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THE MYSTERY

—OF A—

HANSOM CAB.

By FERGUS W. HUME.

SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in Melbourne, Australia. A terrible murder is committed. Oliver Whyte had been chloroformed in a hansom cab and valuable papers stolen. The chain of circumstances leads to the arrest by Detective Gorly of Brian Fitzgerald. Lawyer Calton is engaged to defend the prisoner who refuses to divulge anything of his whereabouts on the night of the murder. Madge Frettlby, to whom he is engaged, and Lawyer Calton set about to prove Fitzgerald's innocence, and with the aid of Sal Rawlins, who proves an alibi, are successful in clearing him. Kilsip, detective, who is also working the case, has a theory of his own and suspects Mr. Moreland, a former friend of the murdered man.

Three months after. Madge Frettlby learns part of the secret of Fitzgerald's visit to the dying woman at Mother Guttersnipe's; learns that the woman's name was Rosanna Moore. While Sal Rawlings is relating this, Fitzgerald breaks in on them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BRIAN RECEIVES A LETTER.

Notwithstanding the hospitable invitation of Mr. Frettlby, Brian refused to stay at Cobbs Valley that night, but after saying good-by to Madge, mounted his horse and rode slowly in the moonlight. He felt very happy as, letting the reins lie on his horse's neck, he gave himself up unreservedly to his thoughts. Atra Cura certainly did not sit behind the horseman on this night; and Brian, to his surprise, found himself singing "Kitty of Coleraine," as he rode along in the silver moonlight. Why should he trouble himself about the crime at another? No! He had made a resolve, and intended to keep it; he would put this secret with which he had been intrusted behind him back, and would wander about the world with Madge and—her father. He felt a sudden chill come over him as he murmured the last words to himself—"her father."

"I'm a fool," he said, impatiently, as he gathered up the reins and spurred the horse into a canter. "It can make no difference to me as long as Madge remains ignorant; but to sit beside him, to eat with him, to have him always present like a skeleton at a feast—God help me!"

He urged his horse into a gallop, and as he thundered over the turf, with the fresh, cool night wind blowing keenly against his face, he felt a sense of relief, as though he were leaving some dark specter behind. On he galloped, with the blood throbbing in his young veins, over miles of plain, with the dark blue, star studded sky above, and the moon shining down on him. On—on—ever on, until his own homestead appears, and he sees the star like light twinkling brightly in the distance—a long avenue of tall trees, over whose wavering shadows his horse thundered, and then the wide grassy space in front of the house, with the clamorous barking of dogs. A groom roused by the clatter of hoofs up the avenue comes round the side of the house, and Brian leaps off his horse and flinging the reins to the man, walks into his own room. There he finds a lighted lamp, brandy and soda on the table and a packet of letters and newspapers. He flung his hat on the sofa and opened the window and door, so as to let in the cool breeze; then pouring himself out a glass of brandy and soda he turned up the lamp and prepared to read his letters.

"I am sure, my dear Fitzgerald, you will find this letter too long, in spite of the interesting story it contains, so I will have pity on you and shorten my epistle. Everything is well with Mrs. Frettlby and to her father. With kind regards to yourself, I remain, yours very truly. DUNCAN CALTON."

When Fitzgerald had finished the last of the closely written sheets, he let the letter fall from his hands, and, leaning back in his chair, stared into the dawning light outside with a haggard face. He arose after a few moments, and, pouring himself out a glass of brandy, drained it feverishly. Then mechanically lighting a cigar, he stepped out of the door into the fresh beauty of the dawn. There was a soft crimson glow in the east, which announced the approach of the sun, and he could hear the chirping of the awakening birds in the trees. But Brian did not see the marvelous breaking of the dawn, but stood staring at the red light flaring in the east, and thinking of Calton's letter.

"I can do no more," he said bitterly, leaning his head against the wall of the house. "There is only one way of stopping Calton, and that is by telling him all. My poor Madge! My poor Madge!"

A soft wind arose, and rustled among the trees, and there appeared great shafts of crimson light in the east; then, with a sudden blaze, the sun peered over the brim of the wide plain. The warm yellow rays touched lightly the comely head of the weary man, and, turning round, he held up his arms to the great luminary, as though he were a fire worshiper.

"I accept the omen of the dawn," he cried, "for her life and for mine."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT DR. CHINSTON SAID.

His resolution taken, Brian did not let the grass grown under his feet, but rode over in the afternoon to tell Madge of his intended departure.

The servant told him she was in the garden, so he went there, and, guided by the sound of merry voices, and the silvery laughter of pretty women, soon found his way to the lawn tennis ground. Madge and her guests were all there, seated under the shade of a great witch elm, and welcoming, with winsome smiles and much raillery, the late absentee. Madge alone, as she shook hands with him, asked herself, 'Who was this woman who died at Mother Guttersnipe's?' Receiving no satisfactory answer from myself, I determined to find out, and took steps accordingly. In the first place, I learned from Roger Moreland, who, if you remember, was a witness against you at the trial, that Whyte and Rosanna Moore had come out to Sidney in the John Elder about a year ago as Mr. and Mrs. Whyte. I need hardly say that they did not marry, but managed to get through the formality of marriage, as such a tie might have been found inconvenient on some future occasion. Moreland knew nothing about Rosanna Moore, and advised me to give up the search, as, coming from a city like London, it would be difficult to find any one who knew her there. Notwithstanding this, I telegraphed home to a friend of mine, who is a bit of an amateur detective: 'Find out the name and all about the woman who left England in the John Elder on the 21st day of August, 18—, as the wife of Oliver Whyte.' Mirabile dictu, he found out all about her, and knowing, as you do, what a miscstrom of humanity London is, you must admit my friend was clever. It appears, however, that the task I set him to do was easier than he expected, for the so called Mrs. Whyte was rather a notorious individual in her own way. She was a burlesque actress at the Frivolity theatre in London, and, being a very handsome woman, had been photographed innumerable times. Consequently when she very foolishly went with Whyte to choose a berth on board the boat, she was recognized by the clerk in the office as Rosanna Moore, better known as Musette of the Frivolity. Why she ran away with Whyte I cannot tell you. With reference to men understanding women, I refer you to Balzac's remarks on the same. Perhaps Musette got weary of St. John's Wood and champagne suppers, and longed for the purer air of her native land. Ah! you open your eyes at this latter statement—you are surprised—no, on second thought you are not; because she told you herself that she was a native of Sydney, and had gone home in 1858, after a triumphant career of acting in Melbourne. And why did she leave the applauding Melbourne public and the flesh pots of Egypt? You know this also. She ran away with a rich young squatter, with more money than morals, who happened to be in Melbourne at the time. She seems to have had a weakness for running away. But why she chose Whyte to go with this time puzzles me. He was not rich, not particularly good looking, had no position, and a bad temper. How do I know all these traits of Mr. Whyte's character, morally and socially? Easily enough; my omniscient friend found them all out. Mr. Oliver Whyte was the son of a London tailor, and his father, being well off, retired into private life, and ultimately went the way of all flesh. His son, finding himself with a capital income and a pretty taste for amusement, cut the shop of his late lamented parent, found out that his family had come over with the Conqueror—Glanville de Whyte helped to saw the Bayeux tapestry, I suppose—and graduated at the Frivolity theatre as a masher. In common with the other gilded youth of the day, he worshiped at the gas lit shrine of Musette, and the goddess, pleased with his incense, left her other admirers in the lurch, and ran away with fortunate Mr. Whyte. As far as this goes there is nothing to show why the murder was committed. Men do not perpetrate crimes for the sake of light o' loves like Musette, unless indeed some wretched youth embezzles money to buy his divinity jewelry. The career of Musette in London was simply that of a clever member of the demi-monde, and, as far as I can learn, no one was so much in love with her as to commit a crime for her sake. So far, so good; the motive of the crime must be found in Australia. Whyte had spent nearly all his money in England, and consequently Musette and her lover arrived in Sydney with comparatively little cash. However, with an Epicurean like philosophy they enjoyed themselves on what little they had, and then came to Melbourne, where they stayed at a second rate hotel. Musette, I may tell you, had one special vice, a common one—drink. She loved champagne, and drank a good deal of it. Consequently, on arriving in Melbourne, and finding that a new generation had arisen which knew not Joseph—I mean Musette—she drowned her sorrow in the flowing bowl, and went out after a quarrel with Mr. Whyte to view Melbourne by night—a familiar aspect to her, no doubt. What took her to Little Bourke street I don't know. Perhaps she got lost; perhaps it had been a favorite walk of hers in the old days; at all events she was found dead drunk in that unsavory locality by Sal Rawlins. I know this is so, because Sal told me so herself. Sal acted the part of the good Samaritan; took her to the squalid den she called home, and there Rosanna Moore fell dangerously ill. Whyte, who had missed her, found out where she was and that she was too ill to be removed. I presume he was rather glad to get rid of such an encumbrance, so went back to his lodgings at St. Kilda, which, judging from the landlady's story, he must have occupied for some time, while Rosanna Moore was drinking herself to death in a quiet hotel. Still he does not break off his connection with the dying woman; but one night is murdered in a hansom cab, and that same night Rosanna Moore dies. So, from all appearance, everything is ended; not so, for before dying Rosanna sends for Brian Fitzgerald as his club, and reveals to him a secret which he locks up in his own heart. The writer of this letter has a theory—a fanciful one, if you will—that the secret told to Brian Fitzgerald contains the mystery of Oliver Whyte's death. Now then, have I not a good deal without you, and do you incline to reveal the rest? I do not ask you to know who killed Whyte, but I do say you know sufficient to lead to the detection of the murderer. If you tell me, so much the better, both for your own sense of justice and for your peace of mind; if you do not—well, I shall find it out without you. I have taken, and still take, a great interest in this strange case, and I have sworn to bring the murderer to justice; so I make this last appeal to you to tell me what you know. If you refuse, I will go to work to find out all about Rosanna Moore prior to her departure from Australia in 1858, and I am certain sooner or later to discover the secret which led to Whyte's murder. If there is any strong reason why it should be kept silent, I, perhaps, will come round to your view, and let the matter drop; but if I have to find it out myself, the murderer of Oliver Whyte need expect no mercy at my hands. So think over what I have said. If I do not hear from you within the next week I will regard your decision as final, and pursue the search myself.

"I am sure, my dear Fitzgerald, you will find this letter too long, in spite of the interesting story it contains, so I will have pity on you and shorten my epistle. Everything is well with Mrs. Frettlby and to her father. With kind regards to yourself, I remain, yours very truly. DUNCAN CALTON."

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"How good of you to come," she said, in a delighted tone, as she took his arm, and they sauntered slowly toward the house. Brian told her of his approaching departure, but not his reasons for going.

"I got a letter yesterday morning," he said, turning his face away from her; "and, as it's about some important business, I must start at once."

"I don't think it will be long before we follow," answered Madge, thoughtfully. "Papa leaves here at the end of the week."

"Why?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Madge, petulantly; "he is so restless, and never seems to settle down in anything. He says for the rest of his life he is going to do nothing but wander all over the world."

There suddenly flashed across Fitzgerald's mind a line from Genesis, which seemed singularly applicable to Mr. Frettlby—"A fugitive and a vagabond thou shalt be in the earth."

"Everyone gets these restless fits sooner or later," he said, idly. "In fact," with an uneasy laugh, "I believe I'm in one myself."

"That puts me in mind of what I heard Dr. Chinston say yesterday," she said. "This is the age of unrest, as electricity and steam have turned us all into Bohemians."

"Ah! Bohemia is a pleasant place," said Brian absently, unconsciously quoting Thackeray, "but we all lose our way to it late in life."

"At that rate we won't lose our way to it for some time," she said laughing, as they stopped into the drawing room, so cool and shady, after the heat and glare outside.

As they entered Mr. Frettlby arose out of a chair near the window, and appeared to have been reading, as he held a book in his hand.

"What! Fitzgerald," he exclaimed in a hearty tone, as he held out his hand; "I am glad to see you."

"I let you know I am living, don't I?" replied Brian, his fair face flushing as he reluctantly took the proffered hand. "But the fact is I have come to say good-by for a few days."

"Ah! going back to town, I suppose," said Mr. Frettlby, lying back in his chair and playing with his watch chain. "I don't know that you are wise, exchanging the clear air of the country for the dusty atmosphere of Melbourne."

"Yet Madge tells me you are going back," said Brian, idly toying with a vase of flowers on the table.

"Depends upon circumstances," replied Midas carelessly. "I may and I may not. You go on business, I presume?"

"Well, the fact is, Calton"—— Here Brian stopped suddenly, and bit his lip with vexation, for he had not intended to mention the lawyer's name.

"Yes?" said Mr. Frettlby interrogatively, sitting up quickly, and looking keenly at Brian.

"Wants to see me about business," he finished awkwardly.

"Connected with the sale of your station, I suppose," said Frettlby, still keeping his eyes on the young man's face. "Can't have a better man. Calton's an excellent man of business."

"A little too excellent," replied Fitzgerald, ruefully; "he's a man that can't leave well enough alone."

"Apropos of what?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Fitzgerald, hastily, and just then his eyes met those of Frettlby. The two men looked at one another steadily for a moment, but in that short space of time a single name flashed through their brains; that name was Rosanna Moore. Mr. Frettlby was the first to lower his eyes and break the magnetism.

"Ah, well," he said lightly, as he rose from his chair and held out his hand, "if you are two weeks in town call at St. Kilda, and it's more than likely you will find us there."

Brian shook hands in silence and watched him pick up his hat and move on to the veranda, and then out into the hot sunshine.

"He knows," he muttered involuntarily.

"Knows what, sir?" said Madge, who came silently behind him, and slipped her arm through his. "That you are hungry, and want something to eat before you leave us?"

"I don't feel hungry," said Brian, as they walked toward the door.

"Nonsense," answered Madge, merrily, who, like Eve, was on hospitable thoughts intent. "I'm not going to have you appear in Melbourne a pale, fond lover, as though I were treating you badly. Come, sir—no," she continued, putting up her hand as he tried to kiss her, "business first, pleasure afterward," and they went into the dining room laughing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

de a Boxer.

An episode a few days ago, in which a delicate looking young man completely knocked out an antagonist with fifty pounds superiority in weight and the training of a hoodlum, has given an impetus to boxing, and during the past week no less than twenty young men have joined the sparring classes. A familiarity with the manly art of self defense by no means inculcates a fighting disposition. A good boxer is more than a match for mere brute force, as his blows are not aimed in vain. A quick, smart blow applied to the proper spot will knock out a giant who would withstand a blow from a hammer on his thick head. No good boxer ever need be shot by a man at close quarters who is obliged to go to the hip pocket for his gun, for when he reaches back his arm he must raise his shoulder slightly, he leaves his entire front exposed, and the jugular is temptingly displayed. A comparative tap on the jugular will make the other man forget for the time being that he ever had a gun.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

On the Hill.

Miss Alice (waiting for the "bob" to start)—Do you think I always think of the poor sailors at sea on Christmas eve. It must be so awfully dreary. They haven't any of our pleasures—like this, for instance.

Witticus—Oh, indeed, you are mistaken. I know a sailor who spends all his time coasting.

Miss Alice (incredulous)—On the water?

Witticus—Certainly. You've heard of the bobstay, have you not?

Miss Alice—Why, how stupid of me!—of course. But, do you know, I never supposed they used the bobstay for that. —Harper's Bazar.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, will produce fistula, fistula and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals the ulceration, and PERFORMS A PERMANENT CURE. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. SWAYNE & Son, Philadelphia.

The club Conservateur composed of leading young French conservatives of Montreal has just adopted a resolution of loyalty to the Queen and say this club will support every movement tending to the maintenance and development of our existing political institution.

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Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

The committee appointed by the state of New York to test the electrical appliances for the execution of criminals report that they entertain no doubt of the efficiency of the dynamos at Sing Sing and Auburn.

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Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis

Typhus fever has made its appearance in New York; nine cases have just been discovered in that city.

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

Rev. Mr. Muckleston of Ottawa is preaching at Kingston, Ont. against revivals because of the improper methods used to secure converts. He also attacked the gaiety now prevalent at Ottawa.

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

The master tin workers at Birmingham conceded the demands of the men and the strike is ended.

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There have been many remarkable cures of deafness made by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great household remedy for pain, inflammation and soreness. Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, sore throat and croup, and is useful internally and externally for all pains and injuries.

Swimming in Niagara

Is an easy way to end life, and suffering dyspepsia to exist is an easy way to make it miserable. Taking Burdock Blood Bitters is an easy way to cure dyspepsia and it never fails to thoroughly tone and strengthen the entire system at the same time.

Would Not be Without it.

Sirs,—We have used your Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam far severe coughs and colds and can recommend it to be just what it is represented to be. We would not be without it. H. SABINE, Cataract, Ont.

He Yielded to Persuasion.

"For years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms and after trying all means in my power to no purpose, friends persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and after using five bottles was completely cured." NEIL MCNEIL, Leith, Ont.

The Candid Truth.

I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil this winter for the first time for croup and I must say I find no better remedy for it. MINNIE REID, Listowel, Ont. Yellow Oil is a specific for croup and sore throat; it never fails.

Get some of Quirk's famous

SCOTCH OAT CAKE,

"IT'S AWFU' GUID."

For sale by all the leading grocers in the city.

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.

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 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 deed from the grantor to the grantee, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, by No. 16578 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.

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 8th day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and fronting 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 Lot number eight hundred and seventy-three (873), 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 on said lot, 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 the 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 (873) 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.

PIANOS THE MENDELSSOHN PIANO. ORGANS

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

A. T. BUSTIN,

55 Dock Street.

BOOTS and SHOES.

A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable

BOOTS AND SHOES

—AT—

MRS. McCONNELL'S

King street.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

Capital $10,000,000.

70 Prince Wm. street.

D. R. JACK, - - Agent

Ferris' Celebrated Corset Waists

—FOR—

LADIES, MISSES and CHILDREN

A full stock at

CHAS. K. CAMERON & Co,

77 King street.

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.

GROCERS, ETC.

WHOLESALE BY

Geo. S. DeForest & Sons

Rye Meal, Rye Flour, Granulated Oat Meal, S. R. Buckwheat, Barley Flakes, Hominy.

JUST RECEIVED BY

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.

32 Charlotte St., Next to Y. M. C. A.

Navel Oranges; Florida Do.; Lemons; Catawba Grapes.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

84 KING STREET.

LARD, HAMS, BACON.

Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock.

SLIPP & FLEWELLING

Pork Packers,

160 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

NOTICE.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURE.

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

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

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or NOT the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid