

NEXT WEEK
Another new Story
THE PRICE SHE PAID
BY
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The Saturday Gazette.

PART II.
LIFE IN ST. JOHN
Will be in THE GAZETTE
NEXT WEEK.

Vol. I.—No. 44.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

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LIFE IN SAINT JOHN.

What A Former Resident Thinks of the People and Customs of St. John.

He Discourses this Week on Hotels and Hotel Life—St. John Men do not Imbibe any More Frequently than their Neighbors.

INTRODUCTION.
A short time ago a cultured gentleman who has been resident in St. John for several years and in that time seen life in all the phases it presents called at the GAZETTE office and handed the editor a manuscript in which he said...

I had heard it said of St. John men that they always carried a corkscrew on their watch chains, that a St. John man could not more be separated from his favorite corkscrew than he could from his shadow. This may have been so when lumber was king, but from my observation the men of St. John do not drink heavier or more frequently than men elsewhere.

I like St. John. This statement is made among her people. It was eight years. It seems only like yesterday since I got a note from the large home employing me to hold myself in readiness to leave for St. John, N. B., in two days.

Before entering upon a discussion of the business life of St. John, I would like to remark upon hotel life as it presented itself to me. The hotels of St. John are the chief resorts of the men about town. There being but one club, and its growth only beginning, the hotel offices are the chief meeting places of leading citizens.

Of tuff-hunting, in the modern sense of the word, there was none. The noblemen had special places in chapel, but this made no difference. We were all boys together in a genuine and honest English way. When we came back at the beginning of one half there appeared at my father's smart boy dressed in a light-blue jacket, faced with velvet, white trousers and waistcoat, with a turned-down collar and ruffs. I spotted him and at once put the question: "What's your name?" and "Who's your father?"

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

A FEW OF MANY EVENTS OVER THE WATER.

The Servians still cherish some peculiar superstitions, one of which is that when a man dies suddenly his spirit returns as a vampire, and preys on his relatives and friends. Here is a case arising out of that superstition. The other morning a man was found lying in the street at Bridge-st., stiff and cold, and apparently dead. Efforts to revive him failing, his identity was established, the body was placed in a coffin, and the funeral obsequies moved towards the cemetery, some distance away.

It is said of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, that when she was once studying for a new play in which she was to die of consumption, she frequented the consumption wards of the Paris hospital.

A Word With Commodore Brickley.
A GAZETTE representative met Commodore Brickley on Water Street, a day or two since. There is nothing fresh about the bluff old veteran: he carries with him an odor of the salt sea waves, and an eye as keen as an admiral's.

"The situation?" inquired the reporter. "Dead as a herring," replied the commodore, shot away—crew idle, and the last junk of salt horse blizz in the cook room." It is supposed the commodore meant to intimate that business about the wharves was somewhat depressed.

"Bad state of affairs!" "Might be worse," and the commodore shot his eye over the harbor, taking in Navy Island, the Martello tower and the breakwater. "Our navy, and our land forces too," continued the commodore, "are never fully employed at this season of the year, but this idleness is maddening. I hoped this fishery business would give us a little exercise and boom trade, but shiver my timbers! a parcel of land-lubbers are likely to settle that affair without striking a blow or even shaking their fists under each other's noses!"

Curing Snobbery at Eden.
(St. James's Gazette.)

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The Paris Figaro states that the Emperor of Austria, being interviewed a day or two since by M. de Matschko, said there will be no one seems to feel certain about it. It must be unpleasant reading for ex-president Grevy, says a Paris correspondent, in his present almost complete social isolation, to learn what a very small snowball was at first the avalanche which buried him from office. It now appears that all the woe which of late have been brought upon Wilson and Kaffrell, Grogan and Grevy were started by the everyday occurrence of a boarding-house room about rent. It is said that Madame de Boissy, one of the minor harpies who preyed on indelicately gallant officials

IN AN AUCTION ROOM.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN HEARS FROM THE UNSEEN.

The Goods—The Auctioneers—The Buyers and the Gossip.

The auction room in which "sundry lots of household furniture, wearing apparel, &c.," are displayed for sale, and are finally knocked down to the highest bidder, has attractions for the meditative as well as for the bargain hunter. It is haunted by ghosts who jostle the man whose thoughts are with the yesterdays, but who are unseen and unfit by its regular frequenters. For the auction rooms have their habits who are recognized by the knight of the hammer the moment they pass his portal and they belong to every class of society, but if of the male sex, they are generally sharp featured, quick eyed, grey bearded and restless in motion. If of the opposite sex, they are shrewd, sharp voiced, slim or grossly fat, and full of business. For some people the auction room has attractions as potent as the bucket shop or the club have for others, and the regular frequenters of these places need wear no label to betray them, to the physiognomist. It is one of the writer's mild dissipation to visit the auction room at rare intervals for the purpose of making the acquaintance of the wares that are sold, their purchasers, and the ghosts.

"Here, ladies and gentlemen, is a baby's carriage for which the owner has no further use. It is plush lined, nickel plated, steel tyre, in perfect order, having been used but a few months, and cost eighteen dollars. How much am I bid?" "Two dollars." "Two dollars, two dollars! an-a-alf! an-a-alf! a-alf! three quarters, three quarters, three quarters and four is bid! an four, an four! an four! fourteen dollars, and four only is bid! Four once! four twice! four—and a quarter! thank you! fournaquarter, one! fournaquarter, twice! fournaquarter! T-h-r-e-e times, and sold!"

The writer heard a sob at his elbow, but if it was heard by any one else it was unnoticed, and turning round, he saw two figures, a weeping woman in deepest sable, clinging to the arm of a man whose efforts to soothe her grief were unavailing.

"Take it away," she cried, "take everything away that reminds me of Lily, poor Lily, who lies in the cemetery, so cold so cold!"

And then the man tried to pacify her with loving words, but she would not be comforted.

They were shadows only. Meanwhile the tongue of the auctioneer had never been idle, and purchasers had been found for many desirable lots. "Here are two smoothing irons, one potato pounder, and one rolling pin! I'll warrant the latter to be in perfect order!" "No dints in it?" "No dints in it! It belonged to a spy-master!"

Then there was a laugh, for every married man present knew that the rolling pin is the married woman's favorite weapon of offence and defence. This desirable lot was knocked down to a bachelor, well known on the streets, who said, as he paid for his purchase, "If I were a married man I would have the rolling pin resold at once." Being a bachelor, he did not know that the smoothing iron may be used with almost as deadly effect as the rolling pin.

Then came a thin voice to the ear of the writer—"almost half of my household effects for twenty-five cents and the week's rent is a dollar! What shall I do? what shall I do?"

The writer's hands plunged into his pockets, but they were empty, and when he turned to look in the face of the woman who spoke so despairingly, she had vanished, as had vanished the parents of "Poor Lily!" so cold, so cold!

"Six pictures and a dust pan, ladies and gentlemen! Six pictures and a dust pan how much for the lot?" The pictures were poor little colored prints with embossed frames, and the dust pan was battered and worn, but somebody bid forty cents and his bid was accepted before he had time to repent.

"God bless the boys!" whispered a voice, "they have made for themselves a home, and have sent for me to come and join them! Those pictures I had kept for many years because they were theirs when they were children. God bless the boys!"

The voice was musical though faltering and weak, but the speaker was a shadow. And the auctioneer rattled on, and the bystanders laughed and gossiped, all unmindful of the ghosts by which the room was peopled.

Mr. William Moody, of the Gulf Shore, Cumberland County, will celebrate his 107th anniversary on March 10th.—Toro Sun.

he saw no spark of joy in life. It had been like a day when the clouds had shut away the sun, and settled gloomily over the earth for a storm. A shadow creeps into every human face, darkness covers in every home, the birds flutter in terror from tree to tree, or nestle fearfully in their retreats. The very brooks moan instead of babbling. Then suddenly the summer sun burns through the clouds, which scatter to their caves beneath the hills; the rippling rivers glisten and sparkle like rarest jewels, and the birds break forth in song as they mount in ecstasy toward the sunlight. Not a human thing but brightens into madden gladness. So short a time ago he thought life only a dull, cheerless struggle, that he rose in the morning heavy and disheartened, that he lay down at night, careless if he slept forever. But suddenly the world looked like an enchanted palace to Philip Weston, and his life seemed as perfect as a day in paradise.

It was at 3 o'clock that he was to go to Bertha, and it was only 2 when he was ready and waiting in his study for this last hour between him and happiness to slip away. He looked up the street and down again, but the streets were quite deserted; he might have fancied the world all gone to sleep had he not heard the faint ticking of the clock. Then he glanced at the hands and saw that he had time to spare. He picked up a paper and tried to interest himself in it. Was a child he was to be sure, not to know how to wait. Did he imagine there would be nothing more for him to wait for after to-day? His eyes glanced impatiently down the page. There seemed to be absolutely nothing in the paper at all; he must stop looking at it; he might as well write to the publisher; it would take up a little of his surplus time. But what was this odd looking advertisement in such very black type?

Dispersed without trouble or publicity by any cause desired. Address, in strictest confidence, John T. Giddings, No. 4 Erick square, Lockport.

"Well, well," soliloquized Philip, after reading the card a second time, "our corpse cannot come down pretty low, getting began divorce for a lividness."

Then he glanced at his watch; he was out of temper with the pretty little clock. Perhaps altering fifteen minutes for the distance to Bertha's house he might not be very much too early.

Philip found Bertha standing. She generally preferred to sit. And she wore an anxious look he had never seen on her face before. He thought to make her laugh.

"I suppose Mrs. Ellingsworth will not miss chance to tell me her news?"

"She is not in town," and Bertha turned to the window again. "She went yesterday. Do you know whether she has any relatives in—"

"Why that is where you— Philip bit his lip. "I didn't think she had."

He came up to where she stood, and, when she did not speak again, he tried to take her hand. But she drew away from his touch with a gesture of impatience.

"I am in no mood for fooleries!" It seemed foolishness to her, these trifles that she had said, and he looked at her with a pang of pain about his heart, and then she struck him.

"You are not afraid of her, are you?"

She drew herself up to her full height in her old supercilious arrogance, and her lips curled in scorn.

"I will be afraid of no one. If I owe no one a duty I need not be afraid." She seemed to be gathering force for an instant, while her cold eyes rested on the face of the man who loved her so nobly. "I must take back my promise; I cannot marry you."

"Do you owe me nothing, then?" he pleaded in a startled voice.

"Perhaps so—yes, I think I ought not to owe you miserable."

"Then do not have me do not kill me, Bertha, after letting me hope." He had seized her hand again, but she would not let him draw her to him.

"But I should make you miserable." She dropped her eyes before his. "You would not like—"

"I will take all the blame, then." He put his arm about her, and this time she did not repel him. "I call God to witness you will not be responsible; I will forgive you everything, my darling." She was in his arms, but she had been her face from him.

CHAPTER XXV.
WHAT AIN' WASTERS FOR!

The bay span were tossing their heads impatiently at the gate, and still the young bridegroom delayed in his house. It was the evening he was to be married, and when he entered the arched doorway again Bertha would be with him. So he must make one final tour of his home to see if there was any last thing to be done at work necessary to make it worthy of his beautiful bride. He found all his servants, the new graceful maid to wait upon the door, the portly butler to wait upon the table, and all, as he instructed them carefully in their duties. The intricate domestic mechanism must work with not one far or rattle to disturb the harmony. He went into the drawing room and looked about him. The grand piano that had been closed and locked so long was open, and the music placed on the rack as it were but yesterday. Bertha had sat before it, and he remembered how her young white arms had outlasted the ivory keyboard the last time he had seen her here. The chairs covered had been removed from the furniture, whose blue damask upholstery seemed fairly smiling with delight to have escaped from its mask. In the embrasure of the window looking out to the street, where the three laborers had stood the evening our story commenced, lay a little volume of exquisite engravings, as if some admirer had just put it down. Philip glanced at the page where it was open. It was a Magdalene; and a shadow passed over his face at the suggestion. He turned a few leaves and spread the volume open again. This time it was Marguerite. Impatiently he had not made the slightest change in the study—his father's room—where he had learned to fight out his spiritual battles. It would be a profanation to alter one feature of the room; it should be always as it was the day Ezzekiel Breton died. Philip opened the door and looked in for a moment, then with a full heart he made his way up the oaken stairs. The room he next entered was furnished in the shade of blue that Bertha loved best, the silk upholstered lounge that made one drowsy to look at it, the sleepy hollow easy chair, the dressing table and toilet set. Over the windows hung lambrèques of a darker tint, softened again, however, in the flowing curtains below. Even the drop lamp had its blue porcelain shade so that no such thing as white light should ever enter Bertha's boudoir. Philip imagined her sitting in the easy chair lifting her eyes wondrously to him, her husband, who never grew tired of telling her she was beautiful; or he pictured her asleep on the lounge one white hand by her side, the other beneath her cheek. How much of his thoughts were vague dreaming? Could it be she was at last to be his; lighting the gleamy old lounge with the blue curtains on. All his other life faded in his memory at the brightness of his joy in her. It seemed a small thing to him that he had lifted

1,000 lives into a new plane of existence—that he had given hope to 1,000 despondent hearts—compared with the hope of making this one woman happy and of living in his smiles.

But he suddenly started from his fond reverie, and passed into another room, all as white as some cave in a mountain of snow. The mantel was of marble, the curtains cloud like masses of snowy lace, and even the upholstery of the chairs, and the carpet was white damask. His heart beat fast as he stood for a moment in the chamber, then he went softly out and locked the door behind him, so that no foot should cross its sacred threshold till his mistress came.

It was to be a very quiet wedding—no guests, no cards, no banquet. The shortest and simplest form that could make a man and woman one was enough. But the hour was past, and yet there was no wedding; the bride, all dressed, waited to be called from her room; the young bridegroom paced and and fro across the parlor floor. There was no minister.

The clock struck the half hour. It was half past eight. Mr. Ellingsworth sat in the parlor reading the evening paper in unbroken tranquility. Philip was wondering where the bride was, and whether she was indeed preparing a terrible blow for the white bosom of his bride. What could she do?

"Ah! I think I hear the carriage," remarked Mr. Ellingsworth, laying aside his paper with a little yawn.

"The minister rose," asked Philip, listening eagerly, while the feverish blood rushed into his face.

Mr. Ellingsworth went to the window. "Why, from both directions. It sounds to me like two carriages. I will go out and see."

Philip hurried to the window and raised it, but it was pitch dark; he could see nothing. Who could be in that ocean of darkness? He wanted to be called, but no one came for him. He heard the doors open and shut, and indistinct voices, but no one called his name. Then he made his way out into the hall in vague terror. He thought of his bride waiting up stairs, and set his teeth for the worst. No earthly power, no violence of cunning, no minister's discourse should move him. His bride waited for him, ready to be his when he called for her. Ah! he would not let her hand be in that ocean of darkness. He would be faithful to her. He could be in that midnight manner, minister talking in his polite, but he could be in that ocean of darkness. Thank God for it. Nothing could have been so good for him. He pushed open the door and went in.

The minister rose, with the especial deference for wealth that marks many of the priests of God, and gave the young man's hand and a benediction. "No doubt Mr. Weston is ready. It is the bridegroom who should always be impatient. I believe I am right, an' look, Mrs. Ellingsworth, your minister's laugh again. He pushed open the door and went in.

"Not always," she smiled strangely and touched out her hand to Philip. It was but a woman's hand, small and dainty, but he touched it as if there were a dagger in its grasp. He thought of the look of evil triumph in her face that she had not been away for nothing. Could it be that there was anything more than her ordinary beauty and some page of Bertha's life so black a depth of love could cover it? A deadly faintness came over him.

"I have thought of two visitors," she went on; showing the tips of her white teeth in a smile and a sneer.

To be sure, there sat a portly woman with the slightly elevated chin of a certain variety of the human race, and she had a cold horror of recognition darted through his soul. He tried to lift his spellbound eyes, and they rested instead on the face of Jane Ellingsworth, which was lit up with a fond, self-accusing smile as she held the child up to him.

"What—not this the baby?" she laughed gaily. "Such a pretty baby, too; why it really has completed and outdone the other. She did not cease to look at his shrinking face. "But my mother and I think—Something made him look at the baby's features as she mentioned them, and then he shuddered. "Not strange that a child should look like its father."

Had the young bridegroom forgotten all about his wedding and the beautiful woman up stairs wondering why she was not called? It seemed so, for he sat down, and they fastened the pretty baby on him, and his face wore a ghastly smile as he looked at it. Once, at an expression in the little face, he caught it to his lips, but as suddenly he thrust the child into the nurse's lap and rose to his feet.

"What are we waiting for?" His face was like marble for firmness, and it seemed as dead.

Jane drew him quickly into the hall. "You are not going to marry the mother of that child!"

"I thought you would thank me," whispered the false lips. She saw it was all in vain—her journey to Vineboro. She had followed Bertha's tracks like a bloodhound, and had found her fatherless child in a stranger's home, learning to forget its high birth mother. Now surely she must suffer repulse and disdain as the poor factory girl had suffered it—in her very wedding dress. For the sight of this baby face would chill the most ardent lover that ever burned in a bridegroom's heart. But no. This man's love was deeper than the sentimentality that commonly makes the chief parts of what is absurdly called passion. His faith was so sublime, shame was ashamed before it.

His face had lighted up at her words. "Oh I will thank you a thousand times if you will send that woman and the child away."

He had taken her hands. "Jane, for God's sake, do not let me hear of this again. I would have given her a fortune, but she had sold herself once, and her price was enough. He could only pray to her in all

JOSH WARD
THE
Saturday
Gazette

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ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

The management of THE GAZETTE take great pleasure in announcing as among the attractions of THE GAZETTE during the coming weeks

Four Stories each of them of intense interest.

LOOK AT THE EXHIBIT. THE REWARD OF CRIME, a Story with a moral, by CHARLES BARNARD.

Published this Week, Twenty Thousand Dollars,

a Story of to-day, by JAMES J. MCKAY.

There is not a dull sentence in the entire Story.

THE PRICE SHE PAID, a Story of Society by FRANK LEE BENEDIOT.

Unrivalled in interest and splendid in execution.

The Romance of a Fair Cop, a most interesting short Novel full of exciting incidents.

NEXT WEEK, The Price She Paid.

A magnificent Story. Don't miss the GAZETTE next week. It will be the Greatest number ever issued. Order early from your newsdealer.

The other Stories will be published as space will allow of which announcement will be made hereafter.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Castlereagh street, JOHN A. BOWEN, Editor and Manager.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum, 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only. The writer's name and address must accompany every communication. Rejected MSS will be returned to the writers.

Advertisements will find THE GAZETTE an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces. The rates will be found lower than those of any other paper having its circulation among all classes. Rates given and ad locations assigned on application.

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Advertisers desiring changes, to ensure insertion of their favors in THE GAZETTE of the current week will be obliged to have their copy at the office of publication by Thursday noon.

EDITORIAL NOTES. We propose commencing a series of Cartoons on various subjects. THE GAZETTE of next week will contain the first of these series. The subject will be the Union of St. John and Portland. We intend making THE SATURDAY GAZETTE the best, cheapest and most readable weekly paper published in Canada.

We will have a new story next week. Its title will be "The Price She Paid." A thoroughly good story.

Be sure you get next weeks GAZETTE.

An unfortunate Maine baby that happened to be born on the day of her grandparents' golden wedding was named Ann Versary.

Deaths occurred during the month of December in the following named cities and towns, according to the Sanitary Era, as stated below:

Charlestown, P. E. I., 22, of one in every 545; Charlton, N. B., 7, " " " " " 220; Fredericton, N. B., 62, " " " " " 691; St. John, N. B., 47, " " " " " 499; Montreal, N. B., 311, " " " " " 394.

THE GAZETTE has not verified these figures; if correct their significance is somewhat startling.

The lady in Washington, says the Epoch, who bought a husband for \$100,000 in consideration of his devoting the whole of every evening to the game of whist, will probably not have many imitators. But if she does have any, the husbands will probably be forthcoming, especially if the other brides, like this one, are seventy years old. Even supposing she should live to play whist ten years more, that would only be 3,000 evenings, including Sundays, and the rate of pay would be about \$37.40 per night—not bad wages, even for a good whist player.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. The bulwark of the people's liberty is the freedom of the press. Any effort to restrain that liberty should be regarded as an effort to wrest from a free people one of the most valuable of their birthrights. In these days when liberty of conscience is an established fact, men are apt to forget how dear was the price paid for the liberties they now enjoy and to manifest indifference when an attempt is made to curtail or limit the broad interpretations of existing law respecting the people's liberties.

The press to-day is the greatest power of all constitutional countries. It makes and unmake legislatures, and when it does its duty it exposes rascality, corruption and hypocrisy wherever it is found. There are none in the land who are not susceptible to its influence from the occupant of the throne to the lowest menial of the palace. Such power as is possessed by the men who make newspapers should be wielded with care and judgment, otherwise the press may be transformed into as mighty an agent for evil as it can be for good when its influence is properly handled.

The press is the voice of the people. It is the forum where the working man can meet and debate with the prince. In its columns the man with the most brains and the greatest knowledge of what the country needs, and in whose opinions the masses not only get their information, but also their inspiration. It is to the masses therefore more than the classes that the press must look for its support and to their keeping should also the sacred privileges it now possesses.

While we deplore the condition into which a section of the press of the country has fallen by clinging to the skirts of one or the other political party, there is reason to hope that in the near future the press will shake off the filth of the politicians and speak out its true mind. One of the necessities of party politics is party newspapers. There is nothing particularly wrong in a newspaper upholding the principles advocated by some leader in the house. On the contrary, it is eminently proper that if, believing the policy of a government to be the best in the interests of the country, a newspaper should defend that policy. And opinions always differ as to what is best it is proper that such a policy should be criticized. But there are some questions upon which there can be no difference of opinion. The man who plans to rob the country was the assistance of an act of the legislature or without it is guilty of a moral wrong. There can be no difference of opinion about what both divine and human law alike proclaim wrong. The sin of stealing from the country is as great as when the larceny is from an individual. Yet, how often do we find newspapers defending very shady transactions on the part of politicians both elected and appointed. On the other hand the speculations are often unfairly and dishonestly placed before the country by newspapers on the opposite side of politics. This is unexcusable and wrong. Between the two statements the real truth is generally to be found, but because of the defence of one class of newspapers and the exaggeration of the other corrupt officials who, if the real truth were known, would be summarily dealt with, often escape punishment justly merited. The trouble with party newspapers is that they rightfully or wrongfully have come to be regarded much the same as a man who has the reputation of lying. Even when they do tell the truth they are not believed.

Perhaps the worst hypocrisy of which the press is guilty is the conduct of the party journals on one side to those of another. Opposition journals are always charging government organs with being boodlers, yet, when the tide changes and their friends get into power they do the self same things they claimed a few months before was wrong for the newspapers on the other side to do. This is the meanest kind of hypocrisy, and if newspaper editors only knew how silly they appear when making such charges they would cease them. If the newspapers who charge "boodling" against their opponents would refuse the boodles of their

friends, the public might take some stock in their charges. But these things will continue until the press of the country makes up its mind to the fact that the tail has wagged the dog long enough and make their political tail obey the motions of the body.

These, though, are the weaknesses of the press. Aside from its political bias the newspaper is truthful, outspoken and honest. Much good is accomplished, even through the agency of what are termed party journals, though it is not claimed for them that they fill in the highest degree the mission of the press. The true newspaper, that one which is most loyal to the people who support it will not fear to assail when guilty of wrong-doing, the judge on the bench, the governor in his chair, the mighty official, the peevish public servant nor the criminal, whether he live in a mansion or a cellar. It will not hesitate to denounce wrong-doers and wrong-doing wherever it comes to the surface. Neither proceedings for contempt, prosecutions for libel, brickbats, cowbirds nor bullets will turn aside the honest journalist, who feels and knows that he states the truth. He is willing to submit his case to the great jury of public opinion, and trust to it for a righteous verdict, and let the other influences go to the dogs. There are plenty such men on the press to-day, as there always have been, and it only requires the occasion to bring them to the surface.

THE SERPENT'S TRAIL. It is the correct thing for a political party to have a policy, and the better the policy the better the party. And it is difficult to conceive of the existence of a party without some avowed principle—something more than opposition to the doctrines of its opponent. But the parties of to-day are blind to all policies, no matter how wise and wholesome, that are not of their own conception. The evils that afflict our government, and touch our local, social and industrial interests, result more from party spirit than from any other source. The government has to bear the burden of government and the full weight of the party out of power. The life of a party depends on opposition. It is true, but the life of a party is not essential beyond its usefulness in the support of just, wise and wholesome administration of government. The evils of partisan spirit are observable in almost every important measure that is made the subject of public consideration. Party spirit predominates and permeates every department. The result is we have a continual political fight. The hand of the minority is raised against the majority, and every measure presented is covered with the "feetprints" of partisan politics, policy and stratagem. Men try with public interests in the playground of party.

FICTION. A discussion on "Fiction as an Educator" is in progress in a country newspaper, which is not without its amusing features. There are charlatans in literature as well as in science and art. There is no party open to man that has not been decimated by quacks. We might as well discuss History as an Educator, as Fiction as an Educator. History, as told by another is a faithful portraiture of times and events. Fiction as written by one, exhibits as in a mirror, a variety of phases of human character, a landscape, a country, a succession of actual or possible events, beyond the scope of the reader's observation, with which he would otherwise be unable to acquaint himself, and in language which he might study with profit. As written by another, false views of life and its duties are presented in language that would disgrace a school-boy. There is fiction and fiction—readers and readers. As another has said "I should be sorry to have any one accuse me of defending Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne or a hundred others whose names will suggest themselves. Their positions are secure, and to enter the lists with their colors on one's helm would be as needless as embarking to-morrow on a Mississippi flat boat to assist Grant in the sinking of 'Vicksburg'."

An Amorous Dwarf's Romance. (London Telegraph.) An amorous dwarf, named Francois, at the Winter Circus, is the hero of a peculiar romance which is being enacted at that place of entertainment, and which, it is to be hoped, will not have a tragic ending. Francois has fallen head, ears and body in love with a female pigny, Virama, a Cingalese, who acts with him in the pantomime of "Ogylan." She is twenty-two years old, and, unluckily for her gallant, is married to a dwarf named Appoo, who is nearly twenty years her senior. Francois and Virama have amorous passages both on and off the stage, and the clandestine love has given his lady a ring, which she wears on her big toe. Appoo, the lawful lord and master of the Lilliputian beauty, vows terrible things against the gallant, whom he watches with furious eyes. Consequently the circus authorities have made a kind of prisoner of Maitre Francois during the daytime. His every movement is observed and his account given by keepers in his walks abroad, so that by these means a probable duel between the rival mannikins, or, mayhap, a still more bloodthirsty quarrel, will be avoided.

FOR MUSICIANS. Odd Items in the Musical Line From Different Parts of the Country. The funeral of the late Mr. L. Hourihan, a member of the City Cornet Band, took place on Sunday afternoon last from his late residence on North Street. The City Cornet Band, with silk hats, white gloves, and wearing mourning, followed by the members of the Artillery and 62nd Bands, marching in open ranks, preceded the hearse, playing appropriate dead marches. At the Cathedral the bands opened ranks, facing inwards, and the cortege passed through. After a short service in the church the solemn procession reformed, and, to a very pretty and impressive dead march, proceeded down Waterloo St. as far as the Marsh Bridge, where the movement at the Cathedral was repeated, and the mourners and others who wished took coaches for the cemetery, the remainder returning home, having performed the last sad duty to one who was widely known and well thought of, both by musicians and printers.

Speaking of events of this kind it is a very fitting act for the members of kindred organizations to mark their good feeling and respect by attending in a body at the funeral of a fellow musician or tradesman, as in the case just mentioned. It does more to cement good fellowship than almost anything else I know of. This is the time when hearts are softened and the most susceptible to impression; and the smallest act of friendship is thought more of than some greater performance at some other time. I am not anxious to see generally, or to attend them; but when such a misfortune does happen any one of our bands again, would it not be a very pretty thing for the members of each band to take their instruments with them and in turn play some funeral march to the departed? Or all might be united on the occasion and form one large band. I hope our bands will not have to do this for a long time; but when such a case does occur our musicians, I think, would do well to consider the matter.

Little Hoffman's case has been looked into by the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the managers of which declared that the young boy being overlooked. They obtained a promise from his managers that he should play at but four concerts each week. It was stated to his father that a gentleman stood ready to give \$50,000 for the boy's education if he were taken from the stage, but his fond and unbusiness-like father said that \$100,000 was needed for that purpose. It has not been decided what to do about it, but it is evident that there is a feeling on the part of his well-wishers that he may have opportunity to develop his wonderful talents to the utmost, and if his guardians are disposed to be reasonable, there is little doubt that satisfactory arrangements can be made. It is said that on account of the withdrawal of the boy from the stage before his lease was up, an action has been entered against his father for a large sum for breach of contract. Even if the action is sustained it would be better to pay a considerable amount than to have the boy's prospects for the future entirely blighted by over-work, and his father will make a right step in accepting the offer of help to develop his musical talents.

A contemporary remarks: "It must be a very good brass band that can play all the airs a drum major puts on."

Mrs. Deary (addressing her spouse who gave her an organette)—"It's disgusted ome am wid that wringer yes gave me fer me Christmas present! Divil' thing but a sham sock 'll go too it, an' 'win O! turns the handle it's that ruddy it squakes out some chime like the "Shwate Boy-an'-Boy."

The coming summer there will no doubt be a celebration in honor of the coronation of Her Majesty the Queen, and no doubt our majesty will have no mean part to play in it. It would be something new and a considerable treat in the musical line to have performed on King Square a composition that is now published in the old country for the use of brass bands in the coming celebration, called the "Queen's Grand Solemn March." It has a vocal part, which is very fine and appropriate. With the assistance of some of our choristers this might be sung by about a hundred or more children picked from the schools of the city. The effect would be grand, and I trust some one will take the matter in hand before the celebration takes place, and have it carried out. The Artillery Band already has the piece arranged with music and words by Prof. Williams. He would no doubt be pleased to render any assistance in the matter that might be necessary to carry the thing through successfully. Who will move in the matter?

A PLAY. S. JOHN BAPTIST MISSION CHURCH.—Sunday, 4th March, 1888. Holy Eucharist, 8 a. m. Mattins Litany and Sermon 11 a. m. Children's Service 3 p. m. Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p. m. Wednesday evening, Choral Evensong and Sermon 8 p. m. Thursday, 5th March, Holy Eucharist at 7.30 a. m. Other services. Mattins daily, at 9 a. m. Evensong and Lecture, at 5.30 p. m.

ABRAHAM IVORY may be addressed by merchants and manufacturers, care of the SATURDAY GAZETTE, Canterbury St.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN. And every species of disease arising from IMPURE BLOOD, such as TUMORS, BOWELS OR BLOOD. Proprietors: V. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO.

THE LIQUOR LICENSE ACT 1887

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that WEDNESDAY, the seventh day of March next, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Common Council Chamber, in the Court House, in this city, are to be held public inquest on the following matters and things under "The Liquor License Act, 1887," namely: (1) Fix the amount of License Duties payable in respect of Tavern and Wholesale License respectively; (2) Make and ordain, any one or more of such By-Laws and Regulations as the Council may deem advisable under the powers conferred by the first section of the Act. Given under my hand at the City of Saint John, N. B., the twenty-seventh day of February, A. D. 1888. HENRY J. THORNE, Mayor.

H. S. Cruikshank, FLORIST, Old Burying Ground and Foot of Golding St.

ROSAS, CARNATIONS, HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CHIFFON PRIMROSES, CAMELLIAS, &c. BULBS, in blossom and about to blossom; HYACINTHS, TULIPS, GROSBECK'S SNOWDROPS, &c. EASTER AND CALLA LILIES. GERANIUMS, many new varieties and all the flower and foliage plants usually found in a first class greenhouse.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. E. C. MARCH.

DEFORREST & MARCH, MERCHANT TAILORS.

FOR YOUR OYSTERS S. BRUCE'S Oyster House, 9 King Square (North side).

FOR FAMILY MIXED CANDIES, POP CORN, ORANGES, LEMONS, OYSTERS SHELLED

By the Quart or Gallon and sent home from 18 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

FOR YOUR OYSTERS S. BRUCE'S Oyster House, 9 King Square (North side).

OYSTERS delivered to all parts of the City. Discount made on Family and Hotel Orders. WHEN ORDERING YOUR Oysters, 5 KING SQUARE.

CHAS. H. JACKSON. NOTICE

IT IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Local Legislature at its next Session for an Act to incorporate the Canadian Gas Light and Heat Company, for the purpose of making gas from oil or petroleum for illumination and heating purposes, with power to lay pipes in public streets and with such other powers and for such other purposes as are incident thereto. Dated St. John, Dec. 22nd, 1887.

ESTABLISHED 1868. GEO. ROBERTSON & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS

West India Merchants Office, 50 King Street, Warehouse, 17 Water Street.

Uptown Store, 50 KING STREET.

Business Respectfully Solicited by Geo. Robertson & Co., Office 50 King Street.

\$10,000 Worth of good Ready-Made-Clothing

A Great Reduction to Clear Mens', Youths' and boys' Scotch, English and Canadian

TWEED SUITS, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS and BEEFERS. Fine Cork-crowns and Diagonal SUITS, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS and BEEFERS.

150 Chamois Lined and Rubber Lined Blizzards Coats. 500 Pairs Men's all-wool working Pants, from \$1.90 to \$3.50.

Fine Cloths for Custom Work. Scotch and English Tweed Suitings, Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings. Beaver, Pilot, Melton and Nap-Cloth Overcoatings. English Hairline Trousers in all the latest patterns.

These goods are first class in quality and will be made up at every low figure, the best materials used, fit and satisfaction guaranteed every time. You should call and examine my stock of

Gents' Furnishing Goods IN WHITE SHIRTS, BLOTTA SHIRTS, HAWKIN'S TOP SHIRTS, Suits of Fines, CANADIAN JACKETS, BOYS' OYSTERS, ETC. WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, SILK HANDBANDS, SHIRTS, STRAPS, BRACES, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c.

100 dozen all-wool Shirts and Drawers, at the City Market Clothing Hall, 31 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS. NOW OPEN 87 CHARLOTTE ST., MURDOCH'S NEW FRUIT Confectionery Store.

All kinds of New and Choice Fruit and Confectionery constantly on hand. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH. 7 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11, 13 and 25 WATER ST. CHAMPAGNES. Leading High Brands—Qts. & Pts. MOSEILLE, SAUTERNE and SHARLET, BELFAST, WODA and CANTRELL and COCHRANE GINGER ALE AND WHOLESALE. The Leading Brands—Qts. & Pts. IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES. BRANDIES, HOLLAND GIN. JUST LANDING.

Special Highland Blend Whiskey. GLEN-OLD SMUGGLER. THE "PROVOST," IRISH. "VICKEROY," "SEAMOCK," IRISH. "GEO. ROE" and *** THOS. L. BOURKE.

New Cloths FOR WINTER. I HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL LINE OF Winter Overcoatings, SUITINGS AND ULSTERINGS

To which I invite the attention of my Customers. A. R. CAMPBELL, 46 KING STREET. Dress Colonial Book Sic

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

No one cares particularly to be the victim of a practical joke. Nevertheless the majority of persons relish such jokes and have no conscientious scruples against taking part in one.

A notice among the list of deaths this week, that of John Guthrie, former proprietor of the Waverly Hotel.

The fishery treaty for the past week has been the chief topic of conversation around town.

Civic politics are commencing to simmer. A week hence they will be bubbling.

The customs returns show something like \$10,000 ahead for this year as compared with last.

looks as if the worst of the period of commercial depression was over and that we have made an upward start.

It is to be hoped that something will be done by the Nova Scotia Legislature and the Dominion Parliament to complete the missing link in the railway system of Nova Scotia.

All persons who have taken the trouble to keep the run of new summer resorts have noticed that they are gradually coming eastward.

THE GAZETTE has several times called attention to the great need of improving the drives near the city.

The death of Dr. Earle was very sudden. Although not an old man Dr. Earle has long been prominent in the affairs of the city.

I observe that Portland is making a vigorous attempt to collect the taxes on real estate in that city.

Books are useful to add to our knowledge, but practical experience teaches that the best remedy for all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Blood is easily to be had and is called B. B.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLLEGE OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

The daughters of rich New York women are very frequently put at the beginning of the season in the hands of a trained nurse, who is responsible for their condition during the season.

When the debutante is in full glow, she is wrapped again in the bath-robe and carried to the bathroom, where a white porcelain tub has been filled with warm water.

THE GIRLS are very much interested in the new fashions in dress.

When the girls are in the bath, the attendant leaves her to her own devices until she comes to dress for the evening.

When her dress comes home there's the same sized hay-bag sewn in the back of her dress.

One of Mrs. Langtry's close personal friends, who is a newspaper writer, describes the other side of the high fence, behind which the actress lives.

Where the Lily Lives.

thickness around the waist. Just below the 'placket-hole' comes the first small row, lower down another, and usually one more.

An American lady now in St. Petersburg thus describes a court reception at the Winter Palace.

Bridemaids in New York have of late been monopolizing all the novel ideas.

Where the Lily Lives.

One of Mrs. Langtry's close personal friends, who is a newspaper writer, describes the other side of the high fence, behind which the actress lives.

MANKS & CO., Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, GENTLEMEN'S COATS.

ASTRACHAN, COON, DOG, WOLF AND LAMB. Coat Linings, Collars and Cuffs, Gloves and Mitts.

Beaver Capes, Muffs, Collars and Stoles. Seal Muffs, Capes and Collars.

Maritime Lead & Saw Works.

JAS. ROBERTSON, IRON, STEEL & GENERAL METAL MERCHANT AND Manufacturer.

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD.

The opinion all who have tried it, is, that it is the Universal Remedy for Kidney Diseases, and "only" sure cure.

A Sure Cure for Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary and Sexual Organs.

Lame Back, Bed Wetting, Leucorrhoea, Inflammation, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, Non-retention and Suppression of Urine, etc.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

A full line of above in LOCKS, HINGES, KNOBS, GLASS, NAILS, PAINTS, OILS, and the numerous goods comprised in this Department.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HARDWARE.

Call and Examine our Stock. Prices as Low as any in the Trade.

RUBBERS, Rubber Boots, Overshoes.



American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte Street.

SIMEON JONES, BREWER.

ALE & PORTER IN WOOD & BOTTLE, Hogsheads, Barrels, Half-Barrels and Kegs, QUART AND PINT BOTTLES.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BY JAMES T. M'RAY.

Copyright.

"Will you ever be done collecting, Prent?"

"Oh, I hope so, Nell. I think I'll get through the best of it today. I expect to bring you home \$20,000 to-night."

"Hush!" she said. "You're foolish to talk so. I wish you were well out of the business, Prent."

"Fellow, Nell!" he answered, "there's no danger. I'd like to leave it in Bath & Westbury's safe in Caranmore, but Bath told me yesterday they wouldn't have any more. There's been a safe robbery down west, and they're afraid. I don't blame 'em, though."

"Where are you going today?"

"I'm going south, through Dixon and Canthorpe to Shore, and then west by the south country road to Seaville and Plumley, and then home by Caranmore. It is a long pull, but I have got much work to do, and I guess Driver'll do it by dark."

He got up from the breakfast table and prepared to go out.

"Well, don't be rash, Prent."

"Oh, I'll look out. Don't you fear, Good-bye, Nell."

She saw him ride brown Driver through the gate and trot away down the south road.

At 10 Prent rode out to Shore, and had breakfast at the house in Plumley. He was in Seaville Center. In Plumley he was delayed. To get home by dark he should have been in Caranmore by half past 4. The sun was low on Three Pine Hills when he rode up to Bath & Westbury's general country store. He hitched Driver to a post, went in and warmed his hands at the stove.

"—and, Broom," said Bath.

He beckoned and passed through to the back store, and went along the door behind him.

"Broom," says Bath, "you've got to take that money along with you, an' all I got to say is the sooner you get out of it, the better for you."

"Why, what's to pay now, Bath?" asked Prent.

"There was two regular sporters stopped at 'im Crickitt's last night. They took the package out of our safe to-night. I've changed of the small money for you and got it into a small package. I can't look here, Broom," he added, "the money being in our safe's been talked of over to Wimbble's, and it's no more'n right you'd bring in here and happen to mention it's been took out."

"Well, said Broom, "if you say so. I don't want you to run any risk by me."

There were one or two persons in the store as he passed through, and he tucked the package from Bath, and buttoned it under his coat.

"You ought to be armed, Broom," Bath whispered.

Prent opened his coat a little way, the butt of a pistol showed on his left breast. He stepped over to Wimbble's hotel, bought a cigar at the bar, Wimbble came up.

"How do, Broom? Comin' over to the safe to-night? Lemme give you a ticket, only a dollar!"

"No, guess not," says Prent. "Got to go to the city."

"Going to take them ten thousand? Ben Bath's got his safe o' your'n?"

"Bath hasn't no ten thousand nor ten cents of mine," said Broom.

He went out and started on. The sun was set. He had nineteen miles to yet. He kept Driver going smart, though he began to lag a little with his long day's tramp. The road lay north through level, waste plain lands, covered with stunted pines, scrub oak, and smaller scattered undergrowth. The road was a single wagon track out down through the thin surface soil into the white, fetlock deep sand underneath. It was a dreary ride enough. Broom kept his horse at a steady pace, trying him now and then a little faster. Nell would be looking for him now, and eighteen miles with a tired horse between them yet. Four miles of the same monotonous waste; then, far away across the level, he caught sight of the buildings of Canarack station on the line of the railway. He heard the whistle of a train coming west, and presently saw it roll in and stop. It moved off slowly and changing, just as he came up. Crossing the track, he was hailed by a man he knew.

"Hello, Broom, hold on."

He stopped and the man came out.

"Look here, Broom," he said, "what an hour ago I got this telegram. 'What the dance does it mean?' It was dated, 'Half past six, Brammerley,' an' an' miles west on the line. It was addressed to Henry Tarrow, and read thus: 'Prentiss Broom will pass through C—about 7. Tell him this: Don't go beyond Brame's to-night.'"

It was signed 'A. Trimm.'

"I don't know what it means. Good night, Tarrow, I've got fourteen miles before me."

He rode on, keeping Driver well up to his work. It was five miles to Squire Brame's tavern; five miles of the same dreary waste around and the same elongating sand under foot. The road bent more to the west now; it was fast growing dark.

Two miles short of Brame's he caught sight of a wagon also going north. He pushed the horse ahead to overtake it, and coming up recognized the sturdy person and gray hair of the stout old squire himself. The squire was a fast friend of Prent's, and he was glad enough to see him joggling home.

"Hold up, square," he called. "What's your hurry?"

"Whoa, Bill," answered the squire, in his heavy voice. "Well, now, if it ain't Prent Broom."

"Give 'r a ride, square. I been in the saddle all day."

He dropped off Driver and got in with the squire.

"I want some advice, square," he said. "Look here—o' hold on, you can't see it now, but I'll tell you what's in't."

He read and explained the message. "Don't go beyond Brame's to-night," the squire repeated. "Well, that's good advice anyway, Prent. How much have you got on you?"

"Nineteen thousand dollars and odd."

"Whoa!" the old man whistled. "You better take a friend's advice. Don't go

beyond Brame's to-night. Your horse is tired, too. Look how he hangs back."

"But I've got to go home. Nell's all alone."

"Then you better leave the money with me, Prent."

"No, no, square, I ain't going to get you into any trouble like that. And, besides, I'm going to town with it in the morning. I won't lose sight of it anyway."

"Well, Prent, if you won't do that, I'll tell you what. Put up Driver at my house. I'll put your saddle on top your mare, Skylark, and she'll take you that nine miles in forty-five minutes easy. Slip that package under the seat, and you get on to Driver and ride in slow. I'll get round by Big Pines and come in on the other road. I'll show the money under the saddle for you; it'll be safer there. Come, tumble out, 'Whoa, Bill!'"

"Good, square, will do it, and thankful, I'm bleak if you ain't the cleverest old tramp that's going."

"Oh, so? soap's cheap, Prent. None of that sort."

He whipped up his horse and skurried away through the sand. Prent came among the hills now; the land was much better; the sand and scrub pines and oaks dropped behind. There were private fields on either hand, here and there a house. He came to the Big Pines crossing, and he saw only one man, a driver, with his trunk turning off to the left. He held straight on a mile, over the flatland hills, and so down to where the road ends at the broad middle pike. Then west half a mile to the little hamlet of Plumley, where Brame's tavern in the center. As he rode up to the door old Brame came out of the courtyard, and he came up.

"How do, Prent?" he called, in his loud, rosy voice. "Glad to see ye. Where 'y bound now? Been a-touring 'round?"

"Driver, ain't he? Have him rubbed down and eat some calms," he said.

There were several others hanging about. Broom took his cue. He said nothing about the road here.

"Well, square, guess I will come in a bit," he said.

The horse took away Driver to the stable. They went in.

"Come inside and have a bite," says the squire.

And Prent followed him through the bar into an inner room.

"Prent," said the squire, "I don't like the looks of things at all. There's been a stranger here to-night in a buggy. He was dressed in the best, had a beaver on, and leg of mutton whiskers and long hair. Low as was, but a real parson, and it was seen that he ain't in hotel parlors and smokes cigars, with his legs on a chair and some calms 'y go on."

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There were several others hanging about. Broom took his cue. He said nothing about the road here.

"Well, square, guess I will come in a bit," he said.

The horse took away Driver to the stable. They went in.

"Come inside and have a bite," says the squire.

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A bright glare flashed in my eyes. I crash in the bushes—the mare sited and plunged. A man's form, dimly seen, was hanging by her side. I struck my heels in her flanks, drew my pistol—fired. The mare was plunging wildly; I was blind with the glare in my eyes—I missed. I felt myself grasped from behind, drawn heavily backward. I felt the mare going from under me. I kicked at her furiously—flung the pistol at her head as I fell. She snorted and plunged, made one great, frightened leap high in the air, flung the fellow that held her heavily into the fence, and shot away up the hill.

As I fell the light glanced one side from my face and showed me the man who held me full and plain. Tall and light made, with small, white hands, pale face, black, silky side beard and mustache, keen gray eyes, thin lips and perfect teeth, long hair, glossy and jet black. He was dressed in fine black cloth, linen spotted and unruined, and a high silk hat. I saw the light glance from his polished boots, from a diamond ring on his hand. He had a cigar in his mouth. There was no passion or excitement in his face. He looked as cool, as fearless as devilish as ever I hope to see the face of man, as he dragged me back and threw me into the ground—held me down by the throat.

"Jiber!" he called. "Quick, will you!"

I did not fight. The mare was off with the money. I knew there were two other men at hand. I was unarmed. I knew they could not be quietly enough. I knew that that cold, white, cruel face above me would kill me without remorse if I came out to meet them. I thought of Nell, and lay still. The man called Jiber came crashing out with his dark lantern in his hand. He saw the light of the lantern, and he was dressed—altogether a commoner, rougher man than the others, but he was cunning, sneaking face, written all over in struggling characters with his proper name of thief. He lighted an open lantern, and set it on a stone. The third robber crawled up out of the bushes and stones where the mare had thrown him. The others called him Chisel. He wore a cap and a suit of dark gray coarse cloth. I did not see his face. He plainly started to hide it—kept it in the shadow or turned away. He seemed younger than either of the others—not stout, but lithe and quick as a cat.

It was only a minute's time from the first flash till I was lying quiet on my back in the road, with that white face, dimly lit holding me down, and a switch of the others kneeling by us. They called the other person. They called the rough one, with the brutal face and slouched hat, Jiber, and the other Chisel, as I said.

"Chisel," he said—his voice was clear and calm—"Chisel, hold the lantern. Jiber, cock your pistol. Put it to his head. Are you ready?"

"Yes," I replied.

It was Jiber who spoke. The other held the lantern above my face and said: "Jiber cocked his pistol, examined the cap, and put the muzzle close to my head. I felt the cold iron, but I did not shrink. I tried to turn my head, but he pulled it down to my ear, and his interest to peril my precious neck. But I saw the ruffian's villainous face, and knew that a single twitch of the brutal fellow's hand was all that stood between me and awful torture. In broad day, when there is no present danger, when life avails strength in public places, how do men's pale horse gallops far off beyond the sun-sets hills of hope, I take as calm a view of that certain but shadowy consummation as the rest. I suppose. But when the gray panorama comes quite close—when I feel his terrible numbing touch and his blasting breath on my cheek—well, then all the preaching since Adam has made death a matter of course.

"If he looked any trouble, Jiber," the man said, "show on his back, then he answered Jiber, doggedly.

"Get up," he said.

He spoke as he might to a dog he had kicked. That voice the devil in me. I lay still and glared back at him. I saw his perfect teeth set hard between his thin white lips.

"You took a pistol, cocked it."

"Look here," he said, "where is the money?"

I sat up and gave him stare for stare.

"What's that to you?"

One second I thought he would kill me. Then he governed himself and turned away. He spoke as Chisel said; then he turned back to me.

"Look here, you what-'his-name," he said, "three miles from here there's a little house, at the fork of Carom lane and the south road. There's a little woman in that house to-night, and she's a handsome little woman, and she's all alone."

He saw me shudder. I had forgotten Nell for one moment. He went on:

"I'm going to ask you some questions. If you answer square, all right. If not, we tie you up, carry you into the woods and make her a visit. Do you understand?"

"I understand," I said. He went on:

"Last Friday night you put \$20,000 in Bath & Westbury's safe, in Caranmore. You put in more on Monday. You was to have taken it out to-night. Where is it?"

"I haven't seen a dollar of it since Bath put it into the safe," I answered.

I had not. I counted it over to Bath when I left it. He made a package of it for me. I saw only the wrapper. He is, morally, a lie! Well, as you will, Dr. Johnson held that one might be justified in denying the authorship of 'Junius,' whether he wrote the letters or not.

"You say you did not take it out of their safe to-night?"

"Yes."

He turned to the others—talked hurriedly apart. I made out that they did not know the roads across the plain. They had, without doubt, come out from the city on the middle traverse. The parson turned to me.

"I have a wagon close by. You must drive to Caranmore. Will you promise?"

"How far will it be?"

"I'll drive you," he said.

"How far will it be?"

"Seventeen miles."

He turned to the others.

"He held the lantern—stood by me carelessly, turning his pistol in his hand, and

They led the horses out of the wood through a length of fence thrown down. Jiber brought out a buggy with a fine black mare before it. Chisel led out a stout bay colt and leaped lightly into the saddle.

"Get in," said the parson.

I stepped in—snook the reins.

He whispered to Jiber, then he jumped in.

"Drive on," he said.

"Not if that man stops behind."

"What do you mean? Look here, young man, I'll have no trifling. How can he go when you have his place? Jiber, make straight for the castle. Tell the king. If we're not in by 7 come to the cave. The word's 'Mauroveron.' Now, sir, drive on, or I'll drive you home."

"Get up," I said.

I knew what I had to do. I made my plan. I sent the black mare down the road at a swinging gait. She was a beautiful mare—coal black, graceful, spirited, yet nowise nervous or flighty. I never saw a better to trot and endure. She took a long, smooth, rolling stride, without jerk or break; never sprouting or flurrying, except at any steep rising ground, which she always took with a short, quick charge, and passed with a strong swing. After a mile or two he spoke:

"How quick can she make it?"

"Seventeen miles in two hours."

I knew she could do it in half an hour less.

He looked round—a sneering, scornful glare.

"We driven her nine miles in half an hour. Shake her out."

"I quickened her pace. We made a four minute gain on the level. He leaned back and smoked his cigar. I watched him askance. You could read no more in his eyes than in those of a dog. I never saw a scowl like that. Chisel galloped the bay colt behind.

"Can you strike the Caranmore road without passing Brame's tavern?"

"I can."

"How much farther?"

"Half a mile longer to the Ocean road."

"Chisel, I then.

I couldn't have asked for a better chance. The straight road to Caranmore runs north-east of Bradley's at Look-out Hill. The straight road to Caranmore runs north of Bradley's, four miles north of Caranmore. By turning off to avoid the spring's, you must take the Lindesley road, which is half a mile longer to the Ocean road, but strikes it nine miles north-east of Bradley's at Look-out Hill.

I struck the Lindesley road, swept away east, the black mare trotting smooth and square, the bay horse galloping close behind her. He put his head out and looked at the man leashed back in his corner and smoked. When one cigar burned short he took another. I saw the smoke, but I did not turn my head or eyes, but I watched him all the while. Though he appeared so careless, I felt that he watched my every motion. I saw that he knew nothing of the roads. I made up my mind from that moment, and drove on steadily. I knew that any hesitation would betray me. I took every turn and corner as carefully as if I had been driven by my own brown Driver home, instead of being in a man's hand. I was not with that hat faced, fine clothed villain for my companion, and the end of the journey was as long as any, but God alone knew what or where!

We sat and whirled on in silence. I knew the mare at a steady trot, but he never slackened for one second. As we skirted round the base of Look-out Hill he kept his eyes on the Kerrimain mill, he took out his watch, looked the ashes off his pipe and said: "The spark close to the east is just showing. We carried round to the east and turned the corner sharply to the right."

"Is this the Ocean road?"

"Yes."

We hoveled away down it. I had my mind made up. At Browner's Fork the Shore road splits off and bends west. The angle at the junction is so sharp, the two roads so nearly alike, that no stranger could say which was the straight road and which the branch. When we came to the fork I held the mare's head west and took the road to Shore. He seemed to doubt my here. He put his head out and looked down the other road. Turning again, he eyed me keenly. I chirruped to the mare and we swept ahead.

"Is this the right road?" he said, his eyes upon my face.

"This is the right road."

Right, yes—but hardly for Caranmore.

"Where does the road lead?"

I felt that defiance was my only course now. I pulled up the mare, faced him full and square.

"I'll drive the other road, if you like."

"Let her go, you beast!" he called to the mare. "Let her go, you beast!"

He glared at me fiercely, his hand leaped up to his breast, pulled the flap of his coat. Dimly I saw the hilt of a sheath knife under the fold.

"Young man," he said, "if you play me false I'll put my knife through your heart."

I gave him no answer. I gave him glance for glance, turned my face and drove on. I understood him. He had turned square to the money upon me. Failing that, he had thought that I might possibly drive him right. There was little danger to him at least, and it was his only chance. He knew that the money would be put beyond reach to-morrow, if he should not get his hands upon it that night. But he was a fool for his pains for all that.

I knew I could not deceive him much longer. He was plainly suspicious now. The mare was beginning to lag a little. She kept her long, rolling gait well up on the levels yet. But she had not the same grit at taking the hills, and she shambled a good deal going down. I saw that she was tired, that only her tireless mettle kept her legs up to the pace, and I halted to force her on. But I saw no way out of it yet; so I kept her up to her work. I struck in for Burrow Flat. If you have ever driven through that region, you know what a labyrinth of roads and lanes crosses and diverges at Burrow's. They cross and wind and interlace in every way, and at all sorts of curves and angles. I struck for this point, in through Broken Hollow, and then south-west by Foulter's blacksmith shop. I knew every turn and lane, and I used them with all my skill. I curved this way and that, wound and crossed till I had twisted him out of all sense of direction, edging round all the while farther and farther west, and north. At 13:30 we struck the Caranmore road at last, and rolled along it, heading for home.

The parson was plainly uneasy. I heard the bay horse still galloping behind, and I saw she was getting much distressed; her breathing sounded plainly, quick and hard. He hit the Caranmore road! His face had a baffled, murderous look.

"How far is it now?"

"Four miles and a half."

Four miles and a half behind!

"Bring on, you dog!" he looked in my face. I gave him back as good. Again his hand stole back to his breast.

"You said it—seventeen

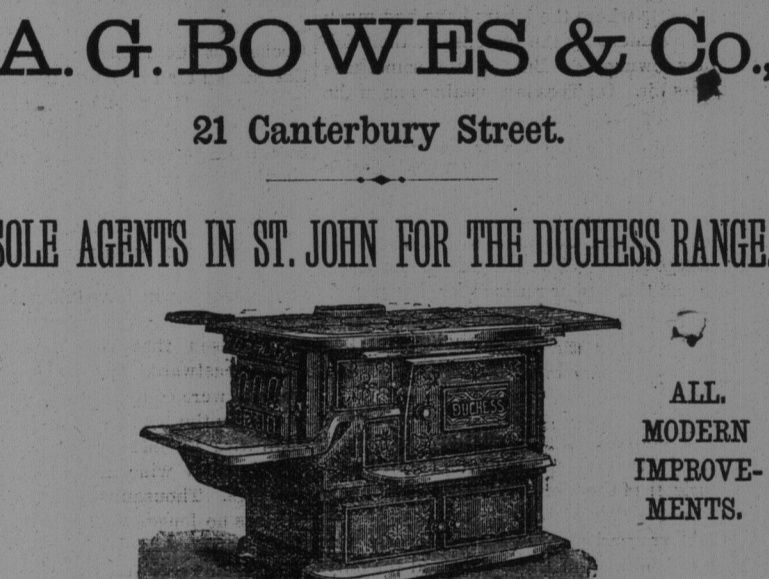
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