MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

Mrs. Smith of Longmains.

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

SCENE I.

IT WAS a bitter January morning, a morning that obviously was not going to mend into a tolerable day, but had every intention of increasing into an intolerable one. The state of the weather was perhaps enough to account for that of my appearance, as to the unfavorable condition of which the chorus of comments from three overtruthful daughters could not and did not leave me in doubt for a moment after my entering the breakfast room.

"How wretched you look!" said Alice, the eldest.

"You are in for one of your bad colds," said Ruth, the second.

"You have been writing upstairs in a room without a fire, as we forbid you to do," said Susan, the youngest and most tyrannous.

I made no sort of answer to these compliments, but walked up to the fire, and stood holding my hands to the blaze.

"Do not play us the same trick that you did last year," said Alice, setting a chair close to the fender for me, "and fall ill on the eve of the bachelors' ball!"

"No," added Ruth, laughing, "we bore it once in a way, but we draw the line at a second time!"

"You would not palm us off again upon Lady Brown, would you?" asked Susan, coaxingly, kneeling down on the rug beside me, and beginning to rub one of my cold hands between her two warm ones. "You would not intrust your little ones to an old monster who eats supper until she cannot see, and then snatches them away just as the real fun is beginning."

"It is very odd," said I, with a somewhat sarcastic crossness, "how solicitous you girls always grow about my health at this time of year. I might be moribund all through Lent without any of you perceiving it."

"I think we are very kind to you all the year round," returned Sue, giving my hand, which she still chafed in her own, a rather rebuking pat. "It is very carping of you to notice it if we are a little more attentive one month than another."

"Well, don't be nervous," said I, trying to laugh. "When the day comes, you will not find me absent from my bench of torment."

But at that they all burst upon me in full cry, "Your bench of torment! Well, I do call that hypocrisy, mammy! We always say that nobody enjoys a ball so much as you; it is invariably we that have to drag you away, not you us."

I had no spirits to disclaim.

"If I were you," said Alice, authoritatively, "I should just go straight back to bed and have some sal volatile and water."

"Or some white wine whey," suggested Ruth.

"Yes, do," said Sue, "and then I will come and read you to sleep. You always say that my reading puts you to sleep faster than any one's."

"That is a left handed compliment, Sue," said Alice, laughing.

"I know it is," replied Sue, composedly, "but she does say so, don't you, mammy?"

"Will not you come now—at once?" asked Alice, taking my other hand. "It would be far the wisest plan if you could get into a good perspiration."

But at that I found voice to interrupt her, rising suddenly from my chair, and flinging away the caresses of my too officious children.

"I do not know what you would be at," said I, indignantly. "Quelle mouche vous pique? What possesses you all with the idea that I am ill? Have I made any complaint? though, indeed, to have six gimlet eyes fastened upon your face, and three croaking voices in your ears, is enough to make you ill if anything is. For heaven's sake, disabuse your mind of this extraordinary fancy and let us come to breakfast!"

There was such unmistakable exasperation in my tone that my children saw I was not to be trifled with; so, acquiescing in my proposition, they and I sat down to breakfast. But I caught them several times casting surreptitious glances at me to see whether I ate as usual, and whether or not I shivered aguishly in the chill with which they were so determined to credit me. To balk them I dodged behind the tea kettle, and tried to eat more heartily than my wont, in which, however, I was not very successful. Conversation was slack, which, to do us justice, it was not apt to be at our breakfast table. Its present flagging condition was attributable, I imagine, partly to my supposed ill health (my appearance must have been very much more deplorable than I had had any idea of), partly and chiefly to the absence of the master—always, when at home, the originator or foster-er of every joke, and who last night set off for Ireland, in which country he, for the punishment of his sins, possessed some landed estates.

"Poor daddy!" said Alice, looking toward his vacant place. "He must have had a cold crossing last night. I woke at four this morning, when he must have been just half way over, and thought 'Poor daddy! rather you than I!'"

"I dreamed of him," said Ruth—"such an absurd dream. I dreamed we were giving a large party on the sly in his absence, and that he came back unexpectedly in the middle of it, like Sir Thomas Bertram in 'Mansfield Park,' and that we were all in such a fright. I woke just as I was trying to hide one of my partners between the legs of the billiard room table—such a likely place to escape detection."

They all laughed.

"And I," said Sue, "slept so soundly that I never once thought or dreamed of him at all—rather brutal of me."

"It is fortunate that one is not answerable for one's dream-self," said Ruth, recurring to the thought of her own dream; "one is sometimes such a rogue and sometimes such a booby in one's dreams."

"And you, mammy," said Sue, amiably trying to draw me into the conversation, from which since the beginning of breakfast I had almost entirely excluded myself, "what sort of a night had you? The drunkard's heavy slumbers (laughing), like mine; or pleasant and probable visions, like Ruth's; which?"

But I was prevented from replying to this question by the entrance of the butler, who came in to ask whether there were any orders for the coachman.

"Surely not," said Alice, answering for me. "We shall be skating all the day, and you—you will not be so insane as to stir from the fireside!"

I have always disliked being answered for. I have always known perfectly what my opinion and wishes were, and been fully able to express them. My eldest daughter's growing tendency to reply for me had already on several previous occasions fidgeted me. After a moment's hesitation I turned to the butler saying, "There are no orders for him this morning; if there are any for the afternoon I will let the coachman know at luncheon time."

Having thus established my authority I rose and left the room, rather disagreeably conscious that the girls were whispering behind me. However, I suppose they saw that I was not in a humor to be trifled with, and wisely forbore from offering me any more of their extremely ill received advice. By and by I saw them all three setting gleefully off with their skates over their arms to the frozen mere, of which I could catch a glimpse—stiff among its stiffened sedges—between the brown limbs of the January trees. I watched them till their light figures, their tailor gowns and tight jackets were quite out of sight, and then returned to the oak drawing room, in which I always spent my mornings.

Here I at once found traces of that solicitous care for me on the part of my girls which my ferocity had hindered them from expressing in words. My favorite chair was drawn close up to the hearth; every chink of window carefully closed—usually we were a madly open air family. On a little table at my elbow stood a bottle of sal volatile, one of camphor, a small jug of hot water and several lumps of sugar. I rang at once and had them all taken away. Then I sat down by the fire and sat staring into it for the best part of an hour in entire idleness.

I was not apt to be such a drone. Occupation I had always in plenty. What mother of a family and mistress of a house has not? And, to do myself justice, I had ordinarily no inclination to slight my duties. But on this particular morning I neither turned nor attempted to turn my hand to any one thing. I sat over the fire not even shivering or sneezing (for my children were on a wrong scent when they made up their obstinate young minds that I was threatened with influenza), occasionally conscious that I was muttering to myself under my breath. At last, "This will really not do," said I aloud, pushing back my chair from the fire. "I do not know what has come to me. I hope that I am not going off my head."

So saying I put my hand to my forehead, in which there was a disagreeable pulse beating, and walked to the window. An ugly, grinding, black frost, long, iron bound, bare borders, through which it seemed impossible that crocuses could ever push their gracious golden heads; a sad robin, a chaffinch and three sparrows, all hungry, and naturally silent, seeking on the gravel walk the poor remains of the crumbs thrown out at breakfast. There was nothing assuredly in the face of the outer world to put me in better spirits. But none the less did I continue aimlessly to gape at it. "Shall I?" said I under my breath; "any one would say I was mad if I did; it would be the no plus ultra of folly and irrationality; if the girls heard of it, and of my reason, they would think I was ripe for bedlam; but—but it would be a relief! After all, I am mistress in my own house; why should not I? I will." I almost ran to the bell, and rang it sharply. But in the interval between my having pulled it and the appearance of the servant who answered it there was time for another change to come over my spirit.

"It is twelve miles if it is a step," said I, internally; "the days are dark at 4; if I give way to these imaginings I shall gradually become unfit for all the ordinary duties of life; it may be an insidious form of hysteria."

The footman entered.

"Some coals, please," said I.

I resumed my place by the fire, and took up some knitting. Turning the heel of a stocking requires some attention. It might absorb time. In vain. My heel, or rather Ruth's—I had rashly embarked so I had to go through with it—refused to come out approximately, the outline of the human foot, and I dropped it back into the work basket. I picked up a novel. Alice had described it as breathlessly interesting, and, indeed, had sat up late over night to finish it, unable to tear herself away from its pages. I tried to read it, but chain my mind even so far as to make acquaintance with its characters. I laid it, too, down.

"I believe the girls are right," I said. "I must be ill; this restlessness must be the forerunner of some serious sickness."

I walked uneasily out of the room into the adjoining one, which, as we never sat in it except of an evening, looked unfriendly and formal by daylight, then out into the hall, down a passage into the billiard room. I had no motive for going there or anywhere else, only I could not keep still. As my eye fell on the billiard table, I remembered Ruth's silly dream of having hid her admirer behind its legs. What an absurd dream! All dreams are absurd! I strayed back into the hall, and again looked through the window. The drive stretched away before me, dark colored between the whitened winter grass. "It would take an hour and three-quarters' driving at a good pace," said I; "if I set off at 2 I should be there by a quarter past 3. I need not stay more than half an hour, and should be back here by half-past 5; pooh! In the country that is a mere nothing. I will decide to go."

A second time I pulled the bell; but a second time, before it was answered, half a dozen adverse reasons rushed into my mind, and made me repent my resolution. The road, as far as I remembered it—for part of it I had traveled only once or twice in my life—was not a good one. The stables might be cold, and give the horses influenza, a pleasant piece of news with which to greet the master of the house on his return from Ireland. That last thought was conclusive. I would abandon the idea definitely. And meanwhile the footman had come in, and was looking expectantly at me. What could I be supposed to have rung for? My fancy supplied no suggestion.

"Never mind," said I, abruptly, "it was a mistake; it was nothing."

At the same moment the back door opened, and in came the three girls, bringing a whiff of frost and buxom health and jollity with them, and still—as I was not long in discovering—possessed with that baleful idea of my ill health.

"Mammy! what are you thinking of? Out in the draught, away from the fire. Back, back this instant!"

"Did you take the sal volatile?" asked the first, anxiously.

"Did you try the camphor?" inquired the second.

"Did you see that we had put the sugar handy for you?" asked the third.

"I saw all your kind remedies," replied I dryly, "and I had them all at once removed. I see no reason why a perfectly healthy woman's drawing room should be littered with physic bottles."

While I was speaking the gong sounded; for some reason, I forget what—we were lunching earlier than usual that day—at 1. The girls scampered off to get ready. During our repast I do not think that I was much more loquacious than I had been at breakfast, but my children made up for my silence by the volume of their chatter. Once or twice they asked me why I was looking out of the window, and what I expected to see there? In point of fact, I was repenting of my repentance, but I need not say that I did not tell them so. Toward the middle of the luncheon the butler again inquired "whether there were any orders for the coachman."

"Surely not," said Alice, answering for me, "the roads are like looking glasses, and it is beginning to snow. Even if you were well"——

"Tell the coachman," said I, interrupting her with some tartness, "that I will have the brougham at 2."

There was a moment of silent consternation among my little flock.

"Then, if it is only into Leighton that you want to go for any shopping," said Ruth, in a conciliatory voice, "could not you let us do it for you?"

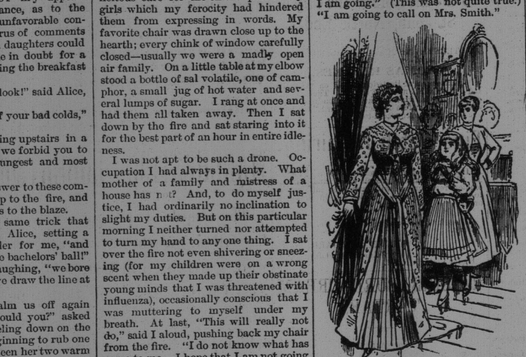
"I am not going into Leighton," replied I, shortly.

Another moment's silence.

"Come, now, where are you going?" cried Sue, getting up, coming over to and kneeling down beside me in order to try, as I knew, what personal wheedling (usually a very effective weapon in her hands) could do with me.

"Why are you so mysterious?"

"I am not aware," replied I, pompously, "that I am answerable to my children for my goings out and comings in," then sinking into a less majestic tone, "I have no objection to telling you where I am going." (This was not quite true.) "I am going to call on Mrs. Smith."



"I am going to call on Mrs. Smith."

"Mrs. Smith!"

"Mrs. Smith!"

"What Mrs. Smith?" In three different keys of disapproving astonishment.

"Mrs. Smith of Longmains."

"Why, you do not know her?"

"Why, it is twelve miles off."

"Why, daddy and Mr. Smith are not on speaking terms."

"I beg your pardon," replied I, gaining in firmness as I perceived the weight of opposition brought to bear upon me, "I do know Mrs. Smith. I have no dislike to a long drive, and if the men of two families come to loggerheads it is the more reason why the women should try to keep the peace."

The girls gaped at me.

"But, why today, in Heaven's name?"

"Why not today?"

It seemed as if the butler had taken upon himself to answer my question, for he had again entered the room and was waiting.

"If you please, the coachman is very sorry, but the roads are like hice, and he has not had the horses roughed."

I hesitated.

"That settles the question," cried my eldest girl, triumphantly.

"Does it?" said I, tonicked back into instantaneous decision. "Let him send for the blacksmith at once to rough the carriage horses as quickly as he can. I must have the brougham as soon as it can be got ready, whatever the weather."

Servants never look surprised, and the girls were too angry with me, and I supposed their mother too great a fool to be worth spending any more breath upon, so I underwent no further remonstrances from them to battle with.

It was past 8 o'clock, instead of 2, before I started, but I did set off at last; I got my way!

SCENE II.

I got my way, always a pleasant thing to do. But I think that in this case the pleasantness inseparable from making one's will override the wills of other people was reduced as low as it well could be. I was setting off on a raw winter afternoon, with a rising wind, falling barometer and thickening snow, upon a twelve mile drive along a rutty road, to visit a woman whom—despite the stoutness of my assertions to the contrary to my children—I scarcely knew; against whose husband mine had a rooted prejudice, and for bringing her into more intimate relations with whom I was well aware that he would be less than moderately grateful to me. Why, then, was I doing it? This is the question I am about to answer, and when it is answered you will probably think me an even greater fool than did my girls, who were ignorant that I had any reasons beyond native pig headedness.

It would be putting the amount of thought that I was apt to devote to Mrs. Smith far too high to say that I thought of her once a year. She had certainly never crossed my mind on the previous day. Why, then, was it that no sooner was I asleep last night than I was with her? It would have seemed natural that I, who during all my waking hours had been occupied with my husband, his plans, his departure, his absence, his return, should, if I dreamed at all, have dreamed of him. He never once crossed my brain. I had other absorbing subjects of interest, an attachment of Sue's, that I disapproved of and over which I worried head and heart through many an anxious hour; a budding taste for play in my eldest boy; debts of his to be hidden from his father; a wearing fear lest my excellent younger son should break down under the strain of his examination for the Indian civil service.

Yes, I had a choice of nightmares in my stable, a row of skeletons in my closet, any one of which would, one might think, have furnished the stuff for my sleeping thoughts as they did unceasingly for my waking ones. Not at all! I passed them all by, to dream wholly, connectedly, and with an astonishing vividness of Mrs. Smith.

I was with her in a room—a room I had never, to my knowledge, been in before; presumably at Longmains, whose doors I had never entered. It was a room simply. No feature of it impressed itself with any distinctness on my memory, as I have heard has often been the case in other vivid dreams. On reflection, I was not sure that I should know it again. Of one only fact in connection with it was I quite certain, and that was, that as we sat together at the fire, the door, the only door the room possessed, was on our left hand.

We were sitting, as I say, together by the fire. There was a clock on the mantel piece; what kind of clock it was was dim to me; but there was a clock, for I remembered hearing it tick. Mrs. Smith was sitting opposite to me; her back toward the door, facing which I was. I could see her features as plainly as I had done Sue's, when she knelt beside me at luncheon, asking why I was so mysterious. I could not have believed that I knew Mrs. Smith's face so well; her unimportant nose, her slightly indicated eyes, lusterless air, and characterless figure. But out of some lumber room of memory they must have started, conjured up by the strong spells of sleep. It was a perfectly connected, rational dream. It was I, and she was Mrs. Smith. She was not half Mrs. Smith and half somebody else. She did not suddenly, and without exciting any surprise in my mind—so eccentric are the laws of dreaming—become metamorphosed into another person. She was, and continued to be, Mrs. Smith, of Longmains.

The one thing that clashed with probability was the fact of my being sitting tete-a-tete with Mrs. Smith in any room late at night, for somehow I knew that it was late at night. I do not remember looking at the clock, but I was by some means aware that such was the case. We were both working, and one of us had said something about its being 12 o'clock. This was followed by Mrs. Smith making an observation which I had forgotten. I was sure that I had heard it perfectly at the time, for immediately on waking I had recalled it, but afterward it had escaped me, and, make what efforts I might, I was unable to recapture it. After all, it was of no great consequence whether I remembered it or not.

What I did remember, with a startling distinctness, was that no sooner had she ceased speaking than there came a knock at the door. I remembered thinking that it was an odd time of night for any one to knock at the door, but Mrs. Smith showed no surprise. She said phlegmatically, "Come in;" and the door opened at once and in walked the butler. For some strange dream reason I could not see his face. It was all mist and blur to me. On waking I felt sure that I should not be able to recognize him again. I was only conscious that he was a young man. He had a coal box in his hand, and the next thing of which I was aware about him was that he was kneeling at the hearth, making up the fire. Again it struck me that it was an odd time to choose to make up the fire. I had, as I tell you, for some reasonless reason, not seen his face, though it must have been turned toward me as he entered the room; but as he knelt at the fire I saw his back—saw it so clearly that I felt that, stooping in the same attitude over the flame, I should recognize it among ten thousand. I saw it far more distinctly than as I drove along I saw the frozen pastures and the shivering sheep.

Mrs. Smith had risen from her chair and walked to the other side of the small room, where she stood doing something—I did not know what—at a piece of furniture with drawers in it. I was not looking at her, but at the young man, and suddenly I found myself wondering what that was that I saw sticking up dimly visible out of his coat tail pocket. As I wondered, I became aware that he was stealthily rising to his feet, and that his hand was cautiously traveling to his pocket in search of that very object which had arrested my attention. In another second he had drawn it out—it was a revolver—had cocked it, aimed it at his mistress' head and fired!

There was a thud, a horrible thud, that I heard plainly even now as I drove along in my safe brougham, and I woke screaming—screaming so loudly that if any one had been occupying a room near mine they must have been awoke by the sound; but, as it happened, nobody was. The girls were separated from me by a long passage, and the servants were in an entirely different region.

The dream had been so much more real than reality that it must have been some minutes—it seemed to me hours—before my reason could assert itself enough to tell me which was which. I do not know how long it was before I at length summoned up resolution to strike a light, and shaking with terror so that I could hardly hold the candle to get out of bed and examine the room for some indication of what could have been the cause of that dread, dull noise, which I could by no possibility believe to have existed only in my imagination. I searched in vain. The windows were all securely fastened; the door bolted, as I had left it over night. The pictures hung on the walls; there was no brick fallen from the chimney on the hearth; not even a handful of soot or a starling's nest. Nothing, nothing anywhere.

I crept back to bed, still quivering in every nerve. I must make up my mind that the whole thing had been the work of my own fancy, preternaturally alive in sleep. Good heavens! Could the power of any imagination be adequate to presenting to me with the astounding vividness mine had done the figure of that man, kneeling with his back to me by the fire and stealing a covert hand to that coat pocket. I shut my eyes. Still I saw him, and with such distinctness I felt that if I put out my hand I must touch him. I lit another candle. The more light the better; still, I saw him. I hid my head under the clothes; still I saw him. The cold sweat stood on my forehead. I lay in an agony till daybreak; and when the reassuring light began to creep in, I became a little more able to summon to my aid such reason as I was master of, to correct the hitherto overwhelming influence of that ghastly vision.

Several circumstances of improbability in the dream presented themselves with some reassurance to my mind. The murderer, as seen by me, had been a young man. Now, I happened accidentally to have learned only lately that the Smiths possessed as butler an old family servant, who had lived with them over thirty years, and whom they were most unlikely to have parted with. Also, throughout the dream, I was conscious that but for servants, Mrs. Smith and I were alone in the house. Now, only yesterday one of the girls had casually mentioned meeting Mr. Smith in Leighton. As the light broadened I dwelt with more and more confidence on these discrepancies, and was able to go down to breakfast presenting such a distant resemblance to my usual self as I have described.

But when left to myself after breakfast, with nothing to distract my thoughts and no appearances of equanimity to keep up, the vision returned upon me with almost its first force.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That distention of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to improper mastication of the food; but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner.

Cross's extensive chemical works at Glasgow were on fire yesterday noon, and the damage had then amounted to £20,000.

The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority), the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the use of which cleanses the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system.

A fire broke out on the steamer Albania on her recent voyage from New York to Rio, but through the bravery of the officers and crew no lives were lost. The sum of eight hundred and four dollars was subscribed for the crew.

For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

Seamen are in demand at Quebec just now. Eight pounds per month for the run to the United Kingdom is the ruling rate.

WILL POWER.

Stories Which Instance How Mind Rises Superior to Matter.

[From the Boston Gazette.]

Three stories were told over after-dinner cigars the other day, showing the power of man's will. One was a young officer in the English army, who was peculiarly stubborn and irascible. He had been confined to his bed after a severe attack of the heart, and was unable to move. His physician asked one of his fellow-officers to warn him that he would never get out of bed again, that he might arrange his affairs before death. When the sick man was told what the doctor had said, he arose in bed excitedly and said; "I will never get up again, eh? I will walk to the doctor myself and show him." He jumped to the floor, walked across the room and fell dead.

The other was about a Sheriff out West who, when arresting a man, was stabbed through the heart. He seized the man by the shoulders, after the blade had struck him, pressed him to the ground, drew his revolver and deliberately thrusting it down the struggling prisoner's throat, pulled the trigger at the instant he himself died.

The third story was regarding another officer who was hunting down a thief. The man thought he had given his pursuer the slip, but just as he entered one door of a railroad car the officer appeared in the other. The thief instantly fired, the ballet penetrating his pursuers brain. The officer, however, retained the shot, bringing this man to the ground. He then dragged himself along the aisle of the car, firing as he crawled, until his revolver was empty. He was dead when he was picked up a second after he ceased to shoot.

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L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 11th May, 1889.

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Order Slate at A. G. Bowes & Co., Canterbury Street.
W. CAUSEY, Mecklenburg St. ROBT. MAXWELL, Saint David St.

WILLIAMS BROTHERS,
Cash Grocery stores.
Save 35 per cent by buying your groceries for cash.
Prices as follows:

STAR FLOUR Bbl	$5.6
BUTTER, choice, lb	20
NEW CHEESE lb	14
COLEMAN'S STARCH lb	12
CORN STARCH, package	10
BIRD SEED "	8
WHEAT GRITZ bag	25
PICKLES bottle	15

WILLIAMS BROTHERS,
Corner Princess and Charlotte, and 115 Brussels street.

A Complete Stock of Ferris' Celebrated Good Sense Corset Waists FOR Ladies, Young Ladies and Children.
Chas. K. Cameron & Co., 77 King street.

R. J. WILKINS,
House, Ship, and Sign Painter,
Haymarket Square, St. John, N. B
Orders left at the National by telephone or otherwise promptly attended to.

KEENAN & RATCHFORD,
Ranges, Stoves, Kitchen Furnishing Goods, etc.
GENERAL JOBBING.
8 and 10 Waterloo Street, near Union St.
With a large experience and work that cannot be excelled, we solicit the patronage of the public.

ALWAYS ASK FOR THE ISLAY BLEND REGISTERED TRADE MARK WHISKY,
MACKIE & CO'S
VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.
LAGAVULIN, LAPHROAIG } ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE.
OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

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

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.

CONFUSION of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a distaste for the society of females are symptomatic indications of **Nervous Debility**, and these symptoms are usually accompanied by **Seminal Weakness** and **Impotency**. The necessary consequences are **Consumption** and **Death**. "Lane's Specific Remedy," an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sold at **One Dollar per Package**, or sent on receipt of price by any address, free of charge.
THE LANE MEDICINE CO.,
MONTREAL, QUE.
Young Men should read Dr. Lane's Essay, "Nervous Diseases," mailed free to any address.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
M. N. POWERS.
Coffin and Casket Warerooms,
OLD STAND 77 AND 79 PRINCESS STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Coffin and Casket Material of all kinds, for Sale at Lowest Prices. Orders in the City and County attended to with despatch

BOARDING.

Advertisements under this head inserted for 10 cents each time or fifty cents a week. Payable in advance.

BOARDING—A few single gentlemen can be accommodated with board at 49 Mecklenburg street, pleasant rooms, nice location. Apply on the premises.

TO LET.

Advertisements under this head inserted for 10 cents each time or fifty cents a week. Payable in advance.

TO LET—Two Houses, on King St. East, Nos. 219 and 221; containing all modern improvements. Will be let at a moderate rent for the present year. Apply to CHAS. PATTON, corner of Princess and Pitt street.

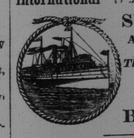
TO LET—The residence of the late Mrs. Robert Jardine, on the Marsh Road, one mile from the city, known as Woodside, with Stable, Barns, Garden and 23 acres land. Apply to JOHN BOYD, Market Square.

TO LET—In the Domville Building, large and small ROOMS, centrally located; remember, pleasant and comfortable small families can be accommodated. Enquire of A. L. SPENCER, on the premises.

TO LET—Brick Store, Corner Portland and High sts., Portland. A good stand for grocery store, provisions and country produce. J. John Connolley, Corner Portland and High sts.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,
SUMMER Arrangement.
Three Trips a Week.
FOR BOSTON.



ON and after MONDAY, June 17th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.
Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 standard, a. m., and Portland at 5.30 p.m for Eastport and Saint John.
Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.
(LIMITED.)
SUMMER SAILINGS.
ON and after 1st June, the "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will sail from Her Company's Wharf, Reed's Point, on
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
7.45 a. m., local, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS Returning same days, and due here at 6.45 p. m.
Excursion tickets will be issued on Saturdays at St. John, Digby, and Annapolis, good to return either way on Monday, at one fare.
Tourists and invalids paying full one way, and desiring to return same day, will be entitled to return, tickets free, on application at the Purser's office on board.
H. D. TROOP, Manager.

For Washademoak Lake.
THE above first class swift, staunch and commodious steamer, having been rebuilt and refurnished under the strictest government requirements, will, until further notice, leave her wharf, Indiantown, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 10 a. m., local time, and calling at all intermediate landings. Returning is due at Indiantown at 1 p. m. on alternate days.
N. B.—Excursionists going up Saturday can return Monday free.
This Steamer can be chartered for excursions on afternoons of Monday, Wednesday and Friday at much less cost than at any other time.
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 7.30 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.

UNION LINE.
Saint John and Fredericton.
UNTIL further notice Steamer ACADIA will leave Indiantown, for Fredericton, Gibson and intermediate points, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at 8 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Fredericton on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNINGS at 8 o'clock.
DAILY TRIPS—Commencing WEDNESDAY, June 26th, the splendid, fast and commodious steamer "DAVID WESTON," the steamer par excellence of the River St. John, having undergone very extensive repairs, being newly timbered, trussed and planked, in effect having been rebuilt, and having had extensive repairs effected to machinery and boilers, and also being elegantly furnished and painted, will takes her place on the route, leaving Indiantown on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at nine o'clock. Returning, to leave Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at eight o'clock. Steamer Acadia running on the alternate days as above. Our usual popular excursions to Hampstead and intermediate points, "out of the Hurly Burly," on Wednesdays and Saturdays, up and back same day.
Tickets to Fredericton, etc issued on Saturday at one fare, good to return free on Monday following.
P. S. See our Time Tables with map of River.
R. E. HUMPHREY, Manager.
Office at wharf, Indiantown. Special Agency at H. Chubb & Co's. Prince Wm. street.

HOTELS.

New Victoria Hotel,
248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
J. 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.

C. A. McQUEEN, M. D.
M. R. C. S., Eng.
Office, - - 44½ Coburg Street,
St. John, N. B.

PUSS! PUSS!
You can buy one of our elegant new Clocks, a Turkish Rug, a pair of Lace Curtains, a Caster or almost anything you want, by paying
50 CENTS A WEEK,
NATIONAL SUPPLY CO.,
187 Charlotte street.

PICTOU COAL.
NOW landing ex Maggie Willett, 250 TONS ACADIA MINE PICTOU COAL. This is the best coal known for cooking stoves or ranges.
Also, ex sch. Rondo, 200 Tons Stove or Nut and Chestnut sizes HARD COAL.
For sale by
R. P. McGIVERN,
No. 2 Nelson street.

New Complete Stock to choose from at the
BOSTON SHOE STORE
211 Union St.
Great Bargains Given.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.
ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for H'f'x and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Fa Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	20.10
Day Express from Hfx. Pictou . Mulgrave	23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.