MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

As Night Follows Day.

By HON. MRS. FETHERSTONHAUGH.

[CONTINUED.]

And Miss Harding, with an unexplained feeling of remarkable kindliness towards the oracular Col. Pendennis, sits down at once and pens a note to Lord Francis Eridon, Turf Club, Piccadilly, in which she proffers him Lady Maberley's invitation, and then adds, on her own account, the single sentence: "Please let me speak to you before you leave England."

The answer to Miss Harding's epistle arrives on the very day of the ball itself, and is handed to her while assisting her cousin in distributing 5 o'clock tea to a large party of mutual friends and relations. Janet is a very self possessed young lady, so she takes her note and then continues her duties with the bread and butter, with a calm indifference worthy of Werter's famous Charlotte.

During an available moment she opens the letter, and peruses its somewhat laconic contents:

"DEAR MISS HARDING:

"Pray thank Lady Maberley for her kind invitation, which I am most happy to accept, especially as it offers the only possible chance of my being able to fulfill the further request mentioned in your note. I leave England to-morrow night. Always your sincerely,

"FRANCIS C. ERIDON."

This is why Janet Harding stands before the mirror, and anxiously consults that ever true and unflattering counsellor, whether or no she "is looking well to-night?" Whatever crisis in life may be staring a woman in the face, she is no true woman if she does not derive consolation and fortitude from the thought that at least she is looking her best at the critical moment!

The mirror tells an unvarnished tale, but all the same it gives back a radiant picture. Miss Harding's dress is nothing extraordinary—merely a fresh white ball dress, fitting admirably; but the diamonds that hang on her neck and arms, and cluster in her red brown hair, these are indeed extraordinary, each glittering dewdrop worth a king's ransom.

Purposely has Janet selected the most magnificent jewels in her possession to wear to-night, though usually she is in no way given to displaying her far famed diamonds over much, holding it to be bad taste for an unmarried girl to bedeck herself too freely with precious stones.

But, for a certain reason of her own, carefully considered and well thought out, Janet Harding wishes all the world to-night to realize that she is no ignorant child, of little value in the great game of life, but with a stake of considerable magnitude therein, which moreover she intends to play with a firm will and an uncontrolled hand.

And yet, now that she is ready dressed for the fray, now that the moment has come when she needs all her courage, the girl's heart sinks within her, and she murmurs irresolutely: "Dare I do it after all? Will he forgive the past, or will he not?"

Unconsciously she opens a book lying on the table before her, and glances down the pages in it at random. Almost as an answer to her thoughts she reads these words from the wisdom of the son of Sirach: "Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favor. If thou hast opened thy mouth against a friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except, for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound, for, for these things every friend will depart."

"Pride! for pride, every friend will depart," repeats Janet to herself sadly. "Ay! but if that pride should humble itself, even to the dust, what then?" And Miss Harding closes the book and walks to the door with a firm step, the light of a clear resolution in her beautiful honest eyes.

The ball has already begun, for so long has Janet dawdled over her toilet that the first three dances are concluded by the time she makes her way through a crowd of silk and satin, lace and tulle, and arrives at the ball room door in safety.

The first person she encounters on its threshold is Mrs. Fairfax, not "looking her best," for several things have conspired to put that fair lady out of tune to-night, and the sight of another woman's diamonds is always as a red rag to a bull in her case.

"I am so surprised to see Francis Eridon here to-night," she observes spitefully, after the usual formalities of greeting have taken place.

"Yes!" replies Miss Harding, and her calmly courteous tone has an exasperating effect on the fair Laura.

"Perhaps you don't know that he's a ruined man! It would show that he felt his position more if he did not waste his last few hours in England dancing the trois-temps, I think!" observes Mrs. Fairfax with a virtuous sniff.

"Is that all the sympathy you have to spare for one whom you once called 'Friend!'" asks Janet coldly and contemptuously.

Mrs. Fairfax's eyes fall before the indignant glance in those clear gray ones confronting her, then she laughs nervously and says with meaning:

"Perhaps I am not the only friend that has failed Lord Francis Eridon ere now!"

The stab goes home, as it was meant to do. Of a truth, had the great heiress said him "yea" instead of "nay," how different all might now have been! As Mrs. Fairfax passes on her way, Janet still stands in the same place, musing deeply—and starts when a well known voice says quietly:

"May I have this valse, Miss Harding, if you are not engaged? It's called the 'Fährwohl,' so is singularly appropriate to the occasion," and Lord Francis Eridon laughs pleasantly as his own bitter jest.

Janet bows her head in acquiescence but makes no reply.

After only one turn, feeling that her courage is rapidly dwindling, Miss Harding says desperately:

"I don't want to dance, Lord Francis. Please may we go and sit down?"

"By all means. I don't feel much in a dancing humor, either! And you wanted to speak to me, did you not, Miss Harding?"

"Not here," says Janet, hurriedly. "Across the staircase is my cousin's boudoir: that room is fairly quiet at least."

"Very well, you must guide me, for I don't know the intricacies of this mansion."

Francis Eridon spoke as lightly as if no dark shadow were hanging over his life. Without a word they take their seats on Lady Maberley's own sofa.

From across the corridor the music of the band steals softly into the room.

As one of the most charming writers of the day has said: "There is an indescribable underlying pathos in dance music—everybody knows it; a heartache behind all the laughter, a weariness below all the rapid movement—a question, a doubt, a misgiving under all the radiance and joy."

Perhaps it was this feeling which caused a long unbroken silence to fall upon the pair now listening to the music's fare off strains; but at last Francis Eridon turns towards his companion and says quietly:

"What was it you had to say to me, Janet? Forgive me for calling you by that name, but probably it is the last time on earth I shall ever so err, for it will be a long time ere I see old England again, and who knows what those years may bring forth?"

Miss Harding either will not or can not answer. Her face is turned away, and he cannot see the unshed tears in her sad, gray eyes, nor can he note the piteous conflict of feeling visible on her face.

"I know you have little faith in me, Janet, but even now, when it has come to the last words between us, I do not regret that I told you the truth all through."

His companion makes a desperate effort to reply, but an inarticulate murmur is the only result—the words will not come!

"You were so true and honest yourself, dear, that some power stronger than my own constrained me to be the same, somehow, and I never thought you would not believe me! That hurt worst of all, I think."

A sudden and uncontrollable sob from Janet falls like a thunder clap on his ears.

"My dear child, for God's sake don't cry!" he exclaims anxiously. "It was no fault of yours, dear, and I'm ten times happier now that at least we part friends. We do do that, I think, don't we. Tell me—what was it you wished to say to me, Janet?"

There is an instant's silence, during which a proud woman's soul is fighting out a desperate fight—then Janet Harding's voice rings out clear and true:

"Will you marry me, Lord Francis, now?"

Petrified astonishment causes Francis Eridon to keep silence for quite half a minute. Can she mean it? Is it possible that she would marry him now, when absolute ruin is his portion? If she doubted his honesty of purpose before, how much more might she not doubt it now? No, it could be nothing but a girl's sentimental sympathy for a man to whom fate has dealt a hard blow.

"My dear," he says gravely and quietly, but the tremor in his voice shows how deeply he is moved, "I shall respect and honor you to my dying day for your brave, true womanliness, for I can realize what it cost you to say those words. But, my darling, I love you too well to accept what you offer me, for I know that it is prompted by sweet compassion alone, and I will not take that! My own, forgive me—though I feel as reckless as only a ruined man can feel, I have not sunk so low as to be a suitor for your charity, sweet and kindly though it be."

"But, Lord Francis, it is not charity, or compassion either." Here Miss Harding's cheeks blushed for her, but she goes on bravely: "It was all a mistake. Don't you see that it was not I who did not—not 'care' for you? It was you that I believed did not care for me!" The low voice trembles enough, but the clear, true eyes look him so frankly and confidingly in the face that Francis Eridon cannot choose but believe her.

"My darling!" is all he says, but his voice has so changed its tone that Miss Harding finds courage to lay one small hand on the arm nearest her, and to observe pathetically:

"You're not going to refuse me, Lord Francis, are you?"

"You are not going to refuse me, Lord Francis?"

Half an hour passes by with a rapidity unprecedented in both their lives—then a tardy sense of duty recalls them once more to the ballroom.

"You're making a very bad match, Janet," observes Francis Eridon sadly, looking at the radiant, diamond crowned vision standing before him. "So far as worldly possessions go, I'm not even worth as much as one of those magnificent diamond stars in your pretty hair. And as regards myself—"

"You are worth all the world to me," is the quiet, confident response of the woman who has chosen him, and she alone, from out all others on the face of this earth.

At the entrance to the ballroom they have to stand aside a minute, to make way for a party who are just leaving it; among the latter is Mrs. Fairfax.

"Good-by, Lord Francis," she gushes forth sweetly. "So sorry we shall not meet again. May I wish you better luck in another hemisphere—in every way?" she adds spitefully.

"It would scarcely prove better luck than has come to me in this one, Mrs. Fairfax!" laughs Francis Eridon gayly.

Something in his voice arouses the fair Laura's interested curiosity, and she looks attentively at the pair before her, scrutinizing their faces with a keen and searching look.

What she reads there scarcely seems to please her. Her thin lips grow strangely compressed, and her eyes take a look cold and hard as neither mill stone, but for all remark, she turns to the feeble young man who is escorting her, and in a voice, the supreme injury of which makes him shake in his dancing shoes, says:

"Is that carriage never coming, Mr. Cony?"

"Now we'll finish our valse, Janet!" observes her future husband jestingly. "They've changed the tune since we were last here, but I consider this one even more appropriate still."

"I know it well enough, but can't remember the name!"

"Mia Cara," whispers Lord Francis in her ear, with unmistakable earnestness of explanation.

"Oh! Francis," the name comes forth with a shy grace, "there's one more favor I have to ask of you, a very great one."

"Greater even than the last?" inquires Lord Francis, mischievously.

"May I—may we," the last pronoun is accompanied by a vivid, happy blush, "buy back Culloden from old Barnes? may we?"

"Of course. You shall have him for a park hack if you fancy it, child. But, Janet, seriously speaking, my gambling days are over once for all. I did not care what became of myself, but now life is going to be a different thing altogether!"

"I am very glad" answers Janet Harding in her clear, truthful tones.

"All the same, the horse shall come back to us, dear one, and have a good time for ever and aye—for perhaps we ourselves may do not know how powerful an arbiter of our destiny was that ill fated Culloden!"

THE END.

Two Boston Merchants.

When James Andrews received his son, who had graduated from Harvard college and the law school, into the firm, his advertisement read something like this: "With the commercial knowledge of the senior partner and the legal talent of the junior partner, merchants will realize the advantages of consigning goods to this firm." The second illustration is this: Old John Tyler, the auctioneer, of whom I shall have much to say in the future, was one day selling a vessel at auction, and Andrews was one of the chief bidders. Tyler was annoyed by the latter's constant interruptions. "Coppered and copper fastened" were the guarantees of a well built ship. Tyler had iterated and reiterated these facts, when Andrews broke in with the inquiry, "Mr. Tyler, is she thoroughly copper fastened?"

This aroused the ire of old John, never at the best a peaceably disposed man, and he reared out, standing up in his chaise: "See here, Andrews, if any man should ask me if you were a gentleman, I should say 'yes.' If any man should ask me if you were a merchant, I should say 'yes;' but"—and here he looked at Andrews—"if any man should ask me if you were a gentleman and a thoroughbred merchant, I should say 'Judge for yourselves, gentlemen.' And—I am interfered"— Andrews retired.—Boston Gazette.

There are eighteen Methodist bishops, whose names and ages are as follows: Bowman, 71 years old; Foster, 69; Merrill, 64; Andrews, 64; Warren, 57; Foss, 54; Hurst, 54; Ninde, 57; Walden, 57; Mallalieu, 60; Fowler, 51; Vincent, 57; Fitzgerald, 59; Joyce, 52; Newman, 62; Goodsell, 48; Taylor, 68; Thoburn, 52. Their average age is 58 years.

HER ANSWER.

The question long had been upon my lips;
I asked it, trembling to my finger tips;
She did not falter, though her voice was low;
The answer that she made was simply "No."

She did not look upon me with surprise;
She did not from my glance avert her eyes;
But in her cheeks I saw the roses glow,
As she with gentle firmness answered "No."

She used no trick or artifice with me;
She did not say a sister she would be,
And no confusion did the maiden show
As to my question she responded "No."

What was my question, reader? Let me tell;
She just had told me that she loved me well;
I asked, "Will you o'er love another so?"
And to this question 'twas she answered "No."

—Boston Courier.

Bread Unknown.

Bread is not the staff of life to many people of civilized nations, because they do not eat it. Baked loaves of bread are unknown in many parts of South Austria and of Italy, and throughout the agricultural districts of Roumania. Not many miles from Vienna bread is never seen, its place being taken by sterz, a kind of porridge made from ground beech nuts, which is taken at breakfast with fresh or curdled milk; at dinner with broth or fried lard, and with milk again for supper. In the north of Italy the peasantry live chiefly on polenta, a porridge made of boiled maize. It is in every sense the Italian peasant's daily bread. The Roumanians eat a mama liga, made of maize and like the polenta except that the grains are not allowed to settle as in the Italian dish. Sterz is also known as helden and takes the place of bread in Corinthia and many parts of the Tyrol.—Good Housekeeping.

Dr. Abbott's Amende Honorable.

The newspapers also mirror life as it is. They report in full all the murders, crimes and horrors that happen around us. I wish they would not give so much space to these things. Often when we want a small Rembrandt cabinet picture we get a broad, startling painting, done with the brush of a scene painter. It is said that the newspapers of today do not tell the truth, and I think there is not one of us who has not seen at some time or other in his evening Eagle reports about himself which he thinks are not correct, but when we consider that the newspapers now take in the whole world, I marvel that they are correct as they are. There is as much truth in them as there is in the preaching. [Laughter and applause.]—Lyman Abbott at Franklinite Dinner.

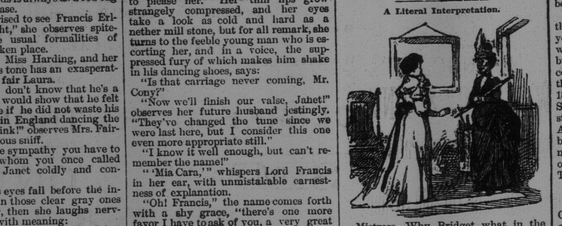
Donnelly's Note Book.

Ignatius Donnelly does not trust to his memory for all the odd anecdotes and funny stories with which he elaborates his speeches on any and all occasions, but he follows the example of Abraham Lincoln and keeps a note book which is full of them. He keeps the note books in a drawer at home and looks them over, not only when he wants one for a speech, but whenever he gets blue. He says that his note books are better medicine than anything the doctors can prescribe. Some one who professed to have seen the inside of one of Mr. Donnelly's note books says that when the sage gets a good anecdote or a striking bit of poetry, he makes a marginal note beside it of some man whom it will fit.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Destruction of French Wolves.

The French minister of agricultu has published a return showing that the total number of wolves killed during the past year was 701, and of these two were wolves which had attacked human beings, and for each of which a premium of £8 was paid; fourteen were she wolves with young, for each of which a premium of £6 was paid; 315 were ordinary wolves, for which a premium of £4 was paid; and 370 cubs, for each of which a premium of 32s. was paid. The total amount paid in premiums was £1,920, as against £2,284 for 760 wolves in 1886, and £2,620 for 900 in 1885. The department in which most wolves were destroyed was the Dordogne (109), the Vienne (50) and the Haute Vienne (47).—Chicago Times.

A Literal Interpretation.



Mistress—Why, Bridget, what in the world are you doing with my new dress on?

Bridget—Sure, mum, it's yerself what gave it to me!

Mistress—I gave it to you!

Bridget—Yis; yez said Oi cud have it as soon as yez had worn it out, an' begorra yez wore it out yestherday afternoon.—Harper's Bazar.

Why He Did Not Write.

Those persons in whom certain senses are defective have often greater cause for repining than is generally supposed. For example: one young lady who is very near sighted has often been told by her brother that he perceives that to be the reason why she never sees the point of a joke.

Thomas Landseer, the brother of the famous animal painter, was perfectly deaf during the last years of his life. When his brother Edwin was at one time traveling abroad, some one remonstrated with him for not writing to his brother, as he had promised.

"What's the use?" was the reply "He's too deaf to hear from us."—Youth's Companion.

Giving a Dog Away.

Max and Moritz were the only male youngsters in the family. The first named one day brought a dog home, a horrid, ugly creature, to the great disgust of the female portion of the household. At length the oldest of the sisters persuaded little Max to take the dog back where he found it, or to give it away, and gave him threepence for his trouble. Max strutted off with the cur and returned in half an hour, munching the remains of the last of the nuts he had bought with his sister's money.

"Well, what have you done with that ugly brute?" the latter inquired.

"Guv it to Moritz!" was the reply.—Illustrite Welt.

Publications in Japan.

A gentleman writing from Japan says that although it is only eighteen years since the first newspaper was published in Japan, there are now 575 daily and weekly newspapers, There are 85 law magazines, 111 scientific periodicals, 35 medical journals and an equal number of religious newspapers.—New York Telegram.

In the severe earthquake shock that occurred recently in Vogtland there were remarkably loud subterranean noises, but no serious damage.

Rub the teakettle with kerosene and polish with a dry flannel cloth.

OLD AND CURIOUS COINS.

PIECES OF SCARCE KINDS OF MONEY AND THEIR FANCY PRICES.

The Goddess of Liberty in Different Positions—Coins from American Mints That Are More Prized Than Those That Were Current In the Days of the Cesars.

A craze which of late years has greatly developed and at this time shows no sign of falling off, is that of collecting coins. Chicago leads all western cities in the number of its numismatists and boasts some fine collections. It might be supposed that the demand would be principally for coins of great antiquity, but this is not the case. The chief inquiry is for sets of American coins, and some numbers are so rare as to readily command fancy prices. In certain years some descriptions of coins were not minted at all, while in other cases few copies were issued. Other coins are valued because of some error or eccentricity in the die; in fact, any variation from the ordinary types, if in good condition, will bring more than its face value.

ODD SIZES AND DATES.

Of the silver dollars, nearly all the earlier issues are in demand at a slight premium, and that of 1794, in which the goddess of liberty is depicted with flowing hair, is worth $20. As for the dollar of 1804, of which few are known, any copy in good condition will bring $300. The flying eagle of 1838 and 1889, and the coins of 1851, 1852 and 1858, with the liberty loving lady seated, are worth from least $15 each. The one time despised trade dollars, issued 1879 to 1888 inclusive, are at a premium of 10 cents each. Of half dollars, those of 1796 and 1797, with fifteen or sixteen stars, bring $15 each. Others of value are dated 1794, 1801 and 1802, and there are many more, such as 1836 with a liberty cap, 1838 with an "O" mark under the head, and a coin of 1853 with liberty seated, which are worth from $2 to $5 each. The scarce quarters are those of 1823 and 1827, with the head to the left, each valued at $15, while the 1796 fillet head is to be had for $2 and that of 1804 for $1. Twenty cent silver pieces of 1876 bring 30 cents; those coined at the same year are cheap at $1.50. The dimes of the grandfathers are mostly worth from five to twenty times their face value, while half dimes in silver bring from 50 cents to $2 each, and a special hunter of the vintage of 1792 will command $25. Silver three cent pieces run from 20 to 50 cents; nickel fives 15 to 30 cents each, and nickel threes 15 to 25.

COPPER LEADS GOLD.

There is a great demand for old copper cents, the first ambition of every collector being to start even with the procession in 1793 or so and bring it down to date with a coin for each year. It will cost him from $1 to $3 for the various kinds issued in 1793, $3 for 1799, and $2.50 for 1804. With the exception of a cent of 1809 with the head to the left the rest are reasonable in price. Half cents are in demand, and readily command from $4 to $5 for those of certain years between 1831 and 1849. But in these it must not be understood that those of all years are equally in request. Those issued 1840-48 inclusive, with the head to the left, average about $5 each. Washington and Lafayette, old fashioned cents, and the copper issues of New York, Vermont, Massachusetts and New Jersey bring, provided they have the necessary earmarks, sums ranging from $1 to $10.

There is not much call for gold coins, but trial pieces are valuable, and good proofs of double eagles of some years, as 1833 and 1856, bring a small premium. Scarce half eagles are those of 1829 and 1829, and worth full $20 each. On other dates from 1795 to 1834 some 20 to 30 per cent. premium is paid. Three dollar gold pieces of 1875 and 1876, with the figure of an Indian princess, bring $6 and $8, respectively. Quarter eagles of early dates run from $8 up to $9, and there are many gold dollars for which a slight advance on their face value must be paid.

Intending collectors need not distress themselves in looking for dollars of the years 1805-35, inclusive, for Uncle Sam was either short of metal or otherwise busy those thirty years and none were coined. There were no cents rushed on the market in 1815, and no eagles from 1805 to 1837, inclusive. The Confederate States made a little for a short time, struck off a few, but ran out of silver. An authentic coin of that issue would bring $1,000. As a contrast to this it may be noted that you can get a penny of the Cæsars for 50 cents.—Chicago Tribune.

A Shrewd Dog.

Of a sedate but cunning dog out in California this story is told: On one occasion a rabbit was started, and all the dogs with the exception of Bonus dashed off in full pursuit. He were astonish! to observe that he, foregoing the interest excitement of the chase, deliberately trotted by a short cut to a hollow oak trunk, and crouching at its base calmly awaited the coming of the fleeing rabbit. And he was not disappointed, for the pursuing dogs pressed the rabbit so hard that after making a long detour, it approached the place of refuge. As it was about entering the hollow trunk, Bonus sprang up and captured it. Now, this old dog was used to hunting rabbits in that field, and knew that the rodents were in the habit of flying for safety to that hollow tree. Moreover, this story is true.—Philadelphia Times.

Done and Undone.

A Dickinson college student, in a spirit of braggadocio, made a bet of $5 with another young man that he could put two regulation billiard balls in his mouth at one time. He accomplished the feat, and is now a sadder but wiser person. The balls stuck in his mouth, and all efforts to dislodge the same proved futile, until finally an M. D. was called in, who, in order to get them out, was compelled to cut a slit in his mouth on each side. The other fellow paid the bet.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

George's Timely Interruption.

"No, George," faltered the maiden, "I fear it cannot be. I admire you as a gentleman, I respect you as a friend, but"——

"Laura," he exclaimed, "before you pass sentence hear me out. A recent lucky stroke in business has enabled me to buy a beautiful home on Prairie avenue, which shall be in your name. I will insure my life for $25,000, and"——

"George," calmly interposed the lovely girl, "you interrupted me. I was about to say that the sentiments of respect and esteem I feel for you, though so strong, are feeble in comparison with the deep love which—which I—which I have long—don't, George, dear!"

For George had interrupted her again.—Chicago Tribune.

Tickling Torture.

Mrs. Henry M. Kitchen, St. George, Ont says: "I had a bad cold which settled in my throat, causing a continual tickling and I just coughed all the time. I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and in 3 days I was getting better, and in 10 days I went to church. Our neighbors know this to be true.

A Forcible Fact.

Constipation is the most frequent cause of headaches, bad blood, humors, dizziness, vertigo, etc., and because of this should never be allowed to exist. It may be readily cured by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which never fails to cure even the most obstinate and chronic cases.

A man is disposed to regard marriage as a failure when his wife goes on a visit to her mother and leaves him to take care of a six months' old baby.

A Useful Article.

"I can certify to the great usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. We use it for burns, bruises, cuts, sores, rheumatism, sore throat, croup, etc., and recommend it to all as an excellent remedy." T. W. Appleby, Wingham, Ont. All medicine dealers sell Yellow Oil.

It is an unselfish policeman who prays for the coming of the millenium.

Poison Ivy Eruption.

For poison ivy eruption and for all burns, sore throat, rheumatism, etc., Mr. C. W. Wood, of Hall's Bridge, Ont., advises the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which has been in use in his family for years. He regards it as a perfect cure.

A bench show.—Playing to empty benches.

The Field of Chateaugay.

From this historic ground Mr. Frank Carrette writes that he was greatly afflicted with constipation, together with pain and swelling of his body. "I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and it gave me immediate relief I can now sleep well and can eat heartily without any ill effects."

It is the fellow with the sand who lays siege to the girl with the rocks.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them. They cured me of despepsia when all other remedies failed."—T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa. Ayer's Pill's are sold by all druggists.

We have great respect for the penetration of the man who discovers good qualities in us.

To restore, thicken, and give you a luxuriant growth of hair, to keep its color natural as in youth, and to remove dandruff, use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

The busy chimney sweep appears in a fresh soot every day.

The world-wide reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the natural result of its surpassing value as a blood medicine. Nothing in the whole pharmacopœia' effect more astonishing results in scrofula, rhemmatism, general debility, and all forms of blood disease, than this remedy.

An Apt Quotation.

from a letter by Mrs Sullivan, 124 West Ave. Hamilton, Ont: After trying a number of medicines for liver complaint, from which I suffered for years, I bought two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and found it a complete cure. My house is never without it."

In contradiction of the statement of Polonius that "the apparel oft proclaims the man," an exchange says, "apparel is nothing." To our mind there is a great deal in it. It is impossible for a bandy-legged man to look grave and dignified or whose boot heels are worn down on the outside to an angle of forty-five degrees.

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.

H. JONAS & CO.

GROCERS' SUNDRIES

ESSENTIAL OILS AND Flavoring Extracts

SOMETHING NEW IN BELTING

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR OF KNUCKLE-JOINT LINK LEATHER BELTING

J. C. McLAREN BELTING CO. MONTREAL

PLATE GLASS

French Mirror Plate

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PAINTS

OILS, COLORS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, ETC.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S PILLS—Free from Mercury.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Liver.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Indigestion.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Heartburn.

COCKLE'S PILLS—In use eighty-six years.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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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.

VALENTINES

Wholesale and Retail

—BY—

J. & A. McMILLAN,

Booksellers and Stationers,

98 and 100 Prince Wm. St.,

St. John, N. B.

Corporation Contract.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office, until MONDAY, 25th inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, for Paving

WATER STREET

with CEDAR BLOCKS, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the City Engineer's office.

No tender will be recognized unless signed by the parties tendering, with their occupation and place of residence.

Tenders must be accompanied by a certified bank cheque for Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines or neglects to enter into a contract when called upon so to do. All cheques except those of party whose tender is accepted, will be returned as soon as contract is entered into.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

February 6th, 1889.

By order.

HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

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 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.

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 for the numbered sizes of the Boots of the 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 have been deposited 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 intention to tender 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 Hugh Campbell's grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1836 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from the magnetic north, 330 feet; thence, by the magnet bearing 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, 90 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, 155 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees east, 40 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 feet, to the northwestern end line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; and thence on said line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a road 10 feet wide, 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 interested 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.

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.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C. B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Bridge," will be received until noon on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1889.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways, Ottawa, where forms of tender, may be obtained on and after Wednesday, 20th February instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or of an accepted bank cheque made payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract.

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals. Ottawa, 7th February, 1889.

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 have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

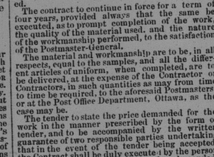
W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the

Double Washboard.

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

W. W.



$225 Sewing-Machines FREE to at once establish our Paper in a place where we have no agent, we will send Free to one person in each town or village the best sewing-machine and a complete set of the attachments, as follows: Hemmer, Feller, Binder, Tucker, Gauger, Braider, Fringe, Cord, Tucker, Ruffler, Quilter, Plaiter, Shirring, Ruffle, Plain Hemmer, Ruffle, Gathers, Ruffle, Ruffle, Ruffle