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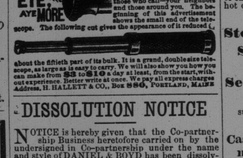

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Dated at the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick this 15th day of January, A. D., 1890.

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**EXCELSIOR PUDDING,**
PUT UP BY
The Dominion Food Co.
Ask your grocer for it and take no other.
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# HAND AND RING

**By A. K. GREEN.**

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a startling coincidence. It was 12 o'clock at Sibley, and Judge Evans and several others stood discussing the eccentricities of criminals. A tramp slinks rapidly past them. A hump-backed individual joins them and enters into the conversation. He pictures to them a murder in all its details, and proves that the tramp would be the one accused. Shortly afterwards Mr. Orcutt, one of the party, discovers that his landlady has been murdered, and the crime is similar in every respect to that described by the hump-back. She had been struck from behind with a billet of wood. Robery seemed not to have been the object. Mr. Byrd, a detective, happens to be in the place attending court. He has the tramp arrested.

A number of friends and acquaintances are with the dying woman, when suddenly a young girl enters. She is beautiful in every respect and peculiar—a trait which one might call mysterious. She enquires after Mrs. Clemmens. All seem to fear her, and Mr. Byrd learns that she and the widow Clemmens were not friends. The detective is strangely drawn to the girl. He follows her from the room. Mr. Ferris alone seems to have influence over her, and takes her to show where the attempted murder took place. She starts at seeing something, and tryes to distract the attention of those present. Mr. Byrd picks up at her feet a diamond ring which she claims as hers.

The dying woman stirs. She speaks. "Hand, Ring!" are the words uttered. Then she calls down vengeance on her murderer. Mr. Byrd is employed in the case. He learns from a letter that there is some family mystery connected with the widow Clemmens.

An old crone accosts the detective and throws out insinuations against Miss Dare, the young lady spoken of before. Byrd, although these coincide in a measure with his own views, endeavors to dismiss them from his mind. He tells Lawyer Orcutt, who is in love with Miss Dare and a kind of guardian to her. While they are talking she comes; states that she is going to Buffalo immediately, but the lawyer detains her. He hints at the suspicions, and she declares she knows nothing of the details of the murder. The lawyer so informs the detective. Miss Dare leaves for Buffalo.

That same evening Byrd was at the incoming western train. He espies a figure emerge from the train whom he is sure is Miss Dare. he could not mistake her.

Mr. Byrd learns something of the murdered woman's family affairs, but receives orders from the superintendent to return home. He hears a stranger tell of the meeting between a woman and man, who he does not know. He describes them, and the detective, who has a wonderful faculty for sketching, takes the picture. The portrait of the woman is the portrait of Miss Dare.

The inquest is being held. Miss Furman, a relative of the murdered widow tells of a nephew of Mrs. Clemmens living at Buffalo. The widow had signified her intention of bequeathing her money to this young man. The witness states that she was a confidant of Mrs. Clemmens. She tells further how Mrs. Clemmens often feared that she would meet a death as she did.

Governeur Hildreth, who comes in for part of the money is already becoming suspected. The inquest proceeds and among other important facts disclosed is that Clement Smith from Toledo is registered at one of the hotels. It is also disclosed that he visited the widow on the morning of the murder; that he went away from the place the day after that he returned. Smith is called. He is put on the stand and his answers and actions warrant the suspicion which has been aroused against him. He gives himself up for arrest. Mr. Byrd is not wholly convinced that Hildreth is guilty and he is almost constrained to take the case in hand. He pays a visit to Mr. Orcutt's, but neither the latter nor Miss Dare are in, and the detective turns to go. Just as he does, he espies an elegantly dressed young man advancing towards him. He awaits.

Continued.

In an instant the young stranger had the bell.

"Is Miss Dare in?" was the inquiry, uttered in lond and cheery tones.

"No, sir. She is spending a few days with Miss Tremaine," was the clear and satisfactory reply. "Shall I tell her you have been here?"

"No. I will call myself at Miss Tremaine's," rejoined the gentleman. And he sauntered easily off, followed by the envious thoughts of Mr. Byrd.

"Miss Tremaine," repeated the latter, musingly. "Who knows Miss Tremaine?"

While he was asking himself this question, the voice of the young man rose melodiously in a scrap of old song, and instantly Mr. Byrd recognized in the seeming stranger the well-known tenor singer of the church he had himself attended the Sunday before—a gentleman, too, to whom he had been introduced by Mr. Ferris.

To increase his pace, overtake the young man, recall himself to his attention, and join him in his quick walk down the street was the work of a moment. The natural sequence followed. Mr. Byrd made himself so agreeable that by the time they arrived at Miss Tremaine's the other felt loath to part with him, and it resulted in his being urged to join this chance acquaintance in his call.

Nothing could have pleased Mr. Byrd better. So he at once accompanied his new friend into the house of the unknown Miss Tremaine. He found it lit up as for guests. All the rooms on the ground floor were open, and in one of them he could discern a dashing and coquettish young miss holding court over a cluster of eager swains.

"Ah, I forgot," exclaimed Mr. Byrd's companion, whose name, by-the-way was Duryea. "It is Miss Tremaine's reception night. She is the daughter of one of the professors of the High School. Every Thursday evening she throws her house open for callers, and the youth of the academy are only too eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of coming here Miss Dare despises boys, and in all likelihood we shall have her entirely to ourselves."

A quick pang contracted the breast of Mr. Byrd. If this easy, almost rakish, fellow at his side but knew the hideous errand which brought him to this house, what a scene would have ensued!

Before he realized that he was fully committed to this venture, he found himself in the parlor bowing before the naive and laughing-eyed Miss Tremaine, who rose to receive him with all the airy graciousness of a finished coquette.

Miss Dare was not visible, and Mr. Byrd was just wondering if he would be called upon to enter into a sustained conversation with his pretty hostess, when a deep, rich voice was heard in the adjoining room, and, looking up, he saw the stately figure he so longed and yet dreaded to encounter, advancing toward them through the open door. She was very pale, and, to Mr. Byrd's eyes, looked thoroughly worn out, if not ill. Yet, she bore herself with a steadiness that was evidently the result of her will; but Mr. Byrd too truly discovered that her thoughts were far away from the scene of mirth and pleasure in which she found herself.

"You see I have presumed to follow you, Miss Dare," was the greeting with which Mr. Duryea hailed her approach. And he immediately became so engrossed with his gallantries he forgot to introduce his companion.

Mr. Byrd was rather relieved at this. He was not yet ready to submit her to the test he considered necessary to the proper understanding of the situation.

He preferred to talk to Miss Tremaine, and this he continued to do till the young fellows as his side, one by one, edged away, leaving no one in that portion of the room but himself and Miss Tremaine, Mr. Duryea and Miss Dare.

The latter two were approaching, however, and he felt that if he did not speak at once he might not have another opportunity for doing so the whole evening. Turning, therefore to Miss Tremaine, he asked if she had heard the news.

"News," she repeated, "no; is there any news?"

"Yes, I call it news. But, perhaps, you are not interested in the murder that has taken place in this town?"

"Oh, yes, I am," she exclaimed, all eagerness at once, while he felt rather than perceived that the couple at his back stood suddenly still, as if his words had worked their spell over one heart there at least. "Papa knew Mrs. Clemmens very well," the little lady proceeded with a bewitchingly earnest look. "Have they found the murderer, do you think? Anything less than that would be no news to me."

"There is every reason to suppose—At this point Miss Dare came to his side.

"Miss Dare, allow me to present to you Mr. Byrd. Mr. Byrd, Miss Dare."

The young detective bowed, and uttered the first few acknowledgments necessary to the occasion, and then glanced up.

She was looking him full in the face.

"We have met before," he was about to observe, but not detecting the least sign of recognition in her gaze, restrained the word and hastily dropped his eyes.

"Mr. Duryear informs me you are a stranger in the town," she remarked moving slowly to one side in a way to rid herself of that gentleman's too immediate presence. "Have you a liking for the place, or do you meditate any lengthy stay?"

"No. That is," he rejoined, somewhat shaken in his theories by the self-possession of her tone and the case and quietness with which she evidently prepared to enter into a sustained conversation, "I may go away to-morrow, and I may linger on for an indefinite length of time. It all depends upon certain matters that will be determined for me to-night. Sibley is a very pretty place," he observed, startled at his own temerity in venturing the last remark.

"Yes."

The word came as if forced, and she looked at Mr. Duryea.

"Do you wish anything, Miss Dare?" that gentleman suddenly asked. "You do not look well."

"I am not well," she acknowledged "No, thank you," she cried, as he pushed a chair toward her. "It is too warm here If you do not object we will go into the other room."

Could it have been with the purpose of ridding herself of the assiduities of Mr. Duryea? The room contained half a dozen or more musical people, and no sooner did they perceive their favorite tenor approach than they seized upon him and, without listening to his excuses, carried him off to the piano, leaving Miss Dare alone with Mr. Byrd.

She seemed instantly to forget her indisposition. Drawing herself up till every queenly attribute she possessed flashed brilliantly before his eyes, she asked, with sudden determination, if she had been right in understanding him to say that there was news in regard to the murder of Mrs. Clemmens?

He replied in his easiest tones:

"Yes; there was an inquest held to-day and the authorities evidently think they have discovered the person who killed her."

I obliging himself to meet half-way the shock that awaited him, he bestowed upon the lady before him a casual glance that hid beneath its easy politeness the greatest anxiety of his life.

The test worked well. From the pallor of sickness, grief, or apprehension, her complexion whitened to the deadlier hue of mortal terror.

"Impossible!" her lips seemed to breathe and Mr. Byrd could almost fancy he saw the hair rise on her forehead Dropping her gaze, which had remained fixed upon his own, she turned her face aside, saying with forced composure:

"This near contact with crime is dreadful!" Then slowly, and with a quietness that showed how great was her power of self-control, she inquired: "And who do they think this person is? What name do they presume to associate with the murderer of this woman?"

With something of the feeling of a surgeon who nerves himself to bury the steel in his patient's quivering flesh, he gave his response unhesitatingly.

"A gentleman, I believe. A young man connected with her, in some strange way, by financial interests. A Mr. Hildreth, of Toledo—Gouverneur Hildreth, I think they call him."

It was not the name she expected. He saw this by the relaxation that took place in all her features, by the look of almost painful relief that flashed for a moment into the eyes she turned like lightning upon him.

"Gouverneur Hildreth!" she repeated. And he knew from the tone that it was not only a different name from what she anticipated, but that it was also a strange one to her. "I never heard of such a person."

"That is not strange," explained Mr. Byrd. "He is not known in this town. He only came here the morning the unfortunate woman was murdered. Whether he really killed her or not," he proceeded, with forced quietness, "no one can tell, of course. But the facts are very much against him, and the poor fellow is under arrest."

"What?"

The word was involuntary. So was the tone of horrified surprise in which it was uttered. "Under arrest?" and then waited with only a suitable display of emotion for whatever further enlightenment he chose to give her.

He mercifully spoke to the point.

"Yes, under arrest. You see he was in the house at or near the time the deadly blow was struck. He was in the front hall, he says, and moreover near the woman or her unknown assailant, but there is no evidence against any one else, and the facts so far proved, show he had an interest in her death, and so he has to pay the penalty of circumstances. And he may be guilty, who knows," the young detective pursued, seeing she was struck with horror and dismay, "dreadful as it is to imagine that a gentleman of culture and breeding could be brought to commit such a deed."

But she seemed to have ears for but one phrase of all this.

"He was in the front hall," she repeated. "How did he get there? What called him there?"

"He had been visiting the widow, and was on his way out. But the whole thing is strange and very mysterious."

She was dead to his explanations.

"Do you suppose he heard the widow scream? Or — had he anything to say about what he overheard — saw?"

"No. If he spoke the truth and stood in the hall as he said, the sounds, if sounds there were, stopped short of the sitting-room door, for he has nothing to say about them."

A change passed over Miss Dare. She dropped her eyes, and an instant's pause followed this last acknowledgement.

"Will you tell me," she inquired, at last, speaking very slowly, "how it was he came to say he stood in that place during the assault?"

"He did not say he stood in that place during the assault. It was by means of a nice calculation of time and events that it was found he must have been in the house at or near the fatal moment."

"And he is a gentleman, you say?" was her hurried remark at last.

"Yes, and a very handsome one."

"And they have put him in prison?"

"Yes, or will on the morrow."

She turned and leaned against a window frame near by, looking with eyes that saw nothing into the still, vast night.

"I suppose he has friends," she faintly suggested.

"Two sisters, if no one nearer and dearer."

"I am not well," she suddenly cried, leaving the window and turning quickly toward Mr. Byrd. "I am much obliged to you," said she, lowering her voice to a whisper. "I have been deeply interested in this tragedy, and am thankful for any information in regard to it. I must now bid you good evening."

And with a stately bow, into which she infused the mingled courtesy and haughtiness of her nature, she walked steadily away behind the door that opened into the hall.

Mr. Byrd remained for a full half-hour after that, but he never could tell what he did, or with whom he conversed, or how or when he issued from the house and made his way back to his room in the hotel. He only knew that at midnight he was still walking the floor, and had not yet made up his mind to take the step which his own sense of duty now inexorably demanded.

CHAPTER XI.

DECISION.

The next morning Mr. Ferris was startled by the appearance in his office of Mr. Byrd, looking wretchedly anxious and ill.

"I have come," said the defective, "to ask you what you think of Mr. Hildreth's prospects. Have you made up your mind to have him arrested for this crime?"

"Yes," was the reply. "The evidence against him is purely circumstantial, but it it is very strong. Each and every fact that comes to light only strengthens the case against him. When he came to be examined last night, a ring was found on his person, which he acknowledged to having worn on the day of the murder.

"He took it off during the inquest," murmured Mr. Byrd; "I saw him."

"It is said by Hickory—the somewhat questionable cognomen of your fellow-detective from New York—that the young man manifested the most intense uneasiness during the whole inquiry. Once Mr. Hildreth got up as if to go, and, if he had been less hemmed in by the crowd, there is every reason to believe he would have attempted to escape."

"Is this Hickory a man of good judgment?" inquired Mr. Byrd anxiously.

"Why, yes, I should say so. He seems to understand his business. The way he procured us the testimony of Mr. Hildreth was certainly satisfactory."

"I wish that, without his knowing it, I could hear him give his opinion of this matter," intimated the other.

"Why, you can," rejoined Mr. Ferris, after a quick and comprehensive survey of Mr. Byrd's countenance. "I am expecting him here any moment, and if you see fit to sit down behind that screen, you can, without the least difficulty to yourself or him, hear all he has to impart."

"I will, then," the detective declared, and he stepped across to the screen.

He had scarcely done this, when a short, quick step was heard at the door, and a wide-awake voice called out, cheerily:

"Are you alone, sir?"

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Ferris, "come in, come in. I have been awaiting you for some minutes. Any news this morning?"

"No," returned the other, in a tone of complete self-satisfaction. "We've caged the bird and musn't expect much more in the way of news. I'm on my way to Albany now to pick up such facts about him as may be lying around there loose, and shall be ready to start for Toledo any day next week that you may think proper."

"You are, then, convinced that Mr. Hildreth is undeniably the guilty party in this case?" exclaimed the District Attorney, taking a whiff at his cigar.

"Convinced? That is a strong word, sir. A detective is never convinced," protested the man. "He leaves that for the judge and jury. I know that it is not an agreeable thing to subject a gentleman like Mr. Hildreth to the shame of a public arrest. But facts are not partial, sir; and the gentleman has no more rights in law than the coarsest fellow that we take up for butchering his mother. But you know all this without my telling. He is mightily cut up about it. He evidently has no hope of escaping the indignity of arrest, and as soon as it was light enough for him to see, he asked for paper and pencil. They were brought him, and a man stood over him while he wrote. It proved to be a letter to his sisters enjoining them to believe in his innocence, and wound up with what was very much like an attempt at a will. Altogether it looks as if he meditated suicide."

A slight noise took place behind the screen, which at any other time Mr. Hickory would have been the first to notice and enquire into.

"Well," said he, facing the district attorney with cheerful vivacity, "any orders?"

"No," responded Mr. Ferris. "A run down to Albany seems to be the best thing for you at present. On your return we will consult again."

"Very well, sir. I shall not be absent more than two days," and, handing over his new address, Hickory speedily took his leave.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**A Favorable Verdict.**
Mr. J. S. George, Tottenham, Ont. writes:—I have been troubled with catarrh for five years. Seeing Dr. Sproule's advertised I procured a bottle, and although I have only used part of it, I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best remedy in the world for catarrh. It is easy and pleasant to use, instant in giving relief, prompt in dropping from the head into the throat and removes all the symptoms of catarrh and cold in the head. In fact if the directions are faithfully followed nothing but a sure and permanent cure can be the result.

**A Good Baptist Recipe.**
[Mount Desert Herald.]
In a recipe for "steamed fruit cake," recently published in the Zion's Advocate we find the following helpful suggestion:

Three pounds of seeded raisins, two of dates, two of figs, one of citron, one of cracked almonds. Soak the fruit for three days in whisky.

We fear that Bro. Burrage will incur the displeasure of the W. C. T. U. if he is not more careful in editing his culinary department.

**"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."**
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. The medical healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

**Cotton Exchange Closed.**
LIVERPOOL, May 13.—The cotton exchange will be closed from Saturday, May 24th, till Monday, 26th and Tuesday, 27th, on account of the Whitsuntide holidays.

**Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.**
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very painful. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

**Emin Wants Back Pay and a Pension.**
LONDON, May 13.—Emin demands from the Egyptian government 7 years arrears of pay. In addition to this he asks that the government grant him a pension.

For dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

**The Pope's Temperal Power.**
VIENNA, May 13.—In reply to the Pope's circular to one hundred bishops, in Europe, twenty six favored the proclamation of the dogma of the temperal power as opportune. All the Italian bishops opposed the idea of a proclamation.

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

**Parnellites to Support Caine.**
LONDON, May 13.—The Standard says Parnell will instruct his followers to support Caine's motion for the rejection of the local taxation bill.

**The Public Warned.**
Many people are deceived into neglecting bad blood, dyspepsia, constipation, etc., and thus allow these and other diseases to become established. Act promptly by using nature's blood purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulates the entire system, curing all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

**A Seasonable Hint.**
During the breaking up of winter, alum, chilly weather prevails, and rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, quinsy and other painful effects of sudden cold are common. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a truly valuable household remedy for all complaints.

**High Time to Begin.**
After a long winter the system needs a thorough cleansing, toning and regulating to remove impurities and prepare for summer. Testimonials and testimonials show that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine ever discovered, producing a feeling of buoyancy and strength. Promotes that tired worn out feeling, and restores lost appetite.

**Autumn Anxieties.**
I had a very bad cough this fall, but Hagyard's Pectoral balsam cured me completely.
E. Rawlinson, Washago.
Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

**The Best and the Cheapest.**
100 doses for 100 cents, Burdock Blood Bitters.
Does your head ache? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Costive? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Bilious? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Dyspeptic? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
1 cent a dose, 1 cent a dose, Burdock Blood Bitters.

**Easily Ascertained.**
It is easy to find out from any one who has used it, the virtues of Hagyard's Yellow Oil for all painful and inflammatory troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, aches, pains and soreness of any kind, it has no superior.

SAINT JOHN
**Oyster House,**
No. 5 North Side King Square.
*OYSTERS, CLAMS, &c.*
20 Bbls No. 1 P. E. I. Oysters,
10 Bbls Fugwash Oysters,
40 Bbls Bay Du Vin Oysters,
20 Bbls Chatham Oysters, cheap,
4 Bbls, 10 Gallons Clams,
Cider in Sherry Cask.
Oysters and Clams shelled to order at shortest notice. Telephone 16.
**C. H. JACKSON.**

**Grand Display**
—OF—
French, English, & American
**MILLINERY,**
including all the latest novelties, at
**CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO'S.,**
77 King street.

**REMOVAL NOTICE**
We will remove our place of Business from
**5 WATERLOO**
TO
**11 CHARLOTTE ST.,**
As early in May as possible.
**T. PATTON & CO.,**

**Intercolonial Railway**

**Tenders for Steel Bridges.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Steel Bridges," will be received until Saturday, the 17th May, 1890, for the construction and delivery of 11 pairs of Steel Plate Girders for deck bridges of forty (40) feet clear span.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., and at the office of G. W. Robertson, 136½ St. James st., Montreal, where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., April 21st, 1890.

**AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.**
LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.
Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

GROCERS, ETC.

**Strawberries.**

**TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,**
84 King St.

BOOT BLACKING.—DAY & MARTIN'S PASTE AND LIQUID; WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING, for men and women, shines for all in any weather. For sale only by
J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.,
32 Charlotte street.

MONTSERRAT LIME FRUIT JUICE; 5 Cases just received by
J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.

**ARRIVED.**
We have received this week and offer wholesale:
100 Casks Choicest NEW CROP BARBADOS MOLASSES.
5 Cars Globe Flour.
1 Car Oatmeal.
1 "Granulated and Y. Sugar.
1 "Rice.
225 Cads Tea.
50 Packages Morton's & Lazenby's Pickles.
75 Packages Tobacco.
25 Boxes New Dates.
400 Cwt. Codfish.
2 Casks Cream Tartar.
**Geo. S. DeForest & Sons**

**LARD, HAMS, BACON.**
Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock.
**SLIPP & FLEWELLING**
*Pork Packers,*
160 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

**CROWN STOVE POLISH.**
The Best and most Economical Polish ever placed before the public.
No dust, no dirt, no hard labor. Always ready for use.
Put up in paste and liquid forms. Give it a fair trial.
FOR SALE BY
—WHOLESALE—
James Robertson, Jardine & Co, D. Breese, W. H. Thorne & Co, A. P. Tippet, Joseph Finley,
—RETAIL—
Armstrong Brothers, J. J. Cain, A. Sinclair & Co, W. A. Porter, Cottle & Colwell, J. Foster, Vanwart Brothers, Puddington & Merritt, F. Smith, John Ross, Jean Desbrisay, John Roberts, L. E. Dotfrest, Coles, Parsons & Sharp, Keenan & Ratchford, F. Beverly, M. & H. Gallagher, E. F. Mulholland, Bonnell & Cowan, Harry Clark, H. F. Sharp, S. McGirr, Peter Chisholm, Wm. Kennedy, S. McBride, Vin. Burke, Robert R. Patchel, Stewart's Grocery, James N. Rodgers, H. S. Coenan, A. McKenney, Henry Crawford.
Scott Brothers.

**PIANOS**
$250 to $600.
**Mendelssohn and Evans Bros,**
Lead All Others.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT
GUARANTEED 7 YEARS.
**A. T.