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GENTLEMEN:
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JOHN S. DUNN,
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Tenders for Steel Bridges.
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Steel Bridges," will be received until Saturday, the 17th May, 1890, for the construction and delivery of 11 pairs of Steel Plate Girders for deck bridges of forty (40) feet clear span.
Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., and at the office of G. W. Robertson, 193½ St. James st., Montreal, where forms of tender may be obtained.
All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Supt. Superintendent.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., April 21st, 1890.

C. H. S. JOHNSTON,
House and Sign Painter;
Paper Hanger etc,
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All orders promptly attended to.

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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.
Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
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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BOOT BLACKING.—DAY & MARTIN'S PASTE AND LIQUID; WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING, for men and women, shines for all in any weather. For sale only by
J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.,
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MONTSERRAT LIME FRUIT JUICE; 5 Cases just received by
J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.

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We have received this week and offer wholesale:
100 Casks Choicest NEW CROP BARBADOS MOLASSES.
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Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock.
SLIPP & FLEWELLING
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$250 to $600.
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ABSOLUTELY PERFECT
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Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 5" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent correctly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value when over unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to be on the safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which civil service licence certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

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Beans, Parsnip, Carrot, Beet, Celery
and all kinds of Seeds for Farming and Gardening purposes.
R. D. McARTHUR,
MEDICAL HALL,
59 Charlotte St., Opp. King Square.

Rob Lindsay's Luck

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

SYNOPSIS.

Lady Laura Tresham was a charming girl; she was Blanche Charnley's special friend and confidante; the rector himself was fond of her, and even the elegant and aristocratic Col. Treherne was deeply in love with her—after his own fashion. Lady Laura Tresham is a visitor at Guestwick church priory, Blanche's home. The rector announces that Robert Lindsay, the son of an old friend is coming. Curiosity is aroused, and all are anxious to see the American. He arrives sooner than expected.

Robert Lindsay turns out to be a handsome, honest, fearless fellow, and Blanche concludes that he is splendid. Lady Laura, however, can express neither approval or disapproval.

But before many days had passed Lady Laura found room for more than temporary interest or temporary annoyance. Rob Lindsay had proved himself beyond repulse. He was good natured, which virtue carried him along. He had a touch of what is natural to all Americans, presumption, and was not past feeling and expressing a romantic interest in the beautiful Lady Laura Tresham. He even went so far as to purloin a pretty little mauve glove of hers, before her eyes, and then to seem entirely unconscious of its whereabouts. This was a significant incident in the history of the twain.

Lindsay and Col. Treherne walk together on the terrace. In drawing a cigar case from his pocket Rob drops the glove. Treherne afterwards tells Lady Laura in whose possession the glove is. Lady Laura practically tell the Colonel to mind his own business, but afterwards seeks its return from of the presumptious visitor. Lindsay pleads so diplomatically that he is permitted to replace the glove in the pocket from which he had so reluctantly produced it. Lady Laura finds herself unwillingly developing something like admiration for Rob Lindsay, although she recognizes the fact that it will not do to encourage him.

Lady Laura resolves to check the imperturbable Robert, and Col. Treherne advances so far in favor that he asks the ever momentous question, to which, as yet, Lady Laura has given no decided answer, and is apparently in a quandary. In the meantime the straightforward speeches and pleasing characteristics of Rob Lindsay have made him a great favorite. Blanche Charnley's brother, Ralph, comes home from Oxford, and in a week the two young men are inseparable companions. A hunting party is organized, and the American improves the opportunity of displaying his powers as a shot. He becomes in a small way the Nimrodian hero of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

So she managed to bring about interviews that were absolutely unavoidable; so she forbore to uphold her favorite, but let him uphold himself; so she privately inquired into the facts of his kindliness toward the little, deformed daughter of the under-gardener and dropping a chance word here and there, aroused Lady Laura's secret sympathy, and that most powerful of all feminine feelings, curiosity.

Then it was that Rob, for the first time, began to recognize a faint shadow of sadness in the soft, girlish eyes he loved so well, and for whose sweet sake he was doing such steadfast battle; and it appealed to his tenderness. A man with less hearty strength of purpose would have long before abandoned a struggle in which the odds seemed so fearfully against him; but Robert Lindsay's belief in the simple strength of faith and endurance was a very powerful one. Circumstances had proved to him clearly that Laura Tresham's lover was even a far less successful man than himself in the matter of having won Laura Tresham's heart. Was he sure that he had won Laura Tresham's heart himself? Well, of late he had even dared sometimes to think so, and decidedly he was not sure that he had not won it, which was really some cause for rejoicing. Thus he did not despair.

But, after her guardian's visit, Laura was rendered desperate. She was not safe after all; she was even more unsafe than she had ever been before; and thus, out of her desperation, there grew a resolve almost as desperate as her first one. She would speak to Mr. Lindsay openly; she would force him to defend himself; she would tell him that his absurd persistence was worse than hopeless, and then, if this did not result in his being utterly defeated, she would return to London. That would end the matter, surely. But she did not acknowledge to herself, even in her most secret thoughts, that London was her last resource, and that London, even though presenting itself as a haven of refuge from this too courageous lover, loomed up before her reluctant mental vision with bitter gloom.

Northumberland had been so pleasant, she said, inwardly; and it was because Northumberland had been so pleasant that she was so unwilling to leave it. But then she must go some day, and already she had far outstayed the usual term of her summer visits. She had been at the Priory nearly three months, and, notwithstanding her grievances, the three months had seemed terribly short. No opportunity for the consummation of her plans presented itself to her for several days. But at length, one evening, as she came out of her room to go down to dinner, the door of Robert Lindsay's room opened behind her, just as it had done on the evening of his arrival. On the impulse of the moment she spoke to him.

"She wished to speak to him alone," she said. "It was necessary that she should see him alone, because what she was desirous of saying to him could not be said in the presence of others."

Rob bowed composedly, but nevertheless with surprise in his eyes. He would return to the dining-room, after dinner, at any time that would suit Lady Laura's plans.

Lady Laura's desperation was more intense than ever, and the embarrassed pink on her cheek burned into rose. Half an hour after dinner would do. This was all she had to say, and there she left him; and he discovered that he had taken his old stand again, unconsciously, and was watching the sweep of her rich dinner-dress, just as he had done once before.

And half an hour after the dinner was over he sauntered back to the dining-room, and found her young ladyship awaiting him, and pretending to read by the light of the chandelier. But the reading was such a poor little pretence that in spite of her attempts to preserve a beautiful unconsciousness of the embarrassment of her position, she colored most transparently.

Rob took his stand complacently. He was rather curious to see how the matter would end; but notwithstanding the faint inkling he had of its portent, he was not much disposed to think he was not the man to be discomposed by a pretty girl; and Lady Laura Tresham had never looked so pretty, so innocent, and so girlish, as she did just at the moment she closed her book, with the flicker of embarrassed light in her eyes.

Rob was quite conscious of her embarrassment, and very conscious, indeed, of the prettiness and girlish timidity of manner. Perhaps he had never realized Laura Tresham so much as he did that instant, and decidedly he had never felt so steady in his determination to do honest battle for her sweet sake.

It was at least five minutes before Lady Laura summoned a sufficient amount of courage to allow of her broaching the subject of her grievance, and when the courage was summoned, and the subject broached, it was done with some slight degree of tameness. She scarcely knew what she said as a beginning; but she was quite conscious that it was very weakly said, and that her knowledge of her weakness burned over white foreheads like fire. Altogether her appeal was something like a sudden little burst of feeling, half like a reluctant reproach; and it ended by accusing Robert Lindsay of being unjust and unkind.

"You made me appear absurd before," she said, "and you are making me appear absurd again; worse still, you are forcing me to make myself appear absurd."

"In whose eyes?" repeated Rob, just as he had done before. "Don't say in mine, Lady Laura."

She scarcely deigned to look at him. By the repetition of her grievances she had almost managed to make herself angry, and she felt it to her advantage to add as much fuel as possible to her wrath, lest it might come to a weak conclusion.

"It is ridiculous," she said again. "You know it is, Mr. Lindsay. And if your intention was to make me feel wretched and uncomfortable, you have certainly been successful."

"I did not intend to make you uncomfortable," said Rob.

"If—if I were not—engaged," with a little dash at the last word, and a great dash of new color, "you know that you—that I—I mean to say—you know you are treating me very unjustly, Mr. Lindsay."

She stopped here, petulant and excited, and waited for his reply without looking at him. At this juncture Rob rose from his seat, and slightly to her wonder, took two or three abrupt turns across the room. Then he came back, and folding his arms on the high back of his chair, looked down at her bright, bent head and petulant, fair face.

"Why, Lady Laura?" he asked.

Now, this was really trying; and not only trying, but confusing. Necessarily the two or three abrupt turns across the room had taken some short time, and necessarily this lapse of time, short as it was, had wholly unprepared Lady Laura for this composed inquiry. In her surprise and embarrassment she forgot herself, and looked up at him, and thus became more confused than ever.

"I really don't understand you, Mr. Lindsay," she said.

"Then I can easily make myself understood, I suppose," answered Rob, cheerfully, "by speaking more plainly. Why is it absurd that I should love you? Why is it absurd that I should wish to tell you so? Why is it absurd that I snould wish to win you as Geoffrey Treherne did? That is what I mean."

Frank and fearless as he always was, and as she had always known him to be, this was more than she had expected. She had never thought he would dare so far as this, at least, and the sudden knowledge that the worst had come to the worst, indeed, was such a shock to her that she felt powerless, and lost even the atom of self-possession of which she might perhaps have boasted a few minutes before. And apart from this, having admired him a little in secret, and having been so often conquered by his fearlessness in their battles, there was something almost touching in the fact of this fearless asserting itself so strongly. And since she was thus touched for the moment, there was no help for her, for, be she as proud as she may, when a woman is touched indeed she is weaker than even her worst enemy, or her fancy. She looked at him once and faltered; she looked up at him again, and felt his strength; she looked a third time, and acknowledged her own weakness, and, remembering nothing but this weakness, got up from her chair, hurriedly, and broke down into a pretty, sudden appeal that was wonderfully unexpected, even to him.

"You ought not to say such things to me," she said, desperately. "You must know it is wrong and—and cruel Ah, Mr. Lindsay, why won't you have pity on me and be reasonable?"

From his place behind the chair, upon whose high back he leaned, Rob looked down at this fair despairing enchantress, with a great deal of serenity of manner. He was not a Geoffrey Treherne, and his pride was not of the Treherne order, inasmuch as it had more of self-respect, and less of self-sufficiency about it. Laura Tresham could not overpower him with her stately coldness. She had struggled against him with her utmost power; she had called him awkward and presuming; she had sneered at him when she spoke of him to Blanche Charnley; but she had never daunted him in the least, and, in spite of her sneers, she had not been able to resist him in the end; and here she was, sitting alone with him, giving him, this "big, underbred American," an interview, in spite of herself, and feeling fully conscious that she was getting the worst of the combat.

Rob was cheerful, composed, serene, good-humored, and with his serenity baffled her once more, and scattered her self-possession and her self-possessed plans to the winds.

"Reasonable?" he echoed, when she had finished speaking. "Am I unreasonable, Lady Laura? Isit unreasonable that I should love you, and that, loving, you I should have determined to win you if I might, in spite of the world, in spite of Col. Treherne, in spite of William the Conqueror, who, it appears, has stood between me and my man's right to say to you, like an honorable gentleman, 'Laura, I love you, give me the blessed right to call you wife?'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

Miss Crazy Bull Throws Over Her Affianced at the Last Moment and Marries a Rival Buck.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., April 23.—One of the most romantic incidents that has ever taken place on the Sioux reservation culminated in the marriage of Frank Foot and Mary Crazy Bull, both full-blooded Indians, at Lower Brule agency yesterday. An Indian named Tommy Tompkins had been engaged to marry Mary Crazy Bull. Tommy had bought a new suit of clothes and Mary's friends and relatives had joined together and purchased her a wedding outfit. Numerous presents had been procured and a wedding feast arranged. At this juncture Frank Foot, one of the attractive young bucks of the tribe, appeared on the scene. The night before the wedding was to have occurred Frank persuaded Mary that he was the proper man for her to marry, and both being apparently of one mind they eloped. On the following day Tommy, the discarded lover, met Foot and an encounter took place, with loss of considerable of Foot's blood. Frank took his punishment very quietly, pocketed his pride, washed the blood from his face, proceeded to the agency, and the ceremony was performed.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath, secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free.

Another Silver Bill in Prospect.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—At a special meeting of the house committee on coinage, weights and measures, today, Chairman Conger was authorized by a strict party vote to offer the silver bill, agreed upon in caucus Wednesday night, in place of the modified Windom bill already reported by the committee when the latter is taken up for consideration in the house.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

The Mirimichi is clear of ice between Chatham and Newcastle.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the Remedy for you.

The jam of ice at and above the Florenceville bridge, broke on Wednesday afternoon, and now the river is clear, to the Grand Falls.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

The Black Diamond S. S. Co., will have a new steamer named the Cape Breton on the route between Sydney and Montreal the coming season.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A writer in the Parrsboro Leader says: —Last winter was built on the kangaroo style—the last end heaviest. The season appears less forward than a month ago.

WHAT PEOPLE NEED NOW.

SOMETHING THAT WILL STRENGTHEN THE NERVES AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THERE IS BUT ONE MEDICINE THAT COMBINES THESE POWERS.

At this season of the year thousands upon thousands of people are suffering from general debility, thin blood, nervousness, and a state of exhaustion. This is the natural result of the long and trying winter. Numerous skin and blood diseases are common, and there is hardly a person who does not need a reliable medicine. In at least nine cases out of ten no ordinary "blood purifier" or bitters will give the health and vigor so sadly lacking, and a medicine that will both purify the blood and strengthen the nerves is an absolute necessity.

There is but one medicine that possesses these combined properties, and that is the great discovery of Professor Phelps, Paine's Celery Compound. This vegetable restorative is food for the nerves, and builder-up of brain power. It is a scientific preparation, and has curative properties that have been hitherto unknown. It contains the medicinal virtues of our American herbs and barks, with the nerve strengthening and brain invigorating qualities of rare South American plants. A hard working man who has become unfit for business, and is nervous, fidgety, irritable, with melancholy and a sad habit of looking on the dark side of things, is the kind of patients that physicians are treating so often at this time. His headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, and weak feelings will be removed by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This grand restorative will strengthen his nervous system, give him a good appetite, and so clear his brain that business plans and other affairs of life can be conducted clearly. Ambition will return his step will be brisker, the color will come back to his cheeks, and all the friends whom he meets will say, "Why, how much better you are looking."

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

HE TRAVELS AROUND THE GREAT VOLCANO,

And Descends to the Beautiful City of Palermo by the Sea.

Naples, Italy, March 28, 1890.

An ascent of Etna will suggest great opportunities for Sicilian observation in traversing the circle of cities and villages at the tremendous base of the mountain. A road such as it is, nearly 150 miles long, forms the pinkish and dirty thread upon which all these lava-threatened towns seem to be strung. Perhaps a fourth of the distance can be made by rail, along the Ionian sea at Etna's eastern base. On our return from the ascent of Etna, I persuaded Balbino to turn over the affairs of his tiny alberghetto or inn to his grinning and greasy helpmeet, and not only accompany me on the tour around Etna, but to then remain my companion across the entire island to Palermo, over the old road upon which Roman, Grecian and Vandal armies chased each other back and forth with such lively energy from 1,000 to 2,000 years ago.

As Palermo, the beautiful, is the imperial city of every loyal Sicilian; as Balbino had never set eyes upon it, and this would be his one chance of a lifetime for seeing it; and as there was a pleasant reward set at the end of his friendly services, after extraordinary excitement and preparation for departure, we set out by rail to Giardini, a little nest of malaria and vermin almost half way along the eastern Sicilian coast to Messina, where we secured two excellent donkeys, leaving one half of their hire as caparra or earnest-money; made excellent provision for a week's out-door life, if the conditions of the lonely and filthy roadside inns rendered that necessary; and at once began climbing the mountain road, leading from the sea to the little hamlet of Gaggi, on our way around the northern foot-hills of Etna. Just before reaching the latter, we halted for a last look at the Ionian sea. To the northeast the lower reach of the Italian peninsula was plainly visible across the Strait of Messina; a score of cities and villages showed their roofs along the Sicilian shore-edge to the north, and so near that it seemed one could toss a stone into its ruinous streets, lay Taormina, the ancient Tauromenium, a perfect unhoused museum of architectural monuments of all ages.

We were travelling toward the source of the Alcantara river; and the road lay along the brow of the mountain range above. The flowing stream and its grand valley were continually below us to the left. Beyond and constantly in view, rose another range of mountains, and Etna's peak from eighteen to twenty miles distant, loomed grandly above. Here and there through intervening valleys, were caught glimpses of populous cities lying still further up Etna's sides—Piedimonte, peopled by mountaineers Linguagrossa and Castiglione, where thousands of the peasantry are engaged exclusively in cultivation of hazel-nuts; and Mojo, standing against the side of the most northern crater of the Etna region. Indeed, all the way from the sea through Francavilla, where we rested at noon, to Randazzo, which we reached before dark, the scenery in every direction is of an Alpine character. Deep and clear-cut valleys, showing masses of luxuriant verdure; tremendous peaks cutting sharp against a sky of intense blue; foaming rivers and leafery mountain cascades continually flashing upon the sight; high-perched ruins of Hellenic, Roman and the later Norman fortresses, everywhere reminding of a heroic past; and romantic castles or huts peeping from forest openings half way to the clouds; with glints and gleams of color from the clothing of shepherds and mountaineers; all contributed to a winsome blending of the sublime; the romantic and the picturesque.

We could see nothing of Randazzo by night; for Balbino found lodging for us at the house of a friend, and the embracing, chatter, pipes, wine, and floods of tearful reminiscences of these folk, separated only by one mountain, but seeming as much separated as though they girdled the earth for the meeting, was an enthralling spectacle. But when the morning came and we had set out again, our host running beside us for miles on our way towards Bronte, and had got opposite the medieval rookery, what a scene for a painter lay back there against the side of Etna. Here were the peaks dividing the sources of the Alcantara, which circles the volcano to the north, and the Simeto, which sweeps about it to the south. Behind Randazzo to the north, the empurpled peaks we had set behind us the day before. To the east a half a dozen ordinary mountains against the sun-swept sides of Etna like tiny purple warts against its stupendous contour. And then ancient Randazzo perched above a deep ravine, its Norman churches, tremendous towers and ducal palaces; a very apotheosis of middle age magnificence and power. One cannot wonder at Frederick II., loving Randazzo, "the populous," or for drawing the magnificent old spot closer to his heart by conferring the title of Duke of Randazzo upon one of his sons; nor can simple-minded Balbino be blamed for believing that his insignificant little island of Sicily contains more area, wealth, power and people than all the rest of the world. Randazzo had a population of 10,000 souls; Bronte, which we reached for mid-day rest, fully 16,000; Aderno, to which we came late at night, 14,000. Thriving villages dot the way between. Yet all of these are actually upon the sides of Etna, at times desolated but always fertilized, by its influence!

The situation of Bronte, with its mass of rude houses, churches, convents and fortresses, is a curious study in the fearful action of Etna. It lies to the east of and above a deep valley, its buildings piled along the mountain-side in a most irregular fashion. Close to it, and frowning above it, is a huge almost perpendicular mass of lava. Etna boiled over one day and the liquid mush of fire came slowly down, as you have seen molten lead run—a river half a mile wide and at times, 100 feet deep at its puffy, oozy, breaking front. It came almost straight towards Bronte, and the people scampered across the valley to see their city spunged out. But just before this could happen, Etna got quite ready to stop flowing. The lava stood there in a great wall and cooled off. Between the city and this precipice are now the finest vineyards and olive-groves in Sicily. Opposite the forms of the most magnificent mountains lift their heads above the valley; and within the purple of their upper valleys can be seen the Convent of Maniace, the Cathedral of Traina and the Convent of St. Elias of Ambola, all founded by great Roger the Norman; while towards the huge cone of Etna, can be seen rising above each other the lesser craters of Minardo, Rovolo and the Monti Lepre.

Bronte also gave to Lord Nelson a dukedom. The King of Naples, who conferred it, complimented Nelson with no empty title. Its net revenues are still $15,000 yearly. Leaving the city in the direction of Adernò, we began to cut through tremendous beds of lava; and we climbed one of the walls to trace the deep black surface of the furrow along the valley to the west, and opposite, to the very cone of Etna, which, if you could follow in the narrowing, sinuous line. The entire way to Aderno, circling the western mountain-base, is skirted by the Simeto river which is never out of sight, and, dashing tumultuously towards the sea, forms the western boundary of the volcanic region. On the one hand was Etna with its score of lesser craters and unspeakably hideous barrens, with here and there a bit of dirty heath and stunted pine. On the other, as far as the eye could reach, were mountains and valleys, rich with cultivation, covered with fields of cereals and cotton, beautiful on the mountain slopes with vineyards and olive groves, and, near every hut, hamlet, villa, and every manner of enclosure, glorious with vines and flowers. But where we rode no living thing grew save withered heath. No stream coursed across our way; no fountain murmured by the roadside. The radiation of the sun from the lava-road gave a heat intense and suffocating; while the dust from the powdered scorie at times seemed almost intolerable. Nearing Aderno rich masses of Indian fig and olive began shutting out the hideous lava-beds, and the immediate surroundings of the weird old place are as luxuriant as can be found on the southern slopes of Cuba. One can hardly discover another queer old spot like this in all Europe. It is simply a solid mass of convents and nunneries, on the site of the ancient Sikelian city of Hadranum, the religious houses, founded 740 years ago by Rodger I., being supported by immense landed estates. Over one half of the 14,000 souls are inmates of, or are in some way attached to, these institutions; while all the remainder, excepting the nobility and a few comfortable merchants are mere dependents. Tremendous grated structures rise terrace-like above each other; and with prisons and old Norman keeps, comprise all there is of the city save the huts of the lowly clustered beneath their walls, and the burrows of the lazzaroni reeking with filth and disease. There is not one in this place on an average American would utilize as a pig-sty. Foul vapors hang like fetid whispers of death within its streets. The place choked me. I could not remain within it. And so, as we had now reached the old Roman road leading from Catania to Palermo, I had battled with Balbino so valorously, that at last we set forth late at night, with a vicious, jeering rabble at our heels, which followed us from her chain, hurriedly, and broke down into a pretty, sudden appeal that was wonderfully unexpected, even to him.

"You ought not to say such things to me," she said, desperately. "You must know it is wrong and—and cruel Ah, Mr. Lindsay, why won't you have pity on me and be reasonable?"

From his place behind the chair, upon whose high back he leaned, Rob looked down at this fair despairing enchantress, with a great deal of serenity of manner. He was not a Geoffrey Treherne, and his pride was not of the Treherne order, inasmuch as it had more of self-respect, and less of self-sufficiency about it. Laura Tresham could not overpower him with her stately coldness. She had struggled against him with her utmost power; she had called him awkward and presuming; she had sneered at him when she spoke of him to Blanche Charnley; but she had never daunted him in the least, and, in spite of her sneers, she had not been able to resist him in the end; and here she was, sitting alone with him, giving him, this "big, underbred American," an interview, in spite of herself, and feeling fully conscious that she was getting the worst of the combat.

Rob was cheerful, composed, serene, good-humored, and with his serenity baffled her once more, and scattered her self-possession and her self-possessed plans to the winds.

"Reasonable?" he echoed, when she had finished speaking. "Am I unreasonable, Lady Laura? Isit unreasonable that I should love you, and that, loving, you I should have determined to win you if I might, in spite of the world, in spite of Col. Treherne, in spite of William the Conqueror, who, it appears, has stood between me and my man's right to say to you, like an honorable gentleman, 'Laura, I love you, give me the blessed right to call you wife?'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

Miss Crazy Bull Throws Over Her Affianced at the Last Moment and Marries a Rival Buck.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., April 23.—One of the most romantic incidents that has ever taken place on the Sioux reservation culminated in the marriage of Frank Foot and Mary Crazy Bull, both full-blooded Indians, at Lower Brule agency yesterday. An Indian named Tommy Tompkins had been engaged to marry Mary Crazy Bull. Tommy had bought a new suit of clothes and Mary's friends and relatives had joined together and purchased her a wedding outfit. Numerous presents had been procured and a wedding feast arranged. At this juncture Frank Foot, one of the attractive young bucks of the tribe, appeared on the scene. The night before the wedding was to have occurred Frank persuaded Mary that he was the proper man for her to marry, and both being apparently of one mind they eloped. On the following day Tommy, the discarded lover, met Foot and an encounter took place, with loss of considerable of Foot's blood. Frank took his punishment very quietly, pocketed his pride, washed the blood from his face, proceeded to the agency, and the ceremony was performed.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath, secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free.

Another Silver Bill in Prospect.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—At a special meeting of the house committee on coinage, weights and measures, today, Chairman Conger was authorized by a strict party vote to offer the silver bill, agreed upon in caucus Wednesday night, in place of the modified Windom bill already reported by the committee when the latter is taken up for consideration in the house.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

The Mirimichi is clear of ice between Chatham and Newcastle.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the Remedy for you.

The jam of ice at and above the Florenceville bridge, broke on Wednesday afternoon, and now the river is clear, to the Grand Falls.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

The Black Diamond S. S. Co., will have a new steamer named the Cape Breton on the route between Sydney and Montreal the coming season.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A writer in the Parrsboro Leader says: —Last winter was built on the kangaroo style—the last end heaviest. The season appears less forward than a month ago.

WHAT PEOPLE NEED NOW.

SOMETHING THAT WILL STRENGTHEN THE NERVES AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THERE IS BUT ONE MEDICINE THAT COMBINES THESE POWERS.

At this season of the year thousands upon thousands of people are suffering from general debility, thin blood, nervousness, and a state of exhaustion. This is the natural result of the long and trying winter. Numerous skin and blood diseases are common, and there is hardly a person who does not need a reliable medicine. In at least nine cases out of ten no ordinary "blood purifier" or bitters will give the health and vigor so sadly lacking, and a medicine that will both purify the blood and strengthen the nerves is an absolute necessity.

There is but one medicine that possesses these combined properties, and that is the great discovery of Professor Phelps, Paine's Celery Compound. This vegetable restorative is food for the nerves, and builder-up of brain power. It is a scientific preparation, and has curative properties that have been hitherto unknown. It contains the medicinal virtues of our American herbs and barks, with the nerve strengthening and brain invigorating qualities of rare South American plants. A hard working man who has become unfit for business, and is nervous, fidgety, irritable, with melancholy and a sad habit of looking on the dark side of things, is the kind of patients that physicians are treating so often at this time. His headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, and weak feelings will be removed by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This