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POOR DOCUMENT

DUNRAVEN RANCH.

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," "THE DESERTER," ETC.

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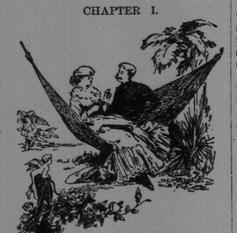
CHAPTER I.



IT WAS nearly midnight, and still the gay party lingered on the veranda. There had been a fortnight of "getting settled" at the new post, preceded by a month of marching that had brought the battalion from distant service to this strange Texan station. The new comers had been hospitably welcomed by the officers of the little garrison of infantry, and now, in recognition of their many courtesies, the field officer commanding the arriving troops had been entertaining the resident officers and ladies at dinner. The colonel was a host in himself, but preferred not to draw too heavily on his reserves of anecdote and small talk, so he had called in two of his subalterns to assist in the pleasant duty of being attentive to the infantry ladies, and just now, at 11:45 p. m., he was wondering if Lieut. Perry had not too literally construed his instructions, for that young gentleman was devoting himself to Mrs. Belknap in a manner so marked as to make the captain, her lawful lord and master, manifestly uneasy.

Mrs. Belknap, however, seemed to enjoy the situation immensely. She was a pretty woman at most times, as even her rivals admitted. She was a beautiful woman at all times, was the verdict of the officers of the regiment when they happened to speak of the matter among themselves. She was dark, with lustrous eyes and sweeping lashes, with coral lips and much luxuriance of tress, and a way of glancing sideways from under her heavily fringed eyelids that the younger and more impressionable men found quite irresistible. Perry recorded the rare luxury of a tete-a-tete. Belknap was a big and boisterous man; Mrs. Belknap was small in stature, and soft—very soft—of voice. Belknap was either brusquely repellent or oppressively cordial in manner; Mrs. Belknap was either gently and exasperatingly indifferent to those whom she did not care to attract, or caressingly sweet to those whose attentions she desired.

In their own regiment the young officers soon found that unless they wished to be involved in an unpleasantness with Belknap it was best to be only very moderately devoted to his pretty wife, and those to whom an unpleasantness with the big captain might have had no terrors of consequence were deterred by the fact that Mrs. Belknap's devotee among the "youngsters" had invariably become an object of coldness and aversion to the other dames and damsels of the garrison. Very short lived, therefore, had been the little flirtations that sprang up from time to time in those frontier posts wherein Capt. and Mrs. Belknap were among the chief ornaments of society; but now matters seemed to be taking other shape. From the very day that handsome Ned Perry dismounted in front of Belknap's quarters and with his soldiery salute reported to the then commanding officer that Col. Brainard and his battalion of cavalry would arrive in the course of two or three hours, Mrs. Belknap had evinced a contentment in his society and assumed an air of quasi-proprietorship that served to annoy her garrison sisters more than a little. For the time being all the cavalrymen were bachelors, either by actual rank or "by brevet," as none of the ladies of the —th accompanied the battalion on its march, and none were expected until the stations of the regiment in its new department had been definitely settled. The post surgeon, too, was living a life of single blessedness as the early spring wore on, for his good wife had betaken herself, with the children, to the distant east as soon as the disappearance of the winter's snows rendered staging over the hard prairie roads a matter of no great danger or discomfort.

It was the doctor himself who, seated in an easy chair at the end of the veranda, first called the colonel's attention to Perry's devotional attitude at Mrs. Belknap's side. She was reclining in a hammock, one little, slippered foot occasionally touching the floor and imparting a gentle, swinging motion to the affair, and making a soothing shish-swish of skirts along the matting underneath. Her jeweled hands looked very slender and fragile and white as they gleamed in the soft light that shone from the open windows of the parlor. They were busied in straightening out the kinks in the golf cord of his forage cap and in rearranging a little silken braid and tassel that was fastened in a clumsy, man like fashion to one of the buttons at the side; he, seated in a camp chair, was bending forward so that his handsome, shapely head was only a trifle higher than hers, and the two—hers so dark and rich in coloring, his so fair and massive and strong—came rather too close together for the equanimity of Capt. Belknap, who had essayed to take a hand at whist in the parlor.

One or two of the ladies, also, were silent observers of the scene—silent as to the scene because, being in conversation at the time with brother officers of Lieut. Perry, they were uncertain as yet how comments on his growing flirtation might be received. That their eyes should occasionally wander towards the hammock and then glance with sympathetic significance at those of some fair ally and intimate was natural enough. But when it became presently apparent that Mrs. Belknap was actually unfastening the little silken braid that had hung on Ned Perry's cap ever since the day of his arrival—all the while, too, looking shyly up in his eyes as her fingers worked; when it was seen that she presently detached it from the button and then, half hesitatingly, but evidently in compliance with his wishes, handed it to him; when he was seen to toss it carelessly—even contemptuously—away and then bend down lower, as though gazing into her shaded eyes, Mrs. Lawrence could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Graham," said she, "isn't your friend, Mr. Perry, something of a flirt?"

"Who?—Ned?" asked Mr. Graham, in well feigned amaze and with sudden glance towards the object of his inquiry.

"How on earth should I know anything about it? Of course you do not seek expert testimony in asking me. He tries, I suppose, to adapt himself to circumstances. But why do you ask?"

"Because I see that he has been inducing Mrs. Belknap to take off that little tassel on the button of his cap. He has worn it when off duty ever since he came; and we supposed it was something he cherished; I know she did."

Graham broke forth in a peal of merry laughter, but gave no further reply, for just then the colonel and the doctor left their chairs, and, sauntering over to the hammock, brought mighty relief to Belknap at the whist table and vexation of spirit to his pretty wife. The flirtation was broken at a most interesting point, and Perry, rising suddenly, came over and joined Mrs. Lawrence.

If she expected to see him piqued or annoyed at the interruption and somewhat perturbed in manner, she was greatly mistaken. Nothing could have been more sunshiny and jovial than the greeting he gave her. A laughing apology to Graham for spoiling his tete-a-tete was accomplished in a moment, and then down by her side he sat and plunged into a merry description of his experiences at dinner, where he had been placed next to the major's wife on the one hand, and she had been properly aggrieved at his attentions to Mrs. Belknap on the other.

"You must remember that Mrs. Wells is a very strict Presbyterian, Mr. Perry; and, for that matter, none of us have seen a dinner such as the colonel gave us this evening for ever and ever so long. We are quite unused to the ways of civilization; whereas you have just come from the east—and long leave. Perhaps it is the fashion to be all devotion to one's next door neighbor at dinner."

"Not if she be as repellent and venerable as Mrs. Wells, I assure you. Why, I thought she would have been glad to leave the table when, after having refused sherry and Pontet-Canet for upwards of an hour, her glass was filled with champagne when she happened to be looking the other way."

"It is the first dinner of the kind she has ever seen here, Mr. Perry, and I don't suppose either Mr. or Mrs. Wells has been up so late before in years. He would have enjoyed staying and watching whist, but she carried him off almost as soon as we left the table. Our society has been very dull, you know—only ourselves at the post all this last year, and nobody outside of Henderson."

"One would suppose that with all this magnificent cattle range there would be some congenial people ranching near you. Are there none at all?"

"Absolutely none! There are some ranches down in the Washita country, but only one big one near us, and that might as well be on the other side of the Atlantic. No one from there ever comes here; and Dr. Quin is the only living soul in the garrison who ever got within the walls of that ranch. What he saw there he positively refuses to tell, despite all our entreaty."

"You don't tell me there's a ranch with a mystery here near Rossiter!" exclaimed Mr. Perry, with sudden interest.

"Why, I do, indeed! Is it possible you have been here two whole weeks and haven't heard of Dunraven Ranch?"

"I've heard there was such a thing; I saw it from a distance when out hunting the other day. But what's the mystery? —what's the matter with it?"

"That's what we all want to know—and cannot find out. Now, there is an exploit worthy your energy and best efforts, Mr. Perry. There is a big, wealthy, well stocked ranch, the finest homestead buildings, we are told, in all this part of Texas. They say it is beautifully furnished—that it has a fine library, a grand piano, all manner of things indicative of culture and refinement among its occupants—but the owner only comes around once or twice a year, and is an iceberg of an Englishman. All the people about the ranch are English, too, and the most repellent, boorish, discourteous lot of men you ever saw. When the Eleventh were here they did everything they could to be civil to them, but not an invitation would they accept, nor one would they extend; and so from that day to this none of the officers have had any intercourse with the people at the ranch, and the soldiers know very little more. Once or twice a year some very ordinary looking men arrive who are said to be very distinguished people—in England; but they remain only a little while, and go away as suddenly as they came."

"And you have never seen any of them?"

"Never, except at a distance. Nor has any one of the officers, except Dr. Quin."

"And you have never heard anything about the inmates and why they keep up this policy of exclusiveness?"

"We have heard all manner of things—some of them wildly romantic, some mysteriously tragic, and all of them, probably, absurd. At all events, Capt. Lawrence has told me he did not wish me to repeat what I had heard, or to be concerned in any way with the stories afloat; so you must ask somebody else. Try the doctor. To change the subject, Mr. Perry, I see you have lost that mysterious little silken braid and tassel you wore on your cap button. I fancied there was some romance attached to it, and now it is gone."

Perry laughed, his blue eyes twinkling with fun: "If I will tell you how and where I got that tassel, will you tell me what you have heard about Dunraven Ranch?"

"I cannot, unless Capt. Lawrence withdraws his prohibition. Perhaps he will, though, for I think it was only because he was tired of hearing all our conjectures and theories."

"Well, will you tell me if I can induce the captain to say he has no objection?" persisted Perry.

"I will to-morrow—if you will tell me about the tassel to-night."

"Is it a positive promise? You will tell me to-morrow all you have heard about Dunraven Ranch if I will tell you to-night all I know about the tassel?"

"Yes—a promise."

"Very well, then. You are a witness to the compact, Graham. Now for my confession. I have worn that tassel ever since our parting ball at Fort Riley. That is to say, it has been fastened to that button ever since the ball until to-night; but I've been mighty careful not to wear that cap on any kind of duty."

"And yet you let Mrs. Belknap take it off to-night?"

"Why shouldn't I? There was no sentiment whatever attached to it. I haven't the faintest idea whose it was, and only tied it there for the fun of the thing and to make Graham, here, ask questions."

"Mr. Perry!" gasped Mrs. Lawrence. "And do you mean that Mrs. Belknap knows—that you told her what you have just told me?"

"Well, no," laughed Perry. "I fancy Mrs. Belknap thinks as you thought—that it was a gage d'amour. Hallo! look at that light away out there across the prairie. What can that be?"

Mrs. Lawrence rose suddenly to her feet and gazed southeastward in the direction in which the young officer pointed. It was a lovely, starlit night. A soft wind was blowing gently from the south and bearing with it the fragrance of spring blossoms and far away flowerets. Others, too, had arisen, attracted by Perry's sudden exclamation. Mrs. Belknap turned languidly in her hammock and glanced over her pretty white shoulder. The colonel followed her eyes with his and gave a start of surprise. The doctor turned slowly and composedly and looked silently towards the glistening object, and then upon the officers of the cavalry there fell sudden astonishment.

"What on earth could that have been?" asked the colonel. "It gleamed like the head light of a locomotive, away down there in the valley of the Monee, then suddenly went out."

"Be silent a moment and watch," whispered Mrs. Lawrence to Perry. "You will see it again; and—watch the doctor."

Surely enough, even as they were all looking about and commenting on the strange appatition, it suddenly glared forth a second time, shining full and lustrous as an unclouded planet, yet miles away beyond and above the fringe of cottonwoods that wound southeastward with the little stream. Full half a minute it shone, and then, abruptly as before, was hidden from sight.

Perry was about starting forward to join the colonel when a little hand was laid upon his arm.

"Wait; once more you'll see it," she whispered. "Then take me in to Capt. Lawrence. Do you see that the doctor is leaving?"

Without saying a word to any one, the post surgeon had very quietly withdrawn from the group on the veranda. He could not well leave by the front gate without attracting attention; but he strolled leisurely into the hall, took up a book that lay on the table, and passed through the group of officers seated smoking and chatting there, entered the sitting room on the south side of the hall—the side opposite the parlor where the whist game was in progress—and there he was lost to sight.

A third time the bright light burst upon the view of the gazers. A third time, sharply and suddenly, it disappeared. Then for a moment all was silence and watchfulness; but it came no more.

Perry looked questioningly in his companion's face. She had turned a little white, and he felt sure that she was shivering.

"Are you cold?" he asked her, gently.

"No—not that; but I hate mysteries, after what I've heard, and we haven't seen that light in ever so long. Come here to the corner one moment." And she led him around to the other flank of the big wooden, barrack like residence of the commanding officer.

"Look up there," she said, pointing to a dark window under the peaked dormer roof of the large cottage to the south. "That is the doctor's house."

In a few seconds a faint gleam seemed to creep through the slats. Then the slats themselves were thrown wide open, a white shade was lowered, and, with the rays behind it growing brighter every instant, a broad white light shone forth over the roof of the veranda. Another moment and footsteps were heard along the doctor's porch, footsteps that presently approached them along the grass.

"Come," she said, plucking at his sleeve, "come away; it is the doctor."

"For what reason?" he answered. "That would seem like hiding. No, Mrs. Lawrence, let us stay until he comes."

But the doctor passed them with brief and courteous salutation; spoke of the beauty of the night and the balm of the summery air, and went in again by the main door to the colonel's quarters.

Then Perry turned to his partner: "Well, Mrs. Lawrence, what does it all mean? Is this part of what you had to tell me?"

"Don't ask me now. I—I did not want to see what we have seen, but I had heard queer stories and could not believe them. Take me in to Capt. Lawrence, please. And, Mr. Perry, you won't speak of this to any one, will you? Indeed, if I had known, I would not have come out here for the world; but I didn't believe it, even when she went away and took the children."

"Who went away?"

"Mrs. Quin—the doctor's wife. And she was such a sweet woman, and so devoted to him."

"Well, pardon me, Mrs. Lawrence, I don't see through this thing at all. Do you mean that the doctor has anything to do with the mystery?"

She bowed her head as they turned back to the house: "I must not tell you any more to-night. You will be sure to hear something of it all, here. Everybody on the piazza saw the lights, and all who were here before you came knew what they meant."

"What were they?"

"Signals, of some kind, from Dunraven Ranch."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bogus Pictures.

A leading critic has this to say regarding bogus pictures: The counterfeiting of pictures is so serious an evil, and so dangerous a fraud, extensively practiced as it is by dealers and clever masters of the technical detail of art, that the people are likely to grow so suspicious that they will doubt the genuineness of all paintings unless they have actually seen them on the easels of the artists. The most distinguished names are those oftenest counterfeited, and the fraud is most commonly practiced when the men are dead, as in the case of Corot and Diaz. If those two famous painters produced a fraction of all the pictures which have been sold as theirs within the last five or ten years, besides those known to be authentic, they must have wielded the brush with both fingers and toes, and worked twenty-four hours a day without ceasing. The majority of our picture buyers, who buy most and pay the highest prices, are governed in making their purchases by names merely.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

His Unlucky Day.

One of the Seventh Maine veterans, at the reunion at Long Island, Portland, gave some of the reasons which make May 5 a memorable anniversary to him: On the 5th of May, 1862, he enlisted; on the 5th of May, 1861, he was on a gunboat which was sunk in the Mississippi; on the 5th of May, 1863, he was taken prisoner and sent to Belle Isle, and on the 5th of May, 1864, he was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. He should make a point of spending each coming May 5 in hunting for mayflowers, watching baseball games or in some equally enjoyable occupation, to make up for the mishaps of the past.—Lewiston Journal.

FINDING SEAL ISLANDS.

ROMANCE OF THE SEARCH FOR THEIR UNKNOWN LOCATION.

Discovered Only 100 Years Ago by a Sailorman Who Got His Tip from a Native Legend and Persistently Followed It Up, with Great Results.

It is now barely 100 years since the Seal Islands were discovered by man—at least by civilized man, with a knowledge of the longing of civilized woman for sealskin sacques. For 100 years Russian keels by the score had been cleaving the waters of Behring sea and the North Pacific in the search for fur bearing animals. Kamtchatka was discovered and populated. The Aleutian Islands were overrun and punctuated with the trading stations of Russian companies. Alaska was added to Russian possessions and a government established there. The sea otter, at first numerous, was almost driven from its haunts. Twenty-five or thirty different companies, with hundreds of vessels employing thousands of men, were engaged in the business that the almost extinction of the otter and increasing scarcity of other fur bearing animals threatened to destroy.

Meantime every year, at certain seasons, the Aleutian passes and channels were seen to swarm with fur seals, passing north in the spring and south in the fall. No seal was ever known to stop for so long as an hour on any part of the known Alaskan land. The natives professed absolute ignorance as to where the seals went ashore to breed. It was some land in the north, they said, but since the times of the earliest traditions among them, no Aleut had run the prow of his skin canoe upon the beach of that mysterious land, or set foot upon its soil. In the south, too, said the natives, there was somewhere another land where the seals stayed during the winter. So north and south, as the sea otters grew more and more scarce, sailed every year more and more Russian vessels in search of the mysterious home of the seal. But for many years the vessels came back to port as empty as when they went away, and no man saw the land where wealth lay in droves, waiting to be killed and skinned.

PRIBYLOV'S SEARCH.

One day old Gerassim Pribylov, a mate serving at that time under one of the Russian companies, heard from a gray haired Aleut at Oonalaska, a legend of the natives that concerned certain islands said to exist in Behring sea. Like the superstitious sailorman that he was, old Pribylov took stock in the ancient native legend, and next spring, in the little sloop St. George, he sailed from Oonalaska into the foggy northern sea. Seals swarmed about him as he went northward, but gradually they disappeared, and all summer he sailed about over the cold waste of waters with never a seal in sight, let alone an island. In the fall when he sailed back to Oonalaska, sorely at the hundred thousand frolicked under his vessel's keel, keeping him company southward. There was grit in the old man, and next spring he went north with the seals again, lost sight of them as before, sailed clear to the northern straits, and in the fall went back again with the frolicking seals, to be laughed at or sympathized with by hundreds of others who were just sailing away to search for the seal land of the south.

Pribylov stuck to his idea with true Russian stubbornness, however, and in the spring of 1786, for the third consecutive year, he staked his season's work on the old native's legend and sailed out of Oonalaska to follow the seal to their mysterious breeding ground. Fogs beset him for weeks at a time, and he had made slow progress, when one day in July, through the dense vapor, he heard a vague roaring and rumbling sound, a sound for which the ears of every sailor in those seas had been alert for many a year. Guided by the roaring, which he knew for that of a seal rookery, he presently saw a dark rocky mass arising out of the ocean and found himself plump up against an island of considerable size, along the shores of which in every direction he saw a million seals lying as closely together as sardines in a box. He filled his ship with skins and sailed back to Oonalaska, and, leaving a few men to guard the secret of his island of which he had taken possession in the name of Russia, and which he had called St. George, after his vessel, he went on to the nearest Russian port to sell his cargo and fit out anew.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

His secret was too great to keep, however, and when, in 1787, he again reached Oonalaska, his men had all disappeared and a dozen vessels hovered about waiting to set their sails after his when he started north. With him to sail ahead it was easy to find the island, the location of which thus became common property. That same summer some of Pribylov's men discovered St. Paul's island, seeing its peaks by chance on a bright day. The islands were named by Pribylov after Mr. Sulov, who was part owner and chief officer of the St. George, but the authorities changed this and gave Pribylov his merited fame by naming the islands after him. They are 200 miles from anywhere, Oonalaska, the mainland, and St. Matthew island being about that distance from them on the south, east and north respectively. They seem to be situated just where the warm Pacific currents meet the currents from the Arctic ocean, and the result is continuous dense fogs in the summer and an endless storm of driving snow and fine ice all winter. It is almost impossible to leave the house from December until April every year. It is the constant summer fog that has drawn to the islands ever year for centuries if not for ages the millions of seal that inhabit for the rest of the year the warmer waters of the Central Pacific.—New York Sun.

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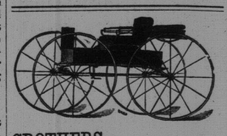

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Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner(so called) 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 described in the plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decretal order as those three tracts 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 westerly angle of lot number one granted to Ebenezer Scott, thence running north fifty-seven degrees, east fifty-three chains of four poles each, to a 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'Kelcher'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-sixchains 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 at 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 fourteen 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 twenty 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 28th day of September, A. D. 1889.

E. H. MACALPINE, Referee in Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

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Night Dispensing attended to.

Prices low.

WILLIAM B. McVEY, Chemist, 185 Union St., St. John N. B.

PUSS! PUSS!

You can buy one of our elegant new Clocks, a Turkish Rug, a pair of Lace Curtains, a Caster or almost anything you want, by paying

50 CENTS A WEEK,

NATIONAL SUPPLY CO.,

187 Charlotte street.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:

376. Court Brothers, victuallers, Main street, north end.
373. Furness Line warehouse, Water street.
372. Schofield & Co., Ltd. ship brokers, Prince Wm. street.
208. Shephard, W. A. & Co, Employment exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street.

A. W. McMACKIN, Local Manager.

ALWAYS ASK FOR THE ISLAY BLEND

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

WHISKY,

MACKIE & Co's

VERY OLD.

See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.

LAGAVULIN, LAPHROAIG, } ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE. DISTILLERIES—

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.

ATHLETE CIGARETTES

Have swept aside all competitors. No "Penny Catch" schemes or luring offers of prize packages.

QUALITY TELLS THE STORY.

D. RITCHIE & CO.,

MODTREAL.

The largest Cigarette Manufacturers in Canada.

BEEF,

LAMB,

MUTTON,

DEAN'S SAUSAGES.

VEAL,

HAM,

BACON,

LARD,

POULTRY,

VEGETABLES.

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13 and 14 City Market.

ST. JOHN BOLT and NUT CO.

Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.

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N. W. BRENAN,

UNDERTAKER.

Warerooms in brick building No. 555, foot of Main Street, Portland.

BRANCH,

88 Charlotte Street.

St. John, N. B.

Telephones 222 Portland, 222c City.

STEAMERS.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

For Washademoak Lake

—AND—

OROMOCTO.

UNTIL further notice the above favorite steamer will leave her wharf, Indiantown, for the Lake every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 a. m., local time.

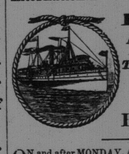
AFTERNOON SERVICE.

Steamer "OSCAR WILDE" will leave Indiantown for Oromocto every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 1 p. m., returning, leaves Oromocto MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 7.30, calling at beautiful Gagetown, both ways, and all intermediate landings.

Runs on west side 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 7.25 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 standard, a. m., and Portland at 5.30 p.m for Eastport 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.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.

(LIMITED.)

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

3 TRIPS PER WEEK. 3

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

COMMENCING 2nd October, and until further notice the "S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO" will leave Reed's Point Wharf, St. John, N. B. at 7.45 a. m., local time, on the above days, for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with W. C. Railway for Yarmouth and Intermediate Stations, also with the W. & A. Ry. for Halifax and Intermediate Stations; returning same day.

All Summer Excursions will be discontinued after 1st. October.

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager.

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.

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.

Our usual popular excursion "out of the Hurly Burly," up and back same day. To Hampstead and return, 50 c., any intermediate point, 40c.

Tickets to Fredericton, etc., and from Fredericton to St. John, etc., issued on Saturdays at one fare, good to return free on Monday following.

Change of time of leaving Fredericton on Saturdays.

For better accommodation of persons desiring a delightful sail and to have opportunity to picnic at Hampstead or one of the other beautiful spots on the River, the steamer DAVID WESTON will leave Fredericton on SATURDAYS at 10.30 a. m., local, to arrive at St. John at six that evening. This will also give tourists, etc., on Saturdays the unusual opportunity to make the full Round Trip to Fredericton and back in one day, via: leaving St. John at 6.45 standard by N. B. Railway, due in Fredericton at 9.20 and coming down River by steer DAVID WESTON as above.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager.

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

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

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.

Canadian Express Company.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe

Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Boston, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway; Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the Continent.

Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoices required for Goods from Canada United States or Europe, and vice versa.

JAMES BRUCE, Ass't Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent St. John, N. B.

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
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 Pt. du Chene & Mulgrave	23.30

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