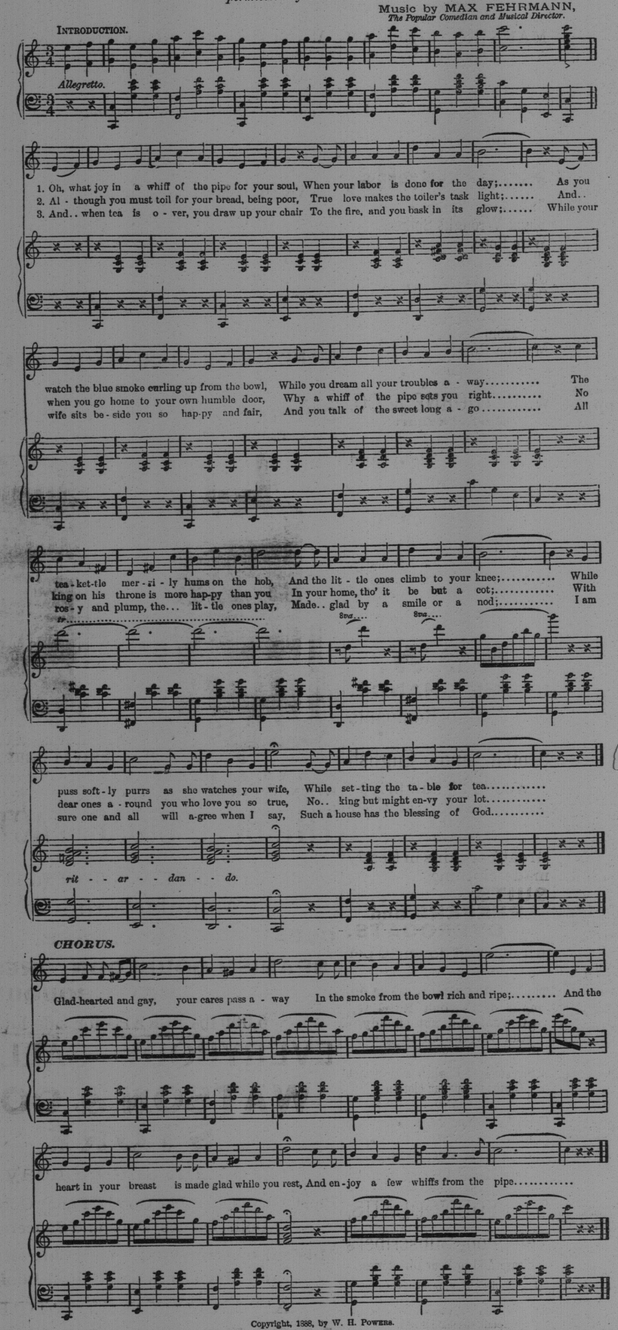
MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

A WHIFF OF THE PIPE.

As sung in W. H. Powers' Irish Drama, "The Ivy Leaf." A copyrighted song, published by special permission of Mr. Powers.

Music by MAX FEHRMANN,
The Popular Comedian and Musical Director.



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The Devil and Tom Walker.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles bay and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp, or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove, on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. It was under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, that Kidd, the pirate, buried his treasure. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place permitted a good lookout to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth, being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meager, miserly fellow of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn looking house, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveler stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine. The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them; the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper clawing; eyed the den of discord askance and hurried on his way rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homewards through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noon day, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveler into a gulf of black smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull frog, and the water snake, and where trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators, sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, among the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for awhile to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the hooting cry of the tree toad, and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mold at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mold, and lo! a cloven skull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that has elapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce trouble that had been brewing in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true, he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper color, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions; and bore an ax on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds?" said Tom, with a sneer; "no more your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d—d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbor's. Look yonder and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and behold one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the names of some great men of the colony, and all more or less scored by the ax. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"What! just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries, the Black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is that, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild, lonely place would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homewards. The black man told him of great sums of money which had been buried by Kidd the pirate under the oak trees on the high ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him, but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp the stranger paused.

"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom.

"There is my signature," said the

"There is my signature."

black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish that "a great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom; "who cares?" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her. At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded to keep all the gain to herself.

Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she sat off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man whom she had met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forbore to say.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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 diarrhœa, 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.

South Carolina is a very moral State. Divorce is entirely unknown there. When a man gets sick of his wife he simply swaps her off for a cow.

A Good Neighbor.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and vomiting. Nothing there was left undone by my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

You will find the most correct account of the clothes of the year in your tailor's bill.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

The first person mentioned in history who turned over a new leaf was Eve.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure, both in my own case and others of the family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

Want of principal is the principal want of many people.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

Annie Wilmot, the 9 year old daughter of driver James L. Wilmot, of E. P. & H. R. did not miss a day nor an hour in attendance at the Havelock superior school during last term.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

GOSSIP REGARDING THE TOPICS OF THE DAY AT THE HUB.

Hideous Sounds Which Rend the Night Air—A Gorgeous Club House—Harvard Preparing for the Fray—The Hard Girl Protests.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BOSTON, Jan. 1.

Boston has a choice collection of noises, entirely apart from the roar of business. Nervous persons can thank their fate that they are exempt from the rattle of L roads that torment New York, but the night air resounds with obstreperous sounds.

Few cities can boast of such clamorous bell-ringing when a fire breaks out. The town seems to have a surplus of bells and they are used freely. The custom is popular, for a multitude of Bostonians betray their village origin by their fondness for running to fires. It is one of the most popular sports, though those who pursue it are rarely repaid for their running by the sight of roaring waves of flame licking up a structure. A fire is generally a tame spectacle now that wooden buildings are scarce and firemen are plenty.

But a peculiar feature about fire alarms hereabout is the dismal, bellowing roar which is heard over the clanging of the bells. It sounds as though a bull as big as the state house was proclaiming to the city his mortal agony. Each doleful note is prolonged for over a second, and the tone is so harsh and wild as to make sensitive spirits shudder. Ask a Bostonian what is this sound which murders sleep and he will tell you that is the "Brighton bull," a creature more famous locally than the bull of Bashan. The "bull" is the whistle at the Brighton abattoir. It isn't called a whistle because it doesn't sound like one. All the country for ten miles round knows when there is a fire in Brighton.

Then on every foggy night the air is pierced with the hoarse whistles of steamers and tugs in the harbors. Some of the coasting steamers which arrive in the early morning announce their coming with a sound so harsh and mournful that it would make a hypochondriac of a monkey. It is as bad as Edison's clock, which, by means of a phonograph, announces to the inventor's guests the hour of midnight, and adds in solemn tones: "Prepare to meet thy God."

* * *

It was a noteworthy scene in the Chamber of Commerce when the testimonials were presented to the heroes who did the noble work of life saving during the recent storm at Hull and Nantasket rocks, a work which, as one of the speakers of the occasion said, has rarely been equaled for bravery and endurance in the world. The conspicuous objects in the hall that engaged the attention of the spectators were the appurtenances connected with the operation of the Hunt gun and other devices for the saving of life on the coast. But most interesting of all was the group of sturdy men who occupied places beside the platform, Capt. James and his gallant crew, whose names have become household words in the locality, and whose faces and robust forms had a peculiar interest for the assemblage. Every available spot where a glimpse of them could be obtained was preempted, and even ladies did not hesitate to stand on the tall tables during the exercises. Capt. Forbes, of yatching fame, presented the medals and about $5000 which had been subscribed. The amount was divided according to the number of trips made in the storm, by the score or so of men.

* * *

Harvard sporting men are trying hard to make the faculty allow them the same opportunities of practice enjoyed by Yale and Princeton, and they look for some success. The ball team will probably be allowed to play with professional teams, and by the faculty's consent John Clarkson of the Bostons is now coaching the team. Clarkson is right at home here and is a good deal interested in Harvard and Harvard teams. He will be of invaluable service to Bates, the already clever twirler, but whether he has the faculty of organizing team work is a question. There is a strong feeling among the undergraduates in favor of Arthur Irwin of Philadelphia, who lives in South Boston. They believe that Clarkson should give his entire attention to Bates, and that another man of the Irwin stamp should be secured to teach the men team work. Scores of candidates for the nine are practicing in the gymnasium.

It must be admitted that Harvard has been handicapped by the faculty, and this in a large measure accounts for her poor showing in recent years. While the prospects in base ball for next summer are not the brightest, they are certainly not discouraging. The weakness will be in lack of heavy hitters rather than in poor fielders.

Capt. Finlay and Storrow of the university boat crew are busily coaching condidates. Old oarsmen are watching the gymnasium work, and the enthusiasm of the boys promises a good crew next season.

* * *

The Boston Athletic club, which now claims to have the most complete club house on the continent, has a membership of about 1200, including most of the well-to-do youth of the city. It probably represents as much wealth as any of the aristocratic clubs. The building is an imposing structure of brick and brown stone, and its location is in the very newest and consequently the most fashionable portion of the Back Bay district. Each floor is a department in itself. The Turkish bathrooms and the swimming tank (which holds 60,000 gallons of water) occupy the basement. Between the tank and the street is a lounging room, with every convenience for smoking and lunching. On the street floor are the offices, bowling alleys, barber shop, laundry, drying rooms, etc. The first floor above the street is to be devoted to social purposes, drawing rooms, dining, reading and billiard rooms. The next floor is devoted to the gymnasium and sparring rooms, and on the third floor are the tennis and racquet courts. These have been fitted up under the supervision of ex-Champion Sears, who is a member of the club, and he says they are the best in the world. The kitchen, said to be the best appointed in Boston, is on the top floor of the building, together with the servants' apartments.

* * *

The pretty custom of sending Christmas cards has evidently been so overdone that it is not being done at all now by a multitude. But it is hard to find anything to take its place. Calendars are being used to some extent as substitutes by many. The growth of amateur photography has supplied some with the means of sending homemade gifts to their friends and the regular photographers have their appointment books filled for weeks in advance at the holiday season. A pretty device was hit upon by one Boston lady who to her friends hereabout sent on Christmas morning potted primroses, pinks, violets and daises, in bloom. The thought was as clever as it was graceful, and the token as charming as could have been chosen. Of course this fashion could hardly become universal, but it might be followed extensively in town.

The author of the popular song "Rock-a-bye Baby," of which so many thousands copies have been sold, and which is sung, whistled and played from Maine to California, is a Boston girl, Miss Mamie E. Crockett, who has written and composed several songs and many poems, which have been usually published under the name of "Effie L. Canning." Miss Crockett is the daughter of a well known physician of this city, and has a charming home facing Blackstone square, once one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. She is a very interesting young woman, with dark eyes and auburn hair, and a charming manner. Her song which has so taken hold upon the public, was composed in Ocean Spray, Winthrop, as she swung a little child in a hammock and crooned to it the old words written by Mother Goose, who, as all the world should know, is "Suburban Boston." Published afterward at the solicitation of friends the cradle song was introduced by Denman Thompson into his play "The Old Homestead," and at once made a decided hit.

* * *

A new phase of the servant girl problem has developed since Christmas. The intelligence offices have suddenly filled up. For some mysterious reason, both the German and the Irish girls were more than usually determined in their opinion that Christmas ought to be a complete holiday, and many of them gave up their places rather than do any household work. One domestic expressed great astonishment at learning that the master of the house was going to his employment as usual the day after Christmas. In her home in Ireland, she expostulated, the people did nothing for ten days at Christmas time.

* * *

If common report is true, Professor William Everett, the famous orator of Quincy, showed his chagrin at Harrison's election by an extraordinary outburst before his history class at Adams academy. It is asserted that he expressed a hope that "Harrison the second" would die like "Harrison the first" within a few months after his inauguration. Warned by the boys' hisses, the impulsive professor acknowledged the impropriety of his remark and said he would "take it back.

* * *

We have a good deal of fun out of our often disreputable common council, which will probably be abolished within a few years. Some of the present whisky-selling members propose to leave their portraits to posterity at the expense of the city, and public sentiment seems to support the project because it will furnish a "horrible example" to posterity. The annual dinner of the council takes place this week, and the event calls forth the reminiscence from the Quincy house waiters of the battle which the councilmen waged there at the last dinner. There was such a fusillade of oranges, grapes and other missiles that the bill for broken crockery was almost as much as that for the dinner.

It is objected to the further continuance of the council that it performs no important function in the government of the city, and that with such a population as the city has the council naturally becomes a soft berth for ward politicians and bosses. It is a large body and the members are not elected by the city as a whole, so that one only needs to keep a saloon or to secure a saloon-keeper's patronage in order to control the vote of a low neighborhood and get into the council.

There is a strong tendency to do away with ward representation in the board of aldermen too, and choose the aldermen by vote of the city at large. The opinion is gaining that this is the best way to get aldermen who will do credit to the city.

* * *

A Christmas eve gathering such as few have ever seen or heard of occurred in the Seamen's chapel Christmas Eve. Despite the common notion that seamen on shore are a drunken, lawless set of wretches, careless of the ordinary amenities of life, here were over 250 veterans of the winds and waves celebrating the great festival and acting anew the scenes of their childhood. Instead of a Christmas tree they surrounded a full-rigged ship, from whose rigging hung useful presents for every tar. All these sailors were strangers in this port, and most of them were foreign-born, speaking many different tongues. They were sober, clean and well-behaved. They were the guests of the chaplain, Capt. Nickerson, who carries on this mission. The mariners often prove eager disciples, and the Sunday prayer meetings are often attended by over 200 of them.

* * *

Editor Ernst, who becomes private secretary to Mayor Hart, will be succeeded in the editorial chair of The Beacon by Huntington Smith, for several years past the associate editor of The Literary World. Mr. Smith is a graduate of Dartmouth. About seven years ago he was the literary editor of The Traveller.

* * *

The leading "public school" newspaper of the city, The Transcript, makes the following interesting comment:

"We have it upon excellent authority that several Boston priests who have been prominent among the propagators of parochial education have expressed themselves in favor of public inspection, on the ground that the official recognition which such inspection would give them, and the improvement which would be forced by it upon the parochial schools, would raise the church establishments to a level so near that of the public schools that the Church schools could more successfully compete with the public schools. The Catholic fathers have no fault to find with the public schools, except that the religious atmosphere is wanting. The relative superiority of the public over the parochial schools is the one thing that troubles them. This disparity removed, either by lowering the standard of the one or raising that of the other, parochialism would have the greatest obstacle removed from its path."

* * *

Governor Ames will compress into a newspaper column or two what he wants to say to the legislature this year, following the precedent of brevity which he set in his inaugural address two years ago.

The new Public library will provide space for 2,000,000 books. It is asserted that in Spanish and Shakesperean literature its collection beats the world.

Rev. Dr. Bartol is said to be slowly improving in health.

The Boston Journal is almost 70 years old.

Red-breasted robins still linger in the suburbs.

The Boston Builders' association will endeavor to have the Massachusetts law of attachments changed so that no property can be attached before a court judgment is obtained.

The extension of The Globe's building is nearly ready for use. It will furnish new editorial offices and more room for the whole force.

The publisher, Estes, is preparing for an immense business in the future by putting up a big building on the wharf at the foot of Summer street.

We are to have another large hotel for bachelor boarders by the enlargement of Brigham's restaurant. This with the great new Boston Tavern will greatly conduce to single comfort, if not to single blessedness.

CHARLES CALVIN.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

In the matter of the "Expropriation Act," and in the matter of those certain parcels or tracts of land hereinafter described.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that there has been lodged in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, on the eighteenth day of December, A. D., 1888, a notice to the Registrar by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, stating his readiness to pay over to the persons entitled thereto, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, in his opinion, is sufficient compensation for the land or property expropriated for the purposes of the erection of a beacon light at Dipper Harbor, in the Province of New Brunswick, as public work, and described as follows, that is to say:—

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St. John, N. B., and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1830 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from high water mark, 30 feet; thence, by the magnet of the year 1885, south, two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 ft; thence south, twenty-three degrees west, 395 feet, thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 305 feet, or to its intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 160 feet from the extreme southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark southerly, round the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the line crossing Campbell's Island, as aforesaid; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence north, fifty-four degrees east, 385 feet, to the north corner of the Fish House; thence north, sixty-six degrees east, 155 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees, 400 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minutes west, 440 feet, to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; and thence on side line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, over a road of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the lighthouse lot of fifteen feet, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria has acquired title to the land or property hereinbefore described, under chapter thirty-nine of the Revised Statutes of Canada respecting the expropriation of lands, as amended by the Act 50-51 Vic. ch. 17, intituled "An Act to amend the Revised Statutes, chapter thirty-nine, respecting the expropriation of lands."

In consequence, all persons entitled to the said hereinbefore described land or property or any part thereof, or representing or being the bona fide holds of any persons so entitled or claiming to hold or represent incumbrancers thereon or interests therein, are called upon to file in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, their claims or opposition, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D. 1889, and are notified that such claims or opposition will be received and adjudged upon by this Court, and that the proceedings herein will forever bar all claims to the compensation money or any part thereof, including any claim in respect of dower or of dower not yet open, as well as in respect of all mortgages, hypothecs or incumbrances upon the said land or property.

Dated at Ottawa, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1888.

L. A. AUDETTE,
Registrar.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Livor, 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

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK
—FOR—
BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON, direct: and the Steamer CUMBERLAND will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer CUMBERLAND will leave Boston every Monday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM
Agent.

THE NATIONAL,
22 Charlotte St.

Choice P. E. ISLAND and BUCTOUCHE OYSTERS served in all Styles and shelled to order.

CHOICE LUNCHES

Served at all hours. Dinner from 12 till 2 o'clock.

CIGAR COUNTER, SHOOTING GALLERY, BILLARD and POOL TABLES.

Telephone Communication.

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas E. Barke, of the City of Portland, School Teacher, has this day made an assignment of his estate to the undersigned trustee, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, who may execute the Trust Deed within three months from this date. The Trust Deed now lies at the office of Currey & Vincent, Chubb's Corner, St. John, Barristers: for inspection and execution. No preference.

Dated November 14th, A. D., 1888.

JOHN L. CARLEY N,
Trustee.

CURREY & VINCENT.
Solicitors.

A. B. SMALLEY,
WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
91 Prince William st.,
Saint John, N. B.

EDWARD F. LAW,
Watchmaker and Jeweller.
For Thirteen years Watchmaker at the late SHEFFIELD HOUSE.
A full line of
CLOCKS, WATCHES, and JEWELLERY, at reasonable prices.
No 3 Coburg Street (near Union).
Saint John, N. B.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,
keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.
Price List on application.
W. WA SON.
P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the
Double Washboard.
We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.
W. W.

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.

E. LEONARD & SONS
Steam Engines and Boilers
for all purposes.
WOODWORKING MACHINERY, TURBINE WHEELS.
Dodge Wood Pulleys etc.
SAW AND PLANING MILL
outfits furnished.
New and Second hand Machinery in stock.
62 Water St., - St. John, N. B.
GEORGE H. EVANS, Representative.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 30
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 30
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Jan. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John (Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Bangor.

3.35 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stepen, Presque Isle, Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.00 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 a.m.—For Fairville, Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points west.

3.20 p.m.—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a.m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.

4.10 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 31, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 7.34 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 p. m.; St. Stephen at 10.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.45 a. m.; St. George at 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.57 p. m.; St. John at 1.12 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MORTSON, 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 MORTSON'S, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.
St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

W. M. CALDWELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office and Residence
LANCASTER ROAD,
Fairville.

G. T. WHITENECT,
157 Brussels Street.
HOUSE, SHIP, SIGN, AND DECORATIVE PAINTER.
Paper Hanging, Gilding, Whitewashing, Calsomining, Glazing, Etc.
Telephone Communication with all the Leading Houses.

McLEOD'S TONIC COUGH CURE.

MORE TESTIMONY.

HANOVER ST., ST. JOHN, Oct. 20, 1888.
MR. MCLEOD.
Your TONIC COUGH CURE has given me great relief. The severe attacks of COUGHING and ASTHMA, to which I have long been subject, most invariably succumb to two or three doses of your cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with severe coughs.
Yours truly,
MARY THOMPSON.
SOLD BY
S. McDAIRMID,
Corner King and Germain Streets.

SAINT JOHN OYSTER HOUSE.
No. 5 KING SQUARE (North Side).
Christmas Oysters, Valley Cider, Lambs Tongues, Pigs Feet.
Delivered to any part of the city and Portland free.
Telephone orders promptly filled.
Family trade solicited.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
CHAS. H. JACKSON.

CHOICE PERFUMES
Just received a full assortment
—OF—
Lubins, Atkinson's, Gosnell's Ect, in small bottles.
—ALSO—
A complete stock of first quality of
PERFUMES IN BULK.
Prices low.
WILLIAM B. McVEY
CHEMIST,
185 Union St., St. John, N. B.