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POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE, SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1890

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

pack-ponies to remove his goods to Meria, and I was glad that our pilgrimage was to be for at least a little distance together. HE TAKES LA GRIPPH As we departed, the alcalde embrad

us, and nearly all the people of Fini tired. As our party wo arate the next day and re ing good-will, and "Dios le a compa

os le a compane!" came ferv nes and divers occupa nforts for the inner man which d to the empty storehouse of the (beggarly Finisterre, served to extraordinary functionary of the overnment a more benign tem-even consented to permit yquet and myself to put some The comforts for the inner man which we carried to the empty storehouse of the noble bay, we

He even consented to permit e Floquet and myself to put some is attenuated He never forgot for one moment, He never forgot for one moment, reached Noya and its single inn where as alcalde. I was the alcalde's reached Noya and its single inn where thority seemed an urgent order that uld redouble my vigilance as guard myself. The situation was both esting and ludicrous, but it soon fled." instructure against him, even before they are heard the facts of the case. He says he thot guilty, and I believe him." "Then let him prove his innocence," said speaking, then I asked in trembli tones "And the murderers? Were th ould rede

ing and ludicrous, but it soon we reached shortly before midnight, I make your blood grow chill with horror." nteresting and lucicrons, but it sould we reached shortly before minnight, a make your block grow chin with hortone and towards night drew much interesting information re-nyself as Spanish sentinela in charge garding the people of Galicia, the oldest and once the most famous, province of the fatter a few unofficial liberties. Spain. Twist, we reacted shortly before minnight, a make your block grow chin with the full and the sentence of the state of the sentence of the sent

iving the latter a few unofficial interview. Spain. The old sovereignty of Galicia com-my slight baggage and produce an old prises the present four northwestermost provinces of Spain named Lugo, Coruna, provinces of Spain named Lugo, When the lights were turned ersigned and vised by tion of 2,000,000 so out the timid people in the room slyl drew closer together as a becoming fee The in n the ancient Boetians drew closer toge nany officials in so many differen ne cities and towns are far apart "Well! my dear friends" comm tries, that of late no creat ity. gree. The cities and towns are far apart

nut groves. In these a fat jolly looking landlord appe peasant occupant is a "Any accommodation here f and beast?" I called out. he has bee

ar, or whether he has become the roud possessor of a few acres, which is very Gallegan's highest dream, the sasant of Galica who remains at home ly sits and dozes his life away sodden indolence. Four bare walls, source and see to the gentleman's horse." "Stiff with cold I limped into the house the angle and see source and see to the gentleman's horse." "Stiff with cold I limped into the hous thankful to have reached such a seem ingly warm and pleasant refuge on suc

e them all with food. Ill as Even the old alcalde

the time, for mine. I had better tell no AN AWFUL STORY. "No! No! do not stop now," said our hostess, "we want to hear it all—" "Then remember, and do not blame We had spent a merry New Yes

never told of it." Here exclamation

better than the murde

he when you hear the bit

INTERCOLONIAL of refuse and old remains of various kinds we found—the victim. It had not been carried off by its destroyers. "Ah-h-h! The cruel wretches!" said 1889 WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 18

ON and after MONDAY, 30th the trains of this Railway w. (Sunday excepted) as follows:-"Oh! Cruel! cruel !" sighed a third. "Yes," he continued, "there they la TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for H'f'x and Campbell mmodation for Point du Chene. rushed, mutilated. The neck torn an -a-mangled. A great, gaping hole i the side. A moment we gas ned, looked in each othe

Pas engers from St. John acreal leave St. John 17.00 and t in leaving St. John for Montrea

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

RAILROADS.

all and I said I thought"those who cou keep silent in such a case were litt The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to rom Montreal are lighted by electricity and he d by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Tim "And why did you not make

Moncton, N. B., 30th Dec., 1889.

"No. Miss Josie," he said, still sadly Only a big brown jug of raspberry athy, our commiseration, our

We girls sat for a mor silent indignation. Then one of the gentlemen threw himself back in his chair and fairly shouted with lau

"And the men that carried out

his friends who had driven out from the city to get a trunk for his sister who in-

ded to lengthen her visit and, in sequence, needed an extra supply of

"Well !" said a merry girl, "I've been

"How does it feel?" interrupted a

Of course they all followed suit and soo all the girls joined in, and, through it al gave me promise of a cheery workshown I drew up my horse in the yard. The house doot was quickly thrown open and a fet iolly looking landlord appeared. .40 a. m.-Express for Bangor,

ooking as a man could look. "But" asked our hostess at last, "How o you account for the shricks and cries 11.20 a.m.-Express for Fredericton and i

) p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the west for Fredericton. used by the creaking of a barn door, t unfastened by a careless farm hand."

"Just a son of the family and two of

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m., Parlor Car attac 7.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached EAL, "via Short Line," 7.35 p

Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attacked VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 10.2010.45 a.m. 12.20 WOODSTOCK 6.15, 10.35 a.m., 8.00 p. m HOULTON 10.25 a.m., 8.00 p. m.; ST. STEPHENS 8.06 a.m. n, 10.20 p. m: ST. ANDREWS 8.06 a.m. n, 2.85 p. ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN ¶ 54.5, 10.00 a.m., 2.30, 6.50, p. m.

saucy boy. She treated the lad to a look of silent scorn and continued : "I've been thinking about that awful LEAVE CARLETON.

story and it is just this: A very cold day 5 p.m-For Fairville, Fre

.15 a. m—From Fairville, Fredericton &c



ONE WAY

arms around his neck, "I knew you ald not desert him altogether, for my the world I would not do for your e jail, thinking sadly enough osition. He saw no hope of one, and that he did not intend the said premises belonging or out his pos er, A, D., 1889. MARY A. STEAD, Mortgagee,



STRAIT SHORE, PORTLAND. Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shaft-ing, and shapes of all kinds.

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P. O. Box 454. S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF

FINISHING NAILS

tht of the murder Fitz-me until 1.55 a. m.; and he searches the pr. mises; ket of a light overcoat by prepares to arrest Fitz-

THE MYSTERY

the rep

-OF A-

By FERGUS W. HUME.

HANSOM CAB.

Mr. Frettlby, the day after Brian's arrest had a long conversation with his daughter and wanted her to go up to Yabba Yalloch Station until the nublic scrittement had some

ded. But this Madge

her father, who was pacing slowly up and down the room; "if he did not get into the cab with Whyte he must have been some-where else, so he ought to set up the defense of an alibi."

hope lighting up her sad face; "he till 11 o'clock on Thursday night." probably," returned her father

Mrs. Sampson entered, and piaced her cancer on the table. "Not havin' any cake," said that lady, to "three of arrival-the' it's not ofting I'm taken by surprise-except as to a 'eadache, which, of course, is accidental to every pusson-I baker and the grocer, both bein' all that it could be desired except in the way of worry-in' for their money, which, they think as 'ow in the back to the boux, like Allading's scape except one, and that he did not instant to take advantage of. "It would kill her; it would kill her," he said feverishly, as he paced to and fro over the echoing stone. "Better that the last of the fritageralds should perish like a common thief than that she should know the bitter truth. If I engage a lawyer bo defend me," he went on, "the first question he will ask me will be where was I on that night, and if I tell him all will be discovered, and then—no —no—I cannot do t; it would kill her, my darling," and throwing himself down on the bed, he covered his face with his hands. He was roused by the opening of the door of his cell, and on looking up saw that it was Calton who entered. He was a great friend of Fitzgerald's, and Brian was deeply touched

derings, As he ing how

oked, with her hands moving the cups and saucers, so blzarre heir sprawling dragons of yel-He half smiled to himself as 'If they knew all, I wonder t with me as cool and uncon-Frettiby, too, as he looked at

ight of his dead wife, and

iderable time, till

always whitewashed, always whitewashed, black with smoke and hatched roof are enough e needs little fire, and the ings had lost all Leart,

was the best compliment I could pay my rosy cheeked, hostess, as I smilingly told her when I drew my chair up to the ff fire preparatory to taking my smoke." "Soon feeling drowsy I asked to be shown my bed room and was conducted to quite a comfortable apartment. Be

"Any acco

while from the window at the wintry scene. Only one house was near and scene. Only one house was near and that was dark and silent. Indeed sil-ence reigned everywhere outside, as is usual in a country place on a winter evening. I left the window at length, but I seemed to have grown strangely wake-ful. I walked up and down for a while
scene. Only one house was near and song." Then she began to sing: "Hal hal hal you and me. Little brown ig how I love thee!" St. John, Jan. 20, 1890.

"Yes sir, plenty. Walk right in" wa

d in excellent style was soon pla

before me. The ravage I made upon it was the best compliment I could pay my

wondering what ailed me. Again I returned to the window and **value** ole Advice about Digestion, fr British Medical Journal, that If stood watching the dark and silent house the B Body Wear.

nightly

caught and punished? "No, never," he replied sidly,

plaint in the proper quarter?" I asked "Because the victim was only—." D. POTTINGER, Chief Superin

"Only some poor ragged tramp I sup pose" said a kind hearted girl.

New Brunswick Railway

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

The Short Line" to Montreal

Houlton, and Woo Parlor Car for Bango

Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car for Mont



For Fairville, and points we

ARRIVE AT CARLETON



Friday morning?" "Besides, Mr. Whyte left the hotse long before Brian dies," she went on rapidly. "You must remember—it was when you quar-eled with Mr. Whyte." fate monarchies had been brave enough | fa o decipher or gainsay its author

line of diplomatic action. The poor souls of Finisterre were really and truly ill and utterly helpless. Several had died

and lay in the rags of their bunks with-out burial. The living ones had no knowledge of their silment. Word had been sent to Santiago de Campostela of their distress, but the physicians of in sodder

hat city were busy with their own sick. in

and had laid down in their houses as ed them, and began in an humbl

ittle time I had cheery fires in most of the huts around which the shive

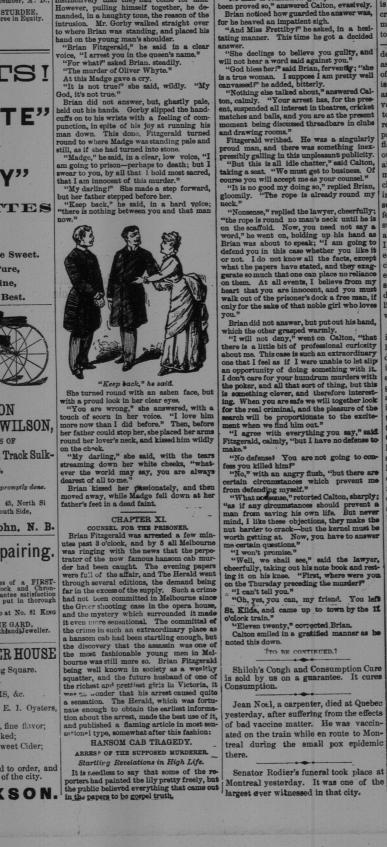
of salt and floods of black

ugh that I had won their gr

with all men not afflicted with the dy-spepsia, much more approachable and humane, I proceeded to bargain with him summing up population. If stood watching the dark and silent house married he lives peace-across the way. "What a place for a matter. He had re-for my release. I believed I knew what he <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> eans to give them relief. Therefore I asked. colonies. It is imo, if I shall be able to

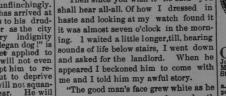
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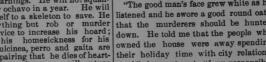




fees you killed him?" "No," with an angry flush, "but there are

in the "land's end" of Spain; and in this desolate village, there were some thing like life and hope among the people. Good Pierre Floquet was wild with de-light and pride; the weazened alcalde was stupified by what some of his people be-lieved to be a miracle; and if Finisterre could have compassed that much, my march through Spain would have result-ed in endless ovation. But I did not w stop at camphor. Pierre Floquet had four Breton calves, for the little tierra arrendada or farm he hoped to purchase at Mier. I bought one of these. To fife gether we killed it, cut it up into small portions, and, having recourse again to in





flashed across my mind, "Oh, pshaw!" I exclaimed "what a foolish thought" and hurriedly undressing, jumped into bed. Brain Wear, we take the following:

