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POOR DOCUMENT

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CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness 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.

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SAINT JOHN BOLT AND NUT CO.
NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the Saint John Bolt and Nut Company, will be held at the office of the Company, in the City of St. John, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of June next, at half past three (3.30) o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may regularly come before the meeting.
The Transfer Book will be closed ten days immediately before and inclusive of the day of the annual meeting.
J. E. E. DICKSON, Sec'y Trea's.
Saint John, N. B., 14th May, 1890.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE
NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership Business heretofore carried on by the undersigned in Co-partnership under the name and style of DANIEL & BOYD has been dissolved by lapse of time and mutual consent, the said JOHN COWAN and WILLIAM K. MOLLISON retiring therefrom and the business hereafter will be carried on by the undersigned, THOMAS W. DANIEL and JOHN BOYD on their own account, and they will pay all the liabilities of said firm and have the sole right to collect and receive all debts and amounts due said firm.
Dated at the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick this 15th day of January, A. D., 1890.
T. W. DANIEL, JOHN BOYD, JOHN COWAN, WM. K. MOLLISON.

PROFESSIONAL.

DENTISTRY, 158 GERMAIN STREET.
DR. CANBY HATHEWAY having spent the last five years in Paris, France, has returned to Saint John, with the intention of remaining permanently, and has taken the house 158 Germain street, lately occupied by Dr. McFarlane.

F. MACFARLANE, M.D. 48 South Side King Square.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST. OFFICE, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts., St. John, N. B.

DR. H. C. WETMORE, DENTIST, 58 SYDNEY STREET.

J. W. MANCHESTER, M. O. C. V. S., has commenced practice as a Veterinary Surgeon at St. John. Night calls promptly attended to. Office No. 131 Union Street.

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BOOT BLACKING.—DAY & MARTIN'S PASTE AND LIQUID; WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING, for men and women, shines for all in any weather. For sale only by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

MONTSERRAT LIME FRUIT JUICE; 5 Cases just received by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.

ARRIVED.
We have received this week and offer wholesale:
100 Casks Choicest NEW CROP BARBADOS MOLASSES.
5 Cars Globe Flour.
1 Car Oatmeal.
1 " Granulated and Y. Sugar.
1 " Rice.
225 Cads Tea.
50 Packages Morton's & Lazenby's Pickles.
75 Packages Tobacco.
25 Boxes New Dates.
400 Cwt. Codfish.
2 Casks Cream Tartar.
Geo. S. DeForest & Sons

LARD, HAMS, BACON. Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock. SLIPP & FLEWELLING Pork Packers, 160 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

COALS. Daily expected ex "Eva Maud" and other vessels, All Sizes Hard Coals For sale by R. P. McGIVERN, No. 9 North Wharf.

HARD: CHESTNUT, STOVE, EGG, BROKEN, LUMP. COAL. SOFT: Acadia, Pictou, Caledonia, Gowrie, All screened before delivered. Prices very low. W. L. BUSBY, 81, 83, and 85 Water St.

HAND AND RING

By A. K. GREEN.

Continued.

The sorrowful dignity with which this was said, called forth a bow from the Prosecuting Attorney.

"Very well," he rejoined, "did the prisoner have any thing to say about his prospects?"

"He did."

"How did he speak of them?"

"Despondingly."

"And what reason did he give for this?"

"He said he had failed to interest any capitalist in his invention."

"Any other reason?"

"Yes."

"What was that?"

"That he had just come from his aunt, whom he had tried to persuade to advance him a sum of money to carry out his wishes, but that she had refused."

"He told you that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he also tell you what path he had taken to his aunt's house?"

"No, sir."

"Was there any thing said by him to show he did not take the secret path through the woods and across the bog to her back door?"

"No, sir."

"Or that he did not return in the same way?"

"No, sir."

"Miss Dare, did the prisoner express to you at this time irritation as well as regret at the result of his efforts to elicit money from his aunt?"

"Yes," was the evidently forced reply.

"Can you remember any words that he used which would tend to show the condition of his mind?"

"I have no memory for words," she began, but flushed as she met the eye of the judge, and perhaps remembered her oath. "I do recollect, however, one expression he used. He said: 'My life is worth nothing to me without success. If only to win you, I must put this matter through: and I will do it yet.'"

"Miss Dare, did you express any anger yourself at the refusal of Mrs. Clemmens to assist the prisoner by lending him such moneys as he required?"

"Yes, sir; I fear I did."

"Miss Dare, did you make use of any such expression as this: 'I wish I knew Mrs. Clemmens?'"

"I believe I did."

"And did this mean you had no acquaintance with the murdered woman at that time?" pursued Mr. Ferris.

"It meant that, sir."

"And what did the prisoner say when you gave utterance to this wish?"

"He asked me why I desired to know her."

"And what did you reply?"

"That if I knew her I might be able to persuade her to listen to this request."

"And what answer had he for this?"

"None but a quick shake of his head."

"Miss Dare, up to the time of this interview had you ever received any gift from the prisoner—jewelry, for instance—say, a ring?"

"No, sir."

"Did he offer you such a gift then?"

"He did."

"What was it?"

"A gold ring set with a diamond."

"Did you receive it?"

"No, sir. I felt that in taking a ring from him I would be giving an irrevocable promise, and I was not ready to do that."

"Did you allow him to put it on your finger?"

"I did."

"And it remained there?" suggested Mr. Ferris, with a smile.

"A minute, maybe."

"Which of you, then, took it off?"

"I did."

"And what did you say when you took it off?"

"I do not remember my words."

Again recalling old Sally's account of this interview, Mr. Ferris asked:

"Were they these: 'I cannot. Wait till to-morrow'?"

"Yes, I believe they were."

"And when he inquired: 'Why to-morrow?' did you reply: 'A night has been known to change the whole current of one's affairs'?"

"I did."

"Miss Dare, what did you mean by those words?"

"I object!" cried Mr. Orcutt, rising. Unseen by any save himself, the prisoner had made him an eloquent gesture, slight, but peremptory.

"I think it is one I have a right to ask," urged the District Attorney.

But Mr. Orcutt maintained his objection, and the court instantly ruled in his favor.

Mr. Ferris prepared to modify his question. But before he could speak the voice of Miss Dare was heard.

"Gentlemen," said she, "there was no need of all this talk. I intended to seek an interview with Mrs. Clemmens and try what the effect would be of confiding to her my interest in her nephew."

The dignified simplicity with which she spoke gave to this voluntary explanation an unexpected force that carried it quite home to the hearts of the jury. Even Mr. Orcutt turned toward the prisoner with a look almost congratulatory in its character. But Mr. Byrd, who for reasons of his own kept his eyes upon that prisoner, observed that it met with no other return than that shadow of a bitter smile which now and then visited his otherwise unmoved countenance.

Mr. Ferris bowed in acknowledgment of the answer she had been pleased to give him in face of the ruling of the court, and calmly proceeded:

"And what reply did the prisoner make you when you uttered this remark in reference to the change that a single day sometimes makes in one's affairs?"

"Something in the way of assent."

"Cannot you give us his words?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, can you tell us whether or not he looked thoughtful when you said this?"

"He may have done so, sir."

"Did it strike you at the time that he reflected on what you said?"

"I cannot say how it struck me at the time."

"Did he look at you a few minutes before speaking, or in any way conduct himself as if he had been set thinking?"

"He did not speak for a few minutes."

"And looked you?"

"Yes, sir."

The District Attorney paused a moment as if to let the results of his examination sink into the minds of the jury; then he went on:

"Miss Dare, you say you returned the ring to the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say positively the ring passed from you to him; that you saw it in his hand after it had left yours?"

"No, sir. The ring passed from me to him, but I did not see it in his hand, because I did not return it to him that way. I dropped it into his pocket."

At this acknowledgment, which made both the prisoner and his counsel [illegible] Mr. Byrd felt himself nudged by Hickory.

"Did you hear that?" he whispered.

"Yes," returned the other.

"And do you believe it?"

"Miss Dare is [illegible]," was the reply.

"Pooh!" was Hickory's whispered exclamation.

The District Attorney alone showed no surprise.

"You dropped it into his pocket?" he resumed. "How came you to do that?"

"I was weary of the strife which had followed my refusal to accept this token. He would not take it from me himself, so I restored it to him in the way I have said."

"Miss Dare, will you tell us what pocket this was?"

"The outside pocket on the left side of his coat," she returned, with a cold and careful exactness that caused the prisoner to drop his eyes from her face, with that faint but scornful twitch of the muscles about his mouth, which gave to his countenance now and then the proud look of disdain which both the detectives had noted.

"Miss Dare," continued the Prosecuting Attorney, "did you see this ring again during the interview?"

"No, sir."

"Did you detect the prisoner making any move to take it out of his pocket; or have you any reason to believe that it was taken out of the pocket on the left-hand side of his coat while you were with him?"

"No, sir."

"So that, as far as you know, it was still in his pocket when you parted?"

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Dare, have you ever seen that ring since?"

"I have."

"When and where?"

"I saw it on the morning of the murder. It was lying on the floor of Mrs. Clemmens' dining room. I had gone to the house, in my surprise at hearing of the murderous assault which had been made upon her, and, while surveying the spot where she was struck, perceived this ring lying on the floor before me."

"What made you think it was this ring which you had returned to the prisoner the day before?"

"Because of its setting, and the character of the gem, I suppose."

"Could you see all this where it was lying on the floor?"

"It was brought nearer to my eyes, sir. A gentleman who was standing near picked it up and offered it to me, supposing it was mine. As he held it out in his open palm I saw it plainly."

"Miss Dare, will you tell us what you did when you first saw this ring lying on the floor?"

"I covered it with my foot."

"Was that before you recognized it?"

"I cannot say. I placed my foot upon it instinctively."

"How long did you keep it there?"

"Some few minutes."

"What caused you to move at last?"

"I was surprised."

"What surprised you?"

"A man came to the door."

"What man."

"I don't know. A stranger to me. Some one who had been sent on an errand connected with this affair."

"What did he say or do to surprise you?"

"Nothing. It was what you said yourself after the man had gone."

"And what did I say, Miss Dare?"

She cast him a look of the faintest appeal, but answered quietly:

"Something about its not being the tramp who had committed this crime."

"That surprised you?"

"That made me start."

"Miss Dare, were you present in the house when the dying woman spoke the one or two exclamations which have been testified to in this trial?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was the burden of the first speech you heard?"

"The words Hand, sir, and Ring. She repeated the two half a dozen times."

"Miss Dare, what did you say to the gentleman who showed you the ring and asked if it were yours?"

"I told him it was mine, and took it and placed it on my finger."

"But the ring was not yours?"

"My acceptance of it made it mine. In all but that regard it had been mine ever since Mr. Mansell offered it to me the day before."

Mr. Ferris surveyed the witness for a moment before saying:

"Then you considered it damaging to your lover to have this ring found in that department!"

Mr. Orcutt instantly rose to object.

"I won't press the question," said the District Attorney with a wave of his hand and a slight look at the jury.

"You ought never to have asked it!" exclaimed Mr. Orcutt, with the first appearance of heat he had shown.

"You are right," Mr. Ferris coolly responded. "The jury could see the point without any assistance from you are me."

"And the jury," retorted Mr. Orcutt, with equal coolness, "is scarcely obliged to you for the suggestion."

"Well, we wont quarrel about it," declared Mr. Ferris.

"We won't quarrel about anything," retorted Mr. Orcutt. "We will try the case in a legal manner."

"Have you got through?" inquired Mr. Ferris, nettled.

Mr. Orcutt took his seat with the simple reply:

"Go on with the case."

The District Attorney, after a momentary pause to regain the thread of his examination and recover his equanimity, turned to the witness.

"Miss Dare," he asked, "how long did you keep that ring on your finger after you left the house?"

"A little while—five or ten minutes, perhaps."

"Where were you when you took it off?"

Her voice sank just a trifle:

"On the bridge at Warren street."

"What did you do with it then?"

Her eyes, which had been on the Attorney's face, fell slowly.

"I dropped it into the water," she said.

And the character of her thoughts and suspicions at that time stood revealed.

The Prosecuting Attorney allowed himself a few more questions.

"When you parted with the prisoner in the woods, was it with any arrangement for meeting again before he returned to Buffalo?"

"No, sir."

"Give us the final words of your conversation, if you please."

"We were just parting, and I had turned to go, when he said: 'Is it good-bye, then, Imogene?' and I answered, 'That to-morrow must decide.' 'Shall I stay, then?' he inquired; to which I replied, 'Yes.'"

She shuddered as she realized the deathly quiet that followed its utterance, and cast a quick look at Mr. Orcutt that was full of question, if not doubt.

"I was calculating upon the interview I intended to have with Mrs. Clemmens," she explained, turning toward the Judge with indescribable dignity.

"We understand that," remarked the Prosecuting Attorney, kindly, and then inquired:

"Was this the last you saw of the prisoner until to-day?"

"No, sir."

"When did you see him again?"

"On the following Wednesday."

"Where?"

"In the depot at Syracuse."

"How came you to be in Syracuse the day after the murder?"

"I had started to go to Buffalo."

"What purpose had you in going to Buffalo?"

"I wished to see Mr. Mansell."

"Did he know you were coming?"

"No, sir."

"Had no communication passed between you from the time you parted in the woods till you came upon each other in the depot you have just mentioned?"

"No, sir."

"Had he no reason to expect to meet you here?"

"No, sir.

"With what words did you accost each other!"

"I don't know. I have no remembrance of saying any thing. I was utterly dumbfounded at seeing him in this place, and cannot say into what exclamation I may have been betrayed."

"And he? Don't you remember what he said?"

"No, sir. I only know he started back with a look of great surprise. Afterward he asked if I were on my way to see him."

"And what did you answer?"

"I don't think I made any answer. I was wondering if he was on his way to see me."

"Did you put the question to him?"

"Perhaps. I cannot tell. It is all like a dream to me."

If she had said horrible dream, every one there would have believed her.

"You can tell us, however, if you held any conversation."

"We did not."

"And you can tell us how the interview terminated?"

"Yes, sir. I turned away and took the train back home, which I saw standing on the track without."

"And he?"

"Turned away also. Where he went I cannot say."

"Miss Dare"—the district attorney's voice was very earnest—"can you tell us which of you made the first movement to go?"

"What does he mean by that?" whispered Hickory to Byrd.

"I do not know," she answered at last. "It was a simultaneous movement, I think."

"Are you sure?" persisted Mr. Ferris. "You are on oath, Miss Dare? Is there no way way in which you can make certain whether he or you took the initiatory step in this sudden parting after an event that so materially changed your mutual prospects?"

"No, sir. I can only say that in recalling the sensations of the hour, I am certain my own movement was not the result of any I saw him take. The instinct to leave the place had its birth in my own breast."

"I told you so," commented Hickory, in the ear of Byrd. "She is not going to give herself away, whatever happens."

"But can you positively say he did not make the first motion to leave?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Ferris bowed, turned toward the opposing counsel and said:

"The witness is yours."

Mr. Ferris sat down perfectly satisfied. No amount of skill on the part of Orcutt could extract other than the truth, and the truth was that Imogene believed the prisoner to be the murderer of his aunt.

To the surprise of every one, Mr. Orcutt, after a short consultation with the prisoner, rose and said he had no questions to put to the witness.

"Byrd," whispered Hickory, as Miss Dare returned somewhat tremulously to her former seat among the witnesses—"Byrd, you can knock me over with a feather. I thought the defence would have no difficulty in riddling this woman's testimony, and they have not even made the effort. Can it be that Orcutt has such an attachment for her that he is going to let his rival hang?"

"No. He believes what she says to be true, and you do not."

"Then, all I've got to say, 'So much the worse for Mansell!'" was the whispered response. "He was a fool to trust his case to that man."

The judge, the jury and all the bystanders in court, it must be confessed, shared the opinion of Hickory—Mr. Orcutt was standing on slippery ground.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE OPENING OF THE DEFENCE.

Late that afternoon the prosecution rested. It had made out a case of great strength and seeming impregnability. To quote a man who was pretty free with his opinions in the lobby of the court-room: "Orcutt will have to wake up if he is going to clear his man in face of facts like these."

The moment, therefore, when this famous lawyer and distinguished advocate rose to open the defence, was one of great interest to more than the immediate actors in the scene. It was felt that hitherto he had rather idled with his case, and curiosity was awake to his future course. Indeed, in the minds of many the counsel for the prisoner was on trial as well as his client.

He rose with more of self-possession. Never a handsome man or even an imposing one, he had the advantage of always rising to the occasion, and whether pleading with a jury or arguing with opposing counsel, flashed with that unmistakable glitter of keen and ready intellect which, once observed in a man, marks him off from his less gifted fellows and makes him the cynosure of all eyes, however insignificant his height, features, or ordinary expression.

To-day he was even cooler, more brilliant, and more confident in his bearing than usual. To save his client seemed the one predominating impulse of his soul, and, as he drew himself up to speak, Mr. Byrd, who was watching him with the utmost eagerness and anticipation, felt that, despite appearances, despite evidence, despite probability itself, this man was going to win his case.

"May it please your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury," he began, and those who looked at him could not but notice how the prisoner at his side lifted his head at this address, till it seemed as if the words issued from his lips instead of from those of his counsel, "I stand before you to-day not to argue with my learned opponent in reference to the evidence which he has brought out with so much ingenuity. I have a simpler duty than that to perform. I have to show you how, in spite of this evidence, in face of all this accumulated testimony showing the prisoner to have been in possession of both motive and opportunities for committing this crime, he is guiltless of it; that a physical impossibility stands in the way of his being the assailant of the Widow Clemmens, and that to whomever or whatsoever her death may be due, it neither was nor could have been the result of any blow struck by the prisoner's hand. In other words, we dispute, not the facts which have led the Prosecuting Attorney of this district, and perhaps others also, to infer guilt on the part of the prisoner"—here Mr. Orcutt cast a significant glance at the bench where the witnesses sat—"but the inference itself. Something besides proof of motive and opportunity must be urged against this man in order to convict him of guilt. Nor is it sufficient to show he was on the scene of murder some time during the fatal morning when Mrs. Clemmens was attacked; you must prove he was there at the time the deadly blow was struck; for it is not with him as with so many against whom circumstantial evidence of guilt is brought. This man, gentlemen, has an answer for those who accuse him of crime—an answer, too, before which all the circumstantial evidence in the world cannot stand. Do you want to know what it is? Give me but a moment's attention and you shall hear."

Expectation, which had been rising through this exordium, now stood at fever-point. Byrd and Hickory held their breaths, and even Miss Dare showed feeling through the icy restraint which had hitherto governed her secret anguish and suspense. Mr. Orcutt went

TO BE CONTINUED.

Of Great Value.

Capt. D. H. Lyon, manager and proprietor of the C. P. R. and R. W. and O. R. car ferry, Prescott, Ont., says: I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of Cold in the Head. Two application effected a complete and thorough cure in less than 24 hours. I would not take $100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it.

She Forgave Him.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Wife—Why, husband, I thought you had more sense than to buy a cornet. You know the fellow next door worries us nearly to death with his.

Husband—Calm yourself, my dear. That's the one I bought.

Illogical.

[From the New York Sun.]

"The idea that people will follow in the other world the same vocations as in this is absurd."

"Of course it is. Take your own case. How could you carry on the ice business?"

Will not Work With Scabs.

WESTBORO, Mass, May 23.—All the members of the boot and shoe workers international union, numbering sixty, have struck at the shop of Geo. B. Brigham & Sons owing to the employment of alleged "scabs." It is expected the knights of labor will also go out if the trouble is not immediately settled. This will include 150 men in the strike.

Trouble for the Bruisers.

NEW YORK, May 23.—The Times Richmond, Va., special says: There will likely be trouble for the bruisers if they attempt to carry out the present intention of putting on the Sullivan-Jackson-McAuliffe fights here as they will certainly be arrested, perding a test of the validity of the charter of the Virginia sporting association under whose auspices the fights have been arranged.

Kennan a Sensationalist.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, May 23.—William H. Dunstan, a resident of Rnssia for thirty years and the present American vice-Consul-general at St. Petersburg, has arrived here. He takes decided issue with George Kennan whom he calls a sensasionalist, given to exaggeration. and proposes to counter-act Kennan's influence in this country.

The Government Knew it All.

NEW YORK, May 22.—A Herald's Washington special says the filibustering expedition scheme to capture Lower California had been known to the government some time, and measures to prevent any such action had already been taken before the scheme was published.

Tube Works Strike Ended.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 23.—The men at the National Tube works at McKeesport returned to work this morning on a satisfactory compromise, thns ending the strike that involved several thousand men.

BOSTON, May 23.—The House to-day ordered to a third reading the bill to permit steam and sireet railway companies to use Meigs' elevated system.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 23.—Four aldermen and seven ex-aldermen have been indicted by the grand jury for wilful misconduct in office in drawing from the city treasury, illegally, sums aggregating over $12,000.

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

At the continuation of the Longue Pointe asylum fire inquest yesterday at Montreal the nuns submitted a list of 56 inmates who were burned to death in the fire. The erection of temporary buildings for an asylum began yesterday and they will be ready for occupation by September.

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

Mrs. Mary A. Burgess, who shot Albion H. Titus Sunday evening at Rockland, Me., secured $1,000 bonds yesterday to appear at the September court. She seems unconcerned regarding the crime.

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

Five Italian miners were killed by the fall of a rock in No. 11 shaft, of the South Hecla branch of the Calumet and Hecla mine in Michigan yesterday.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS HE Sighs FOR LOST ILLUSIONS.

And Declares Venice to be One of the Most Infamous Impositions in the History of Cities or the Literature of Travel.

VENICE, Italy, May 2, 1890.

It is not pleasant to be ranked among those cynics who go about the old world shying iconoclastic bricks at the mystic fabrics which poets and painters have more than half created and which the rest of the world's friendly fancy has clothed in warm and glowing embellishment. But however impressionable and sympathetic one may be, the ideal Venice, the complete composite of the expectant wanderer's dream, is another and better thing than the possessed actuality. One hesitates in such a confession. It seems like setting one's own judgment, perception, feeling, against those of myriads who have come before. These have come to worship; parted from Venice to adore. But so surely as I would write all my life in justice, truth and kindliness, I never elsewhere came to meet with such bitter sadness in disappointment.

Every one hopes for travel and its perennial mental feast. Everybody sets as his Ultima Thule, some region, place or object, to come to, know and enjoy. All my life Venice was that transcendent point of attainment for me. Every song that had sung its praises I had read. In every one I thought I saw between the lines a strain of regret that the singer could not frame his words and measure in adequate adoration. Standing before the great paintings of Venetian life and scenes, I have seen a fairer city behind the best the masters had done. For a score and a half years I had gone on building a City of Delight a fair Armidean vision of entrancement, a far-away, radiant place of fleckless air, of tender skies, of balmy zephyrs of colorful tints thrilling with living light, of domed and minareted palaces floating upon waters of translucent, hyaline hue. This is the Venice we all have made. There is no such city this side of the Utmost Isle.

I came from Brindisi by an Adriatic coaster. We skirted Apulia, passed Bari, Ancona, Rimini, and at Ravenna were alongside the lower region of lagoons. Passing Po della Maestra we had the whole upper coast region of lagoons from Venice,

"Far as Chioggia's sails and reeds,"

in view, and as the city gradually rose higher and wider out of the waters, after threading our way through a maze of vessels with strange colored sails, quaint craft from Chioggia with high peaks and sterns like the ancient galleons, and clumsy feluccas from Crete and the Ionian islands, came to anchor inside the Malamocco Pass and was landed from a black and dirty gondola, propelled by a black and dirty gondolier, upon a quay in the very heart of the city. That Venetian quay greeted me with every disgusting aroma known to the Liverpool and London docks, and the filthy wharves along South and West streets, New York, with Coentes Slip, the Wallabout region, and "Apple Mary" of ancient and aromatic memory included. I could have sat down there in the ooze and slime of those foul marble steps and wept for disapointment and shame. I had come by the sea that all the imagery, beauty, mysticism of the sea might enhance the glory of the approach to my visionary idol. I had worshipped a goddess and found her a fish-wife. And I write in no captious or trifling spirit when I say that the hurt of it all was so great that I sneaked back into another; ancient, mildewed and funereal gondola; was rowed to the railway station; took the first train from the city towards Milan, shutting out with closed eyes these unhappy first impressions, rode to the first station inland which hid the Adriatic from sight; and then returned over the great bridge of arches, the way all other expectant travelers come; hoping thus to find myself so wrong in my first seeing and feeling, that the glorious city of dreamful restfulness and delight would be there awaiting me. It may be this will seem a foolish, trivial action. It was not. I did it to be honest and just. I found precisely what I had first discovered—a hot, stifling, stinking city, rotten at its base; crumbling at its domes; a gaudy bawd in bastard architecture, and flaunting, puerile coloring between; alive with lazzaroni; hateful with importuning gondoliers; damp, dank, moldy with ooze and salt and slime.

The truth about Venice is that, what ever might have been its charm and glory in the days of the doges, it presents but two aspects for study to the visitor of to-day. One is of that intense solemnity awakened by the contemplation of the beautiful dying or dead. The other is one of ludicrousness pitiable as that pathetic contempt with which we view the antics and makeshifts of "Robert Macaire, upon the stage, or follow the disgusting baseness of the "Duke of Bilgewater" with shaking sides and moist eyes throughout the later adventures of "Huckleberry Finn." So if you insist upon the former aspect, you must look beyond the bleached and rotting skeleton of the Venice which is, to the Venice which was. You must see with historic eyes; accept with sentimental enthusiasm; worship absolutely what the past has made and called art and rehabilitate through your own blind imagination and willing fancy a once doubtful perfection with the splendid proportions and embllishments you believe were here in some dim time before you.

On this line of fealty to Venetian tradition your historic faith sees a noble people flying from the wrath of Northern Huns, and, casting their lot with the wild fishermen of the Adriatic, founding a city, or series of cities, at last uniting numerous shoals and islands in a powerful and resourceful maritime league. It recalls the eventual concentration of their communistic peoples into a republican government and the election of the first dux, doge, or leader, in 697, in the person of Pauluccio Anafesto who was given authority over all the islands. You trace from the time of this first doge, to the date of the extinction of the Venetian republic precisely 1,100 years later by Napoleon Bonaparte, a long line of patriot, warrior, statesman and navigator doges, whose sole ambition was the protection of the people's liberties, the extension of Venetian fame for science and art, the repellance of Eastern aggression on the one hand and the statecraft of the Lombards and the Franks on the other. Your religious fervor is awakened that the relics of St. Mark were recovered from Egypt and a majestic church became their reliquary: you feel the glow with which Tasso wrote that Venice sent 200 vessels to assist in the holy wars; and you flout the idea that the extension of her commerce was a first consideration in her astounding practical evidence of piety. You remember her "espousals of the sea" as a sweet and strikingly symbolic mysticism. You believe her to have been inspired by the highest patriotism in her almost incessant wars against Genoa and in her savage conquest of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Bassano, Belluno and of the Milanian Brescia, Bergamo, Rovigo, Cremona, Crema and Treviso. You are certain she assisted in the suppression of piracy, rather than that her feluccas and galleons for half a thousand years brought to her quays untold treasures wrested through butchery and murder from hapless harvesters of the sea. You are certain that her world-wide fame in the dawn and through the earlier part of the golden age for magnificence, art and refinement was wholly resultant from the heroic solidarity of republican liberties, instead of from governmental crimes and corruptions and the fostering of a magnificent titled banditti preying upon human rights and property, worse than ever disgraced the rule of Spain in Cuba. And, turning to its olden glory in architecture and painting, you are ready to confess its bastard, nameless, birthless, parentless conglomerate of brick, marble and meaningless mosaics, and its faded daubs on canvas and in fresco, as the ultimate in all art, born out of the highest and purest aspiration of a time and genius nurtured in the grandest epochs of an enlightened liberty and exalted civilization. With this sort of mind's light upon all Venice has to display, one can see, as Quixote saw in every reeking country-wench of Spain a female of noble birth and divine beauty, that ideal city of consummate beauty and witchery with which historic romance, romantic history and the magic dream builders in verse have for ten centuries been deluding the fond and willing imagination of men.

Then, if you have an iota of the sense of things absurd about you, Venice divested of false sentiment, while possessing ample that is worthy in art, architecture, associations and human interest, seems filled with contemptible travesties upon the inexpressibly superlative claimed from time immemorial for the "Adriatic Queen." There is not a city of 50,000 inhabitants in continental Europe which does not own, and without endless bravado and tiresome self-praise about it, equal stores of ecclesiastical treasure in painting and sculpture. This is simply a statement of fact, the exact truth of which any European traveler will admit. One reads of her "domes and minarets" until the mind's horizon is fretted with the flashing silhouettes of some magical city of the orient. Venice has no more domes than Boston, no more minarets than New York. Any one can count those on the fingers of both hands. Such as she has are squatty and pinched, as though the appropriation had suddenly given out and the builders had "knocked off" right there awaiting the funds of some future golden age. The ecclesiatically famous cathedral of St. Mark is exceeded in beauty, proportion, stateliness and majesty by 500 religious structures in the United States. The crumbling, tumbling, rumbling City Hall of Chicago, that architectural laughing-stock of the West, is a better building in every respect, and with its mammoth Caryatides, and tremendous polished granite columns, presents a more imposing facade than the "restored" Ducal Palace of Venice. There are a thousand stone and marble bridges in private gardens and grounds, and within the public parks, of the United States, more expensive, beautiful, and more chaste expressions of ideas in stone art, than can be found in the most raved over canal-bridge here. Senator Farwell, of Illinois, built a State-honse for Texas, that grand, great commonwealth of the "maverick," greaser and Tom Ochiltree, infinitely vaster, statlier, more symmetric and a better expression of true architectural opulence and magnificence than any one who ever lived in Venice ever saw. And when it comes to the matter of "palaces" who that has ever read has not been fired with glowing descriptions of "the countless transcendent palaces of the queen city by the sea." I tell you there has never been a more cruel or infamous imposition in the history of cities and the literature of travel. San Francisco, Denver, even Kansas City, St. Louis Minneapolis and St. Paul, Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York or Boston each possesses more palatial residences, which never even got into the Sunday papers, than this pretentious, water-soaked old fishing and piratical port ever contained: and there are half a dozen New York and New England counties I could name, where Americans have built palaces for homes, costing more chaste and exquisite conception of the purest form of architectural art, and, in every manner in which they may be contemplated, representing each, per se, a more refined and impressive monument to generous wealth and perfect civilization, than the most splendid single example all Venice can show. And this, too, at Venice's best. She has been repeatedly likened to a "Palmyra of the sea." The voiceless dead never so suffered by impudent comparison. Where now stand the huts of the Thadmor shepherds, 500 years before Venice was known stood the most majestic monuments of architectural perfection ever known to man. No structure that ever added lustre to the "fame and magnificence" of Venice is hidden by the sands of time or engulfed by the waves of the sea. Every one, dilapidated or "restored," occupied as rat-swarming hotel or let to modern nouveaux riches who strut and cackle to attract notice to their modern nouveaux rookeries, or whether utilized as barracks for garlic-eating, spider-waisted soldiery, or still, deserted, moldy and silent, echoing only to the carnivals of the ghosts of a desolate past, are here for your inspection to-day. Come and look at them. See them and observe how they shrink and dwindle, as though you looked from the wrong lenses of your glass. See them and reflect how drunken with the wine of hyperbole and how blinded by the glamor of this zephyr-blown region of romance have been all that myriad host who have come and written and gone, we will trust, to do secret penance.

Then, what a dreary old mess of decay it is to us who come with our eyes open and our senses keen and alert from endless contact with and healthy love for all things clean, good and new! True the landward breezes bring the balm and thyme of Southern spring. Where in our own loved land do the meadows, the forests and the hedge rows fail with their subtile, tender attars of the awakening outer world? True as you stand on the campanile of St. Marks, or idly float in your gondola upon the outer lagoons, palpitating breaths of tremulous air kiss your face lovingly after tender voyages from across far waters. So they do when in your yacht along the glowing Pacific coast, in a score of bayous along the dreary Gulf, even in your own ramshackle rowboat off the Chicago breakwater, when "crabbing" on the Chesapeake, if "chumming" for bluefish along Long Island shores, in your cat-boat at Newport, or floating in the veriest tub of a dory anywhere from Cape Cod to Grand Manan. But still it is true that you have never before seen, and wil never again see, that wave-washed spot where the very teeth of the sea seem so relentlessly gnawing and eating that which, being consumed, so pollutes its remorseless destroyer. In port, molo, basin, canal; on quays, campi, rive, fondamenti; in every article of clothing you wear; and in every article of food you eat; there is an endless odor and taste of that omnipresent and unvanquishable tyrant of the sea,—bilge-water! Ride in a gondola and your pores become its clammy matrices. Lean upon the marble tables in the gaudy cafes and its fetid breath is in the very stone. Grope your way to your camera de letto for sleep, the very walls are mildewed with its rime; you gasp and wheeze all night, as though in an old ship's hold, from its vapors; and you awaken in the morning limp as a mold of dough from its stealthy saturation and filtration through sheets and blankets into your enervated body. It oozes and slimes over marble steps and under marble arches; it perspires through the complexions of Veronese's portraits; trickles among the allegories of Giorgione; exudes from the frescoes of Titian; and stands like a gummy dew upon the entablatures of Tintoretto!

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

In New York yesterday Walter K. Freeman began a suit against the U. S. Electric Light Company claiming that he and not Edison invented the incandescent lamp. He alleges that the company made a contract to push his claim before the the patent office, and if successful, pay him $100,000 for it. He sues for $100,000 and $50,000 damages.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A little child of Alfred A. Libby, at Portland, Me., was tied to the front yard fence yesterday to prevent running away. The rope was long enough to allow the child to go into the street. A team drove by, when the horse became entangled in the rope. The child was thrown down and its skull fractured. It died within two hours.

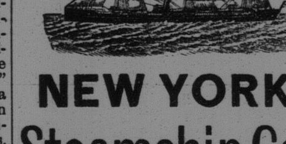
Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

In the Presbyterian Conference at Saratoga, New York, yesterday, Dr. Patten reported 135 presbyteries desired revision and 68 did not. A motion to declare this an affirmative and negative vote was lost. The classification of these decides whether two-thirds have desired revision.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.
LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.
Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N B.

STEAMERS.

ACCOMMODATION LINE!
Saint John and Cole's Island, Washademoak, calling at all Intermediate Stopping Places.
THE "SOULANGES" will leave Indiantown on MONDAYS at ELEVEN o'clock, and on WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS at TEN o'clock. Returning, will leave Cole's Island on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at SIX o'clock, to arrive at Indiantown at Two p. m.
SATURDAY-MONDAY SERVICE, to and from LONG ISLAND, &c. Str. "SOULANGES," commencing Saturday, May 24th, will leave Indiantown every Saturday Evening, at SIX o'clock, for HAMPSTEAD, calling at all Intermediate Stops, including Westfield Wharf. Returning will leave Hampstead at 6 o'clock Monday morning, to arrive at Indiantown at 9.30 o'clock.
Fare for the Round Trip, 50 cents.
WM. H. HUMPHREY.

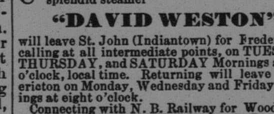


NEW YORK Steamship Co.
UNTIL further notice S. S. VALENCIA, 1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. Miller), will leave ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every FRIDAY NIGHT AT 12 P. M., (Eastern Standard Time). Returning, steamer will leave Pier 49, East River, New York, every Tuesday at 5 p. m., (Eastern Standard Time), for Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N.B.
Freight taken on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.
Shippers and importers can save time and money by ordering all goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.
For further information apply at office 228 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B., or at Head Office, 53 Broadway, New York.
N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager. G. J. MACKRELL, Gen. Pass & Freight Agt. FRANK ROWAN, Agent, Saint John, N. B.

WEST INDIES.
THE CANADIAN WEST INDIAN and SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP CO. (L'td), will place the S. S. LOANDA, (Clyde built), 1478 tons gross register on the route about May 15th, from St. John to Demerara, touching at Yarmouth, Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Guadaloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Trinidad.
The LOANDA has elegant accommodation for forty first-class passengers and 30 second do., with an experienced staff of officers and crew.
A first-class service guaranteed and ample freight spaces for 12,000 barrels provided.
Special inducements to travellers and shippers of freight, to all above ports, offered by this line.
GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.
N. B.—For full information apply to GEO. ROBERTSON, Commercial Manager.

International Steamship Co.,

SUMMER Arrangement. THREE TRIPS A WEEK. FOR BOSTON.
ON and after MAY 5TH, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, morning at 7.25 Standard.
Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5 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.
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.



UNION LINE.
ST. JOHN AND FREDERICTON.
COMMENCING SATURDAY, April 26th, the splendid steamer "DAVID WESTON" will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredericton, calling at all intermediate points, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY Mornings at nine o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Fredericton on Monday, Wednesday and Friday Mornings at eight o'clock.
Connecting with N. B. Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with N. & W. Ry for Doaktown, Chatham, etc.; and with Stmr. "Florenceville" for Eel River, Woodstock, etc.
R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager.

For Washademoak Lake.
THE above first class swift, staunch and commodious steamer, having been rebuilt and refurnished under the strictest government requirements, will, until further notice, leave her wharf Indiantown, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 11 a. m., local time, and calling at all intermediate landings. Returning is due at Indiantown at 1 p. m. on alternate days.
At present the steamer runs as far as ice permits.
J. E. PORTER, Manager.

HOTELS.

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

WILKINS & SANDS, House and Ornamental PAINTERS. Painting done in all its Branches. ORDERS SOLICITED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PAINTSHOP, 266 UNION ST., (Head of Brussels St), St. John, N. B. TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

RAILROADS.

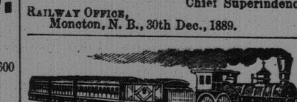
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1889 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.
On and after MONDAY, 30th Dec., 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

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	13.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal	17.00
Express for Sussex	16.30

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 17.00 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.
The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 17.00, 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	15.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	19.25
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 Superindendent
RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 30th Dec., 1889.



New Brunswick Railway Co'y.
ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.
"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect April 7, 1890. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.
6.15 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c., Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North. Buffet Parlor Car St. John to Boston.
8.55 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, and Woodstock.
4.10 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 a. m.—Express 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; 7.35 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.
MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 7.35 p. m. daily, except Saturday. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.
VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 10.20, 10.45 a. m. 12.10 p. m.
WOODSTOCK 6.00, 11.40 a. m., 8.30 p. m.;
HOULTON 6.00, 11.40 a. m., 8.30 p. m.;
ST. STEPHEN 7.05, 9.00, 11.55 a. m, 10.20 p. m;
ST. ANDREWS 6.30 a. m.
FREDERICTON 6.05, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.
ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN ¶ 5.45, 8.45 a. m., 1.15 2.20, 7.00, p. m.
LEAVE CARLETON.
8.10 a. m—For Fairville, and points west.
4.30 p. m—For Fairville, Fredericton. and points west.
ARRIVE AT CARLETON.
9.20 a. m—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.
5.10 p. m—From Fairville and points west.

Shore Line Railway.
ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE AND ST. STEPHEN Trains leave St. John, East Side, at 7.34 a. m., standard time; West Side, at 7.55, arriving in St. Stephen at 12.15 p. m.; leave St. Stephen at 1.30 p. m.; arriving in St. John 5.55 p. m. Baggage and freight received and delivered at Moulson's, Water street, up to 6 p. m. Telephone St. John, No. 18; Carleton, No. 400 b.
April 19, 1890. FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent.

CROWN STOVE POLISH.
The Best and most Economical Polish ever placed before the public.
No dust, no dirt, no hard labor. Always ready for use.
Put up in paste and liquid forms. Give it a fair trial.
FOR SALE BY
—WHOLESALE—
James Robertson, W. H. Thorne & Co, Jardine & Co, A. P. Tippet, D. Breeze, Joseph Finley, Turnbull & Co.
—RETAIL—
Armstrong Brothers, M. & H. Gallagher, J. J. Cain, E. F. Mulholland, A. Sinclair & Co, Bonnell & Cowan, W. A. Porter, Harry Clark, Cottle & Colwell, H. F. Sharp, J. Foster, S. McGirr, Vanwart Brothers, Peter Chisholm, Puddington & Merritt, Wm. Kennedy, F. Smith, S. McBride, John Ross, Wm. Baxter, Dean Brothers, Robert R. Patchel, John Roberts, Stewart's Grocery, L. E. Deforest, James N. Rodgers, Coles, Parsons & Sharp, H. S. Cosman, Keenen & Ratchford, A. McKenney, F. Beverly, Henry Crawford, Scott Brothers.

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

50c. a Week. CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, LACE CURTAINS, MIRRORS, PICTURES, LOUNGES, HANGING LAMPS, CLOCKS and WATCHES, F. A. JONES, - - 34 Dock St.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market. Cumberland N. S. Beef, Mutton, Veal, Fresh Pork, Ham, Turkeys, Bacon, Chickens, Lard, and Green Stuff. Manufacturers of DEAN'S SAUSAGES. (Established 1857.) Season from Sept. to May.

JUST RECEIVED. A full stock of GARRETT'S 'One Hundred Choice Selections' —FOR— Readings and Recitations, Including the latest, No. 29. Price 30 cents each. FOR SALE BY J. & A. McMILLAN, St. John, N. B.