MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

Canadian Folk Song.

(William Wilfred Campbell.)

The doors are shut, the windows fast,
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings,
Margery, Margery make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire,
Margery, Margery make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveler stops at the tavern door.
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar,
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;
A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

THE LONGWORTH MYSTERY.

By the City Editor.

The eccentric old telegraph editor, in his little sleeping-den in the great publication building of the "Democratic Banner," was writing a compendium of Kant's philosophy, and kept a colony of white mice in a squirrel-cage, feeding them upon soda-crackers and milk. He was a patient, uncomplaining, and gentle slave, who toiled the ten hours of night without a word unless it were asked, and then it was freely, even generously, given. Somehow, with the knowledge that he knew enough to make a compendium of Kant, there came to the young men of the force the conviction that he knew everything else. And thus, in addition to his labors at the telegraph desk, he discharged the important function of encyclopedia-in-chief to the "Banner" staff.

Did anybody want to know the meaning of a word? Kant's disciple nimbly followed it to its Latin, Greek, or even Phenician root. Those curious expeditions into the infinitude of astronomic lore which the young reporter, in happy and unsuspecting ignorance, is so fond of making when assigned to "a paragraph on the partial eclipse of the moon tonight," were always more or less piloted by the friendly hand of the patient old philosopher, who turned from his work only to lighten that of somebody else. Touching all the astounding and deeply hidden mysteries of earth, air, science, philosophy, and religion that placid mind was a never-failing fount of information.

These things, it is true, were as airy nothings to the stern and immutable mission of the daily newspaper; they merely served to give pedants on the staff an opportunity to "kill space" on the days when storms and electrical phenomena reduced the capacity of the telegraph wires to convey sufficient "copy." But the young men felt a veneration for that mind so deeply stored with knowledge they could not understand, and a kindly pity that it stopped short of the important names upon the 2.20 class of trotters. Alas! it was a blank upon those stirring and absorbing subjects that engage the best intellect of the city editor's practical department. When he passed away it was perhaps in the fullness of a ripe, dry, and musty scholarship, but there was not a "regular," a "special," an "extra," or a "loose" man on the staff who did not recognize with something of kindly compassion that that gentle spirit had gone to its eternal rest without knowing—or even caring to know, so sublime is the indifference of simple scholarship—the order of finish of the League base-ball clubs for the previous season, and all regardless of the fame of that single batsman who could face Pitchington, the curve terror, with any hope of a safe hit.

It is not pleasant to record these blots upon an otherwise fair page of life. It is, indeed, somewhat of gratuitous cruelty to set them down, for the telegraph editor had nothing whatever to do with Robert Longworth or "The Longworth Mystery." It may be excused, then, as a touch of that local color which accompanies the action of life as the painted scene gives emphasis to the actor's spoutings. It is even true that if the stupendously informed but sadly ignorant delver into Kant's philosophy had never lived, Longworth's career would have been in no wise changed. They occupied adjoining apartments in the building for a year, these two singular and interesting men, without knowing each other, although each knew the firmament and the stars and planets therein as familiarly as Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic, knew the stars of his peculiar firmament, or Mr. Burke, the sporting editor, knew the planets that revolved around the twenty-four-foot ring or the mile circle at the racing park.

These two men, though they resembled each other in the immensity of their knowledge and in the open-handed way in which it was dispensed, were entirely dissimilar. They supplemented, and, as it were, completed each other as practical factors of that staff of talented and industrious journalists. What the patient telegraph editor knew of things so hoary and impracticable as to pass all modern understanding in journalism, Longworth knew of that which was the prime meat, the juice, the essence, the all, of the local newspapers. His wonderful mind reached back and enveloped in the symmetry of minutest detial the prize fights of the last century; the winners of the Derby when that famous stake was in puling infancy in England; the names and records of the champion high, long, and clear jumpers; the "averages" of the giants of the great base-ball profession; and the gossip, private but reliable, of those smirched in the extension of the franchise of the Paradise and Paddy's Run Street Railway. Upon the personalities of politics, the drift of issues, and the progress of legislation his mind was a fruitful expanse of information.

Looking back now it is comparatively easy to sum up and credit his great talents and his great services, but these were evolved slowly into recognition. The writer hereof, an entire stranger to the city, had scarcely settled himself in the august chair of the city editorship when Longworth made the almost unnoticed entry through which his genius was destined to filter, enlarging as it came, until it had flooded the local department of the "Democratic Banner" with shame, mortification, and base hatred.

The negligent copy-reader and the unspeakable proof-reader had both passed, in the course of an elaborate description of the new gymnasium, the absurd statement that Sayres had once fought the Tipton Slasher to his knees in the first round. Next morning there lay on the city editor's desk this note:

To the Editor of the "Democratic Banner.'

In the otherwise admirable report of the opening of the new gymnasium, in your valuable paper of this morning, your reporter falls into a common but inexcusable error regarding the mill between Sayres and The Slasher, fought at Tunbridge Wells, May 23, 1857. Sayres did not fight The Slasher to his knees during the first or any subsequent round of that remarkable contest. The misstatement originated in the Tunbridge Wells "Gazette's" report of the 24th of May, 1857, and was promptly corrected in "Bell's Life" of the succeeding week. Crapster's "Life of Sayres" expressly says that The Slasher slipped upon a pebble which had been over-looked in preparing the ring, and fell to one knee—not his knees—by accident. There is no stronger admirer of Sayres than his biographer, Crapster, and if any well-informed person felt any necessity to claim even a doubt of the cause of The Slasher's fall, that doubt would have been prepetuated in Sayres's" Life." But Crapster distinctly disavows any claim for his hero on that point.

ROBERT LONGWORTH.

This communication, written in feeble and straggling hand, was published. It gave the copy-reader pain, it rebuked the unspeakable proof-reader, and it covered with the first heavy mantle of humiliation the sporting editor himself. That oracular member of the staff had never before experienced the salutary discovery of an equal, much less a superior, mind in the domain of his own peculiar information, Who "Robert Longworth" was the sporting editor did not know; no more did the city editor; but there was the note itself, proof of the presumption that its writer had read the classic of fistiana, with which the sporting editor had no acquaintance. And, knowing nothing about it at all, the city editor, with that impartial dignity and quick decision which imparts so much strength to his position and elevates him in the respect of the staff, pronounced Longworth's correction to be well-timed, accurate, and due to the truth of history. This decision at once gave the city editor rank in the estimation of the force, which as a stranger he much needed, and he was henceforth looked upon as a remarkably well-informed and cultured journalist. Soon, when he passed opinions upon sporting topics, they were occasionally echoed in the sporting column in the feasily detected phraseology of the sporting editor.

But it must be said of Mr. Burke that his first impulse, smarting under the sting of so bold a rebuke, was bitterness to Longworth.

"As if it made a cussed bit of difference," he explained with picturesque animation to Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic, that night, seated at their regular midnight lunch over Drinkworth's beer and oysters. "The point of my reference was to illustrate the perfection to which the cultivation of the dukes might be carried—not to insist merely, begad, that Sayres had knocked The Slasher down in the first go. There's lots of duffers that have knocked handy men to their knees in the first round, and that sustains the point. But I happened to hit on Sayres just by accident, because it was a great name, I suppose, and this Longworth wants to come along and knock the whole point out. What difference does it make, anyhow, over a fight fought in '57?"

And the dramatic critic, an unapproachable and gloomy person, who unbent to nobody upon earth save Mr. Burke,—and whose reasons for unbending in that direction were basely, attributed to certain selfish desires to obtain passes to all slugging-matches cock-mains, race-meetings, and base-ball games, which passes were the sole perquisites and entirely within the influence of the sporting editor to obtain,—agreed mutely, but with a bored air, to his friend's defense.

It was soon apparent, however, that Longworth had no petty desire personally to annoy or humiliate the sporting editor. If he had, his malevolence must certainly have extended to other and finally to all the members of the staff; for within a week the note that had been forgotten was followed by another in the same quavering, straggling hand, and which, to the unconcealed delight of the force in whole, was directed to uncovering the fallibility of the religious department. It was plain that Longworth could not have any feeling of malignity towards the pale, amiable, and yearning youth whose duty of once a week, on Saturday, throwing the contributed religious notices into shape had earned for him the title of the religious editor. He was a rustic youth, with remarkable capacity for enjoying all the privileges of journalism and escaping its grinding demands. The religious editor regarded Mr. Burke, the sporting editor, with a veneration born of similar, but as yet unsatisfied, ambition. Nothing more delighted him than the occurrence of what was technically known as a "double sporting event," in which case he left no pleading unattempted to secure the assignment for reporting the lesser, while Mr. Burke himself attended the greater in person and, with patronizing kindness, corrected the "copy" of his youthful and rapidly fledging emulator. It is painful to record that these associations and the peculiar ambition of the religious editor soon brought rumors that he was beginning to be seen about the gambling-houses. From that to cigarettes and the chewing of tobacco, with not yet entirely concealed repugnance, was a short step, and he began to swear vigorously as he compiled the church notices on Saturday nights. But he retained a boyish geniality and an engaging amiability, and his elasticity of imagination in circulating unimportant facts that he picked up at random diverted and amused all of us. And thus his title of religious editor was fastened upon him, it is only proper to confess, for purely ribald and satirical reasons.

The religious editor, it appears, in editing a paragraph announcing the subject of the Rev. Dr. Calvain's sermon for the next day had incautiously accepted an opening for pedantic display,—the bane of young jounalists,—and upon the result of his attempt (which Burke declared revolutionized at one swoop all preconceived notions of the Mosaic code) Longworth came down in a note that was brief but which weighed like a ton upon the religious editor's self-satisfaction.

This note attracted our attention sharply to Longworth, though nobody had the remotest idea who Longworth was. But the time came when there was no room to doubt that Longworth knew the "Democratic Banner" with a critical intimacy that was wonderful. The office soon learned to fancy Longworth's Eye as being in itself some insatiate monster, roaming up and down the columns of the paper, searching everywhere, penetrating all departments, finding and dragging to light unwary inaccuracies and blunders. Nothing escaped his relentless scrutiny. He challenged alike the book reviewer's reference to the date of the publication of a French work on infidelity and the haughty dramatic critic's smuggled reminiscences of the elder Booth. When a typographical error in the market reports put up the price of eggs seven cents in the dozen Longworth sent in a communication, full of appalling statistics, to show that it must be a mistake, because in no year since 1817 had eggs ever reached such a figure at that season. He knew the productions of the unsung hen as thoroughly as those of more renowned authors. He sent up, from nobody knew where, in little dirty envelopes, memoranda of all sorts and conditions, setting the court reporter, right in regard to the date of certain ordinances and reminding the art critic of facts hitherto unknown to that authority about the origin of pottery in Japan. He fell upon the "Answers to Correspondents," and for weeks the timid bookworm of that department, who stood intrenched behind the awful array of information he had himself heaped up, sat silent, aghast, and stricken with remorse at the ignorance and blunders that had crept into what he had heretofore considered an impregnable wall of passionless and impartial fact.

It was not long until the rumor grew that even the throned omnipotence that fulminated the tariff articles had received a note in which his figures upon the prime cost of pig iron in the southern water-shed were ruthlessly challenged, scattered, and put to flight. Whether this was true will never be demonstrable by actual proof, for no secret leaked out of the gloomy chamber in which were written articles upon the necessity of a tariff revision; upon a plan that nobody understood, and which could not be explained to anybody. But it was certainly more than a coincidence that about this time the tariff editor's evolvements became tinged with acrid but obscure references to "certain emissaries of the arrogant money classes who, led by gross ignorance and upheld by intolerable effrontery have questioned our accuracy upon this point." Then followed arrays of figures, with the first cost of raw material multiplied by classifications of multiples and divided by divisors, "selected for reasons explained at length in our articles upon this absorbing subject last year." A few days later the tariff editor fulminated a great broadside of sweeping sarcasm and bitter abuse against the still mysterious "emissary" who, "not content with disputing our facts, actually has the impertinence to deny the correctness of our multiples and divisors."

The young gentlemen who prepared with facile pens the light and airy chronicles of the local page listened to the thunder and roar and watched the flashes of this battle between the giants with openly expressed delight. The denounced "emissary" was never unmasked by name, but continued to stalk purely as an "emissary"; yet we knew, with the accuracy of unerring instinct, that it was Longworth who was stirring up the splendid but intellectually irritable and unsociable animal in the tariff cage.

"And for one," remarked the sporting editor, with a burst of feeling, "I'm glad of it. The old man" (meaning, without disrespect or familiarity, the venerable editor-in-chief, whose special study was the tariff)—"the old man has been writing that stuff so long, he believes, begad, he knows all about it. Just because nobody has ever tackled him before he thought he was dead right in everything he said about pig iron. I don't know who's right, but I'll bet the drinks, begad, that he don't know as much about it as Longworth does."

Tom Kirby, the police reporter, agreed with Mr. Burke as far as the sporting editor concluded to go. It made Kirby sick, he confessed, to pick up the paper and see the editorial page loaded down with pig iron day after day. There was the old man writing it by the yard, when he, Kirby, would bet that he, the old man, had never seen an iron-furnace in his life. But, notwithstanding the failure of the old man to equip himself with a statistical knowledge of the cost of iron production by apprenticing himself as a puddler in his youth, Kirby was ready to bet his sweet life that the old man was "a dandy" and could write all around anybody else in the West on the tariff question.

This uncertain, but, on the whole, loyal and complimentary, sentiment regarding the old man was indorsed by the assembled judges of the local department, it is a pleasure to say, without a dissenting voice.

As has been declared, we never knew directly that it was Longworth who had interposed himself between the tariff editor and his man of straw, but we believed it firmly. By this time we had learned to know Longworth well. If his notes to the tariff editor had been published with Longworth's name attached it would have added little to the weight of conviction. The notes were not published, of course; for the very sensible and sufficient reason that the public ought to be satisfied with what the editor writes without reference to what may be said on the other side. What would be the use of a man devoting his life to journalism if every scribbler who came along were privileged to take issue with him?

[To be continued.]

Able to Identify Him.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Customer (to New York bootblack)—I shall have to give you four cents, my son. That is all the change I have.

Bootblack (calling out)—Say, cull, one o' these yere world's fair millionaires is loose. Look out fur 'im.

STAGE KISSES.

Fanny Rice Says They Are a Hollow Mockery—A Rehearsal Incident.

Plump and pretty Fanny Rice, who plays the boy lover of Lillian Russell in "The Brigands," has been giving her views on stage kissing. Miss Rice ought to be an authority on the subject, for she and the stately Lillian do a good deal of embracing and kissing throughout the first and second acts of Mr. Aronson's latest magnificent production of light opera.

"Stage kissing," said Miss Rice, "is like other things on the stage which appear so nice from the audience—a hollow mockery. Very little actual kissing takes place on the stage, although it is made to appear to the audience as though it did. Nothing is easier to counterfeit on the stage than a kiss. You can do it in such a way that nineteen out of every twenty people in the audience would be willing to make affidavit that they beheld the players' lips glued together in a brief span of bliss, when, as a matter of fact, their lips never meet. All depends upon the stage position of the people concerned. I see nothing more objectionable in a stage kiss than a stage embrace, or in any other of the pantomimic rhapsodies which stage lovers go through, and, if there is no help for it, and the kiss cannot be successfully simulated, the best way to do is to come right out and kiss honestly and openly.

"There is absolutely no intent on the part of the people kissing, and no more feeling enters into it than in a lump of dummy. The one thing in the mind of the players is to do it gracefully and naturally so that it will have its full effect on the audience. A favorite device with players to emphasize a stage kiss and deceive the audience is to take the head of the person who is to be kissed between the hands, and, slowly turning the person's head away from the audience, kiss your own hand with a smack that resounds all over the house. I have not the slightest objection to being kissed on the stage, and I do not think any sensible woman who acts for a living has. I have never refused to be kissed in this manner, nor do I recollect any one who has. The only time personality entered into my stage kiss was at my first rehearsal in 'Nanon' with W. T. Carleton. I had never seen Carleton before, either off or on the stage, and when rehearsal began in one of my scenes I had to rush into his arms and kiss him. Carleton is a big impressive looking man, and I became somewhat embarrassed and slipped while going toward him. To hide my confusion I hurriedly sought to embrace him, and succeeded in bringing my two hands about his ears with such a thump that it could be heard all over the stage. 'Not so violently, Miss Rice,' said Mr. Carleton, who evidently did not relish having his ears boxed. 'Please try it over again.' I tried again, and in my former confusion repeated the former experiment, with the addition of kissing him on the tip of his nose. We did not rehearse any more that day, but it was some time before I could rush into Mr. Carleton's arms and kiss him without giving him the impression that I was taking a boxing lesson."

NO MORE CHAPPED HANDS.

A Simple Cure Which Every Lady Will Be Sure to Try.

In a bright breezy article on toilet soap and its uses, Laurie Machenry gives the readers of the Ladies' Home Journal some useful hints about drying the hands in Winter. She says:

You know the "chapped hands" so many have written me about? You bring on the "chaps" by drying your hands imperfectly and then exposing them to cold and heat while they are still damp. I know that some mornings you dry them probably thirty or forty times, still I insist it will pay you to take time enough to dry them thoroughly each time, then rub them together over the fire until they work smoothly and don't "stick."

Teach the children this, too. I'll venture you can't go into a school-room in this State and find one-quarter of the pupils with soft sound hands. With few exceptions the poor little fists are red and cracked open—unsightly to look at and painful and uncomfortable for the child. How many times we hear women—young and old—apologizing for the condition of their hands, and adding like martyrs, "My flesh is so susceptible to the cold," or "my skin is so delicate." Bosh! they need only say, "It's all my own fault, you know, for I am so careless about drying my hands."

Then again I have seen women who of necessity had had their hands in water and soap for so long that the flesh looked nearly parboiled, and the feeling, I am told, is the acme of discomfort. In such a case and to any who may have chapped hands I recommend you to sit down and just devote about fifteen minutes to this operation.

Take vaseline, petroleum, lard, sweet oil or mutton suet and smear your hands after having washed them thoroughly in warm water. Any one of the above mentioned greases will do, but use plenty—so much that you are a terrible mess. Then work and rub and twist and wring your hands together for a long time until they are soft and will work all right without hurting. Then take clean warm water with a few drops of ammonia in it and good soap and wash it off. It may take three or four waters. When the grease is gone put on a few drops of a mixture of glycerine, soft water and cologne (in equal parts) and rub well. This will leave your hands smooth and soft, but not greasy nor sticky.

Glycerine should never be used pure, as it then has such an affinity or appetite for water that it absorbs even the necessary moisture of the skin and produces a red, feverish, irritated surface. Many people complain that they "can't use glycerine at all," because it "don't agree with their skins." Dilute it with water and then try it, or what is better still, mix glycerine, water and cologne in equal parts as I have just spoken about.

Don't let your husband try this mixture after shaving or he will use it all. If you want to put him in angelic mood, fix up a shaving lotion for him thus: Bay rum one-half pint, water one-quarter pint, glycerine two fluid ounces. Then indeed he will rise up and call you blessed.

As Usual.

He had his baggage piled up so as to occupy the whole seat in the car, while two or three men who lacked moral courage were sitting on the arms of seats already full. By and by he turned to one of the men on the seat behind and queried:

"Are you not a farmer?"

"Yes, sir, I am," was the reply.

"Well, farmers generally hit the weather pretty straight. Do you say it's going to be a cold winter?"

"I do, sir, but I expect all the hogs will pull through without any extra suffering?"

The other tried to say something further and to preserve the placid look on his countenance, but the result was a flat failure, and he whirled around and resumed his reading.

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

HERE AND THERE.

A Variety of Interesting Items from a Variety of Sources.

A native of India residing in London expressed a wish lately to send by parcel post to India the ashes of his cremated brother, to be dropped into the sacred Ganges. He was informed that unless he could limit the weight of the parcel to eleven pounds the post office could offer him no facilities, and he sadly withdrew.

The comic opera stage loses one of its good-looking and attractive satellites by the retirement of Miss Alice Greenway. This fortunate young lady has just come into the possession of a generous property by the death of her grandfather in England. Miss Greenway was Miss Urquhart's understudy in "The Brigands." She left the company at Pittsburg, and will sail for England in a few days, where she will make her future home.

So they were married. But there were no showers of rice or flights of old shoes as a hymeneal serenade in the case of George W. Shirly, proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel at Spencer, Ind., and Miss Frame of Terre Haute, whose marriage occurred on Monday night. On the contrary Shirly was hanged in effigy to a tree in a public square on the same night. The reason for all this lies in the fact that it is only two weeks since his first wife was buried. All the help at the hotel left yesterday morning.

They do things pretty well at Willowspring, N. Y., when unscrupulous men with wives dug up, including a large number of arrow and spear heads. The place is supposed to have been a sort of summer home rather than a permanent village from the fact that the surrounding country did not furnish the stones and metals from which these articles were made. A party of zoologists and students are planning a trip to the spot.

A swordfish, captured in the Gulf Stream, was found to have in its stomach over thirty eyes and twenty beaks of the small cuttlefish, together with a few partly digested individuals. Swordfish and sharks are natural enemies, always fighting when they meet, and there are accounts of fierce and deadly encounters between them. An ugly swordfish is a bad enemy to encounter, using its weapons, as it does, with such ease and force. One will often drive its sword through the bottom of a boat, and if it succeeds in withdrawing it without breaking it off, the boat rapidly fills with water, and the occupants, driven into the sea, are savagely attacked and badly wounded by the furious fish. At times they are abundant on all sides, lying near the surface, with their dorsal fin projecting above.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

Hungarian red wine is used as a hair wash to make blonded tresses copper brown.

The latest thing in purses is a long, narrow bag of crocodile leather, finished with a silver lid.

In many of the leading crockery shops the customer may have his initial etched in all the wine and water glasses and punch cups purchased.

Old-fashioned chamber candlesticks and oil-night lanterns of blackened iron and mock jewelry figure as wedding presents, and the replica of snuffers and tray of the time of Queen Anne are more costly than solid silver of more modern design.

Quaint salt-cellars are the rage. There are small seals with fine holes in the head through which the condiments fall, chickens fresh from the shell for pepper, and in a cruet basket three dusky imps are grouped as though about to pop up under their young wings. The most whimsical fancy represents a tooth, jocularly called toothsome, but which in reality is far from appetizing.

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 diarrhœa, 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.

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Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's (corner) in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday the fourth day of January next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1889, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Elizabeth Ann McIntosh is plaintiff, and John Donnelly is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the said plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decretal order as those three lots or parcels of land described as follows, that is to say:—

FIRST, that lot of land conveyed to the said John Donnelly by Thomas McCrum by deed bearing date the eighth day of November, A. D. 1859, and described as a tract of land in the parish of Musquash, formerly Lancaster, in the City and County of Saint John, bounded as follows:—beginning at a stake standing in the most western angle of lot number one granted to Ebenezer Scott, thence running north fifty-seven degrees, east fifty-three chains of four poles each, to cedar tree thence north thirty-three degrees, west ten chains to a spruce tree, thence south fifty-seven degrees, west fifty-three chains, and thence south thirty-three degrees, east ten chains to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as Lot 0 in Thomas O'Keleher's survey west of Musquash River, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

Secondly, that lot of land in the Parish of Musquash aforesaid conveyed to said John Donnelly by one William Balcom and Mary Jane, his wife, by deed bearing date the ninth day of October, A. D. 1865, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake placed at the south east angle of lot number forty-eight, on the west side of the road from St. Andrews to St. John, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, north seventy-five degrees, west fifty-six chains to a post standing on the south west angle of said lot, thence south fifty-nine degrees, thirty minutes east, fifty-nine chains to the west side of the aforesaid road, and thence along the said side of that road in a northerly direction to the place of beginning containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as lot number forty-seven, as appears by the original deed to Henry Garbutt.

Thirdly—That lot of land granted by the Crown to the said John Donnelly, described as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing on the South Easterly bank or shore of Perch Lake, at the North Westerly angle of the lot purchased by Thomas Donnelly, thence South two degrees, West, thirty-four chains to a stake; thence North fifty-one degrees, West twenty chains to another stake; thence South, forty degrees, West thirty-three chains to a post; thence South fifty-one degrees, East twenty chains; thence North two degrees, East sixty chains; thence North seventy-seven degrees, East, thirty chains, to the Westerly shore or bank of Perch Lake, and thence following the various courses thereof in a Southerly, Easterly and Northeasterly direction to the place of beginning, containing seventy-five acres, more or less; together with all and singular the buildings, erections and improvements to the said premises belonging; and also all the estate, right, title, claim and demand at law and in Equity of the said John Donnelly, of, in, to, or upon the same and every part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor, A. H. DeMill, Esq., or the undersigned Referee.

Dated this 25th day of September, A. D. 1889.

E. H. MACALPINE,
Referee in Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM,
Auctioneer.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENT

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.
BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.

LARGE BOTTLES!
POWERFUL REMEDY!
MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 CENTS.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
of which there are several in the market.
The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
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House and Sign Painter,
Paper Hanger etc,
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All orders promptly attended to.

FACTS!
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"ATHLETE"
—AND—
"DERBY"
CIGARETTES
R
The Sweetest of the Sweet.
The Purest of the Pure,
The Finest of the Fine,
The Cheapest—The Best.

STEAMERS.

UNION LINE.

Daily Trips to and from Fredericton—Fare One Dollar.

UNTIL further notice the splendid steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "ACADIA" alternately will leave St. John for Fredericton and intermediate stops every morning (Sunday excepted) at NINE o'clock, local time. Returning, will leave Fredericton for St. John, etc., every morning (Sunday excepted) at EIGHT o'clock.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing THURSDAY, Oct. 24th, steamer "DAVID WESTON" will leave St. John for Fredericton, etc., on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at NINE o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Fredericton on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at EIGHT o'clock.

N. B.—Steamer will come down River from Fredericton as usual on Thursday, Oct. 24th, but no trip to Fredericton on Friday, 25th.

R. D. HUMPHREY, Manager.

Office at wharf, North End, near Street Car Terminus.

H. CHUBB & CO. Special Agents, Prince Wm. st.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

WASHADEMOAK LAKE.

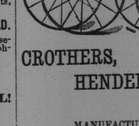
THE STEAMER STAR will leave Indiantown for the Washademoak Lake at 10 o'clock, a. m., local time.

Fredericton.

For the accommodation of the people the steamer "OSCAR WILDE" will leave Indiantown for Fredericton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 a. m. Returning will leave Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7.30 a. m., calling at Gagetown and intermediate points both ways, and running on west side of Long Island.

J. E. PORTER,
Manager.

International Steamship Co.,



FALL Arrangement.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, August 12th the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.30 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 5.30 standard, a. m., and Portland at 5.30 p.m. for East port and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

The Yarmouth Steamship Company.
(Limited.)
FOR YARMOUTH, N. S. and Boston.

S. S. ALPHA

Leaves St. John for YARMOUTH every TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS at 6 p. m., (calling at WESTPORT when clear). Connecting with S. S. YARMOUTH for Boston, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with Steamer CITY OF ST. JOHN, for Halifax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS.

CHAS. McLAUCHLAN & SON,
Agents.

HOTELS.

New Victoria Hotel,
248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
J. L. McCOSKERY, Pro.
One minute's walk from Steamboat landing Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Pool Room in Connection.
WILLIAM CLARK.

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

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE ISLAY BLEND
REGISTERED
WHISKY,
MACKIE & Co's
VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.
DISTILLERIES:—
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OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

RUPTURE
25 Years' Experience.
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,
Hernia Specialists,
266 Queen st. West, Toronto, Ontario.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for H'f'x and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Fa Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	20.10
Day Express from Hfx, Pictou & Mulgrave	23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS; in effect Oct. 21st, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c., Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Boston.

7.00 a. m—Accommodation for St. Stephen, and intermediate points.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the west; Houlton and Woodstock.
Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car for Montreal.

4.45 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.45 p. m.—(Except Saturday night)—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; St. Stepnen, Houlton, Woodstock. Presque Isle &c.
Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN.

FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 12.20, 7.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday.
Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.

VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 10.55 a.m. 12.10, 5.15 p. m:
WOODSTOCK 6.00, 11