MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

HIGHEST AWARD PARIS EXHIBITION.

GOLD MEDAL & DIPLOMA of HONOUR

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR TOILET SOAP.

Pears' Soap

FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.

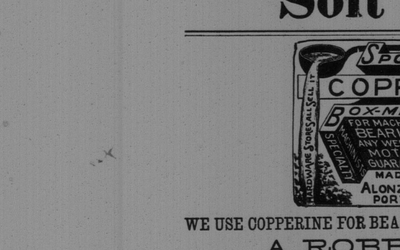
Specially Prepared for the delicate skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer.

Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

Fair white hands.

Bright clear complexion

Soft healthful skin.



WE USE COPPERINE FOR BEARINGS IN ALL OUR MACHINERY,

A. ROBB & SONS,

Engineers, Machinists, Iron and Brass Founders, etc.

Special Agents for Maritime Provinces

AMHERST, N. S.

HEADQUARTERS FOR MILL MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

MAKE HENS LAY

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2¼ POUND CAN FOR $1.20. TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CTS. POST PAID.

Sheridan's Condition Powder

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine. A teaspoon in the food, one meal only, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send to once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents), tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can and Guide, $1.20. Six large cans, Express, $5.00. Two cans, express prepaid, for $3.00. Send stamps or cash. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 32 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Cure** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to **Cure** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Free Bottle** of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

BURDOCK PILLS

SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

C. H. S. JOHNSTON,

House and Sign Painter;

Paper Hanger, etc,

22 North Market street.

All orders promptly attended to.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

THE ISLAY BLEND

REGISTERED

TRADE MARK

WHISKY,

MACKIE & Co's

VERY OLD.

See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.

DISTILLERIES—LAGAVULIN, LAPHROAIG, ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE. OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

CROTHERS, HENDERSON & WILSON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, Track Sulkies, etc., etc.

Repairing in all its branches promptly done.

Office and Show rooms, 43 and 45, North Side and Factory, 42 and 44, South Side,

Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

HAREM

(NOT THE SULTAN'S)

CIGARETTES.

YILDIZ

CIGARETTES.

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes in the Market.

TRY THEM.

MANUFACTURERS.

1828 Established 1828

J. HARRIS & Co.,

(Formerly Harris & Allen).

Paradise Row, Portland, St. John.

NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY

—AND—

Railway Car Works,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Railway Cars of Every Description,

"PEARLESS" STEEL TYRES, CHILLED CAR WHEELS.

—ALSO—

Steam Engines and Mill Machinery

The Improved Lowell Turbine Water Wheel, Ship Castings, Pumps, Brid.e and Fence Castings, etc.. etc.

Portland Rolling Mill,

STRAIT SHORE, PORTLAND.

Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

ST. JOHN BOLT and NUT CO.

Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.

P. O. Box 454.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,

FINISHING NAILS.

Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

Capital $10,000,000.

70 Prince Wm. street,

D. R. JACK, - - Agent

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.

RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.

BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.

LARGE BOTTLES! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL!

AS IT COSTS BUT

25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,

of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

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

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT 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, page 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 as 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. 14378 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 fifteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEAD,
Mortgagee,

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the Decree of the Court of Chancery, made on the 30th 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 F. 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 on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of 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 Smiler 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.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

I have a good stock of fall goods for Ladies, Gents and Children.

Call and Examine.

W. L. TILL,

Trinity Block, 108 King St.

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will teach you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

FACTS!

—OF—

"ATHLETE"

—AND—

"DERBY"

CIGARETTES

R

The Sweetest of the Sweet.

The Purest of the Pure,

The Finest of the Fine,

The Cheapest—The Best.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

THE MYSTERY

—OF A—

HANSOM CAB.

By FERGUS W. HUME.

SYNOPSIS.

The Argus newspaper of Saturday, 28th July, 18—, contained the report of an extraordinary murder. A cabman, Malcom Royston, had driven up to the police station early on the morning previous with the body of a murdered man. He had been employed, he said, by a gentleman in evening dress to drive the deceased, who was at the time under the influence of liquor, to his home St. Kilda. The gentleman, on placing the inebriate in his care left, but almost immediately returned, entered the cab and drove some distance When he alighted he gave the driver directions to proceed further. Later the driver discovered that his passenger was dead; that a white silk handkerchief saturated with chloroform had been tied over his mouth. Then follows the inquest.

Samuel Gorby, detective, takes the case in hand, He came to the conclusion that the man had been murde-ed for some unknown article he carried about with him. Notices advertisement in paper a week later for Oliver Whyte, who has failed to turn up at his lodging house. The detective calls at the house and discovers that the accused man to be Whyte. Learns also that Whyte was a stranger in the city; that he was engaged to an heiress; that he had a friend Mr. Moreland, with whom he had quarrelled on her account, and who answered the description of the man last seen with Whyte, and reasonably concludes that a woman has some connection with the affair.

Mr. Gorby pays another visit to the late lodging house of the murdered man, Mrs. Hableton's, and meets there Mr. Moreland, from whom he gets a description of Brian Fitzgerald. Learns also from Moreland that Fitzgerald was engaged to Miss. Prettiby, the heiress, who Whyte had professed himself in love with. Is favorably impressed with Moreland's manner. A description of Whyte; introduction into the Prettiby family follows.

Gorby watches Brian Fitzgerald during an evening gathering at the house of Mr. Prettiby. Fitzgerald becomes alarmed and his actions indicate that he has had something to do with the murder of Whyte. Gorby follows Fitzgerald to East Melbourne, where the latter's home is supposed to be situated.

[CONTINUED.]

There was no one in the carriage except himself, on which he felt a sense of relief, for he was in that humor which comes on men sometimes of talking to themself.

"Murdered in a cab," he said, lighting a fresh cigarette, and blowing a cloud of smoke. "A romance in real life, which beats Miss Braddon hollow. There is one thing certain, he won't come between Madge and me again. Poor Madge!" with an impatient sigh. "If she only knew all, there would not be much chance of our marriage; but she can never find out, and I don't suppose any one else ever will."

Here a sudden thought struck him, and rising out of his seat, he walked to the other end of the carriage and threw himself on the cushions, as if desirous of escape from himself.

"What grounds can that man have for suspecting me?" he said aloud. "No one knows I was with Whyte on that night, and the police can't suspect me, for there is no evidence to show that I was. Pshaw!" he went on, impatiently buttoning up his coat. "I am like a child, afraid of my shadow—the fellow on the pier is only some one out for a breath of fresh air, as he said himself—I am quite safe."

All the same he did not feel easy in his mind, and when the train arrived at the Melbourne station he stepped out on to the platform with a shiver and a quick look around, as he expected to feel the detective's hand on his shoulder. He saw no one, however, at all like the man he had met on the St. Kilda pier, and with a sigh of relief, left the station. Mr. Gorby, however, was on the watch, and followed him at a safe distance along the platform. Brian left the station and walked slowly along Flinders street, apparently in deep thought. When he got to Russell street he turned up there, and from there to Collins street, much to Mr. Gorby's relief, who, being, like Hamlet, "fat and scant of breath," found himself rather exhausted. He kept well in the shadow, however, and saw Fitzgerald give one final look around before he disappeared into the house. Then Mr. Gorby, like the Robber Captain in "Ali Baba," took careful stock of the house, and fixed its locality and appearance well in his mind, as he intended to call at it on the morrow.

"What I'm going to do," he said, as he walked slowly back to Melbourne, "is to see his landlady when he's out, and find out what time he came in on the night of the murder. If it fits into the time he got out of Rankin's cab I'll get out a warrant, and arrest him straight off."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. GORBY IS SATISFIED AT LAST.

In spite of his long walk and still longer drive Brian did not sleep well that night. He kept tossing and turning, or else lying on his back wide awake, looking into the darkness and thinking of Whyte. Toward dawn, when the first faint glimmer of morning came through the Venetian blinds, he fell into a sort of uneasy doze, haunted by horrible dreams. He thought he was driving in a hansom, when suddenly he found Whyte by his side, clad in white cerements, grinning and gibbering at him with ghastly merriment. Then the cab went over a precipice, and he fell from a great height down, down, with the mocking laughter still sounding in his ears, until he woke with a loud cry and found it was broad daylight, and that drops of perspiration were standing on his brow. It was no good trying to sleep any longer, so, with a weary sigh, he arose and went for his tub, feeling jaded and worn out by worry and want of sleep. His bath did him some good, as the cold water brightened him up and pulled him together. Still he could not help giving a start of surprise when he saw his face looking at him from the mirror, old and haggard looking, with dark circles round the eyes.

"A pleasant life I'm going to have of it if this sort of thing goes on," he said bitterly; "I wish to G— I had never seen or heard of Whyte."

He dressed himself carefully, however, for Brian was a man who never neglected his toilet, however worried and out of sorts he might feel. Yet, notwithstanding his efforts to throw off his gloom and feel cheerful, his landlady was startled when she saw how haggard and wan his handsome face looked in the searching morning light.

She was a small, dried up little woman, with a wrinkled, yellow face, and looked so parched and brittle that strangers could not help thinking it would do her good if she were soaked in water for a year, in order to soften her a little. Whenever she moved she crackled, and one was in constant dread of seeing one of her wizen looking limbs break off short, like the branch of a dead tree. When she spoke it was in a hard, shrill voice, like a cricket; and being dressed in a faded brown silk, what with her voice and attenuated body, she was not unlike that noisy insect. She crackled into Brian's sitting room with The Argus and coffee, and a look of dismay came over her stony face as she saw his altered looks.

"Dear me, sir," she chirped out in her shrill voice, as she placed her burden on the table, "are you took bad?"

Brian shook his head.

"Want of sleep, that's all, Mrs. Sampson," he answered, unfolding The Argus.

"Ah! that's because ye ain't got enough blood in yer 'ead," said Mrs. Sampson, wisely, for she had her own ideas on the subject of health. "If you ain't got blood you ain't got sleep."

Brian looked at her as she said this, for there seemed such an obvious want of blood in her veins that he wondered if she had ever slept in all her life.

However, he said nothing, but merely intimated that if she would leave the room he would take his breakfast.

"An' if you wants anythin' else, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, going to the door, "you knows your way to the bell as easily as I do to the kitchen," and, with a final chirrup, she crackled out of the room.

Brian drank his coffee, but pushed away the food which was before him, and then looked through The Argus to see the latest reports about the murder case. What he read made his cheek turn even paler than it was, and he could feel his heart beating loudly.

"They've found a clew, have they?" he muttered, rising and pacing restlessly up and down. "I wonder what it can be! I threw that man off the scent last night, but if he suspects me there will be no difficulty in him finding out where I live. Bah! What nonsense I am talking. I am the victim of my own morbid imagination. There is nothing to connect me with the crime, so I need not be afraid of my shadow. I've a good mind to leave town for a time, but if I am suspected that would excite suspicion. Oh, Madge! my darling," he cried, passionately, "if you only knew what I suffer, I know that you would pity me—but you must never know the truth —Never! never!" and, sinking into a chair by the window, he covered his face with his hands. After remaining in this position for some minutes, occupied with his own gloomy thoughts, he arose and rang the bell. A faint crackle in the distance announced that Mrs. Sampson had heard, and she soon came into the room, looking more like a cricket than ever. Brian had gone into his bedroom and called out to her from there:

"I am going down to St. Kilda, Mrs. Sampson," he said, "and, probably, will not be back all day."

"Which I 'ope it 'ill do you good," answered the cricket, "for you've eaten nothin', an' the sea breeze is miraculous for makin' you take to your victuals. My mother's brother, bein' a sailor, an' wonderful for 'is stomach, which, when 'e 'ad done a meal, the table looked as if a low cuss 'ad gone over it."

"A what?" asked Fitzgerald, buttoning his gloves.

"A low cuss!" replied the landlady, in surprise at his ignorance, "as I've readin 'Oly Writ, as 'ow John the Baptist was partial to 'em, not that I think they'd be very 'ilite,' tho', to be sure, 'e 'ad a sweet tooth, and ate 'oney with 'em."

"Oh! you mean locusts," said Brian, now enlightened.

"An' what else?" asked Mrs. Sampson, indignantly; "which, tho' 'not bein' a scholard, I speaks English 'ope, my mother's second cousin 'avin' 'ad first prize at a spellin' bee, tho' 'e died early through brain fever, 'avin' crowded 'is 'ead over much with the dictionary."

"Dear me!" answered Brian mechanically. "How unfortunate." He was not listening to Mrs. Sampson's remarks, but was thinking of an arrangement which Madge had made, and which he had forgotten till now.

"Mrs. Sampson," he said, turning round at the door, "I am going to bring Mr. Prettiby and his daughter to have a cup of afternoon tea here, so you might have some ready."

"You 'ave only to ask and to 'ave," answered Mrs. Sampson, hospitably, with a crackle of all her joints. "I'll make the tea, sir, an' also some of my own perticuler cakes, bein' a special kind I 'ave, which my mother showed me 'ow to make, 'avin' been taught by a lady as she nussed thro' the scarlet fever, tho' bein' of a weak constitootion, she died soon arter, bein' in the 'abit of contractin' any disease she might chance on."

As soon as Fitzgerald had gone Mrs. S. went over to the window and watched him as he walked slowly down the street—a tall, handsome man, of whom any woman would be proud.

"What an awful thing it is are to think 'e'll be a corpse some day," she chirped cheerily to herself, "tho' of course bein' a great swell in 'is own place, 'e'll 'ave a nice airy vault, which will be far more comfortable than a close, stuffy grave, even tho' it 'as a tombstone an' v'lets over it. Ah, now! Who are you, impertinence?" she broke off, as a stout man in a light suit of clothes crossed the road and rang the bell, "a pallin' at the bell in this if it were a pump 'andle."

As the gentleman at the door, who was none other than Mr. Gorby, did not hear her, he, of course, did not reply, so she hurried down the stairs, crackling with anger at the rough usage her bell had received.

Mr. Gorby had seen Brian go out, and deeming it a good opportunity to prosecute inquiries, had lost no time in making a start.

"You nearly tored the bell down," said the fiery cricket, as she presented her thin body and wrinkled face to the view of the detective.

"You nearly tored the bell down."

"I'm very sorry," answered Gorby, meekly. "I'll knock next time."

"Oh, no you won't," said the landlady, tossing her head, "me not 'avin' a knocker, an' your 'and a-scratchin' the paint off the door, which it ain't been done over six months by my sister-in-law's cousin, which 'e is a painter, with a shop in Fitzroy, an' a wonderful heye to color."

"Does Mr. Fitzgerald live here?" asked Mr. Gorby quietly.

"He do," replied Mrs. Sampson, "but 'e's gone out, an' won't be back till the arternoon, which any messidge 'ull be delivered to 'im punctual on 'is arrival."

"I'm glad he's not in," said Mr. Gorby. "Would you allow me to have a few moments' conversation?"

"What is it?" asked the cricket, her curiosity being roused.

"I'll tell you when we get inside," answered Mr. Gorby.

The cricket looked at him with her sharp little eyes, and seeing nothing disreputable in him, led the way upstairs, crackling loudly the whole time. This so astonished Mr. Gorby that he cast about in his own mind for an explanation of the phenomena.

"Wants oiling about the joints," was his conclusion, "but I never heard anything like it, and she looks as if she'd snap in two, she's that brittle."

Mrs. Sampson took Gorby into Brian's sitting, and, having closed the door, sat down and prepared to hear what he had to say for himself.

'ope it ain't bills," she said. "Mr. Fitzgerald 'avin' money in the bank, and everythin' respectable like a gentleman as 'e is, tho', to be sure, your bill might come down on 'im unbeknown, 'e not 'avin' kept it in mind, which it ain't everybody as 'ave sich a good memory as my aunt on my mother's side, she 'avin' bin famous for 'er dates like a 'story, not to speak of 'er multiplication tables and the numbers of people's 'ouses."

"I am an insurance agent," he said rapidly, so as to prevent any interruption by the cricket; "and Mr. Fitzgerald wants to insure his life in our company. Before doing so I want to find out if he is a good life to insure; does he live temperately? keep early hours? and, in fact, all about him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAKING MY LADY'S MUFF.

Cutter, Sewer, Blocker and Finisher Turn Out Three Dozen Muffs in a Day—Curious Details of the Business—The Native Hare and the Foreign Ermine.

Furs in summer? Yes, they're not so uncommon as to attract undue attention, but these are not worn over fair shoulders clad in lawn. They are heaped in various shapes of manufacture in the shop of a furrier down in the French quarter. At least one thousand men and women in New York are busied in making fur garments. There are factories employing many scores of workmen, and there are dingy little shops where a few journeymen work together, with small capital, low rent and moderate profits. In this particular shop there are only four men at work—just the number required to complete a garment under the division of labor usual in the fur business.

One man stands at a counter with a pile of muskrat skins at his left hand, and in his right a keen little knife, shaped almost exactly like the outstretched wing of a bird. The skin of the furs has been dampened so that it is pliant. The cutter, as he is called, seizes a skin, turns he fur down and rapidly cuts out deects with his bird's wing knife.

SCARCITY OF PERFECT SKINS.

Scarcely one skin in a hundred is perect. There are shot holes, scars from lites and scratches, tears and other damage, the result of careless curing. By the time all defects have been cut out it may have been necessary to divide the twenty strips and squares. About 20 per cent. of the fur is lost by the process of cutting; though the smallest pieces, even those not more than an inch square, are carefully saved, so long as they are well covered with hair.

As the knife slips through the leather you notice that the under side of the fur is a rich, golden brown, while the outer surface is black. The fur has been dyed, but the dye has not penetrated to the skin. The dyeing and curing are done elsewhere at factories which receive the raw skins by the thousand from the west and south. They come turned wrong side out and looking like great Japanese slippers from having been stretched and dried by the trapper on pointed shingles.

From the cutter's table the skins go to the sewer. He sits in a corner and works a strong sewing machine, whose needle is easily driven through the skin. Ordinary, stout thread is used, and the sewer manages to piece together the various scraps in such a way that no seam shows on the hairy side. The seams on the under side appear like straight ridges or cords. The skin comes from the sewer a patchwork of leather almost as strongly held together as the original.

From the sewer the material goes to the blocker. In this instance it is a muff that they are making. The "block" is in seven pieces that fit together and form an implement that looks almost exactly like a big wheel hub. The skin, which has been sewn end to end so as to form a hollow cylinder, is placed on the block form. It extends a little beyond the block, and a little wooden disk is placed in each end of the latter. To these disks the ends of the skin are nailed, and the whole thing is then placed in the window to dry.

When the skin is partly dried it is removed from the block and turned over to the finisher. He puts in wadding and lining and sews on the cord and tassels, if the muff is to be thus ornamented. Finally the fur is carefully brushed until it is smooth and glossy. Then it is put into a round pasteboard box, ready to be shipped to the merchant, through whom it is distributed to the retail dealers here and elsewhere.

WAGES OF THE WORKERS.

Four men working together thus ten hours a day can make three dozen muffs. Cutters earn from $15 to $18 a week and blockers and finishers from $10 to $12 a week. Women are sometimes employed as finishers at about the same wages. The busy season is from June to December. September, October and November are perhaps the most active months of the season. In the spring and winter business is dull, and the few men employed are at work upon inferior material, which cannot be worked profitably in the busy season.

Fashion in furs changes slightly from year to year, and the growing taste for summer furs now has to be taken into account. Boas, capes and muffs are now being made for next winter. The cheapest and most abundant skin is that of the hare; the costliest are those of the beaver, sable, seal, black fox and ermine. The last named is extremely rare. The dispised polecat contributes fur to the comfort and ornamentation of beauty, and nobody turns up their nose at him.

His unpleasant characteristics disappear in the curing. Pretty boas are made of the hare's skin, and costly capes of lynx, sable and beaver fur. Some of the costliest furs are imported, but the great mass of fur garments are made from native skins.

Foreigners have been pioneers in the fancy fur business of New York, and there are still many Frenchmen, Germans and Italians employed in the work; but native Americans are taking to the trade more and more. It requires from one to five years to become an expert cutter, but other branches of the trade are more quickly learned. The costliest furs are made up in large factories, because it takes considerable capital to keep a stock of raw material on hand. The business is rather dirty, but it is not specially unwholesome.—New York Star.

Knowledge Costs Money.

Irate Patron—See here, sir. I dropped a nickel into this machine, and nothing came out.

Agent—If nothing came out, that shows it's empty.

"But, sir, what do I get for my nickel?"

"Information."—New York Weekly.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis is immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure

A gang of Italians, Poles and Hungarians, railroad navvies, were working in a cut widening the road bed of the Shamokin, Sunbury and Louisburg railroad yesterday when a blast exploded and the men were hurled in all directions. Three mutilated bodies were removed from the debris, five were fatally hurt and ten badly cut and bruised.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

The Witil company calls upon the German foreign office to demand that the officers of the British company cease their invasion of the former's trading territory in East Africa.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Dr. Tanner, M. P. for the middle division of Cork, has been required to furnish two sureties in $100 each or serve two months in prison for uttering threats against Smith Barry, the head of the landlords' syndicate. Dr. Tanner has appealed.

Rt. Hon. Sir Geo. Otto Trevllyan in a speech at Lancaster yesterday denounced the Irish land purchase scheme on the ground that it was altogether at the risk of the British tax payers.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

The Czar has declined to act as arbitrator between Holland and France in the dispute regarding the boundary between French Guiana and Dutch Guiana.

Superintendent Fillmore, of the South Pacific, says the blockade in the Sierras is practically raised.

Rearing Sea

Contains the great seal of the American Republic, and Burdock Blood Bitters contains the virtues of roots, barks and herbs from our fields and forests, making it a wonderful remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, billiousness, bad blood, scrofula and all skin diseases.

Torments of Toothache.

I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for toothache. I suffered for several days, then bought a bottle and rubbed the Yellow Oil on it and was immediately relieved. MRS. DAVID G. ARNOTT, Russel, Man.

A Business Report.

Mr. James McCarty, of Rounds & McCarty's Collecting Bureau, Drumbo, Ont., states:—"I used several bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for kidney disorder and find it a wonderful remedy. Previously I had been using pills, thinking I had liver complaint, but now I am quite well and will always praise B. B. B."

A Winter's Tale.

Last winter my little girl caught a severe cold which lasted all season. I doctored with everything I could get but to no avail. Finally I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and gave her two doses which improved her and in a week she was entirely cured by its use. MRS. C. NORMAN, Cornell, Ont.

Little Lucy's Luck.

"I had a disease of the skin for which Ma tried everything she could think of but without effect, but the first bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters I tried, I found relief. It gave me great satisfaction." LUCY VENABLES, (age 11,) Bousvain, Man.

First Help for the Wounded.

In all cases of wounds, bruises sores, cuts and sprains prompt action is necessary and the wisdom of those who keep Hagyard's Yellow Oil on hand is demonstrated. It is a prompt, effectual and reliable cure for all injuries, croup, rheumatism, sore throat, etc. Used internally or externally.

BY TENDER.

BEAVER STAMPING WORKS.

R. & W. WARMINTON

having decided on retiring from the business so successfully carried on for nearly 40 years, offer their large and

Very Complete Stock of Tinware,

and also the tools and machinery, Stamping pad other Presses, New High Speed Engine and Steel Boiler, Shafting, etc., for sale by tender.

CATALOGUES will be ready this month, and will be forwarded to intending purchasers on application, by letter or personally.

The lease of the warehouses and office on McGill street, and also the factory on King street, can be obtained for a term of years if required.

The stock is in FIRST-CLASS order, and the whole will be ready for inspection as soon as the catalogues are completed.

This is a rare opportunity for acquiring a well established business, with customers in all parts of the Province, and also in the Lower Provinces, and which has for years been doing a large trade that can be doubled with very little exertion.

TENDERS will be received for the whole or any section, but the advertisers do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender. Terms to suit purchasers. Satisfactory security required.

R. & W. WARMINTON,
Montreal, January 6th, 1890. P. O. Box 1819.

American Rubber Boots and Shoes.

All the best makes and styles are in our stock, also a full line of Canadian manufacture, thus giving the public an elaborate choice. For all ages.

ESTEY ALLWOOD & CO.,

68 Prince Wm. street.

Fine Watch Repairing.

I HAVE engaged the services of a FIRST-CLASS Watch, French clock and Chronometer repairer, and will guarantee satisfaction to those needing such articles put in thorough order.

All work promptly attended to at No. 81 KING STREET.

W. TREMAINE GARD,
Goldsmith and Jeweller.
Under Victoria Hotel.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:

54 D Allan's Foundry, Carleton.
84 A Robertson T. N., Residence Rothesay.
18 Sturdee E. T., Accountant, Princess street.
296 Taylor & Dockrill, Grocers, King street.

A. W. McMACKIN,
Local Manager.

Get some of Quirk's famous

SCOTCH OAT CAKE,

"IT'S AWFU' GUID."

For sale by all the leading grocers in the city.

PIANOS THE MENDELSSOHN PIANO. ORGANS

Thoroughly Constructed, Attractive in Appearance, Brilliant in Tone, Reasonable in Price, Fully Warranted.

A. T. BUSTIN,

38 Dock Street.

ST. JOHN OYSTER HOUSE

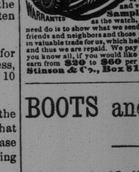
No. 5 North Side King Square.

OYSTERS, CLAMS, &c.

150 Bbls No. 1 XXX P. E. I. Oysters, large and fat.
100 Bbls Narrows Oysters, fine flavor;
75 Bbls Chatham, fresh raked;
4 Bbls Lepreaux Clams; Sweet Cider;
10 Kegs Salt Feet.

Oysters and Clams Shelled to order, and delivered to any part of the city.

C. H. JACKSON.



OUR NEW Rich Solid Gold Watch Worth $100.00, Free $5 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. OUR PERIOD 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 charges. 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 512, Portland, Maine.

BOOTS and SHOES.

A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable

BOOTS AND SHOES

—AT—

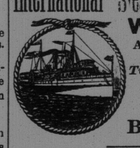
MRS. McCONNELL'S,

King street.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

WINTER Arrangement.



Two Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, November 11th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, and THURSDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., Standard, and Portland at 5 p.m for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Charles Houghton" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

Tel. Sun.

Bay Of Fundy S. S. Co.

(LIMITED).

THE Steamer "ALPHA," having been secured for the Bay Service, will commence her regular trips on SATURDAY, 6th inst., and continue every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday (until repairs are completed on "City of Monticello") leaving Company's Wharf, Reed's Point at 7 a. m.

HOWARD D. TROOP,

MANAGER.

WEST INDIES.

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