

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1893.

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating what Groder's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now, I sleep as sound as a child, I do all my own work without the aid of a servant and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it at all before taking Groder's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me, I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

CAROLINE'S LOVER,

Love Versus Wealth.

BY ARTHUR PENRYN.

(Continued.)

The orders were soon obeyed, and Cyril accompanied by Caroline, stood, at one side of the bed, and doctor and the urologist on the other.

Some years ago, said the dying man, I was working in India. I was a poor man, without a penny in the world, until chance threw me in with Mr. Cuthbert Cavendish, who took me by the hand, so that I soon had made a little money.

About this time my health gave way, and I had to return to England; but, just as I was starting, Mr. Cuthbert's wife died, leaving him with a little child. Mr. Cuthbert had married without his brother's leave—and you know what a man he was to believe in primogeniture—therefore he was ashamed to write to his brother; but, now that his wife was dead, he determined that he would tell his brother all.

For this purpose he entrusted the little girl to me, also a large sum of money and some papers of great value. With these I was to proceed at once to Monkswold, and to tell the whole truth to your father, Mr. Laurence Cavendish. I intended to behave honestly at first, but the gold was too much for me. I knew Mr. Laurence was perfectly ignorant of his brother's movements, so I adopted the child, came here, and started as a banker.

Then Caroline is my cousin? She is. You need not be ashamed of her family, for her mother was well born as your own. For years I kept up a correspondence with Cuthbert Cavendish, and in all my letters told him that his brother had sworn never to forgive him.

Time passed on, until one day I was sitting alone in the bank parlor, when a knock came at the door. The clerks had all gone home hours ago, so that I was forced to open the door myself. I did so, and, to my horror, Cuthbert Cavendish stood before me.

Cuthbert met me in the same friendly manner, and therefore I knew that as yet he had not discovered anything. So we sat down and talked over business matters. I found that Cuthbert had made an immense fortune by trading under a false name. You know, Mr. Cavendish, how proud he was, and that he would not let it be known that a Cavendish had ever been in business.

Well, when he had made this fortune, he had procured bills on London banks for the amount; but these were made out in his proper name whilst he traveled in the one he had used when in business. I have placed the money you trusted me with into this concern, and intruded it in my own name, Mr. Cuthbert, I faltered. I have made a deal by so doing, that I hope you will not be angry at my having done so.

On the contrary I am delighted. My little girl shall be as rich as a Princess. Perhaps Laurence will forgive her, as she may marry this lad Cyril whom you spoke about; if so, may God prosper them,

Braghoff THE Spy.

BY LEO HARTMAN
THE NIHILIST.

On the 13th of March, twelve years ago, the Czar Alexander the second was executed by a member of the associated Nihilists, named Grinevitzky, who was himself killed by the bomb with which he destroyed the autocrat and the son, Alexander the III. reigned in his stead.

In order to remove all doubt regarding his future course, Alexander followed with a manifesto in which he declared his unswerving determination to assert and perpetuate the autocratic principle of government.

Under the cloak of patriotism, every court parasite competed for imperial patronage, and hastened to respond to the Czar's suggestion about forming secret societies to combat the Nihilists.

Grand Duke Vladimir (the uncle of Alexander III.) acted as chief of the oath bound organization, "Sviateria Drougina" (the Holy Guard), which resolved to employ dynamite, and in fact, every available method of warfare against the Nihilist. 'The end justifies the means,' was their motto, and I had the pleasure of learning that the Holy Guard purposed to assassinate my humble self, together with two other noted Nihilists, Prince Krap-tkin and Pierre Lavrov.

The circumstance that I resided beyond the jurisdiction of his Imperial Majesty, and that I had found an asylum under the British flag, appeared evidently of no consequence to these professional patriots and amateur assassins.

The first intimation of their plottings against my life I received during my stay in London, through a shrewdly-phrased letter from a person in Barcelona, Spain. He introduced himself as the inventor of an explosive substance possessing such power that a small quantity would blow up the largest building in the world.

Being in profound sympathy with the Nihilist movement, the alleged inventor offered me his secret gratuitously, if I would only come to Barcelona. At first I thought him a crank of some kind, and

for it is the dearest wish of my heart. Tomorrow we will go into the accounts, and, believe me, you shall be rewarded.

There is no need to go into accounts, I said for I had but a few hundreds to start with; therefore every penny I have is yours, Mr. Cuthbert.

You're an honest fellow, Bullion, he replied, and shall be well rewarded. On second thoughts I must see my brother, for I owe him some money for part of the estate which he sold to start me. In truth my fortune entirely belongs to him, and therefore he must take what he likes.

Those words decided his fate. Tomorrow he would see his brother; all would be known, and I should be ruined. No; he must die. I could not lose the position I had gained at the expense of my honor.

You have some papers of mine I wish much to see, he continued; can I look at them tonight?

"Certainly!" I cried, and led the way to a thick, dark safe, in which I kept the few valuable papers belonging to Mr. Cuthbert; for, of course, I had got rid of the rest. The safe was never used for anything else, for I feared that by some accident be discovered that I had stolen the money. I alone possessed the key and no one was allowed to go into it.

"I turned the key, and he entered the gloomy place. I watch him slowly unlock and open the deed box, and then slammed the door upon him. Oh, God, the fearful shriek he gave! I hear it still ringing in my ears. For days and nights I heard no other sound but that long cry of agony. No peace has been mine from that hour. Gold has flowed into my coffers, but not all the wealth in the world could buy me peace of mind. Oh, heavens! mine has been a fearful life! His kindly voice seems to ring in my ears, and then comes that terrible scream. Oh, mercy—mercy!"

The dying man sank back exhausted on his pillow, and some cordial had to be administered to him before he could speak. At last he continued, "So, you see, I, the honorable and respected banker, am a thief, a liar, a forger and a murderer. The world has worshipped my gold, and knowing that my coffers were well filled, never cared to inquire how they became so. But mark me, I never robbed anyone but Cuthbert Cavendish, and his easy nature placed temptation in my way. My whole wealth belongs by right, to Caroline, whom I have kept out of it for so many years. Mr. Cyril, she is your cousin. You love her and she both loves and is worthy of you. It was her father's wish that she should be your wife, and it is the only hope that I have on earth. Marry her."

Cyril drew Caroline to his side, and said in a firm voice "I will."

"Heaven bless you for that!" cried Bullion. "Why, look, there is Mr. Cuthbert. He shakes hands with me; he forgives me!"

For some time they stood listening to the ravings of the dying man. At last he became still, his face changed and he was dead.

Cyril married Caroline, and came into all the wealth, with which he repaired the old family place at Monkswold. That Bullion's story was true was proved by papers that were found in the bank safe

THE END.

paid no attention to the matter, but his solicitations grew more pressing with every mail, and when he even declared his willingness to defray all expenses of my journey to Spain, my suspicion was aroused. Inquiries, which I instituted among my friends in St. Petersburg, accompanied by specimens of the Spaniard's chirograph brought soon proofs that the obscure inventor was a spy employed by the "Holy Guard," for the purpose of enticing me to Spain—where my extradition would be more readily obtained.

This scheme having failed, another agent of the Czar's government tried to ingratiate himself with me. He was a Russian Hebrew, whom I will call Braghoff, a thicket man of forty-five years. He came to London from New York, and made my acquaintance by means of letters of introduction which he had managed to secure from unsuspecting Nihilist emigrants.

Braghoff posed as a man of large means, which he was only too anxious to devote to the revolutionary cause, and, as a beginning, he extended to me an offer of one thousand pounds to found a Nihilist periodical in Brussels, Belgium.

I at once discerned that this proposal was but a variation of bait in the Spaniard's plan, to induce me to leave British soil.

I pretended to take the option under consideration, intent on studying the wiles of a Russian spy. I came, however, near paying a dear penalty for my curiosity. One day Braghoff invited me to the Alexandra Palace.

At the Choring Cross underground railway station, we entered a first-class compartment of the train. Just as the door closed I noticed two young men with Russian features, sneak past and hurriedly take seats in the adjoining compartment.

I remembered having seen them once in secret conference with my companion, and the fear dawned upon me that I had been entrapped to be murdered. I changed my seat, and from the corner of the compartment, I watched Braghoff sharply with one hand on my revolver-pocket.

As the train went rattling through the dark tunnel, I saw by the misty light of a small gas jet how large beads of perspiration began to drop from his brow. He was trying to muster courage to attack me, but my watchfulness unnerved him.

It must have been a hard experience to him—so hard that from this time the idea of murdering me never entered his head again. A new device took its place.

Once, while visiting me, Braghoff volunteered the information that he had started a subscription amongst his friends with the object of obtaining sufficient funds to inaugurate a revolutionary paper.

Three thousand pounds had been subscribed already, said he, and if you are willing to take some counterfeited money you can get bank-notes amounting to over twenty pounds sterling.

In rosy hues he painted to me the prospects of becoming rich rapidly, and helping the Nihilist cause.

It was not a new scheme. A few years previous, Russian agent-provocateurs succeeding in entangling the Polish emigrants in Paris in a similar undertaking, and established a factory for manufacturing a spurious Russian paper currency. They were caught, but eventually escaped to their country, where they received the protection of the Czar.

Enjoying immunity from punishment at the hands of his own country, what has a Russian spy of fear? A criminal at home he is pardoned and sent abroad, where he may continue his nefarious practices with satisfaction to himself, and destruction to his victims.

Once, while visiting Braghoff, I found him in his rooms at Salisbury Lane in a state of unusual excitement. He could not talk quietly. He seemed embarrassed about something. Entering immediately upon the subject of the proposed publication, he denounced in strong terms, Lineff, a friend of mine, whom, he said, doubted his having the money he had promised to invest in the forthcoming newspaper.

He paced frantically about the room, declaring that he would prove to me whether he was an impostor or not.

I made but yesterday, he exclaimed, twenty thousand pounds, and I will show them to you.

And, disappearing for a moment he returned bearing four large bags.

Cutting the strings he scattered their contents, and hundreds of twenty-dollar pieces rolled from the centre table and over the carpet in all directions. Again he rushed out and brought back a big bundle of hundred dollar green-backs, which in seeming frenzy, he threw about the floor. Once more he disappeared and I was left alone, surrounded by wealth.

Impatiently I awaited him. Gladly would I have gone from the place, but denatured meant danger. Inaction was equally hazardous.

His object was apparent. What could I do? Should he with shouts of 'Thief, Thief' rush from his hiding place and grasp me what English judge would believe it to be a conspiracy to defame the honor of a Russian Nihilist?

I shuddered at the thought, and near the window, gesticulated frantically in my efforts to attract the attention of some clerks in the office of the citizen on the opposite side of the street. I finally succeeded in making them understand that I was in trouble and wanted help.

They crossed over and entering, mounted the stairs. I stealthily approached the door and opened it suddenly.

The spy and two other men were watching me through apertures in the wall, but they were seen by the Citizen people and an explanation was in order.

I made light of the affair, and professed to understand it as a joke. Every new plan or device used to entrap me failed in its object, and in all their places I managed to turn the tables, and caused the spy to fall into the trap so carefully prepared for me.

I continued to visit Braghoff until, one day looking over a daily paper, I was startled by an account of a supposed attempt to destroy a train on the Grand Eastern Railway, in which a Russian Grand Duke was a passenger.

A dynamite bomb with fuse attached, were found on the track, and the Nihilists were of course suspected.

While reading there came a knock at the door, and a man responding to my invitation to enter, introduced himself as Mr. N. from Scotland yard.

I naturally expected to be subjected to unpleasant questioning, when he surprised me by asking whether I could give him any information regarding Russian government agents in London.

We are of the opinion, said he, that the bombs were placed on the track by the Czar's emissaries, and not by Nihilists. We base our suspicions on previous experience with this class of Russian residents in London, and we are confident that should we succeed in finding the perpetrators of the dastardly act.

I mentioned the name of Braghoff. Are you sure about him? inquired he.

I am convinced, although I have no proofs, I answered.

We know all the Russian spies, said the detective, but still, there might be others who came over with the Grand Duke.

Have you any means of finding out? Yes, I replied. I will write to my friends in Russia.

The Inspector left stating that he would call again soon, and I immediately hurried to Braghoff.

My object now was not to lose sight of him, to watch him as closely as possible. Still, it did not occur to me to ascribe to him the dynamite explosion on the Great Eastern Railway.

However, I had not forgotten the glass jar containing a suspicious-looking liquid, which I had once seen in his room, and that had struck me as a fluid very much resembling in color and small nitroglycerine; and now, as I recalled the stealthy manner in which he conveyed the jar out of the room, I saw what a splendid opportunity I had missed.

In the meantime, the letter to my friends in Russia had been sent, and I impatiently awaited an answer. At last it came.

With trembling hands, I held the innocent-looking epistle over a flame, and, little by little, there came out between the lines of writing new lines of cipher. It contained the fullest information. A list of over thirty-five secret agents of the Russian government, and the names of the cities of Europe and America wherein they were located, together with a brief description of each agent, his latest reports, and his pay.

The principal agent, Braghoff, is in London, number eleven, Salisbury Lane, receives his mail in the American Exchange, London. Was forwarded ten days ago ten thousand francs.

These were the last words of the cipher. I dressed quickly and calling upon a friend, Tchekofsky by name, we started out, he to intercept Braghoff, I to Scotland Yard.

To late, said the Inspector, with an expression of regret. Braghoff has disappeared.

How do you know? I asked, in amazement.

I intended arresting him, but could not find him. He has left in great haste for Brussels.

Too late! exclaimed my friend Tchekofsky, returning from his unsuccessful search. Braghoff has flown.

When? I quired.

Three hours ago.

Braghoff is now a wealthy property owner on Broadway, New York city.

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