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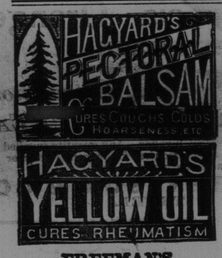


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HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.
☞ BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.
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Capital $10,000,000.
70 Prince Wm. street.
D. R. JACK, - - Agent


## AUCTION SALES.

### NOTICE OF SALE.

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

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

MARY A. STEAD, Mortgagee,
ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

### EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and fronting on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said James W. McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say, Commencing at the Northwest corner of a Lot of Land owned by the said John McSorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-east corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with Germain Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of said John McSorley's Lot; thence Northerly along said West line of said John McSorley's Lot one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making a piece of Land one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of Lot number (823) being the premises conveyed by Christopher Sutherland to said John McSorley by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Records of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Referee in Equity.
J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG, Plaintiff's Solicitor.
T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.


**FACTS!**

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The Purest of the Pure,
The Finest of the Fine,
The Cheapest—The Best.

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I have a good stock of fall goods for Ladies, Gents and Children.
*Call and Examine.*
**W. L. TILL,** *Trinity Block, 108 King St.*

*Albums, Toilet Cases, Work Boxes, Bronze Lamps, Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry.*
Suitable for Christmas Presents. Cash or Installments.
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A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable
**BOOTS AND SHOES** —AT— **MRS. McCONNELL'S,** King street.

# THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

**BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,**
The Celebrated Novelist,
Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

**SYNOPSIS.**

The story opens in 1745 and is the relation of an old servant of a Scottish family named Durrisdeer, who lived near St. Bride's. Prince Charlie had just landed. James, the master of Ballantrae, his brother Henry, his father and his affianced wife, Alison Graeme, were all favorable to the Pretender, but to prevent forfeiture of their estate, it was decided that but one should join the Pretender. By the toss of a sovereign the choice fell to James the master of Ballantrae. After the battle of Culloden it was reported that James had been killed, and after a lapse of three years, nothing being heard of him, his brother Henry and Alison Graeme were married. A year after this event, a stranger, Col. Francis Burke, who had been one of Prince Charlie's staff paid a late visit to the Lord Durrisdeer. He imparted the news that James, the master of Ballantrae, had escaped the slaughter at Culloden, and in making his escape to France had, with Burke, been captured and impressed by a pirate.

The master of Ballantrae was subsequently made quarter-master of the pirate ship and after numerous exploits escaped from the vessel with Burke to fall into the hands of a slaver and voyaged with him to New York. After other adventures Burke and his companion reached Paris where they were soon short of money which caused the visit of Burke to Lord Durrisdeer. For seven years the refugee of Paris continued to draw upon the revenues of the estate until everything was spent and the family denied all luxuries and some of the comforts which brought matters to a climax between husband and wife.

Mackellar, the steward of the estates and the narrator of the story met the lady, explained that the money was being sent to the absent master of Ballantrae and he being the mortgagee of the estates as well as the wife of the younger brother ordered the remittances stopped. Whereupon the master of Ballantrae crossed the channel and arrived at Durrisdeer.

The conduct of the Master, or Mr. Bally as he was known, was such that his brother Henry was obliged to quarrel with him, where upon he laid seige to Mrs. Henry, his former lover, and endeavored by every possible means to alienate her affections.

Mr. Bally succeeded in persuading his brother to break the entail of the estate and part of the property was sold for his benefit it being part of the bargain that he would leave the country. He did not however and it was learned that he was a spy of the goverment which he had fought against. He still continued his attentions to Mrs. Henry and his father was still blind to the true character of his oldest son.

The visit of Mr. Bally to Durrisdeer terminated in a duel between the two brothers in which Mr. Bally was desperately wounded. The duel was followed by the death of old Lord Durrisdeer. After wards Mr. Bally turned up in India and finally came to Durrisdeer. His brother Henry, now Lord Durrisdeer, his wife and son Alexander leave Durrisdeer and go to Albany, New York where they have an estate. Mackellar, is left in charge of Mr. Bally, his Indian servant and Durrisdeer. Mr. Bally learns of the destination of his brother and goes to Albany. Mackellar goes with him. At Albany the master of Ballantrae started in business under his own name as a mender of old clothes with his Indian friend and servant as assistant, his object being to force money out of Lord Durrisdeer to which he is entitled. Lord Durrisdeer started into the country accompanied by Mackellar and a company under command of one Harris, a notorious character. Mackellar opposed the expedition unsuccessfully.

The master and Secundra Dass his Indian follower with a trader named Macmain formed another party who were also in the woods. Mountain came to the camp of Lord Durrisdeer and told them a strange story in which it was alleged that the master of Ballantrae had called Mountain to his tent and told him he was dying and gave him full particulars of the buried treasure of which he was in pursuit. Later at night the waiting of Secundra Dass announced to the rest of the party that the master of Ballantrae was dead.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE JOURNEY IN THE WILDERNESS CONTINUED.

MOUNTAIN'S story, as it was laid before Sir William Johnson and my lord, was shorn of course of all the earlier particulars, and the expedition described to have proceeded uneventfully until the master sickened. But the latter part was very forcibly related, the speaker visibly thrilling to his recollections, and our then situation, on the fringe of the same desert, and the private interests of each, gave him an audience prepared to share in his emotions. For Mountain's intelligence not only changed the world for my Lord Durrisdeer, but materially affected the designs of Sir William Johnson.

These I find I must lay more at length before the reader. Word had reached Albany of dubious import; it had been rumored some hostility was to be put in act; and the Indian diplomatist had, thereupon, sped into the wilderness, even at the approach of winter, to nip that mischief in the bud. Here, on the borders, he learned that he was come too late; and a difficult choice was thus presented to a man (upon the whole) not any more bold than prudent. His standing with the painted braves may be compared to that of my Lord President Culloden among the chiefs of our own highlanders at the 'forty-five; that is as much as to say, he was, to these men, reason's only speaking trumpet, and counsels of peace and moderation, if they were to prevail at all, must prevail singly through his influence. If, then, he should return, the province must lie open to all the abominable tragedies of Indian war—the houses blaze, the wayfarer be cut off, and the men of the woods collect their usual disgusting spoil of human scalps. On the other side, to go further forth, to risk so small a party deeper in the desert, to carry words of peace among warlike savages already rejoicing to return to war: here was an extremity from which it was easy to perceive his mind revolted.

"I have come too late," he said more than once, and would fall into a deep consideration, his head bowed in his hands, his foot patting the ground.

At length he raised his face and looked upon us, that is to say, upon my lord, Mountain, and myself, sitting close round a small fire, which had been made for privacy in one corner of the camp.

"My lord, to be quite frank with you, I find myself in two minds," said he. "I think it very needful I should go on, but not at all proper I should any longer enjoy the pleasure of your company. We are here still upon the water side; and I think the risk to yourself and Mr. Mackellar take a single boat's crew and return to Albany!"

My lord, I should say, had listened to Mountain's narrative regarding him throughout with a painful intensity of gaze; and since the tale concluded, had sat as in a dream. There was something very daunting in his look; something to my eyes not right by human; the face, lean, and dark, and aged, the mouth painful, the teeth disclosed in a perpetual rictus; the eyeball swimming clear of the lids upon a field of bloodshot white. I could not behold him myself without a jarring irritation, such as (I believe) is too frequently the uppermost feeling on the sickness of those dear to us. Others, I could not but remark, were scarce able to support his neighborhood—Sir William evriting to be near him, Mountain dodging his eye, and, when he met it, blanching and halting in his story. At this appeal, however, my lord appeared to recover his command upon himself.

"To Albany?" said he with a good voice.

"Not short of it, at least," replied Sir William. "There is no safety nearer at hand."

"I would be very unwilling to return," says my lord. "I am not afraid—of Indians," he added, with a jerk.

"I wish that I could say so much," returned Sir William, smiling; "although, if any man durst say it, it should be myself. But if you are to keep in view my responsibility, and that as the voyage has now become highly dangerous, and your business—if you ever had any," says he, "brought quite to a conclusion by the distressing family intelligence you have received, I should be hardly justified if I even suffered you to proceed and run the risk of some obloquy if anything regrettable should follow."

My lord turned to Mountain. "What did he pretend he died of?" he asked.

"I don't think I understand your honor," said the trader, pausing like a man very much affected, in the dressing of some cruel frost bites.

For a moment my lord seemed at a full stop, and then, with some irritation, "I ask you what he died of; surely that's a plain question," said he.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mountain. "Hastie even never knew. He seemed to sicken natural and just pass away."

"There it is, you see!" concluded my lord, turning to Sir William.

"Your lordship is too deep for me," replied Sir William.

"Why," says my lord, "this is a matter of succession; my son's title may be called in doubt; and, the man being supposed to be dead of nobody can tell what, a great deal of suspicion would be naturally roused."

"But the man's buried!" cried Sir William.

"I will never believe that," returned my lord, painfully trembling. "I'll never believe it!" he cried again, and jumped to his feet. "Did he look dead?" he asked of Mountain.

"Look dead!" repeated the trader. "He looked white. Why, what would he be at? I tell you I put the sods upon him."

My lord caught Sir William by the coat with a hooked hand. "This man has the name of my brother," says he; "but it's well understood that he was never canny."

"Canny!" says Sir William. "What is that?"

"He's not of this world," whispered my lord, "neither him nor the black devil that serves him. I have struck my sword through out his vitals," he cried; "I have felt the hilt ring on his breast bone and the hot blood spurt in my very face, time and again, time and again!" he repeated, with a gesture indescribable. "But he was never dead for that," said he, and I sighed aloud. "Why should I think he was dead now? No, not till I see him rotting," says he.

Sir William looked across at me, with a long face. Mountain forgot his wounds, staring and gaping.

"My lord," said I, "I wish you would collect your spirits." But my throat was so dry, and my own wits so scattered, I could add no more.

"No," says my lord, "it's not to be supposed that he would understand me. Mackellar does, for he knows all, and has seen him buried before now. This is a very good servant to me, Sir William, this man Mackellar; he buried him with his own hands—he and my father—by the light of two siller candlesticks. The other man is a familiar spirit; he brought him from Coromandel. I would have told ye this long syne, Sir William, only it was in the family." These last remarks he made with a kind of melancholy composure, and his time of aberration seemed to pass away. "You can ask yourself what it all means," he proceeded. "My brother falls sick, and dies, and is buried, as so they say; and all seems very plain. But why did the familiar go back? I think ye must see for yourself it's a point that wants some clearing."

"I will be at your service, my lord, in half a minute," said Sir William, rising. "Mr. Mackellar, two words with you," and he led me without the camp, the frost crunching in our steps, the trees standing at our elbow hoar with frost, even as on that night in the Long Shrubbery. "Of course, this is midsummer madness!" said Sir William, so soon as we were gotten out of hearing.

"Why, certainly," said I. "The man is mad. I think that manifest."

"Shall I seize and bind him?" asked Sir William. "I will upon your authority. If these are all ravings, that should certainly be done."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Lushforth—You never help me on with my coat like you used to in the days of our honey-moon.

Mrs. Lushforth—No? And I never had to help you off with your boots in those days either.

## TELL TALE WHISKERS.

HOW THEY INDICATE THE CHARACTERS OF THE WEARERS.

**A Man's Good and Bad Qualities Can Usually Be Read by the Style of His Facial Adornment—It Appears That the Bare-faced Man Has a Little the Best of It.**

The subject of beards furnishes an interesting study as indicating the dispositions of persons. There is nothing particularly marked about the characteristics of the "beardless youth," as his purposes in life and his character can hardly be said to be fixed. However, as he grows into manhood, and matures his beard to his taste, the style he finally adopts will usually indicate his ideas of life. There is, of course, nothing particularly remarkable about young mustaches, and the little dudish side whiskers, worn wedge shape just below the ears. They may be termed simply freaks of youth. The absence altogether of whiskers and mustache in a man whose character and habits of life have become fixed and unchangeable, indicates a frank, open hearted disposition, with a great regard for the truth and the courage to tell it, with nothing to conceal and a conscientiousness that is as clear and apparent as his clean shaven face. He is usually a plain, unpretentious man, who pays more attention to the storing of his mind with useful information and the domestic side of life than the adornment of his person.

HE OF THE IRON WILL.

The man of iron will and firmness of purpose is he who wears a full, thick, stubby beard. If he is a man of brain and has had the benefit of cultured experience, although firm in his purposes and unchangeable in his ideas, he will grant you your argument if you are reasonable. But on the other hand, if he is uncultured and inexperienced in business affairs, he will prove to be an uncompromising tyrant, uncouth and overbearing in the extreme. Having only a superficial knowledge of letters, he will not permit you to give an opinion contrary to his own. The long, flowing, pointed beard, worn by such church reformers as Wiclif and John Calvin did not indicate any particular trait of character in their day, as they were only worn to serve as a contrast to the clean shaven faces of the Roman Catholic priesthood. These long beards are worn as a rule by the clergy of some denominations today. There is a pious statelliness about them very becoming to doctors of divinity. The elongation of the countenance is materially aided by such beards, and the changes of facial expression are not so plainly observable. A man with such a beard has little trouble to look pious, no matter how great a sinner he may be. Ordinarily persons in this day and age who emulate this style of beard may be found active members of some church, or hovering about the vestibule of the house of the Lord, borrowing religion for some sinister or mercenary motive. If his motives are not pure, he is what we would commonly call a hypocrite. If pure, his thoughts are of a theological turn, and he may pay less attention to accumulating a little of this world's goods than to the details of the church. Men who wear their beards in this style are usually lovers of fine horses, and to distinguish between the livery man and the deacon you have only to contrast the quick twinkle of the former's eye with the soft, mild expression of that of the latter.

Perhaps the most marked index of character is furnished by what is commonly called Burnsides, and the more of the bare chin that is shown, and the heavier and more pointed the whiskers, the greater is the measure of self conceit. High living and a self conscousness that is utterly oblivious to the importance of his surroundings, is a characteristic of the wearer of flowing Burnsides. He is generally possessed of a fine physique, and prides himself on his shape. He is usually a gourmand, whose appetite is easily offended at something [illegible] sounds, and his egotism no compromise.

A plain, unpretentious mustache indicates nothing in particular, and about the only way you can read a man's character from this standpoint is by the manner in which he trains his mustache and the amount of labor he devotes to it. A man, for instance, who will take a pair of scissors and deliberately trim off the straggling ends of his mustache to keep them from curling up his nose, or in the corner of his mouth, is more sensible than the general run of men who are really able to grow a healthy mustache. If there is any one style of whiskers in the world that is calculated to make a fool of a man more than any other, it is a fine, heavy mustache, and, as before hinted, about the only thing we can say of a man who devotes half his time to the training of his mustache is, he is usually very giddy, and his urbanity and vanity are measured by the size and curl of this appendage.

Of course, there are exceptions to the foregoing rules, but the thoughtful reader will find much for reflection in this brief outline of characteristic styles of whiskers.

## ARRIVAL OF THE BABY.

**How the Joy of Fond Parents Is Exhibited in Birth Telegrams.**

The reporter found him leaning over the desk at the telegraph office. There was nothing about him that would have attracted attention, except perhaps a strange troubled look in his eyes and the reckless way he was destroying Mr. Gould's telegraph blanks. He would take up a sheet, dash off a line or two, hold it at arms' length, slowly shake his head and then crumple the dispatch in his hand and try it all over again. On the sixth round a glad smile told that he had written the thing to his satisfaction, and the next moment he approached the night clerk and timidly asked the charges to Kalamazoo.

A wan smile crept over the erstwhile calm and prosaic face of the clerk as the customer took his change and hastily slid out the side door.

As the reporter approached the smile deepened.

"I thought so," said the clerk slowly as he glanced about the office to see that no one was about.

"You did?" said the reporter, gently yet firmly.

"Yes. This is the fourth one to-night, too. Listen," he added, as he pinned his merciless gaze on the blushing night messenger for Kalamazoo:

"The little stranger arrived safely today. Twelve pounds. Julia doing finely. It's a boy. Kindly name your beverage and send damages to CHARLEY.'

"Yes," went on the clerk, speaking as though he were equal to the occasion, "this is plainly Charley's first son and heir. He is in ecstasies and hastens down here to notify the old folks at home. Did you notice how many times he tore up the blanks before he seemed satisfied with what he had written? All the young fellows act that way. It's a very ticklish place to put a young man in, and being his first offense, he doesn't know exactly how to word the news so that he will make a neat and ornamental message, as it were. Charley seems to be quite an artist though, and I think you'll agree with me that he led up to the climax very well indeed. He almost forgot—well, something decidedly important; and rather than have the old folks at Kazoo, the aunts and uncles and sixtieth cousins left in a state of bewilderment, notice how gracefully he rings in the crisis:

"'It's a boy.'

"Now, then, here's another handed to me just a little while ago. This is entirely in a different vein. It is addressed to a gentleman in Toledo, perhaps an old chum:

"'Well! well! well! I told you so! I shall name him after you. He will run for president in 1924, or my name is not

"'TOM JACK.'

"Now, that's what I call neat," said the clerk, as he laid aside the tender message destined soon to gladden some heart in far off Toledo. "One cannot help but admire Tom Jack's delicate sense of humor. He spares himself the embarrassment of saying anything about the little angel's sex. He doesn't say whether Sally is doing well or not; Tom Jack is too much elated to think of these things now. A year or so hence he may come in again, but his dispatch won't be so intrepid. Later still, when the family circle is extended so that the hired girl puts a couple of extra boards in the table for dinner every day—well, Tom Jack, the prosaic family man, with expenses running higher and higher year by year, won't be in such a tremendous hurry to turn loose the electricity for arrival No. 7. We can all wager the nimble dollar on that.

"Shall I read the other two? Well, they're not quite so demonstrative. One reads:

"'Baby came to us this morning. Blue eyes like its mother. Mother mending rapidly.

"'And the other reads:

"'Our daughter joined us this morning at 10:20. Will you come to christening? Irene sends love to father.

"'FREDDY J.'

"You can see by these that there is quite a literature in the birth message. The main points that seem to agitate the fond young papa's breast are to tell the little story fully, yet suppress any direct statements. They are really more abashed at the clerks behind the counter than you would readily imagine. It's always a great mental torture to 'em when I slowly count over the words one at a time. It makes them squirm to think that their handwriting might not be plain, and that I might roar out the dispatch and ask them if it's all right as I read it. But I've too much consideration for human nature to do that; and whenever I see a young fellow sidle into the office, cautiously grasp a pen and experiment on half a dozen blanks, my experience tells me at once what's in the wind, and I am careful to let him depart in peace through the side door in the shortest possible time."

And as the reporter was moving off the clerk picked up another blank and read it over softly to himself. There was no smile on his lips this time as he turned to the scribe and said slowly:

"If ever another message, side by side with the little harbinger of gladness I read you a moment before. It's only a line, but there is nothing so eloquent as death. Listen:

"'John died when the tide went out to-night.'"—Detroit Free Press.


**Brush with a Wildcat.**
Elezer Goodrich had an exciting experience in the Spring Brook woods on a dark night last month. He was riding a horse along an old log road, on his way home from Moosic, when a wildcat sprang from the bushes with a growl, gave two or three leaps and seized the horse by the neck. Goodrich kicked at it as hard as he could until it let go and dropped in front of the running horse. He didn't hear anything more from the wildcat, and, after he had quieted the horse and hitched him to a tree, he went back, struck some matches and searched for the savage beast. The wildcat lay in the road with a crushed skull, the horse having apparently trod upon it as it fell. —Scranton Cor. New York Sun.

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

The printers in the government printing bureau at Ottawa have asked for an increase of wages from $11 to $13 per week. The demand has been refused.

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

The 110 ton gun on board H. M. S. Benbow was injured while firing near Gibraltar on Saturday. Of the seven 110 ton guns now in existence four are broken down although never fired for an hour.

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

The Duke and the Duchess of Connaught will be invited to attend the celebration of the Queen's birthday in Toronto this year.

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

Queen Victoria has abandoned her projected trip to Florence.

**The Lanes and Streets.**
Of a city are the veins and arteries of the body; if foul or impure, disease results. Cleanse the blood from the foul humors by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the best blood medicine ever devised to cure all blood disorders from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

William Connors, aged 90 years, who spent the first 80 years of his life in St. John, died in the hospital at Kingston, Ont., on the 10th inst after a lingering illness.

**Prevailing Sickness.**
The most prevalent complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, inflammations and congestions. For all these and other troubles Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy.

Mr. John Macaulay, many years ago in the employ of Hanington Bros. of this city, died at Belfast, Me., a day or two since. His brother, Beverly Macaulay, left for that place last evening and will bring his remains here for burial.

**Worn Out and Run Down.**
By disease and debility the human system becomes worn out and run down before its time. Keep the blood, the great vitalizer, the blood pure, the kidneys and liver active by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's great tonic and regulator, and disease cannot exist.

The schooner Avaon, with a cargo of lime and lath from St. John when off Highland Light on the 15th inst., was found to be on fire from spontaneous combustion. She was taken into Vineyard Haven and scuttled up.

**If You Have a Cough,**
Do not neglect it. It should be loosened as soon as possible, and to do this nothing excels Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Obstinate coughs yield at once to its expectorant, soothing and healing properties, while colds, hoarseness, croping cough, asthma, etc., are promptly relieved by its perfect action on the throat and bronchial tubes.

**Sudden Change.**
Mrs. George Flewelling, St John, N. B., writes—"I suffered from weakness and costiveness, as I bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I finished it, noticed a change. After using three bottles I am now entirely cured, and recommend B. B. B as a positive cure for costiveness."

**Well Pleased.**
Dear sirs,—I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism. I had it for some time and was cured by two bottles, and I must say it is the best thing I can get for general use as a pain reliever.
J. MUSTARD, Strathavon, Ont.

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UNDERTAKES LEGAL TRUSTS of every description, the MANAGEMENT OF ESTATES and the investment of TRUST FUNDS.
Also acts as TRUSTEE for BOND HOLDERS, and as FINANCIAL AGENT for the negotiation of loans for Municipalities, Joint Stock Companies and private parties.
For particulars apply at 120 PRINCE WM. STREET, Saint John, N. B.

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $5 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE


## STEAMERS.


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

ON and after MONDAY, November 11th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, and THURSDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.
Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. Standard, and Portland at 5 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.
Tel. Sun.

**Bay Of Fundy S. S. Co.** (LIMITED).

THE Steamer "ALPHA," having been secured for the Bay Service, will commence her regular trips SATURDAY, 4th inst., and continue every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday (until repairs are completed on "City of Monticello") leaving Company's Wharf, Reed's Point at 7 a. m.
HOWARD D. TROOP, MANAGER.

**WEST INDIES.**

THE CANADIAN WEST INDIAN and SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP CO. will place the steamer "Portia" on the route from Saint John to Demerara, touching at Yarmouth, Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Guadeloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Bar