MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

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10 MINUTES TO 12

BY. M. C. McCLELLAND,

Author of "A SELF-MADE MAN," "OBLIVION," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

Dr. Royal, an invalid is in the train en route to Virginia. He has been broken up in a recent railway accident, and is going to his people, explains the conductor. At one of the stations a dairing man jumps his horse from the ferry boat to the shore to catch the train. He succeeds and seats himself near Dr. Royal, who grows weak and is attended by this energetic young man and announces his name as Dr. Hart Royal. The discovery of his patient's identity in name with his own strikes him as peculiar; but he insists upon taking charge of the sick man, who he removes to a hotel at the next station. The patient says he must go on. He is to be married at 12 o'clock next day.

He tells the story of his impending marriage to his cousin Phyllis. The hour is arranged by the will. He asks his physician if he cannot help him. The physician resolves his patient shall marry the lady by proxy and he will be the proxy. The idea is approved by the patient and the proxy starts. The train goes very slowly and there is little time to spare. A buggy is waiting at the station for him, and a gentlemanly lad, the bridesmaid of Spotswood, starts with him for his destination and assures him "We'll make it."

They arrive at the church, in time and as though in a dream Dr. Royal goes through the marriage ceremony with a young lady in a lace draped dress. After the ceremony, as the friends of the bride who think he is the real Dr. Royal approach to offer congratulations he looks at his watch and finds it is just ten minutes to twelve.

On their return trip he finds that the bride is blind. She is on the instant invested with a sacredness greater than enveloped her as the possession of another confided to his honor. He kisses her hands softly, reverently, as a man might touch the sleeping form of his little child.

They are accompanied by Mr. Hart a relative. He tells the ladies the story of the sick man. Mrs. Hart, learning he is a Royal becomes interested, as he must be a relative. She wonders if he can be the son of Philip Royal, who went west, and of Pauline Hart, who was a relative of her husband's. These are the parents of the Dr. Royal who acted as "proxy" in the marriage. They reach the hotel and the patient has died at 10 minutes to 12.

He tries to think the matter over and confides in Mrs. Hart. They decide to keep the matter from the knowledge of Phyllis, the restoration of whose sight seems impaired, may be endangered by any emotion or excitement.

He tells Mrs. Hart he has consulted legal advice and that the marriage with himself is absolutely good, although he thought he was only a proxy, because the other contracting party, did not know it. Royal's distractions are maddening. Phyllis asks that her husband's face shall be the first she shall look upon when her sight is restored. The operation is a success and her eyes are still bandaged.

Royal decides to go away for a time and is talking with Mrs. Hart on the eve of his departure. Phyllis quietly enters the room and startles them by saying "I have seen." Royal replaces the bandage at once, and she says he has so changed she never would have known him. Some days after his departure Royal, while riding from a mining camp and feeling depressed because of no letter from the east, comes upon a man whose leg is broken in two places. He removes the man to his office. He changes his mind so much as to send a telegram. The man advises him when he gets married it is always best to be honest with his wife. Royal receives a letter from Mrs. Hart and, even from Phyllis, who wants him back. He has a nice home secured for his bride. He writes to her telling her the whole story and a week after follows his letter.

[CONTINUED.]

Royal made a jesting reply and went on his way insensibly cheered. His sister's confidence in, his prowess and good fortune inspirited him and caused his naturel buoyancy to reassert itself. So thoroughly did self-confidence return, indeed, that, during a few hours' detention in St. Louis he provided himself with a pretty moss-agate pin for Mrs. Hart and a diamond ring and sweetest for Phyllis.

During the journey eastward Royal conceived, elaborated, and discarded so many interviews with his wife, and of such diverse forms and endings, that his imagination developed rapidly under the exercise. Had he been called on at any moment he could have furnished a dozen thrilling and impossible situations, and still have had power remaining to evolve others,—brand-new and infinitely more complicated. And, as events in this life rarely justify anticipations, not a single one of the predicated situations at all fitted the reality.

An hour after his arrival in Alexandria, Royal left the hotel and proceeded to Mrs. Hart's house with the avowed intention of demanding an interview with that genial lady and, from her, ascertaining how the land lay. So filled was he with this scheme—which appeared to him neat—that when the servant, in response to his inquiry, informed him that Mrs. Hart had gone over to Washington and would not return until the afternoon, he felt as nonplussed as though he had led an ace and had it trumped in the first round.

"Was Mrs. Royal in?"

The servant thought not, but would go and see. Then she ushered him into the parlor and retired with a grinning countenance. She had had substantial cause to regard Dr. Royal with favor during his former visit.

Royal moved restlessly about the room. It was full of signs of feminine occupancy,—pretty bric-a-brac, dainty embroideries, an open piano with a lace handkerchief upon the keys, a fancy work-basket heaped with scraps of silk and ribbon, and dolls of all sizes, in various stages of preparation for a church fair, an open copy of "Hypatia" on a little table, and books here, there, and everywhere.

The street door opened and closed, quick footsteps advanced along the hall, a word or two was exchanged with some one outside the parlor door, and Royal faced around in time to see his wife enter the room.

Could that be Phyllis? He had never pictured her thus, and could scarcely credit his eyes, or believe that they reported a living verity. Slender, radiant, clad still in black from crown to instep, but worn, somehow, differently from his recollection of it, with clear gray eyes alight with pleasure, soft rings of hair clustering about a white forehead, and cheeks aglow with health and exercise, she seemed to Royal a totally new creature.

She advanced at once with outstretched hand and manner totally devoid of embarrassment. It was all very different from that which he had expected; but, by the time he had taken her hand in his, Royal had become conscious that, whatever she might decide in regard to their future relations, there would be no danger of petty misunderstanding or narrow judgment with this woman. He lifted his head and squared his shoulders as though a load had been removed from them.

"When did you come?" she was saying. "This morning?—and you came at once to us. That was charming of you! I only wish Nina had been at home to receive and help to welcome you."

Royal, who for the last second had been perilously near taking her into his arms, recovered himself sufficiently to take the chair she indicated. It was not only that the situation was unexpected, but that she, as she now appeared, was equally unexpected. He sat regarding her helplessly.

"You received my letter?" His tone was experimental.

Phyllis did not answer him directly. She had laid a pair of blue spectacles on the table, and was busily removing her glove.

"I have to wear glasses still out of doors," she informed him, cheerfully. "But in the house I am quite independent of them."

Royal's eyes were on her hands. She had taken off the right glove and was unbuttoning the left. The trimming of her sleeve had caught in a button and was giving her trouble.

"Let me help you," Royal said, and leaned eagerly forward.

She surrendered her hand at once, and he extricated the fastening from its entanglement, and then, in response to an acquiescent glance, drew off the glove. As he did so, his eyes instinctively sought her third finger, and he drew his breath hard: she had taken off her wedding-ring. His hopes fell below freezing-point in an instant. To him it appeared a portent.

"Why did you take it off?"

The words broke from him involuntarily and with a thrill of pain.

"Because it was John's, and I am not his wife."

Then when he would have spoken she checked him by a gesture and turned her truthful eyes full on him:

"Your letter came some days ago, Dr. Royal. I know why you did not write before,—that consideration for me held you back from telling me the story months ago. You would not imperil my chance of sight. I am grateful for your kindness. But I could not discuss the matter with you until you should have spoken of it yourself. I wanted to talk with you about it, so I showed you that you might speak at last."

Royal looked bewildered.

"You knew of the affair before my letter reached you?" he hazarded.

"Yes. I've known the story for months past, Dr. Royal,—ever since a week or two after you went away last December. When I saw you, that last morning, you seemed so unlike John that I could scarcely realize how you could have changed so much. I said nothing to Nina at first, and put the thought aside, but it kept returning. When I spoke to her about it first, she made fun of me, laughed at the idea of your being changed, more than the years would account for, and thought I couldn't see that she was evading and slipping away from the subject. When my eyes got stronger I got out the package of photographs of himself my cousin had sent me from time to time; and only the first of which I had ever seen. None of them were in the least like you, and no stretch of imagination would make them so. You seemed a totally different man. Then I remembered blunders that you had made and which I did not notice at the time,—blunders John couldn't have made. It troubled me: for it was all incomprehensible."

She paused a moment, and Royal, in a dim way realized that it had been hard on her. His conscience smote him.

"One day," Phyllis went on, "Nina left a letter of yours on the table when she had finished reading it aloud. She did not usually leave them around. I slipped the bandage up and looked at the handwriting. It was not a bit like John's. He wrote a delicate student's hand, almost like a woman's, and you use a stub and write with large letters and a heavy stroke. I couldn't endure it any longer then, and made Nina tell me."

"Was that the reason you would not let me come in the spring?" Royal questioned, a light breaking in on him.

"Yes. I wanted to get used to it all, and to learn to separate you from John in my mind. And I wanted to be my very self when we should meet again, besides,—not helpless and dependent any more, but a woman who could take her life into her own hands if need were. Do you understand?"

Royal bent his head. His brain was in a whirl, but it held fast to one joyful fact: she had known the whole story when she had written that note. His heart leaped, but he held himself in check.

"When I learned that John was dead it seemed as though half my life had been broken off and buried with him," the soft voice proceeded. "And I dared not weep for him, even when my heart was aching. That was hard, for there was never a time in my life without the thought of John. It seems strange that he should have continued to care for me so much through all those years,—that he should have shortened his life through trying to provide for me. It makes me feel so guilty, so selfish, that, after my sight began to fail, I should have been more taken up with my own hopes and fears than with thoughts of him,—that I never should have loved him as he deserved to be loved." The voice was wistful and very tender, but the sweet gray eyes were tearless.

Royal rose and came to her, unable any longer to master his emotions. Bending down, he took her hand and raised her to her feet.

"You know it all when you wrote that note,—knew that you were not, and never had been John Royal's wife, but were mine? And you asked me to come to you! Phyllis, do you know what you are doing? Do you know that you are giving me hope of more than forgiveness?"

Her sweet eyes met his in all simplicity, and her hands were not withdrawn from his clasp. She was without the cat-like impulse which leads women to play with men in moments of strong emotion. And in her unworldliness, her lack of self-consciousness, it seemed to her that, so far from having aught to forgive, no woman had been so loved, so honored.

"You have done so much—suffered so much—for me, both you and John. It hardly seems credible that men should so sacrifice themselves to the helplessness of a woman. But"—with a proud uplifting of her head—"you must not let me hamper your life,—must not feel obliged to hold to the marriage. Nina told me what you said. I am so grateful to you that to have you feel yourself bound in any way——"She faltered and broke down, for his eyes were on her eyes, and she could not fail to read their meaning.

With a quick, almost passionate gesture, Royal's arms closed around her and drew her to his breast.

"My own,—my own, at last!" he murmured, bending his face and seeking her lips with his lips. "Do you think I will let you go?—that I can let you go? Never, until death shall part us, my love! my wife!"

* * * * * *

After a while, when they had talked the affair over from beginning to end, and canvassed it exhaustively, Phyllis, twisting and turning around her finger a diamond ring new to the place, said, in a low voice,—

"That marriage with you was legal, I know, and would stand in court, and all that, but, Dr. Royal, you were not in my thoughts during the ceremony, nor afterwards, as yourself. I thought of John. Perhaps it is a woman's fancy, but I wish——" She hesitated.

"You wish what?" Royal questioned' possessing himself of her hand, and merging rapidly into that state of mind in which anything short of half his kingdom appears to a man too paltry to offer the woman of his love.

"To marry you and think of you while I'm doing it." She smiled, and then the blood mounted to her forehead; she turned from him petulantly: "Why did you make me say it? You should have asked me yourself."

"Forgive me, my darling. I should indeed," Royal admitted, penitently. "A man's a blundering simpleton at best, and when he's in love and very happy he's like a creature dazzled. I ask you now,—a hundred times! I'll get the preacher and the ring this very evening."

But Phyllis shrank from such precipitation. They must consult with Nina and see what she thought best. And she did want another ring. John had faithfully loved her, and had been, moreover, the means of their union: it would be heartless and ungrateful to shut him out altogether. She would marry Dr. Royal with her cousin's ring or none at all.

And so it was arranged.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE YAWNING GRAVE ROBBED OF ITS PREY!

A Condition That Seemed Desperate and Hopeless!

TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND MUST PREVAIL!

A Lady's Tale of Suffering.

The thriving and flourishing town of Paris, Ont., now an important manufacturing centre, is at present considerably agitated concerning a most remarkable cure recently effected. The lady, who was snatched from the brink of the yawning grave, is well known, and the truthfulness of her statements vouched for by the pastor of her church.

In connection with this wonderful event, we may remark that aids such as mesmerism, hypnotism or electricity were not sought or used; neither was the lady, in her intense sufferings and weak condition, dragged or carried to some miraculous Shrine or Mecca, in order to offer her adorations to some canonized saint.

The facts of this remarkable cure are too interesting to the general public to be tightly passed over; and we consider it advisable, in the interests of the weaker sex, who naturally suffer more than men, to give a few of the salient points in connection with this wonderous escape from suffering and death, in the hope that others may be directed to the same simple, yet effectual, path of safety, before they are obliged to experience the same trials and vicissitudes, or draw near unto the portals of that terrible abyss, death.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Kitchen, the subject of this article, is a lady of great intelligence and good education, one of the few whom Providence has caused to pass safely through the fiery furnace of afflictions and tribulations, that she might serve a high and noble purpose, and consummate a grand work amongst the thousands of her sex who, at the present time, are silent, weak, and despondent sufferers; and many of them lingering without a cheering ray of hope to illumine their dark and dreary pilgrimage through the desert land of pain and suffering.

Mrs. Kitchen's case was considered by all who were acquainted with the facts, to be one of the most extraordinary, most baffling and most desperate ever submitted to the notice of physicians. She was apparently beyond all human aid; and the insatiable grave seemed to show a longing,—an intense desire to receive her in its cold bosom. Indeed, so great were her sufferings at times, that she actually became frantic; and in her calmer moments she often wished for death, as a means of release from suffering.

Death at times to many mortals is a sweet deliverer when hope has fled forever.

The guiding hand that led Mrs. Kitchen through sorrow's mazes long years ago was still within hers, and gave to her light to seek and find the which had been provided for the healing of the sick of all nations. A life giving fountain suddenly bubbled up before her, like the refreshing waters of an oasis in a great Sahara. She was told to drink of it. She did so, and immediately a new life seemed to dawn upon her, bringing with it new-born aspirations of hope and joy.

To give the reader an idea of what Mrs. Kitchen suffered, as well as her experiences up to the present time, we have, from a long letter of hers, selected extracts which must speak forcibly to all who read them carefully.

She says:—

"I have been an acute sufferer for 23 years from Neuralgia in the head in its worst forms, and for 12 years have suffered from the same complaint in the back.

"Indeed, my sufferings date back to the time my first child was born, 24 years ago. God himself only knows what agonies I suffered in those long years; they are impossible to describe, more especially since I came to Canada in 1873. My nervous system broke down so that I was almost unable to walk across the floor; and for years I could not walk from my house to town and back more than a mile. When I stood on my feet I felt as if the pain would drag me to the ground. These very severe attacks would come on every week or ten days, causing intense sufferings; and at times I became so frantic that I had to be put under the influence of chloroform; indeed, I often wished I could lie down and die.

"I had been treated by five eminent doctors, and was in the infirmary for some time, but only occasionally got a little relief. A specialist from New York, who was in the city, one day visited me, and told me it was the a very complicated case, and that very little could be done for me. I went to Toronto, and was under a doctor for three months, and took his medicines without any good results. I was also a great sufferer from Insomnia for years, all the result of suffering, work and worry, and for nights never closed my eyes.

"Three years ago I commenced the use of Paine's Celery Compound, and I have now no pain than for 20 years past, and the benefit I have received from the use of this remedy is greater than all the combined efforts and medicines of the doctors who have attended me for years.

"In reading over the book which accompanies each bottle of Celery Compound, I may say that I can endorse every word of what it says. The benefit I have derived from using Paine's Celery Compound is so great that I can now walk better than for years past; sleep better, and my back has not been so free from pain for 20 years.

"I would advise all who are suffering to use this great remedy.

"I am still using it, and, with God's blessing, I hope to be entirely cured."

ELIZABETH ANN KITCHEN.

Paris, Ont.

Mrs. Kitchen refers us to the Rev. Alfred Brown, Episcopal minister in Paris. Rev. Mr. Brown says:—

"I hereby certify that Mrs. E. A. Kitchen, of this town, is well known to me, and that every statement of hers is worthy of credence."

ALFRED BROWN.

Can imagination picture a darker scene of suffering so long endured? What torments! What agonies suffered from day to day!

The dark clouds have passed away; the silver lining appears; and now in its bright splendor the effulgent sun shines out, and Mrs. Kitchen's life is no longer shrouded in darkness and misery. That life-giving remedy Paine's Celery Compound has been her physician and salvation, and has accomplished more than all the skilled doctors this lady ever employed.

Women of Canada, we know that many of you are suffering as severely as Mrs. Kitchen once did. Thousands of you are experiencing some of her symptoms, which, if not attended to and speedily dispelled, will certainly lead to consequences as terrible as those described in the above letter.

Let us remind you that these troubles arise from an imperfect and disorganized condition of the nervous system. When the nervous system is deranged, the whole body is out of gear. Your weaknesses and frailties are well known to us, no matter how silently you may suffer. Those headaches, neuralgic pains, feeling of queasiness, nervousness, languidency, tired brain, weak flabby muscle sunken eyes with dark circles, pallid cheeks, all tell of some ills and miseries. Paine's Celery Compound, used when any of the above symptoms are experienced, will certainly drive off all danger. Among the members of your sex it has proved a blessing; and Canadian women in all sections of our country have testified willingly in its favor.

Take warning before life is in actual danger. A week's delay may aggravate and complicate your malady, and hasten your death. Act today, and act wisely.

The supreme court at Ottawa has concluded the hearing of the appeals for this term and will deliver judgments on Monday next. Nearly all the cases that are standing except those argued in the present term will probably be disposed of.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Did he Catch the Point.

Lord Algernon—I really consider it my duty to marry some American girl.

Ethel—A duty for revenue only, is it not?—Puck.

A PASTOR AND HIS VACATION.

A well known pastor of an evangelical church not one hundred miles from Montreal, for years has had the privilege of taking a summer vacation. Last summer as vacation time was coming on he found that owing to overwork in connection with his last increasing congregation, and a too close application to study, his nerves had become weak and unsteady; his hand trembled somewhat, and his bodily strength had failed. Owing to these troubles he was at night wake not as natural and refreshing as it once was.

Hearing of Paine's Celery Compound through one of his church officers, he commenced its use, and by the time his vacation term came on, he was in every way fitted to visit the home of his boyhood in the West, and thoroughly enjoy with his family his vacation trip of a month.

Paine's Celery Compound should be used by all at this season when they feel out of sorts; it tones up and revives the weak and languid, and gives to the ailing one a vim, energy and freshness of life that nothing else can give.

We would recommend its use to all ministers and pastors in Canada especially when they are overworked, and study too much.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

Asbestos has been discovered at Deep Brook, a few miles from Clementsport, N. S. Leases of the properties for the working of the mines have been already received, and the company, comprising Messrs. Jones, Shaw, and Burns, will at once make vigorous efforts towards going into active operations. The seam has already been traced for some six miles, and doubtless very large quantities of this valuable mineral will be brought to the surface.

Free to Ladies.

Every lady reader of this paper sending at ONCE her address on a postal card will receive a FREE copy of THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL Newspaper, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Competition. Over $6,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prizes of value for each locality. THE LADIES NEWSPAPER is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a GOOD prize by a little work. NO CHEAP PRESENTS will be given. It costs nothing for full information. Address as above. If you send AT ONCE, Address: THE LADIES NEWSPAPER Co., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.

The will of the late General Albert Pike general commander of the Scottish rite, Order of Masonry, Southern jurisdiction was filed at Washington D. C. yesterday and leaves all articles personally to trustees for the benefit of the order. If any of his family attempt to prevent the bequest they forfeit their legacies.

The record of cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla can never be completely written. The peculiar curative power of Hood's Sarsaparilla are successful when everything else has failed. If your blood is impure, your digestion out of order, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Bernard Glaudi, convicted of an attempt to bribe tales Juror Henry B. Atwood in the Hennessy case, at New Orleans was yesterday sentenced by Judge Marr to a year at hard labor in the penitentiary.

Red and rosy cheeks follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are nature's remedy for diseases and disorders of the blood, nerves, and watery blood, enriching that vital fluid, building up the nerves and promptly correcting irregularities, suppressions and the ills peculiar to females. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Quebec, local government have commissioned Dr. Fiset, of Rimouski, to go to Esquimaux Point to attend the people there, who are suffering from an epidemic of la grippe and greatly in need of medical assistance.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

The terrible catastrophe last Sunday, near the mining city of Catorce, San Luis Potosi, Mexico, was caused by a cloud burst in Conception mountain. A number of people living in cliff dwellings were buried alive.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk of your life or health. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

The resignation of the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott as a director of the Canada Pacific Railway Company was accepted yesterday and Mr. Shaughnessey was elected in his stead.

A GREAT SPELLING MATCH—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our Homes Publishing Co., in which they will award the following magnificent CASH PRIZES:—One prize of $300; one prize of $250; two prizes of $100; four prizes of $50; eight prizes of $25; twenty prizes of $10; forty prizes of $5; one hundred prizes of $2; two hundred of $1. These prizes will be awarded to the persons sending in the largest number of correctly spelled words found in the advertising pages of the February number of Our Homes, in which no letters occur but those found in the sentence: *Our Homes a Unrivalled as a Home Magazine.*" Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during this competition, which closes April 25th, 1891. Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for a sample copy of the February number, with rules and regulations governing the competition. Address, Our Homes Pub. Co., Brockville, Ont.

The notorious Mexican stage robber Geronimo and two confederates, have been killed. Their bodies were brought into Benson, Arizona, yesterday.

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, catarrh and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

The report current in London stock exchange yesterday that there was a revolution in Portugal has since been declared unfounded.

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for consumption. It is hoped so. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

The Chicago, Ill., wire goods company failed yesterday owing to lack of capital. Assets and liabilities about equal.

An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

News received at Victoria, B. C., from Washington in regard to the agreement as to the closed season in Behring sea during the present year has been confirmed from British sources. Several British men-of-war have been ordered to proceed northward and carry out the instructions, which are understood to be of the same character as those given to the commanders of the United States cutters.

Oh, What a Cough.

My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color.—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

ONE afternoon of last week, when the Reserve train was nearing the creek trestle an old man was noticed near the centre of it. He, not having time to get to either side before the train caught him, dropped himself down through the trestle holding on to the sleepers until the train passed.—Sydney Reporter.

Blotches, pimples, liver patches, Q. M. D. fight quick dispatches. Drives away incipient tumors, Cleans the blood from poisonous humors; Ailing one, when or you be, Try the worth of Q. M. D.—

which is the great Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce—a wonderful tonic and blood-purifier. The "Discovery" is a standard remedy for consumption, bronchitis, colds and lung troubles; guaranteed to benfit or cure, if taken in time, or money refunded.

Sir A. T. Galt is dangerously ill in England. He has influenza.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

For several years I suffered so severely from Neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on my head, which entirely cured my neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly and now I have as good a head of hair as I ever had.

Springhill. WM. DANIEL.

K. C. D. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. CANBY HATHEWAY DENTIST, 158 GERMAIN STREET.

DR. CRAWFORD, L. R. C. P., London, Eng. Late Clinical Assistant Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, London, Eng. OCULIST, may be consulted only on diseases of EYE, EAR and THROAT. 62 Coburg St., St. John, N. B.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, OFFICE, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts., St. John, N. B.

GERARD G. RUEL, (LL. B. Harvard, 1880.) Barrister, &c., 8 Pugsley's Buil'g, St. John, N. B. Telephonic Communication.

Thomas R. Jones, Palmer's Building. GENERAL Commission and Financial Agent. Real estate bought, sold, leased and exchanged. Mortgages negotiated, money loaned or borrowed on safe security, either real or personal. Bonds and stocks bought and sold.

DR. H. C. WETMORE, DENTIST, 58 SYDNEY STREET.

WANT A TELEPHONE? What rental? We don't RENT but SELL them outright. Telephones for Main Lines. Telephones for Private Lines. Telephones for Warehouses. Telephones for Banks, etc. SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. T. W. NESS, 644 CRAIG STREET, Montreal. Canadian Headquarters for Electrical Supplies.

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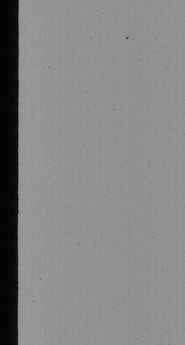
DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC AND RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR AND WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS. EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental. EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected. YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system. YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular. For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.



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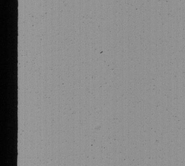

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OATS! OATS! OUR faith in high prices led us to purchase very largely in the early part of the season. Our stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer dealers at LOWEST PRICES, with the advantage of having a large number of cars to select from. We can store a thousand sacks per bushel later, and would advise our friends to put away all they require for winter and spring. Standard Trading and Mfg Co., Ltd. J. D. SHATFORD, GENERAL MANAGER.

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JAMES H. SLATER, begs to inform the public that he has opened an OYSTER HOUSE —AT— 196 UNION STREET, where first-class Oyster Stews and Clam Chowders may be obtained.

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Passenger Train Service from St. John is as Follows:

6.25 A. M.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, and Boston, Fredericton, St. Stephen St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North.

9.30 A. M.—Accommodation for Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.30 P. M.—Fast Express for Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

4.45 P. M.—Suburban Train for Welsford, and intermediate points.

6.45 P. M.—Daily, Night Express for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Daily, except Sunday, for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.

10.50 P. M.—Daily, except Saturday, Canadian Pacific Express