MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

As Night Follows Day.

By HON. MRS. FETHERSTONHAUGH.

PART I.

"WELL, it's my last chance of pulling through, mother, so there's no use hesitating about it; all your life you have been urging me to marry an heiress, and now that I want to do so, you make moan over it as if I were bringing utter disgrace on the whole family!"

And Lord Francis Erldon, the impecunious younger son of a defunct Scotch peer, threw the morning paper down on the breakfast table with most unnecessary violence, as he rose from his chair and took up a commanding position on the hearthrug, the better to face his lady mother and all her expected remonstrances.

The Dowager Countess of Knottinghame was tres-grande dame, that all the world realized, for was she not born a Pendragon of Tintagel, a family which claimed to have lived for many generations before ever the Norman laid the Saxon low? And as if it were not hard enough to know that her eldest son was a confirmed old bachelor, with a mania for moths, here was her favorite child, her Benjamin, threatening to sully the family escutcheon by a contemplated matrimonial alliance with a simple manufacturer's daughter, to whose children the time honored title of Knottinghame must in all probability descend.

The great cheerful breakfast room at Erldom house was a perfect blaze of warmth and sunshine on this bright September morning, but the faces of both mother and son were clouded and dark, and the barometer stood obviously at "stormy."

"If her father had only been in some decent trade, I should not have minded half so much," observed the irate dowager, after a melancholy pause. "But I must say, my dear Francis, I do draw the line at buttons!"

"Well, mother, it's not to be denied that the great firm of Harding, Metal & Co. did make their money by the manufacture of those useful little articles, but I don't see what that matters? A button rampant will make a nice change in the family arms, with their endless dragons and wyvernes!" And a smile of lazy amusement crossed Lord Francis' well bred face as he glanced mischievously at his agitated parent.

"Now look here, my dear mother," he continued with sudden gravity, "let us face the whole position quietly, and then I think you will very likely come round to my opinion without another word. It's no novelty to you to hear that I am hard up, for I never was anything else so long as I can remember, but as yet my impecuniosity has been merely steady and chronic. Now, however, a crisis has arrived, and it simply comes to this —I can't go on any longer! I know that Knottinghame can't afford to do more for me than he has done, and I won't take another penny of yours—I've robbed you both enough as it is. But money I must have, by hook or by crook, and all I ask you is: to help me procure it by what seems the most feasible way! This daughter of old Harding the millionaire is the daughter of one of your oldest school friends, no matter whether the latter married a button manufacturer or a king; therefore it is easy enough for you to ask her to come and stay here for a bit, and as she has neither father nor mother to consult, and has seldom left her dreary home amongst the smoky factory chimneys of the Black Country, it's easy also to predict that she will very gladly accept your invitation, volta tout.

"No, it's not all," moaned the dowager, refusing to be comforted. "Next week is just the very last in which I should like to ask any questionable persons to the house, when you know well how particular our Aunt Doldrum is with regard to whom she meets!"

A stern look passed over Lord Francis Erldon's face, making him appear ten years older than had been the case five minutes before, as he said decisively:

"Mother, the woman I consider fit to be my wife is surely fit for even the dowager Duchess of Doldrum's society! If all reports concerning her grace in days gone by are true, the 'unfitness' lies more on my great aunt's side than on that of this young girl."

Lady Knottinghame kept a severe silence. Perhaps there was more truth in her son's words than it was well to own, for the high born ladies of the house of Pendragon had been more remarkable in times past for beauty of person than rigidity of virtue.

"One more reason I wish to urge against asking Miss Harding here next week is, that Laura Fairfax will be with us then," and a tinge of aristocratic spite was apparent in her ladyship's tones as she spoke.

Lord Francis' brows contracted with a look of deep vexation, but he looked his mother straight in the face with his keen dark eyes before which her own sank, as he said:

"All the more reason for her to come then, mother, I should say. It's as well to make sure that one really has lived down the follies of one's youth before asking some one else to share the wisdom of one's middle age," and Lord Francis' careless laugh told he easily his thirty-five years' sat on him, in spite of debts, duns and difficulties.

"Well, my dear, if it must be, it must." Lady Knottinghame was never very long in coming round to any ideas entertained by this son of her heart. "I'll write to Miss Harding at once, if you wish it; and, oh! my dear boy, how I trust and pray she may prove even in the remotest degree worthy of you!"

"Worthy of me!" re-echoed Francis Erldon in bitter sarcasm. "You had better pray that she may never discover how unworthy I am of her, mother."

"You underrate yourself, my son."

"Do I? Is it a thing to be proud of to sell oneself for an heiress' money bags? to wish to rob a girl who at least has never done one any harm, of every chance in life of being married for sake of what she is, not for sake of what she has got? No, it will be a very one-sided bargain, mother; so keep all your pity for her, poor girl, if ever she marries me!"

And Lord Francis walked abruptly across the room and out at the door, with an irritable bang of the latter, which caused the dowager countess of Knottinghame to jump in her chair in a manner the reverse of dignified.

"Certainly his affairs must have taken a most vexatious turn, poor boy," she murmured quite meekly. "And so I'll e'en do my best to secure this girl's money for him, but oh! if only it had not been buttons!"

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A week later, and the hour 8 p. m., saw what the local county paper called "a large and aristocratic company" assembled before dinner in the long tapestry hung drawing room of Erldon house.

Lady Knottinghame was moving amongst her guests with urbane and stately dignity, trying hard to conceal by the warmth of her own manner the bored coldness of her eldest son's, the actual mood of the domain. After submitting with ill grace to one or two necessary introductions to people who were there as his own own guests, Lord Knottinghame had subsided sullkily into a dark corner far away from every one, only wishing from the bottom of his weak heart and mind that he had the nerve to get up and run away, turning his back on them all sans ceremonie.

Lord Francis Erldon, as he stood beside his hated great aunt of Doldrum's chair, and soothed that worthy old fidget's dread of draughts, and fears for the consequences of uncovering her old shoulders so recklessly at her time of life, formed a striking contrast to his scowling and farouche elder brother. His handsome thoroughbred face wore the kindly smile which he always seemed to have for high or low, and the true courtesy of his bright winning manner invariably gained for him much flattering favor from both women and men, for Francis Erldon was one of those many in this world who are "nobody's enemy but their own."

And yet an old friend of his was sitting even now amongst that assembled throng, who was rapidly changing into a calmly vindictive enemy; such an enemy as only a woman can become who sees her power over a man dying out, when her love for that same man has been merely a passing caprice, born of vanity —not the last and loyal faith which forgives all, and with lips trembling with pain can still lovingly say: "The king can do no wrong!"

When Francis Erldon was but a lad of, 20, fresh from college, Laura Gray had given him his first lesson in woman's perfidy—had engaged herself to him for the space of one week, during which she had coquetted with and fooled him to the top of the bent, and when the "black Monday" came, she had quietly intimated that he was no longer wanted, and must give place to a better, i. e., a richer man, whose unexpected offer of marriage lay carefully enscoonced in her pocket at that very moment.

The boy was too young and too honest to conceal his dire pain, and when they met again ten years later, after Laura had become both wife and widow in the interim, the eagerness with which her quondam victim accepted the very first overtures which the fascinating Mrs. Fairfax tendered to him, caused that astute lady to smile inwardly with a dulcet murmur: "What fools men are!"

And so the old game was played out in the old fashion—the man honestly and nobly in earnest, longing for the day when he should take this woman to be his wife until death should them part; the woman retaining his allegiance as a sop to her own vanity, but never for one instant losing either her heart or her head in a transaction which in her private estimation was always found to be regarded from a prosaic and business like point of view; and to give up her rich jointure (as she was bound to do if she married again) for sake of a younger so encumbered with debt, seemed to her philosophical soul nothing short of perfect lunacy.

So for a year two things drifted on, and the fair widow still pleaded for "time;" but one fine day Francis Erldon lost all patience and forced the plain truth from her at last, that if she ever did consent to forfeit her rich inheritance, it would be for sake of an elder son and not a younger. He wasted no words on such a woman as Laura Fairfax, but turned on his heel and left her then and there—and never again did her beautiful face and caressing tones regain their hold on him.

But because he still treated her with polite courtesy whenever they met, her inordinate vanity prompted the invariable thought so soothing to itself, "poor fellow, he has not got over it." And the blow to that same vanity had been severe when Lady Knottinghame, with scarcely veiled spite, told her of the expected arrival of the girl heiress late very night, and all the hopes and fears which she entertained with regard to the success that she prayed might be the portion of her most dearly beloved younger son, in securing unto himself the richly endowed hand of the millionaire's daughter.

Seated rather near the entrance door to the drawing room with a background of palms and ferns setting off her pale rose pink dress to good advantage, pretty Mrs. Fairfax was actively engaged in discussing the projected matrimonial alliance in the plainest and most uncomplimentary terms, with a confidential friend on whose sympathy she could rely.

"So vulgar as she must be, too!" sighed the fair widow with ostentatious sorrow for her quondam lover. "Think how it must gall the pride of a man like Francis Erldon to be reduced to selling himself for gold to the button maker's daughter!"

"Insufferable! And after the experience which has been his of what a high born woman can be!" and Cassandra Toady turned one eye towards her companion to see how this bare faced flattery went down, and the other up to the heavens to denote her indignation at man's fatuity.

"Take care, my dear Cassandra, your emotion is mastering your eyesight," observed Mrs. Fairfax spitefully. "I couldn't tell for an instant whether you were admiring the chandelier or myself! But I wonder whether this heiress will appear covered with diamonds presently —she's sure to do something outrageous."

"And they say she possesses the finest diamonds in the world!" murmured the Toady enthusiastically. She had not yet forgiven the last snub.

"Paste, I daresay, all the same. Let us hope that at least her gold is not glitter only, else Lord Francis Erldon will have made a sorry bargain after all when he marries old Harding's daughter to save himself from bankruptcy."

The clear, metallic tones of Mrs. Fairfax struck distinctly on the ear of one who at that moment entered the door which was close behind the speaker's lady's seat, and who for one single instant paused and stood still, as if listening for more. Then a quiet smile of contempt crossed the stranger's face, and Janet Harding walked directly across the circle of assembled guests to greet her hostess, with the most admirable composure and self possession.

A tall, slender girl, dressed very simply in white, and with no single stone of all her vaunted diamonds on either arms or neck, the millionaire's daughter had still a distinct personality of her own which made her stand out clearly from the crowd of fashionable women surrounding her. Unlike these latter, her hair was put back from her forehead quite simply, and twisted into a mass of reddish brown plaits at the back of a very neat head; and though she could never by any chance lay claim to the coveted title of a beauty, there was that in Janet Harding's face which made whomsoever looked at it once, look at it again and again.

Its most striking characteristic was a resoluteness almost strange in the face of so young a girl, and her gray eyes had the same deep resolute look which matched so well with it, and which seemed to speak of great decision of character. But the bright, honest smile which flashed all over her face as she spoke in answer to Lady Knottinghame's somewhat ostentatious greeting, seemed to lessen her age by years, and render her at once into a shy child, rather than a great heiress who had already attained to the dignity of twenty-one years.

"My youngest son must be presented to you, Miss Harding in place of his elder brother, who is deep in an entomological discussion at the far end of the room," said Lady Knottinghame apologetically. "Lord Francis Erldon—Miss Harding."

The frank gray eyes that met his own with a quick, penetrating look had a disconcerting effect on Lord Francis' equanimity, for they seemed to read his very soul. Moreover, he was unpleasantly conscious of Mrs. Fairfax's satirical smiles and audible whispers to her toady elect, so he cut the ceremony of this public introduction most distinctly short.

"Poor fellow, how he feels his fortunate position!" murmured the fair Laura, fanning herself.

Could Miss Harding have overheard the words? For one instant, her small red brown head turned itself in the direction of the speaker, and her clear, quiet eyes grasped every detail of the latter's identity, then she looked away again, and answered calmly the polite questions put to her by her hostess respecting her journey that day.

At dinner the heiress sat exactly opposite to Lord Francis Erldon, and without making his observation of her conspicuous, the latter lost no opportunity of carefully studying every word and look of his vis-a-vis, and more than once he found himself listening on with an interest to her clear, low voice, as she strove to make her somewhat quaint ideas on things in general intelligible to the very ordinary stamp of gentlemanly young noodle who had been appointed by Lady Knottinghame to escort her into dinner.

"She's no fool," thought my Lord Francis to himself with great satisfaction. For he was quite old and experienced enough to know that "brains" will outlive "beauty" and must always conquer in the long run, and a good companion would be of more value in a man's life than faultless beauty if accompanied by lack of wisdom and common sense.

And during the long half hour which in the course of the evening he devoted to the entertainment of the young stranger, his favorable opinion of her grew each moment stronger, for her manner was graceful and perfectly unaffected, and her bright, ringing laugh fell merrily on the ear, whilst every word she spoke convinced him more and more that she was "worth talking to," an attribute which ladies who rely on their character for being "beauties" are apt only too often to underrate.

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"To think the only answer you will give me?" and Lord Francis Erldon's tone of wrathful bitterness is in no way "put on," as he stands confronting the millionaire's daughter on the wide green terrace which leads to the far famed rose garden at Erldon house.

"The only one, Lord Francis," answers Janet Harding steadily. Her hands are full of beautiful Gloire de Dijon roses that the hot September sun has brought out in all their glory once more, and she buries her face in their fragrant clusters as she speaks—possibly to hide lips which will tremble and eyes which will fill with tears, for all her pride.

"You might at least tell me why it is so absolutely impossible for you to entertain the idea of marrying me?" pursues Francis Erldon with gloomy sarcasm. The rejection of his suit is causing him far deeper pain than he cares to own, not on the score of vanity, for to do him justice he is quite above so petty a reason as that—but he has learned to like the girl honestly for herself alone, and of late her gray eyes have had a far greater fascination for him than her golden wealth. Also the blow is an utterly unexpected one, for without being a vain man, he cannot fail to know that he is not unpopular with women in general, and moreover that this woman in particular has always appeared to be peculiarly bright and happy whenever circumstances have thrown them together and left them to their own society. So he considers himself an exceedingly ill used man on the whole, and digs his heel into the velvet sward with a vicious vindictiveness that causes ugly marks on the smooth green surface, and will bring grief to the heart of Lord Knottinghame's head gardner on the morrow.

"Miss Harding, can you not give me a more definite reason for your refusal of me?" repeats Lord Francis angrily. "Say straight out that you hate me, and be honest."

"I don't hate you," and Janet's voice trembles slightly; then she looks him straight in the face with her clear true eyes and speaks out frankly: "But I must tell you that I know you would never have thought of marrying me if I had not been rich; and, Lord Francis, I am too proud to buy what should be given me as my woman's right!"

For a long moment dead silence reigns, and in that space of time Francis Erldon realizes two unalterable facts: that he loves and respects this girl who stands there before him as he never thought to love any woman on earth, and that for this very reason alone he can never again subject himself to the humiliation of hearing the scorn in her honest tones as she pronounces her decisive rejection of his suit.

"So be it, and I will never ask you again," he says quietly and resolutely.

Janet Harding glances earnestly at him, and continues to speak in a low, sorrowful tone:

"Perhaps you will think more kindly of me, Lord Francis, when I tell you frankly that were I poor instead of rich my answer would have been a very different one. But on the very first evening that I arrived at your brother's house, some words which I accidentally overheard made it plain to me, that the apparent warm hearted kindness which your mother and yourself showed me had below the surface a mere interested design on my fortune, nothing more. And I liked you all so much, Lord Francis, that this fact struck bitterly home!"

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The Judge Had the Call.

[From the Albany Argus.]

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The Polk county grand jury has returned an indictment against Governor Larrabee of Iowa, for criminal libel. He has persistently refused to pardon a youth named Chester Turney, sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary for theft. Turney's step-father was a worthless fellow and his mother was ill. The thefts were in the nature of food and wearing apparel. His mother laid the matter before the ministerial association of Des Moines, who looked up the records and decided that the boy should be pardoned. The press took the matter up, whereupon the governor published a pamphlet of defence in which he charged Mrs. Turney had two husbands living. Mrs. Turney married twice, but her first husband was killed in the war. She laid the governor's pamphlet before the grand jury with the above results.

A man in the interior of Pennsylvania killed himself because he couldn't use his $400 sleigh.

An Apt Quotation.

From a letter by Mrs Sullivan, 124 West Avenue, Hamilton, Ont: After trying a number of medicines for liver complaint, from which I suffered for years, I bought two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and found it a complete cure. My house is never without it."

A gentleman in Columbus, Ga., has a razor which has been in constant use 104 years. It bears a close resemblance to a broad axe, but does service in shaving off cut many a whisker before it is finally laid away among the relics of bygone days of used for trimming corns.

Tickling Torture.

Mrs. Henry M. Kitchen, St. George, Ont says: "I had a bad cold which settled in my throat, causing a continual tickling and I just coughed all the time. I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and in 3 days was getting better, and in 10 days I went to work as usual. Our neighbors know this to be true.

The Paris Academy of Science is just now excited over a plant called colocaria. This plant often exhibits a trembling or vibrating motion without any apparent cause, and as many as 100 or 120 vibrations have been observed in a single minute.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them. They cured me of despepsia when all other remedies failed."—T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa. Ayer's Pill's are sold by all druggists.

ON THE ISTHMUS.

SPLENDOR OF THE SCENERY IN PANAMA.

The South American Soldier—Customs at the Cemeteries—"Coffins to Let"—The Scant Costumes of Panama—The Costliness of Dying Exceeds That of Living.

[Special Correspondence.]

PANAMA, Jan. 17.—Nowhere on the civilized or uncivilized earth is there witnessed a stranger sight than on the short journey across the Isthmus of Panama from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its gorgeous and vast vegetation, its waving palms and luxurious bananas, its tall grasses and brilliant flowers are rarely beautiful; but these one can see all over South America, in the neighborhood of the equator. It is the human conglomeration that is most unique and interesting. The Panama canal has brought to the isthmus a working force of 15,000 negroes from Jamaica, Africa and the small West India islands. After them have come an army of bushwhackers, the very dregs of the earth, consisting of French, English, Spanish, Turkish and Chinese men and women.

The European managers, engineers and contractors brought their peculiar following, and the whole, with the native elements, makes up a cosmopolitan population, wonderful in its character, recklessness and general appearance. No one is surprised at anything one hears or sees in this strange land, for the Turk, the African, the Mongolian, the European make up a heterogeneous jumble and do about as they please. Some wear one article of dress, some scarcely that. Many children are in a continual state of nakedness, and the diversity of costume suggests Joseph's coat.

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The government demands that all men and women shall wear a trifle more covering than the traditional fig leaf, and when a ship load of Africans from the south coast arrived in Colon a year or two ago, cases of shirts and trousers were sent them before they were permitted to land. When they reached town their appearance was striking, to say the least. Some had the trousers fastened around their necks, while the majority used the shirts as aprons and resembled a large body of African masons robed only in their regalia and attending a colored brother's funeral.

Poor wretches! Their fate was sad. When they were put to work it was found, strangely enough, that they could not stand the climate. They died like sheep, and after a month of experimenting the living lot were sent back to Africa. About this time a Chinese merchant came to their town with a load of trunks painted a brilliant green. The interested savages bought them with avidity and were rowed back to their ship proud in the possession of so many green boxes, which to their crude taste seemed beautiful. Their irksome clothes they threw away, but the trunks which might have held them they carried bravely back to the Dark Continent.

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One of the interesting features of the isthmus is the soldiers. They are a scrubby lot. The Colombian government, which supports nearly 3,000 of them, calls itself very strong in consequence and thinks it is fully prepared for war with any other South American republic. These soldiers wear a uniform consisting of red breeches and blue frock coats, but very dirty, ill fitting and coarse. Occasionally a soldier will wear shoes, but as a rule they are barefooted. Their guns are as rusty as their clothes, and in marching they shamble along in a way that the most awkward of awkward Canadians in the north never dreamed of equaling. They are all little men, as are all the males of this country, and some of them are not older than 16 years. You can scarcely imagine anything more grotesque than their general appearance, and yet I am told that in the riots and revolts which occasionally break out in these republics these men in miniature will fight like little devils. Multum in parvo. Napoleon Bonaparte was but a little over five feet in height.

If the Colombian soldier is an oddity the Panama policeman is a marvel. He lounges about town, smokes cigarettes, walks into the saloons and sips native whisky by the hour while on duty, gambles in the Chinese houses and occasionally goes to sleep on the benches of the plaza. I should imagine the Panama policeman's lot to be a very happy one. He is paid eighty cents a day (equal to sixty cents of our money). The soldier gets one dollar a day (about seventy cents of our money) and has to find himself. The policeman's appearance is even more disreputable than that of the soldier, which is saying very much. But there is a dingy, careless, go-as-you-please air to every government official, high or low, in Panama and on the isthmus, which shows a woful lack of system, training and power.

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All roads lead to Rome and all mule paths along the isthmus make for Panama. There the motley masses gather on Sundays and fiesta days and enjoy the bull fights, the cock fights and the other innocent pleasures prevailing. They flock into the city day and night, spend their money fast and furiously, eat, drink and are merry, finally returning to their work, perhaps to live, perhaps to die. Life is held cheaply here, for death stalks grimly over the entire state. I met a French physician on the Panama plaza. He was drinking absinthe and smoking cigarettes, and looked anything but a man full of buoyancy and joy. And yet he was almost the last of a gallant coterie arriving here within the year. "There were eleven of us physicians left Paris last February to serve the Panama Canal company," he said. "rather fond of caught us nearly all; within seven months eight of us died; myself and another is all that is left of our group. Others are here and more are coming. If I live I shall return to Paris next autumn; if I die—well," and he shrugged his shoulders and silently watched the blue smoke curl from his cigarette.

Late at night, when the lamps are lighted and the cafes open, the gayety of Panama promenading is witnessed and you see the city at its best—or worst. You hear the rustling of dresses, the cries of children, the confusion and feverish fun of a tropic fete. It is all wildly strange and picturesque, this mingling of nations. The soft music of the Spanish guitar prevails, and you feel yourself in a land of passion and pleasure. When you go on the ship after midnight—for if you are a wise American you will sleep in the bay—you have to pass Panama petticoats galore. These far southern cities are like unto Paris, perhaps unto Sodom and Gomorrah, in this particular. The isthmus clearly has its worldly pleasures as well as its worldly pains, but the shadows are very deep and the sunshine is not always clear. The heat is dense and heavy from January to January; all business ceases from 10 in the morning until late afternoon, and even then it is carried on with an interest to her clear, low voice, as she strove to make her somewhat quaint ideas on things in general intelligible to the very ordinary stamp of gentlemanly young noodle who had been appointed by Lady Knottinghame to escort her into dinner.

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[From the Albany Argus.]

I heard a good story the other day about the late Judge Grosvenor, of Dunkirk, who was the local attorney for the Dunkirk and Warren Railroad, and at one time had a cow killed by a locomotive of the road. He presented a claim of $25 to the proper officer of the road, who, following the ordinary custom, had it referred to the Judge, as attorney, to give an opinion as to the liability of the road. The Judge had the facts set forth and wrote an elaborate opinion, holding that the road was not liable in the case, as the killing of the cow occurred by reason of the plaintiff's negligence, and cited numerous authorities to sustain his position. The claim was consequently disallowed, but the Judge's fee of $30 for an opinion Grosvenor against the Dunkirk and Warren Railroad" was presented to the proper authorities and in due time he received a check for that amount.

The Polk county grand jury has returned an indictment against Governor Larrabee of Iowa, for criminal libel. He has persistently refused to pardon a youth named Chester Turney, sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary for theft. Turney's step-father was a worthless fellow and his mother was ill. The thefts were in the nature of food and wearing apparel. His mother laid the matter before the ministerial association of Des Moines, who looked up the records and decided that the boy should be pardoned. The press took the matter up, whereupon the governor published a pamphlet of defence in which he charged Mrs. Turney had two husbands living. Mrs. Turney married twice, but her first husband was killed in the war. She laid the governor's pamphlet before the grand jury with the above results.

A man in the interior of Pennsylvania killed himself because he couldn't use his $400 sleigh.

An Apt Quotation.

From a letter by Mrs Sullivan, 124 West Ave. Hamilton, Ont: After trying a number of medicines for liver complaint, from which I suffered for years, I bought two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and found it a complete cure. My house is never without it."

A gentleman in Columbus, Ga., has a razor which has been in constant use 104 years. It bears a close resemblance to a broad axe, but does service in shaving off cut many a whisker before it is finally laid away among the relics of bygone days of used for trimming corns.

Tickling Torture.

Mrs. Henry M. Kitchen, St. George, Ont says: "I had a bad cold which settled in my throat, causing a continual tickling and I just coughed all the time. I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and in 3 days was getting better, and in 10 days I went to work as usual. Our neighbors know this to be true.

The Paris Academy of Science is just now excited over a plant called colocaria. This plant often exhibits a trembling or vibrating motion without any apparent cause, and as many as 100 or 120 vibrations have been observed in a single minute.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them. They cured me of despepsia when all other remedies failed."—T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa. Ayer's Pill's are sold by all druggists.

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 Billiousness, 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

VALENTINES

Wholesale and Retail

—BY—

J. & A. McMILLAN,

Booksellers and Stationers,

98 and 100 Prince Wm. St.,

St. John, N. B.

Corporation Contract.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office, until MONDAY, 25th inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, for Paving

WATER STREET

with CEDAR BLOCKS, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the City Engineer's office.

No tender will be recognized unless signed by the parties tendering, with their occupation and place of residence.

Tenders must be accompanied by a certified bank cheque for Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline or neglect to enter into a contract when called upon so to do. All cheques except those of party whose tender is accepted, will be returned as soon as contract is entered into.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

February 6th, 1889.

By order, HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

Contract for Making Up Uniforms for Letter Carriers.

SEPARATE Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, Ottawa, (for Superintendent Printing and Supply Branch) and marked "Tender for Making up Uniforms for Letter Carriers" at Halifax, St. John, N. B., Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ont.; Winnipeg, Victoria, B. C., will be received at Ottawa until 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, the twenty-third day of February, 1889, for Making up Letter Carriers' Uniforms to personal measurement of the Carriers performing the same, and with material, certain of which will be furnished by the Department, as specified in the form of tender, at the above mentioned places, or elsewhere, as may from time to time be required by the Postmaster General.

Information as to the estimated number of garments required for the Carriers at each of the cities herein named can be obtained from the Postmasters of the aforementioned cities, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa; and samples of the different articles of uniform to be made up are to be seen at the offices of the Postmasters of the cities specified and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, at which place additional information can, if required, be obtained.

The contract to continue in force for a term of four years, provided always the same be executed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster General, as to the proper completion of the work, the quality of the material used, and the nature of the workmanship performed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General.

The material and workmanship are to be, in all respects, equal to the samples, and all the different articles of uniform, when completed, are to be delivered, at the expense of the Contractor or Contractors, in such quantities at any time from time to time be required, to the aforesaid Postmasters, or at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, as the case may be.

The tender to state the price demanded for the work in the manner prescribed by the form of tender, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties undertaking that in the event of the tender being accepted, the Contract shall be duly executed by the person or persons tendering for the price demanded, undertaking also to become bound with the Contractor or Contractors in the sum of One Thousand Dollars, for the due performance of the Contract.

Printed forms of tender and guarantee may be obtained at the Post Offices above mentioned and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

WILLIAM WHITE, Deputy Postmaster General.

Post Office Department, Ottawa, 28th January, 1889.

Separate Sealed Tenders will also be received from any one individual or firm for the Supply of the whole of the Uniforms required for the Letter Carriers of the Dominion, according to plans and conditions as for the "Making up of Letter Carriers' Uniforms" above set forth.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

In the matter of the "Expropriation Act," and in the matter of those certain parcels or tracts of land hereinafter described.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that there has been lodged in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, on the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1888, a notice to the Registrar by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, stating his readiness to pay over to the persons entitled thereto, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, in his opinion, is sufficient compensation for the damage or property required for the purposes of the erection of a beacon light at Dipper Harbor, in the Province of New Brunswick, and described as follows, that is to say:

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St. John, N. B., and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1836 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from high water mark, 330 feet; thence, by the magnet of the year 1888, south, two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 ft; thence south, twenty-three degrees west, 305 feet, thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 305 feet, or to the intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 100 feet from the extreme southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark southerly, round the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the said Campbell's Island, as aforesaid; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence north, fifty-four degrees east, 385 feet, to the north corner of the Fish House; thence north, sixty-six degrees east, 158 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees east, 400 feet, to the northwestern side line of a grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; and thence on side line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a width of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the lighthouse lot of fifteen feet, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria has acquired title to the land or property hereinbefore described, under chapter thirty-nine of the Revised Statutes of Canada respecting the expropriation of lands, as amended by the Act 50 Vict., Vic., ch. 17, intituled "An Act to amend the Revised Statutes, chapter thirty-nine, respecting the expropriation of lands."

In consequence, all persons entitled to the said hereinbefore described land or property or any part thereof, or representing or being the heirs or bands of any persons so entitled or claiming to hold or represent incumbrances thereon or interests therein, are called upon to file in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, their claims or opposition, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D. 1889, and are notified that such claims or opposition will be received and adjudged upon by this Court, and that the proceedings herein will forever bar all claims to the compensation money or any part thereof, including any claim in respect of dower or of dower not yet open, as well as in respect of all mortgages, hypothecs or incumbrances upon the said land or property.

Dated at Ottawa, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1888.

L. A. AUDETTE, Registrar.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

—FOR—

BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local for EASTPORT, and thence BOSTON, direct) and the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave Boston every Monday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday evening for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C. B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Bridge," will be received until noon on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1889.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways, Ottawa, where forms of tender may be obtained, and after Wednesday, 20th February instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or a marketable cheque made payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the parties tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract.

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1889.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory,