MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

MISS CLARE.

By MARIA L. POOL.

CHAPTER I.

I did not believe anybody lived there. A ruined castle had never looked more deserted than did that square old house when I came in sight of it. Its bare brown sides stood out against the fall sunshine without a vine clambering near. At a little distance from its southern end there rose a tree, a dying sycamore that drew itself together and refused to droop over a blackened and mossy well curb that stood at its roots. That was all one saw in looking from the hill on whose brow I stopped my horse to rest him and myself and to survey the country.

Hills rose all round the house, and the narrow, grassy road on which I was traveling was the only sign any one had approached the building since it was erected.

So I thought, till, descending the slope and trotting slowly down the road by the house, I startled a hen with a brood of little peeping chickens from a huckleberry bush close by the way. Impelled by a strange impulse which I did not understand nor try to resist, I reined in my horse and dismounted. The chickens ran screaming to their mother as I walked by them to the door. "Poor things!" said I to myself, "how will they ever get through the winter?" I felt like saying that to everything I saw about the place. It was quite a long walk from the highway to the door, and my feet more than once got entangled among the faded remains of the tall weeds that had flourished there all summer. Close by the door I was astonished to see a plot of heliotrope set out in the sun for an hour at midday, I supposed. The air was unusually warm for the late fall, and the sunlight fell revivingly on the sweet purple flowers.

I gave a resounding rap on the door with my riding whip that made the house echo like a great hollow shell. Then, before anybody should come, I tried to think what I should say when some one did appear. A middle aged, ordinary looking woman came from somewhere far back, I should think, for I heard her walking a long time before she opened the door.

"Can you accommodate myself and horse till to-morrow?" I asked. "I am tired, and would rather stop here than ride on to the hotel at the next village."

After a moment's thought and scrutiny of my face and dress she replied:

"Yes, I guess so; if you'll take care of your horse yourself."

I agreed to the condition, and she called a child to show me the stable. A little, toddling 4-year-old girl came and went before me, down behind a knoll, where I found a dilapidated barn, into which I introduced my horse.

The presence of the child surprised me. I had not thought there had been a child on the premises for years. I tried to make her talk, but she would not, or could not, so I walked back to the house.

It was somewhat past their dinner hour, and I said I wanted nothing to eat till supper. I saw no one but the woman and child, and began to think I had courted a fit of ennui in yielding to my impulse and coming to this quiet place.

I thought of the heliotrope at the door, and wondered if it belonged to this woman. I studied her face, and decided that if she wished to cultivate flowers she would choose a bright, double marigold.

I sauntered out of doors, and round into the front yard; the flower pot was gone. My hostess had not removed it, I knew. I had already woven a little plot, the heroine of which should be a sweet, blue-eyed blonde, the owner of the heliotrope. Blondes were my favorites, and this lady must be a Saxon beauty.

At supper, a slight, dark girl came and sat down at table opposite me. She bestowed a deliberate, inquiring look upon me, and then ate her supper, never even glancing my way again. It was very provoking; that prolonged look seemed to satisfy her that I was so very ordinary appearing that there was no need of bestowing on me another glance. I think I looked at her during the whole meal; I could not help it. Her dark face drew my eyes, and unconsciously challenged them to peruse it. Her eyes were large and dark, the darkness seeming to lie principally in the great power of expansion in the pupil, which was luminous and soft; so it was then, though I afterward learned that it did not always possess that quality.

I launched several topics of conversation, watching her meanwhile, hoping she would favor my frail barks with fair wind, but she did no such thing; she sat indifferently, and saw every little conversational venture sink down disabled without saying a word to save it. I mentioned a number of places I had visited, in the forlorn hope that I might hit upon one she had seen, and that she might unifest it. At last I spoke of hearing a celebrated lecturer at a certain town. At the mention of the man's name her whole countenance darkened like a cloud where one expects to see lightning playing, but she did not look up, and I saw no lightning.

"I wonder if I go away from here till I have found you out and made you talk," I said to myself, when she rose from the table and left the room without having articulated a single word.

So on the impulse of the moment, because this woman had wounded my vanity, I made that resolve whose execution changed my life as completely as lives can be changed.

I devoted myself to my hostess, and finally retired to my room, with the agreeable conviction that I had made a good impression upon that lady, and that she would board me as long as I wanted to stay. I was to pay her a good price; perhaps that had something to do with her ready consent.

"Allow me to assist you; I am supposed to be stronger than you," I said the next morning when I found the young lady in the barn constructing, with hammer, boards and nails, some sort of a box—something for a plant, I imagined.

"Thank you," was the answer; "this does not require much strength; it is only my dexterity that is called into play."

Her voice was even and harmonious; she spoke with the intonation of polite society.

I was rude enough to stand by her several seconds, with watchful eyes, noting the flexible form in its crimson morning gown. If I had been a woman I should have said, "That is the color most consonant with that face;" but as I am a man I only had a dim realization that the pallidity of her countenance was relieved by the warm tint she wore, and, little as I knew the girl, I felt an indescribable recognition of her hot, passionful spirit in the significant fierliness of that beautiful crimson. Some unknown link between her temperament and the outside world had made that vital hue the silent interpreter of her characteristics.

As I looked at her, she raised her hammer and struck it on a nail she was holding in place; the nail glanced from its position, and she drove it through the flesh part of one of the fingers of her left hand. I uttered an exclamation, and endeavored to take the hammer from her hand. She smiled a little strange smile, and clenched her fingers over the handle to prevent my getting it—then she drew the nail from her bleeding fingers and pounded it in its place with an energy that had something of spite in it.

"What can one do with such a woman as that?" almost burst from my lips, so impetuously did it cross my mind.

She rose from her knees and began binding up her hand with her handkerchief very tenderly, and with an expression of soft, self pity on her face. I took the hand in mine and swathed it in the gossamer handkerchief; as I did so I saw a name marked in its corner. Thinking that if I wanted to know her I must take advantage of every circumstance I scrutinized the marking and read aloud—"Viviane Clare."

"Excuse me, Miss Clare," I said; "I know I am very rude, but I wish to become possessed of the right to speak to you, and you see I am bold enough to seize the first opportunity of learning your name."

She withdrew her hand with a suddenness that was almost a jerk, and instantly became absorbed in tending it again.

"I wish I had persisted in my intention of doing your carpentering for you," I said.

"I supposo you think if you had persisted you would have succeeded, don't you?" she asked, with a laugh that was very musical, while it was slightly satirical.

"I realize now that I should have been defeated in my humane desire," I replied. "You have not yet pardoned me for discovering your name by strategem," I continued. "In atonement let me tell you that the name by which men know me is Jarl Perrom."

I bowed as I ceased speaking; she did not look up to perceive it; she only said:

"Thank you, Mr. Perrom," with an indescribable accent of polite derision, that pierced me like sharp steel.

"I hope you will experience no evil effects from the wound," I said, lowering my eyelids to hide my vexed eyes. "With your permission, I will bind up my horse from the stall, as he wants grooming."

I thought she would go out at that; but she said:

"I don't mind it;" and turned to her boards and nails again.

There she crouched, graceful as a couchant leopard, fumbling with her bandaged left hand, and making quick, telling strokes with her right. I never groomed a horse with so distracted a mind before. Under my hands he grew pettish and fractious, and I narrowly escaped being kicked several times. At length in a pet, I tied him up to his crib, and was turning to come out, when Miss Clare spoke. Apparently she had not looked at me before since I took the horse out.

She said, with mirthful voice:

"You have given that horse rope enough to get tangled about his fore legs if he is so inclined, and cause a catastrophe."

With a burning face I saw my blunder, and rectified it, feeling very much like chopping off my hands for having been so awkward.

"I confess I am not used to being my own groom," I said; "your knowledge is as useful as it is uncommon."

She did not reply; and as I had no pretense to stay longer, I stalked out of the barn, with a frivolous, secret wonder in my mind as to whether she was going to transplant her heliotrope, for she seemed now preparing to fill her box with earth. I settled the question, however, with a grunt of sarcasm, by muttering to myself that "she was going to have another womanish plant to dawdle over."

I had to admit, though, that she did not look like a woman to dawdle about anything.

With this admission in my mind I went into the house, and looked round for the heliotrope. I found it by a sunny window.

For some reason I liked this plant. Something in its royal violet appealed to me as the insignia of Miss Clare's idiosyncrasies; its rich perfume was the fitting aroma of her imperial nature; it bore itself as the princely gonfalon of the hosts of her heart and head; under such an ensign did I already wish to enlist. I thought with a smile, that, though Miss Clare was not a blonde, yet I would like to follow her standard.

"You like flowers, I suppose, Mrs. Jerdan," I said to my hostess, as I stood over the blossom, inhaling with epicurean breaths its incomparable sweet.

"Yes, well enough. But I never should think of fussing about that thing as Miss Clare does. She brought it away from home with her, and has taken the greatest care of it ever since."

"Then this is not her home," I remarked indifferently.

"Oh, no; she only boards here for a while."

"Mrs. Jerdan is right," spoke Miss Clare's tuneful voice from the doorway. "I am here as long as I wish to stay. My home is in Boston."

Was it her particular province to discompose and confuse me? If it had been, she could not have succeeded more entirely.

I looked down at the girl's eyes and said:

"You have discovered that I am interested in you."

"I have discovered that you experience a feeling, which, if you were a woman, I should surely call curiosity," she answered, advancing toward me and stopping by her plant, fondling it with dainty fingers.

"I don't like to have you call the feeling by that name," I said, with an air that implied that she could awaken a stronger sensation than mere curiosity. I found that every such gallant attempt was lost upon her.

She looked up in my face and indifferently asked:

"Why not? Does the imputation wound your dignity?"

I noted that, now that the pupils were contracted, her eyes were hazel gray. I replied to her Yankee directness by an indistinct murmur, for in truth I did not know what to say. Then I remarked:

"Your heliotrope is getting too large for this pot; you must transplant it, unless you want it to blossom itself to death."

"Yes, it was for this pot of mine that I was wounded this morning; I am going to put it in a box to-morrow. It will flourish greenly and bless me with sweetness in return for my love. It is not human at all, Mr. Perrom."

"You are too young to be a cynic," I said, secretly glad of this remark she had volunteered, and astonished at myself that I was so glad.

"It is not years that make a cynic," was the reply; "it is life, and there is so much of life sometimes in a day."

I did not hazard a response to that remark, though I wished to speak in terms I feared she would resent as too personal. A silence of several minutes followed. The harsh lines around her mouth, the retrospective appearance of her face, made me imagine her to be thinking of something disagreeable in her past.

At last I said:

"Can I be of any assistance in transplanting, to-morrow?"

Her face did not change as she said:

"Thank you, none whatever," and walked away.

What vagary had taken possession of me, prompting me to like this girl? Something that I felt would soon develop itself into that which would prove more vital than a mere freak. Though I could not, with any reason, decide why I had become so conscious of this attraction, yet I felt it to be, if erratic as lightning, as powerful and as sure to its mark. I did not love the girl. I do not think I believe in the idea of the growth of anything so complete, so perfect as love, in one or two days. I do not deny its possibility for some natures, where the whole previous life seems to have been attuned by invisible hands for this meeting and this love. But for me, who have groped in earth's dryness and dustiness, I did not expect a sudden purification for the reception of the glorious guest.

I had been at the isolated farm house a fortnight, and had seen very little of Miss Clare. In the meantime, when I sat at my reading or writing I occasionally heard the report of a pistol from somewhere back of the house. For a long time I wondered what boy or young man was practicing shooting, or what pigeons and quails were suffering from his expertness. At last, one morning, as an incessant "crack, crack!" came up against my window, I took my little revolver from its case and went out in search of the marksman. The air was cool and frosty and came against my face with the very essence of winter in it. Hurrying on to keep warm, I came upon Miss Clare, who was standing about a dozen paces from a target board nailed upon a tree. When I came up she was standing with her face turned from me, loading her pistol. She wore a short, loose, double breasted fur jacket and a fur cap. The cap did not become her; her face was too proudly, coldly cut for such a half jaunty thing. I took out my own pistol and examined it, while she asked me if I was a good shot.

"Ordinary," I answered.

"Well, let me see," she said, and stood aside for me to take her place and shoot. I did so, and was sufficiently mortified at seeing that my shot went so wide of the mark as to emphasize my remark that I was ordinarily skilled. However, I knew I could do better, and I fired two more charges, both of which went full upon the eye of the target.

"That is a great deal better than I can do," remarked Miss Clare, stepping up and firing with so little appearance of taking aim that I wondered her bullet came so near—within a quarter of an inch of the mark. We practiced for half an hour, and I proved myself more clever at the art than Miss Clare. I wished to offer myself as instructor and companion, but the fear of being repulsed prevented me. I might have dispensed with that diffidence, for, when we were returning to the house, she asked:

"Initiate me into the mysteries, will you?"

"Of Eleusis?" inquired I, laughing and wondering what she meant.

She replied with ready tongue:

"No; I have the insufficient key of Æschylus for that. I mean I want Mr. Perrom to teach me to shoot."

"You can shoot now."

"You require explicitness, I see. I want you to teach me how to hit the mark when I do shoot. Will you?"

I believe I concealed the exultation which those words gave me. I only answered:

"With pleasure."

"When shall we commence?" she asked.

"To-morrow," I said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Free Rum or Cider—Which?

Whether the proposed constitutional amendment in Massachusetts against rum is also against cider, is being, as it ought, well agitated. We believe fruit-growers feel about manufacturing a home beverage somewhat like the woman whom the learned Dr. Abernethy once remonstrated with for mutilating her husband's face and head with her fingers nails in a family jar. Said the worthy doctor—"Madam, are you not ashamed, treating the head of this family thus?—in fact, your head, madam." The virago retorted fiercely, "Well, doctor, if that be my husband, isn't I a right to scratch my own head?" It seems to us, prohibition advocates should reflect that, so long as humanity is unfitted to its surroundings and conditions of life, so long evil will exist, and human beings foolishly try to "drown misery" with strong drink. But increase human happiness by every possible means; lessen that mother's burden that she may bear more healthy children; then ameliorate their hunger, disease, and pain, both physical as well as moral training, and you will have plucked out the most deadly fang of the monster—intemperance, while farmers and fruitgrowers are left to pursue an honest calling. Acting upon this precept, we would go farther and proclaim that thousands of families are now suffering with troubles that some of persons have repeatedly tried to relieve with strong drink. "Hot lemonade with a stick," "rock and rye" are familiar recipes. Temperance people should teach others to find some better remedy for hacking coughs, bronchial irritations, catarrhal inflammations rheumatism, and neuralgia then whiskey. Said a well known Boston merchant, recently, to a party of friends: I used to resort to whiskey when attacked with rheumatism and neuralgia; I could get drunk, but I couldn't cure neuralgia. But I know a remedy—Johnson's Anodyne Liniment—that will fix it for me every time." Truly, it is the most certain remedy known for any pain or inflammation. It is used internally as much as externally. Many people not know this. The manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one a pamphlet telling how to use it. A teaspoonful, properly used, will accomplish wonders.

A Scotch preacher in London recently, speaking of the frequent complaint of preachers for being dull gave his hearers this shot:—"The fault is not that we are poor preachers but because you are mighty poor stuff to preach to.

The Letter That Came

From Mr. J. Hayden, 139 Chatham St., Montreal, says: "I was troubled for years with biliousness and liver complaint, and I never found any medicine to help me like Burdock Blood Bitters, in fact one bottle made a complete cure."

T. Lynch of Fredericton has leased from the N. B. Railway a large area of timber land on one of the tributaries of the S. W. Mirimichi, and expects to cut 15,000,000 feet of lumber next winter.

"Ayer's Medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."—F. L. Morris, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

An hotel in Greenville Me., is said to be the only one in the world that serves trouton its table every meal in the year.

Eighty Per Cent.

Of the human race, according to a high authority, suffer from one or other form of blood taint. Never allow this latent evil to develop into serious disease while the blood can be kept pure and the system clean by proper precautions, such as using Burdock Blood Bitters, whenever any scrofulous symptoms appear. No medicine equals B. B. B. as a blood cleanser.

One hundred and fifty ladies members of Sorosis, attended the theatre in New York by invitation the other night, and they all left their hats and bonnets in the cloak room. Long live Sorosis and its example

IN THE CHURCH FIELDS.

RELIGIOUS NOTES AND NEWS GATHERED FROM ALL QUARTERS.

The Question of Churches and Just How Far They Can Be Free—The Club House Spirit Not Popular—The Courtesy in Churches.

This question has been raised by the action of the sexton of St. Thomas' church, New York, who recently turned a lady out of a pew where she was saying her prayers because she did not own a sitting in it. It is stated that on every Sunday morning at least 500 strangers crowd into that edifice to hear the music and the preaching, or possibly to worship. The expenses of running the parish are estimated at $50,000. The revenue is raised by renting the pews. If strangers come they are welcome, as they are in all other churches of this class, to the extent that room is unoccupied, and they are not asked to bear the expenses of the church. Few transient worshipers feel that the pecuniary responsibility of a parish church rests upon them, and where a particular church attracts attention this class of people always flock in great numbers. The question is raised whether they are fairly treated. It is met by the counter question whether the pew owners are fairly treated.

The only method by which our parish churches can be carried on in this country is the voluntary system. You must rent the pews or adjust the expenses of the parish in some other way, so that they can be honestly met. There is as much to be said for the pew rentals as there is for the free sittings. The support of the parish rests upon each individual or family in the congregation. No parish can be maintained unless families of individuals accept the responsibility of contributions, and it is clear that something definite must be depended on. The best system is the one that has been established by Dr. Satterlee, of Calvary parish, in New York city. According to this plan, each individual regularly connected with the congregation names, at the beginning of the year, what he will pay for church expenses and for charities, and for the various work which the church undertakes.

By this means the church can cut its garment according to its cloth, and proceed by a business method. This takes away all consideration of the cost of support with reference to the pews. Each individual accepts his responsibility, and whatever room there may be in the church beyond that needed by the regular parishioners is at the service of strangers, and the individual members of the congregation have no temptation to treat them as foreigners. The best way out of the difficulty is to rise above it, and this is the effect of the method adopted by Dr. Satterlee. The sittings in a city church are not controlled in this system by their money value, and the pastor is left free to reach the outside public by such means as are in his power.

The settlement of this question is not adequately reached by renting pews, nor by establishing free sittings. One method will work well in one place and another in another place. The plan employed by Dr. Satterlee is the simplest and most comprehensive. It places the managers of the parish in a position at the outset where they can deal honestly with all the interests which they have in charge. They know at the beginning of the year how much money they can spend, and they proceed practically by the methods which are employed in business life. By this method, also, the clergyman in charge is allowed greater freedom in doing his work. Nobody says, at the head of the pew, "Thou shalt not come in."

But in the same city Dr. Rainsford, dealing with an immense middle class population, has used the free seats and the envelope pledge system to such advantage that the church expenses are mainly met by the whole congregation working together. Shall a church enter into any arrangement of this kind—the spirit of the minister, the feeling of the people, the character of the community where the work is going on. Nothing is more democratic and needs to be managed with more delicacy than the arrangements by which the church shall be supported by the people in a democratic community so that their enthusiasm shall be enlisted. The point to be aimed at is to make the people free givers willing to their ability and to induce them to put conscience into their giving. But in this connection it is fair, too, that city congregations should be reasonably protected from the "ecclesiastical bummers" who visit the popular churches for entertainment and refuse to recognize their obligations as Christian worshipers. The American feeling in most churches, whether seats are rented or free, is that strangers should be treated as angels present unawares, and the accusation of discourtesy is seldom well founded. The aim of all churches is to increase their attendance, and it is only where pewed churches are invaded by persons whose habits are foreign to the worship that any complaint can be reasonably made. Whether sittings are rented or unrented, our churches are practically free to all who wish to attend them. The club house spirit is not popular, and the behavior of those who rent pews toward the outside public is more kindly and courteous than is generally supposed:—Boston Herald.

We Will Take Nothing with Us.

How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your casket with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stocks? Ah! no. The ferry boat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than an immaterial spirit. You may, perhaps, take $500 with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood cemetery, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring; it would be a temptation to the pillagers. If we have made this world our God we shall see our idol, when we die, ground to pieces by our pillow, and we shall have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in New York Observer.

Christian Missions in Japan.

A well known missionary to China, the Rev. T. Richards, recently describing the Christian missions in Japan which he had visited, says their educational work is surprising. There is no street chapel preaching as in China, and little medical missionary work, evangelizing being almost exclusively educational, although the distribution of Bibles and tracts is carried on by native colporteurs. He observes that Christian missionaries in Japan are very happy in the sympathy with which their labors are regarded by all classes, and by non-Christians as well as Christians.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

On March 23, 1889, the Woman's Foreign Missionary society was first organized in Boston. In twenty years the society has raised $1,886,000. In twenty years 127,000 Methodist women and children have become interested in heathen women through its auxiliary societies in the churches.

It has sent out to foreign lands 140 missionaries. It inaugurated woman's medical missionary work, and has sent out twenty-five medical missionaries in twenty years.

The Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Methodist Episcopal church now has 2,154,237 communicants, against 2,093,935 last year, indicating a net gain in 1888 of over 60,000. The value of church property, including parsonages, has reached the enormous sum of $97,546,515, an increase for the year of about $4,825,000. The church property, exclusive of the parsonages, is valued at $85,000,000. Upon the churches there is a total indebtedness of $6,082,498.

A Feeble Failure.

Many persons become feeble and fail in health from disease of the blood, liver, kidneys and stomach when prompt use of Burdock Blood Bitters, the grand purifying and regulating tonic, would quickly regulate every bodily function and restore to perfect health.

Elgin boasts of a bonery containing upwards of 100 hens, the eggs act number not being stated. We cackle-ate the proprietor's would be a good place to spend the Easter vacation. Hillsboro Observer.

The presence of dandruff indicates a diseased scalp, and if not cured, blanching of the hair and baldness will result. Hall's Hair Renewer will cure it.

Mr Balfour, the English Chief Secretary for Ireland has bought 4,000 acres of Land in New Zealand. From this it appears that Mr. Balfour has determined to take to the woods in good time.

Try to Benefit Others.

"I had a very bad pain in my side, of which one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil made a complete cure. I hope that this may be of some benefit to those who read it." A. R. T. Walker, 443 High St., City. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a specific for all inflammatory pain.

In Brazil there is a tribe called "Cafusos," which has sprung into existence by marriage between the long stiff-haired natives and the imported negro slaves.

A Life of Ease.

Miss Lizzie Ratcliffe, writing from Falkirk, Ont., says: "I had such a cough I could not sleep and was fast going into consumption; I tried everything I could hear of without relief, but when I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam I soon got ease. It is the best medicine I ever tried." Lizzie Ratcliffe, Falkirk, Ont.

It takes three generations to make a gentlemen." It would sometimes seem as if the the thing most requisite to accomplish the result were one regeneration.

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.

Section of Railway between Annapolis and Digby.

TENDER FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tender for Section of Railway between Annapolis and Digby" will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, the 8th day of April, 1889, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, on and after the 28th day of March, 1889, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th March, 1889.

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