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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 comes to the conclusion that the man had been murdered 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 father's house. The detective calls at the house and discovers the murdered 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. Habkotte'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 Fretlby, the heiress, who Whyte had professed himself in love with. Is favorably impressed with Moreland's manner. A description of Whyte; introduction into the Fretlby family follows.

Gorby watches Brian Fitzgerald during an evening gathering at the house of Mr. Fretlby. 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.

After a long chase he tracks Fitzgerald to his lodging house, and on the following day, in the character of an insurance agent, interviews the landlady, Mrs. Tompson.

[CONTINUED.]

"I shall be 'appy to answer any inquiries which may be of use to you, sir," replied Mrs. Sampson; "knowin' as I do 'ow good a insurance is to a family should the 'ead of it be taken off unexpected, leavin' a widder, which, as I know, Mr. Fitzgerald is a goin' to be married soon, an' I 'opes 'ill be 'appy, tho' thro' it I loses a lodger as 'as always paid regler, an' be'aved like a gentleman."

"Does he keep good hours?" said Mr. Gorby.

"Allays in afore the clock strikes twelve," answered the landlady; "tho' to be sure, I uses it as a figger of speech, none of the clocks in the 'ouse strikin' but one, which is bein' mended, 'avin' broke through overwindin'."

"Is he always in before 12?" asked Mr. Gorby, keenly disappointed at this answer.

Mrs. Sampson eyed him waggishly, and a smile crept over her wrinkled little face.

"Young men, not bein' old men," she replied, cautiously, "and sinners not bein' saints, it's not nattral as latch keys should be made for ornament instead of use, and Mr. Fitzgerald bein' one of the 'andsomest men in Melbourne, it ain't to be expected as 'e should let 'is latch key git rusty, tho', 'avin' a good moral character, 'e uses it with moderation."

"But I suppose you are generally asleep when he comes in too," said the detective; "so you can't tell what hour he comes home?"

"Not as a rule," assented Mrs. Sampson; "bein' a 'eavy sleeper, and much disposed for bed, but I 'ave 'eard 'im come in arter 12, the last time bein' Thursday week."

"Ah!" Mr. Gorby drew a long breath, for Thursday week was the night when the murder was committed.

"Bein' troubled with my 'ead," said Mrs. Sampson, "thro' 'avin' been out in the sun all day a-washin', I did not feel so partial to my bed that night as in general, so went down to the kitchen with the intent of getting a tinned poultice to put at the back of my 'ead, it being calculated to remove pain, as was told to me, when a nuss, by a doctor in the horspital, 'e now being in business for himself, at Geelong, with a large family 'avin' married early. Also as I was leavin' the kitchen I 'eard Mr. Fitzgerald a-comin' in, and, turnin' round, looked at the clock, that 'avin' been my custom when my late 'usband came in the early mornin', I bein' a preparin' 'is meal."

"And the time was?" asked Mr. Gorby, breathlessly.

"Five minutes to 2 o'clock," replied Mrs Sampson.

Mr. Gorby thought for a moment.

Cab was hailed at 1 o'clock—started for St. Kilda about ten minutes past—reached grammar school, say at twenty-five minutes past—Fitzgerald talks five minutes to cabman, making it half-past—say, he waited ten minutes for other cab to turn up, makes it twenty minutes to 2—it would take another twenty minutes to get to East Melbourne—and five minutes to walk up here—that makes it five minutes past 2 instead of before—confound it! "Was your clock in the kitchen right?" he asked, aloud.

"Well, I think so," answered Mrs. Sampson. "It does get a little slow sometimes, not 'avin' bin cleaned for some time, which my nevy bein' a watchmaker I allays 'ands it over to 'im."

"Of course it was slow on that night," said Gorby, triumphantly. "He must have come in at five minutes past 2—which makes it right."

"Makes what right?" asked the landlady, sharply. "And 'ow do you know my clock was ten minutes wrong?"

"Oh, it was, was it?" asked Gorby, eagerly.

"I'm not denyin' that it wasn't," replied Mrs. Sampson; "clocks ain't allays to be relied on more than men an' women; but it won't be anythin' agin 'is insurance, will it, as in general 'e's in afore 12?"

"Oh, all that will be quite safe," answered the detective, delighted at having obtained the required information. "Is this Mr. Fitzgerald's room?"

"Yes, it is," replied the landlady; "but 'e furnished it 'imself, bein' of a luxurious turn of mind, not but what 'is taste is good, tho' far be it from me to deny I 'elped 'im to select; but 'avin' another room of the same to let, any friends as you might 'ave in search of a 'ome 'ud be well looked arter, my references bein' very 'igh an' my cookin' tasty, an' if——"

Here a ring at the front door bell called Mrs. Sampson away, so with a hurried word to Gorby she crackled down stairs. Left to himself, Mr. Gorby arose and looked around the room. It was excellently furnished, and the pictures on the wall were all in good taste. There was a writing table at one end of the room under the window, which was covered with papers.

"It's no good looking for the papers he took out of Whyte's pocket, I suppose," said the detective to himself, as he turned over some letters, "as I don't know what they are, and couldn't tell them if I saw them; but I'd like to find that missing glove and the bottle that held the chloroform—unless he's done away with them. There doesn't seem any sign of them here, so I'll have a look in his bedroom."

There was no time to lose, as Mrs. Sampson might return at any moment, so Mr. Gorby walked quickly into the bedroom, which opened off the sitting room. The first thing that caught the detective's eye was a large photograph of Madge Fretlby in a plush frame, which stood on the dressing table. It was the same kind he had already seen in Whyte's album, and he took it up with a laugh.

"You're a pretty girl," he said, apostrophizing the picture, "but you give your photograph to two young men, both in love with you, and both hot tempered. The result is that one is dead, and the other won't survive him long. That's what you've done."

He put it down again, and looking round the room, caught sight of a light covert coat hanging behind the door, and also a soft hat.

"Ah," said the detective, going up to the door, "here is the very coat you wore when you killed that poor fellow. I wonder what you have in the pockets," and he plunged his hand into them in turn. There was an old theatre programme and a pair of brown gloves in one, but in the second pocket Mr. Gorby made a discovery—none other than that of the missing glove. There it was—a soiled white glove for the right hand, with black bands down the back; and the detective smiled in a gratified manner as he put it carefully in his pocket.

"My morning has not been wasted," he said to himself. "I've found out that he came in at a time which corresponds to all his movements after 1 o'clock on Thursday night, and this is the missing glove, which clearly belonged to Whyte. If I could only get hold of the chloroform bottle I'd be satisfied."

But the chloroform bottle was not to be found, though he searched most carefully for it. At last, hearing Mrs. Sampson coming up stairs again, he desisted from his search and came back to the sitting room.

"Threw it away, I expect," he said, as he sat down in his old place; "put it doesn't matter. I think I can form a chain of evidence, from what I have discovered, which will be sufficient to convict him. Besides, I expect when he is arrested he will confess everything; he seems to have such a lot of remorse for what he has done."

The door opened and Mrs. Sampson crackled into the room.

"Did I understand you to say, Mrs. Sampson," he went on, "that Mr. Fitzgerald would be at home this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes, sir, 'e will," answered Mrs. Sampson, "a drinkin' tea with his young lady, who is Miss Frettlby, and 'as got no end o' money—not but what I mightn't 'ave 'ad the same 'ad I been born in a higher spear."

"You need not tell Mr. Fitzgerald I have been here," said Gorby, closing the gate; "I'll probably call and see him myself this afternoon."

"What a stout person 'e are," said Mrs. Sampson to herself, as the detective walked away, "just like my late father, who was always fleshy, being a great eater and fond of 'is glass, but I took arter my mother's family, they bein' thin like, and proud of keeping 'emselves so, as the vinegar they drank could testify, not that I indulge in it myself."

She shut the door and went up stairs to take away the breakfast things, while Gorby was being driven along at a good pace to the police office, in order to get a warrant for Brian's arrest on a charge of willful murder.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE QUEEN'S NAME.

It was a broiling hot day—one of those cloudless days, with the blazing sun beating down on the arid streets, and casting deep, black shadows. By rights it was a December day, but the clerk of the weather had evidently got a little mixed, and popped it into the middle of August by mistake. The previous week, however, had been a little chilly, and this delightfully hot day had come as a pleasant surprise and a foretaste of summer. It was Saturday morning, and of course all fashionable Melbourne was doing the Block. With regard to its "Block," Collins street corresponds to New York's Broadway, London's Regent street and Rotten Row, and to the Boulevards of Paris. It is on the Block that people show off their new dresses, bow to their friends, cut their enemies and chatter small talk.

Gorby were bowling smoothly along, their occupants smiling and bowing as they recognized their friends on the sidewalk; lawyers, their legal quibble finished for the week, were strolling leisurely along, with their black bags in their hands; portly merchants, forgetting Flinders lane and incoming ships, were walking beside their pretty daughters; and the representatives of swelldom were stalking along in their customary apparel of curly hats, high collars, and masher suits. Altogether it was a very pleasant and animated scene, and would have delighted the heart of any one who was not dyspeptic, nor in love—dyspeptic people and lovers (disappointed ones, of course) being accustomed to survey the world in a cynical vein.

Madge Fretlby was engaged in that pleasant occupation so dear to every female heart, of shopping. She was in Moulton, Hess & Hicks', turning over ribbons and laces, while the faithful Brian waited for her outside, and amused himself by looking at the human stream which flowed along the pavement. Brian disliked shopping quite as much as the rest of his sex, but, being a lover, of course it was his duty to be martyrized, though he could not help thinking of his pleasant club, where he could have been reading comfortably with something cool in a glass beside him. After Madge had purchased a dozen articles she did not want, and had interviewed her dressmaker on the momentous subject of a new dress, she remembered that Brian was waiting for her, and hurried quickly to the door.

"I haven't been many minutes, have I, dear?" she said, touching him lightly on the arm.

"Oh, dear, no," answered Brian, looking at his watch, "only thirty—a mere nothing, considering a new dress was being discussed."

"I thought I had been longer," said Madge, her brow gathering, "but still I am sure you feel a martyr."

"Not at all," replied Fitzgerald, handing her into the carriage; "I enjoyed myself very much."

"Nonsense," she laughed, opening her sunshade, while Brian took his seat beside her; "that's one of those social stories which every one considers themselves bound to tell from a sense of duty. I'm afraid I did keep you waiting—though, after all," she went on, with a true feminine idea as to the flight of time, "I was only a few minutes."

"And the rest," said Brian, quizzically looking at her pretty face, so charmingly flushed under her great white hat.

Madge disdained to notice this interruption.

"James," she cried to the coachman, "drive to the Melbourne club. Papa will be there, you know," she said to Brian, "and we'll take him off to have afternoon tea with us."

"But it's only 1 o'clock," said Brian, as the town hall clock came in sight. "Mrs. Sampson won't be ready."

"Oh, anything will do," replied Madge, "a cup of tea and some thin bread and butter isn't hard to prepare. I don't feel like lunch, and papa eats so little in the middle of the day, and you"—

"Eat a great deal at all times," finished Brian, with a laugh. Madge went on chattering in her usual lively manner, and Brian listened to her with delight. It was very pleasant, he thought, lying back among the soft cushions of the carriage, with a pretty girl talking so gayly. He felt like Saul must have done when he heard the harp of David, and Madge, with her pleasant talk, drove away the evil spirit which had been with him for the last three weeks. Suddenly Madge made an observation as they were passing the Burke and Wills monument, which startled him.

"Isn't that the place where Mr. Whyte got into the cab?" she asked, looking at the corner near the Scotch church, where a vagrant of musical tendencies was playing "Just Before the Battle, Mother," on a battered old concertina in a most dismal manner.

"So the papers say," answered Brian, listlessly, without turning his head.

"I wonder who the gentleman in the light coat could have been," said Madge, as she settled herself again.

"No one seems to know," he replied evasively.

"Ah, but they've got a clew," she said. "Do you know, Brian," she went on, "that he was dressed just like you, in a light overcoat and soft hat?"

"How remarkable," said Fitzgerald, speaking in a slightly sarcastic tone, and as calmly as he was able. "He was dressed in the same manner as nine out of every ten young fellows in Melbourne."

Madge looked at him in surprise at the tone in which he spoke, so different from his usual nonchalant way of speaking, and was about to answer, when the carriage stopped at the door of the Melbourne club. Brian, anxious to escape any more remarks about the murder, sprang quickly out, and ran up the steps into the building. He found Mr. Fretlby smoking complacently, and reading The Age. As Fitzgerald entered he looked up, and putting down the paper held out his hand, which the other took.

"Ah! Fitzgerald," he said, "have you left the attractions of Collins street for the still greater ones of clubland?"

"Not I," answered Brian. "I've come to carry you off to afternoon tea with Madge and myself."

"I don't mind," answered M. Fretlby, rising; "but isn't afternoon tea at half-past 1 rather an anomaly?"

"What's in a name?" said Fitzgerald, absently, as they left the room. "What have you been doing all morning?"

"I've been in here for the last half hour reading," answered the other, carelessly.

"Wool market, I suppose?"

"No, the hansom cab murder."

"Oh, i—— that thing?" said Brian, hastily; then, seeing his companion looking at him in surprise, he apologized. "But, indeed," he went on, "I'm nearly worried to death by people asking all about Whyte, as if I knew all about him, whereas I know nothing."

"Just as well you didn't," answered Mr. Fretlby, as they descended the steps together; "he was not a very desirable companion."

Mrs. Sampson was very much astonished at the early arrival of her lodger's guests, and expressed her surprise in shrill tones.

"Bein' taken by surprise," she said, with an apologetic crackle, "is ain't to be supposed as miraculs can be performed with regard to cookin', the fire havin' gone out, not bein' kept alight on account of the 'eat of the day, which was that 'ot as never was, tho', to be sure, bein' a child in the early days, I remember it were that 'ot as my sister's aunt was in the 'abit of roastin' her linen in the sun."

After telling this last romance, and leaving her visitors in doubt whether the joints referred to belonged to an animal or to her sister's aunt or herself, Mrs. Sampson crackled away down stairs to get things ready.

"What a curious thing that landlady of yours is, Brian," said Madge, from the depths of a huge arm chair. "I believe she's a grasshopper from the Fitzroy gardens."

"Oh, no, she's a woman," said Mr. Frettlby, cynically. "You can tell that by the length of her tongue."

"A popular error, papa," retorted Madge, sharply. "I know plenty of men who talk far more than any woman."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHILE BABY TAKES HIS NAPS.

The house is hushed to silence,
No cheerful sounds are heard;
A towel is tied around the cage
To still the merry bird.

With cautious step and bated breath
We tread the stairs and hall,
And if our shoes are nearly new
We doff them, one and all.

And mamma, at the nursery door,
With lifted finger stands.
"Hush, children, hush-sh! don't make a noise;
You needn't wash your hands.

"He mustn't hear the water run,
I'd rather you would go
And play some quiet game, my dears,
Upon the floor below.

"And, Maggie, you watch near the door,
In case sam-bo should come.
Don't let the bell be rung; and, Fred,
Don't laugh, and don't play ball."

What means this awful stillness?
Has some sad news been brought?
What dreadful suffering can it be
That needs this constant thought?

What shocking accident has chanced?
Is some one killed, perhaps?
Oh, no! It's like this every day,
While baby takes his naps.

—M. Helen Lovett in Home-Maker.

She Puts on the Full Address Now.

A young woman in Washington has been weeping big, bitter tears of brine. She wrote to Jack some weeks ago, and Jack never answered her. She waited, but in vain, and finally when she passed Jack on the street she cut him dead. Then she went home and played weird, melancholy minor waltzes on the piano and read novels with lots of love and suicide in them.

And Jack—poor Jack! He went from claret soda water to real beer. Instead of smoking two cigarettes a day he consumed a package before dinner. He went for hours without brushing his clothes, and didn't care whether his necktie was up over the top of his collar or not.

Recently the postman rang the door bell at the young woman's house and left a letter. There was a note on the back of it which read:

"Miss ——: The next time you write on 'Dear Jack' put his full name and address on the envelope."

She grasped the fearful truth at once. The secrets she had intrusted to those pages had been exposed to the gaze of a lot of heartless, jeering, dead letter clerks; and all because in a fit of loving absent mindedness she had forgotten to put anything but "Jack" on the envelope.

Jack now wears his cravat one inch off grace of former days.—Washington Capital.

A Pair of Orioles.

Not all the time of the beautiful orioles was passed in contentious; once having placed themselves on what they considered their proper footing in the family, they had leisure for other things. No more entertaining birds ever lived in the room; full of intelligent curiosity as they were, and industriously studying out the idiosyncrasies of human surroundings in ways peculiarly their own, they pried into and under everything—opened the match safe and threw out the contents, from the paper off the wall in great patches, pecked at the backs of books and probed every hole and crack with their sharp beaks. They ate very daintily, and, as mentioned above, were exceedingly fond of dried currants. For this little treat the male soon learned to tease, alighting on the desk, looking wistfully at the little china box whence he knew the currants came, until I, dazed, in language plain enough to a bird student, asking for some. He even went so far, when I did not at once take the hint, as to address me in low, coaxing talk of very sweet and varied tones. Still I was deaf, and he came within two feet of me, uttering the half singing talk, and later burst into song as his supreme effort at pleasing or propitiating the dispenser of dainties. I need not say that he had his fill after that.—Atlantic Monthly.

A Little Angel Among the Sinners.

A minister's little daughter was attending her first church service, at which her father presided. She had never seen him in the pulpit before, and, on his entrance there, her presence of mind forsook her and she piped up in a voice expressive of joyful recognition: "Why! t-h-e-r-e's my papa up in that box!" Avenging propriety swept down upon the little maiden, and for a season there was a great calm. But the services were grievously long to such a wee worshiper, and she became very restless, walking up and down the pew and sighing audibly. Mamma whispered comfortingly, "Papa's almost through, dear," whereupon ensued another brief period of quiet; but it was not to last. Tired baby nature had reached its utmost limit of endurance, and, by and by, over that quiet listeners arose a little voice—clear and plaintive and coaxing—"isn't you most froo, papa?"—Toledo Blade.

He Made a Sale.

Book Agent—Buy a Bible today, sir?

Farmer Hardhead—No.

Book Agent—But you ought to.

Farmer Hardhead—There's a Bible too many here now.

Book Agent—How does that happen?

Farmer Hardhead—Why, last week the old woman stood me up and down that "every tub must stand on its own bottom" warn't Scripture, and since I sarched from Genesis to Revelations 'thout findin' it, thar ain't no livin' with her, she's got such conceit on herself.

Book Agent—I see. What you need, sir, is the book I now offer—the revised version with all modern improvements. Buy it, and your wife will have to acknowledge your superior wisdom.—Drake's Magazine.

What the Mines Have Done.

We were a nation of poor men up to 1850. What we have gained since has been chiefly through the mines. The debts paid almost represent the gold and silver taken from the cliffs and placers; the moving forces have been the gold and silver dug from the mines; the real forces that mark out the courses of trade are on the west rather than on the east side of the continent.—Salt Lake Tribune.

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

Mary Ann Lordly, once well known in this city, fell over a fire plug in Halifax one night recently when the lights were out and sues the city for damages.

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.

Alex. Nevers, postmaster at Hartland, Carleton Co., and for many years a member of the Municipal council, was buried yesterday. He was 37 years of age and leaves a widow and one son.

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

The pilot boat Lightning, moored in Lower Cove slip, fell over on her starboard side Tuesday night and filled with water. Preparations are being made to lift her.

The St. John Gas & Electric Light Co. have completed arrangements for the introduction of the incandescent light, and are now only awaiting the arrival of their engine and some wire to put the system in immediate operation.

Fifteen hands are employed at the Barnesville gold mine and specimens of ore taken out have assayed from $3.50 to $40 per ton. New machinery is being put in and hopes are entertained that the mine will prove as valuable as any of the Nova Scotia mines.

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

Bearing 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 I heated my cheek 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:—"Have used several bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for kidney disorder and find it a wonderful remedy. Previously I had been taking 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 have 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 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 and 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 Mill 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 maker, 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.

GOLD FREE! OUR NEW PRIZE Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00. Best 25 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watches, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $25 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

BOOTS and SHOES.

A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable

BOOTS AND SHOES

—AT—

MRS. McCONNELL'S,

King street.

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 grant from the crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, in No. 16878 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 TUESDAY, the 25th 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 B. Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McCready is Defendant with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause are 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 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 Smith 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