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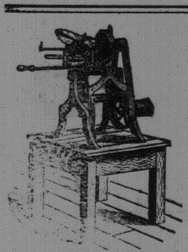

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AUCTION SALES.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner(so called) in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday the fourth day of January next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1889, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Elizabeth Ann McIntosh is plaintiff, and John Donnelly is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decretal order as those three tracts or parcels of land described as follows, that is to say:—

FIRST, that lot of land conveyed to the said John Donnelly by Thomas McCrum by deed bearing date the eighth day of November, A. D. 1859, and described as a tract of land in the parish of Musquash, formerly Lancaster, in the City and County of Saint John, bounded as follows:—beginning at a stake standing in the most 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 O in Thomas O'Keleher's survey west of Musquash River, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

Secondly, that lot of land in the Parish of Musquash aforesaid conveyed to said John Donnelly by one William Balcom and Mary Jane, his wife, by deed bearing date the ninth day of October, A. D. 1865, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake placed at the south east angle of lot number forty-eight, on the west side of the road from St. Andrews to St. John, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, north seventy-five degrees, west fifty-six chains to a post standing on the south west angle of said lot, thence south fifty-nine degrees, thirty minutes east, fifty-nine chains to the west side of the aforesaid road, and thence along the said side of that road in a northerly direction to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as lot number forty-seven, as appears by the original deed to Henry Garbutt.

Thirdly—That lot of land granted by the Crown to the said John Donnelly, described as follows:—Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly bank or shore of Perch Lake, at the North Westerly angle of the lot purchased by Thomas Donnelly, thence South two degrees, West, thirty-four chains to a stake; thence North fifty-one degrees, West fourteen chains to another stake; thence South, forty degrees, West thirty-three chains to a post; thence South fifty-one degrees, East twenty chains; thence North two degrees, East 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.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James F. Wanamake, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and the Province of New Brunswick, formerly of the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, Farmer, and Mary M., his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and made between the said James F. Wanamake and Mary M., his wife, of the one part, and Mary A. Stead, of the said City of Saint John, widow, of the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Kings, in Book 1, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 388, 389, 390 and 391, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-second day of February, A. D., 1890, at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called), on Prince William street, in the said City of Saint John, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows:—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant from the crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, by No. 14878 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block C., thence North fifty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number two in block C." together with all and singular, the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEAD,
Mortgagee.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

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—IN—
TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED
HATS AND BONNETS
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THE STRANGE STORY OF ALLAN QUATERMA[IN'S] WI[FE]

By H. Rider Hagg[ard]

AUTHOR OF ALLAN QUATERMAIN, SH[E], [J]ESS.

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SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY.

This story is supposed to be founded upon a manuscript found in the papers of Allan Quatermain, which were given to the author as literary executor. In it Quatermain tells the story of his marriage.

CHAPTER I.—Describes Allan's first meeting, when a child, with Stella Carson, at a Christmas gathering. Stella's dress caught fire and Allan extinguished the flames. Stella's mother was Spanish, and she eloped with a cousin, leaving Stella with her father, Squire Carson. He determined to leave England on account of the disgrace, and at about the same time Allan's mother died and Allan's father took him to South Africa, where Mr. Quatermain became a missionary among the Kaffirs. When Allan was 20 his father died.

CHAPTER II.—Allan sold the effects and decided to go on a journey of trade and adventure. Among his men was a Kaffir named Indaba-zimbi, a witch doctor. Between him and another witch doctor there had two years before been a lightning contest, which resulted in the death of his contestant.

CHAPTER III.—Details the start of the expedition. Quatermain describes his first elephant hunt.

CHAPTER IV.—Quatermain discovered a large body of Zulus, and was surprised by two of their scouts. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he shot both of them and retreated. The Zulus had been following a party of Dutch Boers, consisting of seventeen or eighteen men, their women and children, and a large number of cattle, with which they were removing to the north. For safety's sake the cattle and some of the women and children were sent away, while Quatermain, the witch doctor and some of the Boers remained. The next morning, by a ruse, Quatermain and Indaba-zimbi were captured by the Zulus.

CHAPTER V.—Quatermain discovered that Indaba-zimbi had betrayed him into the hands of the Zulus, who at first offered him no harm. The camp of the Boers was attacked and destroyed. One little child only was saved alive and Quatermain preserved her by fighting a duel with and killing a Zulu warrior. The witch doctor had said that Quatermain was a spirit. The Zulus determined to kill him, but were prevented by Indaba, who pretended himself to kill Quatermain and then bring him to life again. This frightened the Zulus, and Indaba and Quatermain, with the child, made their escape.

CHAPTER VI.—Describes the manner of escape of Quatermain with the witch doctor and Tota, the child. Indaba said "Go north," prophesying that friends would be found there. Quatermain obeyed, though against his judgment. They crossed a broad desert, where there was no water, and at last they became unconscious. When they recovered, they were being cared for by Stella Carson, whose life Quatermain saved when a child, and who was now a beautiful young woman. Since early childhood she had lived in the wilds of Africa with her father, never having seen but one other Englishman.

[CONTINUED.]

"'Run, miss, run!' gasped Hendrik, and I did like the wind, leaving him far behind. I dashed into the garden, where some Kaffirs were working, crying, 'The babyans! the babyans!' Luckily the men had their sticks and spears by them and ran out just in time to save Hendrik, who was almost overtaken. The baboons made a good fight for it, however, and it was not till the old man was killed with an assegai that they ran away.

"Well, there is a little hut in the kraal at the stead where my father sometimes shuts up natives who have misbehaved. It is very strong, and has a barred window. To this hut Hendrik carried the sack, and, having untied the mouth, put it down on the floor, and ran from the place, shutting the door behind him. In another moment the poor little thing was out and dashing round the stone hut as though it were mad. It sprang at the bars of the window, clung there, and beat its head against them till the blood came. Then it fell to the floor, and sat there crying like a child, and rocking itself backwards and forwards. It was so sad to see it that I began to cry too.

"Just then my father came in and asked what all the fuss was about. I told him that we had caught a young white baboon, and he was angry, and said that it must be let go. But when he looked at it through the bars of the window he nearly fell down with astonishment.

"'Why!' he said, 'this is not a baboon, it is a white child that the baboons have stolen and brought up!'

"Now, Mr. Allan, whether my father is right or wrong, you can judge for yourself. You see Hendrika—we named her that after Hendrik, who caught her—she is a woman, not a monkey, and yet she has many of the ways of monkeys, and looks like one, too. You saw how she can climb, for instance, and you hear how she talks. Also, she is very savage, and when she is angry or jealous she seems to go mad, though she is as clever as anybody. I think that she must have been stolen by the baboons when she was quite tiny and nurtured by them, and that is why she is so like them.

"But to go on. My father said that it was our duty to keep Hendrika at any cost. The worst of it was that for three days she would eat nothing, and I thought that she would die, for all the while she sat and wailed. On the third day, however, I went to the bars of the window place and held out a cup of milk and some fruit to her. She looked at it for a long while, then crept up moaning, took the milk from my hand and drank it greedily, and afterwards ate the fruit. From that time forward she took food readily enough, but only if I would feed her. But I must tell you of the dreadful end of Hendrik. From the day that we captured Hendrika the whole place began to swarm with baboons which were evidently employed in watching the kraals. One day Hendrik went out towards the hills alone to gather some medicine. He did not come back again, so next day search was made. By a big rock which I can show you they found his scattered and broken bones, the fragments of his assegai and four dead baboons. They had set upon him and torn him to pieces.

"My father was very much frightened at this, but still he would not let Hendrika go, because he said that she was human, and that it was our duty to reclaim her. And so we did—to a certain extent, at least. After the murder of Hendrik the baboons vanished from the neighborhood, and have only returned quite recently, so at length we ventured to let Hendrika out. By this time she had grown very fond of me; still on the first opportunity she ran away. But in the evening she returned again. She had been seeking the baboons, and could not find them. Shortly afterwards she began to speak—I taught her—and from that time she has loved me so that she will not leave me. I think it would kill her if I went away from her. She watches me all day, and at night sleeps on the floor of my hut. Once, too, she saved my life when I was swept down the river in flood; but she is jealous, and hates everybody else. Look how she is glaring at you now because I am talking to you!"

I looked. Hendrika was tramping along with the child in her arms and staring at me in a most sinister fashion out of the corners of her eyes.

While I was reflecting on the baboon woman's strange story, and thinking that she was an exceedingly awkward customer, the path took a sudden turn.

"Look!" said Stella, "there is our house. Is it not beautiful?"

It was beautiful indeed. Here on the western side of the great peak a bay had been formed in the mountain, which might have measured eight hundred or a thousand yards across by three-quarters of a mile in depth. At the back of the indentation the sheer cliff rose to the height of several hundred feet, and behind it and above it the great Babyan peak towered up towards the heavens.

The space of ground, embraced thus in the arms of the mountain, as it were, was laid out, as though by the cunning hand of man, in three terraces that rose one above the other. To the right and left of the topmost terrace were chasms in the cliff, and from each chasm fell a waterfall, from no great height, indeed, but of considerable volume. These two streams flowed away on either side of the inclosed space, one toward the north, and the other, the course of which we had been following, round the base of the mountain. At each terrace they made a cascade, so that the traveler approaching had a view of eight waterfalls at once. Along the edge of the stream to our left were placed Kaffir kraals, built in orderly groups with verandas, after the Basutu fashion, and a very large part of the entire space of land was under cultivation. All of this I noted at once, as well as the extraordinary richness and depth of the soil, which for many ages past had been washed down from the mountain heights. Then following the line of an excellent wagon road, on which we now found ourselves, that wound up from terrace to terrace, my eye lit upon the crowning wonder of the scene. For in the center of the topmost platform or terrace, which may have inclosed eight or ten acres of ground, and almost surrounded by groves of orange trees, gleamed buildings of which I had never seen the like. There were three groups of them, one in the middle and one on either side, and a little to the rear; but, as I afterwards discovered, the plan of all was the same. In the center was an edifice constructed like an ordinary Zulu hut—that is to say, in the shape of a beehive, only it was five times the size of any hut I ever saw, and built of blocks of hewn white marble, fitted together with extraordinary knowledge of the principles and properties of arch building, and with so much accuracy and finish that it was often difficult to find the fronts of the massive blocks. From this center hut ran three covered passages, leading to other buildings of an exactly similar character, only smaller, and each whole block was inclosed by a marble wall about four feet in height.

Of course we were as yet too far off to see all these details, but the general outline I saw at once, and it astonished me considerably. Even old Indaba-zimbi, whom the baboon woman had been unable to move, deigned to show wonder.

"Oh!" he said, "this is a place of marvels. Who ever saw kraals built of white stone?"

Stella watched our faces with an expression of intense amusement, but said nothing.

"Did your father build those kraals?" I gasped at length.

"My father! no, of course not," she answered. "How would it have been possible for one white man to do so, or to have made this road? He found them as you see."

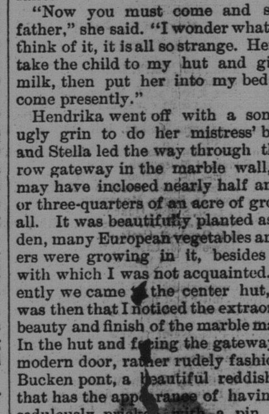
"Who built them, then?" I said again.

"I do not know. My father thinks that they are very ancient, for the people who live here now do not know how to lay one stone upon another, and these huts are so wonderfully constructed that, though they must have stood for ages, not a stone of them had fallen. But I can show you the quarry where the marble was cut; it is close by, and behind it is the entrance to an ancient mine, which my father thinks was a silver mine. Perhaps the people who worked the mine built the marble huts. The world is old, and no doubt plenty of people have lived in it and been forgotten."

Then we rode on in silence. I have seen many beautiful sights in Africa, and in such matters, as in others, comparisons are odious and worthless, but I do not think that I ever saw a lovelier scene. It was no one thing—it was the combination of the mighty peak looking forth on to the everlasting plains, the great cliffs, the waterfalls that sparkled in rainbow hues, the rivers girdling the rich cultivated lands, the gold specked green of the orange trees, the flashing domes of the marble huts, and a thousand other things. Then over all brooded the peace of evening, and the infinite glory of the sunset that filled heaven with changing hues of splendor, that wrapped the mountain and cliffs in cloaks of purple and of gold, and lay upon the quiet face of the water like the smile of a god.

Perhaps, also, the contrast and the memory of those three awful days and nights in the hopeless desert enhanced the charm, and perhaps the beauty of the girl who walked beside me completed it. For of this I am sure, that of all sweet and lovely things that I looked on then, she was the sweetest and the loveliest. Ah, it did not take me long to find my fate. How long will it be before I find her once again?

CHAPTER VIII.



AT LENGTH the last platform, or terrace, was reached, and we pulled up outside the wall surrounding the central group of marble huts—for so I must call them, for want of a better name. Our approach had been observed by a crowd of natives, whose race I have never been able to determine accurately; they belonged to the Basutu and peaceful section of the Bantu peoples rather than to the Zulu and warlike. Several of these ran up to take the horses, gazing on us with astonishment, not unmixed with awe. We dismounted—speaking for myself, not without difficulty—indeed, had it not been for Stella's support I should have fallen.

"Now you must come and see my father," she said. "I wonder what he will think of it, it is all so strange. Hendrika, take the child to my hut and give her milk, then put her into my bed; I will come presently."

Hendrika went off with a somewhat ugly grin to do her mistress' bidding, and Stella led the way through the narrow gateway in the marble wall, which may have inclosed nearly half an "erf," or three-quarters of an acre of ground in all. It was beautifully planted as a garden, many European vegetables and flowers were growing in it, besides others with which I was not acquainted. Presently we came to the center hut, and it was then that I noticed the extraordinary beauty and finish of the marble masonry. In the hut and facing the gateway was a modern door, rather rudely fashioned of Bucken pont, a beautiful reddish wood that has the appearance of having been sedulously pricked with a pin. Stella opened it, and we entered. The interior of the hut was of the size of a large and lofty room, the walls being formed of plain polished marble. It was lighted somewhat dimly, but quite effectively, by peculiar openings in the roof, from which the rain was excluded by overhanging eaves. The marble floor was strewn with native mats and skins of animals. Book[illegible] filled with books were placed against the walls, there was a table in the center, and chairs seated with rimpi or strips of hide stood about, and beyond the table was a couch on which a man was lying reading.

"Is that you, Stella?" said a voice, that even after so many years seemed familiar to me. "Where have you been, my dear? I began to think that you had lost yourself again."

"No, father, dear, I have not lost myself, but I have found somebody else."

At that moment I stepped forward so that the light fell on me. The old gentleman on the couch rose with some difficulty and bowed with much courtesy. He was a fine-looking old man, with deep-set dark eyes, a pale face, that bore many traces of physical and mental suffering, and a long white beard.

"Be welcome, sir," he said. "It is long since we have seen a white face in these wilds, and yours, if I am not mistaken, is that of an Englishman. There has been no Englishman here for ten years, and he, I grieve to say, was an outcast flying from justice," and he bowed again and stretched out his hand.

I looked at him, and then of a sudden his name flashed back into my mind. I took his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Carson?" I said.

He started back as though he had been stung.

"Who told you that name?" he cried. "It is a dead name. Stella, is it you? I forbade you to let it pass your lips."

"I did not speak it, father. I have never spoken it," she answered.

"Sir," I broke in, "if you will allow me, I will show you how I came to know your name. Do you remember many years ago coming into the study of a clergyman in Oxfordshire and telling him that you were going to leave England for ever?"

He bowed his head.

"And do you remember a little boy who sat upon the hearthrug writing with a pencil?"

"I do," he said.

"Sir, I was that boy, and my name is Allan Quatermain. Those children who lay sick are all dead, their mother is dead, and my father, your old friend, is dead also. Like you he emigrated, and last year he died in the Cape. But this is not all the story. After many adventures I, one Kaffir, and a little girl, lay senseless and dying in the bad lands, where we had wandered for days without water, and there we should have perished, but your daughter Miss"——

"Call her Stella," he broke in, hastily. "I cannot bear to hear that name. I have forsworn it."

"Miss Stella found us by chance and saved our lives."

"By chance, did you say, Allan Quatermain?" he answered. "There is little chance in this; such chances spring from another will than ours. Welcome, Allan, son of my old friend. Here we live as it were in a hermitage, with Nature for our only friend, but such as we have is yours, and for as long as you will take it. But you must be starving, talk no more. Stella, it is time for food. Tomorrow we will talk."

To tell the truth I can recall very little more of the events of that evening. A kind of dizzy weariness overmastered me. I remember sitting at a table next to Stella, and eating heartily, and then I remember nothing more.

I awoke to find myself lying on a comfortable bed in a hut built and fashioned on the same model as the center one. While I was wondering what time it was, a native came bringing some clean clothes on his arm, and, luxury of luxuries, produced a bath hollowed from wood. I rose feeling a very different man; my strength had come back again to me. I dressed and, following a covered passage, found myself in the center hut. Here the table was set for breakfast with all manner of good things, such as I had not seen for many a month, which I contemplated with healthy satisfaction. Presently I looked up, and there before me was a more delightful sight, for standing in one of the doorways which led to the sleeping huts was Stella, leading little Tota by the hand.

She was very simply dressed in a loose blue dress, with wide collar, and girdled in at the waist by a little leather belt. In the bosom of her robe was a bunch of orange blooms, and her rippling hair was tied in a single knot behind her shapely head. She greeted me with a smile, asking me how I had slept, and then held Tota up for me to kiss. Under her loving care the child had been quite transformed. She was neatly dressed in a garment of the same stuff that Stella wore, her fair hair was brushed; indeed, had it not been for the sun blisters on her face and hands, one would scarcely have believed that this was the same child that Indaba-zimbi and I had dragged for hour after hour through the burning, waterless desert.

"We must breakfast alone, Mr. Allan," she said; "my father is so upset by your arrival that he will not get up yet. Oh, you cannot tell how thankful I am that you have come. I have been so anxious about him of late. He grows weaker and weaker; it seems to me as though the strength were ebbing away from him. Now he scarcely leaves the kraal; I have to manage everything about the farm, and he does nothing but read and think."

Just then Hendrika entered, bearing a jug of coffee in one hand and of milk in the other, which she sat down upon the table, casting a look of little love at me as she did so.

"Be careful, Hendrika; you are spilling the coffee," said Stella. "Don't you wonder how we come to have coffee here, Mr. Allan? I will tell you—we grow it. That was my idea. Oh, I have lots of things to show you. You don't know what we have managed to do in the time that we have been here. You see, we have plenty of labor, for the people about look upon my father as their chief."

"Yes," I said, "but how do you get all of these luxuries of civilization?" and I pointed to the books, the crockery, and the knives and forks.

"Very simply. Most of the books my father brought with him when he first trekked into the wilds; there was nearly a wagon load of them. But every three years we have sent an expedition of these wagons right down to Port Natal. The wagons are loaded with ivory and other goods, and come back with all kinds of things that have been sent out from England for us. You see, although we live in this wild place, we are not altogether cut off. We can send runners to Natal and back in three months, and the wagons get there and back in a year."

"Have you ever been with the wagons?" I asked.

"Since I was a child I have never been more than thirty miles from Babyan's Peak," she answered. "Do you know, Mr. Allan, that you are, with one exception, the first Englishman that I have known out of a book. I suppose that I must seem very wild and savage to you, but I have had one advantage—a good education. My father has taught me everything, and perhaps I know some things that you don't. I can read French and German for instance. I think that my father's first idea was to let me run wild altogether, but he gave it up."

"And don't you wish to go into the world?" I asked.

"Sometimes," she said, "when I get lonely. But perhaps my father is right—perhaps it would frighten and bewilder me. At any rate, he would never return to civilization. It is his idea, you know, though I am sure I do not know where he got it from, nor why he cannot bear that our name should be spoken. In short, Mr. Quatermain, we do not make our lives; we must take them as we find them. Have you done your breakfast? Let us go out and I will show you our domain."

I rose and went to my sleeping place to fetch my hat. When I returned, Mr. Carson—for, after all, that was his name, though he would never allow it to be spoken—had come into the hut. He felt better now, he said, and would accompany us on our walk if Stella would give him an arm.

So we started, and after us came Hendrika with Tota and old Indaba-zimbi, whom I found sitting outside as fresh as paint. Nothing could tire that old man.

The view from the platform was almost as beautiful as that from the lower ground looking up to the peak. The marble kraals, as I have said, faced west, consequently all the upper terrace lay in the shadow of the great peak till nearly 11 o'clock in the morning, which was a great advantage in that warm latitude. First we walked through the garden, which was beautifully cultivated, and one of the most productive that I ever saw. There were three or four natives working in it, and they all saluted my host as "Baba," or father. Then we visited the other two groups of marble huts. One of these was used for stables and outbuildings, the other as storehouses, the center hut having been, however, turned into a chapel. Mr. Carson was not ordained, but he earnestly tried to convert the natives, most of whom were refugees who had come to him for shelter, and he had practiced the more elementary rites of the church for so long that I think he began to believe that he really was a clergyman. For instance, he always married those of his people who would consent to a monogamous existence, and baptized their children.

When we had examined these wonderful remains of antiquity, the marble huts, and admired the orange trees, the vines and fruits which thrive like weeds in this marvelous soil and climate, we descended to the next platform and saw the farming operations in full swing. I think that it was the best farm I have ever seen in Africa. There was ample water for purposes of irrigation, the grass lands below gave pasturage for hundreds of head of cattle and horses, and, for natives, the people were most industrious. Moreover, the whole place was managed by Mr. Carson on the co-operative system; he only took a tithe of the produce—indeed, in this land of teeming plenty, what was he to do with more? Consequently the tribemen, who, by the way, called themselves the "Children of Thomas," were able to accumulate considerable wealth. All their disputes were referred to their "father," and he also was judge of offenses and crimes. Some were punished by imprisonment, whipping and loss of goods, other and graver transgressions by expulsion from the community, a fiat which to one of these favored natives must have seemed as heavy as the decree that drove Adam from the Garden of Eden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Halifax Has a Mystery.

Says a Halifax paper: About the middle of last summer a young girl named McDonald came to this city from Boston on the steamer Halifax, and repaired to a house situated on Kemp Road. She lived for a while all alone, cooked her meals and attended to other household duties. About a month ago a young man was noticed to make nightly visits to the house. These visits were kept up until Tuesday night last, at which time a close cab drove up to the house in question. Two men entered the house and soon reappeared with the occupant and the three drove away together. Since then nothing has been seen or heard of the young woman. Miss McDonald, so-called, brought with her from Boston, but a very few articles, which she took away with her again. The day preceeding her departure she paid a week's rent, which was not quite due, telling the landlord she would not be in town on the morrow. The question now being asked by many is: Who was the woman and where has she gone to? While at the house in question she had no visitors with the exception of the young man, and only appeared out when buying provisions.

Are?

You fond of fish cakes, and do you want to save yourself a lot of extra trouble to make them? If so, buy a pound box of Steam Compressed Dessicated Cod Fish, it is equal to three pounds of ordinary fish. Contains no skin or bones, is ready for instant use, and emits no odor whilst cooking. Sold at 15c. by all retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, St. John.

Force of Habit.

From the Epoch.

"I tell you," said a retired jeweller, pointing to a fine herd of cows on his new farm, "they're daisies. They give milk of the finest water every time.

Try

Barnes' Genuine English Worcestershire Sauce, in pint and half-pint bottles and by the gallon. Sold by leading retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, Saint John, N. B.

The missing cashier Silcott of the sergt., at arms department of the United States, who left Washington recently with $70,000 and a French Canadian girl named Thibault is supposed to be now either in Montreal or Quebec.

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

At Belleveau's Cove, Yarmouth Co. on Thursday Cornelius Hemeon was making a spar of a heavy pitch pine log when a passing cart set the log rolling and it passed over him, crushing his life out.

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

THE AMHERST SENTINEL says that a Barronsfiald farmer has a turkey which has laid an egg every day for a year.

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

A PROSPEROUS INSTITUTION.—There are about 200 students enrolled in the Pictou Academy from all parts of Nova Scotia, from the neighboring provinces, and the West Indies.

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

SOLOMON NOWHERE.—A writer in the Parrsboro Leader says of lumber operations in that section:—When the drives start in the spring they will form a mass of timber compared to which Solomon's cedar rafts from the mountains of Lebanon would be like the few sticks some beavers might float down a river for their dam.

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, 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.

AS TURNS THE MAGNET TO THE POLE.—That New Brunswick girls are still ahead is evidenced by the fact that young men will yet travel the length and breadth of the continent to enter into a matrimonial contract with them. We congratulate Mr. Chas. Connell upon his late safe trip from California to Woodstock, and the success in its happy supplemental termination at Florenceville on Tuesday.—Woodstock Sentinel.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

WINTER Arrangement.
Two Trips 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.

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.

The Yarmouth Steamship Company.
(Limited.)
FOR YARMOUTH, N. S. and Boston
S. S. ALPHA
Leaves St. John for YARMOUTH every TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS at 6 p. m., (calling at WESTPORT when clear). Connecting with S. S. YARMOUTH for Boston, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with Steamer City OF ST. JOHN, for Halifax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS.
CHAS. McLAUCHLAN & SON,
Agents.

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.

Winter Sashes.
Now is the time to order your WINTER SASHES.
Sashes Made, Fitted and Glazed.
A. CHRISTIE W. W. CO.,
Waterloo St.

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.

TENDERS for STEAM SERVICE
Pictou & Magdalen Islands.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Minister of Finance, and marked "Tender—Pictou and Magdalen Islands," will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including Friday, the 20th December next, for a weekly steam service (including conveyance of mails) between Pictou, N. S., and the Magdalen Islands, calling at Georgetown and Souris, P. E. I., both going and returning.

Tenderers will also state the additional subsidy asked per round trip to extend the service from the Magdalen Islands to Gaspe Basin and Perce and return to the Islands, if required so to do, such extended trips not to exceed three during each season of navigation.

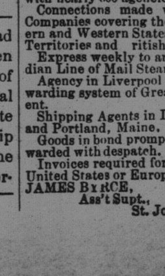
Full particulars of the terms and conditions required of the contractor as to the route, mail service, &c., may be obtained from the Post Office Inspector at Quebec, Halifax, N. S., or St John, N. B., or from the Postmaster at Pictou, N. S.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

J. M. COURTNEY,
Deputy Minister of Finance.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, 20th November, 1889.

FREE
$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.


FREE
$93 Sewing-Machine. 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.

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

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

ON and after **MONDAY, 18th Nov., 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	7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax	14.3[illegible]
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.20
Express for Sussex	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

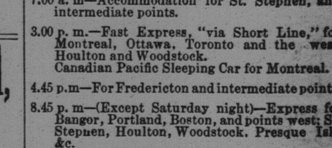
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.	
Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	11.10
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	19.2[illegible]
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Mulgrave	23.30

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.



New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Oct. 21st, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

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

7.00 a. m—Accommodation for St. Stephen, and intermediate points.

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

4.45 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

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

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN.

FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 12.20, 7.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.
MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.
VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 10.55 a.m. 12.10, 5.15 p.m.;
WOODSTOCK 6.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.30, 8.20 p. m.;
HOULTON 6.00, 10.55 a. m., 12.15, 8.30 p. m.;
ST. STEPHEN 9.20, 11.30 a. m., 10.20 p. m.;
ST. ANDREWS 6.45 a. m.
FREDERICTON 6.20, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.;
ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN ¶ 5.45, 9.05 a. m., 2.10, 7.10, 10.20, p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.00 a.m—For Fairville, and points west.
4.40 p.m—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

9.15 a. m—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.
5.10 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

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

Shore Line Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

Supplement to Time Table No. 1.

Takes Effect Thursday, Oct. 3, 1889

Eastern Standard Time.

Trains East. Read Down. No. 1. Mixed.	Miles	STATIONS.	Miles	Trains West. Read Up. No. [2]. Mixed.
A. M.		Lv. Ar.		P. M.
7.45	0	St. Stephen	82	6 00
8 05	5	Oak Bay	77	5 45
8 35	14	St. Andrews Cross'ng	68	5 20
8 55	20	Dyer's	62	5 00
9 25	29	Bonney River	53	4 30
9 50	35	St. George	47	4 10
10 20	44	Pennfield	38	3 30
10 50	53	New River	29	3 00
11 10	59	Lepreaux	23	2 40
11 30	65	Musquash	17	2 20
11 35	67	Dunn's	15	2 15
11 40	69	Prince of Wales	13	2 10
12 00	74	Spruce Lake	8	1 50
12 25	82	Carleton	0	1 25
P. M.		Ar. Lv.		P. M.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 daily, Sundays excepted.
Train No. 1 runs regardless of No. 2.
Rules in time book, No. 1, still in force.

W. A. LAMB, MANAGER.

St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 1, 1889.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Christmas and New Year's Holidays.

Return tickets will be issued to all stations in
ONTARIO AND QUEBEC
—AT—
SINGLE FARE.

Tickets good to go only December 20th, 21st and 23rd, and to return until January 7th, 1890.

Apply to agents Intercolonial, New Brunswi[ck] or Canadian Pacific Railway,

CONFUSION of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a distaste for business, are the symptomatic indications of NERVOUS DEBILITY, and these symptoms are usually accompanied by SEMINAL WEAKNESS and LOSS OF POWER. The necessary consequences are CONSUMPTION & DEATH. "LANE'S SPECIFIC REMEDY," is an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sold at $1.00 Per Package, or sent on receipt of price to any address, free of charge. THE LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, QUE. Young men should read Dr. Lane's Essay on Nervous Diseases, mailed free to any address

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