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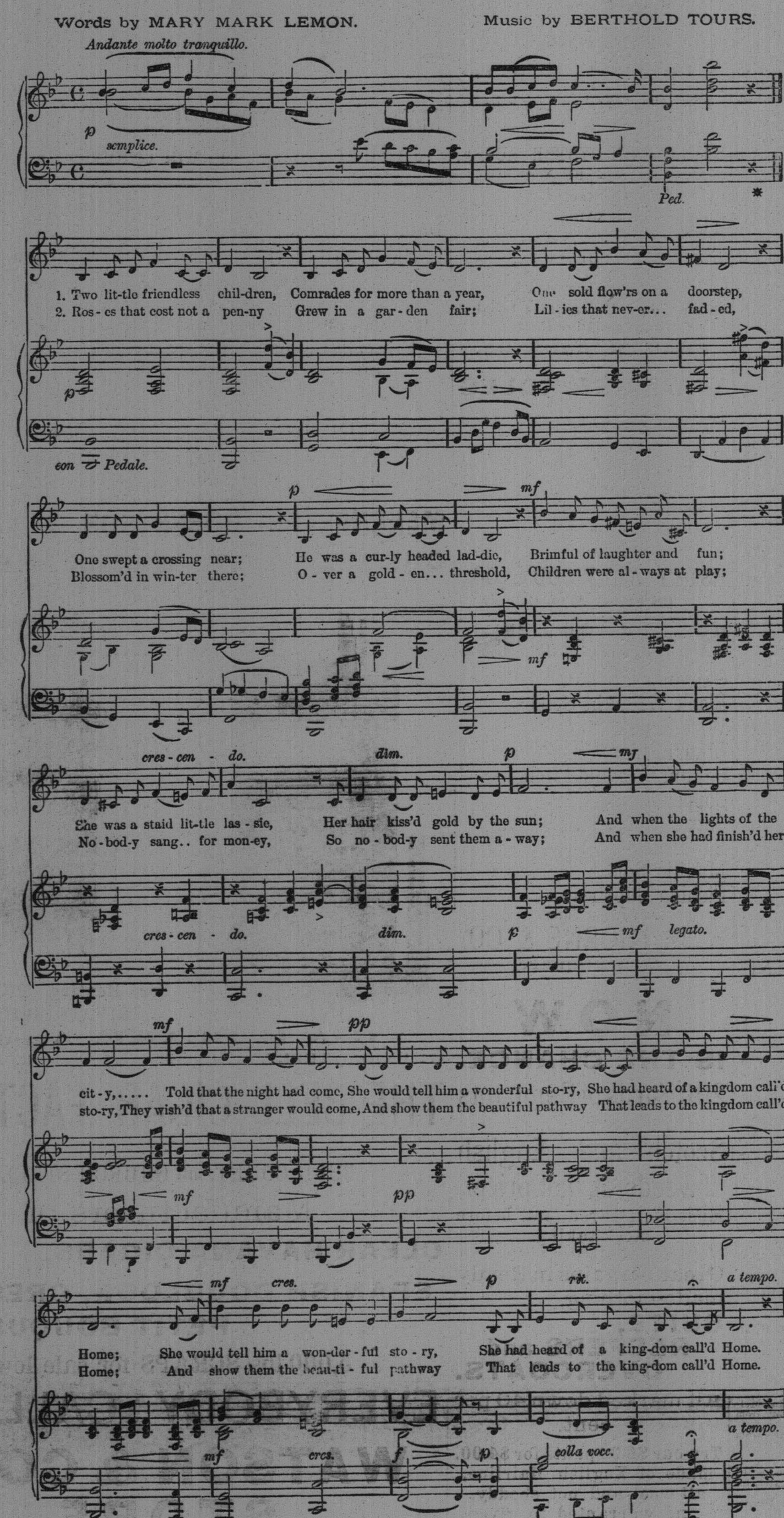
POOR DOCUMENT

THE NEW KINGDOM.

Words by MARY MARK LEMON. Music by BERTHOLD TOURS.



DOLPH HEYLIGER.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the early time of the province of New York, while it groaned under the tyranny of the English governor, Lord Cornbury, who carried his cruelties towards the Dutch inhabitants so far as to allow no dominie, or schoolmaster, to officiate in their language, without his special license; about this time, there lived in the jolly little old city of the Manhattoes, a kind motherly dame, known by the name of Dame Heyliger. She was the widow of a Dutch sea captain, who died suddenly of a fever, in consequence of working too hard, and eating too heartily, at the time when all the inhabitants turned out in a panic, to fortify the place against the invasion of a small French privateer. He left her with very little money, and one infant son, the only survivor of several children. The good woman had need of much management to make both ends meet and keep up a decent appearance. However, as her husband had fallen a victim to his zeal for the public safety, it was universally agreed that "something ought to be done for the widow;" and on the hopes of this "something" she lived tolerably for some years; in the meantime, everybody pitied and spoke well of her; and that helped along.

She lived in a small house, in a small street, called Garden street, very probably from a garden which may have flourished there some time or other. As her necessities every year grew greater, and the talk of the public about doing "something for her" grew less, she had to cast about for some mode of doing something for herself, by way of helping out her slender means, and maintaining her independence, of which she was somewhat tenacious.

Living in a mercantile town, she had caught something of the spirit, and determined to venture a little in the great lottery of commerce. On a sudden, therefore, to the great surprise of the street, there appeared at her window a grand array of gingerbread kings and queens, with their arms stuck akimbo, after the invariable royal manner. There were also several broken tumblers, some filled with sugar plums, some with marbles; there were, moreover, cakes of various kinds, and barley sugar, and Holland dolls, and wooden horses, with here and there gilt covered picture books, and now and then a skein of thread, or a dangling pound of candles. At the door of the house sat the good old dame's cat, a decent demure looking personage, that seemed to scan everybody that passed, to criticise their dress, and now and then to stretch her neck, and look out with sudden curiosity, to see what was going on at the other end of the street; but if by chance any idle vagabond dog came by, and offered to be uncivil—hoity-toity!—how she would bristle up, and growl, and spit, and strike out her paws! she was as indignant as ever was an ancient and ugly spinster, on the approach of some graceless profligate.

But though the good woman had to come down to these humble means of subsistence, yet she still kept up a feeling of family pride, having descended from the Vanderspiegels, of Amsterdam; and she had the family arms painted and framed, and hung over her mantelpiece. She was, in truth, much respected by all the poorer people of the place; her house was quite a resort of the old wives of the neighborhood; they would drop in there of a winter's afternoon, as she sat knitting on one side of her fireplace, her cat purring on the other, and the tea kettle singing before it; and they would gossip with her until late in the evening. There was always an arm chair for Peter de Groodt, sometimes called Long Peter, and sometimes Peter Longlegs, the clerk and sexton of the little Lutheran church, who was her great crony, and indeed the oracle of her fireside. Nay, the dominie himself did not disdain, now and then, to step in, converse about the state of her mind, and take a glass of her special good cherry brandy. Indeed, he never failed to call on New Year's day, and wish her a happy New Year; and the good dame, who was a little vain on some points, always piqued herself on giving him as large a cake as any one in town.

I have said that she had one son. He was the child of her old age; but could hardly be called the comfort—for, of all unlucky urchins, Dolph Heyliger was the most mischievous. Not that the whipster was really vicious; he was only full of fun and frolic, and had that daring, gamesome spirit, which is extolled in a rich man's child, but execrated in a poor man's. He was continually getting into scrapes: his mother was incessantly harassed with complaints of some waggish pranks which he had played off; bills were sent in for windows that he had broken; in a word, he had not reached his fourteenth year before he was pronounced by the neighborhood to be a "wicked dog, the wickedest dog in the street!" Nay, one old gentleman, in a claret colored coat, with a thin red face and ferret eyes, went so far as to assure Dame Heyliger, that her son would, one day or other, come to the gallows!

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor old soul loved her boy. It seemed as though she loved him the better, the worse he behaved; and that he grew more in her favor, the more he grew out of favor with the world. Mothers are foolish, fond hearted beings; there's no reasoning them out of their dotage; and, indeed, this poor woman's child was all that was left to love her in this world—so we must not think it hard that she turned a deaf ear to her good friends, who sought to prove to her that Dolph would come to a halter.

To do the varlet justice, too, he was strongly attached to his parent. He would not willingly have given her pain on any account; and when he had been doing wrong, it was but for him to catch his poor mother's eye fixed wistfully and sorrowfully upon him, to fill his heart with bitterness and contrition. But he was a heedless youngster, and could not, for the life of him, resist any new temptation to fun and mischief. Though quick at his learning, whenever he could be brought to apply himself, yet he was always prone to be led away by idle company, and would play truant to hunt after birds' nests, to rob orchards, or to swim in the Hudson.

In this way he grew up, a tall, lubberly boy; and his mother began to be greatly perplexed what to do with him, or how to put him in a way to do for himself; for he had acquired such an unlucky reputation that no one seemed willing to employ him.

Many were the consultations that she held with Peter de Groodt, the clerk and sexton, who was her prime counselor. Peter was as much perplexed as herself, for he had no great opinion of the boy, and thought he would never come to good. He at one time advised her to send him to sea—a piece of advice only given in the most desperate cases; but Dame Heyliger would not listen to such an idea; she could think of letting Dolph go out of her sight. She was sitting one day knitting by her fireside, in great perplexity, when the sexton entered with an air of unusual vivacity and briskness. He had just come from a funeral. It had been that of a boy of Dolph's years, who had been apprentice to a famous German doctor, and had died of a consumption. It is true, there had been a whisper that the deceased had been brought to his end by being made the subject of the doctor's experiments, on which he was apt to try the effects of a new compound, or a quieting draught. This, however, it is likely, was a mere scandal; at any rate, Peter de Groodt did not think it worth mentioning; though, had we time to philosophize, it would be a curious matter for speculation, why a doctor's family is apt to be so lean and cadaverous, and a butcher's so jolly and rubicund.

Peter de Groodt, as I said before, entered the house of Dame Heyliger with unusual alacrity. He was full of a bright idea that had popped into his head at the funeral, and over which he had chuckled as he shoveled the earth into the grave of the doctor's disciple. It had occurred to him, that, as the situation of the deceased was vacant at the doctor's, it would be the very place for Dolph. The boy had parts, and could pound a pestle and run an errand with any boy in the town—and what more was wanted in a student?

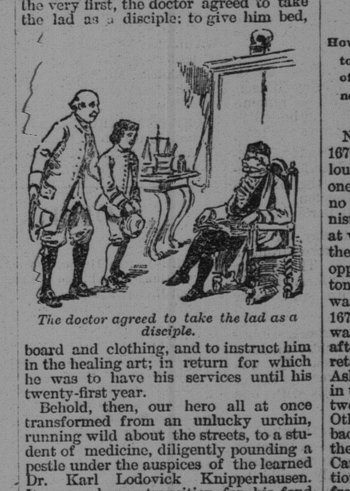
The suggestion of the sage Peter was a vision of glory to the mother. She already saw Dolph, in her mind's eye, with a cane at his nose, a knocker at his door, and an M. D. at the end of his name—one of the established dignitaries of the town.

The matter, once undertaken, was soon effected; the sexton had some influence with the doctor, they having had much dealing together in the way of their separate professions; and the very next morning he called and conducted the urchin, clad in his Sunday clothes, to undergo the inspection of Dr. Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen.

They found the doctor seated in an elbow chair, in one corner of his study or laboratory, with a large volume in German print, before him. He was a short, fat man, with a dark, square face, rendered more dark by a black velvet cap. He had a little, knobbed nose, not unlike the ace of spades, with a pair of spectacles gleaming on each side of his dusky countenance, like a couple of bow windows.

Dolph felt struck with awe, on entering into the presence of this learned man; and gazed about him with boyish wonder at the furniture of this chamber of knowledge, which appeared to him almost as the den of a magician. In the center stood a claw footed table, with pestle and mortar, phials and gallipots, and a pair of small, burnished scales. At one end was a heavy clothes press, turned into a receptacle for drugs and compounds, against which hung the doctor's hat and cloak and gold headed cane, and on the top grinned a human skull. Along the mantelpiece were glass vessels, in which were snakes and lizards, and a human fœtus preserved in spirits. A closet, the doors of which were taken off, contained three whole shelves of books, and some, too, of mighty folio dimensions—a collection the like of which Dolph had never before beheld. As, however, the library did not take up the whole of the closet, the doctor's thrifty housekeeper had occupied the rest with pots of pickles and preserves, and had hung about the room, among awful implements of the healing art, strings of red pepper and corpulent cucumbers, carefully preserved for seed.

Peter de Groodt and his protege were received with great gravity and stateliness by the doctor, who was a very wise, dignified little man, and never smiled. He surveyed Dolph from head to foot, above and under, and through his spectacles; and the poor lad's heart quailed as these great glasses glared on him like two full moons. The doctor heard all that Peter de Groodt had to say in favor of the youthful candidate, and then, wetting his thumb with the end of his tongue, he began deliberately to turn over page after page of the great black volume before him. At length, after many hums and haws, and strokings of the chin, and all that hesitation and deliberation with which a wise man proceeds to do what he intended to do from the very first, the doctor agreed to take the lad as a disciple; to give him bed,



The doctor agreed to take the lad as a disciple.

board and clothing, and to instruct him in the healing art; in return for which he was to have his services until his twenty-first year.

Behold, then, our hero all at once transformed from an unlucky urchin, running wild about the streets, to a student of medicine, diligently pounding a pestle under the auspices of the learned Dr. Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen. It was a happy transition for his fond old mother. She was delighted with the idea of her boy's being brought up worthy of his ancestors, and anticipated the day when he would be able to hold up his head with the lawyer that lived in the large house opposite; or, peradventure, with the dominie himself.

Dr. Knipperhausen was a native of the Palatinate of Germany, from whence in company with many of his countrymen he had taken refuge in England on account of religious persecution. He was one of nearly 3,000 Palatines who came over from England in 1710 under the protection of Governor Hunter. Where the doctor had studied, how he he had acquired his medical knowledge, and where he had received his diploma, it is hard at present to say, for nobody knew at the time; yet it is certain that his profound skill and abstruse knowledge were the talk and wonder of the common people far and near.

His practice was totally different from that of any other physician, consisting in mysterious compounds known only to himself, in the preparing and administering of which, it was said, he always consulted the stars. So high an opinion was entertained of his skill, particularly by the German and Dutch inhabitants, that they always resorted to him in desperate cases. He was one of those infallible doctors that are always effecting sudden and surprising cures when the patient has been given up by all the regular physicians; unless, as is shrewdly observed, the case has been left too long before it was put into their hands. The doctor's library was the talk and marvel of the neighborhood, I might almost say of the entire burg. The good people looked with reverence at a man that had read three whole shelves full of books, and some of them, too, as large as a family Bible. There were many disputes among the members of the little Lutheran church as to which was the wiser man, the doctor or the dominie. Some of his admirers even went so far as to say that he knew more than the governor himself—in a word, it was thought that there was no end to his knowledge!

No sooner was Dolph received into the doctor's family than he was put in possession of the lodging of his predecessor. It was a garret room of a steep roofed Dutch house, where the rain patted on the shingles and the lightning gleamed and the wind piped through the crannies in stormy weather, and where whole troops of hungry rats, like Don Cossacks, galloped about in defiance of traps and ratsbane.

He was soon up to his ears in medical studies, being employed morning, noon and night in rolling pills, filtering tinctures or pounding the pestle and mortar in one corner of the laboratory, while the doctor would take his seat in another corner when he had nothing else to do or expected visitors, and, arrayed in his morning gown and velvet cap, would pore over the contents of some folio volume. It is true that the regular thumping of Dolph's pestle, or, perhaps, the drowsy buzzing of the summer flies, would now and then lull the little man into a slumber; but then his spectacles were always wide awake and studiously regarding the book.

There was another personage in the house, however, to whom Dolph was obliged to pay allegiance. Though a bachelor, and a man of such great dignity and importance, yet the doctor was, like many other wise men, subject to petticoat government. He was completely under the sway of his housekeeper; a spare, busy, fretting housewife, in a little, round, quilted, German cap, with a huge bunch of keys jingling at the girdle of an exceedingly long waist. Frau Ilse (or Frow Ilsy, as it was pronounced) had accompanied him in his various migrations from Germany to England, and from England to the province; managing his establishment and himself too; ruling him, it is true, with a gentle hand, but carrying a high hand with all the world beside. How she had acquired such ascendency I do not pretend to say. People, it is true, did talk; but have not people been prone to talk ever since the world began? Who can tell how women generally contrive to get the upper hand? A husband, it is true, may now and then be master in his own house; but whoever knew a bachelor that was not managed by his housekeeper?

Indeed, Frau Ilsy's power was not confined to the doctor's household. She was one of those prying gossips that know every one's business better than they do themselves; and whose all seeing eyes, and all telling tongues, are terrors throughout a neighborhood.

Nothing of any moment transpired in the world of scandal of this little burg, but it was known to Frau Ilsy. She had her crew of cronies, that were perpetually hurrying to her little parlor with some precious bit of news; nay, she would sometimes discuss a whole volume of secret history as she held the street door ajar and gossiped with one of these garrulous cronies in the very teeth of a December blast.

Between the doctor and the housekeeper it may easily be supposed that Dolph had a busy life of it. As Frau Ilsy kept the keys, and literally ruled the roast, it was starvation to offend her, though he found the study of her temper more perplexing even than that of medicine. When not busy in the laboratory she kept him running hither and thither on her errands; and on Sundays he was obliged to accompany her to and from church, and carry her Bible. Many a time has the poor varlet stood shivering and blowing his fingers, or holding his frostbitten nose, in the church yard, while Ilsy and her cronies were huddled together, wagging their heads and tearing some unlucky character to pieces.

With all his advantages, however, Dolph made very slow progress in his art. This was no fault of the doctor's, certainly, for he took unwearied pains with the lad, keeping him close to the pestle and mortar, or on the trot about town with phials and pill boxes; and if he ever flagged in his industry, which he was rather apt to do, the doctor would fly into a passion and ask him if he ever expected to learn his profession unless he applied himself closer to the study. The fact is, he still retained the fondness for sport and mischief that had marked his childhood; the habit, indeed, had strengthened with his years and gained force from being thwarted and constrained. He daily grew more and more untractable, and lost favor in the eyes both of the doctor and the housekeeper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Constipation.

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

ABOUT CHARLESTON.

THE HISTORY OF A PICTURESQUE CITY.

How It Was Settled and by Whom—Historical Landmarks—The Chief Buildings of the City, and Its Modern Attractiveness—The New Postoffice.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Jan. 3.—In balmy April, 1670, Governor William Sayle, a querulous, bigoted octogenarian, described by one of his contemporaries as "a man of no great sufficiency," landed with colonists from England, Ireland and Bermuda at what they called Albemarle Point, on the west bank of Ashley river, directly opposite to the present city of Charleston. The Indian name for the stream was "Kiawah." On the 4th of March, 1671, Sayle died, and Sir John Yeamans was appointed governor. Twenty months after this settlement Joseph Dalton, secretary of the province, wrote to Lord Ashley that the total number of persons in the colony was 391, of whom at least two-thirds were men able to bear arms. Other families came from England, Barbadoes, New Amsterdam and Germany, the latter settlers being attracted to South Carolina by a widely circulated description of John Lederer's horseback journey from Virginia to the country lying between the James and Santee rivers. The revoking of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, started a tide of French emigration westward, and four Huguenot colonies were planted within a short time on the Cooper river. Many of these cultured, expatriated Protestants remained in the growing new town on the peninsula at Oyster Point, for which the Albemarle Point settlement was finally abandoned about 1679. It is said that the lot of ground on which the Huguenot house of worship stands, at the corner of Church and Queen streets, is the oldest continuous title of real estate in modern Charleston.

John Archdale, an English Quaker, became governor in 1696, and the "Friends' meeting house" was erected outside the limits of the old town on the west border of Archdale's square, then occupying the larger portion of the land from Queen to Broad street and from King to Meeting street. Numerous Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, German Lutherans, English Churchmen, French Calvinists and Irish Catholics, with a few Quakers, were the leading elements of Charleston's population at the close of the Seventeenth century, varied by distinctly marked characteristics of men whose indolence betrayed a tropical nativity. Writing of this prosperous settlement, in 1700, John Lawson notes that "the town has very regular and fair streets, in which are good buildings of brick and wood, and, since my coming thence, has had great additions of beautiful large brick buildings, besides a strong fort and regular fortifications made to defend the town. The inhabitants by their wise management have much improved the country, which is in as thriving circumstances at this time as any colony on the continent of English America. They have considerable trade, both to Europe and the West Indies, whereby they become rich. * * * The gentlemen seated on the river plantations are very courteous; live very noble in their houses, and give very genteel entertainments to all strangers and others that may come to visit them."

Today's mirror of South Carolina geniality and hospitality is a brilliant reflex of Charleston's urban and suburban home life one hundred and eighty-nine years ago.

Switzerland, Holland and Germany contributed many families to the colony between 1730 and 1750, and in 1755 twelve or thirteen hundred Acadians came from Nova Scotia to the beautiful town facing a summer sea. In 1740 Jewish immigrants began to arrive, and within ten years a synagogue was erected. This first building, by Charleston Hebrews, was located in Union (now State) street, near its junction with Queen street. The name of the congregation, "Beth Elohim," is still preserved. It has, at the present time, a strikingly handsome temple on Hasel street, in the very heart of the city, reared on land purchased in 1795, when Charleston's entire population was less than eighteen thousand.

Incorporated in 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary war, from which the Carolinas had greatly suffered, the history of Charleston has been vividly identified with that of the whole country. The spacious and magnificent harbor, which has been the theatre of desperate artillery duels, fierce bombardments and masterly counter assaults, environed as it is by insular picturesqueness, easily becomes a choice theme for eloquence, poesy and romance. Every child in the United States, old enough to con the newspapers, or who cares to listen to tales that charm and sadden, knows why Forts Moultrie and Sumter are famous. Approached from the open sea, Charleston's famed roadstead is a panorama of scenes that artist and author never tire of depicting, and no traveler of leisure, who wants to view Charleston aright, ought to neglect the steamer chance to first behold the city's grace and beauty from the bay channel, between Fort Johnson, Castle Pinckney and White Point Garden, at the end of South Battery.

Age has not withered, nor have sky whirling shells, devastating cyclones, tidal waves and postmeridian earthquakes blurred the luster of Charleston. It is pre-eminently America's phœnix city; rising from its occasional ashes to a broader and more sublime attractiveness. Old St. Michael's white and lofty spire fixes the voyager's eye, as, with engines slowed down, the vessel which has brought him from New York safely passes the jetties. He is quick to catch and applaud the harmonious chime of this venerated pile. Once landed, his steps are hurriedly turned from Bay street by the postoffice (that now exists) into Broad street, the daily haunt of money getters and changers, fire, marine and life insurance and stock brokers, note shavers, politicians, journalists, lawyers, highly respectable fossils, and men of commerce whose brains vegegate in crushed phosphate rock. Then he reaches the corners of Meeting street, where on one of them the new and grand postoffice is to be; where glorified St. Michael's church and graveyard always have been, since 1752. Here he stops, a reverent, curious man, to listen intently for the quarter hour chime musically tolled from the clock tower, and to hear from one who delights to recite it the true, strange and eventful history of that chime of eight bells. How after an hundred years of prayer call and jubilation they had been recast in England by trade successors of the very founders that first made them. How, since bright morning in 1867, they have awakened in the breasts of old and young Charlestonians the touches of nature whose language is universal.

The church interior, with its old fashioned mahogany pews, quaint pulpit and organ loft and interesting mural tablets, is well worth a visit. In the churchyard lie buried many who, in life and after death, were greatly honored. Chiseled on shaft and pedestal are the names of Pinckney, Rutledge, Petigru and Hayne. Immediately to the rear of the church a marble slab rises above the grave of a younger brother of Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet, who rests at peace far from the land that nurtured him in infancy.

Opposite St. Michael's is the city hall and council chamber, with a public park, containing a sadly vandalized statue of William Pitt. Further up Broad street are the ruins of the Roman Catholic cathedral, St. Finbars, destroyed by fire in 1861. It was a stately edifice. Plans for rebuilding it are nearly completed. In different parts of the city are other churches of ornate architecture; private mansions with elegant grounds, where the magnolia flourishes and the palmetto stands a bristling sentinel; colleges, academies and public schools; hospitals and asylums; halls and hotels; mills and foundries. The Euston home is an unique charity, intended for the solace of aged and decrepit gentle folks. King street and Meeting street, extending north from the battery (and running nearly parallel to each other) are the chief business thoroughfares and contain numerous fine stores. The citadel on Marion square and the United States custom house are notable buildings.

HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

Testing It by Degrees.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Aren't those very small apples in that barrel, boy?

Boy—Yes'm, on top, but down below they're great big fellows.

Old Lady—Isn't that very unusual, to put the small fruit on top?

Boy—Yes'm; but the boss has just bought a motto to hang up on the wall: "Honesty is the best policy," an' I heard him say that he'd try the new fake on the apples just to see how it worked.—New York Sun.

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 diarrhoea, 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.

An American volcano is reported to have been found in Colorado. A volcano is a natural curiosity this country has long lacked, though there is said to be plenty of the 'crater' in Kentucky.

A Good Neighbor.

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

It is true that the year 1888 always reminded a fellow of a tall schooner and three pretzels in a row, yet it was a very good year after all.

A Plain Statement.

All poisonous waste, and worn out matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

Wallingford, Conn., has a dog with three tails. He has carried more old tin into the suburbs than any five peddlers in town.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhoea, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

A faction in Texas wants a new Senator and proposes to 'fire' Coke. He will be put out if the faction succeeds.

A Terrible Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

Most men are fond of terrapin, unless it happens to be the terror pin in the waist of their best girl's dress.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color brown or black is Buckingham's dye for the whiskers.

"Premier" Blaine is in Washington at last, fitting up his apartments and instructing the cabinet-maker.

Tried and Proved.

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

Sticking plaster is what should be on the walls of houses.

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

In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

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

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

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St John, N. B., and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1836 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from high water mark, 330 feet; thence, by the magnet of the year 1888, south, two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 ft; thence south, twenty-three degrees west, 395 feet, thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 395 feet, or to its intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 100 feet from the extreme southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark southerly, round the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the line crossing Campbell's Island, as aforesaid; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence north, fifty-four degrees east, 385 feet, to the north corner of the Fish House; thence north, sixty-six degrees east, 158 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees, 410 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minutes west, 440 feet, to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; and thence on side line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a road of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the lighthouse lot of fifteen feet, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

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

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

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

L. A. AUDETTE,
Registrar.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

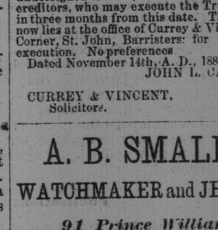
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation,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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.



TWO TRIPS A WEEK —FOR— **BOSTON**

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

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

H. W. CHISHOLM
Agent.

THE NATIONAL,

22 Charlotte St.

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

CHOICE LUNCHES

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

CIGAR COUNTER, SHOOTING GALLERY, BILLARD and POOL TABLES.

Telephone Communication.

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

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

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

JOHN L. CARLETON,
Trustee.

CURREY & VINCENT,
Solicitors.

A. B. SMALLEY,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER

91 Prince William st.,

Saint John, N. B.

EDWARD F. LAW,

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

For Thirteen years Watchmaker at the late SHEFFIELD HOUSE.

A full line of CLOCKS, WATCHES, and JEWELLRY, at reasonable prices.

No 3 Coburg Street (near Union).
Saint John, N. B.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the

Double Washboard.

We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.

W. W.

$93 Sewing-Machine FREE to at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,

FINISHING NAILS,

Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:
GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. LEONARD & SONS

Steam Engines and Boilers

for all purposes.

WOODWORKING MACHINERY, TURBINE WHEELS.

Dodge Wood Pulleys etc.

SAW AND PLANING MILL outfits furnished.

New and Second hand Machinery in stock.

62 Water St., - St. John, N. B.
GEORGE H. EVANS, Representative.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

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

Trains will Leave St. John.

Day Express	7 30
Accommodation	11 20
Express for Sussex	16 35
Express for Halifax & Quebec	18 00

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

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

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec	7 00
Express from Sussex	8 35
Accommodation	13 30
Day Express	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superindendent.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

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

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

3.35 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

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

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

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

10.00 a.m—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

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

LEAVE CARLETON.

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

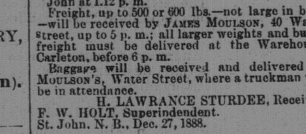
3.20 p.m—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

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

4.10 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.



Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 p. m.; St. Stephen at 12.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m.; St. George at 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.57 p. m.; St John at 1.12 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by James Moulson, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at Moulson's, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Receiver
F. W. HOLT, Superindendent.
St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

W. M. CALDWELL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

Office and Residence

LANCASTER ROAD,

Fairville.

G. T. WHITENECT,

157 Brussels Street.

HOUSE, SHIP, SIGN, AND DECORATIVE PAINTER.

Paper Hanging, Gilding, Whitewashing, Kalsomining, Glazing, Etc.

Telephone Communication with all the Leading Houses.

McLEOD'S TONIC COUGH CURE.

MORE TESTIMONY.

Hanover St., St. John, Oct. 20, 1888.

Mr. McLeod.

Your TONIC COUGH CURE has given me great relief. The severe attacks of COUGHING and ASTHMA, to which I have long been subject, most invariably succumb to two or three doses of your cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with severe coughs.

Yours truly,
MARY THOMPSON.

SOLD BY

S. McDAIRMID,

Corner King and Germain Streets.

IN THE MATTER OF

The Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada (in Liquidation).

A SECOND DIVIDEND of Thirty Cents on the Dollar will be paid at the office of the Liquidators, Bayard Building, Prince William street, on and after MONDAY, 21st inst., to the holders of notes issued for circulation by the above named Bank.

E. McLEOD,
J. G. TAYLOR,
DAVID McLELLAN,
Liquidators of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada

St. John, N. B., 4th January, 1889.

CHOICE PERFUMES

Just received a full assortment

—OF—

Lubins, Atkinson's, Gosnell's Ect, in small bottles.

—ALSO—

A complete stock of first quality of

PERFUMES IN BULK.

Prices low.

WILLIAM B. McVEY

CHEMIST,

185 Union St., St. John, N. B.