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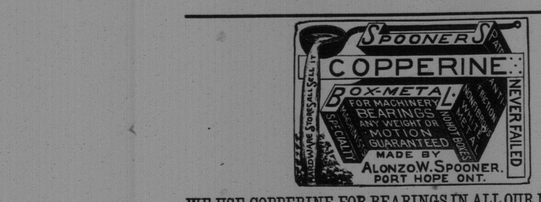

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NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.
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Sheridan's Condition Powder
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DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

BURDOCK PILLS
SUGAR COATED
A SURE CURE
FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

C. H. S. JOHNSTON,
House and Sign Painter;
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22 North Market street.
All orders promptly attended to.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE ISLAY BLEND
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
WHISKY,
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VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.
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CIGARETTES.

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

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Paradise Row, Portland, St. John.

NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY
—AND—
Railway Car Works,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Railway Cars of Every Description,
"PEARLESS" STEEL TYRES,
CHILLED CAR WHEELS.
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Steam Engines and Mill Machinery
The Improved Lowell Turbine Water Wheel, Ship Castings, Pumps, Bridge and Fence Castings, etc., etc.
Portland Rolling Mill,
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Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

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Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.
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CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.
BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.
LARGE BOTTLES!
POWERFUL REMEDY!
MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 CENTS.
Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James F. Wanamake, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and the Province of New Brunswick, formerly of the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, Farmer, and Mary M., his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and made between the said James F. Wanamake and Mary M., his wife, of the one part, and Mary A. Stead, of the said City of Saint John, widow, of the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Kings, in Book I, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 388, 389, 390 and 391, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-second day of February, A. D., 1890, at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called), on Prince William street, in the said City of Saint John, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows:—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant from the crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, by No. 16578 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block C., thence North fifty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number two in block C." together with all and singular the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEAD,
Mortgagee.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last, Will and Testament of John Robinson, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McCorley is Defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and front upon the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McCorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say, Commencing at the Northwest corner of a Lot of Land owned by the said John McCorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-east corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with Germain Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of said John McCorley's Lot; thence Northerly along said West line of said John McCorley's Lot one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making a piece of Land one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of Lot number (823) having been conveyed by Christopher Smiler to said John McCorley by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Records of deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
Referee in Equity.

J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
T. B. HANINGTON,
Auctioneer.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
I have a good stock of fall goods for Ladies, Gents and Children.
Call and Examine.
W. L. TILL,
Trinity Block, 108 King St.

WHAT'S GOING ON FOR MANY MILES AROUND
One of the BEST Telescopes I ever saw. FREE
THE EYE AYE MORE
FREE
OUR NEW Gold Filled Watch Given Away! $60.00 value. $50 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases, which ladies and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One PERSON in each locality can secure one together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 518, Portland, Maine.

the fifteth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as it easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, with our experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 342, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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"ATHLETE"
—AND—
"DERBY"
CIGARETTES
The Sweetest of the Sweet.
The Purest of the Pure,
The Finest of the Fine,
The Cheapest—The Best.

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.

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

THE MYSTERY
—OF A—
HANSOM CAB.

By FERGUS W. HUME.

SYNOPSIS.

The Argus newspaper of Saturday, 28th July, 18—, contained the report of an extraordinary murder. A cabman, Malcom Royston, had driven up to the police station early on the morning previous with the body of a murdered man. He had been employed, he said, by a gentleman in evening dress to drive the deceased, who was at the time under the influence of liquor, to his home St. Kilda. The gentleman, on placing the inebriate in his cab left, but almost immediately returned, entered the cab and drove some distance When he alighted he gave the driver directions to proceed further. Later the driver discovered that his passenger was dead; that a white silk handkerchief saturated with chloroform had been tied over his mouth. Then follows the inquest.

Samuel Gorby, detective, takes the case in hand. He comes to the conclusion that the man had been murdered for some unknown article he carried about with him. Notices advertisement in paper a week later for Oliver Whyte, who has failed to turn up at his lodging house. The detective calls at the house and discovers the murdered man to be Whyte. Learns also that Whyte was a stranger in the city; that he was engaged to an heiress; that he had a friend Mr. Moreland, with whom he had quarrelled on her account, and who answered the description of the man last seen with Whyte, and reasonably concludes that a woman has some connection with the affair.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. GORBY MAKES FURTHER DISCOVERIES.

When Mr. Gorby left Possum Villa no doubt remained in his mind as to who had committed the murder. The gentleman in the light coat had threatened to murder Whyte, even in the open street—these last words being especially significant—and there was no doubt that he had carried out his threat. What the detective had now to do was to find who the gentleman in the light coat was, where he lived, and, having found out these facts, ascertain his doings on the night of the murder. Mrs. Hableton had described Mr. Moreland, husband of his name, and her very vague description might apply to dozens of young men in Melbourne. There was only one person who, in Mr. Gorby's opinion, could tell the name of the gentleman in the light coat, and that was Moreland, the intimate friend of the dead man. What puzzled the detective was that Moreland should be ignorant of his friend's tragic death, seeing that the papers were full of the murder, and that the reward gave an excellent description of the personal appearance of the deceased. The only way in which Gorby could account for Moreland's extraordinary silence was that he was out of town, and had neither seen the papers nor heard any one talking about the murder. If this was the case he might either stay away for an indefinite time or might come back after a few days. At all events it was worth while going down to St. Kilda in the evening on the chance that Moreland might have returned to town and would call and see his friend. So, after his tea, Mr. Gorby put on his hat and walked down to Possum Villa on what he could not help acknowledging to himself was a very slender possibility.

Mrs. Hableton opened the door for him, and in silence led the way into her own sitting room.

They were barely seated when a knock came at the front door, loud and decisive, on hearing which Mrs. Hableton sprang hastily to her feet. "That may be Mr. Moreland," she said. "I never have visitors in the evenin', bein' a lone widder, and if it is 'im I'll bring 'im in 'ere."

She went out, and presently Gorby, who was listening intently, heard a man's voice ask if Mr. Whyte was at home. "No, sir, he ain't," answered the landlady, "but there's a gentleman in his room askin' after 'im. Won't you come in, sir?"

"For a rest, yes," returned the visitor, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Hableton appeared, ushering in the late Oliver Whyte's most intimate friend. He was a tall, slender man, with a pink and white complexion, curly fair hair, and a drooping straw colored mustache—altogether a strikingly aristocratic individual. He was well dressed in a fashionable suit of check, and had a cool, nonchalant air about him.

"And where is Mr. Whyte to-night?" he asked, sinking into a chair, and taking no more notice of the detective than if he had been an article of furniture.

"Haven't you seen him lately?" asked the detective, quickly. Mr. Moreland stared in an insolent manner at his questioner for a few moments, as if he were debating the advisability of answering or not. At last he apparently decided that he would, for slowly pulling off one glove he leaned back in his chair.

"No, I have not," he said, with a yawn. "I have been up the country for a few days, and only arrived back this evening, so I have not seen him for over a week. Why do you ask?"

The detective did not answer, but stood looking at the young man before him in a thoughtful manner.

"I hope," said Moreland, nonchalantly, "I hope you will know me again, my friend; but I didn't know Whyte had started a lunatic asylum during my absence. Who are you?"

Mr. Gorby came forward and stood under the gaslight. "My name is Gorby, sir, and I am a detective," he said quietly.

"Ah! indeed," said Moreland, coolly looking him up and down. "What has Whyte been doing, running away with some one's wife, eh? I know he has little weaknesses of that sort."

Gorby shook his head.

"Do you know where Mr. Whyte is to be found?" he asked cautiously.

Moreland laughed.

"Not I, my friend," said he lightly. "I presume he is somewhere about here, as these are his headquarters. What's he been doing? Nothing that can surprise me, I assure you—he was always an erratic individual, and"——

"He paid reg'ler," interrupted Mrs. Hableton, pursing up her lips.

"A most enviable reputation to possess," answered the other with a sneer, "and one I'm afraid I'll never enjoy. But why all this questioning about Whyte? What's the matter with him?"

"He's dead!" said Gorby, abruptly.

All Moreland's nonchalance vanished on hearing this, and he started up out of his chair.

"Dead," he repeated mechanically. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Mr. Oliver Whyte was murdered in a hansom cab."

Moreland stared at the detective in a puzzled sort of way, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Excuse me, my head is in a whirl," he said, as he sat down again. "Whyte murdered! He was all right when I left him nearly two weeks ago."

"Haven't you seen the papers?" asked Gorby.

"Not for the last two weeks," replied Moreland. "I have been up country, and it was only on arriving back in town to-night that I heard about the murder at all, as my landlady gave me a garbled account of it, but I never for a moment connected it with Whyte, and came down here to see him, as I had agreed to do when I left. Poor fellow! poor fellow! poor fellow!" and much overcome, he buried his face in his hands.

Mr. Gorby was touched by his evident distress, and even Mrs. Hableton permitted a small tear to roll down one hard cheek as a tribute of sorrow and sympathy. Presently Moreland raised his head, and spoke to Gorby in a husky tone.

"Tell me all about it," he said, leaning his cheek on his hand. "Everything you know."

He placed his elbows on the table, and buried his face in his hands again, while the detective sat down and related all that he knew about Whyte's murder. When it was done he lifted up his head, and looked sadly at the detective.

"If I had been in town," he said, "this would not have happened, for I was always beside Whyte."

"You knew him very well, sir?" said the detective, in a sympathetic tone.

"We were like brothers," replied Moreland, mournfully. "I came out from England in the same steamer with him, and used to visit him constantly here."

Mrs. Hableton nodded her head to imply that such was the case.

"In fact," said Mr. Moreland, after a moment's thought, "I believe I was with him the night he was murdered."

Mrs. Hableton gave a slight scream, and threw her apron over her face, but the detective sat unmoved, though Moreland's last remark had considerably startled him.

"What's the matter?" said Moreland, turning to Mrs. Hableton. "Don't be afraid; I didn't kill him; no, but I met him last Thursday week, and I left for the country on Friday morning at half-past 6."

"And what time did you meet Whyte on Thursday night?" asked Gorby.

"Let me see," said Moreland, crossing his legs and looking thoughtfully up to the ceiling, "it was about half-past 9 o'clock. I was in the Orient hotel, on Bourke street. We had a drink together and then went up the street to a hotel in Russell street, where we had another. In fact," said Moreland, coolly, "we had several other drinks."

"Yes," said Gorby, placidly. "Go on."

"Well of—it's hardly the thing to confess it," said Moreland, looking from one to the other with a pleasant smile, "but in a case like this, I feel it my duty to throw all social scruples aside. We both got very drunk."

"Ah! Whyte was, as we know, drunk when he got into the cab—and you——?"

"Was not quite so bad as Whyte," answered the other. "I had my senses about me. I fancy he left the hotel some minutes before 1 o'clock on Friday morning."

"And what did you do?"

"I remained in the hotel. He left his overcoat behind him, and I picked it up and followed him shortly afterward to return it. I was too drunk to see what direction he had gone in, and stood leaning against the hotel door in Bourke street with the coat in my hand. Then some one came up, and, snatching the coat out of my hand, made off with it, and the last thing I remember was shouting out, 'Stop, thief!' Then I must have fallen down, for next morning I was in bed with all my clothes on, and they were very muddy. I got up and left town for the country by the 6:30 train, so I knew nothing about the matter until I came back to Melbourne to-night. That's all I know."

"And you had no impression that Whyte was watched that night?"

"No, I had not," answered Moreland, frankly. "He was in pretty good spirits, though he was put out at first."

"What was the cause of his being put out?"

Moreland arose, and, going to a side table, brought Whyte's album, which he laid on the table and opened in silence. The contents were very much the same as the photographs in the room, burlesque actresses and ladies of the ballet predominating; but Mr. Moreland turned over the pages still nearly the end, when he stopped at a large cabinet photograph, and pushed the album toward Mr. Gorby.

"That was the cause," he said.

It was the portrait of a charmingly pretty girl, dressed in white, with a sailor hat on her fair hair, and holding a lawn tennis racket. She was bending half forward, with a winning smile, and in the background was a mass of some tropical plants. Mrs. Hableton gave a cry of surprise at seeing this.

"Why, it's Miss Prettiby," she said. "How did he know her?"

"Knew her father—letters of introduction, and all that sort of thing," said Mr. Moreland, glibly.

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Gorby slowly "so Mr. Whyte knew Mark Prettiby, the millionaire; but how did he obtain a photograph of the daughter?"

"She gave it to him," said Moreland. "The fact is, Whyte was very much in love with Miss Prettiby."

"And she"——

"Was in love with some one else," finished Moreland.

"Exactly."

"Yes, she loved a Mr. Brian Fitzgerald, to whom she is now engaged. He was mad on her, and Whyte and he used to quarrel over the young lady desperately."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Gorby. "And do you know this Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered the other, coolly. "Whyte's friends were not mine. He was a rich young man who had good introductions. I am only a poor devil on the outskirts of society, trying to push my way in the world."

"You know his personal appearance, of course?" observed Mr. Gorby.

"Oh, yes, I can tell you that," said Moreland. "(In fact, he's not at all unlike me, which I take to be rather a compliment, as he is said to be good looking. He is tall, rather fair, talks in a bored sort of manner, and is altogether what one would call a heavy swell; but you must have seen him," he went on, turning to Mrs. Hableton; "he was here three or four weeks ago, Whyte told me."

"Oh, that was Mr. Fitzgerald, was it?" said Mrs. Hableton, in surprise. "Yes, he was rather like you; and so the lady they quarreled over must have been Miss Prettiby."

"Very likely," said Moreland, rising. "Well, I'm off. Here's my address," putting a card in Gorby's hand. "I'm glad to be of any use to you in this matter, as Whyte was my dearest friend, and I'll do all in my power to help you to find out the murderer."

"I don't think that is a very difficult matter," said Mr. Gorby, slowly.

"Oh, you have suspicions?" said Moreland, looking at him.

"I have."

"Then who do you think murdered Whyte?"

Mr. Gorby paused a moment, and then said deliberately:

"I have an idea—but I am not certain—when I am certain, I'll speak."

"You think Fitzgerald killed my friend," said Moreland. "I see it in your face."

Mr. Gorby smiled. "Perhaps," he said, ambiguously. "Wait till I am certain."

CHAPTER VII.

A WOOL KING.

Mark Prettiby was one of those fortunate individuals who turned everything he touched into gold. His luck was proverbial throughout Australia. If there was any speculation for which Mark Prettiby went in, other men would be sure to follow, and in every case the result turned out as well, and in many cases even better than they expected. He had come out in the early days of the colony with comparatively little money, but his great perseverance and never failing luck had soon changed his hundreds into thousands, and now at the age of 55 he did not himself know the extent of his income. He had large stations scattered all over the colony of Victoria, which brought him in a splendid income; a charming country house, where at certain seasons of the year he dispensed hospitality to his friends, like the lord of an English manor, and a magnificent town house down in St. Kilda, which would not have been unworthy of Park lane.

Nor were his domestic relations less happy He had a charming wife, who was one of the best known and most popular ladies of Melbourne, and an equally charming daughter, who, being both pretty and an heiress, naturally attracted crowds of suitors. But Madge Prettiby was capricious, and refused innumerable offers. Being an extremely independent young person, with a mind of her own, as she had not yet seen any one she could love, she decided to remain single, and with her mother continued to dispense the hospitality of the mansion at St. Kilda. But the fairy prince comes to every woman, even if she has to wait a hundred years like the Sleeping Beauty, and in this case he arrived at the appointed time. Ah! what a delightful prince he was, tall, handsome and fair haired, who came from Ireland, and answered to the name of Brian Fitzgerald. He had left behind him in the old country a ruined castle and a few acres of barren land, inhabited by discontented tenants who refused to pay the rent, and talked darkly about the Land league and other disagreeable things. Under these circumstances, with no rent coming in, and no prospect of doing anything in the future, Brian had left the castle of his forefathers to the rats and the family banshee, and came out to Australia to make his fortune. He brought letters of introduction to Mark Prettiby, and that gentleman, having taken a fancy to him, assisted him by every means in his power. Under Prettiby's advice Brian bought a station, and, to his astonishment, in a few years found himself growing rich. The Fitzgeralds had always been more famous for spending than for saving, and it was an agreeable surprise to their latest representative to find the money rolling in instead of out. He began to indulge in castles in the air concerning that other castle in Ireland, with the barren acres and discontented tenants. In his mind's eye he saw the old place rise up in all its pristine splendor out of its ruins; he saw the barren acres well cultivated, and the tenants happy and content—he was rather doubtful on this latter point, but, with the rash confidence of eight-and-twenty, determined to do his best to perform even the impossible. Having built and furnished his castle in the air, Brian naturally thought of giving it a mistress, and this time actual appearance took the place of vision. He fell in love with Madge Prettiby, and having decided in his own mind that she and none other was fitted to grace the visionary halls of his renovated castle, he watched his opportunity and declared himself. She, woman like, coquetted with him for some time, but at last, unable to withstand the impetuosity of her Irish lover, confessed in a low voice, with a pretty smile on her face, that she could not live without him. Whereupon—well—lovers being of a conservative turn of mind, and accustomed to observe the traditional forms of wooing, the result can easily be guessed. Brian hunted all over the jewelers' shops in Melbourne with love like assiduity, and having obtained a ring wherein were set some turquois stones as blue as his own eyes, he placed it on her slender finger, and at last felt that his engagement was an accomplished fact. This being satisfactorily arranged, he next proceeded to interview the father, and had just screwed his courage up to the awful ordeal, when something occurred which postponed the interview indefinitely. Mrs. Prettiby was out driving, when the horses took fright and bolted. The coachman and groom both escaped unhurt, but Mrs. Prettiby was thrown out and killed instantaneously. This was the first really great trouble which had fallen on Mark Prettiby, and he seemed to be stunned by it. Shutting himself up in his room he refused to see any one, even his daughter, and appeared at the funeral with a white and haggard face, which shocked every one. When everything was over, and the body of the late Mrs. Prettiby was consigned to the earth with all the pomp and ceremony which money could give, the bereaved husband rode home and resumed his old life. But he was never the same again. His face, which had always been so genial and bright, became stern and sad. He seldom smiled, and when he did it was a faint, wintry smile, which seemed mechanical. His whole heart seemed centered in his daughter. She became the sole mistress of the St. Kilda mansion, and her father idolized her. She seemed to be the one thing left to him which gave him an interest in life, and had it not been for her bright presence constantly near him, Mark Prettiby would have wished himself lying beside his dead wife in the quiet graveyard, where there is no trouble or care. After a time had elapsed Brian again resolved to ask Mr. Prettiby for the hand of his daughter when for the second time fate interposed. This time it was a rival suitor who made his appearance, and Brian's hot Irish temper rose when he saw another Richmond in the field. The gentleman in question was a Mr. Oliver Whyte, who had come out from England a few months previously, and brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Prettiby, who received him politely as was his custom, and Whyte soon made himself perfectly at home in the St. Kilda mansion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE WORD.

"Write me an epic," the warrior said—
"Victory, valor and glory wed."

"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the knight—
"Prowess, adventure and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—
"Liberty won and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—
"The inner world in the outer reveal."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—
"A lark note waking the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy age,
"Write me a line instead of a page."

The swift years spoke, the poet heard,
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes,
A moment glanced at the starlit skies;

From the lights below to the lights above,
And wrote the one-word poem—Love.
—Wallace Bruce in Blackwood's Magazine.

Experience and Training.

To be a good mechanic, said Sir Benjamin Browne at the recent meeting of the British Scientific association, long training is necessary; and, above all, ability to distinguish good work from inferior work. A regular course of progress from one branch to another should be carefully followed, so as to teach every class of work up to the most difficult. In this national interest of the employer is the same as that of the lad, viz., to learn every step thoroughly, and then pass on to something more difficult. The author contended that a long training in a manufactory is absolutely necessary, and this should be supplemented by theoretical and technical instruction. "It would probably be a great gain to give a lad six or eight months of theoretical teaching after he is out of his apprenticeship. The old fashioned system of apprenticeship, not much shortened, and with very slight modifications, is the only reliable method for either employer or mechanic to learn his business; but, as work has become more scientific and elaborate, it is necessary for any young man who wishes to excel to have a good theoretical and technical training in addition to his factory experience."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Twins, Triplets and Quadruplets.

Twins do not happen more than 800 times a year in a population of 1,000,000, and seldom hit the same family twice. Triplets are rare enough to be curiosities. It is estimated that not one woman in 100,000 has given birth to three children at one time, and, although there is on record in the old medical works the case of a German peasant woman who had twelve children at four births—three each time—and a Michigan woman who is given the credit of having produced a dozen children at five births inside of seven years—quadruplets once, triplets once, twins twice and a lone youngster on the last occasion. Such instances of fecundity are rarer than new planets, and the lady entitled to the cake for having had four children at a birth is not to be found once in a crowd of 300,000 married women. The woman who has given birth to five children at once is alone among 2,000,000 of her kind.—St. Louis Republic.

Measurements of the Great Lakes.

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. —St. Louis Republic.

It Bothered Her.

The Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, of Brooklyn, told a laughable story in the course of his address before the Evangelical alliance. He said that a little Brooklyn girl returned home from Sunday school in a state of mind because she had heard there that Jesus was a Jew. She appealed to her mother for a confirmation of the report.

"Yes, my dear, Jesus was a Jew," said her mother.

"Well, mamma, he was the Son of God, was he not?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well," said the little one, "I don't see how it ever happened that Jesus was a Jew, when God himself is a Presbyterian."—Boston Advertiser.

He Wanted No More Overcoats Stolen.

A story is told of a certain club wag, who, in his numerous visits upon his large circle of friends, had had several overcoats stolen from the hat racks. Accordingly when he called one cold night last winter upon a lady of his acquaintance he was equipped with a long, fine steel chain, which he attached to the "Siberian" after it had been placed upon the rack, and covertly paid out the chain from his trousers pocket to its full length. The end was reached when he took a seat just inside the parlor door. The precaution leaked out later in the evening and the undercurrent cynicism of the scheme quite atoned for the suggestiveness of its carrying out.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Dog Guards the Crossing.

Passing along West Fourth street the other day, while the gates were being lowered at the railroad crossing, I saw an English setter rush in and take his stand by the track. When the gate was down he rose on his haunches and, resting his front paws against the gate, he stood in that position until the train had passed. Turning his head he saw the last car go by, when he dropped on all fours and walked slowly away. I was told that it was his custom whenever he saw the gate being lowered to rush in and guard the crossing, and that he would allow no one to get beneath the gate until the train had gone past. Why he does it I don't know, but he made a very noticeable and pretty picture as he stood there, guarding the gate.—Boston Advertiser.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis is immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure

Johann Most the anarchist who appealed from his sentence of a year's imprisonment and $500 fine, must go to prison. His sentence has been confirmed by the Supreme Court.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Friends of Lounsberry the post office cashier who suicided on Saturday, claim there is no defalcation. Mental depression and domestic troubles are now given as the reasons for the rash act.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

A project is on foot at Quebec to build a bridge across the St. Lawrence at Isle d'Orleans.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

Behring Sea

Contains the great seal of the American Republic, and Burdock Blood Bitters contains the virtues of roots, barks and herbs from our fields and forests, making it a wonderful remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, billiousness, bad blood, scrofula and all skin diseases.

Torments of Toothache.

I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for toothache. I suffered for several days, then I heated my cheek and rubbed the Yellow Oil on it and was immediately relieved. MRS. DAVID G. ARNOTT, Russel, Man.

A Business Report.

Mr. James McCarty, of Rounds & McCarty's Collecting Bureau, Drambo, Ont., states:—"Have used several bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for kidney disorder and find it a wonderful remedy. Previously I had been taking pills, thinking I had liver complaint, but now I am quite well and will always praise B. B. B."

A Winter's Tale.

Last winter my little girl caught a severe cold which lasted all season. I doctored with everything I could get but to no avail. Finally I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and gave her two doses which improved, her and in a week she was entirely cured by its use. MRS. C. NORMAN, Cornell, Ont.

Little Lucy's Luck.

"I had a disease of the skin for which Ma tried everything she could think of but without effect, but the first bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters I tried, I found relief. It gave me great satisfaction." LUCY VENABLES, (age 11,) BOISSVAIN, Man.

First Help for the Wounded.

In all cases of wounds, bruises sores, cuts and sprains prompt action is necessary and the wisdom of those who keep Hagyard's Yellow Oil on hand is demonstrated. It is a prompt, effectual and reliable cure for all injuries, cro