MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

MISS CLARE.

BY MARIA L. POOOL.

CHAPTER I.

[CONTINUED.]

All day I had a to-morrow to which to look forward. I confess to the childishness of thinking as often as once every quarter hour that the next day I was to practice shooting with Miss Clare. I believe I should not have had occasion to accuse myself of this had I been anywhere else than in this solitary place, where there were but few outside influences to intrude themselves upon me. I had seen but two carriages upon the road since my arrival there, and after my morning gallop over long stretches of brown field, I had nothing to do but read, write and think. I was often in the mood at that period of my life, when, if I was idle for any length of time, my thoughts became as errant as my material nature was slothful; they would persist in wandering to that which they liked best. Now my emotions or my roused interest were the waymarks, all pointing to the path my thoughts should take—everything made me think, almost with a painful exclusiveness, of Miss Clare. I had nearly reached my thirtieth year, and I could not lay to extreme youth a concentration of thought which I had never before experienced in regard to a woman.

A leaden flow of the blood through my veins, a heavy thudding of my temples when I went to bed that night, gave promise of something beside an accurate eye and true aim for the morning. The next day's sunlight, when it came in on my face through the window, fell with cruel brightness upon eyes which had not slept through the night. I felt that I was either very ill or was getting ready to be so. I was determined to rise and go down stairs, however, and after repeated failures I at length succeeded in dressing, and when I had rested awhile I started for the stairway. How I ever got down those stairs I never knew, but I fainted dead away at the bottom. I remember, when the first sensation of faintness came upon me, that my mind framed a curse that my man's strength should have left me. Before I could shape my lips to utter the imprecation they were powerless to do so. A sprinkling of water on my face and a wet hand on my forehead were the first sensations of returning consciousness. Before I had power to open my eyes I hoped the hand was Miss Clare's. I had a dim idea that it was soft, and, consequently, must be hers.

I opened my eyes, and in the dusky light of the passageway I saw that Miss Clare was beside me.

"We shall not shoot this morning, shall we, Mr. Perrom, since you are so provoking as to be ill?" was the first remark she made, softly bathing my forehead in the meantime.

"Perhaps we shall," I said, writhing from her hand. "This accursed faintness may pass away in a little while."

I ground my teeth in a rage at my incapability.

"The sickness will hardly go away today, I think. Can you rise?" she asked.

"I think so."

I made a cumbersome movement to stand up, but should have fallen if the effort had not Miss Clare taken my hands and assisted me. Ill and half confused as I was, I vividly felt the firm, warm clasp of her slender fingers. It was the first time our hands had met. Conscious of the present wish that they might never more be strangers, I said, faintly and earnestly:

"I really hope, Miss Clare, that you are as sorry as I that I cannot accompany you this morning—and that is hoping a great deal."

I leaned against the lower part of the balusters, and looked through the dim light at my companion. It seemed to me that her haughty mouth was softened somewhat—that her eyes were less distant in their splendor. She was going to be kind to the sick man, however she might be to him when he was well.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Perrom; more sorry that you are ill. I am afraid you have over exerted yourself in some way. Perhaps you have written too much; I have guessed that you write a great deal."

There was so enchanting, subtle a sweetness in her voice, that I acknowledged to myself, as I weakly stood, supported by the stair case, that I would willingly endure an illness for the sake of hearing it. Those tones murmured in all cadences through my wild dreams for the next few weeks. Musical and kind as were her words, I could not but own that it was not a music for me alone; it was not the exclusive harmony for one heart only—it was the kindness of her womanly nature toward all suffering, and she was so gifted as to be able to display it more bountifully than some women.

"Though I have written much," I said, "I cannot accuse myself of over exertion. If I have offended against the laws of health, it has been unconsciously."

She came a step nearer and said, somewhat hastily:

"I do not know why I have allowed you to stand so long in this cold hall. You should have known better. Allow me to assist you to your room; then I will send Mrs. Jerdan to attend to you. Now try to get up these stairs; take my arm—lean heavily; do not fear—I am strong."

I obeyed her implicitly; had I wished to do otherwise, I had not the power. At every other step I stopped and sternly, intensely tried to steady my quivering limbs and swimming head. It was useless—I could not do it. At one of these pauses Miss Clare looked at me attentively and said:

"It's of no use—you can't succeed; not because you have not the will, but because your will partakes of the weakness of your physical nature. Yield, throw aside your pride, and humbly wait till nature recuperates herself."

I did not answer till I reached my own door; then, as I rested before entering, I said:

"It is hardly consistent for you to advise like that."

"How do you know?" with a surprise that appeared to have a little alarm in it.

"By your face," I said.

She looked relieved, and turned to go. I called her back.

"You must be brief," she remonstrated; "I don't want to have you fainting again."

"I only wanted to ask you, in case I am unconscious, not to allow Mrs. Jerdan to have a physician here who is very ignorant. I have little faith in country doctors—not much in any. You'll know by his appearance if he's a quack. Prescribe for me yourself, rather than allow such to attend me. You promise?"

I held out my unsteady hand. She took it and said, "I promise;" then ran down stairs for Mrs. Jerdan. I staggered into my room and fell upon the bed, utterly in the grasp of that unseen, strange power of disease. The next month is not a blank to me, though but for a few blessed memories I should pray that it might be so. There were some moments of calm, moments when I opened my weary eyes in realization of everything around me. Twice I saw Miss Clare sitting near; she gave me back an answering look of intelligence to that which she saw in my face. I did not speak, I had not the slightest wish to do so. I closed my eyes with a feeling of deep and entire relief, for, while I realized her presence, I feared no more the incubus of fever.

The days of convalescence at last dawned upon me. Sleep, the merciful and all-healing, smiled upon my tired soul. There were days when it seemed to me that I slept nearly all the time—slept with a sense of quiet bliss that made me wish for nothing beyond the present.

When I fell into the habit of lying peacefully awake for several hours, I noticed that the doctor came every day. I thought him a quiet, reliable man, who appeared to understand his business. I secretly wondered if his was the obscure fate of practicing in the little village near by. As soon as I had sufficient energy and strength to talk, I asked him where he lived.

"In M.," mentioning a city about thirty miles away.

"Do you come from there every day?" I asked.

"Yes; why not?"

I did not reply, but inquired eagerly, "Who sent for you?"

"I don't know. I only know for whom I was sent." He smiled tantalizingly and went out.

I had not seen Miss Clare since the fever left me. The next time Mrs. Jerdan came in I asked if Miss Clare would come up a moment. She had gone to walk, Mrs. Jerdan replied; she would give her my message when she returned.

I lay dreamily waiting for her coming, my vasted fingers aimlessly playing with the counterpane, folding and unfolding, doubling and undoubling, with the restless wandering of a sick person.

At last—my heart beat heavier as I heard it—a faint rustle of garments in the passage, and Miss Clare opened the door. She advanced with quiet tread to my side, and took a hand of mine in hers. My weakened frame felt the revivifying effect of the vital life and electricity in her, as my hand closed round her fingers. I had not sufficient control over thyself to prevent my eyes from eagerly devouring her face. Her eyelids drooped beneath my gaze. She smiled and spoke:

"So, Mr. Perrom, you think yourself sufficiently recovered to receive a visitor?"

"I think myself well enough to receive you," I said, feebly detaining the hand she attempted to withdraw.

"As I get better, I grow curious," I continued, relinquishing with a smothered sigh the fingers that lay passively in mine.

"Yes, I think your nature is essentially inquisitive," she said, sitting down in a low chair near me. "Do you desiroaus information that I can give you?"

"How came you to know of this physician from M.?" I asked, half fearing that it might have been Mrs. Jerdan who had procured him. She replied directly:

"A friend of mine in Boston has great faith in him; so, after one interview with the doctor over there in the village, I sent to M.; I hope you are favorably impressed by him, for I think he has done very well by you."

"And you didn't like the village doctor?"

"Like him!" with a slight laugh, "he would have bled and blistered you to death; and, as you placed your life in my hands, I felt some compunctions. Though not so tender hearted as I should be, I would be willing to leave only my enemy in the hands of an ignorant quack."

Her voice sounded so refreshing, so musical, after my long banishment, that I would willingly have had her talk hours, even had she spoken nothing but the veriest insipidities. She sat by a small light stand, on which stood a few vials and a glass; she rested one arm on the stand, and bent slightly forward as she spoke; her position one of easy, faultless grace; her form, in its soft, dun-hued dress, was elegant and bewitching in its curve; the faint fragrance that hung around her stole sweetly upon my senses; and her face—what strange happiness it gave me only to look at her face again! Those large eyes looked quietly at me, or glanced casually about the room. In them lay the wonderful power of her face; in them lay quiescent the fire and sweetness of her soul—the terrible anger and unfathomable kindness of her nature. I say, too, that her mouth was another index to her temperament; that its proud lips betokened the furious volcanic disposition, which was probably an inheritance, and which she had never learned to control.

At length, I roused myself and spoke:

"I am very grateful to you, Miss Clare. When I regain a little of my former strength, I will try to tell you how thankful I am; for I did not wish to die."

She rose and moved toward the door.

"You are very weak now, and you exaggerate. Have you any message for Mrs. Jerdan?"

"None. Don't desert me in my convalescence, will you?"

"You'll soon be able to desert us," she said, with her hand on the door and a smile on her face.

"But I shall not have the will," I cried.

"Well, good-by." She was in the passage now.

"Good-by," I groaned, rather than said, for all the light seemed leaving the room.

CHAPTER II.

Now that I commenced to live again I grew rapidly better. The pulse of health bounded freer and stronger every day. In my inmost heart I acknowledged that to my illness I owed a nearer approach to Miss Clare than I could have effected in that time by usual intercourse. And, contradictorily, I was discontented and unhappy in thinking so. She had been kind to the invalid; it had now become my dearest hope of happiness that she might some day be kind to the man simply for his own sake.

While I was imprisoned in my room I saw Miss Clare only once or twice; but when I got below stairs and could walk up and down at the sunny side of the house, I insisted upon Miss Clare's accompanying me, and flatly refused to go without her. At first I was sadly afraid she would resist—I saw signs of it in her eyes—and I was already preparing to maintain my request, when she suddenly yielded and gracefully went with me.

The ground was frozen stiff, icicles hung on the old well sweep, and the dying sycamore looked wilder and more melancholy than ever. I shuddered with an undefinable dread of something evil to come. I looked at Miss Clare. She was gazing absently at the clear, far off sky—that steely, beautiful sky which sometimes seems so far away from us. Her face was reserved and sad; not sarcastic, as I had feared it might be. I had thought of numberless things to say to her, while I sat alone in my room; now they all left me, and I spoke in an indifferent tone.

"Now that our New England winter has really set in, I suppose you will be returning to the gayeties of your home."

She turned toward me and spoke quickly:

"Of my home?"

"Yes—of Boston," I replied, a little surprised at the peculiar expression of her face and the ironical ring in her tone. "You will prove false to feminine nature by staying away from a city home during the winter season."

I saw that I had chosen an unfortunate subject, but some evil whispering tempted me to continue.

"Are you going soon?" I asked.

The voice in which she replied precluded the possibility of speaking upon that topic again.

"Really, Mr. Perrom, I have not yet decided."

I had called the cynical expression to her face, and there was no more genial kindness that morning. I wondered at my stupidity—I had forced her to walk with me and then studiously made myself disagreeable. I went out alone the next day and every time after.

Soon I resumed my morning horseback excursions, and after one or two of those rides I felt the glorious elixir of health again pulsing in my frame; I was no longer weak; I was once more a man among men.

One cold, still morning in January I took my pistols from their case and entered Mrs. Jerdan's sitting room in search of Miss Clare. She was reading by the fire, and received me with the easy cordiality which sometimes distinguished her, and which appeared entirely at variance with the moods in which she occasionally indulged.

"You remember I promised to teach you to shoot," I said; "I have come to claim my pupil."

Her eyes shone with pleasure. "You are very kind not to forget," she said.

"I must acknowledge it is not a disinterested kindness," I responded, allowing the impulse of my heart to betray itself in my face. I held those eyes to mine for an instant that was forever after remembered by me. Men do not forget the first time the woman beloved comes near to them in one full glance. She did not give me back the passion that burned in my eyes; the language I read was that of surprised inquiry, not of repellant scorn that despised its discovery.

We went out toward the field where she had left her target still nailed to the tree. No merciful premonition of that which was to come gave me warning to turn back with the girl who walked with me. Happily we went on. Over Miss Clare's face was the soft pride that so enthralled me. Gentler, more kind than I had ever before seen them, her eyes seemed as she talked; in their gray deeps a luminous shadow seemed to dwell that baffled while it drew me on. I loved her entirely, devotedly, with heart and soul and strength, and now I only waited the opportunity to tell her what she might have seen.

"I am going to astonish you," she said, as she took her place to shoot, and fired with the same careless air which I had noticed before. The result showed her improvement.

"You have been practicing." I exclaimed. "It is unfair if you have surpassed your teacher."

As I handed back her pistol after loading it she said in a subdued voice:

"Do you know, it seems as if I were infatuated with this shooting? I have come here day after day—I did not exactly like it, but somehow I could not help it. I believe I am superstitious. It seems, Mr. Perrom, that some demon has impelled me to perfect myself in this unwomanly pastime. I have shuddered as I think of some horrible object to

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Letter That Came

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

Mother (to daughter who is about to be married)—"There is one thing I have forgotten to teach you, my dear." It is most important. " Daughter—"What, mamma?" Mother—"I must show you where a man's pockets are situated."—Town Topics.

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

As a Highlander was walking along the side of the river Thames one day a Cockney, came across to him and says, "Hi, Scotty, fix up the Highland fling." Scotty takes him by the cuff of the neck and the seat of the unmentionables, and chucks him into the water, and cries, "That pe ta Hieland Fling, noo than."

Eighty Per Cent.

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

Free Rum or Cider—Which?

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

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

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone
And muses on the faces of friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes.
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish in the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dream over is a luxury divine,
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow vine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
Float out from my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump, she loved me"—that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But to write the tender verses that she sat the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should to her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb,
They should not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there.
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Chicago Tribune.

Thought He Was a Peddler.

A well known lawyer started for his north side home about dusk one evening last week. He thought he needed exercise, so he concluded to walk over. He had with him a ladies' work basket, he was carrying home to his wife. He struck Dearborn avenue and hastened north at a rapid gate. He was looking straight ahead, and after he had gone a few blocks he noticed a stylishly dressed lady slight from a handsome equipage and run hurriedly up the steps of a house. He thought he noticed her drop something, and when he reached the sidewalk in front of the house where the carriage had stood he looked down and discovered a fat purse. Picking it up he tripped up the steps and rang the door bell, the lady having been admitted before he came up. His ring was answered in a moment by a neat maid, whom he asked if the lady of the house was in.

The lady evidently heard the question, as she stepped at once to the door. He was about to return the pocketbook she had dropped, when she noticed the basket in his hand and blurted out: "No, we don't want anything." Then she slammed the door in his face. He wanted to explain, but it wounded his pride to be taken for a peddler, and he tucked the pocketbook in his pocket and proceeded on his way home.

On his way down town in the morning the gentleman stopped again at the lady's house to return the pocketbook. His wife had not been satisfied with the work-basket he had brought home with him, and he carried it along to exchange for another.

It happened that when he rang the bell of the house, the number of which he had carefully noted the day before, the lady herself was in the hall. She hastened to the door and when she saw the man and the basket again she petulantly exclaimed, "I told you last night, sir, that we wanted nothing," and for the second time she slammed the door in his countenance. This made him hot. When he reached his office he put the pocketbook in a sealed envelope and tucked it away in his safe. For a whole week afterward the lady advertised in all of the papers for her lost wealth. At last the lawyer addressed her a note, asking her to call at his office. When she came he sat her down, explained all the circumstances to her, and then handed over her pocketbook. It contained $351. Now it is a safe bet that when a man who looks like a canvasser rings her door bell she will search her pockets before she turns him away.—Chicago Herald.

How It Is Done in Mexico.

"Like the alcalde of Lagos," Como et alcalde de Lagos, is an expression current throughout a large part of Mexico to denote any trying or ludicrous position that a man is placed in because both his hands are full. The story runs:

Once went an alcalde of Lagos to church. And in his right hand he carried his staff of office, and as he entered the church he lifted off and held in his left hand his hat. Then he sought to put the holy water upon his forehead; but this he could not do, for both his hands were full. Then in a while a bold resolve entered his heart, and he plunged his head into the font.

Before the plaza that is in the midst of the town of Lagos was set in order, as it now is, there was in the middle of it a deep and wide hole. And this hole caused the town council (ayuntamiento) much concern, for they perceived that it was a dangerous place, into which the unwary might fall in the dark and be killed or maimed. So a meeting of the council was called, and it was decided that the hole should be filled. And to get earth to fill it a hole was dug beside it. And, behold, when it was full there was a new hole, as deep and as wide as that which was filled! Then in the same way did they set about filling the new hole, and again was the same result, only now the hole no longer was in the middle of the plaza, but over at the side of it in the street that goes out toward the north. And again they filled it, and so continued, until at last the hole was far out in the northern suburb of the town. And there they suffered the hole to remain, for there it did no harm.—Scribner's Magazine.

Old Lady—"What's the matter, little boy?" Street Urchin—(whimpering)—"Fraid." Old Lady—"Afraid! Well, I do declare! I didn't know you street gamins were ever afraid of anything, seen or unseen, in this world or the next." Street Urchin—"Y—e—s, we're 'fraid of—of each other."

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

Of the Christians in Jerusalem who were scattered abroad by the persecution in that city it is said that they "went everywhere preaching the Word." They did for personal safety, but they did not stop preaching. The actual result of the persecution was just the opposite of that intended. What was meant for evil God overruled for good.—Independent.

Sabbath prayers be offered for the president of the United States. Other churches are too negligent in this matter. Prayer for our rulers should be offered usually in the Sunday service.—Independent.

A Feeble Failure.

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

The worst form of writer's cramp is being cramped for funds.

No blow the wind can give will cause a break of day.

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

Try to Benefit Others.

"I had a very bad pain in my side, of which one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil made a complete cure. I would think this may be of some benefit to those who read it." A. R. T. Walker, 44½ High St., City. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a specific for all inflammatory pain.

Nature has evidently got her face dead set against the "beautiful snow" poets this season.

The railway sandwich is an instance where they never succeed in making ends meet.

A Life of Ease.

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

A little boy who had been used to receiving his elder brother's old toys and clothes recently asked, "Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

The petroleum millionaire is a man with a pot of money, a grease pot, so to speak.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Section of Railway between Annapolis and Digby.

TENDER FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION

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

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

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

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

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

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Spring Arrangement.
TWO TRIPS —A— WEEK.

ON MONDAY, March 4th, the steamers of this Company will leave Saint John, MONDAY, and THURSDAY for Eastport, Portland and Boston at 8 a. m., local.

From March 12th to April 20th will leave Saint John, every TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a. m.

And Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 3.30 a. m., and Portland 5.30 p. m. same day, for Eastport and Saint John.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
tel. sun. Agent.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.
(LIMITED.)

THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," Fleming Master, will sail from St. John, for Digby and Annapolis until further notice, on

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

at 7.45 a. m., returning same day, commencing Wednesday, 27th inst.

St. John, N. B.,
March 23rd 1889.
TROOP & SON
Managers.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Ladies' Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK.

For the Benefit of the Consumers of Electric Light.

WE propose to reduce the price of our Electric Lights to 25 cents per night or $75 per year.

It has just come to our knowledge that the Gas Company are personally canvassing our customers and offering to furnish lights less than our regular prices. We would beg to notify the consumers of Electric Light and the public that we are prepared to compete in all cases.

THE CALKIN ELECTRIC CO.

CHOICE PERFUMES
Just received a full assortment
—OF—
Lubins, Atkinson's, Gosnell's Ect, in small bottles.
—ALSO—
A complete stock of first quality of
PERFUMES IN BULK.
Prices low.
WILLIAM B. McVEY
CHEMIST,
185 Union St., St. John N. B.

CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK
FOR
1889.

Madam! See what **15 Cents** will do! It will bring you a sample copy of CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will tell you how to get the SEALSKIN SACQUE, the SILK DRESS, the GOLD WATCH and COTTAGE ORGAN, and other valuables, without a dollar.

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to "CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK MAGAZINE" for America.

For 1889 it will contain:—Fashions in Colors, Fashions in black and white; latest from Europe. Original Novelties in Needle Work and Embroidery. Latest and most popular Music. Plans for the house you want to build. Directions for decorating your home. Cookery and household help, by Mrs. CHAS. HOPE, teacher in several fashionable New York academies, and selected by the Board of Education for the New York Public Schools. Literary entertainments by NELLY BLY, *who got herself locked up in a insane asylum to find out how they treated the insane*, ELLA BODMAN CHURCH, EMILY LENNOX, OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, MRS. HEATHAND, EDGAR FAWCETT, DAVID LOWRY, etc.

Every Lady Her Own Dressmaker

who subscribes to Codey's Lady's Book. The [coupon] which you will find in each number entitles you to your own selection of any cut paper pattern illustrated in Codey's Lady's Book. Your 15c. Sample Copy will contain one of these coupons. **Send 15 cents for Sample, which will be allowed on your subscription when received.** The pattern shows you how to cut out the garment you want. That's all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number, for which send **15c.** at once. **"Codey"** is only **$2.00** a year.

Address "CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," Philadelphia, Pa.

J. W. MASURY & SON'S
Superfine Carriage Paints
—AND—
Pure Colors in Oil and Water Colors,
At very low prices.
Alabastine for Walls and Ceilings.
W. H. THORNE & CO.
Market Square.

NOTICE.

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

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

Price List on application.

W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the *Double Washboard.*

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

W. W.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS.

PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:
323 Blackadar, Fred., Crockery, Union street.
330 Bowman, I. C., residence, King Street East.
325 Carritte, deR., Commission Agent, Water street.
286 C. P. R. Telegraph Co., Prince Wm. street.
328 Dunbrack, H., residence, Wright street, Portland.
329 Gleason & Morrison, Coal, Smythe street.
324 Lynch, J. P., Commission Merchant, Market street.
315 McAvenney, Dr. A. F., Charlotte street.
326 Macaulay Bros. & Co., Dry Goods, King street.
190 McAvity, Geo., residence, Princess street.
92 Smith, George F., residence Union street.
334 Simonds, E. I., residence, Waterloo street.
327 Straton, James, residence, Hazen street.
332 The Calkin Electric Co., Princess street.
322 Vassie, o. & Co., Dry Goods, King street.
319 Vassie, W., residence, Mecklenburg street.

A. W. McMackin,
Local Manager.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

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

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

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

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

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 50
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.
(CALAIS RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect 1 Jan. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Bangor.
3.35 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.
8.30 p.m—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle, Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.
10.00 a.m—From Fredericton and intermediate points.
4.00 p.m—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

LEAVE CARLETON.

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

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a.m—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.
4.10 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen. Manager
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Grand Southern Railway.
ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Buctouche and Moncton Rv.

ON and after MONDAY, Dec. 17th. trains will run as follows:

NO. 1.			NO. 2.		
Lv. Buctouche		8 30	Lv. Moncton		16 00
Little River		8 46	Lewisville		16 04
St. Anthony		9 04	Humphreys		16 08
Cocagne		9 24	Irishtown		16 20
Notre Dame		9 32	Cape Breton		16 40
McDougall's		9 38	Scotch Settl.		16 48
Scotch Sett.		9 50	McDougall's		17 00
Cape Breton		9 58	Notre Dame		17 16
Irishtown		10 08	Cocagne		17 18
Humphreys		10 30	St. Anthony		17 34
Lewisville		10 34	Little River		17 56
Ar. Moncton		10 38	Ar. Buctouche		18 08

C F. HANINGTON,
Manager

W. M. CALDWELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office and Residence
LANCASTER ROAD.
Fairville.

G. T. WHITENECT,
157 Brussels Street.
HOUSE, SHIP, SIGN, AND DECORATIVE PAINTER.

Paper Hanging,