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

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

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

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MOST ECONOMICAL!
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WE promise nothing till we know your case. Send stamp for full information, and get an HONEST OPINION. Mention this paper. Give age, sex, location of Hernia, employment, height and weight. Write your name and address full and plain.

EGAN & TRACKSELL,
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256 Queen st. West, Toronto, Ontario.

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, in the 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 Mary A. Stead, of the said City of Saint John, widow, of the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Kings, in Book I, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 388, 389, 390 and 391, then will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-second 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, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows:—"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 as a grant from the crown, dated the twelfth day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, by No. 14678 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block D, thence North fifty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished on the Crown land office plan by 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 Fifth Day of 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 J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George 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, on 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; being 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.

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9 Canterbury st.
GENTLEMEN:
You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
JOHN S. DUNN,
TAILOR.
Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialty.

BOOTS and SHOES.

A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable

BOOTS AND SHOES
—AT—
MRS. McCONNELL'S,
King street.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, Track Sulkies, etc., etc.
Repairing in all its branches promptly done.
Office and Show rooms, 43 and 45, North Side and Factory, 42 and 44, South Side,
Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

Albums, Toilet Cases, Work Boxes, Bronze Lamps, Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry.
Suitable for Christmas Presents. Cash or Installments.
F. A. JONES,
34 Dock St.

KEEP OUT THE COLD

Lung Protectors,
Chest Protectors,
Chamois Vests,
All sizes and prices at
PARKER BROS.,
Market Square.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
The Celebrated Novelist,
Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in 1745 and is the relation of an old servant of a Scottish family named Durrisdeer, who lived near St. Bride's. Prince Charlie had just landed. James, the master of Ballantrae, his brother Henry, his father and his affianced wife, Alison Graeme, were all favorable to the Pretender, but to prevent forfeiture of their estate, it was decided that but one should join the Pretender. By the toss of a sovereign the choice fell to James the master of Ballantrae. After the battle of Culloden it was reported that James had been killed, and after a lapse of three years, nothing being heard of him, his brother Henry and Alison Graeme were married. A year after this event, a stranger, Col. Francis Burke, who had been one of Prince Charlie's staff paid a late visit to the Lord Durrisdeer. He imparted the news that James, the master of Ballantrae, had escaped the slaughter at Culloden, and in making his escape to France had, with Burke, been captured and impressed by a pirate.

The master of Ballantrae was subsequently made quarter-master of the pirate ship and after numerous exploits escaped from the vessel with Burke to fall into the hands of a slaver and voyaged with him to New York. After other adventures Burke and his companion reached Paris where they were soon short of money which caused the visit of Burke to Lord Durrisdeer. For seven years the refugee of Paris continued to draw upon the revenues of the estate until everything was spent and the family denied all luxuries and some of the comforts which brought matters to a climax between husband and wife.

Mackellar, the steward of the estates and the narrator of this story set the lady, explained that the money was being sent to the absent master of Ballantrae and she being the mortgagee of the estates as well as the wife of the younger brother ordered the remittances stopped. Whereupon the master of Ballantrae crossed the channel and arrived at Durrisdeer.

The conduct of the Master, or Mr. Bally as he was known, was such that his brother Henry was obliged to quarrel with him, where upon he laid seige to Mrs. Henry, his former lover, and endeavored by every possible means to alienate her affections.

Mr. Bally succeeded in persuading his brother to transfer the entail of the estates and part of the property would for his benefit it being part of the bargain that he would leave the country. He did not however and I learn Duncan that he was a spy of the government which he had fought against. He still continued his attentions to Mrs. Henry and his father was still blind to the true character of his oldest son.

Matters went on very badly at Durrisdeer. The two brothers were constantly quarreling with words and finally decided to settle it by a duel with broadswords which was fought at night. While attempting a foul blow at his brother, the master of Ballantrae stumbled and falling on his sword was run through the body. He did not lie dying where he fell while Mackellar the steward went to inform Henry's wife and his father.

The Lord and MacKeller went to the spot where the master had fallen to discover that he was gone. He had come to his senses and a gang of smugglers passing his way had picked him up. He was taken to France again and sumed his wanderings. His brother after the duel had an attack of brain fever and during his illness Mackellar showed his wife the correspondence, the master which in his flight he had left behind and which proved the duplicity of former love.

Mrs. Henry destroyed the papers to prevent the disgrace to the family and became more devoted to her husband after the discovery. Nothing is heard of the master. The old lord dies and a child is born to Henry who is now Lord Durrisdeer.

Affairs go on quietly at Durrisdeer, the new lord showing signs of insanity of a mild character and devoting himself especially to his boy. Through the Chevalier Burke, Mackellar learns that the master of Ballantrae is dwelling in India.

Mr. Mackellar discovers the master of Ballantrae and an Indian follower at Durrisdeer one morning when he entered his dining room. He tells Lord Henry and his wife. The latter determines to go to New York where they have an estate leaving the Scotch estate in charge of Mackellar who is instructed to pay no money to the master of Ballantrae whom Mackellar decides to put at defiance.

[CONTINUED.]

But he was now fairly started on his new course of justification, with which he wearied me throughout the remainder of the passage. No doubt in the past he had taken pleasure to paint himself unnecessarily black, and made a vaunt of his wickedness, bearing it for a coat of arms. Nor was he so illogical as to abate one item of his old confessions. "But, now that I know you are a human being," he would say, "I can take the trouble to explain myself. For I see you that I am human, too, and have my virtues like my neighbors." I say he wearied me, for I had only the one word to say in answer; twenty times I must have said it: "Give up your present purpose and return with me to Durrisdeer; then I will believe you."

Thereupon he would shake his head at me. "Ah, Mackellar, you might live a thousand years and never understand my nature," he would say. "This battle is now committed, the hour of reflection quite past, the hour for mercy not yet come. It began between us when we spun a coin in the hall of Durrisdeer now twenty years ago; we have had our ups and downs, but never either of us dreamed of giving in; and as for me, when my glove is cast, life and honor go with it."

"A fig for your honor!" I would say. "And by your leave these warlike similitudes are something too high sounding for the matter in hand. You want some dirty money, there is the bottom of your contention; and as for your means, what are they!—to stir up sorrow in a family that never harmed you, to debauch (if you can) your own born nephew, and to wring the heart of your born brother! A footpad that kills an old granny in a woolen mutch with a dirty bludgeon, and that for a shilling piece and a paper of snuff—there is all the warrior that you are."

When I would attack him thus (or something thus) he would smile and sigh like a man misunderstood. Once, I remember, he defended himself more at large, and had some curious sophistries, worth repeating for a light upon his character.

"You are very like a civilian to think war consists in drums and banners," said he. "War (as the ancients said very wisely) is ultima ratio. When we take our advantage unrelentingly, then we make war. Ah, Mackellar, you are a devil of a soldier in the steward's room at Durrisdeer, or the tenants do you sad injustice!"

"I think little of what war is or is not," I replied. "But you wrong my trade with claiming my respect. Your brother is a good man, and you are a bad one—neither more nor less."

"Bad I been Alexander"—he began.

"It is so we all dupe ourselves," I cried. "Had I been St. Paul, it would have been all one; I would have made the same hash of that career that you now see me making of my own."

"I tell you," he cried, bearing down my interruption, "had I been the least petty chieftain in the Highlands, had I been the least king of naked negroes in the African desert, my people would have adored me. A bad man, am I! Ah, but I was born for a good tyrant! Ask Secundra Dass; he will tell you I treat him like a son. Cast in your lot with me to-morrow, become my slave, my chattel, a thing I can command as I command the powers of my own limbs and spirit—you will see no more that dark side that I turn upon the world in anger. I must have all or none. But where all is given, I give it back with usury. I have a kingly nature; there is my loss!"

"It has been hitherto rather the loss of others," I remarked; "which seems a little on the hither side of royalty."

"Tilly vally!" cried he. "Even now, I tell you I would spare that family in which you take so great an interest; yes, even now—to-morrow I would leave them to their petty welfare, and disappear in that forest of cutthroats and thimble-riggers that we call the world. I would do it to-morrow!" says he. "Only—only"—

"Only what?" I asked.

"Only they must beg it on their bended knees." I think in public, too," he added, smiling. "Indeed, Mackellar, I doubt if there be a hall big enough to serve my purpose for that act of reparation."

"Vanity, vanity!" I moralized. "To think that this great force for evil should be swayed by the same sentiment that sets a lassie mincing to her glass!"

"Oh, there are double words for everything; the word that swells, the word that belittles; you cannot fight me with a word!" said he. "You said the other day that I relied on you conscience; were I in your humor of detraction I might say I built upon your vanity. It is your pretension to be un homme de parole; 'tis mine not to accept defeat. Call it vanity, call it virtue, call it greatness of soul—what signifies the expression? But recognize in each of us a common strain; that we both live for an idea."

It will be gathered from so much familiar talk and so much patience on both sides that we now lived together upon excellent terms. Such was again the fact, and this time more seriously than before. Apart from disputations such as that which I have tried to reproduce, not only consideration reigned, but I am tempted to say even kindness. When I fell sick (as I did shortly after our great storm) he sat by my berth to entertain me with his conversation, and treated me with excellent remedies, which I accepted with security. Himself commented on the circumstance.

"You see," says he, "you begin to know me better. A very little while ago, upon this lonely ship, where no one but myself has any smattering of science, you would have made sure I had designs upon your life. And observe, it is since I found you had designs upon my own that I have shown you most respect. You will tell me if this speaks of a small mind." I found little to reply. In so far as regarded myself, I believed him to mean well; I am perhaps the more a dupe of his dissimulation, but I believed (and I still believe) that he regarded me with genuine kindness. Singular and sad fact! so soon as this change began, my animosity abated, and these haunting visions of my master passed utterly away. So that, perhaps, there was truth in the man's last vaunting word to me, uttered on the second day of July, when our long voyage was at last brought almost to an end, and we lay becalmed at the sea end of the vast harbor of New York in a gasping heat which was presently exchanged for a surprising water fall of rain. I stood on the poop regarding the green shores near at hand, and now and then the light smoke of the little town, our destination. And as I was even then devising how to steal a march on my familiar enemy, I was conscious of a shade of embarrassment when he approached me with his hand extended.

"I am now to bid you farewell," said he, "and that forever. For now you go among my enemies, where all your former prejudices will revive. I never yet failed to charm a person when I wanted; even you, my good friend—to call you so for once—even you have now a very different portrait of me in your memory, and one that you will never quite forget. The voyage has not lasted long enough, or I should have wrote the impression deeper. But now all is at an end, and we are again at war. Judge by this little interlude how dangerous I am; and tell those Gods"—pointing with his finger to the town—"to think twice and thrice before they set me at defiance."

CHAPTER XX.

PASSAGES AT NEW YORK.

I HAVE mentioned I was resolved to steal a march upon this master; and in this, with the complicity of Capt. McMurtrie, was mighty easily effected; a boat being partly loaded on the one side of our ship and the master placed on board of it, the while a skiff put off from the other carrying me alone. I had no more trouble in finding a direction to my lord's house, whither I went at top speed and which I found to be on the outskirts of the place, a very suitable mansion, in a fine garden, with an extraordinary large barn, byre and stable all in one. It was here my lord was walking when I arrived; indeed it had become his chief place of frequentation, and his mind was now filled with farming. I burst in upon him breathless, and gave him my news, which was indeed no news at all, several ships having outsailed the "Nonesuch" in the interval.

"We have been expecting you long," said my lord; "and indeed, of late days, ceased to expect you any more. I am glad to take your hand again, Mackellar. I thought you had been at the bottom of the sea."

"Ah, my lord, would God I had!" cried I. "Things would have been better for yourself."

"Not in the least," says he, grimly. "I could not ask better. There is a long score to pay, and now—at last—I can begin to pay it."

I cried out against his security.

"Oh," says he, "this is not Durrisdeer, and I have taken my precautions. His reputation awaits him; I have prepared a welcome for my brother. Indeed, fortune has served me, for I found here a merchant of Albany who knew him after the '45, and had mighty convenient suspicions of a murder; some one of the name of Chew it was, another Albanian. No one bare with the name ventured to my door; he will not be suffered to address my children, nor even to salute my wife. As for myself, I make so much exception for a brother that he may speak to me. I should like my pleasure else," says my lord, rubbing his palms.

Presently he bethought himself, and set men off running, with billets, to summon the magnates of the province. I cannot recall what pretext he employed; at least it was success full; and when our ancient enemy appeared upon the scene, he found my lord pacing in front of his house under some trees of shade, with the governor upon one hand and various notables upon the other. My lady, who was seated in the veranda, rose with a very pinched expression and carried her children into the house.

The master, well dressed and with an elegant walking sword, bowed to the company in a handsome manner and nodded to my lord with familiarity. My lord did not accept the salutation, but looked upon his brother with bended brows.

"Well, sir," says he at last, "what till wind brings you hither of all places, where (to our common disgrace) your reputation has preceded you?"

"Your lordship is pleased to be civil," cries the master, with a fine start.

"I am pleased to be very plain," returned my lord; "because it is needful you should clearly understand your situation. At home, where you were so little known, it was still possible to keep appearances; that would be quite vain in this province; and I have to tell you that I am quite resolved to wash my hands of you. You have already ruined me almost to the door, as you ruined my father before me; whose heart you also broke. Your crimes escape the law; but my friend the governor has promised protection to my family. Have a care, sir!" cries my lord, shaking his cane at him; "if you are observed to utter two words to any of my innocent household, the law shall be stretched to make you smart for it."

"Ah!" says the master, very slowly. "And so this is the advantage of a foreign land! These gentlemen are unacquainted with our story, I perceive. They do not know that I am the Lord Durrisdeer; they do not know you are my younger brother, sitting in my place under a sworn family compact; they do not know (or they would not be seen with you in familiar correspondence) that every acre is mine before God Almighty, and every doit of the money you withhold from me, you do it as a thief, a perjurer and a disloyal brother!"

"Gen. Clinton," I cried, "do not listen to his lies. I am the steward of the estate, and there is not one word of truth in it. The man is a forfeited rebel turned into a hired spy; there is his story in two words."

"I was thus that (in the heat of the moment) I let slip his infamy.

"Fellow," said the governor, turning his face sternly on the master, "I know more of you than you think for. We have some broken ends of your adventures in the province, which you will do very well not to drive me to investigate. There is the disappearance of Mr. Jacob Chew with all his merchandise; there is the matter of where you came ashore from with so much money and jewels when you were picked up by a Bermudan out of Albany. Believe me, if I let these matters lie, it is in commiseration for your family and out of respect for my valued friend, Lord Durrisdeer."

There was a murmur of applause from the provincials.

"I should have remembered how a title would shine out in such a hole as this," says the master, white as a sheet; "no matter how unjustly come by. It remains for me, then, to die at my lord's door, where my dead body will form a very cheerful ornament."

"Away with your affectations!" cries my lord. "You know very well I have no such meaning; only to protect myself from calumny and my home from your intrusion. I offer you a choice. Either I shall pay your passage home on the first ship, when you may perhaps be able to resume your occupations under government, although God knows I would rather see you on the highway! Or, if that likes you not, stay here and welcome! I have inquired the least sum on which body and soul can be decently kept together in New York; so much you shall have, paid weekly; and if you cannot labor with your hands to better it, it is high time you should betake yourself to learn! The condition is, that you speak with no member of my family except myself," he added.

I do not think I have ever seen any man so pale as was the master; but he was erect and his mouth firm.

"I have been met here with some very unmerited insults," said he, "from which I have certainly no idea to take refuge by flight. Give me your pittance; I take it without shame, for it is mine already—like the shirt upon your back; and I choose to stay until these gentlemen shall understand me better. Already they must spy the cloven hoof; since, with all your pretended eagerness for the family honor, you take a pleasure to degrade it in my person."

"This is all very fine," says my lord; "but to us who know you of old, you must be sure it signifies nothing. You take that alternative out of which you think that you can make the most. Take it, if you can, in silence; it will serve you better in the long run, you may believe me, than this ostentation of ingratitude."

"Oh, gratitude, my lord!" cries the master, with a mounting intonation and his forefinger very conspicuously lifted up. "Be at rest; it will not fail you. It now remains that I should salute these gentlemen whom we have wearied with our family affairs."

And he bowed to each in succession, settled his walking sword, and took himself off, leaving every one amazed at his behavior, and me not less so at my lord's.

We were now to enter on a changed phase of this family division. The master was by no manner of means so helpless as my lord supposed, having at his hand and entirely devoted to his service an excellent artist in all sorts of goldsmith work. With my lord's allowance, which was not so scanty as he had described it, the pair could support life; and all the earnings of Secundra Dass might be laid upon one side for any future purpose. That this was done I have no doubt. It was in all likelihood the master's design to gather a sufficiency, and then proceed in quest of that treasure which he had buried long before among the mountains; to which, if he had confined himself, he would have been more happily inspired. But unfortunate for himself and all of us, he took counsel of his anger. The public disgrace of his arrival (which I sometimes wonder he could manage to survive) rankled in his bones; he was in that humor when a man (in the words of the old adage) will cut off his nose to spite his face; and he must make himself a public spectacle, in the hopes that some of the disgrace might spatter on my lord.

He chose, in a poor quarter of the town, a lonely, small house of boards, overhung with some acacias. It was furnished in front with a sort of hutch opening, like that of a dog's kennel, but about as high as a table from the ground, in which the poor man that built it had formerly displayed some wares; and it was this which took the master's fancy and possibly suggested his proceedings. It appears, on board the pirate ship, he had acquired some quickness with the needle; enough at least to play the part of tailor to the public eye; which was all that was required by the nature of his vengeance. A placard was hung above the hutch, bearing these words in something of the following disposition:

FORMERLY MASTER OF BALLANTRAE
CLOTHES NEATLY CLOUTED.
SECUNDRA DASS
DECAYED GENTLEMAN OF INDIA
FINE GOLDSMITH WORK.

Underneath this, when he had a job, my gentleman sat withingide tailorwise and busily stitching. I say when he had a job; but such occasions were not numerous, poor Secundra, and the master's sewing would be more in the manner of Penelope's. He could never have designed to gain even butter to his bread by such a means of livelihood. Enough for him that there was the name of Durie dragged in the dirt on the placard and the some time heir of that proud family set up cross legged in public for a reproach upon his brother's meanness. And in so far his device succeeded that these murmuring in the town and a party formed highly inimical to my lord. My lord's favor with the governor laid him more open on the other side. My lady (who was never so well received in the colony) was treated with innumerable slights in a party of women, where it would be the topic most natural to introduce, she was almost debarred from the naming of needlework, and I have seen her return with a flushed countenance and vow that she would go abroad no more.

In the meanwhile my lord dwelt in his decent mansion, immersed in farming; a popular man with his inmates, and careless or unconscious of the slights in charge of flesh; had a bright, busy face; even the heat seemed to prosper with him; and my lady (in despite of her own annoyances) daily blessed heaven her father should have left her such a paradise. She had looked on from a window upon the master's humiliation, and from that hour appeared to feel at ease. I was not sure myself; as time went on there seemed to me a something not quite wholesome in my lord's condition; happy he was, beyond a doubt, but the grounds of this felicity were secret; even in the bosom of his family he brooded with manifest delight upon some private thought; until I conceived at last the suspicion (quite unworthy of us both) that he kept a mistress somewhere in the town.

Yet he went little abroad, and his day was very fully occupied; indeed there was but a single period, and that pretty early in the morning while Mr. Alexander was at his lesson book, of which I was not certain of the disposition. It should be borne in mind, in the defense of that which I now did, that I was always in some fear my lord was not quite justly in his reason; and with our enemy sitting so still in the same town with us, I did well to be upon my guard. Accordingly I made a pretext, had the hour changed at which I taught Mr. Alexander the foundation of cipherING and the mathematic, and set myself instead to dog my master's footsteps.

Every morning, fair or foul, he took his gold headed cane, set his hat on the back of his head—a recent habitude, which I thought to indicate a burning brow—and betook himself to make a certain circuit. At the first his way was among pleasant trees and beside a graveyard, where he would sit awhile, if the day were fine, in meditation. Presently the path turned down to the water side and came back along the harbor front and past the master's booth. As he approached this second part of his circuit my Lord Durrisdeer began to pace more leisurely, like a man delighted with the air and scene; and before the booth, half way between that and the water's edge, would pause a little leaning on his staff. It was the hour when the master sate within upon his board and plied his needle. So these two brothers would gaze upon each other with hard faces; and then my lord move on again, smiling to himself.

It was but twice that I must stoop to that ungraceful necessity of playing spy; I was then certain of my lord's purpose in his rambles and of the secret source of his delight. Here was his mistress; it was hatred and not love that gave him healthful colors. Some moralists might have been relieved by the discovery; I confess that I was dismayed. I found this situation of two brethren not only odious in itself, but big with possibilities of further evil, and I made it my practice, in so far as many occupations would allow, to go by a shorter path and be secretly present at their meeting. Coming down one day a little late, after I had been near a week prevented, I was struck with surprise to find a new development. I should say there was a bench against the master's house where customers might sit to parley with the shopman, and here I found my lord seated, nursing his cane and looking pleasantly forth upon the bay. Not three feet from him sat the master stitching. Neither spoke, nor (in this new situation) did my lord so much as cast a glance upon his enemy. He tasted his neighborhood, I must suppose, less indirectly in the bare proximity of person, and, without doubt, drank deep of hateful pleasures.

He had no sooner come away than I openly joined him.

"My lord, my lord," said I, "this is no manner of behavior."

"I grow fat upon it," he replied, and not merely the words, which were strange enough, but the whole character of his expression shocked me.

"I warn you, my lord, against this indulgency of evil feeling," said I. "I know not to which it is more perilous, the soul or the reason; but you go the way to murder both."

"You cannot understand," said he. "You had never such mountains of bitterness upon your heart."

"And if it were no more," I added, "you will surely goad the man to some extremity."

"To the contrary, I am breaking his spirit," says my lord.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Nasal Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy,

36 hands are now employed in Abner Smith's shoe factory in Middle Sackville, and the weekly wage is about $200. Mr. Smith started in business with two hands.

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Mrs. John Hunter died at Parrsboro, N. S. on the 28th December, on the eighth anniversary and at the very hour of her marriage.

For dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

J. F. Blanchard, a prominent Truro merchant, died on Saturday of pneumonia.

TRANSIT.

The Summer leans upon the passing year,
Leans heavily, and all her steps are slow,
Like one who going lingers, loath to go;
The wan leaves flock about her sallow, sear,
Like ancient gossips crowding 'round a bier;
The silent scythes no more the meadows mow,
The sluggish bayous falter in their flow,
And winds say "dy-ing" in a whisper drear.
Come, thou who with me liked the Summer well
Together let us kiss her finger tips
And bind with fond good-bys her lifeless brows;
Lay last year's love across her silent lips,
Above the secrets she will never tell,
And on her bosom cross two broken vows!
—Mary Ashley Townsend in New York World.

Fingers Before Forks.

The Duchess of Beaufort, dining once at Mme. de Guise's with King Henri IV of France, extended one hand to receive his majesty's salutation while she dipped the fingers of the other hand into a dish to pick out what was to her taste. This incident happened in the year 1598. It demonstrates that less than three hundred years ago the fingers were still used to perform the office now assigned to forks, in the highest and most refined circles of society. At about this time, in fact, was the turning point when forks began to be used at the table as they are now. When we reflect how nice were the ideas of that refined age on all matters of outer decency and behavior, and how strict was the etiquette of the courts, we may well wonder that the fork was so late in coming into use as a table furnishing. The ladies of the middle ages and the Renaissance were not proud of a delicate, well kept hand than those of our own days, and yet they picked the meat from the platter with their slender white fingers, and in them bore it to their mouths. The fact is all the more remarkable, because the form of the fork was familiar enough, and its application to other uses was not uncommon.—Von Folke in Popular Science Monthly.

Will Wonders Ever Cease?

It has been discovered that by means of the electric current applied to the eyeballs the eye is paralized or stimulated into renewed activity if the proper material is administered. Cocaine, which was revolutionized the surgical operations of the eye, is only one of the results of this discovery. The use of Atropine to oculiate is a remarkable example: For it matters not how administered, (even if injected into the big toe) the first effect seen is the enlarging of the pupil of the eye. Another application of this discovery, as practical and simple as the use of the needle; enough at least to play the part of tailor to the public eye; which was all that was required by the nature of his vengeance. A placard was hung above the hutch, bearing these words in something of the following disposition:

Sudden Change.

Mrs. George Flewelling, St John, N. B, writes—"I suffered from weakness and costiveness, so I bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I finished it, noticed a change. After using three bottles I am now entirely cured, and recommend B. B. B as a positive cure for costiveness."

Well Pleased.

Dear sirs,—I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism. I had it for some time and was cured by two bottles, and I must say it is the best thing I can get for general use as a pain reliever.

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