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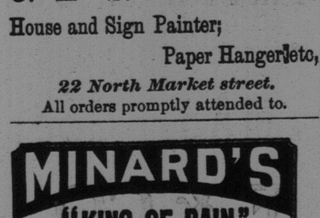

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AUCTION SALES.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday the fourth day of January next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1889, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Elizabeth Ann McIntosh is plaintiff, and John Donnelly is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decretal order as those three tracts or parcels of land described as follows, that is to say:—

FIRST, that lot of land conveyed to the said John Donnelly by Thomas McCrum by deed bearing date the eighth day of November, A. D. 1859, and described as a tract of land in the parish of Musquash, formerly Lancaster, in the City and County of Saint John, bounded as follows:—beginning at a stake standing in the most western angle of lot number one granted to Ebenezer Scott, thence running north fifty-seven degrees, east fifty-three chains of four poles each, to a cedar tree thence north thirty-three degrees, west ten chains to a spruce tree, thence south fifty-seven degrees, west fifty-three chains, and thence south thirty-three degrees, east ten chains to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as Lot 0 in Thomas O'Keleher's survey west of Musquash River, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

Secondly, that lot of land in the Parish of Musquash aforesaid conveyed to said John Donnelly by one William Balcom and Mary Jane, his wife, by deed bearing date the ninth day of October, A. D. 1865, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake placed at the south east angle of lot number forty-eight, on the west side of the road from St. Andrews to St. John, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, north seventy-five degrees, west fifty-six chains to a post standing on the south west angle of said lot, thence south fifty-nine degrees, thirty minutes east, fifty-nine chains to the west side of the aforesaid road, and thence along the said side of that road in a northerly direction to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as lot number forty-seven, as appears by the original deed to Henry Garbutt.

Thirdly—That lot of land granted by the Crown to the said John Donnelly, described as follows:—Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly bank or shore of Perch Lake, at the North Westerly angle of the lot purchased by Thomas Donnelly, thence South two degrees, West, thirty-four chains to a stake; thence North fifty-one degrees, West fourteen chains to another stake; thence South, forty degrees, West thirty-three chains to a post; thence South fifty-one degrees, East twenty chains; thence North two degrees, East sixty chains; thence North seventy-seven degrees, East, thirty chains, to the Westerly shore or bank of Perch Lake, and thence following the various courses thereof in a Southerly, Easterly and Northeasterly direction to the place of beginning, containing seventy-five acres, more or less; together with all and singular the buildings, erections and improvements to the said premises belonging; and also all the estate, right, title, claim and demand at law and in Equity of the said John Donnelly, of, in, to, or upon the same and every part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor, A. H. DeMill, Esq., or the undersigned Referee.

Dated this 28th day of September, A. D. 1889.

E. H. MACALPINE,
Referee in Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM,
Auctioneer.

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 any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEAD,
Mortgagee,

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

One Ton Bird Seed.

Just received from New York,

8 Bags "Finest Sicily Canary," "German Rape," and "Russia Hemp Seed."

Also One Tin of that very fine "NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL," which has given such general satisfaction to my customers for the last 5 years.

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THOS DEAN,

13 and 14 City Market.

THE STRANGE STORY OF ALLAN QUATERMAIN'S WIFE

By H. Rider Haggard

AUTHOR OF ALLAN QUATERMAIN, SHE, JESS, &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY.

This story is supposed to be founded upon a manuscript found in the papers of Allan Quatermain, which were given to the author as literary executor. In it Quatermain tells the story of his marriage.

CHAPTER I.—Describes Allan's first meeting, when a child, with Stella Carson, at a Christmas gathering. Stella's dress caught fire and Allan extinguished the flames. Stella's mother was Spanish, and she eloped with a cousin, leaving Stella with her father, Squire Carson. He determined to leave England on account of the disgrace, and at about the same time Allan's mother died and Allan's father took him to South Africa, where Mr. Quatermain became a missionary among the Kaffirs. When Allan was 20 his father died.

CHAPTER II.—Allan sold the effects and decided to go on a journey of trade and adventure. Among his men was a Kaffir named Indaba-zimbi, a witch doctor. Between him and another witch doctor there had two years before been a lightning contest, which resulted in the death of his contestant.

CHAPTER III.—Details the start of the expedition. Quatermain describes his first elephant hunt.

CHAPTER IV.—Quatermain discovered a large body of Zulus, and was surprised by two of their scouts. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he shot both of them and retreated. The Zulus had been following a party of Dutch Boers, consisting of seventeen or eighteen men, their women and children, and a large number of cattle, with which they were removing to the north. For safety's sake the cattle and some of the women and children were sent away, while Quatermain, the witch doctor and some of the Boers remained. The next morning, by a ruse, Quatermain and Indaba-zimbi were captured by the Zulus.

CHAPTER V.—Quatermain discovered that Indaba-zimbi had betrayed him into the hands of the Zulus, who at first offered him no harm. The camp of the Boers was attacked and destroyed. One little child only was saved alive and Quatermain preserved her by fighting a duel with and killing a Zulu warrior. The witch doctor had said that Quatermain was a spirit. The Zulus determined to kill him, but were prevented by Indaba, who pretended himself to kill Quatermain and then bring him to life again. This frightened the Zulus, and Indaba and Quatermain, with the child, made their escape.

CHAPTER VI.—Describes the manner of escape of Quatermain with the witch doctor and Tota, the child. Indaba said "Go north," prophesying that friends would be found there. Quatermain obeyed, though against his judgment. They crossed a broad desert, where there was no water, and at its end they became unconscious. When they recovered, they were being cared for by Stella Carson, whose life Quatermain saved when a child, and who was now a beautiful young woman. Since early childhood she had lived in the wilds of Africa with her father, never having seen but one other Englishman.

CHAPTER VII.—Stella was accompanied by a woman called Hendrika, who was captured by baboons when a child and rescued by Stella's father. Hendrika and Indaba quarreled, and Hendrika objected to Quatermain's being taken to Stella's home, but was overruled. The home of Mr. Carson, who was sick at this time, was a marvel of white marble buildings, built like Zulu huts, only much larger. No one knew who built them; Carson found them ready to his hand when he settled there.

CHAPTER VIII is devoted to a description of Mr. Carson's place. He had a thousand natives with him, planted coffee, oranges, etc., and had educated his daughter, though she had never left the vicinity. Old mines were near, and Stella showed them to Quatermain, when a rather alarming encounter with baboons, who swarmed round about, occurred. Hendrika quelled the disturbance, and Indaba warned Quatermain of her, saying, "She is jealous of Stella, 'the Star,' and may do her harm if she becomes too much attached to you."

CHAPTER IX.—Describes the lovemaking of Quatermain and Stella. Hendrika became wildly jealous of Quatermain, and threatened him with evil if he took Stella away. Carson sanctioned the marriage and declared his end to be near.

[CONTINUED.]

"Indaba-zimbi," I said, changing the subject, "I have something to say," and I told him of the threats of Hendrika.

He listened with an unmoved face, nodding his white lock at interval as the narrative went on. But I saw that he was disturbed by it.

"Macumazahn," he said at length, "I have told you this is an evil woman. She was nourished on baboon milk, and the baboon nature is in her veins. Such creatures should be killed, not kept. She will make you mischief if she can. But I will watch her, Macumazahn. Look, the Star is waiting for you; go, or she will hate me as Hendrika hates you."

So I went, nothing loath, for attractive as was the wisdom of Indaba-zimbi, I found a deeper meaning in Stella's simplest word. All the rest of that day I passed in her company, and the greater part of the two following days. At last came Saturday night, the eve of our marriage. It rained that night, so we did not go out, but spent the evening in the hut. We sat hand in hand, saying little, but Mr. Carson talked a good deal, telling us tales of his youth, and of countries that he had visited. Then he read aloud from the Bible, and bade us good night. I also kissed Stella and went to bed. I reached my hut by the covered way, and before I undressed opened the door to see what the night was like. It was very dark, and rain was still falling, but as the light streamed out into the gloom I fancied that I caught sight of a dusky form gliding away.

The thought of Hendrika flashed into my mind; could she be skulking about outside there? Now I had said nothing of Hendrika and her threats either to Mr. Carson or Stella, because I did not wish to alarm them. Also I knew that Stella was attached to this strange person, and I did not wish to shake her confidence in her unless it was absolutely necessary. For a minute or two I stood hesitating, then, reflecting that, if it was Hendrika out there, there she should stop, I went in and put up the stout wooden bar that was used to secure the door. For the last few nights old Indaba-zimbi had made a habit of sleeping in the covered passage, which was the only other possible way of access. As I came to bed I had stepped over him rolled up in his blanket, and to all appearance fast asleep. So, it being evident that I had nothing to fear, I promptly dismissed the matter from my mind, which, as may be imagined, was indeed fully occupied with other matters.

I got into bed, and for awhile lay awake thinking of the great happiness in store for me, and of the providential course of events that had brought it within my reach. A few weeks since and I was wandering in the desert a dying man, bearing a dying child, and with scarcely a possession left in the world except a store of buried ivory that I never expected to see again. And now I was about to wed one of the sweetest and loveliest women in the whole world—a woman whom I loved more than I could have thought possible, and who loved me back again. Also, as though that were not good fortune enough, I was to acquire with her considerable possessions, quite sufficiently large to enable us to follow any plan of life we found agreeable. As I lay and reflected on all this I grew afraid of my good fortune. Old Indaba-zimbi's melancholy prophesies came into my mind. Hitherto he had always prophesied truly. What if these should be true also? I turned cold as I thought of it, and prayed to the power above to preserve us both to live and love together. Never was prayer more needed. While its words were still upon my lips I dropped asleep and dreamed a most dreadful dream.

I dreamed that Stella and I were standing together to be married. She was dressed in white and radiant with beauty, but it was a wild, spiritual beauty which frightened me. Her eyes shone like stars, a pale flame played about her features and the wind that blew did not stir her hair. Nor was this all, for her white robes were death wrappings, and the altar at which we stood was formed of the piled up earth from an open grave that yawned between us. So we stood waiting for one to wed us, but no one came. Presently from the open grave sprang the form of Hendrika. In her hand was a knife, with which she stabbed at me, but pierced the heart of Stella, who, without a cry, fell backwards into the grave, still looking at me as she fell. Then Hendrika leaped after her into the grave. I heard her feet strike heavily.

"Awake, Macumazahn! awake!" cried the voice of Indaba-zimbi.

I awoke and bounded from the bed, the cold perspiration pouring from me. In the darkness on the other side of the hut I heard sounds of furious struggling. Luckily I kept my head. Just by me was a chair on which were matches and a rush taper. I struck a match and held it to the taper. Now in the glowing light I could see two forms rolling one over the other on the floor, and from between them came the flash of steel. The fat melted and the light burnt up. It was Indaba-zimbi and the woman Hendrika who were struggling, and, what was more, the woman was getting the better of the man, strong as he was. I rushed toward them. Now she was uppermost, now she had wrenched herself from his fierce grip, and now the great knife she had in her hand flashed up.

But I was behind her, and, getting my hands beneath her arms, jerked with all my strength. She fell backwards, and, in her effort to save herself, most fortunately dropped the knife. Then we flung ourselves upon her. Heavens! the strength of that she devil! Nobody who has not experienced it could believe it. She fought and scratched and bit, and at one time nearly mastered the two of us. As it was she did break loose. She rushed at the bed, sprung on it, and bounded thence straight up at the roof of the hut. I never saw such a jump, and could not conceive what she meant to do. In the roof were the peculiar holes which I have described. They were designed to admit light, and covered with overhanging eaves. She sprung straight and true like a monkey, and, catching the edge of the hole with her hands strove to draw herself through it. But here her strength, exhausted with the long struggle, failed her. For a moment she swung, then dropped to the ground and fell senseless.

"Ou!" gasped Indaba-zimbi. "Let us tie the devil up before she comes to life again."

I thought this a good counsel, so we took a rein that lay in the corner of the room, and lashed her hands and feet in such a fashion that even she could scarcely escape. Then we carried her into the passage, and Indaba-zimbi sat over her, the knife in his hand, for I did not wish to raise an alarm at that hour of the night.

"Do you know how I caught her, Macumazahn?" he said. "For several nights I have slept here with one eye open, for I thought she had made a plan. To-night I kept wide awake, though I pretended to be asleep. An hour after you got into the blankets the moon rose, and I saw a beam of light come into the hut through the hole in the roof. Presently I saw the beam of light vanish. At first I thought that a cloud was passing over the moon, but I listened and heard a noise as though some one was squeezing himself through a narrow place. Presently he was through and hanging by his hands. Then the light came in again. and in the middle of it I saw the babyan-frau swinging from the roof, and about to drop into the hut. She clung by both hands, and in her mouth was a great knife. She dropped, and I ran forward to seize her as she dropped, and gripped her round the middle. But she heard me come, and, seizing the knife, struck at me in the dark and missed me. Then we struggled, and you know the rest. You were very nearly dead to-night, Macumazahn."

"Very nearly, indeed," I answered, still panting and arranging the rags of my night dress around me as best I might. Then the memory of my horrid dream flashed into my mind. Doubtless it had been conjured up by the sound of Hendrika dropping to the floor—in my dream it had been a grave that she dropped into. All of it had been experienced in that second of time. Well, dreams are swift; perhaps time itself is nothing but a dream, and events that seem far apart really occur simultaneously.

We passed the rest of the night watching Hendrika. Presently she came to herself and struggled furiously to break the rein. But it was too strong even for her, and, moreover, Indaba-zimbi unceremoniously sat upon her to keep her quiet. At last she gave it up.

In due course the day broke—my marriage day. Leaving Indaba-zimbi to watch my would-be murderess, I went and fetched some natives from the stables, and with their aid bore Hendrika to the prison hut—that same hut in which she had been confined when she had been brought a baboon child from the rocks. Here we shut her up, and, leaving Indaba-zimbi to watch outside, I returned to my sleeping place and dressed in the best garments that babyan kraals could furnish. But when I looked at the reflection of my face, I was horrified. It was covered with scratches inflicted by the nails of Hendrika. I doctored them up as best I could, and went out for a walk to calm my nerves, which, what between the events of the past night and of those pending that day, were not a little disturbed.

When I returned it was breakfast time. I went into the dining hut, and there Stella was waiting to greet me, dressed in simple white and with orange flowers on her breast. She came forward to me shyly enough; then, seeing the condition of my face, started back.

"Why, Allan! what have you been doing to yourself?" she asked.

As I was about to answer, her father came in leaning on his stick, and catching sight of me instantly asked the same question.

Then I told them everything, both of Hendrika's threats and of her fierce attempt to carry them into execution. But I did not tell my horrid dream.

Stella's face grew white as the flowers on her breast, but that of her father became very stern.

"You should have spoken of this before, Allan," he said. "I now see that I did wrong to attempt to civilize this wicked and revengeful creature, who, if she is human, has all the evil passions of the brutes that reared her. Well, I will make an end of it this very day."

"Oh, father," said Stella, "don't have her killed. It is all dreadful enough, but that would be more dreadful still. I have been very fond of her, and, bad as she is, she has loved me. Don't have her killed on my marriage day."

"No," her father answered, "she shall not be killed, for, though she deserves to die, I will not have her blood upon our hands. She is a brute and has followed the nature of brutes. She shall go back whence she came."

No more was said on the matter at the time, but when breakfast—which was rather a farce—was done, Mr. Carson sent for his head man and gave him certain orders.

We were to be married after the service which Mr. Carson held every Sunday morning in the large marble hut set apart for that purpose. The service began at 10 o'clock, but long before that hour all the natives on the place came up in troops, singing as they came, to be present at the wedding of the "Star." It was a pretty sight to see them, the men dressed in all their finery, and carrying shields and sticks in their hands, and the women and children bearing green branches of trees, ferns and flowers. At length, about half-past nine, Stella rose, pressed my hand, and left me to my reflections. At a few minutes to ten she reappeared again with her father, dressed in a white veil, a wreath of orange flowers on her dark curling hair, a bouquet of orange flowers in her hand. To me she seemed like a dream of loveliness. With her came little Tota in a high state of glee and excitement. She was Stella's only bridesmaid. Then we all passed out towards the church hut. The bare space in front of it was filled with hundreds of natives, who set up a song as we came. But we went on into the hut, which was crowded with such of the natives as usually worshiped there. Here Mr. Carson, as usual, read the service, though he was obliged to sit down in order to do so. When it was done—and to me it seemed interminable—Mr. Carson whispered to me that he meant to marry us outside the hut in sight of all the people, so we went out and took our stand under the shade of a large tree that grew near the hut facing the bare space where the natives were gathered.

Mr. Carson held up his hand to enjoin silence. Then, speaking in the native dialect, he told them that he was about to make us man and wife after the Christian fashion and in the sight of all men. This done, he proceeded to read the marriage service over us, and very solemnly and beautifully he did it. We said the words, I placed the ring—it was her father's signet ring, for we had no other—upon Stella's finger, and it was done.

Then Mr. Carson spoke. "Allan and Stella," he said, "I believe that the ceremony which has been performed makes you man and wife in the sight of God and man, for all that is necessary to make a marriage binding is, that it should be celebrated according to the custom of the country where the parties to it reside. It is according to the custom that has been in force here for fifteen years or more that you have been married in the face of all the people, and in token of it you will both sign the registry that I have kept of such marriages, among those of my own people that have adopted the Christian faith. Still, in case there should be any legal flaw, I again demand the solemn promise of you both that on the first opportunity you will cause this marriage to be re-celebrated in some civilized land. Do you promise?"

"We do," we answered.

Then the book was brought out and we signed our names. At first my wife signed hers "Stella" only, but her father bade her write it Stella Carson for the first and last time in her life. Then several of the indunas, or head men, including old Indaba-zimbi, put their marks in witness. Indaba-zimba drew his mark in the shape of a little star, in humorous allusion to Stella's native name. That register is before me now as I write. That, with a lock of my darling's hair that lies between its leaves, is my dearest possession. There are all the names and marks as they were written many years ago beneath the shadow of the tree on Babyan Kraals in the wilderness, but alas! and alas! where are those who wrote them?

"My people," said Mr. Carson, when the singing was done and we had kissed each other before them all—"my people, Macumazahn and the Star, my daughter, are now man and wife, to live in one kraal, to eat of one bowl, to share one fortune till they reach the grave. Hear now, my people, you know this woman," and, turning, he pointed to Hendrika, who, unseen by us, had been led out of the prison hut.

"Yes, yes, we know her," said a little ring of head men, who formed the primitive court of justice, and after the fashion of natives had squatted themselves in a circle on the ground in front of us. "We know her; she is the white babyan woman; she is Hendrika, the body servant of the Star."

"You know her," said Mr. Carson, "but you do not know her altogether. Stand forward, Indaba-zimbi, and tell the people what came about last night in the hut of Macumazhan."

Accordingly old Indaba-zimbi came forward, and, squatting down, told his moving tale with much descriptive force and many gestures, finishing up by producing the great knife from which his watchfulness had saved me.

Then I was called upon, and in a few brief words substantiated his story; indeed my face did that in the sight of all men.

Then Mr. Carson turned to Hendrika, who stood in sullen silence, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and asked her if she had anything to say.

She looked up boldly and answered:

"Macumazahn has robbed me of the love of my mistress. I would have robbed him of his life, which is a little thing compared to that which I have lost at his hands. I have failed, and I am sorry for it, for had I killed him and left no trace the Star would have forgotten him and shone on me again."

"Never," murmured Stella in my ear; but Mr. Carson turned white with wrath.

"My people," he said, "you hear the words of this woman. You hear how she pays me back, me and my daughter whom she swears she loves. She says that she could have murdered a man who has done her no evil, the man who is the husband of her mistress. We saved her from the babyans, we tamed her, we fed her, we taught her, and this is how she pays us back. Say, my people, what reward shall be given to her?"

"Death," said the circle of indunas, pointing their thumbs downwards, and all the multitude beyond echoed the word "Death."

"Death," repeated the head induna, adding: "If you save her, my father, we will slay her with our own hands. She is a babyan woman, a devil woman; ah, yes, we have heard of such before; let her be slain before she works more evil."

Then it was that Stella stepped forward and begged for Hendrika's life in moving terms. She pleaded the savagery of the woman's nature, her long service, and the affection that she had always shown toward herself. She said that I, whose life had been attempted, forgave her, and she, my wife, who had nearly been left a widow before she was made a bride, forgave her; let them forgive her also, let her be sent away, not slain, let not her marriage day be stained with blood.

Now her father listened readily enough, for he had no intention of killing Hendrika—indeed, he had already promised not to do so. But the people were in a different humor, they looked upon Hendrika as a devil, and would have torn her to pieces there and then, could they have had their way. Nor were matters mended by Indaba-zimbi, who had already gained a great reputation for wisdom and magic in the place. Suddenly the old man rose and made quite an impassioned speech, urging them to kill Hendrika at once or mischief would come of it.

At last matters got very bad, for two of the indunas came forward to drag her off to execution, and it was not until Stella fairly burst into tears that the sight of her grief, backed by Mr. Carson's orders and my own remonstrances, carried the day.

All this while Hendrika had been standing quite unmoved. At the last the tumult stopped, and the leading induna called to her to go, promising that if ever she showed her face near the kraals again she should be stabbed like a jackal. Then Hendrika spoke to Stella in a low voice in English:

"Better let them kill me, mistress, better for all. Without you to love I shall go mad and become a babyan again."

Stella did not answer, and they loosed her. She stepped forward and looked at the natives with a stare of hate. Then she turned and walked past me, and as she passed whispered a native phrase in my ear, that, being literally translated, means, "Till another moon," but which has the same significance as the French "au revoir."

It frightened me, for I knew she meant that she had not done with me, and saw that our mercy was misplaced. Seeing my face change she ran swiftly from me and as she passed Indaba-zimbi, with a sudden movement snatched her great knife from his hand. When she had gone about twenty paces she halted, looked long and earnestly on Stella, gave one loud cry as of anguish, and fled. A few minutes later we saw her far away, bounding up the face of an almost perpendicular cliff—a cliff that nobody except herself and the baboons could possibly climb.

"Look," said Indaba-zimbi in my ear, "look, Macumazahn, there goes the babyan frau. But, Macumazahn, she will come back again. Ah, why will you not listen to my words? Have they not always been true words, Macumazahn?" and he shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

For a while I was much disturbed, but at any rate Hendrika was gone for the present, and Stella, my dear and lovely wife, was there at my side, and in her smiles I forgot my fears.

For the rest of that day, why should I write of it?—there are things too happy and too sacred to be written of.

At last I had, if only for a little while, found that rest, that perfect joy which we seek so continually and so rarely clasp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Are?

You fond of fish cakes, and do you want to save yourself a lot of extra trouble to make them? If so, buy a pound box of Steam Compressed Dessicated Cod Fish. It is equal to three pounds of ordinary fish. Contains no skin or bones, is ready for instant use, and emits no odor whilst cooking. Sold at 15c. by all retail grocers, Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, St. John.

Uses of Safes.

Foreman Dakota Slasher—I see the big safe you spoke of has arrived.

"Yes; had it hoisted in this morning. Beauty, ain't it? Ten feet square on the inside, walls a foot thick, solid iron. I just tell you, nothing can go through that."

"But you say you can't raise money to pay the printers; what do you want of a big safe like that?"

"Oh, that isn't to put money in. It's for me to get into when my great reform crusade starts."—New York Weekly.

The Hebrews' Good Example.

The Hebrews set the world an example by the way they care for their own people. In Philadelphia on a single day collections taken up in two synagogues netted $12,000. Their helpfulness is by no means confined to measures of this kind, for there is a system among the "chosen people" by which every brother's welfare is made the concern of the whole body. It is an example which might profitably be followed more thoroughly than it is by other religionists.—Pittsburg Times.

Try

Barnes' Genuine English Worcestershire Sauce, in pint and half-pint bottles and by the gallon. Sold by leading retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, Saint John, N. B.

One of the many peculiar features of steamboat piloting is the shifting of the channel. The marks of pilots at certain points along the river or rivers that he works on, once learned, are always known until they cease to exist. But the shifting changes of the channel of a river like the Mississippi presents on many occasions a problematical condition to the most competent pilots. The changes or shifts of the channel are sometimes very sudden, but it is, however, a rare occurrence for a change to take place in less than forty-eight hours. For instance, to-night I may go down on the New South perfectly acquainted with the channel's position. On my next trip up in a few days there may have been a change in its position. It requires constant watchfulness, hence it may be truthfully said that a pilot's study is never ended.—Old Pilot in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When you can induce a man to hold your horse in the rain, how natural it is to tarry around the fire on the inside.

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

Only believe half of what you hear that great people say; only believe half of what you hear that little people do.

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

The two things that honest people never excuse, under any circumstances, are thievery and insincerity.

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

An honest man will regret that he is not as good as a woman, instead of pretending that he is better.

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

The most sacred things we have in the world often turn out to be only varieties of selfishness.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

At Port Hope Ont., Dec. 13. Three little boys, sons of respectable families, were drowned while skating on thin ice.

Life in a Lumber Camp.

While working in a lumber camp a year ago I caught a sever cold which settled on my lungs. I got no relief until I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which cured me entirely. I highly recommend it.

JNO. L. WILSON, Magnettawan.

A Little Spark

May kindle a great fire, just so dyspepsia and bad blood give rise to countless complaints which cannot be cured until the dyspepsia is removed, and the blood purified. To do this is the work of Burdock Blood Bitters, a medicine which always cures dyspepsia, bad blood and all complaints of a similar origin.

Rose Island Reports.

I can state that we have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil with great benefit for colds, sore throat, cuts, burns, chapped hands, etc. We can recommend it to be very useful and good in many different ways.

MRS. ABLE HELPS,
Rose Island, Ont.

Death Dealing Drugs

Such as Calomel, Morphine, etc., are remedies better left alone. They often weaken strong constitutions. The Burdock Blood Bitters never does, it contains no mineral or other poison, and cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, by unlocking the secretions and removing the impurities.

Make No Delay!

Is a perfect cure for croup and colds, and I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil—one bottle of which cured me of a very bad cold. I would say to all sufferers, make no delay in using it as it gives quick relief.

W. J. KENNY, Stittsville, Ont.

A New Element

Must be infused into the blood of the weak and debilitated, who suffer from disease of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys or blood. This revitalizing constituent is supplied by Burdock Blood Bitters which repairs waste, drives out all impurities and restores health to the entire system.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

WINTER Arrangement.

Two Trips 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 5.30 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.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

Tel. Sun.

NOTICE.

Bay of Fundy Steamship Company.

FOR the purpose of a General Overhauling, preparatory to taking up the winter service, the S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will be taken off the Bay Route for TWO OR THREE WEEKS, during which time the service will be continued by the steamer "DOMINION." The "DOMINION" will leave her wharf at 7 a. m., on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week.

HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager.

The Yarmouth Steamship Company, (Limited.)

FOR YARMOUTH, N. S. and Boston.

S. S. ALPHA

Leaves St. John for YARMOUTH every TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS at 6 p. m., (calling at WESTPORT when clear). Connecting with S. S. YARMOUTH for Boston, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with Steamer City OF ST. JOHN, for Halifax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS.

CHAS. McLAUCHLAN & SON,
Agents.

HOTELS.

New Victoria Hotel,

248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street, *SAINT JOHN, N. B.*

J. L. McCOSKERY, Pro.

One minute's walk from Steamboat landing Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK.

Winter Sashes.

Now is the time to order your WINTER SASHES.

Sashes Made, Fitted and Glazed.

A. CHRISTIE W. W. CO., Waterloo St.

FACTS!

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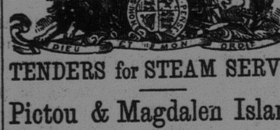
The Finest of the Fine,
The Cheapest—The Best.



TENDERS for STEAM SERVICE

Pictou & Magdalen Islands.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Minister of Finance, and marked "Tender—Pictou and Magdalen Islands," will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including Friday, the 20th December next, for a weekly steam service (including conveyance of mails) between Pictou, N. S., and the Magdalen Islands, calling at Georgetown and Souris, P. E. I., both going and returning.

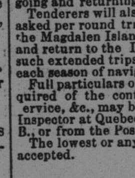
Tenderers will also state the additional subsidy asked per round trip to extend the service from the Magdalen Islands to Gaspe Basin and Perce and return to the Islands, if required so to do, such extended trips not to exceed three during each season of navigation.

Full particulars of the terms and conditions required of the contractor as to the route, mail service, &c., may be obtained from the Post Office Inspector at Quebec, Halifax, N. S., or St John, N. B., or from the Postmaster at Pictou, N. S.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

J. M. COURTNEY,
Deputy Minister of Finance.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, 20th November, 1889.



FREE $85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' 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, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

FREE $85 Sewing-Machine. To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

Canadian Express Company.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the Continent.

Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoices required for Goods from Canada United States or Europe, and vice versa.

JAMES BRYCE, Ass't Supt. — J. R. STONE, Agent

St. John, N. B.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

ON and after **MONDAY, 18th Nov., 1889,** the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for H'f'x and Campbellton....	7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene........	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax..................	14.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal...	16.20
Express for Sussex..........................	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex..........................	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec...	11.10
Fast Express from Halifax..................	14.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton .	19.20
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Mulgrave.	23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superindendent

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Oct. 21st, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Boston.

7.00 a. m.—Accommodation for St. Stephen, and intermediate points.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the west. Houlton and Woodstock. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car for Montreal.

4.45 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points

8.45 p. m.—(Except Saturday night)—Express Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; St Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle &c. Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN.

FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 12.20, 7.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday. Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.

VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 10.55 a.m. 12.10, 5.15 p.m;
WOODSTOCK 6.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.30, 8.20 p. m.;
HOULTON 6.00, 10.55 a. m., 12.15, 8.30 p. m.;
ST. STEPHEN 9.20, 11.30 a. m., 10.20 p. m;
ST. ANDREWS 6.45 a. m.
FREDERICTON 6.20, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.;
ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN ¶ 5.45, 9.05 a. m., 2.10, 7.10, 10.20, p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.00 a.m.—For Fairville, and points west.
4.40 p.m.—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

9.15 a. m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.
5.10 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. — F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.

Eastern Standard Time.

ON and after MONDAY, June 24, trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 1.00 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m; St. Stephen 6.00 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.45 p. m.

Freight up to 500 or 600 lbs—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6. p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

W. A. LAMB,
Manager.

St. John N. B., June 17, 1889.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Christmas and New Year's Holidays.

Return tickets will be issued to all stations in

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

—AT—

SINGLE FARE.

Tickets good to go only December 20th, 21st and 23rd, and to return until January 7th 1890.

Apply to agents Intercolonial, New Brunswick or Canadian Pacific Railway,

CONFUSION

of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a distaste for business, are the symptomatic indications of NERVOUS DEBILITY, and these symptoms are usually accompanied by SEMINAL WEAKNESS and LOSS OF POWER. The necessary consequences are CONSUMPTION & DEATH. "LANE'S SPECIFIC REMEDY," is an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sold at $1.00 Per Package, or sent on receipt of price to any address, free of charge. THE LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, QUE. Young men should read Dr. Lane's Essay on Nervous Diseases, mailed free to any address

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