MONTREAL

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S PILLS—Free from Mercury.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Liver.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Indigestion.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Heartburn.

COCKLE'S PILLS—In use eighty-six years.

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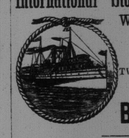

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

—FOR—

BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON, direct: and the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave Boston every Monday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C. B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Bridge," will be received until noon on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1889.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways, Ottawa, where forms of tender may be obtained on and after Wednesday, 30th February instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or of an accepted bank cheque made payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract.

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals.
Ottawa, 7th February, 1889.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the

Double Washboard.

We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.

W. W.

FREE Sewing Machine FREE

CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1889.

Madam! See what 15 Cents will do! It will bring you a sample copy of CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will tell you how to get the SEALSKIN SACQUE, the SILK DRESS, the GOLD WATCH and COTTAGE ORGAN, and other valuables, without a dollar.

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER

two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to "GODEY," THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE IN America.

For 1889 it will contain:—Fashions in Colors. Fashions in black and white; latest from Europe. Original Novelties in Needle Work and Embroidery. Latest and most popular Music. Plans for the house you want to build. Directions for decorating your home. Cookery and household help, by Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunn, and other fashionable New York academies, and selected by the Board of Education for the New York Public Schools. Literary enrichments by NELLY BLY, *who put herself up in a lunatic asylum to find out how they treated the insane*, ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, EMILY LENNOX, OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, MRS. HJESTAND, EDGAR FAWCETT, DAVID LOWRY, etc.

Every Lady Her Own Dressmaker

who subscribes to Godey's Lady's Book. The Lemon[illegible] which you will find in each number entitles you to your own selection of any cut paper pattern illustrated in Godey's Lady's Book. Your Lemon Sample Copy will contain one of these coupons. Sample Copy will cost you 15 cents, which will be allowed on your subscription when received. The pattern shows you how to cut out the garment you want. That's all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number, for which send 15c. at once. "Godey" is only $2.00 a year.

Address "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," Philadelphia, Pa.

J. W. MASURY & SON'S

Superfine Carriage Paints

—AND—

Pure Colors in Oil and Water Colors,

At very low prices.

Alabastine for Walls and Ceilings.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

Market Square.

AS USUAL.

We are offering

GOOD VALUE

—IN—

ALL LINES OF GOODS

Including Note Paper and Envelopes.

TO ARRIVE.

100,000 Envelopes, 100 Reams of Note Paper.

D. McARTHUR,

80 King Street.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

Day Express	7 30
Accommodation	11 20
Express for Sussex	16 35
Express for Halifax & Quebec	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

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

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec	7 00
Express from Sussex	9 35
Accommodation	13 30
Day Express	18 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS; in effect Jan. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Bangor.

3.35 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle, Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.00 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 a.m.—For Fairville, Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points west.

3.20 p.m.—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a.m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.

4.10 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

H. M. ROBERTS, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. ADAMS, Gen. Manager.
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 31, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 7.34 a. m., and Carleton at 7.40 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 p. m.; St. Stephen at 12.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 6.15 a. m.; St. George at 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.07 p. m.; St John at 1.12 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MOULSON, 40 Water Street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 5 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water Street, where a trapkman will be in attendance.

H. LAWRANCE STURD

F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

Buctouche and Moncton Rv.

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

No. 1.			No. 2.		
Lv.	Buctouche	8 30	Lv.	Moncton	16 00
	Little River	8 48		Lewisville	16 04
	W. Anthony	9 04		Humphreys	16 08
	Cocaigne	9 20		Irishtown	16 30
	North Depot	9 22		Cape Breton	16 40
	McDougall's	9 38		Scotch Sett.	16 48
	Scotch Settler	9 50		McDougall's	17 00
	Cape Breton	9 58		Notre Dame	17 16
	Irishtown	10 08		Cocaigne	17 18
	Humphreys	10 30		St. Anthony	17 34
	Lewisville	10 34		Little River	17 50
Ar.	Moncton	10 38	Ar.	Buctouche	18 05

C F. HANINGTON, Manager.

W. M. CALDWELL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

Office and Residence

LANCASTER ROAD,

Fairville.

G. T. WHITENECT,

157 Brussels Street.

HOUSE, SHIP, SIGN, AND DECORATIVE PAINTER.

Paper Hanging, Gilding, Whitewashing, Kalsomining, Glazing, Etc.

Telephone Communication with all the Leading Houses.

McLEOD'S TONIC COUGH CURE.

MORE TESTIMONY.

HANOVER ST., ST. JOHN, Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. McLEOD,

Your TONIC COUGH CURE has given me great relief. The severe attacks of COUGHING and ASTHMA, to which I have long been subject, most invariably succumb to two or three doses of your cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with severe coughs.

Yours truly,
MARY THOMPSON.

SOLD BY

S. McDAIRMID.

Corner King and Germain Streets.

CHOICE PERFUMES

Just received a full assortment

—OF—

Lubins, Atkinson's, Gosnell's Ect, in small bottles.

—ALSO—

A complete stock of first quality of

PERFUMES IN BULK.

Prices low.

WILLIAM B. McVEY

CHEMIST,

185 Union St., St. John N. B