MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

ROYAL PURPLE.

CHAPTER I.

BEVERLIN ARRIVES.

A rather peculiar legend having crept into circulation of late, concerning my friend Beverlin, it appears not unwise that the substantial facts in the case (if facts they may be called) should be herewith submitted; inasmuch as his own autobiographical account of the actual occurrence will probably never be given to the world.

Beverlin, poor fellow, is indeed one of the most remarkable specimens of manhood extant, and it is really no wonder that he is gaped and stared at wherever he goes to such an unpleasant extent. Certainly not an especially remarkable man by nature, either in size or features; for the latter, with the exception of his bold imaginative eyes, when gauged by the standards of national beauty, are rather commonplace than otherwise; but for those distinctive marks, which might seem attributable at first to a "lapsus naturæ," and which serve to brand him indelibly upon the average memory. The top of his admirably shaped head is surmounted by a full, bushy mat of snow white hair—such as that which accompanies extreme old age. Now this abnormal growth—abnormal for his thirty years—might possibly be overlooked, since it is frequently concealed within the crown of his hat, were it not that it falls over, in genuine wig like fashion, an undergrowth of dark chestnut locks fringing the circumference of his head—thus completing, by contrast, a singularity of aspect entirely unique. Not only that, but one side of his jetty mustache offers the same stricken white appearance, and serves to arouse incessant inquiry in the minds of beholders as to how it happened, and what could have caused such a disastrous effect. His face, which is large and full and of a ruddy tint, is further accentuated by the play of a facial muscle that seems strangely crippled and out of gear. Beverlin himself is apparently unconscious of the notice he commands—a most happy circumstance, for were he indeed aware that the intrusion of his piebald head and weeping profile into theatre parquets or hotel dining rooms was invariably the signal for universal comment, his days would be miserable. A lack of personal sensitiveness fortunately screens him, without designating him at once as a man with a history.

Very well; now for the history:

Some years ago Beverlin had been suffering terribly with sciatica; had exhausted his vocabulary of expletives in the expression of his agony, and had invented several very fine new ones. He had been house bound for months, unable to read, and a victim to the most depressing conditions. The weather for the most part had been bleak and cold as well as scant of sunshine, and the summer had seemed very slow in coming. By and by, however, the days began to grow milder, and he became seized with an invincible longing for a change. He hated the very paper which adorned his walls—the curtains and heavy furniture of his room weighed him down with a sense of intimacy and oppression. He wanted to break away from his shackles—to be free—to go away and forget the miserable, grinding months of his immediate past; he became inwardly assured that a little sea air, together with good substantial cookery, and the entire absence of the machinery of bachelor existence, if possible, were the only tonics necessary to restore him to robust health and eradicate existing evils. Accordingly he penned a rheumatic little note to Walter Carroll (an old college chum now developed into a thriving doctor in a neighboring village), saying that he had decided to avail himself of an invitation of long standing, which he hoped still held good; and if quite convenient would become the partner of Carroll's unblessed habitation during the ensuing month, provided he and his supplementary walking stick, abetted by carriages and railway trains, could manage to make out the journey.

Carroll, like a true chum (and with professional clairvoyance), wrote back a delighted rejoiner, but wished to set before Beverlin the exact conditions of his manner of life, "not by way of apology, you understand," he wrote, "but merely as a preventive of possible disappointment to you whose manner of life has been so vastly different. We live very plainly, my sister and I, in an entirely isolated situation, seeing really but little of society save such as my practice entails. I rather prefer this, as my recreation is given up to study; and Amelia, you know, is yet in mourning for that worthless lover whom I cannot regret."

"That will just exactly suit me in every respect," said Beverlin, pausing in the midst of the letter. "This Amelia will be off weeping somewhere, or bothered with domestic cares, and Carroll and I can smoke and indulge our dual solitude to any extent; suits me to a dot."

"I must, however," continued the writer, "apprise you of some of the traditions afloat, concerning our home, before permitting you to come 'mess' and 'bunk' under a roof which was formerly supposed to be haunted by spooks and hobgoblins of the most salient type. Nothing, you must know, would induce a negro to enter this house after night, or indeed cross the threshold in the daytime. It was asserted to me, at the time of the purchase, that strange unearthly noises had been heard here at midnight; that the dying groans of a woman had floated out upon the ears of passers by; that white, mysterious figures, visible in blue nebulous lights had skipped and danced with noiseless feet over the rotten, barren floors during long nights, to vanish with the approach of dawn. This unprepossessing, avoided, mysterious house stood upon a knoll, flanked on one side by four of the tallest, grimmest pine trees I ever beheld. It struck me as being just the spot for a student of nature and science to dwell in, if properly repaired, and I determined to buy it. The fence had fallen down, the yard was full of tall, noisome weeds where snakes and lizards crawled in unmolested seclusion. The windows were battered, the weather boarding hanging loose from the nails in places, the doors gone or swinging from rusty hinges, the sun and rain penetrating the roof, the sides and ceilings of the rooms presenting a patchwork of plastering and uncovered lath. In the evening hundreds of swallows and bats would fly out of the chimney and circle back again into the dark, cheerless interior. It was an abode of gloom and desolation beyond conception, and it may have been a bravado of fate as much as the other advantages (not the least of which, Amelia assures me, is the immunity from musquitoes), that induced our locating, after thorough renovation, in this forsaken, dismantled dwelling. Whether this process has been entirely successful in uprooting the spooks from their ancient lair is yet uncertain; but it is quite positive that we have never been annoyed by anything except an occasional too predatory rat, or the altogether too frequent and palpable presence of the putorius fœtidus. Having thus, dear old friend, confessed all of the disadvantages of my residence (which I could not in mercy have withheld from a sick man), I can only add that the warmest welcome in the world awaits you if you decide to come, and whatever medical skill I am possessed of shall be placed at your service. This, with the sea air and Amelia's management, will put you upon your pins in short order. Yours,

CARROLL."

"Amelia's management!" sneered Beverlin. "I wish Amelia was in Herzegovina! However"——

It was the time of year when the twilights are rather short; and when Beverlin emerged from the train which had accomplished his destination for him, as he looked about him expectantly it seemed very dark beyond the faint area which a grimy station lamp illuminated. He scanned the neighboring darkness helplessly. There seemed nobody present anywhere. Carroll had not come to meet him—a strange proceeding—and the ways of the town were new to him. The sound of a distant and very discordant band of music broke upon his ear.

"Ha!" he said impatiently, "a circus in the provincial arena! That explains all. But surely Carroll, that serious fellow, has not forsaken me for such a pretext. Perhaps Amelia," (always mentioned sneeringly) "wished to drown her grief in the contemplation of the dizzy trapeze."

Happily at this point an old gray headed negro touched him opportunely on the sleeve and inquired if he might have the "honah, sah," of driving him to the hotel? Beverlin felt immensely relieved at this and accepted at once, as his sachel was heavy with medicine bottles, and he was conscious of extreme fatigue.

"To the Asticott house, sah?" queried this hoary headed coachman, touching his hat, a damaged beaver not unacquainted with ham fat gloss.

"No," said Beverlin, debating within himself. "Do you happen to knew where Dr. Walter Carroll lives, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sah—heek, heek—yes, sah, I does!" replied the dusky one, breaking into a grin and finally chuckling all over. "Mighty fine doctah, him is, puffic gen'lman. Oh, yes, I knows whah Doc Carroll lives—heek, heek—pow'ful lonely road dat out yondah! Yeh see, yeh dribes out past de ingine house, out ovah Squiah Johnsing's hill"——

"Well, never mind the road," interrupted Beverlin, clambering into a lofty vehicle resembling Noah's ark on wheels. "Drive me there—and don't be long about it, for I am very weak and tired," and, quite exhausted, he sank back upon the gummy oilcloth cushions with a sense of relief.

They jogged dismally along through the night. Beverlin had hoped they might encounter Dr. Carroll along the way, in a more comfortable vehicle, hurrying belated to meet the train, and thus alleviate his present distresses; but there was no such luck. The night had grown intensely dark; there should have been a moon visible, but it was heavily beclouded and apparently millions of miles away from the earth. A fresh wind blew in his face; he could hear its moaning in the trees alongside as the heavy branches bowed to its triumphant power. At length the jolting coach stopped suddenly, with a jerk, and Beverlin inquired with solicitude if one of the horses had fallen down.

"Land no, sah, nuffin dat kind; dey'd stan' any 'mount of trabelin'; dey's used to it, and dey's tough, dey is—sound to de co'. Aw, no; but axin' yer pahding, sah, dis yere's de place, if you all's a mind to git out, sah—heek, heek!" This remark was followed by so much convulsive restraint that Beverlin was beset with fears of immediate epilepsy for his companion. He could not see the negro's face now for the darkness, but he could feel the condition he was in, the very atmosphere seeming to convey it to his over sensitive nerves.

"Just put my sachel and things there by the gate, will you?" he said, preparing to alight with unusual alacrity.

"Oh, you nevah mind dat, sah; I'll see you clair inter de house. I don't reckon no othah niggah in de country would do dat for lub nor money—but Aaron couldn't leave you, seein' de fix you's all in—heek, heek!"

"It is not necessary at all," replied Beverlin.

"It is not necessary at all," replied Beverlin, anxious to get rid of the fellow and poking a bill at him, for he could feel him still indulging that silent merriment. "I prefer to take my time about it. Thank you, that will do."

"All right, sah—as you please—heek, heek—ga lang, Jeremiah; ga lang, Lamentation—heek, heek, heek!"

"Rid of him at last, thank fortune!" Beverlin leaned against the adjacent stone wall and drew a long breath of inexpressible relief. Within the inclosure, over the ledge, he could trace the outline of the house; more imaginary than definite, perhaps, for the faint illumination from a lamp lit interior did not seem to penetrate the external blackness to any great extent. It was only a point of indication. Was there a gate? Where? Reconnoitering a little he soon fumbled against one. This step was a palpable discovery, as it settled the direction toward the house; such being the usual construction of country parterres that a straight line between the gate and the front door was evidently the shortest distance between two given points. This method of reasoning soon caused him to proceed in his halting, hampered fashion up the broad stone pathway toward the beacon light, distant thirty yards or more. Eventually he reached the front door. The door was standing hospitably open, and in order to ring the bell it was necessary to enter the hall, the bell being, by a peculiar contrivance, adjusted into the door itself. He entered, therefore, and was just about to tackle this tocsin when a broad gleam of light from an apartment to his left attracted his notice, and, knowing Carroll's bachelor proclivities, he took a step toward this room as if to surprise his friend reading. A single glance informed him that the room was unoccupied, and, retreating toward the portal rather shamefacedly, he gave the bell a tremendous pull, which resounded with a certain gong like clamor, sufficient to have awakened the dead. Beverlin feared it was rather unmannerly to be making such a noise in the house of a stranger, and wondered if his effort had not deranged the machinery of the implement in a measure. Observing at length the internal disregard of his first onslaught, he gave such a pull as sent him staggering to the door post and damaged the ringing powers of the apparatus for several days' time. No result.

"Hope I haven't aroused the spooks with all this confounded jangle! However, the thing's done for now," he said to himself, rather hopelessly. "Reckon I may as well go inside and make myself comfortable." Then he dragged his sachel and belongings inside the door and hobbled on into the lamplight of the adjoining room.

CHAPTER II.

THE LETTER OF ROYAL PURPLE.

It was a square room, full of windows and doors—it seemed to be all doors. One jutting bay window overlooked the direction of his late approach; the windows were shut down and the shutters barred. Opposite the door by which he had entered, a large double door with glass in the upper sashes appeared to lead out upon an annexed piazza; it also was closed, and the curtain of one side pulled up awry. Doubtless a view of the river and harbor was obtainable from such a vantage. Within the grate opposite the bay window a low fire was glimmering; it was almost out. "Assuredly a very warm welcome," murmured Beverlin, as he stood there speculating about his peculiar reception. A door just beyond the fireplace stood slightly ajar. It led apparently into another room of an equal size, where another lamp was similarly burning. Beverlin's curiosity led him to take a peep inside—fancying that the errant Carroll might yet be discovered at a late supper. Nobody there. Wearied and disappointed he sank into a comfortable arm chair, drawn up to the table which bore the lamp, and looked about him. Surely Carroll would be in soon, and he would sit there and wait for him. What a queer house—all open this way to thunder storms and thieves; but then, Carroll always was eccentric, never did things like anybody else! His eyes roved around the walls; they were decently decorated, and a neat matting covered the floor. An engraving which overtopped the mantelpiece region engaged his thoughts for awhile. He tried to unravel why a Scotch lassie, in a rather limited costume, was gazing out over a spread of water; he wondered what the picture was meant to convey. "Something from Scott, I suppose," said he, settling the doubt. His gaze wandered to the other pictorial specimens. They were not noteworthy. One was a damaged engraving of Landseerian dogs, and one a photograph of a church. There were also two pieces of framed tapestry which caused him to grin, one representing a ruined abbey with blue walls, over which very light green ivy was clambering (possibly a moonlight effect), and the other a pastoral love scene wherein a pretty milkmaid bestowed a rose upon a hulking plow boy over a mastodon fence; the landscape very small in proportion to the mammoth figures peopling it. "Heirlooms," said Beverlin, with a slight laugh.

Under one of these specimens of antiquity a piano, with the lid raised, was diagonally placed. Beverlin was surprised that a book of Schubert's waltzes was open on the rack, and a vast pile of music, songs and opera scores mislaid across the cover.

"Ah, yes, Carroll did have a tuneful turn—come to think of it; nothing out of the way, however—quite commonplace! I suppose he keeps up this sort of thing by way of impressing the provincial mind with a sense of his accomplishments. Oh, the charlatanry of the sly old dog! But no, I had quite forgotten the somber Amelia, who may possibly seek nepenthe in music, now and then."

Proceeding around the room his eye encountered a "whatnot" upon which the conventional shells, photographs, rosaries, Chinese trash and cards were crammedly disposed. Next a book case—but wait; it was necessary to investigate what sorts of books Carroll read these days—his literary resources. Novels? Surely no; is this the possible indulgence of the pale student of the midnight lamp? Formerly Carroll had scorned this sort of thing—but tastes change. These were most of them the veriest trash—woman's books, if you like. "Possibly to touch Amelia's lighter fancies," he commented. Ah, yes, these shelves now; they were more like his friend; Lecky, De Tocqueville, Taine, Mill, Spencer, Buckle, Byron; innumerable historical, biographical works and bound magazines. This was Carroll all over. Again seating himself with a weary sigh, not untinged with hunger, he proceeded to overlook the objects on the table in order to fill up the time, as well as to glean further items of the personality of his friend from his chattels. Besides the heavy metal lamp thereon there were placed various gift books at the corners in a stiff, conventional manner; an ornamental inkstand, together with a sham silver affair for holding flowers, in which a spray of honeysuckle was at present arranged, filled up the intervening spaces. Hold! What was that on the other side? Apparently a knife, but of such exquisite workmanship as displayed a foreign origin—a dirk or perhaps a stiletto—at any rate entirely unlike anything of the kind he had ever seen before. He reached for it and was about to grasp it, when he perceived that it was firmly imbedded in an alligator writing pad; he could not from his position draw it forth. It seemed to have been placed there, not by accident but with design; and as his eye swept down the short, glittering blade he felt a cold shivering sensation, which he speedily repudiated as little better than a species of cowardice. He walked around the table, seized the pad with its murderous poniard and had soon regained his seat. What beautiful mingling of old silver and copper in the intertwisted handle; what tracery, what purity of invention! He turned it all about and examined it critically. But the blade, not very sharp, not in any sense death dealing—perhaps only a cherished paper knife! Thus he dismissed the momentary thought of lurking banditti or midnight assassins from his mind. He turned the pad about and was on the point of replacing the knife, when his keen sight detected some writing across the surface, which he immediately recognized as Carroll's familiar chirography. It was with a sense of vast relief that he deciphered the following words:

If Hunter Beverlin arrives in my absence, please see that he has everything to make him comfortable. I am unavoidably detained.
CARROLL.

To whom was this written? If to Amelia, why was she thus negligent of the duties of hospitality? If to a possible butler, why was the fellow not here to see that everything was attended to? Ah, here were further orders down below; but these were written in violet ink, in an extremely unformed and shaky hand—and conveyed information to this surprising effect:

He is doomed—predestined to a miserable, unfortunate and lingering fate! The fiat has gone forth that, ere the stroke of midnight hour, blood shall darken the moon; vengeance shall haunt the couch of his repose; the arts of the grim tormentor shall shake his adamantine courage; unbounded violence shall beset his pathway, together with all the miseries which befall those who defy the powers that be.
(Signed) ROYAL PURPLE.
(His mark.)

And in the midst of a crimson Maltese cross the knife was dramatically stuck.

"H'm!" mused Beverlin, smiling. "Inconceivable — a decidedly spooky place." Then he laughed aloud. "Fantastic, sensational!" he added, much amused. "Royal Purple, indeed! Royal fiddlesticks! This is doubtless the practical joke of a child of thirteen summers. There is a flavor quite unmistakeable of Beadle and Mayne Reid about the lines. Well, well, well, the small boy to the front!" He turned the pad around, and was about to resume his seat, when it occurred to him that if Carroll was detained, it would be wise to attend to the wants of the inner man, which were now sufficiently urgent. He therefore sought the dining room with that object in view. It was the room just beyond, and having entered, he noticed that the outside door stood wide open, so that the wind which swept through the apartment produced a ghastly flickering! All the doors, in fact, were open, save one; it seemed like a very hospitable room, keeping open house in this fashion. The cloth was spread upon the table, but there was no other visible preparation for his arrival. He called aloud for a possible servant: "John! Peter! Andrew! Susan!"—no reply. He must perforce, then, himself execute the mandate of Carroll's note, in default of others to provide for his comfort. It was necessary to forage about. He looked into the closet, of which the door also stood open; there were dishes, but nothing to eat. In the sideboard the case was similar, save for a tray of dry bread, which he speedily drew forth; then he went in search of butter. He ventured into a kitchen perceptible beyond a meager passageway, also illuminated, but there was nothing there; everything was scrupulously neat and clean and had been put in order for the night; the stove yet warm as from a recent fire, but quite devoid of possibilities at present. He examined these closets, for he was now thoroughly ravenous, having eaten nothing since a cracker at noon. He then investigated the ice chest in an adjacent store room, and was fortunate enough to find a leg of fried chicken, a dish of cold boiled potatoes and an abundance of butter. It was not very inviting as a feast, but he was very weak, and he drew these things forth with joy.

"The survivors of the Jeanette!" he said, permitting himself a little joke. "Discovery of a cache at No Man's Land—conduct of the crew in their starved condition! Very well for headlines—now for practical exemplification!" Having compounded a salad from the potatoes and a recovered onion, he managed to make out a respectable and certainly original supper. A bottle of Apollinaris water and one of claret from the ice mine proved to be additional blessings.

"Quite a Royal Purple feast, despite a dearth of napkins," he said complacently as he arose at length from the table and was about to light his customary cigar and make himself at home over the evening paper. "There is nothing like adaptability—nothing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Appropriate Motto.

Jove is the name of a new publication, emanating from Brattleborough, Vt. We suppose the motto of the publishers is "Buy Jove!"—Rochester Post-Express.

ROGUES AT THE GALLERY.

SCENES IN THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO.

Desperate Men Who Refuse to Give the Artist a Quiet Sitting—The Methods Adopted to Prevent a Good Likeness from Being Secured.

Next to being sent to prison, the professional criminal dreads being photographed for the rogues' gallery. He will resist sitting before the camera with every means in his power, and nothing short of a terrific beating will bring him to terms. Even this fails when the criminal has made up his mind not to be "mugged," as it is quaintly termed in the argot of this country.

Instances have been known where five, and even more, officers have endeavored to hold a refractory thief so that the photographer could secure a successful likeness, and their efforts have failed through the constant struggling of the determined criminal. To meet this difficulty and surmount it some departments have arranged concealed cameras, so that a photograph can be obtained of any one desired without the knowledge of the latter. In this city this development has not been attained, and the old process of taking the criminal through the streets to a public gallery and photographing him in the ordinary way is in every day use.

TWISTING HIS MUSTACHE.

Three clever thieves successfully resisted all attempts to secure photographs of themselves by distorting their features when placed in the posing chair at Krug's gallery.

The first was Norris, the jewelry and dry goods thief who was captured in Miller Bros'. store in the act of stealing a number of silk mufflers. He wore a cunningly designed coat with huge pockets concealed in the skirts, in which he stored his plunder. After being arrested it was discovered that he was the same man who robbed Henry Teems, a Covington jeweler, of a lot of diamonds. During the week he was sent to the gallery to be photographed. Seating himself quietly, he waited until the operator placed the plate in the camera.

Then a sudden revolution took place in his features. With a rapid motion he drew his mustache inside of his mouth, and, closing his eyes, screwed up his face.

The detectives tried every possible means to make him assume a natural expression, but he doggedly resisted all efforts in that direction. His mustache was forcibly pulled from between his teeth, and a few vigorous slaps administered upon his cheeks. These had no effect, however.

Two days later the safe blowers, James Scribner and Frank Boyd, who were captured at Gerdes' hotel with a fine outfit of tools, were taken out of their cells at police headquarters, placed in a patrol wagon and driven to the gallery. They had no intimation of where they were being taken, nor did they ask. The private entrance to the operating room lies through a labyrinth of back yards and hallways known only to the police.

UNMOVED BY BLOWS.

This was traversed, and the two criminals were suddenly ushered into the glass roofed room. Like lightning a look of disgust crept over their faces, and the tallest, Boyd, broke out profanely: "What in h—l does this mean?" "Can't you see what it means?" answered the detective, as he pointed to the camera. Drawing himself up the safe worker rejoined: "Well, if you think you are going to get my face and send it all over the country you're d—d badly mistaken. I won't stand it."

"You sit down there," came the stern order as he was forced backward into the chair.

"I'll sit down, but you don't get my picture. I'll stand a beating and you can start when you please," he muttered between his teeth.

"You'll get it if you don't sit still," replied the detective.

"Blaze away!" was the response, as the subject closed his eyes and steadily refused to open them.

During this episode the other subject sat in a corner of the room under guard of a policeman, quitly smiling at the efforts of the officers to make his partner tractable. Once in a while a low chuckle indicated that he rather enjoyed the scene. After Scribner was done with he was marched away and Boyd placed in his recently vacated seat. He made no remarks, but quietly awaited the preparing of the camera, even submitting to the fixing of the focus upon his face. But at the moment that the plate holder clicked into his place his wrinkled, yellow face changed like magic.

"Smack!" came the detective's hand on his cheek, with the order, "Open your eyes!"

Without a moving of a muscle the fellow hissed back a request to go to eternal perdition. The photographer waited silently with his finger on the camera cap, expecting the thief to become tired and then to catch him off his guard. But it was of no use, and the developed plate showed a hideous picture.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TABLE DECORATION.

An embroidered square of linen should be placed under the center piece.

Little dishes of small, round radishes make pleasing bits of color. Dishes filled with salted almonds are de rigueur.

With the salad cheese straws should be served, tied in a bundle with a narrow ribbon. They may be on the table if desired.

The ice balls are an addition to many salads and are made as follows: Take a piece of ice as large as a teacup, pound fine in an old towel, and press with the hands until perfectly round.

An attractive "fish dish" consists of medium sized cucumbers cut in half and carefully scraped out and stuffed with cold boiled salmon (fresh or canned), mixed with mayonnaise, one-half cucumber served to each person.

The ice cream may be served in paper cases, covered with artificial flowers, or in individual bricks and shapes. The cakes, if small, fancifully iced ones, may adorn the table in little dishes. In the finger bowls a piece of lemon, a pansy or a geranium leaf may float.—Table Talk.

A pretty and delicious salad is as follows: Small tomatoes hollowed out and filled with dressed celery, mayonnaise poured over the top and a few capers added; the potatoes placed on a bed of lettuce, with some ice balls interspersed. Chopped water cress makes a delicious substitute for celery.

Let Your Work Talk.

Mr. Bok says, in his Literary Leaves, published in The New York Graphic, that an editor of one of the great magazines said to him, in reply to his question, "Are personal introductions helpful to young authors?"

"Don't go to a friend who knows the editor and get a letter of introduction; it will bore the friend, the editor and eventually yourself. If you suggest the value of a 'friend at court' remember that the editor has met this scheme a thousand times. It means that you ask him to make an exception of your case against his judgment, and this annoys him to begin with. If you want to sell a firm a bill of goods you do not feel that you need a letter of introduction to the buyer, and an editor is in exactly this position of one who is always buying what he thinks is salable."

There is a good deal of truth in this advice of the magazine editor. The author's best friend or his worst enemy is his manuscript. That should be his letter of introduction without any preliminary flourishes in the shape of actual letters of introduction.—The Epoch.

Ready for Business.

Colored Stranger—You doan know me, I reckon.

Pawnbroker—No.

"I's one ob de presidents of Hayti, an' I'd like ter pawn dat country fer enough ter buy a square meal."—[illegible]

Ten Thousand Dollars a Year.

Robert Burdette the humorist who has recently so we learn become a parson, once said to a young boy, "There's nothing like knowing your business clean through my boy whether you know anything else or not."

Vanderbilt pays his cook $10,000 a year. He might have known how to cook fairly well and known a little of a thousand and one other useful employments, but he could not have gotten ten thousand a year salary for all of them.

He gets that just because he knows thoroughly how to cook, and it wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat and went around its orbit on wheels. The cream always rises to the top and stays.

As with individual avocations so it is with every branch of business, or every class of goods or article of use or necessity they live the life of the butterfly and are forgotten as soon as something else appears that is new or else they become so firmly fixed in the minds of thousands that they become a part of life itself.

We were forcibly impressed with the above idea from a remark made by a gentleman in our office a few days since. He said, "Any article of merchandise that has been on the market since 1810, and still sells like the old Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, must have extraordinary merit." The manufacturers I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston Mass., have in their office and will send to any one, testimonials from old people who have used it in their family when young, and whose children's children have used it very many years. This is not at all remarkable when we think of the amount of good this remedy will do; thousands of cases of pneumonia and consumption have been prevented by using this remedy for internal inflammations, such as colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, as well as cramps and pains innumerable. It is totally unlike any other remedy used, and called liniment. It was a great mistake ever calling it anything but Johnson's Anodyne. The information on the large four page wrapper around each bottle is worth much to every family. Johnson & Co. send a pamphlet free to any one, containing much valuable information upon diseases and their cure.

A Queer Bridegroom.

A funny story comes from the village of Crumpton, where the gossips are discussing the marriage of Miss Mattie Glanding, the principal of the school, and Dr. C. T. Cahoon, the village physician and druggist. When the ministerial blessing had been given and the benediction pronounced, the happy pair stepped into the finest rig the town could afford and drove to Ralph's wharf, twelve miles away, to take the steamer Emma A. Ford for a wedding trip to this city and Washington. When the steamer was reached, however, the bridegroom concluded that he could not desert his practice and his drug store, even for the pleasure of a bridal tour, so placing his bride on the steamer, with many emphatic injunctions to the officers to look after her comfort, he slowly and sorrowfully wended his way home, while the lonely bride came on to Baltimore. Mrs. Cahoon visited friends here and in Washington, and enjoyed her lonely wedding tour as best she could. After three days' absence she returned, and yesterday morning was met by her husband at the wharf. The little house was ready for her, and the happy pair have gone to housekeeping.—Baltimore Cor. North American.

A Notable Tree.

A remarkable and notable tree in Chicopee has lately fallen beneath the blows of the woodman's ax. It stood on the old Parson McKinstry place, at the upper end of the street, the present owner of the place being Mrs. Tait, of this city. The tradition has always been that either Mr. or Mrs. McKinstry set out this tree when they built their house, which was about the time of Mr. McKinstry's settlement there as the first pastor of Springfield, in 1752. But since the tree was cut down it is believed that it must have been very much older than the house, and it is thought that it was fully 200 years old. It was a remarkably beautiful tree of the buttonwood variety, and the residents of Chicopee street are all cherishing as valuable keepsakes pieces of the wood of this famous tree. It had changed very little for the last seventy-five years, having been "hollow" as long as present octogenarians played under it, and hid themselves in its protecting hollow. The circumference of the tree where it was cut down was thirty feet, and sons and daughters of Chicopee will miss the familiar landmark.—Boston Herald.

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 diarrhoea, 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.

The court of revision at sitting at Quebec has rendered judgement condemning Wm. Chagnon, proprietor of La Paix, Three Rivers, to pay $400 fine and be deprived of political rights for seven years for corrupt practices at Attorney General Turcotte's election in that city when he entered the Mercier ministry.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure, both in my own case and others of the family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

Hartford, Conn., has had two suicides on Sunday, one a woman who had been living as the wife of Douglas Campbell, and Harvey F. Prior, an employe of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great ralief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more."—Charles F. Dumterville, Plymouth, England.

James Ross, who built the heavy mountain sections of the Canadian Pacific, has been awarded contracts by the Chilian government for 700 miles of railway, embracing an outlay of $22,000,000.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

The Quebec privileges and elections committee met yesterday morning and by a majority of two declined to report that the seat for Montreal Centre is not vacant, and that Hon. Mr. McShane has the right to take and hold his seat until the appeal is decided

A Terrible Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

A Good Neighbor.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and vomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

Schooner Lady of the Ocean, Shaw, from Rockland for New York, anchored in Chatham, Mass., Saturday with a cargo of lime on fire. She was boarded by a life-saving crew, who found the captain and three of the crew prostrated by fumes from burning lime. One of them, D. J. McDonald died from the effects before reaching shore, but the others were saved. The schooner is leaking and will probably be a total loss.

A spring medicine is needed by everyone. Winter food, largely consisting of salt meat and animal fats, causes the liver to become disordered and the blood impure, hence the necessity of a cleansing medicine. The best is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A car on the Berkely motor line, while going down the long grade at North Denver Col., Saturday became unmanageable and dashed down the hill at the rate of 10 miles an hour. When near the bottom the car jumped the track and was smashed to atoms. The car was nearly filled with people and all were more or less wounded, one mortally.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhoea, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

Petitions in favor of abolishing tax exemptions continue to pour into the local legislature without any sign of abatement.

Go and do likewise. If your whiskers are grizzly and unbecoming use Buckingham's Dye and they will look as when you were younger.

The grand lodge of Quebec, A. F. & A. M., decided yesterday to meet in Quebec next year.

A Plain Statement.

All poisonous waste, and worn out matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

Contract for Making Up Uniforms for Letter Carriers.

SEPARATE Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, Ottawa, (for Superintendent Printing and Supply Branch) and marked "Tender for Making up Uniforms for Letter Carriers" at Halifax, St. John, N. B.; Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ont.; Winnipeg, and Victoria, B. C., will be received at Ottawa until 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of February, 1889, for Making up Letter Carriers' Uniforms to personal measurement of the Carriers requiring the same, and with material, certain of which will be furnished by the Department, as specified in the form of tender, at the above mentioned cities and elsewhere, as may from time to time be required by the Postmaster General.

Information as to the estimated number of each of the cities herein named can be obtained from the Postmasters of the aforementioned cities, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa; and samples of the different articles of uniform to be made up are to be seen at the offices of the Postmasters of the cities specified and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, at any of which additional information can, if required, be obtained.

The contract to continue in force for a term of four years, provided always that the same be executed, as to prompt completion of the work, the quality of the material used, and the nature of the workmanship performed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General.

The material and workmanship are to be, in all respects, equal to the samples, and all the different articles of uniform, when completed, are to be delivered, at the expense of the Contractor or Contractors, in such quantities as may from time to time be required, to the aforesaid Postmasters, or at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, as the case may be.

The tender to state the price demanded for the work in the manner prescribed by the form of tender, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties undertaking that in the event of the tender being accepted, the Contract shall be duly executed by the person or persons tendering for the price demanded, undertaking also to become bound with the Contractor or Contractors in the sum mentioned in the form of tender, for the due performance of the Contract.

Printed forms of tender and guarantee may be obtained at the Post Offices above mentioned and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

WILLIAM WHITE,
Deputy Postmaster General.

Post Office Department,
Ottawa, 24th January, 1889.

Separate Sealed Tenders will also be received from any one individual or firm for the SUPPLY of the whole of the Uniforms required for the Letter Carriers of the Dominion upon the same terms and conditions as for the "Making up of Letter Carriers' Uniforms" above set forth.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

In the matter of the "Expropriation Act," and in the matter of those certain parcels or tracts of land hereinafter described.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that there has been lodged in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, on the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1888, a notice to the Registrar by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, stating his readiness to pay over to the persons entitled thereto, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, in his opinion, is sufficient compensation for the land or property expropriated for the purposes of the erection of a beacon light at Dipper Harbor, in the Province of New Brunswick, a public work, and described as follows, that is to say:

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St John, N. B., and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1836 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from high water mark, 330 feet; thence, by the magnet of the year 1888, south, two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 ft; thence south, twenty-three degrees west, 395 feet, thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 395 feet, or to its intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 100 feet from the extreme southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark southerly, round the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the line crossing Campbell's Island, as aforesaid; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence north, fifty-four degrees east, 385 feet, to the north corner of the Fish House; thence north, sixty-six degrees east, 158 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees, 410 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minutes west, 440 feet, to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; and thence on side line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a road of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the lighthouse lot of fifteen feet, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria has acquired title to the land or property hereinbefore described, under chapter thirty-nine of the Revised Statutes of Canada respecting the expropriation of lands, as amended by the Act 50-51 Vic. ch. 17, intituled "An Act to amend the Revised Statutes, chapter thirty-nine, respecting the expropriation of lands."

In consequence, all persons entitled to the said hereinbefore described land or property or any part thereof, or representing or being the husbands of any persons so entitled or claiming to hold or represent incumbrances thereon or interests therein, are called upon to file in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, their claims or opposition, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D. 1889, and are notified that such claims or opposition will be received and adjudged upon by this Court, and that the proceedings herein will forever bar all claims to the compensation money or any part thereof, including any claim in respect of dower or of dower not yet open, as well as in respect of all mortgages, hypothecs or incumbrances upon the said land or property.

Dated at Ottawa, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1888.

L. A. AUDETTE,
Registrar.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

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.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK
—FOR—
BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON, direct; and the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave Boston every Monday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

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 Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

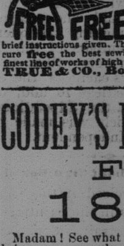
W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the

Double Washboard.

We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.

W. W.



$93 Sewing-Machine FREE
To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

FREE FREE

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1889.

Madam! See what 15 Cents will do! It will bring you a sample copy of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will tell you how to get the SEALSKIN SACQUE, the SILK DRESS, the GOLD WATCH and COTTAGE ORGAN, and other valuables, without a dollar.

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to "GODEY," THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE in America.

For 1889 it will contain:—Fashions in Colors. Fashions in black and white; latest from Europe. Original Novelties in Needle Work and Embroidery. Latest and most popular Music. Plans for the house you want to build. Directions for decorating your home. Cookery and household help, by MRS. CHAS. HOPE, teacher in several fashionable New York academies, and selected by the Board of Education for the New York Public Schools. Literary enrichments by NELLY BLY, *who got herself locked up in a insane asylum to find out how they treated the insane*, ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, EMILY LENNOX, OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, MRS. HIESTAND, EDGAR FAWCETT, DAVID LOWRY, etc.

Every Lady Her Own Dressmaker

who subscribes to Godey's Lady's Book. The [coupon] which you will find in each number entitles you to your own selection of any cut paper pattern illustrated in Godey's Lady's Book. Your 15c. Sample Copy will contain one of these coupons. **Send 15 cents for Sample, which will be allowed on your subscription when received.** The pattern shows you how to cut out the garment you want. That's all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number, for which send 15c. at once. "Godey" is only $2.00 a year.

Address "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," Philadelphia, Pa.

Contract for the Supply of Boots for Letter Carriers.

SEPARATE Sealed tenders, addressed to the Postmaster-General, Ottawa, (for Superintendent, Printing and Supply Branch,) and marked "Tender for the Supply of Letter Carriers' Boots," will be received at Ottawa until 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of February, 1889, for the supply to this department of such Boots as may from time to time be required for the purposes above stated.

The estimated number of pairs required annually is Seven Hundred (700), samples of which are to be seen at the offices of the undermentioned Postmasters, from whom additional information can, if required, be obtained:

Halifax, N. S.; St. John, N. B.; Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ont.; Winnipeg, and Victoria, B. C., and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The material and workmanship are to be, in all respects, equal to the samples, and the Boots when completed, are to be delivered, at the expense of the Contractor or Contractors, in such quantities as may from time to time be required at the Post Office department, Ottawa.

The Contract to continue in force for a term of four years, provided always the same be executed, as to the prompt completion of the work, the quality of the material used, and the nature of the workmanship performed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General.

The tender to state the price demanded per pair in the manner prescribed by the form of tender, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties undertaking that, in the event of the tender being accepted, the Contract shall be duly executed by the person or persons tendering for the price demanded, undertaking also to become bound with the Contractor or Contractors in the sum of One Thousand Dollars, for the due performance of the Contract.

Printed forms of tender and guarantee may be obtained at the Post Offices above named and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

WILLIAM WHITE,
Deputy Postmaster General.

Post Office Department,
Ottawa, 24th January, 1889.

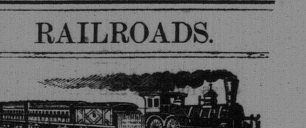
P. E. ISLAND and BUCTOUCHE OYSTERS.

now being served in all Styles.

A large stock on hand for sale, wholesale and retail
—AT—
M. A. HARDING'S,
Foot of Portland, N. B.

P. S. Large and commodious dining room upstairs.

RAILROADS.



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.

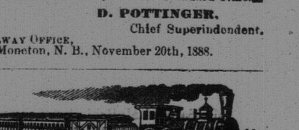
Trains will Arrive at St. John:

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 Jan. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Bangor.

3.35 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

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

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a.m—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.00 p.m—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

LEAVE CARLETON.

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

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

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

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

4.10 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD,
Supt. Southern Division.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen. Manager.

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 31, Trains will run daily (Sundays 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 p. m.; St. Stephen at 12.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m.; St. George at 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.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MOULSON, 40 Water Street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered 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.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Receiver.

F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

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

W. M. CALDWELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office and Residence
LANCASTER ROAD,
Fairville.

G. T. WHITENECT,
157 Brussels Street.
HOUSE, SHIP, SIGN, AND DECORATIVE PAINTER.
Paper Hanging, Gilding, Whitewashing, Kalsomining, Glazing, Etc.
Telephone Communication with all the Leading Houses.

McLEOD'S TONIC COUGH CURE.

MORE TESTIMONY.

HANOVER ST., ST. JOHN, Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. McLEOD.

Your TONIC COUGH CURE has given me great relief. The severe attacks of COUGHING and ASTHMA, to which I have long been subject, most invariably succumb to two or three doses of your cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with severe coughs.

Yours truly,
MARY THOMPSON.

SOLD BY
S. McDAIRMID,
Corner King and Germain Streets.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,
FINISHING NAILS,
Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:
GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHOICE PERFUMES
Just received a full assortment
—OF—
Lubins, Atkinson's, Gosnell's Ect, in small bottles.
—ALSO—
A complete stock of first quality of
PERFUMES IN BULK.
Prices low.
WILLIAM B. McVEY
CHEMIST,
185 Union St., St. John N. B.