MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BARCLAY NORTH.

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Summary of Preceding Chapters.

Union Square, New York, at midnight. Three men enter the square from different points and meet near the Washington monument, two of them walking rapidly. One of the two kills the other, and the third man witnesses the crime. His cries bring the police. A lawyer, named Holbrook, who has also witnessed the murder, appears and tells that the murderer threw away an overcoat in his flight. The coat is found and the witness who gave the alarm is taken to police headquarters for the night. He is unwilling to say anything about himself on the street, but gives his name as Wessing. The murdered man is recognized as a Mr. Templeton. Lawyer Holbrook is strangely attracted to Wessing, and bidding him good night, returns home. On his way back he is impelled to the scene of the crime and while there, picks up a diamond cuff button, which must have been hidden by the body of the murdered man, he puts the button in his pocket. At the same time at a point about half a mile distant a young man, just returned from his club, discovers that the button holes of his right cuff are torn out and his cuff button gone. The next day Tom Bryan a shrewd reporter calls at the station and gets the facts. Wessing tells his story which is verified and he is liberated after promising to testify at the inquest. Holbrook ascertains the diamond button did not belong to the murdered man. He is again prevented from giving it to the coroner. He receives and responds to a note from Flora Ashgrove, whom he admires and is astonished when she tells why she summoned him. Flora believes Wessing guilty of the murder. Holbrook defends him and so describes the murderer as to alarm his hearer. He shows her the diamond and she appears relieved. Next day two ladies call on Holbrook who proved to be the wife and sister of the murdered man. His services as a lawyer are engaged for them. Bryan turns detective and with Holbrook discusses the situation. They see Miss Ashgrove in a theatre. They go on the roof and are surprised. They see Miss Ashgrove there. Holbrook joins her but she receives him coldly. During the conversation she suddenly manifests alarm as a young gentleman appears unseen by Holbrook. The new comer answers the murderer's description as given by Miss Ashgrove by Holbrook.

[CONTINUED.]

The tall, slim man was by no means young—evidently 60 or 65 years of age; his hair was white, his face well seamed with wrinkles. He was clad in respectable black, and was upright in carriage.

Holbrook thought he might have been the man Fountain disguised to follow him, and then dismissed the idea as an absurdity and attributed it to his heated imagination.

A glance at the hand the person laid on the bar, which Holbrook could regard at short range without turning, such was his position, confirmed his idea of its absurdity. It was unmistakably the hand of an aged person: there could be no "make up" in that.

Presently the old man dropped a piece of money on the floor. As he stooped to pick it up he struck Holbrook in the back.

Convinced as he was that he had been touched purposely, from an impulse he could not restrain he turned.

The old man apologized in most courteous terms. His voice was pleasant, but Holbrook felt that the dark eyes of the old man most keenly and rapidly scrutinized his features.

However, he courteously responded to his apologies and the old man passed out into the street.

"That was done on purpose," said the acquaintance.

"I thought so too," replied Holbrook.

The barkeeper, who had overheard this exchange, said:

"He asked me who you were, sir."

"What did you tell him?"

"That I didn't know, which was the truth."

Holbrook went out. The old man stood in the shadow of an adjoining door.

Holbrook leaped into a cab and told the man to drive to the Hoffman house, and then watched from the window to see if he was followed.

The old man remained where Holbrook had last seen him.

"I've spent a dollar and a half for nothing," he said. "The probability is that he mistook me for some one else, and discovered his error in the drinking place;" so he went on to his own hotel.

When he arrived there he went to the desk for letters and cards that might have been left him; he was told by the clerk that a gentleman had called upon him during the evening, but had refused to tell either his name or leave a card, saying that he was unknown to Mr. Holbrook, and would visit him at his office some time during the following day.

Inquiring what the man looked like, he was given a description which tallied with that of the old man whom he had encountered on Broadway but an hour previously.

To say he was alarmed would be to say what was not true, but there is no question but that it made him uneasy.

He began to doubt the advisability of the campaign upon which he had entered, and into which he had been irresistibly drawn.

Now that he had taken a decisive step in the direction of endeavoring to fasten the responsibility of the murder upon one so near to Flora Ashgrove as the man Fountain evidently was, he began to wish he hadn't gone so far as to excite Tom's suspicions in that direction. It seemed a horrible thing to do.

And so, disgusted with himself and more disturbed than he was willing to admit, he sought his chamber.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO VISITORS WHO INCREASE THE INTEREST.

HOLBROOK had not been in his office long the next morning before Tom made his appearance, so bright and chipper as to excite Holbrook's envy, for he felt stale and nervous.

"I stupidly let you go off last night with that piece of cloth in your pocket," said Tom, "and thereby have lost a good half day."

"That's so," replied Holbrook, producing it. "Here it is."

Tom took it, and as he did so he said: "My shadow turned up bright and early this morning with information of Fountain."

"Well."

"Not very much. He is a physician who doesn't practice. Member of the Union club and the Lambs, at which he spends most of his time when he is not practicing athletics and visiting the women. Lives in apartments in Thirty-fourth street, I've got the number; visits the Witherspoons frequently and other families in the same set. Is supposed to have enough money to support him as an elegant man of leisure, but not enough for extravagances; is seen at the theatres and the opera in the season frequently, and has a chere amie in Fifth street; has no horses, drinks sparingly, breakfasts where he pleases, and dines at the Union club, when he doesn't dine on invitation. Keeps a man, who has been very useful to my Shadow."

"But who is he? Who's his father?"

"Shadow hadn't got that, so I trotted him out again. I think that is probably out above him and that I will have to pursue the inquiry myself. But I must be off."

He was about to step to the door when the messenger entered and handed a card to Holbrook.

"The devil!" said Holbrook.

"Does he visit you frequently?" innocently inquired Tom. "Let me retire, if you please, before he enters."

"Hold on. Stop here, boy." He handed the card to Tom, who read:

MR. HENRY FORDYCE FOUNTAIN,
1120 E. 54th Street.

"The devil!" said Tom.

"Pardon me. I remarked that myself."

"This is following things up."

"Tom, get behind that screen and hear what he has to say."

Tom concealed himself behind the screen where Holbrook's typewriter usually did her work.

"Show the gentleman in."

Fountain entered with an easy and polite air.

"Mr. Holbrook, I assume?"

"At your service, Mr. Fountain."

"My call upon you, Mr. Holbrook, I apprehend is almost futile, but as I am engaged upon an enterprise somewhat clouded and intricate, I feel as if I ought leave no effort unmade, however improbable."

Holbrook bowed.

"If I have not been misinformed," continued Fountain, "you were in partnership with the late Judge Harkner?"

"Until the day of his death," replied Holbrook.

"And for several years previous?"

"Yes, from the day I was admitted to practice. The partnership lasted five years. The judge has been dead nearly four."

"My information was correct, then. The judge had for a client one Charles Pierson?"

"Not during my connection with him."

"Indeed! I supposed the relation between Mr. Pierson and Judge Harkner, as counsel and client, continued until the death of the judge."

"No. You are misinformed. When I entered the office of Judge Harkner to read law, all relations between them had ceased and the affairs were being closed up."

"The affairs of Mr. Pierson were extensive?"

"I have so heard from Judge Harkner. They had had a difference in respect of some matter, I never heard what, and quarreled bitterly—the relations were abruptly terminated. The judge would never speak of the reason."

"Ah, then there is no hope that any papers belonging to Mr. Pierson may have remained in the hands of the judge or his successor."

"No, I recollect that the judge was scrupulous in returning every scrap of paper and even memoranda to Mr. Pierson."

"You are aware that Mr. Pierson died without leaving a will?"

"Yes, and was not surprised to hear it. I had heard Judge Harkner say more than once that that was what Mr. Pierson would do, as he had an unconquerable aversion to making one, although freqently urged to do so. He would promise, but could not be brought to the point."

"As I apprehended, my visit is futile; but I have satisfied myself on the point. It only remains for me to beg your pardon for having taken so much of your valuable time."

He passed out. Tom came from his concealment.

"There is another point made," said Tom.

"I don't see it."

"We want to know something as to his connections, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, here is one. We can work along the Pierson line to a result possibly. But I must go."

"Not before I tell you of a little matter which occurred last night after I left you."

He recited his experience of the night previous after he had left Tom.

"It is nothing," replied Tom. "He mistook you for some one else."

"That is the conclusion I came to."

Tom went to the door and partially opened it. He drew back quickly.

"I say, Holbrook, there is Wessing outside inquiring for you—the fellow who saw the murder."

"We are in for surprises today!"

"I'll get behind the scenes again," and he disappeared.

Wessing was soon shown in. After some insignificant conversation touching the murder and the failure to discover the perpetrator, Wessing opened his business.

"You recollect, Mr. Holbrook, that at the time I was detained as a witness I declined to give my business in New York?"

"Perfectly well."

"Well, I did give it subsequently when I found the concealment was subjecting me to suspicion. Briefly it was this: My mother had reason to believe that she was closely related to a gentleman who had died in this city some time previously, leaving a large property and no heirs or will. She imagined she was an heir, if not the sole heir. I have now been closely following the matter, and while I did not take much stock in the idea at first, I have come to regard it more favorably. The man's name was Charles Pierson."

Holbrook started violently, knocking a book from his desk and thus covering up a noise behind the screen which might otherwise have been heard.

"Bless my soul!" said Holbrook, "that is strange."

"What is strange?"

Holbrook controlled himself.

"Why, Mr. Pierson used to be a client of this office."

"Precisely, and that is the reason why I am here. I want to inquire if you can shed any light upon certain subjects, and whether any papers relating to Mr. Pierson or his business are in your hands."

"I shall have to disappoint you," replied Holbrook. "Mr. Pierson's relations with this office as a client ceased before I became connected with it. Judge Harkner and he quarreled very bitterly, over what I never knew. He was careful to send everything to Pierson, and I don't know who was his lawyer subsequently. The great amount of business he brought into the office was a tradition when I came in. However, there is an old man who was a clerk in this office for many years—confidential clerk, and who is now retired because of age. He lives on Long Island, a short distance back of Brooklyn. I advise you to call upon him; I will give you a line to him.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment he wrote an introduction.

Wessing took the note and went away, after promising to call upon Holbrook again.

As soon as he was out of the door Tom came forth.

"You infernal ass!" cried Tom, "what under the heavens did you shove him out in that way for?"

Holbrook's face fell.

"See here, Bryan, there is a limit to the things you may say to me."

"I beg your pardon, Holbrook; I let my feelings master me. But what possessed you to shut him off that way. He was disposed to talk."

"Well, principally because you were behind the screen."

"What of that?"

"Well, the same circumstances do not surround Wessing as do surround Fountain—the same suspicions—and I didn't when I came to become confidential when he thought he was talking to a reputable counselor alone."

"But doesn't this queer state of things strike you? See here. We suspect Fountain of Templeton's murder—slightly, to be sure—but suspect him. He comes to see you inquiring for Pierson's papers. Wessing saw that murder and he comes inquiring about Pierson's papers. What connection is there?"

"I saw all that and recollect what you have forgotten."

"What?"

"That we have our suspicions of Fountain through Flora Ashgrove's strange behavior and that she manifests great anger against Wessing, threatening to be his accuser, while denying knowledge of him!"

"To be sure! To be sure! Don't you see that these coincidences have an important bearing upon the murder—that you lost an opportunity to get hold of a string which may lead us straight to the result?"

"Oh, I don't believe Wessing knows anything of the affair."

"My dear fellow, everything is guess work, but every line must be examined. How could you let Wessing slip through your fingers so?"

"He is easily enough regained. I can get his address from the police authorities, and he will unburden himself to the old clerk, George Dolwell. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll telegraph Dolwell to give him all the information he can and to extract as much as possible. The old boy is very shrewd."

"Do so at once. And now I must go after my new suit of clothes."

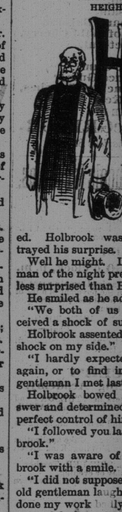
"You will come for those buttons tomorrow?"

"Yes. This thing is getting thick. Yesterday we panted for a single bit of daylight; today we have an embarrassment."

He disappeared, and Holbrook lost himself in thought.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INTEREST IS CONSIDERABLY HEIGHTENED.



HOLBROOK'S reverie, however, was soon disturbed.

The messenger came in with another card. He read, "Mr. Geo. Parker."

"I have an unusual run of callers today," said Holbrook, "and not a client among them unless this is one. Show him in."

Holbrook was startled, and betrayed his surprise.

Well he might. It was his old gentleman of the night previous, who was not less surprised than Holbrook.

He smiled as he advanced and said:

"We both of us seemed to have received a shock of surprise."

Holbrook assented, "I confess to the shock on my side."

"I hardly expected to see you so soon again, or to find in Mr. Holbrook the gentleman I met last night."

Holbrook bowed courteously for answer and determined that he would hold perfect control of himself.

"I followed you last evening, Mr. Holbrook."

"I was aware of that," replied Holbrook with a smile.

"I did not suppose you were," said the old gentleman laughingly; "I must have done my work imperfectly. Let me say, however, right here, that I was mistaken in the person. You resemble the one I supposed I was following so much in build and manner that not until I had resorted to a little ruse to get a fair look at your face was I aware of my mistake. I hope you will accept my apologies for any annoyance I may have given you."

"None are needed. I became aware of your mistake. We are all liable to them."

The old man mused a while and Holbrook studied his face. The more he studied it the less he liked it. There was blended weakness and strength in it and the want of those strong, rugged lines which gave character to old age. The lines began strongly but seemed to run into nothing, leaving an impression of shiftiness. The eyes were cunning, not frank, though there was unquestionably an assumption of frankness in his manner.

At length he spoke.

"In passing the Casino theatre I saw you turn a corner with a gentleman, and I leaped to the conclusion that you were a person for whom I have been looking these two years—a man from Chicago—to find whom I would give half of all I am worth or expect to be worth."

An angry look leaped into his eyes, while vindictiveness was plainly apparent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents.

The Worst Yet.
[From Judge.]

Brown—Jones, I hear you said I was carousing around town last night. Now you've got to contradict that statement. I left the club just after 12: stopped into the oyster saloon, where I met you, ate half-a-dozen raws and went directly home. Now you've——

Jones—That's what I said, and now you own up to it.

I'd like to know how?

Jones—You acknowledge that you were a midnight raw- oysterer, don't you. That's what I said.

In Full Dress.

"Did you hear of the snake up at the museum that was trying to get inside of itself?"

"Yes. They call him the dude anaconda, because he's such a swallow-tail."

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.

What Ye Know not Now, Ye Shall Know Hereafter.

Oh, our souls be still though shaken
With the throb of sorrow's sigh,
What we know not now, assuredly,
We shall know it by and by.

At the glimmering of the dawning,
Of that endless, radiant day,
We shall clearly see the wherefore
Of the darkness. Through its ray.

Clear as christal, to our vision
Will the wherefore and the why,
All these pureling clouds of darkness
In our pathway here should lie;

Why the heart that seeketh ever.
Joy and comfort e'er to bring
To its native, world and homestead,
Should be tried with sorrow's sting.

Why for good their cometh evil,
Why for love there comes despair,
We shall know the why and wherefore
When we gather over there,

Where comes no misunderstanding
With its crushing, trying pain,
Where each drooping flower will gather
Strength to bloom beneath love's reign.

FANNIE HAMILTON.

Dainty Women and Distinctive Perfumes.

Among dainty women a distinctive perfume, that exhales from all their possessions as well as their persons, has become as much a part of their personality as their tone of voice or tricks of manner. The Creole woman of New Orleans never collect in a room without leaving behind them the faint delicate odor of orris root, which is like violets, only with none of the earthy smell that violets always have. They use orris in everything, in their powder and in sachets that lie among all their gloves, their linen, their laces, and it is even sewn into little bags on the inside of the waists of their gowns. They have also a milky-looking cosmetic, named lait d'iris, that is used for sunburn, chapped hands and lips, and for keeping the skin soft and fine, that has this same faint odor of violets. A favorite perfume among French women is known as "Cordova leather" as it resembles the odor of the old Spanish leather that was treated with aromatic herbs in tanning. This perfume is a powder made from the root of a plant, and sachets of this powder are laid among furs and laces to give them a delicate and pungant, but a very lasting, odor. Elsie de Wolfe uses this perfume and anything that she has ever used, a book she has read, or a ribbon she has worn, always retains some faint memory of her. Mrs. Douglas Sloan has a perfume that is the envy of all the other women she knows; an odor of carnations which is as spicy and fresh as that of the crimson flowers themselves, the secret of obtaining which she alone possesses and guards jealously. It is known that both cloves and myrrh are among the ingredients, but in what proportions and how compounded no experiments by other women have yet revealed. Mrs. Willard Ward has a secret compound for a perfume like that of the jasmine of her Southern home that bloom at night and fill all the air with sweetness. She too guards her recipe with the utmost care, so that she alone may perfume her hair and garments with the odor of the white, starlike flowers. Mabel Wright, the fair beauty, who is nothing if not intensely English in everything, has chosen for her special sweetness the old-fashioned lavendar. There is a delicious lavendar essence made, of which she adds a teaspoonful to her bathe every morning leaving upon her skin a delicate reminiscence of it all day. Besides this she has lavender sachets hanging in her closets and laid in her drawers which are compounded after a recipe famous in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It has a pound of dried lavender flowers, a good handful of salt, and a small one of ground cloves and caraway seed, and twenty sprigs of dried tyme and the same of mint. Miss Hargous is fond of Eastern perfumes, and has an incense pot in which she burns sticks of Chinese incense. She sets this in her closet and lets it burn behind closed doors, the smoke of it permeating all her garments.

IN SILVER AND GOLD.

The Week's Novelties in Articles Useful and Ornamental.

From the Jeweler's Weekly.

The Eiffel Tower in platinum, with a gnome of the same metal climbing the queen chain to which the miniature is attached, is a handsome present.

A pretty conceit is a small gold match box intended to represent the five of clubs. Each of the spots is formed by a diamond, ruby and sapphire clover mounting.

The smallest size solitaire diamond ring was produced in New York last week. The ornament could not be passed over an ordinary pencil and was made for a museum freak in Harlem.

The college students of the gentler sex are now taking great pride in a bon bon box of cut glass with fluted gold covers. The deminutive article is carried in a silk lined box with undressed leather covering.

Silver match boxes etched with portraits representing the seven ages are a new departure.

A pretty chatelaine ornament is a pin case of oxidized silver with fanciful etching on the surface.

A plain, roughly finished Silurian iron solitaire diamond ring, with 22-karat gold lining, is a unique novelty.

The body of a flying fish in variegated gold, with diamond and sapphire studded fins, is a handsome lace pin.

Lovers of oddities are affecting a shoe horn of old silver with the handle admirably worked to represent the skin of a whip snake.

Satin finished cigarette cases with side receptacles for railroad and steamship tickets are finding favor among the travelling community.

A useful present to a lady that will be appreciated by the receiver is a letter clamp with her initial woven in silver wire on the surface.

Fashion Foibles.

In table ware there are many charming dishes of Oriental colors and designs impossible to describe, but very pretty against a white or creamy damask. Many are shaped like a fish, crab, lobster or winged bird for pates and escallops, and can be put in the hottest oven without injury.

There is a growing demand for imitation of Boule furniture, and every buyer is on the lookout for the most grotesque ornamentation.

In the new baby hamper there is a mull or satin draped tray, with little compartments for the infantile socks, handkerchiefs and sachets.

Every sentimental girl has half a dozen rose sticks about her dressing and writing table, or a collection of Persian kismets, and the odor that hangs about her gloves, veils, ribbons, laces and letter paper is the very essence of poetry, and as dear to the senses as the adoration of remembered sorrows.

Apropos of sweet sounds, there isn't a bell in the home of fashion. All the calls used are the musical Chinese gongs, and the signals and alarms for cook, maid, groom and butler made through the electric wire.

Brocade at $9.25 a yard is considered quite a choice, but the specials can't be had for less than $26, and there are seven yards in the small patterns.

For dyspepsia and Liver C[illegible] you have a printed guarante[illegible] bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer [illegible] fails to cure.

CLEARLY SHOWN.

How you can have a Vigorous Nervous System.

The Marvellous Success of Paine's Celery Compound is Shown with Living Examples, and it is Proven to be Nature's True Invigorator.

The most skeptical should be convinced by the following brief extracts from letters recently received by us, that Paine's Celery Compound is an unfailing means of cure in all diseases which are caused by weakened nerves.

Mr. A. Sabiston, the well-known lithographer of Montreal, writes that "in the summer of 1888, I had to work very hard, and was troubled with insomnia (sleeplessness). I resolved to try your Paines's Celery Compound, and after taking the contents of two bottles felt like a new man. A good night's rest gave me strength for the duties of the day, and instead of starting out to business in the morning feeling as if I had completed a day's work instead of being about to commence one, I started out in good spirits, feeling fresh and strong."

Mr. D. S. Davidson, also of Montreal, suffered with nervous dyspepsia, pain in his back, and sleeplessness for years. If he took any solid food, it caused great distress. In three months he lost ten pounds. He tried several doctors but got no relief. Reading in a paper of the wonderful cures Paine's Celery Compound had wrought, he procured some of his druggist, and now he sleeps well, food does not hurt him, and he is in every way a new man.

Harrison Brothers, the druggist of Hamilton, have sold a large amount of Paine's Celery Compound, and all their customers who have used it are very much pleased with the results obtained. They write that one gentleman was entirely cured of nervous weakness after he had tried every other advertised medicine.

Mr. G. W. Mingay, who is a proprietor of a drug store in Parkdale, in ordering another dozen of Paine's Celery Compound, wrote that every one who had tried it spoke very highly of it and bought a second bottle.

Facts like these are the best reason why you should not dispair of a cure. What the Compound has done for others it will do for you.

BEEF,
LAMB,
MUTTON,
DEAN'S SAUSAGES.
VEAL,
HAM,
BACON,
LARD,
POULTRY,
VEGETABLES.
THOS DEAN,
13 and 14 City Market.

FACTS!

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

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.

JOHN BARRY and WILLIAM A. MACLAUCHLAN, doing business in the City of Saint John, under the name, style and firm of BARRY & MACLAUCHAN, have this day assigned their property and effects to H. LAWRANCE STURDEE of the said City, Barrister, and WILLIAM B. CARVILL of the same place, Merchant, in trust for the benefit of their creditors who shall execute the said assignment within three months from date. Dated 22nd October, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
WILLIAM B. CARVILL, } Trustees.

CAUSEY & MAXWELL,
Masons and Builders.
Mason Work in all its Branches.
Slating and Cement Work a specialty
Stone, Brick and Plaster Workers,
JOBBING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.
Order Slate at A. G. Bowes & Co., 21 Canterbury Street.
W. CAUSEY, Mecklenburg St. ROBT. MAXWELL, 385 Union St.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENT
CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.
BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.
LARGE BOTTLES!
POWERFUL REMEDY!
MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 CENTS.
Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

PURITAN
PLUG CUT
PLUG CUT
PLUG CUT
SMOKING
SMOKING
SMOKING
SMOKING
TOBACCO
TOBACCO
TOBACCO
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—IS—
THE SMOKER'S IDEAL

MANUFACTURERS.

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 Plates, Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

ST. JOHN BOLT and NUT CO.
Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.
P. O. Box 454.

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.

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 thereof 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 McGrath by deed bearing date the eighth day of November, A. D. 1859, and described as a tract of land in the parish of Musquash, formerly Lancaster, in the City and County of Saint John, bounded as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing in the most western angle of lot number one granted to Ebenezer Scott, thence running north fifty-seven degrees, east fifty-three chains of four poles each, to 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 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 and six; 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 sixty chains; thence North seventy-seven degrees, East, thirty chains, to the Westerly shore or bank of Perch Lake, and thence following the various courses thereof in a Southerly, Easterly and Northeasterly direction to the place of beginning, containing seventy-five acres, more or less: together with all and singular the buildings, erections and improvements to the said premises belonging; and also all the estate, right, title, claim and demand at law and in Equity of the said John Donnelly, of, in, to, or upon the same and every part thereof.

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

Dated this 28th day of September, A. D. 1889.

E. H. MACALPINE,
Referee in Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM,
Auctioneer.

C. H. S. JOHNSTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Paper Hanger etc,
22 North Market street.
All orders promptly attended to.

READY FOR BUSINESS.
9 Canterbury st.
GENTLEMEN:
You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
JOHN S. DUNN,
TAILOR.
Repairing, Pressing and Alteringla Specialty.

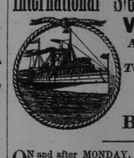
LOOK.
Watches and Jewelry of all kinds.
Cash or Installments.
F. A. JONES
34 Dock St.

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 Specialist,
266 Queen st. West, Toronto, Ontario.

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

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,
WINTER Arrangement.
Two Trips a Week.
FOR BOSTON.



ON and after MONDAY, November 11th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, and THURSDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. Standard, and Portland at 5.30 p.m for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Charles Houghton" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

Tel. Sun.

UNION LINE.
Saint John and Fredericton—Fare One Dollar.
Freight at very Low Rates
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
Commencing THURSDAY, Oct. 24th, steamer "DAVID WESTON" will leave St. John for Fredericton, etc., every Thursday and Saturday mornings, at NINE o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Fredericton on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at EIGHT o'clock.
R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager,
Office at wharf, North End, near Street Car Terminus.
H. CHUBB & CO. Special Agents, Prince Wm. st.

NOTICE.
Bay of Fundy Steamship Company.
FOR the purpose of a General Overhauling, preparatory to taking up the winter service, the S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will be taken off the Bay Route for Two or Three Weeks, during which time the service will be continued by the steamer "DOMINION." The "DOMINION" will leave her wharf at 7 a. m., on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week.
HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.
WASHADEMOAK LAKE.
THE STEAMER STAR will leave Indiantown for the Washademoak Lake at 10 o'clock, a. m., local time.
Fredericton.
For the accommodation of the people the steamer "OSCAR WILDE" will leave Indiantown for Fredericton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 a. m. Returning will leave Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7.30 a. m., calling at Gagetown and intermediate points both ways, and running on west side of Long Island.
J. E. PORTER,
Manager.

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 5 p. m., (calling at Digby if weather clear). Connecting with S. S. YARMOUTH for Boston, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with Steamer City OF ST. JOHN, for Halifax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS.
CHAS. McLAUCHLAN & SON,
Agents.

HOTELS.

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

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

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

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.

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, 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 BOYCE, 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	11.15
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.

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