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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the local legislature for the passing of an act to amend the act 50 Victoria Chap. 33; relating to "The Peoples Street Railway Company," so as to enable the said Company, and the St. John City Railway Company as the lessee thereof to operate their Railway by electricity and to confer upon said Companies the powers necessary for that purpose, including the erection of posts and and the stringing of wires on and along the streets and highways through which said Railway may pass.

Dated 17th Day of March, 1890.

JOHN F. ZEBLEY,
President of The St. John City Railway.

Iron Framed Wringers
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Thoroughly Constructed,
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Reasonable in Price,
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FREE. OUR NEW 1890 Solid Gold Watch. Worth $100, etc. Our $3 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases, both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 912, Portland, Maine. FREE.

AUCTION SALES.

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 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 front ng on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the s id John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the s id 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) having been conveyed by Christopher Sullar 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.

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The City Market Clothing Hall
is not behind time, but always to the Front.
Five Cases of New Spring Cloths, Scotch and English Tweeds and Suitings.
150 Pant Patterns in the latest styles to select from. A first class Cutter and good workmanship, and every garment warranted to fit or no take.
150 Dozen New Ties, all the latest spring styles, the best ever shown.
Try our All Wool Pants, worth $3.00, for $2.00, only 300 pairs left.
A full stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods on hand,
T. YOUNG CLAUS,
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NOTICE.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

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Commissioner.

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All orders promptly attended to.

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EXCELSIOR PUDDING,
PUT UP BY
The Dominion Food Co.
Ask your grocer for it and take no other.
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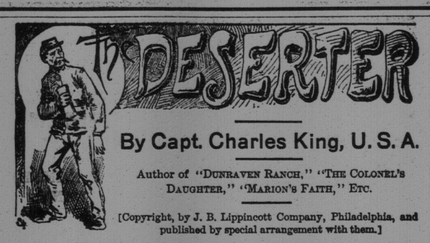

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

Author of "Dunraven Ranch," "The Colonel's Daughter," "Marion's Faith," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

The principal of the story is Lieutenant Hayne, U. S. A. Five years previously he had been court martialled, found guilty of theft, but allowed to remain in the army. He retired from all companionship with his fellow officers, eschewed the pleasures of life, and subsequently paid up the full amount of which he had been accused of stealing. Clancy and Gower are in the case. Capt. Rayner was the chief witness against him.

Hayne is appointed to Capt. Rayner's company. The captain's lady develops an unaccountable abhorrence for the young man. Her sister, Miss Travers, who has become engaged to a Mr. Van Antwerp, becomes first sympathetic, then interested. With the Colonel, his lady and a number of others of the garison, Hayne becomes exceedingly popular. He performs numerous little acts of courtesy and bravery; is a pleasant companion (to those who have his friendship) and a musician of some talent. Shortly after his arrival at the garrison Hayne saves the life of Clancy who is there also, and that of his daughter. The name of his preserver causes Clancy and his wife, a hundress, strange emotion. Mrs. Rayner hears of it, and straightway acquires great friendship for the latter.

Chapter 10.—Miss Travers accidently meets Lieut Hayne at the house of a mutual friend, where the first symptoms of love are manifest. Later it is shown that the charge against Hayne was that he appropriated money handed him by Capt. Hull. Hayne's statement is that he rigidly guarded the package intrusted to him; but that, when he opened it, it contained only waste paper.

Apprehension.—Hayne has recovered from the injuries received at the Clancy fire and returns to duty. Clancy tryes to see Lieut. Hayne, but Mrs. Clancy clamorously protests and Capt. Rayner has him arrested.

Chapter 12.—Miss Travers unconsciously gets deeper into the toils than ever.

Chapter 13—An officer, Capt. Buxton by name, while prowling around Lieut. Hayne's quarters at night, sees the shadow of Lieut. Hayne and a young woman appear on the window curtain and concludes that Hayne is entertaining a woman of the town. Hayne learns that Miss Travers will soon return east, where she will accede to Van Antwerp's pleading for a speedy marriage. Hayne realizes that he is in love with Miss Travers.

Chapter 14.—Capt. Buxton, through the absence of his superior officers, is in charge of the post. Buxton tells Rayner of his recent discovery that a woman was visiting Hayne at night. Lieut. Hayne finds himself in love with Miss Travers, and resolves to do everything to clear his name of the stain upon it.

Chapter 15.—The eastern trip of the Rayners and Miss Travers is postponed in an unlooked-for manner. Capt. Buxton had decided to solve the mystery of Hayne's female nocturnal visitor. Rayner is taken into confidence. Together, and with a file of guards, they visit Hayne's quarters, enter, and attempt to force their way into a sleeping department. A scrimmage ensues in which Hayne is badly, and Rayner slightly, wounded. The female turns out to be Hayne's own sister, accompanied by her husband. Buxton and Rayner are accordingly held in bad odor by the garrison.

Chapter 16.—Hayne has again recovered. The Rayners are to start east the next day, and Capt. Rayner has secured the release from the service of Clancy, intending to take him and his wife with them. Miss Travers tells Hayne that the Clancys must know something that might be of value to him. Clancy is missing.

Chapter 17.—Clancy is captured and confesses that Sergt. Gower substituted rubbish for the money in Capt. Hull's package the night before the fight. When Hull handed it to Hayne it was worth $3,000. Gower, by the way, had given money in good faith. When Clancy learns that his better half has departed with all his money the shock is too much for him and he drops dead. The sisters make up.

Chapter 18.—It develops that Mrs. Clancy had been playing upon the fears of Capt. and Mrs. Rayner. She had severed that Clancy, out of gratitude to Mr. Hayne, proposed to accuse Captain Rayner himself of the robbery. There was circumstantial evidence, she said, to prove this.

[CONTINUED.]

An hour later Mrs. Rayner was standing on the platform at the station, Ross and others of her satellites hanging about her; Capt. Rayner was talking in subdued tones with one or two of the senior officers; Miss Travers, looking feverishly pretty, was chatting busily with Royce and Foster, though a close observer could have noted that her dark eyes often sought the westward prairie over which wound the road to the distant post. It was nearly train time, and three or four horsemen could be seen at various distances, while, far out towards the fort, long shrill whistles and fluttering guidons were sweeping over the slopes in mimic war array.

"I have missed all this," she said, pointing to the scene; "and I do love it so that it seems hard to go just as all the real soldier life is beginning."

"Goodness knows you've had offers enough to keep you here," said Foster, with not the blithest laugh in the world. "Any girl who will go east and marry a 'cit' and leave six or seven penniless subs sighing behind her, I have my opinion of; she's eminently level headed," he added, with rueful and unexpected candor.

"I have hopes of Miss Travers yet," boomed Royce, in his ponderous basso; "not personal hopes, Foster—you needn't feel for your pistol—but I believe that her heart is with the army, like the soldier's daughter she is." And, audacious as was the speech and deserving of instant rebuke, Mr. Royce was startled to see her reddening vividly. He would have plunged into hasty apology, but Foster plucked his sleeve:

"Look who's coming, you galoot! She hasn't heard a word either of us has said."

And though Nellie Travers, noting the sudden silence, turned into an immediate and utterly irrelevant lament over the loss of the Maltese kitten—which had not been seen all that day and was not to be found when they came away—it was useless. The effort was gallant, but the flame in her cheeks betrayed her as, throwing his reins to the orderly who followed him, Mr. Hayne dismounted at the platform and came directly towards her. To Mrs. Rayner's unspeakable dismay, he walked up to the trio, bowed low over the little gloved hand that was extended in answer to the proffer of his own, and next she saw that Royce and Foster had, as though by tacit consent, fallen back, and, coram publico, Mr. Hayne was sole claimant of the regards of her baby sister. There was but one comfort in the situation: the train was in sight. Forgetful, reckless for the moment, of what was going on around her, she stood gazing at the pair.

No woman could fail to read the story; no woman could see his face, his eyes, his whole attitude and expression, and not read therein that old, old story that grows sweeter with every century of its life. That he should be inspired with sudden, vehement love for her exquisite Nell was something she could readily understand; but what—what meant her downcast eyes, the flutter of color on her soft and rounded cheek, the shy uplifting of the fringed lids from time to time as though in response to eager question or appeal? Heavens! would that train come? The whistle was sounding in the distance, but it would take ages to drag those heavy Pullmans up the grade from the bridge where they had yet to stop. She could almost have darted forward, seized her sister by the wrist, and whispered again the baleful reminder that of late had had no mention between them—"Thou art another's;" but in her distress her weak blue eyes sought her husband's face. He saw it all, and shook his head. Then there was nothing to be done.

As the train came rumbling finally into the station she saw him once more clasp her sister's hand; then, with one long look into the sweet face that was hidden from her jealous eyes, he raised his forage cap and stepped quickly back to where his horse was held. Her husband hastened to her side:

"Kate, I must speak to him. I don't care how he may take it. I cannot go without it."

They all watched the tall captain as he strode across the platform. Every man in uniform seemed to know instinctively that Rayner at last was seeking to make open reparation for the bitter wrong he had done. One or two strove to begin a general chat and affect an interest in something else for Mrs. Rayner's benefit, but she, with trembling lips, stood gazing after her husband and seemed to beg for silence. Then all abandoned other occupation, and every man stood still and watched them. Hayne had quickly swung into saddle, and had turned for one more look, when he saw his captain with ashen face striding towards him, and heard him call his name.

"By Jove!" muttered Ross, "what command that fellow has over himself!" for, scrupulously observant of military etiquette, Mr. Hayne on being addressed by his superior officer had instantly dismounted, and now stood silently facing him. Even at the distance, there were some who thought they could see his features twitching; but his blue eyes were calm and steady—far clearer than they had been but a moment agone when gazing good-by into the sweet face they worshiped. None could hear what passed between them. The talk was very brief; but Ross almost gasped with amaze, other officers looked at one another in utter astonishment, and Mrs. Rayner fairly sobbed with excitement and emotion, when Mr. Hayne was seen to hold forth his hand, and Rayner, grasping it eagerly in both of his own, shook it once, then strode hastily away towards the rear of the train. His eyes were filled with tears he could not repress and could not bear to show.

That evening as the train wound steadily eastward into the shadows of the night, and they looked out in farewell upon the slopes they had last seen when a wintry gale swept fiercely over the frozen surface and the shallow ravines were streaked with snow, Kate Rayner, after a long talk with her husband, and abandoning her boy to the sole guardianship of a nurse, settled herself by Nellie's side, and Nellie knew that she either sought confidences or had them to impart. Something of the old, quizzical look was playing about the corner of her pretty mouth as her elder sister, with feminine indirectness, began her verbal skirmishing with the subject. It was some time before the question was reached which led to her real objective:

"Did he—did Mr. Hayne tell you much about Clancy?"

"Not much. There was no time."

"You had fully ten minutes, I'm sure. It seemed even longer."

"Four by the clock, Kate."

"Well, four, then. He must have had something of greater interest."

No answer. Cheeks reddening, though.

"Didn't he?"—persistently.

"I will tell you what he told me of Clancy, Kate. Mrs. Clancy had utterly deceived you as to what he had to tell, had she not?"

"Utterly." And now it was Mrs. Rayner's turn to color painfully.

"Mr. Hayne tells me that Clancy's confession really explained how Capt. Rayner was mistaken. It was not so much the captain's fault, after all."

"So Mr. Hayne told him. You know they—you saw Mr. Hayne offer him his hand, didn't you?"

"I did not see: I knew he would." More vivid color, and much hesitation now.

"Knew he would! Why, Nellie, what do you mean? He didn't tell you that he was to see Capt. Rayner. He couldn't have known."

"But I knew, Kate; and I told him how the captain had suffered."

"But how could you know that he would shake hands with him?"

"He promised me."

The silence was unbroken for a moment. Nellie Travers could hear the beating of her own heart as she nestled closer to her sister and stole a hand into hers. Mrs. Rayner was trying hard to be dutiful, stern, unbending, to keep her faith with the distant lover in the east, whether Nell was true or no; but she had been so humbled, so changed, so shaken, by the events of the past few weeks, that she felt all her old spirit of grandeur ebbing away. "Must I give you up, Nell? and must he, too?—Mr. Van Antwerp?"

"He has not answered my last letter, Kate. It is nearly a week since I have heard from him."

"What did you write, Nellie?"

"What I had done twice before—that he ought to release me."

"And—is Clancy's the only confession you have heard today?"

"The only one." A pause, then: "I know what you mean, Kate; but he is not the man to—to offer his love to a girl he knows is pledged to another."

"But if you were free, Nellie? Tell me."

"I have no right to say, Kate; but"—and two big tears were welling up into her brave eyes, as she clasped her hands and stretched them yearningly before her—"shall I tell you what I think a girl would say if she were free and had won his love?"

"What, Nellie?"

"She would say 'Ay.' No woman with a heart could leave a man who has borne so much and come through it all so bravely."

Poor Mrs. Rayner! Humbled and chastened as she was, what refuge had she but tears, and then prayer?

CHAPTER XIX.

He sprang up and went right out with me.

Within the week succeeding the departure of the Rayners and Miss Travers, Lieut. Hayne's brother-in-law and his remarkably attractive sister were with him in garrison and helping him fit up the new quarters which the colonel had rather insisted on his moving into and occupying, even though two unmarried subalterns had to move out and make way for him. This they seemed rather delighted to do. There was a prevailing sentiment at Warrener that nothing was too good for Hayne nowadays; and he took all his adulation so quietly and modestly that there was difficulty in telling just how it affected him. Towards those who had known him well in the days of his early service he still maintained a dignity and reserve of manner that kept them at some distance. To others, especially to the youngsters in the—th as well as to those in the Riflers, he unbent entirely, and was frank, unaffected and warm hearted. He seemed to bask in the sunshine of the respect and consideration accorded him on every side. Yet no one could say he seemed happy. Courteous, grave far beyond his years, silent and thoughtful, he impressed them all as a man who had suffered too much ever again to be light hearted. Then it was more than believed he had fallen deeply in love with Nellie Travers; and that explained the rarity and sadness of his smile. To the women he was the center of intense and romantic interest.

Mrs. Waldron was an object of jealousy because of the priority of her claims to his regard. Mrs. Hurley—the sweet sister who so strongly resembled him—was the recipient of universal attention from both sexes. Hayne and the Hurleys, indeed, would have been invited to several places an evening could they have accepted. And yet, with it all, Mr. Hayne seemed at times greatly preoccupied. He had a great deal to think of.

To begin with, the widow Clancy had been captured in one of the mining towns, where she had sought refuge, and brought back by the civil authorities, nearly $3,000 in greenbacks having been found in her possession. She had fought like a fury and proved too much for the sheriff's posse when first arrested, and not until three days after her incarceration was the entire amount brought to light. There was no question what ought to be done with it.

Clancy's confession established the fact that almost the entire amount was stolen from Capt. Hull nearly six years before, the night previous to his tragic death at Battle Butte. Mrs. Clancy at first had furiously declared it all a lie; but Waldron's and Billings' precaution in having Clancy's entire story taken down by a notary public and sworn to before him eventually broke her down. She made her miserable, whining admissions to the sheriff's officers in town—the colonel would not have her on the post even as a prisoner—and there she was still held awaiting further disclosures, while little Kate was lovingly cared for at Mrs. Waldron's. Poor old Clancy was buried and on the way to be forgotten.

What proved the hardest problem for the garrison to solve was the fact that, while Mr. Hayne kept several of his old associates at a distance, he had openly offered his hand to Rayner. This was something the Riflers could not account for. The intensity of his feeling at the time of the court martial none could forget; the vehemence of his denunciation of the captain was still fresh in the memory of those who heard it. Then there were all those years in which Rayner had continued to crowd him to the wall; and finally there was the almost tragic episode of Buxton's midnight visitation, in which Rayner, willingly or not, had been in attendance. Was it not odd that in the face of all these considerations the first man to whom Mr. Hayne should have offered his hand was Capt. Rayner? Odd indeed! But then only one or two were made acquainted with the full particulars of Clancy's confession, and none had heard Nellie Travers' request. Touched as he was by the sight of Rayner's haggard and trouble-worn face, relieved as he was by Clancy's revelation of the web that had been woven to cover the tracks of the thieves and ensnare the feet of the pursuers, Hayne could not have found it possible to offer his hand; but when he bent over the tiny glove and looked into her soft and brimming eyes at the moment of their parting he could not say no to the one thing she asked of him: it was that if Rayner came to say, "Forgive me," before they left, he would not repel him.

There was one man in garrison whom Hayne cut entirely, and for whom no one felt the faintest sympathy; and that, of course, was Buxton. With Rayner gone, he hardly had an associate, though the esprit de corps of the—th prompted the cavalry officers to be civil to him when he appeared at the billiard room. As Mr. Hurley was fond of the game, an element of awkwardness was manifest the first time the young officers appeared with their engineer friend. Hayne had not set foot in such a place for five years, and quietly declined all invitations to take a cue again. It was remembered of him that he played the prettiest game of French carroms of all the officers at the station when he joined the Riflers as a boy. Hurley could only stay a very short time, and the subalterns were doing their best to make it lively for him. Some, indeed, showed strong inclination to devote themselves to Mrs. Hurley; but she was too busy with her brother's household affairs to detect their projects. Hurley had turned very red and glared at Buxton the first time the two met at the club room, but the bulky captain speedily found cover under which to retire, and never again showed himself in general society until the engineer with the scientific attainments as a boxer as well as road builder was safely out of the post.

And yet there came a day very soon when Mr. Hayne wished that he could go to Buxton's quarters. He had in no wise changed his opinion of the man himself, but the Rayners had not been gone a fortnight before Mrs. Buxton began to tell the ladies of the charming letters she was receiving from Mrs. Rayner—all about their travels. There were many things he longed to know, yet could not ask.

There came to him a long and sorrowful letter from the captain himself, but, beyond a few matters relating to the company and the transfer of its property, it was all given up to a recapitulation of the troubles of the past few years and to renewed expressions of his deep regret. Of the ladies he made but casual mention. They were journeying down the Mississippi on one of its big steamers when he wrote, and Mrs. Rayner was able to enjoy the novelties of the trip, and was getting better, but still required careful nursing. Miss Travers was devoted to her. They would go to New Orleans, then possibly by sea around to New York, arriving there about the 5th of June; that, however, was undecided. He closed by asking Hayne to remind Maj. Waldron that his copy of Clancy's confession had not yet reached him, and he was anxious to see it in full.

"The one thing lacking to complete the chain is Gower," said the major, as he looked up over his spectacles. "It would be difficult to tell what became of him. We get tidings of most of the deserters who were as prominent among the men as he appears to have been; but I have made inquiry, and so has the colonel, and not a word has ever been heard of him since the night he appeared before Mrs. Clancy and handed over the money to her. He was a strange character, from all accounts, and must have had some conscience after all. Do you remember him at all, Hayne?"

"I remember him well. We made the march from the Big Horn over to Battle Butte together, and he was a soldier one could not help remarking. Of course I never had anything to say to him, but we heard he was an expert gambler when the troop was over there at Miners' Delight."

"Of course his testimony isn't necessary. Clancy and his wife between them have cleared you, after burying you alive five years. But nothing but his story could explain your strange conduct—planning the whole robbery, executing it with all the skill of a professional jailbird, deserting and covering several hundred miles with his plunder, then daring to go to the old fort, find Mrs. Clancy, and surrender every cent the moment he heard of your trial. What a fiend that woman was! No wonder she drove Clancy to drink!"

"Will you send copies of her admission with Clancy's affidavits?" asked Hayne.

"Here they are in full," answered the major. "The colonel talks of having them printed and strewn broadcast as warnings against 'snap judgment' and too confident testimony in future."

Divested of the legal encumbrances with which such documents are usually weighted, Clancy's story ran substantially as follows:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

An Italian named George Rossi, a shoemaker, was arrested in Halifax last night on a charge of enticing young girls into his shop for immoral purposes.

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents.

James A. Fraser, who has been renominated as the liberal candidate for Guysboro, refuses to r[illegible] colleague of Otto S. Weeks.

A Nasal Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

A large automatic bu[illegible] to be placed in the vicinity of In[illegible] Rock, on the west coast of P. E. I.

Shiloh's Cure will im[illegible] relieve Croup, Whooping Coug[illegible]tis

IN FREE READING ROOMS.

QUEER CHARACTERS WHO HAUNT NEW YORK'S LIBRARIES.

Three That Act Alike, Yet Do Not Know Each Other—An Old Man Who Never Takes Anything but Anthon's Classical Dictionary—A Student of Longevity.

In many public libraries of this city there are daily to be seen some decidedly eccentric characters. Their faces are familiar to all the attaches of the place they frequent, and every occasional visitor has speculated at one time or other about them.

In the Mercantile library, for instance, there are three men who spend the entire day there reading anything and everything, and this they have been doing for years. One is an elderly man and both the others are middle aged. They are at the door of the room when it opens in the morning at 9 o'clock. They take their seats in the most methodical fashion and begin. One of them occasionally goes down stairs, gets a book from the library, and returning in a few moments, settles himself in his corner with a grunt of satisfaction and then appears oblivious to his surroundings for hours.

At noon, or thereabouts, this trio goes out to luncheon. Not together, as each seems to be unaware of the similarity of the other's habits. Sometimes one comes back in twenty minutes, sometimes in thirty, but none would presume to remain away longer than an hour.

In the afternoon their pastime is again resumed, and it is continued until the doors close at night, when they go away reluctantly.

When the library made a rule to close at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoons, these people and several others protested against the early closing movement as an outrage.

Over at the Astor library there was formerly a peculiar looking German who wore waxed ringlets and a tremendous necktie. He studied Goethe entirely, and made notes by the bushelful on dirty scraps of paper that he picked from the floor or took from his pockets. He has been missed for some time.

There is one nice looking, white haired old gentleman who comes to the Cooper union reading room in the neighborhood of 2 o'clock every day and calls for "Anthon's Classical Dictionary," which is a sort of biography of eminent ancient characters.

He never asks for anything else, and whether he is seen to enter, the librarian, if not busy, goes to the case and brings that work to the desk.

The peculiar thing about this character is that he has been pursuing this custom ever since 1883. The reading room was closed during the extensive alterations to the building during '85 and '86. When it reopened almost the first visitor was this same white haired old gentleman, and Mr. Curtiss, the librarian, could not repress a broad smile as the old gentleman stepped before his desk and, laying down his check, said, "How d'ye do? Glad you're open again," and then added, unconcernedly, "Anthon's Classical Dictionary, please."

There is another queer fellow who comes into the reading room and follows the attendants around as they file newspapers and periodicals. As soon as the attendant places one of these in its proper place the queer individual takes it up and rapidly turns and scans the pages. When the next one is placed he props the first and skims over the second. This he does with each and every one. He seems to have no definite object in doing this, as he cares not what the publication may be.

At first the library assistants did not know what to make of him, but they are used to him now and would miss his companionship were he to leave off.

There is a third one who is also a daily visitor, and he must have information enough stored away in his breast to run the world.

He is probably between 55 and 60 years old. He has an air of comfort about him, and might be taken for a one time workingman who had amassed a competence upon which he proposed to live at his ease for the rest of his days. He has been coming to the library for several years and began his reading on volume 1 of the American Encyclopædia. That book he called for every day for goodness knows how long, and when he had presumably exhausted its contents he began on volume 2, and so he continued until he came to the last volume.

Then he began on volume 1 again and went over the entire ground. It is thought that he has read the Encyclopædia at least a dozen times, and he is still at it.

Up at the Mechanics' library on West Sixteenth street an old man had been a frequent visitor. He was fully 85 years old and feeble at that. He had a mania for reading books on longevity, and spent the hours over "Inman's Preservation of Life," "Collins' Secret of Long Life," and books of the kind.

"Look at that old man," said the librarian one day to his assistant. "I don't think his deep study on the preservation of life will keep him from the grave much longer. He has been looking badly for a week or two, and appears to be at the edge of the precipice now." The prophecy proved correct, for the next thing heard of the old man was that he had been called from this weary world, and the knowledge gleaned from Collins or Inman did not suffice to keep him.

Another character at the Mechanics' library is an old lady who revels in the most sentimental love stories. Then there are several misses who draw out books of the deepest philosophy "just to show the high taste they have," the man at the desk says, and there are a number of old men who delight in reading tales of adventures for boys.

The ubiquitous tramp is a frequent caller at the Mechanics' and other free reading rooms, especially during cold or rainy weather.

The only peculiar thing about him, though, is his aversion to reading and his ability to sleep behind a newspaper without a quiver of the hand.—New York News.

HER WORK IS NEVER DONE.

If Housekeeping Is Properly Systematized It Can Be Finished Just as Man's Labors Are—Plans Suggested by a Lady Who Has Studied the Subject.

Women are constantly complaining that their work never ends—that while a man works only during certain hours of the day they never get through. The principal reason, perhaps, is that they do not put enough thinking into their work.

"Why couldn't you tell me everything at once?" was the petulant protest of a child who had been sent up stairs to her mother's room first for a pair of scissors, then for a tape measure, then for a spool of cotton, and finally for a garment that was to be mended and had been forgotten.

The child received a sharp reproof for her impertinence, the mother placidly remaining quite oblivious of the fact that she also needed a reproof for her own heedlessness. The child recognized the injustice and didn't forget it. A little thought would have saved steps and temper; and it is this same thought that needs to go into the everyday work.

One trouble with women—many of them—is, they fail to recognize housekeeping as a business, to be carried on, as any business is, with dignity and with method. They regard it as a drudgery, and they fret and worry over it until both mind and body are disturbed, and the peace of the household is worried with contention. The mental atmosphere of the house mother is felt by every one, and she cannot be out of sorts without putting everybody else out. It may be impossible to keep from fretting, and a difficult task to be always serene; but one can more nearly approximate the latter condition and keep free from the former by having things so arranged about the house that everything will go like the traditional "clockwork."

Mrs. Cornelius, who has been the friend and counsellor to so many young housekeepers, has arranged the work of the week in a few words of kindly advice. Nothing better has ever been written, and it is good enough to quote as a text. She has a ranged this for the benefit of families whose pecuniary means allow an entirely comfortable, but not a costly, mode of living. You will see that it differs somewhat from the customary "Monday work," etc. She says: On Monday have the house swept and dusted, the clothes for the wash collected and such articles mended as should be before being washed. On Tuesday wash. In families where the washings are large it is better to delay the ironing till the next day but one. This gives time for doing some things necessarily omitted on washing day, for instance, baking if the size of the family makes it necessary (bake twice a week) and for folding the clothes, as one is better able to do the whole ironing in a day than if she was to perform this labor on the day immediately after the washing day.

Therefore on Wednesday bake and fold the clothes, on Thursday iron, on Friday have all parts of the house that are in constant use swept and dusted again, the brasses rubbed, the windows cleaned, and if there are closets to be cleaned let them be done on that day also. On Saturday bake and provide such a supply for the table as shall supersede the necessity of cooking on Sunday, which should be "the day of rest" for the house mother as well as for all the rest of the household.

Still another way is to wash on Monday, bake and do other things necessarily omitted on Tuesday, iron on Wednesday, mend and take your ease on Thursday, sweep and clean on Friday, bake on Saturday and lay out the clean linen for rooms, beds and individuals. This is the plan that is the most often followed. But there are improvements even upon this well tried method, if housekeepers are not so wedded to their ways as to be unwilling to try the experiment.

Women who do their own work, relying possibly upon young daughters for the little help they can give them outside of school hours, often find the laundry work, particularly the washing, the stumbling block. It is not always easy to get a woman to come for washing; it is an expensive matter to send to the laundry, and the only alternative is "do it yourself." The task is much simplified if the husband will send shirts and collars to the laundry, and there are comparatively few who cannot afford to do this. That part taken out, half the dread of the work is done. Summer or winter the shirts and collars are a bugbear, particularly as they are made. So begin by supposing that that part of the family linen goes to the laundry.

That leaves a washing larger than most women want to do at once; so on Friday, when the rooms are swept and dusted, change the bed linen. Friday evening put it to soak, and it is a very easy matter on Saturday morning to boil it and hang it out. The bed linen is not hard, but large and heavy, and it is a good deal gotten out of the way, and the Monday wash does not seem nearly so hard. The baking can then be done, and you will be all ready for Sunday. On Monday the remainder of the washing can be done. On Tuesday the clothes may be folded and necessary baking done. On Wednesday the ironing; Thursday may be a rather restful day. That is, the basket of clothes looked over and mended, and no extra work done. That brings you around again to Friday, with its cleaning.

Now, here are the ways all ready laid out for you, and you may take which you like. Only, whichever way you decide, keep to that way, and don't be perpet