MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

—Christian Rossetti.

THE GENI OF THE MINE.

The claimant to peculiar respect on the score of sanctity of life varies in various lands, or, for that matter, in any habitat. He may be a hypocrite, or a fanatic, deceiver or dupe—a man of genuine worth—though, perhaps, for reasons he would scout—or a loafer winning, on acquaintance, deserved contempt. I shall put my old friend, Moung Ko, without a second's hesitation, in an upper grade of "holy men."

He walked consciously on high levels of his profession. Not a phoonghie in all Burmah was better versed in the lore, not merely of the pagoda, but of nature and of life. His faith for charity was just, and I at least have never been able, since the occurrence of the events I propose to relate, to hold that the wild hill men of Anapoora were wholly mistaken in calling Moung Ko a seer as well as a priest. I shall have to show that he, too, had failed where, verily, popes have failed. And it may be that the weird gift, never a joy to its possessor, was linked in hidden depths with the romance of a strange career and the pain of a long fight for repentance.

To be coherent, and even to compass conciseness, it is generally well to begin at the beginning. Moreover, my first meeting with Moung Ko is an integral part of my tale. A hint was offered even then which I was slow to seize, but which later was bathed in revealing light. The existence of the cipher must be divined before an interpretation can be supplied.

I had penetrated a new district and encountered an accident. A luckless slip on the shelving ledge of a remote gorge had nearly sent me to my doom. I escaped through the circumstance that the thick scrub of the wilderness stragled down the cliff side to wherever there was a layer of earth to support vegetation. For long hours I remained in a precarious situation, lodged, with a sprained ankle, amongst brambles; above me, frowning rocks; beneath me, the abyss. The outlook was black. If I stirred, the odds were that I should go over the brink and be dashed to pieces; if I stayed where I was, I must starve. Again—and I had plenty of space to think the thing through—if I shouted myself hoarse nobody was likely to come; and if the improbable became a fact, and there was a response, I had no insurance that aid and not a cruel thrust would be the result. It was all uncertain whether friends or enemies were in the neighborhood.

In the retrospect it seems to me that my energies suddenly flagged and that I passed into a stupor of despair. Surely there was excuse. But as the weary day wore on my faculties regained their edge. I determined to have a cast for dear life. With much of the gambler's recklessness and fever I cried aloud at intervals a full score of times. The silence remained unbroken. But a queer portent perplexed my mind. From where I was lying the opposite bend of the valley was distinctly in view, and twice across the line of vision flitted a grotesque, undersized figure in a costume certainly not known to me as favored by any Burman, Shan or Karen, male or female. The draperies were flowing and dark, scarcely distinguishable from the color of the rocks. I shivered involuntarily. Did the creature belong to the realm of honest, practical existence? Or was I delirious? I pinched myself, as those do who cannot be sure if they are awake or dreaming. The dwarfish apparition did not vanish. It went on to the head of the defile and was finally lost in the shadows of the teak trees. Another idea, belonging to a state of weakness, came to me. Was it a warning that I must expect the worst?

"Softly, friend; have courage. Move not. I will help you."

Sweeter words I never heard spoken in any vernacular than those I thus translate. I knew their meaning, for I had picked up not a little of the native tongue. They were whispered literally into my ear. The new comer had approached so silently that there was danger even in his announcement of kindly purpose.

The sharp surprise made me start. I tried to look the speaker in the face, and, in the effort, swayed towards the precipice. A swarthy, sinewy hand gripped me and held me back.

"Did I not say 'softly,' friend?" expostulated the stranger, with gentle reproach in his accents.

"Thanks," I answered; "but my ankle is twisted. How will you get me out of this?"

Moung Ko was not a man of unnecessary words. For reply he drew aside, with his arm, a bush immediately to my right. A natural recess was disclosed, and, as there was light beyond, I surmised the existence of a tunnel or passage. It was doubtless in this way that he had reached my ledge. And now he proved the wonderful muscular strength that resides in the Burman frame. Stretching himself on the uneven ground he grasped with one arm a buttress of rock, and, with the other, he lent me a support which was entirely adequate for my deliverance. The pain of the injured limb made me wince at every movement; but I set my teeth together, and, trusting to the directions acted rather than uttered, I was released from my position of peril.

Then I saw that I owed my safety to a phoonghie or priest. I have already indicated my impression of Moung Ko's character. I repeat that he was genuine in spite of all. In person he was short, stoutly built, and with features wrinkled, sallow and inscrutable. He was old; but I fancy did not count nearly as many years as his looks gave him credit for, and as the truculent tribes with whom he had settled believed.

The question of concern now was a place of refuge.

"You must stay with me. Can you walk at all—thus, leaning on my shoulder, using my staff?"

And Moung Ko—whose name I had ascertained—led me slowly down the winding passage. Was his monastery near, I wondered? I had seen no signs of such an edifice as I entered the gorge. But it proved unnecessary to put the question into words. There was a cunningly hidden opening in the rock wall. We squeezed through, and within was a wide and airy cave—evidently a place of habitation. Nature had shaped its walls and stretched its roof, but art had transformed the rude mountain cyrie into a palatial hall. Evidences of wealth were on every side. The finest Oriental fabrics were the garniture of shelving floor and lofty recess. Soft rugs were here in bewildering profusion, and furniture and pieces of bric-a-brac that would have fetched fabulous sums in Wardour street. My eyes caught also the unmistakable gleam of the precious metals.

It was a riddle at first where the subdued light came from, for window there was none. But at last I made the discovery that at one end of the great chamber was a long gallery, communicating, doubtless, with the outside world amidst the inaccessible heights of the cliff. This admitted both air and light; sunshine could be but a brief visitant.

I am weaving together the results of extended and leisurely examination. At the instant of introduction I was too astonished to observe many details. The amazement mirrored inevitably upon my countenance was noticed.

"This is a poor wanderer's occasional home. Its existence is a secret which you will not betray," Moung Ko said. "You are the first stranger I have had the honor to welcome here; and when you are strong enough to go with me down the valley to the monastery I shall ask that you keep strict silence as to where you have been. You can say that you have rested in a cave man's haunt. It will be true. I am sure my secret is safe."

The calm expression of complete certainty struck me as singular.

"I am flattered by your faith in my gratitude, and I hope and believe that it is not misplaced," I answered; "but is there not a risk? I may disappoint you by some unguarded word. Do you not fear it?"

I was smiling; but it was no smile that came on Moung Ko's face. A light was in the deep set, neutral tinted eyes that touched my spirit almost to awe.

"No, I do not," Moung Ko replied, in deep, resonant tones. "It is on the scroll of my fortune that I shall not suffer through you. My own people—they will mete out the punishment that has tarried so long. But what am I saying? Yes, I can read the language of the face. I know that I may trust you."

The light was gone, and I could have fancied that I had not really heard those words of weird fate which, nevertheless, I was to remember after many days.

While we talked Moung Ko was deftly preparing and applying a cool compress to the swollen joint. It was patent that he possessed not a little surgical skill.

Suddenly I spoke of the strange figure I had seen while waiting for the flat of fate; and I surely felt Moung Ko's fingers tremble. His head was bent down, and this was my one warning of the phoonghie's uneasiness. His reply was evasive.

"There is no village in that direction; it is all waste and barren; there are no paths, either. The hill folk talk like you of things that it is ill to see. They are cowards. But I say that bushes take wonderful shapes; and sometimes they move in the wind."

It sounded like satire, and Moung Ko was a clever diplomatist. He had nearly persuaded me that I was the victim of a delusion. A man recovering from a swoon may easily be cheated by shadows. I let the subject drop. It occurred to me later that Moung Ko was relieved to find that I did not insist on the reality of the eerie figure.

I had fallen into capital hands. If a tie of kinship or creed had existed, I could not have been better cared for. And at the end of a week I was able to move gingerly about with a crutch. My host now suggested migration to a zyat, or hostelry for travelers, hard by his pagoda, in a village of the lower plateau. I was perfectly willing to move. It would give me opportunities for becoming acquainted with the inhabitants of the district and with local customs and characteristics that were hitherto only matters of hearsay.

The man whose had laid me under so great an obligation was more and more a marvel and a mystery. His life, as gradually disclosed, seemed full of contradictions. It was abundantly clear that he was held in extreme reverence by the brethren of his order as well as by the villagers. But, with innate skepticism, I declined to think that there was anything in his common fame as a seer. Still, he accepted the homage, and it was equally hard to believe him an impostor.

Your vulgar trickster does not devote himself to the wants of a poor and primitive people as Moung Ko did. Without fee or reward, he was always at their service. He was strict—none more so, I learned—in fulfillment of the ritual of the pagoda. Yet, by the law, binding on phoonghies, he could possess no personal property; and I had seen what I had seen. Perhaps I lingered in the district longer than I should otherwise have done because I wanted to fit an answer to my enigma.

Tragic circumstances supplied it. The tribesmen of Upper Anapoora were turbulent and headstrong, and it was one of Moung Ko's most difficult and delicate tasks to maintain peace.

"There has always been a strife between mountain and plain. Two races touch in these hills," he said. "The feud will break out afresh one day in spite of me. Yes, and soon. I have heard the sound of the dismal wind—of the war wind—sighing in the air where no forest trees are. It will come, and then the vengeance falls and I go."

The sad eyes were gazing through the veil we all seek to pierce but may not. Moung Ko was in loding contemplation of issues that as yet were below the horizon of his fellows.

I frowned at myself, for again I was conscious of a certain eerie impression, produced in defiance of reason, upon my mind. And, to an outsider's judgment, the sky had no clouds.

Although I was a guest, and not a prisoner, and although Moung Ko had expressly stated that he trusted me, it was a notion that grew in strength as the days went by that I was watched, and that Moung Ko preferred that I should not wander far afield.

Call it ingratitude, or the mere spirit of contrariness and self assertion, as you please, the fact remains that, one fine morning, I secreted my revolver and a stock of ammunition upon my person and managed to elude the surveillance. I got up once more into the heights, and in the exhilarating sense of freedom snapped my fingers at the cautious old priest.

The day was better chosen than at the first moment of my revolt I guessed. While I was continuing and extending the exploration previously interrupted by my accident the storm broke. The peace had been treacherous after all. Some spark fell on the combustible material of race passion and tribal jealousy, and there was a disastrous outburst of sanguinary fury. But of this at the time, as I say, I was in ignorance. The care that came to me was of different sort. When a declining sun warned me to work my way downward if I did not wish to camp out, I made a blunder and took my bearings so indifferently that I was lost.

Instead of striking the track I looked for, I had strayed into a desolate gulch, strewn with the debris of mighty rocks shattered, no doubt, in some remote natural catastrophe. How to escape I knew not, except by the weary expedient of retracing my steps. A wall of adamant blocked the path in front. Suddenly I halted, in the cover of a huge bowlder. A mysterious figure, which I instantly recognized again, was at work amongst the stones a little distance ahead, apparently burying treasure. I saw bundle after bundle pushed into a yawning hollow. With stupefied gaze I watched. What genius of Desert Mountain was this? Uncouth, dunrobed, dwarfish; I do not wonder that, for a space, I believe in a being of other lineage than the human. But when the strange, squat figure moved off. I was sufficiently daring or sufficiently magnetized to follow.

Pursuit was unexpected, and stealth ruled my conduct. I was led by winding ways into yet another place of bewilderment. Of Burmese ruby mines I knew a little by report and reading. Now I was in one. On every side were tokens of the fact, abruptly realized, that caprice had brought me into one of nature's notable treasure houses. Astonishment induced carelessness. My foot overturned a stone, and my presence was discovered.

It was an instant of curious crisis. And I fancy my unwilling guide was as uncertain of result as myself. But I was in light just then, and he was in shadow, and it gave him the advantage of quick knowledge. He came forward, not even pausing as he heard the click of my weapon, drawn against eventualities. Closer scrutiny revealed a deformed Burman boy, with the stamp equally of intelligence and suffering on his pinched, prematurely old countenance. And it was a startling thing that he called me at once by my name, without prefix or explanation.

"What do you do here, Ho-Ton?" he asked in a shrill, troubled voice.

"I want the path to the lower village," I answered. "I have missed it."

At last I got a clew to much that was puzzling.

"You are far out of your way. You can not reach the zyat to-night. It will be better to stay in father's—in our cave again. Come."

I obeyed the word and gesture, and a very few paces brought us through a steep descent on to my old ledge, and thus once again into the familiar quarters of Moung Ko's secret home.

My geni of the mine, then, was Moung Ko's son?

"Hark!" said he. And a terrified look came upon his countenance.

I listened, but could hear nothing. My senses were less acute than his.

"Yes, yes; it has come, as he said it would," the boy cried, smiting his breast. And his eyes dilated with fear.

"What is your trouble?" I asked, though I could guess readily enough.

"Hark, I say, again!" he answered in an agony; "the wailing is louder! There is fighting below in the valley. Oh, will they kill him?"

Kill the loved and revered phoonghie, of whose lapses from orthodoxy there seemed no current suspicion! I thought it very unlikely. Yet the foreboding words of the seer echoed in my memory.

The eventide went in anxious watching and waiting. It was marvelous how the one touch of nature made us kin. But the boy spoke no word of his past.

When the morrow dawned two anxious faces watched for the friendly veil of the bushwood the bend of the great valley. A solitary wayfarer came into view. Relief, ringing into exuberant joy, was in my companion's accents:

"It is my father. He is safe," the poor lad said.

And the gladness was doomed to a speedy eclipse. I thought that Moung Ko crept upwards slowly, and staggered as he walked. And once within the mountain fastness it was plain that his somber forecast had not been so false as we would willingly have believed.

Moung Ko looked at me first with consternation and then, I was almost sure, content. I know that, with genuine unselfishness, he wished me well. A man was a man and a brother to Moung Ko, whether he were Burman or Briton. It is the glory of the world-bond that in all lands there are these hearts loyal to humanity. But the phoonghie reeled and sank upon the floor. To the boy's horror and my own we saw that his coarse robe was dyed crimson at the side he gripped so tightly. Moung Ko was wounded.

It was my turn to play the surgeon, aided, as to appliances, by the devoted, despairing son. But my skill was infinitely below Moung Ko's. It was the patient's suggestions that I had to follow.

"And it will be in vain," the old priest gasped, wearily, "the time is at hand. I have known it for months. It is my fate, and I deserve it. Listen, and I will make the dark thing clear. The law of the pagoda allows neophites to go back to the world if they like not the life of the solitary. I was sent on a mission soon after I became a priest, and broke my vows. In another province I broke my vows for a woman's sake. I loved and married. But it was an unhappy match. My wife deserted me, and I understood that our babe was dead. Then I returned to Anapoora as if nothing had happened. It was my great transgression." The story I told was true, but only half the truth; and so, in another sense, a lie. And I could not rest. I wandered much, and I found the mine—and this cave. It was occupied by—would you guess it?—my wife! She was hunting me to my disgrace, and death had overtaken her here. I could not save her. But we were reconciled, and she confessed that our son lived. I sought the child and I brought him here. We have been much together. Now I go."

There was a long breath, and then the story reached its end.

"The hill men come, as I knew from my visions they would do. They came against the village. Many houses have been burnt—the zyat among them. You escaped in time. I went into the fight—a man of peace, to stay the hand of the fratricide; and, in the conclusion, the blow fell. It was not struck of intent, and I triumphed through the fact. I pointed to the stream of blood, pleaded my works for their welfare. Then I got away by a secret path—and it is all. Only—care for Dara Maillu—my poor boy!"

The voice died into silence. There was a soft sigh. I looked again, and Moung Ko's eyes, open as they were, saw no earthly scene. He was dead.

I kept the phoonghie's charge, and lived a cave life for many months, subsisting on the stores hidden where first I had found Dara Maillu. It seemed that traders came into these hills at certain seasons, and then rubies were exchanged for necessaries.

But Dara Maillu never recovered the shock of his father's loss. Before a year had passed around he had rejoined Moung Ko in the land of shadows. It was a gentle, painless fading away.

And thus I only was left with the secret of the Anapoora mine.—All the Year Round.

Are?

You fond of fish cakes, and do you want to save yourself a lot of extra trouble to make them? If so, buy a pound box of Steam Compressed Dessicated Cod Fish, it is equal to three pounds of ordinary fish. Contains no skin or bones, is ready for instant use, and emits no odor whilst cooking. Sold at 15c. by all retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 ock street, St. John.

After John L. Sullivan has hit a man the man has a sort of a rapt look.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cankermouth.

The near future is always a long way off. It never gets here.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

IMPRISONED WOMEN.

How Feminine Vanity and Self-Will Operate Behind the Bars.

[From the San Francisco Argonaut.]

Compulsion is the woman convict's crop of bitterness. The complete mortification of that harmless sort of vanity which fills so much of a woman's life, makes her durance doubly vile. All her fine feathers are sacrificed ruthlessly. Her hair, which she has apostolic authority for regarding as an ornament, is shorn of its last lock as soon as her cell has been allotted to her; and the face that has gazed with perfect passivness, almost to rouse a country's admiration, and the tongue that has been mute under the finding of jury and sentence of Judge, are raised to plead pathetically with the holder of the scissors, while the corridors sometimes ring again to the piercing cries for a sparing pity as the inexorable shearers gather their harvest of curls. But, spring returns, and the hair renews itself, and before the next shearing day the girls grumble that a thoughtless adminstration provides them with no hairpins. One woman whose hair continued to be resplendent, as of macassar, after weeks of incarceration, was an object of some wonderment even to the chaplain, until she explained to him in confidence that she allowed her broth to grow cool and then skimmed off the fat to glitter in her crown of glory. Another girl certainly rouged, and rouge tells effectively on the pallor of prison confinement. Great was the envious indignation of her sisters in servitude against a frivolity so unattainable, but greater still, perhaps, was the curiosity to discover how the accomplishment of such a frivolity could be attained. At length it was discovered that the red threads woven among the blue shirts which she had to sew would, when drawn out and chewed, yield the bloom yearned after by the cheek of beauty. The manner in which nearly every woman finds it possible to disarrange and double one of her underskirts and present the fascinations of a crinolotte is so comic that it has been known to wring a smile from the gravest among men—a prison chaplain. And a woman without a looking-glass! Only the austerest and severest orders of nuns renounce that. And perhaps it is the female prisoner's most oppressive penance, for the relief of which she is even willing to risk the imposition of extra punishment—a task the more a penal the harder. By an accident, which she declares she will regret for a lifetime she has broken a window. The hole is there, sure enough; but where is the detached glass. Days after this it is found concealed in a corner of her cell and behind it a strip of dark cloth, her substitute for quicksilver. And all for what? There are no male hearts to break and few male eyes to see, only those of the governor, chaplain and doctor.

TRY

Barnes' Genuine English Worcestershire Sauce, in pint and half-pint bottles and by the gallon. Sold by leading retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, Saint John, N. B.

The Parliament of Roumania was opened yesterday and King Charles said they were at peace with all.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

Portugal justifies her possession of the country in Africa, north and south of the Zambesi river, on the ground of discovery and exploration.

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, dizziness, loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

Dr. Volckman, the famous surgeon of Halle is dead.

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 diarrhœa 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.

FACTS!

"ATHLETE"

AND

"DERBY"

CIGARETTES

The Sweetest of the Sweet.
The Purest of the Pure,
The Finest of the Fine,
The Cheapest—The Best.

ALWAYS ASK FOR THE ISLAY BLEND WHISKY, MACKIE & CO'S VERY OLD.

See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.

DISTILLERIES:—
LAGAVULIN, LAPHROAIG, ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE.
OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

RUPTURE

25 Years' Experience.

WE promise nothing till we know your case. Send stamp for full information, and get an HONEST OPINION. Mention this paper. Give age, sex, location of Hernia, employment, height and weight. Write your name and address full and plain.

EGAN & TRACKSELL,
Hernia Specialist,
266 Queen st. West, Toronto, Ontario.

AUCTION SALES.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John, New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the Fourteenth day of December next, at 12 o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of powers of sale contained in two certain Indentures of Mortgage, the first one dated the twelfth day of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy seven, and made between Thomas J. Murphy, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, Clerk, of the one part, and the Provincial Building Society, of the second part, registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds &c., in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book H. No. 7 of Records, pages 552, 553 and 554; the second one dated the twenty-seventh day of March, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy eight, made between the said Thomas J. Murphy and the Provincial Building Society, registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds &c., in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book L. No. 7, pages 558, 559 and 560 of Records; and which said two mortgages have been duly assigned by the said The Provincial Building Society, to the undersigned Charles T. Bailey; for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Mortgages, default having been made in the payment thereof, the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in the said mortgages as follows, namely:—

ALL THAT CERTAIN PORTION OR PART of that certain lot of Land, situate in Sydney Ward, in the said city known and distinguished on the Plan of the said city, on file in the Office of the Common Clerk thereof by the number twelve hundred and six (1206), the portion or part of said lot hereby conveyed having a frontage of forty feet, more or less, on the north side of Britain Street, and extending back northerly a distance of sixty feet more or less, together with the free and uninterrupted use, liberty and privilege of and passage in and along a certain passage of three feet in width, extending from the western side of Carmarthen Street a distance westerly of forty feet more or less, or unto the western side line of said lot, said passage of three feet in width being part and adjoining to the northward of the north side line of the portion of the lot hereby conveyed, said passage of three feet in width to be used in common by the said Thomas J. Murphy his heirs and assigns, and the proprietor of the adjoining lot, his heirs, and assigns, possessing a certain other passage of four feet, the width of the two passages forming one passage of seven feet in width from said Carmarthen Street to the western side line of said lot, as by reference to an indenture made between Hugh S. Normandeell and Mary his wife of the one part, and the said George Smith and Mary his wife of the other part, bearing date the twenty-fourth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy four, and registered in the Office of the Register of Deeds, in and for the City and County of saint John, in Book N. No. 6 of Records, pages 32, 33, and 34, will more fully and at large appear.

For Terms of Sale, and other particulars apply to the undersigned 77 Prince William Street, St. John N. B. Dated this twelfth day of November A. D. 1889.

CHARLES T. BAILEY,
Assignee of Mortgagees.

T. B. HANINGTON,
Auctioneer.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday the fourth day of January next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1889, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Elizabeth Ann McIntosh is plaintiff, and John Donnelly is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decretal order as those three tracts or parcels of land described as follows, that is to say:—

FIRST, that lot of land conveyed to the said John Donnelly by Thomas McCrum by deed bearing date the eighth day of November, A. D. 1869, and described as a tract of land in the parish of Musquash aforesaid conveyed to Ebenezer Scott, bounded as follows:—beginning at a stake standing in the most western angle of lot number one granted to Ebenezer Scott, thence running north fifty-seven degrees, east fifty-three chains and forty links, to a cedar tree thence north thirty-three degrees, west ten chains to a spruce tree, thence south fifty-seven degrees, west fifty-three chains, and thence south thirty-three degrees, east ten chains to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as Lot O in Thomas O'Keleher's survey of Musquash River, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

Secondly, that lot of land in the Parish of Musquash aforesaid conveyed to said John Donnelly by one William Balcom and Mary Jane, his wife, by deed bearing date the ninth day of October, A. D. 1865, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake placed at the south east angle of lot number forty-eight, on the west side of the road from St. Andrews to St. John, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, north seventy-five degrees, west fifty-six chains to a post standing on the south west angle of said lot, thence south fifty-nine degrees, thirty minutes east, fifty-nine chains to the west side of the aforesaid road, and thence along the said side of that road in a northerly direction to the place of beginning containing fifty-seven more or less, distinguished as lot number forty-seven as appears by the original deed to Ebenezer Scott.

Thirdly—That lot of land granted by the Crown, to the said John Donnelly, described as follows, Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the North Easterly bank or shore of Perch Lake, at the South Westerly angle of the lot purchased by Thomas Donnelly, thence South two degrees, West, thirty-four chains to a stake; thence North, fifty-one degrees, West fourteen chains to another stake; thence South, forty degrees, West thirty-three chains to a post; thence South fifty-one degrees, East twenty chains; thence North two degrees, East sixty chains; thence North seventy-seven degrees, East, thirty chains, to the Westerly shore or bank of Perch Lake, and thence following the various courses thereof in a Southerly, Easterly and Northerly direction to the place of beginning, containing seventy-five acres, more or less; together with all and singular the buildings, erections and improvements to the said premises belonging; and also all the estate, right, title, claim and demand at law and in Equity of the said John Donnelly, of, in, to, or upon the same and every part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor, A. H. DeMill, Esq., or the undersigned Referee.

Dated this 28th day of September, A. D. 1889.

E. H. MACALPINE,
Referee in Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM,
Auctioneer.

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 virtues 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 City and County 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 H. 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, by No. 14878 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.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.

BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.

LARGE BOTTLES!
POWERFUL REMEDY!
MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

MANUFACTURERS.

1828 Established 1828

J. HARRIS & Co.,
(Formerly Harris & Allen).
Paradise Row, Portland, St. John.

NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY
—AND—
Railway Car Works,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Railway Cars of Every Description,
"FEARLESS" STEEL TYRES,
CHILLED CAR WHEELS.
—ALSO—
Steam Engines and Mill Machinery
The Improved Lowell Turbine Water Wheel, Ship Castings, Pumps, Brass and Fence Castings, etc., etc.

Portland Rolling Mill,
STRAIT SHORE, PORTLAND.
Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

ST. JOHN BOLT and NUT CO.
Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.
P. O. Box 454.

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.

PURITAN
PLUG CUT
PLUG CUT
PLUG CUT
SMOKING
SMOKING
SMOKING
SMOKING
TOBACCO
TOBACCO
TOBACCO
TOBACCO
—IS—
THE SMOKER'S IDEAL

BOOTS and SHOES
A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable
BOOTS AND SHOES
—AT—
MRS. McCONNELL'S,
King street.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.

JOHN BARRY and WILLIAM A. MACLAUCHAN, doing business in the City of Saint John, under the name, style and firm of BARRY & MACLAUCHAN, have this day assigned their property and effects to H. LAWRANCE STURDEE of the said City, Barrister, and WILLIAM B. CARVILL of the same place, Merchant, in trust for the benefit of their creditors who shall execute the said assignment within three months from date, the 22nd October, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
WILLIAM B. CARVILL, } Trustees.

LOOK.
Watches and Jewelry of all kinds.
Cash or Installments.
F. A. JONES
34 Dock St.

N. W. BRENAN,
UNDERTAKER.
Warerooms in brick building No. 555, foot of Main Street, Portland.
BRANCH,
88 Charlotte Street.
St. John, N. B.
Telephones 222 Portland, 222c City.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS
PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:
377 Gregory, E. R., Barrister, 65 Prince William st.
339 Hazen, J. D., Residence Hazen st.
382 Jones, E. C., " King street east.
381 Lordly, A. J. & Son, Furniture, German st.
375 Messenger & Visitor Office, King street.
379 McLeod, W. T. & Co., Boots and Shoes, Market Square.
380 Straton & Hazen, Barristers, Princess street.
A. W. McMACKIN,
Local Manager.

HAREM
(NOT THE SULTAN'S)
CIGARETTES.

YILDIZ
CIGARETTES.
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes in the Market.
TRY THEM.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,
WINTER Arrangement.
Two Trips Week.
FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, November 11th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, and THURSDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. Standard, and Portland at 5.30 p.m. for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Charles Houghton" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

Tel. Sun.

NOTICE.

Bay of Fundy Steamship Company.

FOR the purpose of a General Overhauling, preparatory to taking up the winter service, the S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will be taken off the Bay Route for Two or Three Weeks, during which time the service will be continued by the steamer "DOMINION." The "DOMINION" will leave her wharf at 7 a. m., on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week.

HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

WASHADEMOAK LAKE.

THE STEAMER STAR will leave Indiantown for the Washademoak Lake at 10 o'clock, a. m., local time.

Fredericton.

For the accommodation of the people the steamer "OSCAR WILDE" will leave Indiantown for Fredericton, every Wednesday and Friday, at 9 a. m. Returning will leave Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7.30 a. m., calling at Gagetown and intermediate points both ways, and running on west side of Long Island.

J. E. PORTER,
Manager.

The Yarmouth Steamship Company,
(Limited.)
FOR YARMOUTH, N. S. and Boston.
S. S. ALPHA
Leaves St. John for YARMOUTH every TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS at 6 p. m., (calling at WESTPORT when clear), Connecting with S. S. YARMOUTH for Boston, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with Steamer CITY OF ST. JOHN, for Halifax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS.
CHAS. McLAUCHLAN & SON,
Agents.

HOTELS.

New Victoria Hotel,
248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
L. McCOSKERY, Pro.
One minute's walk from Steamboat landing. Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Pool Room in Connection.
WILLIAM CLARK.

CAUSEY & MAXWELL,
Masons and Builders.
Mason Work in all its Branches.
Slating and Cement Work a specialty
Stone, Brick and Plaster Workers.
JOBBING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.
Order Slate at A. G. Bowes & Co., 21 Canterbury Street.
W. CAUSEY, Mecklenburg St. ROBT. MAXWELL, 385 Union St.

BEEF,
LAMB,
MUTTON,
DEAN'S SAUSAGES.
VEAL,
HAM,
BACON,
LARD,
POULTRY,
VEGETABLES.
THOS DEAN.
13 and 14 City Market.

Removed to No 33 Charlotte Street,
Furlong Building.
Will open in good shape on SATURDAY in our New Stand with a full line of latest importations of
PURE TEAS and COFFEES.
N. B.—Look out for the grand opening night.
G. L. & C. TEA CO,
Charlotte Street.

Winter Sashes.
Now is the time to order your WINTER SASHES.
Sashes Made, Fitted and Glazed.
A. CHRISTIE W. W. CO.,
Waterloo St.

READY FOR BUSINESS.
9 Canterbury st.
GENTLEMEN:
You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
JOHN S. DUNN,
TAILOR
Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialt.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.
Capital $10,000,000.
70 Prince Wm. street.
D. R. JACK, - - Agent

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890.

ON and after MONDAY, 18th Nov., 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LE