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POOR DOCUMENT

TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE oldest inhabitants of Farmsted agreed that they had never seen a more beautiful day than that which dawned on the 3d of September, 1875. The sun shone with the brilliant light of June, and the leaves of the trees looked as green as though they were just budding. The birds seemed to know that it was a gala day, and sang their merriest songs. Nowhere did they sing more merrily than among the branches of the black heart cherry tree that stood guard over the village rectory. They must have known that this was the wedding day of their kind friend, the rector's daughter, who fed them every morning with crumbs of bread.

Inside the rectory all was pleasurable excitement. The wedding was to take place at 10 o'clock, and the groom was to meet the bride at the altar. The bridesmaids spent the night at the house, that they might be with the bride as long as possible before their final separation. By half past 9 they were all dressed and ready to enter church. Amy never looked sweeter and prettier than in her pure white dress and orange blossoms.

The bishop of the diocese and Dr. Bayliss were in the vestry room, putting on their robes. The hands of the clock in the tower were fast moving around towards the hour, and the picturesque little church was filled with eager friends. Tom Bayliss saw Rush Hurlstone hurrying around to the vestry room, which the clergymen were just quitting, and, believing that John was with him, he gave the signal for the bridal party to move up the aisle. The organist played a lively waltz as the procession advanced, a buzz of admiration passed over the assembled guests and the bride stood before the altar.

At this moment Rush Hurlstone, wild of eye and white of cheek, appeared inside the chancel railing. He whispered a few words to Dr. Bayliss, and the old rector's cheeks turned as white as his. Without a word he stepped outside the chancel.

"Come home with me, my daughter," he said, putting his arm around Amy and leading her down the aisle, while the others came after, followed by a murmur of surprise from the wedding guests.

The frightened bride could not find voice to speak. She knew something terrible had happened, but never for a moment dreamed of the truth. Her father led her back to the rectory, and, taking her into his study, said, with broken voice:

"My child, ask God's help to bear a terrible blow. John Hurlstone is dead." And the tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks and fell upon his gown.

Amy seemed turned to stone. Her large blue eyes gazed in speechless wonder into her father's face. He took her cold hand in his.

"It is true, my dear child—awfully true. Would to God your mother had been spared to comfort you in this great trial!"

Still she did not speak. Her lips seemed to move, but there was no sound. Dr. Bayliss led her to a chair. She sank down and stared at vacancy. He would have given all he owned if he could have seen tears in her eyes; but they were dry as stones, and encircled by black lines that seemed to grow larger and darker as the moments went by. John Hurlstone's two sisters in the drawing room had to be told of what had happened but he was afraid to leave Amy alone; so he rang the bell and sent for them to come to him. They came, their young faces as white as the dresses they wore, and the old man broke the news to them. Their grief was terrible to see. Amy looked at them with vacant eyes. They threw themselves upon the floor at her feet, and their tears fell thick and fast upon her wedding dress; but she sat silent, stunned by her sorrow.

Rush had told the news to the bishop, and he in turn had broken it to the wedding guests, who left the church with sorrowing hearts, for John Hurlstone was a great favorite in Farmsted. All day long they stood around the streets in little groups, discussing the strange news, and wondering what on earth could have induced that handsome, gay young man to take his own life. At the homestead the shutters were bowed, and the bereaved mother lay prostrate on her bed, surrounded by her children. At the rectory they succeeded in getting Amy to her room; but she would not take of her wedding dress. For hours she sat in awful silence, or paced the floor with monotonous tread, her white veil floating about her and the orange blossoms filling the air with perfume.

Rush took the first train to New York, to make arrangements for bringing his brother's body home. It was a sad journey. He thought of the last evening spent with John, and of his wild words, which his death explained. But what did it all mean? What reason had John Hurlstone, of all men, to take his own life? Arrived at his brother's rooms, the body was given over to him by the authorities. Then began those heart breaking but necessary details that have to be attended to after a loved one's death; and then the dead man was ready to be removed. Antonio was left in charge of the rooms, and Rush went away with the body.

He had not been gone long when Leoni, accompanied by her mother, came to the place. Her grief at finding her husband's body gone was terrible. In moving about the room she came upon the sheet of paper containing the few words John had written to her. As her eyes scanned the tear stained page she threw herself in her mother's arms and wept for the first time since John's death. Piteous as was her grief her mother rejoiced in it, for the stony silence of the hours before had filled her with alarm.

It was a sad home coming to Farmsted. A few intimate friends met Rush at the railway station and accompanied him with his brother's body to the house. There it lay in a coffin in the little old fashioned parlor where many of John's ancestors had lain before, but none after such a death.

Amy Bayliss seemed to have got control of her grief, for when she heard that the body of her betrothed was lying at his home, she took off her wedding dress, and, arraying herself in a suit of black that she had worn after her mother's death, walked out to the homestead. Rush saw her coming, and, taking her by the hand, led her tenderly into the darkened room where his brother's body lay, and left her alone with her dead.

The good people of Farmsted, who had spent most of their time in the street during the past day or two discussing John Hurlstone's suicide, had their curiosity aroused to the highest pitch by the arrival of two foreign looking women by the noon train from New York. One was middle aged, the other young and very handsome. They were both dark and had large black eyes, and their dress was as foreign as their faces. They didn't seem to know they were being stared at, but walked along the main street slowly, evidently looking for something or somebody.

A lounger in front of the tavern was struck by the beauty of the young woman; and, as they seemed to be uncertain of their way, he stepped up to them and asked if he could "set 'em on the right track, as they 'peared to be kinder lost." The older woman thanked him, and in her broken English asked for "Meester 'Urlstone." As Hurlstone was the one name on the lips of every one in the place, the man understood at once where they wanted to go and pointed out the way. "I never seen such eyes as that young 'un's in all my born days," said he, rejoining his companions on the tavern veranda; "they jest burned like two live coals. I reckon there's a story behind them eyes" a suggestion the others were quick to take up and discuss.

Arrived at the Hurlstone homestead, Leoni bade her mother be seated on a rustic bench by the roadside while she went up the path to the house. When she reached the door she looked cautiously around to see if she was discovered, for she had a vague fear that if she were seen she would be driven away. She turned the knob of the front door and opening it softly entered the hall. Not a sound was heard. Instinct seemed to tell her which room it was that held the beloved dead. Cautiously pushing the door open and closing it behind her she entered.

The room was only dimly lighted through the bowed shutters; but she saw the coffin in the center of the floor and threw herself down on her knees beside it, burying her face in her hands. In this position she remained for some moments. Then she arose and kissed the cold face, the lips, the forehead, the eyelids, all the time whispering passionate words in her native tongue. On the other side of the coffin sat Amy Bayliss, holding one of the dead man's hands in hers and watching this strange woman with dull wonder. After Leoni's eyes had become accustomed to the light she saw the other woman, but supposed it was one of John's sisters, of whom she had heard him speak. She said nothing, but taking a packet of letters from her breast—the half dozen she had written to John, and which Antonio had just returned to her—she opened his coat and laid them upon his heart, then kissed his cold lips again.

"How dare you! what are you doing?" exclaimed Amy, rising.

"Excuse me, signorina; I am returning some letters that I know he will want to have buried with him," Leoni answered, in broken English.

"He doesn't want your letters," cried Amy with indignation. "Take them away."

"I know that he does," answered Leoni. "You are his sister; you cannot refuse me?" she went on, in a low, pleading voice.

"I am not his sister, and I tell you to take your letters away."

"Not his sister!" exclaimed Leoni, all the jealousy of her race rising in her heart. "Who are you, then, who dare to sit by his side, who dare to hold his hand?"

"I was his fiance; he was my lover," said Amy, with dignity. "But who are you, that dares to profane my dead?"

The light of pity filled Leoni's eyes; she hesitated for a moment, and then said softly, "I am his wife; he was my husband."

Amy stared at her as though she did not understand her words, though she knew something terrible had been said. There was silence for a few moments; then Leoni put out her hand to Amy, across the dead body of the man they both loved, and Amy took it.

"Will you forgive him?" said Leoni. "Will you forgive me? I did not know anything of this. I only knew I loved him and he loved me. We were married privately in the spring. I am very sorry for you, but I did not intend to hurt you."

Amy listened to her words. "I see it all now!" she said. "I was a silly fool that I did not see it before. I might have known that he could not love me as I loved him. If he had only told me—oh, God! if he had only told me—he might still be alive. His death is on my head! Oh, John, John! why didn't you tell me? I loved you so well that I would have given you up rather than this." And, for the first time since his death, Amy's tears flowed fast and freely.

Leoni's heart bled for the girl, but her Italian nature did not understand the self sacrifice of the words she spoke. Rather have him live and be the husband of another? Never!—she would rather see him dead twenty times.

Amy, with exquisite unselfishness, had nothing but the tenderest pity for John. She blamed herself that she had not discovered his love for this beautiful foreign woman in time. She felt interested in her at once, and regarded her more in the light of a sister than of a successful rival. She asked her questions about herself, and was not shocked to learn that she was a ballet dancer. She knew little about this profession, and the little she knew did not place its members in the category of saints; but she was certain that Leoni was a perfectly good woman, and she believed too thoroughly in John to think for a moment that he could have married her had she been otherwise.

A strange friendship was begun over the coffin of John Hurlstone—a friendship that grew stronger with years—and, to the scandal of Farmsted, "the ballet dancer John Hurlstone married," spent part of every summer at the rectory, where she was loved and admired by the old rector as sincerely as by his daughter. Mrs. Hurlstone could not quite free her mind from the idea that Leoni was in some way responsible for John's death; but as time went on this feeling wore off, and she and her daughters called on her whenever she visited the rectory, and always had her to spend a night at the homestead.

Amy and Leoni drove in the same carriage to John's funeral (which was a private one, much to the disappointment of the villagers), and stood hand in hand at his grave. While Amy was calm and silent, Leoni was beside herself with grief, and was finally carried fainting to her carriage.

It was not long before the story of John Hurlstone's career in New York became known through the newspapers. Columns were devoted to it. It was told how the dashing Col. Mortimer had organized a mining company that owned no mines, how he had swindled unsuspecting people by his false representations, and how the clever young captain who had served so brilliantly under him in the civil war had been used as a decoy and finally induced to sign names other than his own to bogus certificates of stock. The flight of Mortimer to Canada and the suicide of Hurlstone, who had been secretly married to one woman while another waited for him at the altar, gave the reporters a chance such as they seldom had. It was an exciting story, and they made the most of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What a ——(Story)!

For Neuralgia, a novel cure—which we hardly believe if true, will ever become popular—is vouched for, it is said, by a correspondent of the New York Sun. An Irish girl in Paterson, N. J., had suffered with Neuralgia of the head and face until almost frantic with pain; actually beating the wall with her head to cause insensibility. Her employer having heard that a Dr. Tree had cured rheumatism by the sting of a wasp, asked the girl if she would try it. With courage born of despair, she exclaimed "Any other torture would be a pleasure beside this." A yellow wasp was obtained, and vexed into stinging her face. Within a few moments the pain ceased, the girl fell asleep, and strange to say, never again had an attack of neuralgia. Well, we don't blame her. The remedy was probably too heroic for a second dose. A learned specialist when told this yarn remarked, "The pain may have stopped temporarily, but it could only have been temporarily." Continued he, "it is a fact that a sudden shock to inflamed and painful nerves will stop pain," but the remedy is worse than the disease, as many unthinking people in after years find out, who apply fiery and dangerous compounds externally to stop Neuralgia and Rheumatism. They only continue to shock their nervous system, ignorant of the fact that, as in the morphine or alcohol habit their mental and moral nature is thus gradually being destroyed. "Make haste slowly, if you expect to cure any nerve disease," was the advice to a lady by a friend who had been cured of chronic Neuralgia by using for some time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment inhaled, taken internally, and applied externally, as advised in the wrapper around every bottle. Neuralgia is a fever or inflammation of the nerves, and only by the way. "I never seen such eyes as that young 'un's in all my born days," said he, rejoining his companions on the tavern veranda; "they jest burned like two live coals. I reckon there's a story behind them eyes" a suggestion the others were quick to take up and discuss.

The closing exercises at the Baptist Seminary, St. Martins, will take place on Monday and Tuesday next. The St. Martins railway will run trains on the 10th and 11th, for the convenience of those wishing to attend, leaving Hampton at 8.45 o'clock each morning.

"My daughter is greatly troubled with scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system." —G. Killingly, Conn.

A Maitland N. S., man was thought to be made a victim by two bogus check men, on the western train that arrived here yesterday morning. They failed. The swindlers are still in the city, and there are those who wonder if they will find it a profitable field to operate in.

Premature gray whiskers should be colored to prevent the appearance of age, and Buckingham's Dye is by far the best preparation to do it.

Sir John Hamilton Gray, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, died yesterday from paralysis at Victoria, B. C., He was in his seventy-fifth year.

The vocal organs are stengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all obstructions of the vocal organs.

Gives Instant Relief.

"I have been troubled with asthma and a bad cough for years. I get nothing to help like Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and would recommend it to others as it gives instant relief." Extract from letter from Walter McAuley, Ventnor Ont.

Many Thanks.

"My age is 58 and for 20 years I have suffered from kidney complaint, rheumatism and lame back, and would have been a dead woman if it had not been for Burdock Blood Bitters, of which two bottles restored me to health and strength Miss Maggie Hendsby, Half Island Cove, N. S.

A Confectioner's Confidence.

"I can plainly state that I can find nothing better than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. I have rheumatism occasionally and Yellow Oil does me good. You can use my name if you wish." Yours truly, H Dickinson, Confectioner, St Thomas, Ont.

Picton Pencillings.

Mr Hazen F Murray, of Picton, N. S., writes: "I was affected with dyspepsia and nervous debility, and tried many remedies without avail, but one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters much improved me and two more made me a well man."

In 10 Days Time.

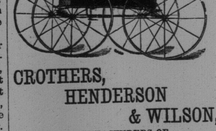
"Was troubled with headache, bad blood and loss of appetite, and tried all sorts of medicines without success. I then tried one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and found relief in 10 days." A. J. Meindle, Mattawa, Ont.

Nerves Tortured.

"I suffered with neuralgia and obtained no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Since then I have also found it an invaluable remedy for all painful burns and cuts, rheumatism and sore throat." Mrs. F. Cameron, 137 Richmond Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

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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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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NOTICE.

Ichereby given that all communications in respect to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, should be addressed to the Honorable R. Dewdney as Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and not as Minister of the Interior, or to the undersigned. All Officers of the Department should address their official letters to the undersigned.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 11th May, 1889.

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FOUR TRIPS —A— WEEK.

ON and after MONDAY, April 29th, 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 for Eastport and Saint John. In addition to the above a steamer will leave St. John every Saturday Evening at 7 o'clock for Boston direct.

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

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ON and after 1st June, the "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will sail from Her Company's Wharf, Reed's Point, on

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

7.45 a. m., local, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS Returning same days, and due here at 6.45 p. m.

Excursion tickets will be issued on Saturdays at St. John, Digby, and Annapolis, good to return either way on Monday, at one fare.

Tourists and invalids paying full one way, and desiring to return same day, will be entitled to return, ticket free, on application at the Purser's office on board.

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THE above first class swift, staunch and comfortable steamer, having been rebuilt and refurnished under the strictest government requirements, will, until further notice, leave her wharf Indiantown, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 10 a. m., local time, and calling at all intermediate landings. Returning is due at Indiantown at 1 p. m. on alternate days.

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Fare $1.00—Freight at very low rates.

UNTIL further notice Steamer ACADIA will leave Indiantown, for Fredericton, Gibson and intermediate points 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.—Connecting with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Aroostook, ect., with Northern and Western Railway for Doaktown, Chatham, etc., and with Steamer FLORENCEVILLE for Red River, Woodstock, etc.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 30
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS; in effect June 4th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

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

8.55 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

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

4.45 p. m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

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

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN.

FROM BANGOR, 5.20 a. m.; Parlor Car attached 7.20 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

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

VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 11.15 a. m. 12.10 p. m.; WOODSTOCK 6.00 11.40 a. m., 8.20 p. m.; HOULTON 6.00, 11.40 a. m., 8.30 p. m.; ST. STEPHEN 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 10.20 p. m.; ST. ANDREWS 6.30 a. m.; FREDERICTON 6.00, 11.30 a. m., 3.25 p. m.; ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN ¶ 5.45, 8.40 a. m., 2.20 7.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.10 a.m.—For Fairville, Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

4.30 p.m.—For Fairville, Fredericton. and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

8.55 a. m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.

5.10 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

Eastern Standard Time.

ON and after MONDAY, Dec. 31, Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 a. m.; St. Stephen at 2.35 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m., St. George 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.57 p. m.; St. John at 1.12 p. m.

Freight up to 500 or 600 lbs—out large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOLDON, 30 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be entered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

W. A. LAMB, MANAGER.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

Buctouche and Moncton Rv.

ON and after MONDAY, Dec. 17th, trains will run as follows:

No. 1.			No. 2.		
Lv. Buctouche		8 30	Lv. Moncton		16 00
Little River		8 48	Hillsville		16 08
St. Anthony		9 04	Humphrey		16 08
Coalings		9 20	Irishtown		16 30
Notre Dame		9 22	Cape Breton		16 40
McDougall's		9 38	Scotch Sett		16 48
Scotch Sett		9 50	McDougall's		17 00
Cape Breton		9 58	Notre Dame		17 07
Irishtown		10 08	Coalings		17 18
Humphreys		10 30	St. Anthony		17 34
Lewisville		10 34	Little River		17 50
Ar. Moncton		10 38	Ar. Buctouche		18 08

C F. HANINGTON, Manager.

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. Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

QUEEN HOTEL,

109, 111 and 113 Princess st.,

St. John, N. B.

THIS hotel was recently known as the "Clarendon." It has been renovated, and refurnished and is now open for the reception of guests.

JOHN C. DICKIE, Proprietor.

CARD TO THE Travelling Public.

HAVING PURCHASED THE BARKER HOUSE,

I desire to say a few words to the travelling public. To the numerous patrons of the BARKER under my management I wish to express my most sincere thanks. It will not be necessary to say to them that the BARKER HOUSE is the best situated Hotel in Fredericton; that it is elegantly furnished; that no other Hotel in Canada sets a better table; and that the great aim of all connected with the House is to do everything possible to make guests comfortable. A continuance of the patronage of all former friends is respectfully solicited, and those who have not yet made the BARKER their headquarters when visiting the City are invited to do so when they again come this way. Rates moderate. Yours very respectfully,

FRED. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor Barker House, Fredericton, N. B.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK.

A HINT.

Every house keeper in the city should have one of our Victor Oil Cans. The best, simplest and cheapest in the city. Call and see them.

PLUMBING

in all its Branches.

STOVES RANGES AND HOT AIR FURNACES

Taken down, repaired, removed, or fitted up at short notice by Competent Workmen.

—ALL—

Kinds of Tinware on hand or made to order at lowest living prices.

Don't forget the place.

BROWN & CODNER,

29 Dock street, St. John, N. B.

A. F. deFOREST & CO.,

Don't give six months credit.

But they do give satisfaction in Fit, Finish and Price.

42 King Street, Foster's Corner.

Livery and Boarding Stables,

Sydney Street, St. John, N. B.

DAVID CONNELL.

Horses Boarded on Reasonable Terms.

Horses and Carriages on Hire. Fine Fit-outs at Short Notice

SIMEON JONES, BREWER.

BOTTLED ALE & PORTER.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

Capital $10,000,000.

70 Prince Wm. street.

D. R. JACK, - - Agent

ESTABLISHED 1846.

M. N. POWERS.

Coffin and Casket Warerooms,

OLD STAND 77 AND 79 PRINCESS STREET,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Coffin and Casket Material of all kinds, for Sale at Lowest Prices. Orders in the City and County attended to with despatch.

Removed to No 33 Charlotte Street,

Furlong Building.

Will open in good shape on SATURDAY in our New Stand with a full line of latest importations of

PURE TEAS and COFFEES.

N. B.—Look out for the grand opening night.

G. L. & C. TEA CO,

Charlotte Street.

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.

PENITENTIARY SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned; and endorsed "Tender for Supplies," will be received at the office of the Warden of the Dorchester Penitentiary, till WEDNESDAY, 12th JUNE, 1889, at five o'clock p. m., from parties desirous of contracting for supplying that institution for one year from the first of July, 1889, with the articles comprised in the following classes:—

Class 1, Dry Goods.
" 2, Flour.
" 3, Groceries and Coal Oil.
" 4, Butchers' Meat.
" 5, Leather and Findings.

Not less than one of the foregoing classes in its entirety shall form the subject of a tender; but several classes may be included in one tender.

Samples of articles comprised in the first and third classes to be submitted with the tender.

The signature of at least two responsible parties, willing to become sureties in the event of the tender being accepted, are required to subscribe to it before it be accepted.

Any tender not in the prescribed form will be rejected.

All information respecting the data is of the above supplies, together with blank forms of tenders and copies of specifications and conditions, and also samples, will be furnished on application to the undersigned.

The printed form of specification will require to be filled up in detail, both extensions being carried out and additions completed.

JOHN B. FORSTER, Warden.

Dorchester Penitentiary,
20 May, 1889.

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 Sorel, 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, South ern 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 to United States or Europe, and vice versa.

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

1828 Established 1828

J. HARRIS & Co.,

(Formerly Harris & Allen).

Paradise Row, Portland, St. John.

NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY

—AND—

Railway Car Works,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Railway Cars of Every Description, "PEARLESS" STEEL TYRES, CHILLED CAR WHEELS.

—ALSO—

Steam Engines and Mill Machinery

The Improved Lowell Turbine Water Wheel, Ship Castings, Pumps, Bridge and Fence Castings, etc., etc.

Portland Rolling Mill,

STRAIT SHORE, PORTLAND.

Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

BEEF,
LAMB,
MUTTON,
DEAN'S SAUSAGES.
VEAL,
HAM,
BACON,
LARD,
POULTRY,
VEGETABLES.

THOS DEAN.

13 and 14 City Market.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enamelled White Ca