MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

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Intercolonial Railway

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All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., April 21st, 1890.

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Burdock Blood Bitters. Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with medicines controlling regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet painful diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles will cure the worst form of this disease, even when all else has failed. Some of the most marvellous cures have been made by B.B.B. Taken internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. (Burdock Blood Bitters) to benefit, and that on the first bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the good effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

PIANOS $250 to $600. Mendelssohn and Evans Bros. Lead All Others. ABSOLUTELY PERFECT GUARANTEED 7 YEARS. A. T. BUSTIN, 38 Dock Street.

To Housekeepers and Cooks. If you want a nice Rose, Cream, Coconut or Fruit Pudding for Dessert you should try a package of EXCELSIOR PUDDING, PUT UP BY The Dominion Food Co. Ask your grocer for it and take no other. A. L. RAWLINS, Jr., Agent, St. John, N. B.

MANTLE MIRRORS —AND— FRAMED PICTURES. A fine assortment. Low for cash or on easy weekly payments if desired. F. A. JONES, - - 34 Dock St.

HAND AND RING

By A. K. GREEN.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a startling coincidence. It was 12 o'clock at Sibley, and Judge Evans and several others stood discussing the eccentricities of criminals. A tramp slinks noiselessly in. A bump-backed individual joins them and enters into the conversation. He pictures to them a murder in all its details, and proves that the tramp would be the one to do it. Shortly afterwards Mr. Orcutt, one of the party, discovers that his landlady has been murdered, and the crime is similar in every respect to that described by the bump-back. She had been struck from behind with a billet of wood. Robbery seemed not to have been the object. Mr. Byrd, a detective, happens to be in the place attending court. He has the tramp arrested.

A number of friends and acquaintances are with the dying woman, when suddenly a young girl enters. She is beautiful in every respect and peculiar—that trait which we might call mysterious. She enquires after Mrs. Clemmens. All seem to fear her, and Mr. Byrd learns that she and the widow Clemmens were not friends. The detective is strangely drawn to the girl. He follows her from the room. Mr. Ferris alone seems to have influence over her, and takes her to show where the attempted murder took place. And she does so, seeing something, and tryst to distract the attention of those present. McClyrd picks up at her feet a diamond ring which she claims as hers.

The dying woman stirs. She gasps out "Hand, Ring!" are the words uttered. Then she calls for vengeance on her murderer, Mr. Byrd is employed in the case. He learns from a letter that there is some family mystery connected with the widow Clemmens.

An old crone accosts the detective and throws out insinuations against Miss Dare, the young lady spoken of before. Byrd, although these coincide in a measure with his own views, endeavors to dismiss them from his mind. He tells Lawyer Orcutt, who is in love with Miss Dare and a kind of guardian to her. While they are talking she comes along; states that she is going to Buffalo immediately, but the lawyer detains her. He hints at the suspicions, and she declares she knows nothing of the details of the murder. The lawyer so informs the detective. Miss Dare leaves for Buffalo.

That same evening Byrd was at the in-coming western train. He espies a figure emerge from the train whom he is sure is Miss Dare, he could not mistake her.

Continued.

But why had she so changed her plans? What could have occurred during the few hours that had elapsed since her departure, to turn her about on her path and drive her homeward before her journey was half completed? He could not imagine. She was such a mystery, this woman, that it might easily be that she had never intended to go to Buffalo; that she had only spoken of that place as the point of her destination under the stress of her companion's importunities, and that the real place for which she was bound had been some spot very much nearer home. He inquired of the ticket agent whether it was true, as he had heard, that Miss Dare had left town on that day for a visit to her friends in Buffalo.

He received for his reply that she had bought a ticket for that place, though she evidently had not used it, a fact which seemed at least to prove she was honest in the expression of her intentions that morning, whatever alteration may have taken place in her plans during the course of her journey.

Mr. Byrd did not enjoy his supper that night; Mr. Ferris came in for a chat and a cigar.

They had many things to discuss. First, their own case now drawing to a successful close; next, the murder of the day before; and lastly, the few facts which had been elicited in regard to that murder, in the inquiry which had that day been begun before the coroner.

Of the latter Mr. Ferris spoke with much interest. He had attended the inquest himself, and, though he had not much to communicate—the time having been spent in taken up in selecting and swearing a jury—a few witnesses had been examined and certain conclusions reached.

In the first place, the widow had evidently been assaulted with a deliberate purpose and a serious intent to slay.

Secondly, no immediate testimony was forthcoming calculated to point with unerring certainty to the guilty party.

To be sure, the tramp and the hunchback still offered possibilities of suspicion; but even they were slight, the former having been seen to leave the widow's house without entering, and the latter having been proved beyond a question to have come into town on the morning train and to have gone at once to court where he remained till the time they all saw him disappear down the street.

That the last-mentioned individual may have had some guilty knowledge of the crime was possible enough. The fact of his having wiped himself out so completely as to elude all search, was suspicious in itself, but who was the man which, in broad daylight, dared to enter a house situated like this in a thickly populated street, and kill with a blow an inoffensive woman?

"I cannot imagine," declared Mr. Ferris, as his communication reached this point. "It looks as if she had an enemy, but what enemy could such a person as she possess? In all the years I have been in this town I have never heard of her visiting any one or encouraging any one to visit her. Had it not been for Mr. Orcutt I should have lived the life of a recluse. As it was, she was the most methodical person in her ways that I ever knew. The dinner was the only meal that varied, and that, Mr. Orcutt says, was always ready and done to a turn at whatever moment he chose to present himself."

"Had she no intimates, no relatives?" asked Mr. Byrd, remembering that fragment of letter he had read—a letter which certainly contradicted this assertion in regard to her even and quiet life.

"None that I am aware of," was the response. "Wait, I believe I have been told she has a nephew somewhere—a sister's son, for whom she seemed to regard and to whom she intended to leave her money."

"She had money, then?"

"Some five thousand, maybe. Reports differ about such matters."

"And this nephew, where does he live?"

"I cannot tell you. I don't know as any one can. My acquaintance in regard to him are of the vaguest character."

"Five thousand dollars is regarded as no mean sum in a town like this," quoth Mr. Byrd, carelessly.

"I know it. She is called quite rich by many. How she got her money no one knows; for when she first appeared here she was so poor she had to eat and sleep all in one room. Mr. Orcutt paid her something for his daily dinner, of course, but that could not have enabled her to put those dollars in the bank as she had done every week for the last ten years. And to all appearances she has done nothing else for her living. You see, we have paid attention to her affairs, if she has paid none to ours."

Mr. Byrd again remembered that scrap of a letter which had been shown him by the coroner, and thought to himself that their knowledge was in all probability less than they supposed.

"Who was that horrid crone I saw shouldering herself through the crowd that collected around the gate yesterday?" was his remark, however. "Do you remember a wizen, toothless old wretch, whose eye has more of the Evil One in it than that of many a young thief you see locked up in the county jails?"

"No; that is, I wonder if you mean Sally Perkins. She is old enough and ugly enough to answer your description. What makes you ask about her?"

"Because she attracted my attention, I suppose. You must remember that I don't know any of these people, and that any especially vicious-looking person like her would be apt to awaken my curiosity."

"I see, I see; but, in this case, I doubts if it leads to much. Sally is a character, no doubt. But I don't believe she ever contemplated a murder, much less accomplished it. Is Susan man's hand struck that blow, Mr. Byrd."

"Yes," was the quick reply, and Mr. Ferris looked up inquiringly at the young man.

"You take considerable interest in the affair," he remarked, shortly. "Well I do not wonder. Even my old blood has been somewhat fired by the peculiar features. I foresee that your detective instinct will soon lead you to risk a run at the game."

"Ah, then, you see no objection to my trying for the scent, if the coroner persists in demanding it?" inquired Mr. Byrd.

"On the contrary," was the response. Mr. Ferris had no sooner left the room than the coroner came in.

"Well," cried he, with no unnecessary delay, "I want you."

Mr. Byrd rose.

"Have you telegraphed to New York?" he asked.

"Yes, expect an answer every minute. There will be no difficulty about that."

"But——" essayed the detective.

"We have no time for buts," broke in the coroner. "The inquest begins in earnest to-morrow, and the one witness we most want has not yet been found. I mean the man or woman who can swear to seeing some one approach or enter the murdered woman's house between the time the milk-man left it at half-past eleven and the hour she was found by Mr. Orcutt, lying upon the floor of her dining-room in a dying condition. That such a witness exists I have no doubt. To be sure, all whom I have questioned so far say that they were either eating dinner at the time or were in the kitchen serving it up; but, for all that, there were plenty who saw the tramp, and two women, at least, who are ready to take their oath that they not only saw him, but watched him long enough to obs... round to the Widow Clemens' kitchen door and turn about again and come away as if for some reason he had changed his mind about entering. Now, if there were two witnesses to see all that, there must have been one somewhere to notice that other person, known or unknown, who went through the street but a few minutes before the tramp. At all events, I believe such a witness can be found, and I mean to have him if I call up every man, woman, and child who was in the lane at the time."

"But," inquired the detective, willing, at least, to discuss the subject with the coroner, "is it absolutely necessary that the murderer should have advanced from the street? Is there no way he could have reached the house from the back, and so have eluded the gaze of the neighbors round about?"

"No; that is, there is no regular path there, only a stretch of swampy ground, anything but pleasant to travel through. Of course a man with a deliberate purpose before him might pursue that route and subject himself to all its inconveniences; but I would scarcely expect it of one who—who chose such an hour for his assault. Nor shall I feel ready to entertain the idea till it has been proved that no person, with the exception of those already named, was seen any time during that fatal half-hour to advance by the usual way to the widow's house."

"Have you questioned the tramp, or in any way received from him an intimation of the reason why he did not go into the house after he came to it?"

"He said he heard voices quarrelling."

"Ah!"

"Of course he was not upon his oath, but as the statement was volunteered, we have some right to credit it, perhaps."

"Did he say"—it was Mr. Byrd now who lost a trifle of his fluency—"what sort of voices he heard."

"No; he is an ignorant wretch, and is moreover thoroughly frightened. I don't believe he would know a cultivated from an uncultivated voice, a gentleman's from a quarryman's. At all events, we cannot trust to his discrimination."

Mr. Byrd started. This was the last construction he had expected to put upon his question. Flushing a little he looked the coroner earnestly in the face.

"I have another commission for you," resumed the coroner, after a moment. "Here is a name which I wish you would look at——"

But at this instant a smart tap was heard at the door and a boy entered with the expected telegram from New York. Dr. Tredwell took it, and, after glancing at its contents with an annoyed look, folded up the paper he was about to hand to Dr. Byrd and put it slowly back into his pocket. He then referred again to the telegram.

"It is not what I expected," he said shortly, after a moment of perplexed thought. "It seems that the superintendent is not disposed to accommodate me." And he tossed over the telegram.

Mr. Byrd took it and read:

"Expect a suitable man by the midnight express. He will bring a letter."

A flush mounted to the detective's brow.

"You see, sir," he observed, "I was right when I told you I was not the man."

"I don't know," returned the other, rising. "I have some thought of changing my opinion. The man they send may be very keen and very well up in his business, but I doubt if he will manage this case any better than you would have done."

"Thank you for your too favorable opinion of my skill," said Mr. Byrd, as he bowed the other out. "I am sure the superintendent is right. I am not much accustomed to work for myself, and was none to eager to take the case in the first place."

Yet, when the coroner was gone, and he sat down alone by himself to review the matter, he found he was in reality more disappointed than he cared to confess. Why, he scarcely knew. There was no lessening of the shrinking he had always felt from the possible developments which an earnest inquiry into the causes of this crime might educe. Yet, to be severed in this way from all professional interest in the pursuit out him so deeply that, in despite of his usual good sense and correct judgment, he was never nearer sending in his resignation than he was in that short half hour which followed the departure of Dr. Tredwell. To distract his thoughts, he at last went down to the bar-room.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SKILL OF AN ARTIST.

He found it occupied by some half-dozen men, one of who immediately attracted his attention. He was evidently a stranger, and, though not without some faint marks of a tendency to gentlemanly dissipation, was, to say the least, more than ordinarily good-looking, possessing a large, manly figure, and a fair, regular-featured face, above which shone a thick crop of short curly hair of a peculiarly bright blonde color. He was sitting at a small table, and was engrossed with a newspaper, to the utter exclusion of any apparent interest in the talk that was going on at the other end of the room. And yet this talk was seemingly of a nature to attract the attention of the most indifferent. At all events Mr. Byrd considered it so; and, after one comprehensive glance at the elegant stranger he passed quietly up the room and took his stand among the group of loungers there assembled, where a young man was speaking as follows:

"I tell you that it was just a leaf out of a play. I never saw its equal off the stage. She was so handsome, so impressive in her trouble or anxiety, or whatever it was that agitated her, and he so dark, and so determined in his tones. My curiosity was roused, it was that agitated him. They came in at different doors, she at one side of the depot and he at another, and they met just where I could see them both, directly in the centre of the room. 'You!' was her involuntary cry, and she threw up her hands before her face just as if she had seen a ghost or a murder. And then, without giving her breath from him, but he did not cover his eyes, only stood and looked at her as if he were turned to stone. In another moment she dropped her hands. 'Were you coming to see me?' came from her lips in a whisper so fraught with secret horror and anguish that it curdled my blood to hear it. 'Were you coming to see me?' was his response, uttered in an equally suppressed voice and with an equal intensity of expression. And then, without either giving an answer to the other's question, they both shrank back, and, turning, fled with distracted looks, each by the way that had come, the two doors closing with a simultaneous bang that echoed through that miserable depot like a knell. Some unhappy tragedy underlies such a meeting and parting, gentlemen, and I for one would rather not inquire what."

"But the girl—the man—didn't you see them again before you left?" asked an eager voice from the group.

"The young lady," remarked the other, "was on the train I came in on. Perhaps the gentleman went the other way."

"Oh!" "Ah!" and "Where did she get off?" rose in a somewhat deafening clamor around him.

"I did not observe. She seemed greatly distressed, if not thoroughly overcome, and observing her pulled down her veil in order to escape any rude relish my inquiring looks, and as I could not sit within view of her and not watch her, I discreetly betook myself into the smoking-car where I stayed till we arrived at this place."

"Hum!" "Ha!" "Curious!" rose in chorus once more, and then two or three or more of the group sauntered up to the bar, leaving the enthusiastic speaker alone with Mr. Byrd.

"A strange scene!" exclaimed the latter, infusing just enough interest into his tone to excite the vanity of the person he addressed, and make him more than ever ready to talk. "I wish I had been your place," continued Mr. Byrd, almost enthusiastically. "I am sure I could have made a picture of that scene that would have been very telling in the gazette I draw for."

"Do you make pictures for papers?"

"Sometimes," the imperturbable detective replied. He had a rare talent for off-hand sketching.

"Well, that is something I would like to do," acknowledged the youth. "But I hav'n't a cent's worth of talent for it. I can see a scene in my mind now—this one for instance—just as plain as I can see you; all the details of it, you know, the way they stood, the clothes they wore, the looks on their faces, and all that, but when I try to put it on paper, why, I just can't, that's all."

"Your forte lies another way," remarked Mr. Byrd. "You can present a scene so vividly that a person who had not seen it for himself, might easily put it on paper just from your description. See now!" And he caught up a sheet of paper from the desk and carried it to a side table. "Just tell me what depot this was in."

The young fellow, greatly interested at once, leaned over the detective's shoulder and eagerly replied: "The depot at Syracuse."

Mr. Byrd nodded and made a few strokes with his pencil on the paper before him.

"How was the lady dressed?" he next asked.

"In blue; dark blue cloth, fitting like a glove. Fine figure, you know, very tall and unusually large, but perfect, I assure you, perfect. Yes, that is very like it," he went on watching the quick, assured strokes of the other with glowing wonder and an unbounded admiration. "You have caught the exact poise of the head, as I live, and—yes, a large hat with two feathers, sir, two feathers drooping over the side, so; a bag on the arm; two flounces on the skirt; a—oh! the face? Well, handsome, sir, very handsome; straight nose, large eyes, determined mouth, strong, violently agitated expression. Well, I will give up! A photograph couldn't have done her better justice. You are a genius, sir, a genius!"

Mr. Byrd received this tribute to his skill with some confusion and a deep blush, which he vainly sought to hide by bending lower over his work.

"The man, now," he suggested, with the least perceptible change in his voice, that, however, escaped the attention of his companion. "What was he like young or old?"

"Well, young—about twenty-five I should say; medium height, but very firmly and squarely built, with a strong face, large moustache, brilliant eyes, and a look—I can not describe it, but you have caught that of the lady so well, you will, doubtless, succeed in getting his also."

But Mr. Byrd's pencil moved with less certainty now, and it was some time before he could catch even the peculiarly sturdy aspect of the figure which made this unknown gentleman, as the young fellow declared, look like a modern Hercules, though he was far from being either large or tall. The face, too, presented difficulties he was far from experiencing in the case of the lady, and the young fellow at his side was obliged to make several suggestions such as:—"A little more hair on the forehead, if you please—there was quite a lock showing beneath his hat;" or, "a trifle less sharpness to the chin,—so;" or, "Stay, you have it too square now; tone it down a hair's breadth, and you will get it," before he received the somewhat hesitating acknowledgment from the other of: "There, that is something like him."

But he had not expected to succeed very well in this part of the picture, and was sufficiently pleased to hear the remark:

"A really remarkable bit of work. And as true to the scene, too, as half the illustrations given in the weekly papers. Would you mind letting me have it as a souvenir?" he eagerly inquired. "I would like to show it to a chap who was with me at the time. The likeness to the lady is wonderful."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cankermouth.

PORTLAND, Ore., May 8.—Two girls, aged 9 and 12, playing on the railroad bridge saw a train coming and jumped into the river. Both were drowned.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

NEW YORK, May 8.—The World publishes a long article purporting to contain an expose of extensive frauds in the construction of the new Croton aqueduct. The work left undone and charged for is stated to amount to $10,000,000.

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, dizziness, loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

BOSTON, May 8.—Special meeting Eastern railroad today to consider the proposition to consolidate with Boston and Maine, proposition accepted by vote—59,671 shares in favor, 1768 shares against.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

PORTLAND, Ore., May 8.—No freight trains have been moving on the Union Pacific between Portland and Umatilla since Sunday owing to a strike of the conductors and brakemen against a reduction.

Throat and Lung Troubles.

Boston is often abused without cause, as being the natural home of most cases of throat and lung troubles than any other part of the universe. One proof that this is not true of Boston any more than many other portions of this country, is the fact that during the past winter when the epidemic in grippe, swept over the whole country, Boston fared no worse than many other towns and the death rate from the after effects of la grippe was no greater in that city than elsewhere.

That disease was an epidemic of bronchitis, influenza or catarrhal cold, and as everyone knows tended to seriously affect every weak part of the patient's system and augment any natural weakness or disease. Reports from all parts of our country show that the number of persons who have been left with a sort of chronic catarrh, laryngitis, catarrhal sore throat and bronchial affections likely to cause serious throat and lung troubles if not checked, is in proportion to the population about the same the country over. All of these troubles are a more or less serious inflammation of the mucous lining of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes liable to cause death in one place as much as another, from croup, ulcerated sore throat, pneumonia, bronchitis and consumption; and which ought not to be neglected, but treated by means which will allay the inflammations causing the trouble in each case. One of the most effectual remedies for any form of inflammation is an acotype treatment. The universal verdict is that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has the past winter as in the past half century relieved and cured more such troubles than any one single medicine. It has been generally used by young and old, rich and poor, public men and laymen. The wrapper around each bottle contains a vast amount of information about its use, or I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send a thirty-eight page pamphlet free to any address sent them on a postal card.

NEW YORK, May 8.—A Wheeling W. Va. special says a naptha launch containing 20 people was sunk by overcrowding in the Ohio river yesterday and only 10 persons rescued.

The Public Warned.

Many people are deceived into neglecting bad blood, dyspepsia, constipation, etc., and thus allow much and other diseases to become established. Act promptly by using nature's blood purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulates the entire system, curing all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

A Seasonable Hint.

During the breaking up of winter, damp, chilly weather prevails, and rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, quinsy and other painful effects of sudden cold are common. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a truly valuable household remedy for all complaints.

High Time to Begin.

After a long winter the system needs a thorough cleansing, toning and regulating to remove impurities and prepare for summer. Thousands of testimonials show that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine ever discovered, producing a feeling of buoyancy and strength, it removes that tired worn out feeling, and restores lost appetite.

Autumn Anxieties.

I had a very bad cough this fall, but Hagyard's Pectoral balsam cured me completely. E. ROBINSON, Washago.

Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

The Best and the Cheapest.

100 doses for 100 cents, Burdock Blood Bitters. Does your head ache? Use Burdock Blood Bitters.

Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Costive? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Bilious? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Dyspeptic? Take Burdock Blood Bitters. 1 cent a dose, 1 cent a dose. Burdock Blood Bitters.

Easily Ascertained.

It is easy to find out from any one who has used it, the virtues of Hagyard's Yellow Oil for all painful and inflammatory troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, aches, pains and soreness of any kind, it has no superior.

CROWN STOVE POLISH. The Best and most Economical Polish ever placed before the public. No dust, no dirt, no hard labor. Always ready for use. Put up in paste and liquid forms. Give it a fair trial. FOR SALE BY —WHOLESALE— James Robertson, Jardine & Co., D. Breese, W. H. Thorne & Co, A. F. Tippet, Joseph Finley, —RETAIL— Armstrong Brothers, J. J. Cain, A. Sinclair & Co, W. A. Porter, Gottle & Colwell, J. Foster, Vaughan Brothers, Puddington & Merritt, F. Smith, John Ross, Dean Brothers, John Roberts, L. E. Deforest, Coles, Parsons & Sharp, Keenan & Ratchford, F. Beverly, M. & H. Gallagher, E. F. Mulholland, Bonnell & Cowan, Harry Clark, H. F. Sharp, S. McGirr, Peter Chisholm, Wm. Kennedy, S. McIlride, Wm. Baxter, Robert R. Patchel, Stewart's Grocery, James N. Rodgers, H. S. Cosman, A. McKenney, Henry Crawford, Scott Brothers.

WANTED. A Smart Reliable Girl for general housework. Apply to MRS. JOHN E. DEAN, 99 Elliot Row.

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7,500 lbs. NEW TEAS. Bought from 3 to 4 cents per lb. CHEAPER than they could be bought in the London market. To introduce them during this and next week we will give A GLASS BUTTER DISH With 1 lb. at 40 cents. ALSO 14 lbs. Granulated Sugar for $1.00 17 lb. Light Yellow " 1.00 Maritime Tea Store, 87 Charlotte street.

SAINT JOHN Oyster House, No. 5 North Side King Square. RECEIVED AND FOR SALE. 125 Bbls XXX Oysters, 4 Bbls P. E. I. Oysters, 20 Bbls Chatham Oysters, cheap, 5 Bbls Clams. The above landing this day. Oysters and Clams shelled to order at shortest notice. Telephone 16. C. H. JACKSON.

Dyspepticure. A superior preparation of purely vegetable composition and free from all narcotic agents. Is personally prescribed by thousands. A thorough Pharmacist and a graduate of Mass. College of Pharmacy. Is an excellent preparation for the relief and cure of Indigestion, Chronic Dyspepsia, Headache, Impaired Digestion, &c. PRICE 35 AND $1.00 A BOTTLE. For sale by WILLIAM B. McVEY, Chemist, 185 Union st., St. John N. B.

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HARD COAL CHESTNUT, STOVE, EGG, BROKEN, LUMP. SOFT Acadia Pictou, Caledonia, Gowrie, All screened before delivered. Prices very low. W. L. BUSBY, 81, 83, and 85 Water St.

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GROCERS, ETC. BOOT BLACKING.—DAY & MARTIN'S PASTE AND LIQUID; WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING. Keep your women and children for all in any weather. For sale only by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street. MONTSERRAT LIME FRUIT JUICE: 5 Cases just received by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. ARRIVED. We have received this week and offer wholesale: 100 Casks Choicest NEW CROP BARBADOS MOLASSES. 5 Cars Globe Flour. 1 Car Oatmeal. 1 " Granulated and Y. Sugar. 1 " Rice. 225 Cads Tea. 50 Packages Morton's & Lazenby's Pickles. 75 Packages Tobacco. 25 Boxes New Dates. 400 Cwt. Codfish. 2 Casks Cream Tartar. Geo. S. DeForest & Sons. LARD, HAMS, BACON. Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock. SLIPP & FLEWELLING Pork Packers, 160 Main Street, St. John, N. B. Harry Wilkes. 1896. THE Standard Bred Stallion, HARRY WILKES, 1896, will stand during the SEASON OF 1890 —AT THE— Government Stables in Fredericton. TERMS: $35 for the Season; $10 to be paid at the time of Booking, the Balance at the Time of Service. Mares coming from a distance of twenty miles and upwards will be kept for three weeks without charge. Mares will be at owners risk at all times. Harry Wilkes, 1896 (Sire of Rosalind Wilkes, 2:14) by George Wilkes, 519; dam Belle Rice by Whitehall, by North American. CHAS. H. LUGRIN, Secretary for Agriculture. Department of Agriculture, Fredericton, 31st March, 1890.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership Business heretofore carried on by the undersigned in Co-partnership under the name and style of DANIEL & BOYD has been dissolved by lapse of time and mutual consent, the said JOHN COWAN and WILLIAM K. MOLLISON retiring therefrom and the business hereafter will be carried on by the undersigned, THOMAS W. DANIEL and JOHN BOYD on their own account, and they will pay all the liabilities of said firm and have the sole right to collect and receive all debts and amounts due said firm. Dated at the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick this 15th day of January, A. D., 1890. T. W. DANI