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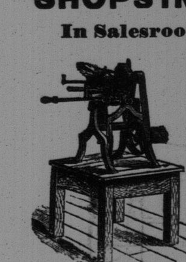

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary have been granted to us, the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of George Morrison, junior, deceased.

All persons having claims against the said estate will please file the same, duly attested and all persons indebted to the said estate will please pay the same forthwith, to Mr. D. A. Morrison, at the office on the South Wharf in the City of Saint John, who is authorized to receive the same.

MARGARET M. MORRISON,
JOHN H. BUTT,
JAS. A. BELYEA.
Sept. 6, 1891. Executors.
BARKER & BELYEA Solicitors.

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LADY PATTY.

A SKETCH.

By THE DUCHESS,
Author of "MOLLY BAWN," "PHYLLIS," ETC.

Synopsis.

A letter to Caroline from Patty Gifford. Lady Patty and Caroline Cholmondeley were sincere friends. Mrs. Cholmondeley had one son, Tom. Lady Patty, a daughter "La bella Helen?" Third proposal of marriage to Helen by Sir Rufus Greyly, the richest baronet in England. She, without a penny; Lady Patty thinks this proposal the best yet, and urges Mrs. Cholmondeley to try and persuade Helen to accept. Helen thinks him an atheist and will not consent.

Helen goes to a ball; meets Lord Vysely, who is engaged to Miss Chester, also Sir Rufus is there. Miss Chester is called good looking and has charming manners, yet Helen thinks Lord Vysely the chief worshipper.

Next day while Tom and Helen are in deep conversation, Sir Rufus Greyly and Lord Vysely enter. Vysely with tickets for a concert, which he presents to Helen. While Sir Rufus has taken Tom into his confidence and implores him to use his influence in the matter of reducing Helen to reason, that is, to an appreciation of his personal charm and his estate, at the earliest opportunity. Lady Patty entering at this juncture receives Vysley and Sir Rufus gladly. Helen gives Lady Patty tickets, who has had a previous engagement for that evening, but she consents to Helen's going.

Lady Patty wishes Helen to go to the ball with her, as Sir Rufus is to be there. Helen will not consent, but desires to go to the concert.

Lady Patty, in conversing to Mrs. Cholmondeley seeing her plans cannot be carried, says: Oh, if Lord Vysely had not been swallowed up by that Chester girl, I know that Helen, with her philanthropic tendencies, would have enslaved him; but Helen arrived too late. Sir Rufus is the best party on our cards at present.

Lady Patty goes to the ball; she informs Helen that Lord Vysely was there. Lord Vysley calls next afternoon, but Lady Patty is out. Helen receives him. He expresses his disapointment on her not being at the ball. When taking his departure, on the hall-door steps he met Sir Rufus Greyly. Sir Rufus presents Helen with a gigantic bouquet. Sir Rufus expresses the deep love he entertains towards her, and asks if she won't be his wife? Helen declines and wishes him to take his departure. Tom Cholmondeley enters. He addresses Sir Rufus: "I presume your visit here is at an end." Lady Patty returns and informs Helen after her death all her money goes to a distant cousin. You know an old maid's fate is a sad one. Sir Rufus adores you, he will give you position, name, and fortune. Oh darling consent. The ensuing week the servant ushers Sir Rufus into Tom's presence. Well Cholmondely, I'm desperately in love with Helen, and I want to marry her; can't you get her to love me in return? "Give her a diamond necklet," says Tom, "That'll fetch her;" don't stop there, follow up the adornment for her slender neck by equally sparkling ornaments for her arms, her fingers, her toes. Well, "I'll give it," (the necklet) returns Sir Rufus, of course you are chaffing about the rest. Helen goes to the Zoo, meets Lord Vysely, he takes her to tea. They have a pleasant conversation. Oh! Darling, says Lady Patty, To think you intend sending back that beautiful necklet. "And you," says Helen, want to make me unhappy. Tom calls to converse with Helen. He wishes to know her feelings towards Sir Rufus. She replies: "I am going to return his diamond necklet, I shall never marry him." "That's right, I can't help smiling to know that the loss of this necklet will haunt him for months." Lord Vysely commends Helen's decision to refuse the proposal of Sir Rufus, and is dearly in love with her himself. Lord Vysely calls to see Helen. He proposes marriage to her. She is surprised, thinking him engaged to Miss Chester. He informs her it is his Cousin. She accepts his offer. Lord Vysely takes his departure; when Tom is ushered into Helen's presence.

CHAPTER XIX.

When, fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh, death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell!

"Tom," says she, nervously, leaning towards him, and looking very anxious,—"Tom, do you think mamma will be very angry?"

"About what?"

"About my engagement to Lord Vysely?"

Cholmondeley stares at her. Is she really in earnest? or is this some girlish pretence at playing with her new happiness? Her face, sweet expectant, waiting for his reply, answers him mutely.

"Furious, I should think," says he satirically.

"Oh, Tom!" paling. "Do you really think so?"

"Think it? I feel as if I knew it,' says Cholmondeley, who cannot resist this bitter mirth as a means of wearing out the still more bitter mood that clings to him. "I can fancy her wrath unbounded. Take my advice, Helen, and pack up. The same roof will never be able to cover you and your mother when this little plot transpires."

"Do you think it will be as bad as that?" says Helen, faintly. "I myself feared—I thought—I told him——"

"You told him?" says Tom, going off without a word of warning into a low paroxysm of laughter. Really, as a comedy it is perfect. Is this child a fool, or only foolishly trusting? After all Lady Patty, to be able to play upon her and convince her like this, must be a cleverer creature than he had believed her.

"Yes, I told him. He knew about mamma's unhappy fancy for Sir Rufus as a—a husband for me," says Helen. "And now I know I must go and tell her that I can't marry Sir Rufus, and I'm afraid she will be very upset about it,—very angry. Though," with sudden courage "after all, Tom, why should she be angry?"

"Why, indeed?" says Cholmondeley, who feels he could have laughed until his sides ached, if only laughter had not been so far from him.

"Lord Vysely, even in mamma's eyes, must be regarded as superior to Sir Rufus," goes on Helen, anxiously. "One is a gentleman; the other—well, you know what I mean, Tom, don't you? He ought to be one, of course: isn't that it? Only——"

"Only he isn't. Quite so," says Tom. "Nothing could be more lucid."

"And then George's title is so much better than his," blushing so softly, so happily, at the mention of Vysely's Christian name that Cholmondeley nearly groans aloud, "that surely it should count with her. One is a marquis, the other only a baronet."

"And a poor one at that," says Cholmondeley.

"Oh, no,—rich," says she. "that is the whole trouble of the affair, you see. That is why dear mamma has so set her heart upon him."

"Dear me! I do hope you aren't misjudging your mother," says Tom, with a seriousness that does him anything but credit.

"No: how could I? It is all for my sake," says Helen, gravely.

"You haven't told her yet?"

"No. Do you think I ought to do it? At once, I mean?"

"It will be an ordeal," says Tom, grimly. "But the worse the ordeal, the better to get it over quickly. Yes, it seems wicked to keep your mother in ignorance any longer. If the blow must fall, why——"

"But she has been so unhappy all the morning, Tom,—about Sir Rufus, and my returning those diamonds, you know. And now another disappointment——"

"And such a heavy one!"

"She'll thinks so."

Tom laughs.

"She has a headache," miserably. "She says I gave it to her; and I am afraid I did. She has been crying all the morning. I feel quite dreadful about having to go up to her now, to tell her what I have done."

"Nevertheless I should go," says Cholmondeley.

"Would you? When she is feeling so ill?" It is quite evident she is desirous of putting off the evil day as long as possible.

"Your communication will cure her headache," says Tom, prophetically.

"I never quite know what you mean," says Helen, with a little touch of reproachful dignity. "But if you think that a most unpleasant surprise can cure a headache, why——"

"Of course it can. Nothing like an electric shock for headaches of your mother's kind."

"I often think, Tom," severely, "that you are a little rude when talking about mamma. One could imagine you didn't believe in her headache."

"'One' would be a lunatic to think that," says Tom, austerely "But to return to our subject. I think, as you are so anxious about it, you should tell her of your engagement at once."

"You fancy," says she, nervously, "that it will take her mind off Sir Rufus,—that it will interest her?"

"Yes, that is it. It will interest her,—oh, immensely! There, go; go to her," says Cholmondeley, whose own ache is becoming unbearable. To be alone is now the last desire left him.

"Ah," says Helen, with tears in her eyes, "you can easily say, 'Go, go.' You aren't the one to go. You haven't to face her, and tell her—poor darling!—that all her hopes are at an end. I shouldn't wonder, Tom, if it caused her a serious illness."

"I should!" says Tom, in spite of the late warning he has received. Then, hastily, "Don't you think dwelling on things only makes them worse? There, go and tell her."

"She'll be so disappointed with me. I'm a mistake,—I feel it!" says she, wretchedly. It is plain to him that she honestly shrinks from the task before her. How can she be so blind? What a terrible belief in human nature she must have, to be so thoroughly deceived by one of the most artificial creatures living!

"Helen——" says he, impulsively. He would have given her a hint; he would have even undone all his late sarcasms; but she interrupts him, being so full of her own thoughts as to be ignorant of the fact that she has interrupted.

"If she would only scold me," she says, "it would not be so bad. I could bear that. But she does nothing but cry, and cry, and cry, and get ill! It is terrible!" She rises and stretches out slender arms to their fullest length, as if to gain some sort of rest for the body, if not for the mind. "Well, I suppose you are right: I suppose I ought to tell her at once." Then, all suddenly, a most lovely light grows upon her face.

"Oh, it is bad of me to feel so unhappy to-day. He loves me! He loves only me! Do you mind letting me speak to you about it, Tom? There is only you, you know, and it is such a comfort to tell somebody about it. I never," eagerly, "thought he could possibly be in love with me! Did you, Tom?"

"No, I did not," shortly.

"It was a revelation," says the girl. She lifts her hands and presses them against her pretty head. A smile, rich as spring in promise, parts her lips. "I feel alive for the first time to-day," says she,—"alive and awake. Oh, how dear and lovely a thing it is to be living!" she turns to him impulsively and holds out her hands. "How beautiful a place is the world!" cries she, gladly.

Cholmondeley takes her hands, but hardly presses them. He has grown very pale.

"Your part of it, perhaps," says he, steadily. "For myself——However, I shall not be able to see 'your part' for long."

"Why?"

"Lovely as it may seem to you, I confess I'm tired of it," says he. "There are other places. I am going to exchange,—to go to India. There are many openings there for a smart young man like me, I have been told." He laughs curiously.

"To India! Oh, you will be very far away from me there!" cries she. "And to lose so dear a friend!"

"There, go, go to your mother," says he; and, as she rises, obeying him, the smile upon her lips, her happy dream having not yet deserted her, his eyes follow her.

"Good-by, then," says she, "for the moment."

"Good-by," says Cholmondeley, mechanically. He would have let her go, but she(her hand in his) still holds him, looking at him earnestly, yet always with that inward smile that seems to rise from the very inmost heart of her.

"Well?" asks he, somewhat unsteadily.

"It is only that I wanted to tell you that,"—suddenly the smile fades in a degree without altogether dying, and her sweet eyes grow warm with tears,—"that I know how good you have always been to me, and to thank you, Tom, and to ask you to—to wish me joy!" She lays her hands on his shoulders, and, leaning forward, presses her soft lips against his cheek.

"God bless you, Helen!" says he, brokenly. For a moment he closes his arms round her and holds her against his heart. "God bless and preserve you forever,—forever!"

His voice has almost died away. He releases her, and gets to the door somehow, and disappears—out of her life finally.

CHAPTER XX.

But busy, busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

When he is gone, Helen stands motionless, staring after him. Perhaps she is a little bewildered, a little surprised, by that sudden half-tragic exit of his. The truth, however, does not strike her for a moment. There is only in her mind a little gratefnl astonishment that Tom should be so fond of her. "Just as if he were my own brother," thinks she, softly, tears rising to her eyes,—tender tears, but not emotional enough to rise to such a height as would make them run down her cheeks. Indeed, in the very midst of her kindly thoughts of Tom a memory of her own position comes to her, and forthwith the sympathetic cousin is banished to limbo.

A sense of depression now falls on her. She must go and break the news to her mother. But how? Oh, why couldn't Tom, or—or George, have done it? She will be so upset by this new complication! Poor mother! who is already suffering, and who will be made worse by news that will effectually put an end to her pet scheme forever! Oh, why does she like Sir Rufus so very much?

She takes up Vysely's letter, the one he had written to her mother, and stands hesitating, fearing, disconsolate, twisting it between her nervous fingers. A sudden recollection of Tom's having told her to let her mother know of her engagement to Vysely at the earliest opportunity returns to her and hurries her towards the door. Yes, it must be done!

Feeling very frightened, she goes upstairs, and, having stood before Lady Patty's door for fully three minutes trying in vain to summon up an unconquerable courage, she opens the door in a most ignoble haste, and stands cowering on the threshold. What on earth is she to say? How is she to begin? Oh, yes, it is all very well for those who drive her to her task; but if it was their turn——

"Is that you, Helen?" asks Lady Patty, in a truly lamentable voice. She is lying prone on a comfortable lounge, and no one could by any chance have suspected that she has only just this minute stretched herself upon it. "Come in, darling. Come in. You don't disturb me. I," in a dying voice, "couldn't possibly be weaker than I am.'

She seems qnite overcome. Her eyes are languid. There is the perfume of Cologne water in the air.

"Are you no better, mamma darling?"

"Worse! much worse!" says Lady Patty, with gruesome shake of her head. "Oh, mamma! And there is something—something I must tell you; and now I'm afraid if I speak it will only increase the fever that seems to be consuming you."

"Something to tell me?" asks Lady Patty, flinging down the silken coverlet a little way, and letting the languor die somewhat out of her eyes, "Yes darling," says Helen, miserably: "he—he said I ought to tell you at once, without further delay.'

"He! Was he here this morning?" asks Lady Patty, now sufficiently restored to be able to raise herself upon her elbow.

"Yes," says Helen, faintly. For her there is only one "he" in the world.

"And what—what did he say about the diamonds?" demands Lady Patty, in a gasping tone.

"Diamonds!" echoes the girl, dropping her eyes. "Oh, it was not Sir Rufus, mamma: it was—it was Tom who advised me to tell you: he was here just now, and he——"

TO BE CONTINUED.

County Representation.

The Manufacturers' Life and Accident Insurance Companies have established themselves at Chubb's corner, St. John. The Manufacturers want representatives in every county in New Brunswick to solicit both Life and Accident Insurance. Address J. B. Paton, box 374. St. John, N B

A Ringless Belle.

First Central Operator—Are you still engaged to Remsen Hicks?

Second Central Operator—No; he has "rung off."

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

At Long Branch.

De Pumpkin—I don't think that decollete and short skirted bathing suit is in good form.

De Bumkin—of course not, dear boy. The good form is in it.

Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of grey hairs so as to retain your young looks by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

United States Consul General Frank H. Mason, stationed at Frankford, while visiting Venice recently, discovered an original portrait of Columbus, painted about 1502. It is understood that the portrait will be exhibited in the Columbus department of the Chicago world fair.

"Save who can!" was the frantic cry of Napoleon to his army at Waterloo. Save health and strength while you can, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is advice that applies to all, both young and old. Don't wait until disease fastens on you; begin at once.

She said he was a great big bear,
When he one day displeased her.
"All right," said he, and then and there
Just like a bear he squeezed her.

When you need a good, safe laxative, ask your druggist for a box of Ayer's Pills, and you will find that they give perfect satisfaction. For indigestion, torpid liver and sick headache there is nothing superior. Leading physicians recommend them.

A Crack Shot.

Twynn—Now that the summer is over, tell me what you consider the biggest hot weather swindle?

Triplett—Iced drinks, decidedly. They are never what they are cracked up to be.

Like Othello, the Chinaman's occupation's gone; no use for Ling Sing now. You can do your own washing and take a delight in it. You can wash and clean and scour, and the whole process will be a joy to you. "Lessive Phenix" does it. It is a washing solutive, but it has no relation to the wretched washing powders which make your clothes yellow and your hands hard; "Lessive Phenix" saves time, labor and soap. No more soda. No more ashes. Try it with flannels. Try it with cottons. Try it with your tin and brass and silverware. This is the astonishing fact. The greatest boom in the wash that has ever been introduced. And yet it will clean and scour and gbrihten anything in the house. Ask your grocer.

The Latest From Europe.

Investments now in Europe are
Quite safe for heavy riskers:
The cable brings the cheering news:
"The kaiser's raising whiskers."

Pale and listless girls and prematurely aged women would soon give place to bright, healthy: rosy females if Dr. Williams' Pills were used for the ills to which women are peculiarly liable. They enrich the blood, build up the nerves, and restore the shattered system, regulate the periods etc. Try them and be convinced. 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 Same as Heretofore.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, drops of rain,
And make the streets all wet—
For that's the only cleaning they
Will ever get—you bet!

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The powder house at Stellarton was blown up yesterday. Fortunately no one was killed. The report of the explosion was plainly heard nine miles away and buildings in New Glasgow, several miles away, were shaken.

The confidence of the people who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, in this preparation, is remarkable. It has cured many who have failed to derive any good whatever from other articles. For diseases caused by impure blood or low state of the system it is unsurpassed.

The fair at Sackville yesterday was meagrely attended and the exhibits were few because of the rain. The day was fine at Dorchester and the fair which was held there was quite equal to those of former years.

HAVE YOU READ

this description of rheumatism and neuralgia? "Put your hand in a vise, turn the vise until you can't bear another turn, and that's rheumatism; give it another turn that's neuralgia." And still you'll suffer these tortures when for 25 cents you can buy a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and be relieved.

Many readers of the GAZETTE will remember the author of the following lines when he was a resident of this city.

LINES.

suggested by the Erection of a Tablet in the Parish Church of St. Thomas, near Exeter, to the memory of GENERAL GORDON, R. E. C. B., under the Monument of his Grandfather, CAPTAIN W. A. GORDON, R. A. (one of Wolfe's heroes) who was interred beneath the Church 1809, A. D.

Thy sun hath set, but not in gloom,
Brave Gordon, hero of Khartoum!
The Chief whose tact, and single sword
Saved China from her rebel horde;
But higher still, the saint who strove,
To teach street Arabs—here—the love
Of Him, who laid His glory by
For sinful man to bleed, and die.
Soldier of Christ! no Gothic aisle,
But desert sand, or flowing Nile
Enshrines thy dust; yet love shall trace
Thy name within this hallow'd place,
Where, till the sleeping dead are bless'd,
The ashes of thy kindred rest;
Where he who follow'd Wolfe to war,
And scal'd Quebec's red heights afar,
(Thy father's father) bow'd the knee
And left a stainless memory!

—M. SWASEY.

Copy of inscription on the Tablet above referred to:

"TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY
OF THE LATE
GEN. CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, R. E. C.B.,
Killed at Khartoum, 26th January, 1885.
Grandson of the above named W. A. GORDON, Sen. (of this Parish), [Late Capt. R. A.]
This Tablet was placed here in loving memory, by his Cousin german,
DANIEL WILSON GWYNNE,
Clerk in Holy Orders,
1891."

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.

From the Poet's Standpoint.

Of all the very saddest words
Of voice, or tongue, or pen:
The saddest are: "The summer girl
Is now a sweet 'has been'?"

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a $500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment. That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you. The reason for their faith is this: Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for nienty-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of you being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk? If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins. If you're wanting the $500 you'll get something better—a cure!

The steamer Washington, left Kingsport last Saturday, on her second trip to Havana with potatoes. She carried 5000 barrels. Kings county farmers are using the Havana market for all it is worth. The new barquentine Winfred, lanched recently at Canning is being loaded at Port William for Havana.—Kentville Star.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. J. B. Snowball's children, at Chatham, were taken for a drive, when the bolts came out of the carriage, the children wers scattered on the road and the horse killed by a shaft entering his side. The children were uninjured.

Beautiful Banff, N. W. T.

I was induced to use your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and goneral debility and found it a complete cure which I take great pleasure in recommending to all who may be thus afflicted."—James M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T.

True Faith.

"I have great faith in Burdock Bloon Bitters as a blood purifier. I have taken three bottles for bad blood and find it a perfect cure. It is a grand medicine and I recomend it wherever I go."—Ida Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

Hinry G. James.

Henry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: For several years I was troubled with pimples and irritations of the skin. After other remedies failed I used four bottles of Burdack Blood Bitters atd since then I have been quite free from my complaint. B. B. B. will always occupy a place in my house."

Victory At Tivian.

"In our family faithful work has been done by Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a sure and quick cure for diarrhœa dysentery and all summer complaints. I can recommend it to all as a family friend, always true and faithful."—Mrs. W. Bishop, Vivian, Ont.

Mrs. George Rendle.

Mrs. George Rendle, of Galt, Ont., writes: "I can recomend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for it is a sure cure for all summer complaints. We are never without it in the house." Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Price 35c.

Aunt's Advice.

"My brother had severe summer complain about a year ago and no remedies seemed to relieve him. At last my aunt advised us to try Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and before he had taken one bottle he was entirely cured."—Adelaide Crittenden, Balewin, Ont.

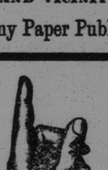
SOAP. SOAP.

Baby's Own Soap,
Brown Windsor Soap,
Barta's Bar Soap,
Botot's Shaving Soap.

A fresh supply of the above soaps just received at

PARKER BROTHERS,
MARKET SQUARE.

The Evening Gazette
—HAS THE—
Largest Circulation
—IN—
SAINT JOHN
AND VICINITY
Of Any Paper Published.



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

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

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

COAL.

GUESS

The Weight of the Lump of Coal in J. D. Driscoll's Store, and you will have a chance to receive *$10.00 in GOLD, or Two Chaldrons, RESERVE COAL.*

The person who makes the nearest guess will receive either of the above prizes. Only those persons who buy a load of Reserve Coal or spend a quarter in store where lump is exhibited, will be allowed to guess.

Reserve Coal now landing, price $4.75 Cash, or $5.00 if booked.

MORRISON & LAWLOR,
COR. UNION AND SMYTHE STS.

SPRINGHILL COAL
LANDING AT HARE'S WHARF.
PRICE LOW.

TO ARRIVE:
SYDNEY (Old Mines).
VICTORIA (Sydney).
—ALSO—
ANTHRACITE COAL
in all sizes. Lowest prices.

R. P. & W. F. STARR,
49 SMYTHE STREET.

OLD MINE.

Now landing ex Carlotta, 400 Tons Fresh Mined Old Mine Sydney Coal. Price $5.50 per Chaldron.

Oct. 14. R. P. McGIVERN,
Telephone 369. No. 9. North Wharf.

R. B. HUMPHREY,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
HARD AND SOFT COAL
of various sizes and qualities, for house, steam and factory purposes.
OFFICE:—No. 29 SMYTHE ST. Telephone 250.

Boston Brown Bread
Every Saturday.
Families Supplied with
CAKE AND PASTRY
of every description.
Fresh every day.
J. O. MILLER,
74 Charlotte street.

JUST IN.

The White Company,
A NOVEL.
BY CONAN DOYLE.
PRICE 30 CENTS.

—FOR SALE BY—
J. & A. McMILLAN,
Booksellers and Stationers,
St. John, N. B.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.
Capital $10,000,000.
70 Prince Wm. street,
D. R. JACK, - - Agent.

CITY OF LONDON
FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF LONDON, ENG.
Capital, $10,000,000.
H. CHUBB & CO., GENERAL AGENT
Losses adjusted and paid without reference to England.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets
Meals Served at All Hours.
Dinner a Specialty.
WILLIAM CLARK.

Canadian Express Co.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway; Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the Continent.

Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoices required for Goods from Canada United States or Europe, and vice versa.

H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass't Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent
St. John, N. B.

DR. FOWLER'S
·EXT: OF·
·WILD·
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

STEAMERS.

Furness Line.
—BETWEEN—
LONDON AND ST. JOHN.

SAILINGS FROM LONDON,

S. S. OTTAWA,	1,106 tons	-	about	Aug. 29
S. S. HISTORIAN,	1,202 "	-	"	Sept. 19
S. S. DAMARA,	1,145 "	-	"	Oct. 1
S. S. OTTAWA,	1,106 "	-	"	" 15

SAILINGS FROM ST. JOHN,

S. S. OTTAWA,	1,106 tons	-	about	Sept. 14
S. S. HISTORIAN,	1,202 "	-	"	Oct. 7
S. S. DAMARA,	1,145 "	-	"	" 19
S. S. OTTAWA,	1,106 "	-	"	Nov. 2

(And regularly thereafter.)

These steamers are finished throughout in the most modern style, with Saloons, State Rooms and Bath Rooms, etc., Amidships, each State Room being fitted with two berths and a sofa, and all lighted direct from outside.

SALOON FARES—$50 and $55, according to position of State Room, with equal Saloon privileges. Return Tickets $90 and $100. Ten per cent. discount to Clergymen and their families. No Intermediate or Steerage Passengers taken. Each steamer provided with Steward and Stewardess.

PASSENGERS can Embark or Land either at St. John or Halifax, in which latter case Railway Tickets between the two Cities will be furnished by the Line free of charge.

FREIGHT taken at lowest rates, and through Bills of Lading issued to any port required.

TICKETS, STATE ROOMS, CABIN PLANS, and full information concerning the Steamers furnished on application.

SCHOFIELD & CO., L'td,
Agents at St. John, N. B.

On the Rhine of America.
STAR LINE
FOR FREDERICTON, &c

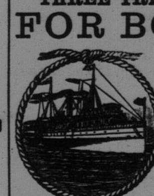
A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, North end every morning, Sunday excepted, for the Celestial City at 9 a. m. Returning will leave Fredericton at 8 a. m. Fare $1.00.

Steamers of this line connect with Stmr. Florenceville and Railways for up-river counties.

On the romantic blue Bellisle Bay, Stmr. Springfield will leave St. John, N. end, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 o'clock, noon, calling at all way landings, returning on alternate days.

G. F. BAIRD, St. John. J. E. PORTER, Indiantown.

International Steamship Co.,
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
THREE TRIPS A WEEK
FOR BOSTON.



Commencing September 16th, the steamers of this company will leave St John for Eastport, Portland, Boston, —EVERY— Monday, Wednesday and Friday Morning, at 7.25, standard.

Returning will leave Boston at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

On Wednesday's trip the steamers will not call at Portland.

Connections at Eastport with STEAMER for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

For further information apply to
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.
Reed's Point Wharf.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia
BAY OF FUNDY S. S. Co. (L't'd.)
CITY OF MONTICELLO.
CAPT. ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

THIS Steamer will on and after the 12th SEPTEMBER, and until the 15th NOVEMBER, sail from the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John at 7.30 a. m. (local time), on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Returning will sail from Annapolis, upon arrival of the Halifax Express, due at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, calling at Digby each way.

Travellers to Halifax will please take notice that by this route they can reach that city inside of ten hours, have a greater variety of beautiful scenery, the pleasure of a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy, and choice meals served at reasonable rates on board the steamer.

Staterooms at reduced rates.

HOWARD D. TROOP, President, St. John, N. B.

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King Square, St. John, N. B.
J. M. FOWLER, - Proprietor.
J. A. FOWLER, Clerk.

New Victoria Hotel.
248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
J. L. McCOSKERY, Pro.
One minute's walk from Steamboat landing Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

CENTRAL HOUSE.
37, 39 and 41
KING SQUARE,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
J. W. ROOP,
PROPRIETOR.

A. G. BOWES & CO.

wish to inform their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to attend to all work in

Plumbing,
Gas Fitting,
Steam Heating,
Hot Water, or
Hot Air Heating.

Ranges fitted with Hot Water Connections; Stoves Fitted Up; Stoves Taken Down, Removed, Repaired, or Stored on our premises.

CLIMAX RANGES
and Repairs in Stock.

All work in the Plumbing line personally attended to by MR. CODNER.

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.
LOW PRICES.
A. G. BOWES. H. CODNER.
Telephone 192.
21 Canterbury St., St. John, N.B.

RAILROADS.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY,

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Shortest, Quickest and Cheapest Route to St. Stephen;
NEW PASSENGER CARS.

No Charge for Commercial Travellers' excess Baggage.

The Road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the Bridges replaced by new ones.

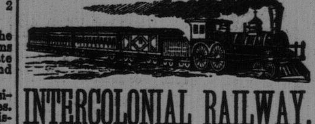
Commencing Thursday, Oct. 8th, 1891,
TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Leave St. Stephen at.......................7.30 a. m.
Arrive at St. John..........................11.55 a. m.
Leave St. John East..........3.04, West 3.20 p. m.
Arrive at St. Stephen at.........................8 p. m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Office, No. 3 Pugsley Building. Telephone No. 18. Ticket Agents—Geo. Philps, 97 Prince Wm. street, St. John; J. T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, St. Stephen.

F. J. McPEAKE, Supt.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1891 Summer Arrangements, 1891

ON and after MONDAY, 22nd June, 1891, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.00
Fast Express for Halifax	14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	16.35
Night Express for Halifax	22.30

A Parlor Car runs each way on express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton. Sleeping cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.10
Fast Express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
Day Express from Halifax	18.30
Fast Express from Halifax	22.30

The train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 17th June, 1891.

MAKE YOUR
'WANTS'
KNOWN.

Do you want Agents?
Do you want a Situation?
Do you want to Buy Anything?
Do you want Boarders or Lodgers?
Have you Lost or Found Anything?
Do you want any "Help," Male or Female?
Do you want Pupils? Do you want a Partner?
Do you want Servants, Clerks, or Mechanics?
Do you want to Rent a Room, House or Store?
Do you want to Buy or Sell a Horse, Wagon or any Kind of a Vehicle?
Do you want to Rent or Sell your House, Office, Store, Lot or Farm?
Do you want to Sell your Goodwill and Fixtures?
Have you Second-hand Goods of any Kind that you wish to Sell or Exchange?

If You Want Anything,
ADVERTISE IN
THE EVENING GAZETTE.
Largest City Circulation
Lowest Rates.
10 CENTS A DAY,
50 CENTS A WEEK.

It will pay you to Advertise in the GAZETTE, everybody will see it.

ST. JOHN DYE WORKS
IS THE PLACE TO GET
Ladies' and Gents' Wear Cleaned or Dyed and Pressed.
C. E. BRACKETT, - 86 Princess St.

REFER TO ME

"I have been deeply interested in the investigation of your method of treatment, particularly that portion prescribed in your "Treatise for Men Only." *I am convinced that your treatment for impotency and decay in males is the best known to the medical profession.* I shall recommend it in my practice, and you can refer to me at any time, should you deem it proper."

The writer of above is a practicing physician and unknown to us. We have scores of similar letters on file. It refers to our wonderful system of treatment by which the

HEALTH OF MEN

is Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address

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