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A MAN FROM MARS

How Aubrey Stayne Revenged Himself.

SYNOPSIS.

Aubrey Stayne, an American, falls in love with Mme D'Auteville, a beautiful young widow he met at a ball given by the English Ambassador in Paris. Stayne is wealthy and intelligent, but madame does not return his love and tells him she is incapable of love: that she detested her husband for no other reason than that he was her husband, and adds that she would almost beggar herself if she could say once to any living man that she absolutely loved him. Stayne goes to the Tyrol and becomes cynical.

[CONTINUED.]

A friend at last told Stayne of the hard things that were being said of him. The informant was this time a real friend and not, as it often happens in such cases, a foe under the guise of one. Stayne knew this, and hence felt the verity of the tidings bear upon him in full force. At first they annoyed him excessively. Then a sense of disgust beset him, and of indifference as well. But through both mental states beamed clearly to him a certain distinct realization. His life had grown purposeless. Nearly the most enviable man in the country, he was yet one of the least contented. He said something of this sort to the friend who had brought him news of those unpleasant rumors. "You should marry," was the reply. "Select some lovely girl (there are thousands to choose from) and devote yourself to her happiness."

"Ah, true, true," murmured Stayne, stroking his mustache. "There are thousands to choose from, and that's the devil of it. They're all alike—at least to me."

"Build some colossal monument of charity, then. Dive deep into the waters of altruism."

"And bring up a clam-shell instead of a pearl," sneered Stayne. "Still," he went on, with an air much less ironical and languid, "I have always hoped to do something lastingly humanitarian before I died. The only trouble with us who possess power to help great masses of people in this way is the thought of what horrible maladministration may overtake our work after we have either bestowed it upon the people or bequeath it to them, and hideous chiveratinsm and dishonesty may hereafter balk our sincerest effort."

He soon afterwards sailed away for somewhere in a magnificent steam yacht, entirely without personal companionship other than that of sailing master and crew. His friends held this to be another mad freak, but their verdict was doubtless tinged with envy. Stayne, who passionately loved the sea, wanted to brood in its unshared company. The impulse was not unlike that of Byron, and when he recalled that this young American was in his own style almost as handsome as the famed English singer, and that his tastes were strongly poetic, the analogy surely does not suffer.

"The sea may tell me," he would occasionally reflect before starting—and reflect half in humorous earnest, half in sombre jest—"what sort of incentive, occupation, self-absorption my life just now really desires. Or it may tell me, on the other hand, whether grief and disappointment have indeed thrust my soul into an oubliette of that austere Bastille, ennui, and doomed that I shall wait there only a single summons—that of the turnkey, death."

He had already cruised in this stately yacht of his, the Nomad, along numerous Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts. He now chose the Pacific, reaching it after many days of indolent sailing and after pauses at many a port from Rio Janeiro to San Francisco, a pleasure journey at once audacious and immense.

On the Californian shores he lingered for two or three months and at length put forth for a kind of adventurous ocean ramble among the mighty Polynesian sweeps. His curious longing had all this time remained as indefinite as it was acute. In San Francisco a sudden wish for human association had seized him and he had permitted himself certain folies which, although his strong inherent refinement prevented them from ever being of the grosser sort, now filled him with a dreary remorse. The huge blue levels of the Pacific at once soothed and reproached him. Perhaps he at length told himself, when palmy headlands and pearly beaches of tropic islands began to dawn on his sight, he was destined to find forever here among these vast quiescent seas a haven of delicious repose.

Landing at Honolulu he spent some time there and then struck southwestward. His yacht was meanwhile in splendid condition, his picked crew in excellent health and perfect discipline. About ten days later he reached two islands, one of which was perhaps two thousand acres in extent and inhabited by a small settlement of English traders and a few hundreds of harmless, half-civilized natives. The other island lay possibly three miles distant, and the Nomad had scarcely landed him on its edge before Stayne became entranced with its lonely and lovely charms. Its extent was less than half that of its near neighbor, and doubtless because of the English trading post across the intervening channel it was apparently quite deserted. But Stayne found there amid a grove of rustling palms the quaintest kind of dwelling, which combined the primitive features of a Hawaiian structure with a veranda and two or three tiny ceiled chambers. An American or European had evidently erected the curious edifice and then left it here on this deserted island. Stayne at once conceived the idea of establishing himself as its latest occupant and sent across the channel for rugs, couches and other articles of convenience and comfort.

One afternoon he remained quite alone on the island while the Nomad steamed away for the purpose of securing and transporting some heavier furniture which the small boats could scarcely carry and which he had purchased on the previous day. For a long time he paced the long white curve of beach that the musical beryl sea lapped with tender and foam-rimmed surges, below craggy cliffs colored a tawny brown and overhung with blossoming vines, where the great disks of the flowers looked like peering fairy faces.

"A Paradise," said Stayne to himself, and wondered how long he would stay in the odd little species of bungalow that he was furnishing. But a short while before sunset and just as he had begun to watch for some appearance of his returning yacht a change not wholly of the sort which is supposed to occur in Paradise fell upon sky and land. One became quickly and gloomily misted over and the other caught new and weird tints in the emerald of its palms and umber of its rocks.

Nearly ten minutes later a terrific tropical storm had broken loose. Stayne took refuge in the little building which he had designed for his hermitage, and here he abode for nearly two hours, while javelins of lightning pierced the almost inky air, and he could hear the roar of the sea like voices from a multitude of giants in mingled wrath and pain. When at last the torrents of rain had lessened and the whole turbulence was in a measure stilled, he drew near the door of his retreat. This door faced a gap in the rocks, and he now succeeded in discerning, though very vaguely, the pale stretch of sand that lay perhaps a hundred yards beyond. But he caught only fitful glimpses of it, for the billows that poured over it were no less incessant than they were mammoth. Now and then the lightning aided his vision, followed, as it was, by crashes of thunder that seemed to phrase, while he heard them, awful tidings of the Nomad and those who manned her.

Suddenly, as a fresh blaze of thunder illumined the shore, he felt certain that the lightning had just missed dealing him death, for some great dark object seemed to tumble like an over-toppling cliff between himself and the white-lit tempestuous sea. Then fiercer torrents of rain fell, and were driven towards the opening in such solid liquid sheets that it needed all his might to close the door.

Luckily it was a somewhat strong door. The wind appeared in a trice to have changed its direction, and so strenuous was its momentum that he felt his habitation tremble, and expected each new instant to be lifted and whisked away as though he were a worm curled within a leaf. Nor was this the only horror he was now called on to endure, for just outside the wooden wall between himself and the storm he could hear tumults of waves as they plunged forward and then dragged backward, like some bloodthirsty cohort of foes eager to slay yet restrained in their rabid ire.

With strange abruptness the storm at once ceased. Had it lasted but a little longer Stayne now felt only too conscious that winds and waves would together have wrought his destruction. When he reopened the door and again looked forth, masses of cloud were hurrying across a heaven in which beamed a full and golden-tinted moon. The sea, directly in front of him, still frothed angrily, but all its wild ardors were spent. Great crevices were scooped in the beach, and drenched tangles of torn down vine invaded it, while here and there a prone palm-tree made him shudder at the hairbreadth escape of those grovegirt roofs which had so lately sheltered him. The moonlight now grew steadier, for the clouds were quite denuding the heavens in which they had so long and harshly raged. Stayne sank above his ankles at first, in the inundated sand, as he moved forward to a certain dusky bulk which the sea laved and recoiled from, like a tiger sporting with the prey it has killed. What he presently gazed at was a nameless kind of ruin, and though jagged and splintry to a piteous degree, it oddly struck him, for a moment, as resembling a coffin. But this illusion soon vanished. He stooped and looked within the semi-shattered interior, which, for all its ruin could tell, might have been some narrow compartment of a ship. Yet while his hand rested on the broken verge of the thing, a certain chill and hardness made him aware that it was rather metallic than ligneous.

But in another moment he had forgotten everything except the fact that a human form lay stretched before his gaze. It was the form of a man, clad in some strange-made garment not unlike that of the ancient Greeks. While stooping there in the vivid Southern moonlight and believing that he beheld a corpse, Stayne was thrilled by the realization that he had never before looked upon a being of so much facial beauty and physical grandeur.

He lifted the drooped head, whose heavy gold curls clung drenched about the wide and lordly brow. Having a flask of brandy on his person he forced some of its contents between the hueless lips. Then he let the noble head sink backward again on what seemed a fragment of cushioned interior, and waited.

He had slight hopes of the man's resuscitation. It seemed to him that so splendid a creature should have every chance for his life, and yet how meagre was the aid that could now be furnished him. But soon, to Stayne's amazement a shiver passed through the recumbent frame. Presently the still face grew fairer, for its eyes unclosed. Their hue could not be seen, but their size and brilliance were a new revelation.

CHAPTER III.

Two good hours later the sailing-master of the Nomad found with great joy that his employer was safe in a room of the little island dwelling. Stayne had lighted three or four candles, and had made a bed of some shawls and rugs, where his new-found companion reclined. He explained briefly that he had sheltered the youth after having revived him, and that he knew nothing either of the refugee's nationality or the destination of his wrecked bark, since he spoke a language quite incomprehensible. The captain stared and seemed greatly struck by the stranger's personal appearance. But Stayne, who was a kind superior, yet one who never tolerated familiarity, cut short all expressions of wonderment by a series of questions concerning the fate of the Nomad. He received the pleasing information that his yacht had sustained only a few trifling injuries, owing to her strength and girth, and that she was now harbored close to the island waiting his commands.

Food and drink in excellent abundance were soon brought to the rescued waif. He partook of them with a certain surprise and fastidiousness, keenly watched by his host. He had spoken a language which had wholly baffled his hearer, who knew a number of languages more or less well. But the accent and vibrations of his voice had appealed to Stayne with great force. Its rhymes and cadences had delighted him. But he did not understand a syllable of what they meant. He had understood, however, a certain amount of graceful and extraordinary pantomime, which the virile arms and faultless face had combined to enact. And such strange thoughts and feelings had resulted from this experience that they possibly explained his reticence and crispness towards the chief of his yacht.

Four weeks of continued and private intercourse now followed on this quiet little island between Stayne and his unforeseen charge. A great tide, as it proved later, had come on the midnight after the storm, and in its recession had washed away all traces of the curious wreckage. But Stayne was destined to learn, and with blood-curdling consternation, just what that weird fragment had represented. His discoveries on these and other like points were gradual. To make the youth comprehend his own language was difficult at first, but after a few days the task became marvellously easier. Marvellously, because here was an intelligence of no earthly grasp. With something that almost resembled horror, and that surely was awe, Stayne found himself recoiling before mental faculties, whose reach and penetration he had thus far imagined only.

Intercommunication became really facile between the two after a lapse of about four days. Then progress took a very fleet course, and actual conversation was carried on with mutual ease.

Chalco, by which name Stayne had got to know him, declared himself to be an inhabitant of the planet Mars. For many years, he stated, that world had been desirous of holding intercourse with our own. Enormous lengths of structure had been reared from a metal of peculiar lightness and suitability for purposes of building. From this same metal had been constructed the car in which he had shot, by electric potencies not explainable here, towards our comparatively adjacent orb. Electricity in Mars had reached great heights of conception. This Chalco, the younger son of a powerful ruler, had been deemed almost despicable for his want of mental power. More than that, his high rank had made his love for a certain lady, held below him in the social grade, to be considered an almost treasonable offence. Chalco was in his way a pariah, and when the tremendous problem of possible interplanetary communion had approached solution, his offer to mount the perilous car and make the audacious voyage had been received with sombre assent. The populace, in spite of his faults and youthful follies, loved him. The astronomer, Golordon, though confident that his electric car would accomplish its purpose if launched at the given sidereal moment, was, nevertheless, a member of the royal family, and shrank from permitting so reckless an act on the part of one who stood third in succession to the throne. Yet Chalco had announced his intention either to wed the woman he loved or meet public execution. Then, suddenly, Golordon's great scheme was effected. Who would go? In the car there was room but for one. From the largest square of Dolostria, the chief city of Mars, rang a vast cry from an assembled multitude of many thousands: "Let our young prince, Chalco, mount the car if he is willing," shouted the people of Dolostria.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

She Does not Ask Love But Insists on Having Respect.

A woman said to a man the other day, "Mrs. White is a woman of the world to her finger tips"; and the man said, "Thank goodness, she is. I wish we had a few more like her."

And then he added; "Do you know anything of the virtues of a woman of the world?—that is, the true woman of the world? She is the woman who makes life perfectly smooth and delightful. She does not say disagreeable things. She makes her likes felt and her dislikes are so well concealed that her enemies are ignorant, when they get a blow as to where it comes from. Don't imagine by this that I mean that she is the woman who does the cat act, and is given to smiling and grinning at everybody. Oh, no, she has too much sense for that. She has the art of making people appear at their best, and she knows how to be agreeable alike to the old and young. Her husband respects her; her children love her; her servants fear her, and consequently they obey her orders. If she finds it necessary to mark either a man or a woman as detrimental, she can usually give a reason for it, as she does not go out of her way to make enemies.

"She would not forgive bad manners in a genius, for she very properly concludes that a genius has no more right to be bad mannered than a more ordinary man. She regrets that genius and gentlemen are not always synonymous, but until they are she doesn't desire the acquaintance of the genius. She is an earnest believer in the bond of marriage, and thinks it is quite unnecessary to uphold it as it is to refuse to discuss scandals in regard to a failure in it. She does not ask that she shall have love, but she does insist that she shall have respect. She is not one of the women who make their husbands unhappy, for she is not inquisitive. She can sooner forgive bad morals than bad manners, and she ignores many things because it is not good form for her to see them, covering up in this way with a mantle of charity the half-concealed offences of her friends.

"The man married to a woman of the world has a much happier life than does the one married to the ingenue; she is disappointed because he isn't her ideal, and he is made wretched because of the tears and moans that pervade the household. If I had a son I should prefer he would marry a woman of the world—remember, I am using the phrase in its best and truest sense, and had I to choose a husband for my daughter it should be a man who had known other women, who had seen their faults and their virtues, and who knew how to take a young and innocent girl by the hand and lead her carefully and considerately into the state of matrimony until she herself became the monarch thereof." And the woman to whom this little sermon was preached began to think that after all there were different kinds of women of the world.—N. Y. Sun.

A Box of ten live toads was expressed from York, to Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the authoress, Appledore Island, the other day. They will pass the season there. The box was lined with grass and weeds and the hoppers were evidently enjoying their excursion while in transit. Mrs. Thaxter is a devoted student and a friend of the toad.—Bangor Commercial.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

MR. HANSON, M. P.
Is Returned to Represent London and Without Opposition.
LONDON, June 3.—The election to fill the vacancy for the City of London in the House of Commons caused by the death of Sir Robert Nicholas Fowler (Conservative) Ex-Lord Mayor of London, took place yesterday and resulted in the return of Mr. Hanson (Conservative) against whom there was no opposition.

Oh, What a Cough.
Will you heed the warning. The signal peril signs of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Allen's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves cough and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, and G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

In Favor of Morris.
NEW HAVEN, Conn. June 3.—The Supreme court this morning decided the "For" ballot case in favor of Morris the democratic candidate for governor.

C. C. FLICHARDS & Co.
For several years I suffered so severely from Neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on my head, which entirely cured my neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly and now I have as good a head of hair as I ever had.
Springhill. WM. DANIEL.

Will Asiatic Cholera Follow?
Mr. Joe Howard's theory that, one horror of a similar nature follows another to the number of three, has a chance for confirmation this coming summer if certain "reckonings" prove true. First it was La Grippe—"a whim" the French define it. Second came deaths by scores, from its after effects, or from the many atmospheric changes of the past few months. Severe cases of pneumonia, bronchitis, intense catarrh and general loss of strength were the results, until death was almost welcomed as a relief to the sufferers. So that this epidemic and its sequence has proven to be the most terribly realistic "whim" that ever infested this country. And now for number three: the theory is said to be advanced that the Cholera is very likely to find fertile soil in the generally debilitated constitutions of our people resulting from the effects of such a winter and spring as has just past. Whether the theory of three will be confirmed in this case or not, remains to be seen. At any rate it becomes every person still affected by any of the complaints due to these climatic changes and epidemics, such as catarrh, bronchial troubles, to look well to themselves, and see that every trace of the trouble is removed this present month before the heat of summer still more debilitates their system. For years we have found that simple old remedy Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used as directed, to be the most certain remedy for all forms of lingering summer complaints. It is absolutely certain that a remedy that has survived for eighty years as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has done, must have more than average merit. We suppose there is not a family in this country, but what has this good old-fashioned remedy in the house. If there is, we advise them to get it at once or write the manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet describing its various uses for the last eighty years. Now is the time. Delays are dangerous, and an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure.

A Boy Instantly Killed.
NORTH ADAMS, Mass. June 3.—David Hotaling, aged 15, was accidently shot, at his home this morning, by a companion while playing "policeman and burglar." The bullet entered the boy's neck, killing him instantly.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.
Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The Situation in Buenos Ayres.
BUENOS AYRES, June 3.—Four banks here have been compelled to close their doors. It is expected the French and Italian banks will be able to pay all claims against them in full. Gold closed yesterday 293 per cent premium.

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, catarrhal headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

A committee of Cardinals at Rome has discovered a deficit of 10,000,000 francs in the Peter's pence fund.

A GREAT SPELLING MATCH—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our Homes Publishing Co., in which they will award the following magnificent CASH PRIZES:—One prize of $200; one prize of $150; two prizes of $100; four prizes of $50; eight prizes of $25; twenty prizes of $10; forty prizes of $5; one hundred prizes of $2; and two hundred of $1. These prizes will be awarded to the persons sending in the largest number of correctly spelled words found in the advertising pages of the February number of Our Homes, in which no letters occur but those found in the sentence: "Our Homes is Unrivalled as a Home Magazine." Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during this competition, which closes April 25th, 1891. Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for a sample copy of the February number, with rules and regulations governing the competition. Address, Our Homes Pub. Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Tarte-McGreevy scandal was again before the privileges and elections committee at Ottawa yesterday.

"Don't feel well," and yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor,—we will tell you just what you need. It is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness.

In the Tarte-McGreevy matter yesterday Mr. Fitzpatrick, counsel for McGreevy, said unless the missing bookkeeper of the firm, Martin Connolly, was produced he would have to consider how much longer he could be connected with the case.

The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.

The Prince of Wales was examined in the baccarat trial in London, yesterday. He said he had observed nothing suspicious in the plaintiff's play at Tranby Croft.

Boils, carbuncles, and eruptions of all kinds are nature's efforts to throw off poison from the blood. This result may be accomplished much more effectually, as well as agreeably, through the proper excretory channels, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The report that a French man-of-war is interfering with the bait supply in Newfoundland is discredited by premier De Freycinet.

A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a misfortune. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy.

A bill to ratify the convention between Portugal and Great Britain was introduced yesterday in the Portuguese parliament.

Banana Peel on the Sidewalk.
The street car had passed, but to catch it he reckoned,
So he ran the door, and shouted and beckoned,
Till he planted his heel
On a smooth bit of peel
Then he saw half a million of stars in a second.

He was in too great a hurry; better have waited for another car. There are cases, however, where haste is necessary. If you have night-sweats, feverishness, weak, sore lungs and a hacking cough, do not lose an hour in obtaining a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Delay in such cases is dangerous: it may be fatal. Before the disease has made too great progress, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure. In fact, it's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it promptly refunded.

The coroner's investigation into the McClanigan mystery at Montreal commenced yesterday. The doctors who made the autopsy, stated that, in their opinion, the remains had been placed in the canal after death as the usual signs of drowning were absent. The investigation was adjourned.

A WORD TO CANADIAN WOMEN.
With advancing civilization, women in some respects become more susceptible to certain ailments and troubles than formerly. Diseases of the uterine organs have increased to an alarming extent, as all physicians know well. Thousands of women are extremely sensitive, and have very delicate constitutions, and consequently are more predisposed to disease than those of robust and rugged constitutions.
We meet too often the pale, weak, languid and morose woman, suffering from headache, tired brain, nervousness and dyspepsia. For this class, it is now generally admitted that Paine's Celery Compound is the great agent for imparting fresh strength to the nerves, and great vigor to the body, a glow of health to the cheeks, and brightness to the eyes.
Paine's Celery Compound in Canada is a favorite remedy with thousands of women, and physicians speak kindly of its great results.

NOTICE to TRESPASSERS
NOTICE is hereby given that all persons trespassing on the Gilbert property (so called) lying between the Marsh Creek and Seely street, (except the private roadway through the property) will be prosecuted according to law.
DAVID O'CONNELL, Lessee.

ST. JOHN DYE WORKS
IS THE PLACE TO GET
Ladies' and Gents' Wear Cleaned or Dyed and Pressed.
C. E. BRACKETT, - 86 Princess St.

$3000 A YEAR. We desire a responsible party in this county to take charge of our business, which can be conducted at your residence, and we will pay you $3000 a year and expenses, if we find you can do the business we mention. Our business is well known everywhere, and we employ no agents. We furnish everything, and do all the business by mail. Our reason for making this unusual offer is that we prefer to have the business managed by a resident of this county, and we think you are the person we want. If you are a person of good business ability, we will be glad to hear from you. Address, THE DOMINION, 3 Jordan Building, Toronto, Ont.

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

GROCERS, ETC.

Toilet Soap.
Baby's Own,
Oat Meal,
Palm Oil Bath,
Burton's All Healing Tar,
White Castile,
Fatherland,
Pure White Glycerine,
—AT—
McPHERSON BROS.,
No. 181 Union Street,

FOR HOLIDAY PIC-NICS.
Ox Tongue, Lunch Tongue, Corned Beef and Brawn Deviled Meats (Asst'd.), Deviled Chicken and Turkey, Condensed Milk, Cd. Cream, Belognas, Fruits, etc.
J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO'S,
32 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Shoe Brushes,
Stove Brushes,
Dust Brushes,
Daubers,
Broom Brushes.
GOOD VALUE.
TAYLOR & DOCKRILL
84 KING STREET.

CODFISH.
250 CWT.
CODFISH POLLOCK
landing ex schr. "Buda."
WHOLESALE BY
GEO. S. deFOREST & SONS

COAL.
$4.75. $4.75.
CHEAP SOFT COAL.
Hourly expected per Schr. "Demoselle,"
300 Tons Caledonia House Coal,
fresh mined and double screened.
Price $4.75 CASH; $5.00 IF BOOKED.
Old Mines Sydney Hard Coal
now due. Prices low. Telephone 329.
MORRISON & LAWLOR,
Cor. Smythe and Union Sts.

GLACE BAY COAL.
Now landing ex schr "Eva Maud"
460 TONS GLACE BAY COAL.
PRICE LOW. FOR SALE BY
R. P. McGIVERN, No. 9. North Wharf.

COAL
LANDING.
SPRING HILL ROUND,
ex Schr "Mary C."
OLD MINE SYDNEY,
ex "Beatrice McLean.
PRICES THE LOWEST.
R. P. & W. F. STARR.
sun.

TELEPHONE 114. COAL. TELEPHONE 114.
Soft Coal Landing.
ex "Pioneer" at Lovett's Slip,
160 Tons GOWRIE COAL.
For sale at lowest rates by
W. L. BUSBY,
81, 83 and 85 Water St.
SEE TONS HARD COAL hourly expected to arrive, in all sizes.

Penitentiary Supplies
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Inspector of Penitentiaries, Department of Justice, Ottawa, and endorsed "Tender for Supplies, Dorchester Penitentiary," will be received till WEDNESDAY, 10th June, 1891, from parties desirous of contracting for supplying that institution for one year from the 1st day of July, 1891, with the articles comprised in the following classes:
CLASS 1—Dry Goods.
" 2—Flour.
" 3—Groceries and Coal Oil.
" 4—Butchers' Meat.
" 5—Leather and Findings.
Not less than one of the foregoing classes in its entirety shall form the subject of a tender; but several classes may be included in one tender.
Samples of articles comprised in the first and third classes to be submitted with the tender.
The signature of at least two responsible parties, willing to become securities in the event of the tender being accepted, are required to subscribe to it before it be accepted.
A cheque made payable to the Honorable the Minister of Justice, equal to 5 p. c. of the amount of the tender, and marked "good" by the Bank upon which it is drawn, must accompany each tender.
Any tender not in the prescribed form will be rejected.
All information respecting the details of the above supplies, together with blank forms of tenders and copies of specifications and conditions, and also samples, will be furnished on application to the undersigned.
The printed form of specification will require to be filled up in detail, extensions being carried out and additions completed.
JOHN B. FOSTER,
Dorchester Penitentiary, Warden.
20th May, 1891.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE
ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RESTORATIVE, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and to invigorate and BUILD UP THE BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRES