

Literary Notes.

—WIDE AWAKE for June begins a new volume. "Burial of the Boys and how they kept House," by Margaret Sidney, will amuse the mothers as well as the boys. "The Story of Bostons Common," by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, tells about the early days of this famous ground—the days of the cow pastures, and witches, and of the old-time training bands. But the new serial by Mrs. Crownsfield (wife of Commander Crownsfield, U. S. N.) will probably gain the first attention of the boys. A story of training-ship life, "Plucky Smalls: His Story," the title is full of fun and adventure. Elbridge S. Brooks tells us about Polo. "F. Cheney has a funny dog story. But we cannot give all the titles and authors represented in this issue. Four new books have it for twenty cents—or send to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The subscription price is \$2.40 a year. Do you know that Wins Awards has offered \$2,000 in prizes for contributions from those connected in any way with schools? The March number (20 cents) has full particulars.

—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending June 9th and 16th have the following contents:—Fiction, by R. H. St. John, Sir William R. Grove, F. R. S. *Nature*, Wanderings and Wild Sport beyond the Himalayas, *Blackwood*, Tramps, Medieval and Modern, *Westminster Review*, The Pygmy Races of Men, *Nature*, The Next Armada, *Blackwood*, Nature's Weather Prophets, *St. James' Gazette*, Francis Parkman, *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Sandford, *Coriander*, The Disenchantment of France, *Nineteenth Century*, Lady's Winter Holiday in Ireland, by Isabella L. Bird, Part II., *Murray's Magazine*, Italy in England, *Nineteenth Century*, In the Dales Sixty Years Since, *Macmillan*, Solomon Maimon, *Spectator*, A Bull Fight at Barcelona, *Spectator*, A Novel Ascent, *Chambers' Journal*, with poetry and miscellany. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,200 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both published by Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

—The average inhabitant of temperate climates has only a vague comprehension of what the word tropical means. It generally calls to mind a palm-tree, a monkey, a parrot, and a naked little darkey mixed up in luxurious and overheated confusion. In reality the word stands for immeasurably more, and to learn what that is, the summer idler needs only to turn to *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* for July. Therein, under the title "A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies," Lafcadio Hearn has described his voyage in and out among the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic—visiting Santa Cruz, St. Kitt's, and Martinique. Those who read Mr. Hearn's "Chita; or, A Memory of Lost Island," which appeared in the April number, need not be surprised that in this article may be found wonderfully graphic sketches of tropical life and scenery, which have probably never been surpassed for vividness of strength. The text is supplemented by numerous artistic illustrations, among which the negro types are especially worth close inspection. The perusal of the article cannot fail to give the average inhabitant referred to above some adequate notion of real tropical luxuriance, in foliage, color, and life. Another paper on the same subject will appear in the August number of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*.

For Sale and To Let.

For Sale or to Let.

THE HOUSE on Salem Street, near Capt. B. A. Read's, at present owned and occupied by Mrs. Albert Black, is in good order, has front porch, is situated within convenient distance of academies, public offices, etc. A never failing well of water, good garden, and about two and a half acres of pasture land. For particulars apply to Mrs. Black or Josiah Wood, M. P., Sakville, Feb. 14, 1888.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of late Reuben C. Chase, Esq., Upper Sakville. There is a large table garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE, Upper Sakville, Sakville, April 13th, 1887.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outhouses and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station. If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately. Apply to

Baie Verte, May 29th, 1887.

Celebrated Trotting Stallion

DAN MORRELL

WILL make the following Route—Leave Baie Verte Monday, the 25th May, by way of Joliette; all night at George Wood's, leave next day; at noon at C. W. George's, Upper Sakville; all night at Brunswick House, leave 1st June; at noon at A. C. Carter's, Point de Baie; all night at Boker's; then Baie Verte, returning there until Monday, then leave June 4th by way of Bristol and North Shore to Lower Cape; all night at Job Allen's, leave next day; at noon at J. P. Allen's, then to Upper Cape; all night at Harvey Allen's, leave next day; at noon at Harvey Allen's; then back to Baie Verte and remain over Sunday. This Route will be continued during the months of June and July.

PEDIGREE OF DAN MORRELL. Bred at Vermont on Broad Land Stock Farm; sired by Young Morrell, he by Rysdick's Hambletonian, he by Abdallah; Dan, Grey Morgan Mare, Nancy, by Bell Founder Morgan. See Wallace's Monthly Stud Book. For Particulars enquire of

J. R. BROWN, Owner.

The Imported Bull,

GLADSTONE.

Reg. in Dominion Short Horn Herd Book.

HIS SERVICES are offered on Reasonable Terms, if not sold. Beautiful Roan, two years old, tipping the scales at over 1,200 lbs. Probably the Best Short Horn Bull and Largest in the Country.

July 21 BLISS ANDERSON, Owner.

New Crop Molasses, &c.

2 CAR Loads Choice Molasses; 100 Tubs Choice Canadian Sugar; 25 Bbls. Rankin's Soda & Sugar; 80 " Choice Labrador Herring; 1 Car Load Bbls. and Half-Bbls. Labrador Herring.

april 24 A. J. BABANG & CO.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ASCHEM, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RHODES, CURRY & Co., AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA, Manufacturers and Builders.



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE. Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials. Send for Estimates.

jan 27

SACKVILLE CARDY

Drug Store

Garden Seeds!

GARDEN SEEDS!

GARDEN SEEDS!

Flower Seeds!

FLOWER SEEDS!

FLOWER SEEDS!

Sackville Drug Store.

Lime, Shingles, Cedar Chests, Etc.

Just Received and For Sale Cheap:

2 CARS BEST ST. JOHN LIME;

1,000 bushels Plastering Hair;

1 Car Calumet Plaster;

1 " Common "

1 " English Portland Cement;

1 " St. John Clayboards;

1 " Lath "

1 " Sawn Cedar Shingles;

1 " Shaved "

2 " Sawn Spruce "

2 " Walnut, Cherry and Mahogany;

2 " White-oak "

2 " Cedar Boards.

Orders for Cedar Chests and Closets promptly filled. The only thing that will stop mouths.

RHODES, CURRY & CO.,

may 17-61 AMHERST.

New Spring Prints!

JUST OPENED:

1,100 Pieces New Spring Prints;

300 " Mourning Prints;

100 " Picnics, in White & Fawn;

100 " White & Black Linings.

A. EVERITT,

Wholesale Warehouse,

92, 94 and 96 Germain Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. H. Griffin, Amherst, N. S.

COASES,

CONTAINING

\$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware,

ALL ELEGANT GOODS.

Remember Special Sale

—AND—

Discount of 20 per Cent.

DURING THIS MONTH.

HAYWARD'S

RECTORAL

BALSAM

CURES COUGHS, COLDS,

HOARSENESS, ETC.

NOTICE.

HAVING made a Change in our Business, we request all Persons who are indebted to us to call at our Office and settle their Accounts forthwith.

As it is necessary to close our Books promptly, we would say that any Accounts remaining unsettled on the 30th June next will be placed in the hands of our Solicitors for Collection.

Sackville, 23rd May, 1888.

E. COGSWELL & CO.

THE BEST

Spring Medicine

—TARRANT'S—

Seltzer Aperient.

Sold by TARRANT & CO., N. Y., and Druggists everywhere.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest Rates for advertising in 1000 good newspapers sent free. Address GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

(Continued from first page.)

I expected that this would be the case, but I made no remark upon it.

"Does the doctor you called in reside in Garesham also?" I proceeded.

"Yes," Dr. Helder. "His place is next door to the Bush Hotel, and Lorimer, the horse doctor's house is right opposite," replied the clerk of the manor of Garesham.

I consulted my time-table rapidly, and then said:

"This case, I find, is not so simple as I was led to anticipate, Mr. Trowbridge. I am to unravel the mystery of it you must permit me to act in my own way. If I got out to you at Garesham Junction, or at the town station, my game might be spoiled altogether. At the next station I must change to a third-class carriage."

And change I did.

I had visited Garesham before, and knew the place pretty well. When I arrived there I left the carriage very leisurely, to give Mr. Trowbridge an opportunity of getting away first. I saw him enter the cab and drive off, and I followed him, and drive away, before I stepped out to the roadway.

Old chap seems hard hit," said a man in front of me to his companion.

"Serve him right, say I," returned the other.

"The young 'un deserved an ounce of lead. I tell you, if young Beelzebub had come up my way with his tricks, I'd shoot him as truly as he has been shot; and what's more, Jim, George Lorimer would have done that same, for he was trying to snare the girl when he got his deserts."

The speakers crossed the highway and turned down a lane, so I heard no more of their conversation.

I hurried to the Bush Hotel more satisfied than ever that poisoning had nothing to do with the crime.

Having engaged a bedroom, I asked the waiter who conducted me into the coffee-room—which was empty—how he could tell me where Mr. Lorimer lived.

I put on a drawing, country kind of delivery, and added that I was about to buy some horses in the neighborhood, and I had been recommended to him as a man who would introduce me to the best cattle for sale.

"Mr. Lorimer's house is right opposite, sir," returned the waiter; "but if you want to see him now you'll find him in the bar parlor. Everybody's there to-night talking over the case."

"Of course, sir."

I answered in the affirmative, and requested to be conducted to the bar parlor at once.

"Gentlemen want to see you Mr. Lorimer," said the waiter, by way of introduction.

"This way, sir," cried a tall, stout, ruddy-faced man, making room for me beside him on the leather-covered seat which ran round the comfortable retreat.

My new friend was the chief personage there; and, on account of the fact that his daughter had been with the murdered man. There were about twenty men present, mostly tradesmen, and their freely expressed opinion would not have pleased John Trowbridge very much if he had heard the remarks.

In the conversation it came out that the poacher or vagabond with whom Henry Trowbridge had had the altercation a few minutes before his tragic end was a peculiar character, named Gypsy Jack, called Jack Deacon, Gypsy Jack, and Soldier Jack. None of the speakers would believe him guilty, and I fancied there was a possibility of his innocence from the fact—that four or five minutes elapsed after his leaving the young gentleman and his companion before the fatal shot was fired from under cover. On the other hand, Miss Lorimer had plainly said that the shot came from the direction in which Soldier Jack had disappeared.

"Look here, gentlemen," cried Lorimer, bringing down his hand upon the table with such a hearty blow that all the glasses jingled again. "I'd bet my life that Soldier Jack is innocent as I am, and I will offer him a hundred pounds to prove it. I know the lad—poor fellow—he's all right, and I know you'll have him back again."

"Ay, it wasn't nice to have a vagabond like that after your lass, George."

"Poor Jack!" murmured the landlady.

"Yes, poor Jack!" proceeded George Lorimer, "it's a pity he has gone back to the old life."

"He won't live to enjoy even that long," said a newcomer at the outer window of the bar. "I'll have him under lock and key in twenty-four hours, and I'll bet he's hanged before he's four months older."

"You never liked him, inspector Pritchard," said Lorimer; "and if he's hanged, he'll not be the first you've helped wrongfully to convict. But I don't think you'll have the chance of distinguishing yourself this time, for Mr. Trowbridge went out to London specially to bring down a celebrated detective."

"No London detective dares meddle with my business," cried the inspector vindictively. "They've got nothing to do with us, and we're quite as smart as they are."

"That's a fine saying, inspector," said the newcomer, "and I gladly followed him into the hall, that I might catch a glimpse of the high and mighty rural inspector. One glance at him told me his character, so I counted him as nothing in the case, if the suspected person was clever enough to keep out of the way."

We had a fine supper at Lorimer's, and his daughter was, like himself, a quiet, firm, strong-minded young woman, who did not appear to be very much upset by the terrible event which she had been con-

cerned. She was very pretty; perhaps too high-colored and robust to be called beautiful, but in my eyes, a true rural beauty for all that.

I saw the plainly what had happened. She had met Henry Trowbridge by accident in the pathway crossing the wood bordering the father's preserves. At an open space near the churchyard wall they encountered Soldier Jack, and angry words had passed between them. The latter had the best of it, and hurried away along the wall toward the high road.

"And the shot came from that direction, I heard?" I said.

"Yes," returned the girl. "It came from somewhere in that direction—I could not say positively. Mr. Trowbridge given me a nosegay, and I had thrown the flowers away. All I thought I didn't heed his fine words, I thought afterward I might as well pick up the flowers, and the shot was fired while I was stooping for them."

"When do you get up in the morning, Miss Lorimer?" I asked after a pause.

"About six, generally," she replied.

"It is not light until nearly half-past seven," I continued. Then I added: "I take a great interest in this affair, and would like to meet you at the police station at three o'clock of the murder. If your father is not engaged he might accompany you."

I could see that the girl looked surprised. When her father accompanied me over to the inn for the purpose of joining in a "nightcap," I told him who I was, in strict confidence, and he was anxious that I should succeed in proving Soldier Jack innocent, for the young fellow's own sake first, and, in the second place, that the inspector might be "taken down a peg or two."

I was comfortably smoking at the bar parlor fire with the landlady and his wife's father—the original owner of the Bush Hotel—when the latter, a very old man, began:

"A sad lot, these Trowbridges. Old Simon Trowbridge, father to the present one, was at school with me. He was the son of a younger brother of Squire Trowbridge, of Garesham Hall, but he came into the old property, and freehold lands adjoining, belonging to three other families. Ah, Simon was a good honest fellow, but he kept open house and race horses, and when he died, all that belonged to the name was the old house and ten or twelve acres of orchard and garden ground. That was sold at last, and Johnny disappeared the next time I met him. He was working as a mechanic in Deptford—say, a common working-man, he had a good headpiece, however, and got on. I did hear that he married some girl in London; but we lost sight of him for a long time until he turned up here in Australia, with a pot of money. He bought back the old Hall and the home farm, but he didn't step here. No, he went into business in London, and got on until they do say one of the richest men about here. He married a London lady, but she died when her boy was quite a little 'un, and now he's dead. Strange, very strange—very, very strange!"

But by bit and as naturally so, it might be said, accidentally, I got all the information I required for the elucidation of this strange case.

When I got up in the morning I visited the scene of the murder. It was an open glade, close beside the side wall of the churchyard, and about two hundred yards from the high way in which direction the assassin had run. Miss Lorimer showed me exactly where and how Mr. Henry Trowbridge was standing when the shot was fired, as she imagined, behind a clump of bushes straight in front of the house. Here, she pointed out a place where she had seen the man who had fired the shot, and now he's dead. Strange, very strange—very, very strange!"

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