

AUSTER.

Gentle south wind! Auster, whose perfumed robes Bear Aphodite and languid poppy-bloom To antidote the noises of the world;

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

My name is Edward Houghton: I am 28 years old, an unmarried, enjoy the best of health and spirits, hold a government inspectorship with a good salary, entailing plenty of traveling, and have only one care in the world—I am afraid of the dark.

Only three people in the world besides myself have my secret: my mother, Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, with whom I lived for five years as private tutor to his sons, and who got me my appointment, and Mr. Pallatti.

When I left the Towers a twelvemonth ago my nervous dread of the nights I should have to pass in strange bedrooms of strange inns, when traveling on inspection duty, became so acute and overwhelming that I determined to consult a leading physician about myself.

Sir Arthur Smith listened to my story attentively, asked me a multitude of questions about my health and habits, and especially whether anything ever occurred in my early childhood to give me a shock, although I might have been too young at the time to remember it now.

"Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly that I can do nothing for you. The symptoms you have described are distressing, but I cannot tell you as a physician how they originate, or suggest any way of alleviating them. I have a friend, however, who is a profound believer in magnetism, and although I am very skeptical about many of his theories, he is one of the cleverest and most agreeable men I know. I can do no harm for you to see him, and I am quite certain he will perfectly sympathize with you, if he can do nothing else. His name is Pallatti, and I have written down his address for you.

piled up in the corners, some dirty-looking prints in black frames on the walls, and a great glass case full of stuffed birds, some tumbling and some tumbled from their perches, and all in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. When all this was clearly developed the shadowy forms of a man and a woman appeared dimly, and I could see that their outlines agreed with those of two of the family portraits Sir George had pointed out to me.

"What do you prescribe?" "A dog," said Mr. Pallatti. "What to eat?" I laughed. "No, to sleep with. There is no cure but death for the wonderful gift of second sight, and it is a gift, if too much used, full of danger to brain and nerves. But prevention is better than cure, so buy a little dog and let him lie at the foot of your bed, and you will not be troubled with your visions again, even if your light goes out."

"I entered the dining room with the soup and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. He and I were in ordinary evening dress, but Sir George was arrayed as for some great State function. He wore dark knee breeches and silk stockings, and great diamond buckles in his shoes, the broad ribbon of the Bath crossed his white waistcoat and he wore half a dozen orders as well.

"Yes, it has, with a vengeance," said Sir George, "but go and dress now and meet us in the dining room. There are no ladies—only Pallatti, who says he has met you before."

"I found Mr. Pallatti the next afternoon lounging over a book in a large, luxuriously furnished room crowded with pictures, curios and 'pretty things'—a handsome young gentleman, perfectly dressed, with a pair of eyes which, if they could not see through a milestone, looked as if they could pierce a human being through and through.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Houghton, there's no hurry," said Mr. Pallatti, bringing me a glass of wine from a side table; "you are my patient, you know, and must drink before beginning a long story."

"I told him how, if I had left my bed in the dark and took two steps away from it, I was utterly lost; how my outstretched hands would touch a window where I expected to find a door, and all the furniture seemed to play puss in the corner as I moved about, until at last I would sink on the ground utterly unversed and trembling to wait through long hours of daylight."

"Only one other," I replied, "and that occurred at Gillingham Towers, where I lived for five years as private tutor to Sir George Gillingham's sons. He had been telling me, one evening, a curious story of a tragedy that occurred in his family more than a century ago, and had pointed out to me the portraits hanging in the great drawing-room of the three principal actors. Some papers of the utmost importance were abstracted in the confusion at the time, and Sir George said that his inability to produce them, if ever called up to do so, might be most disastrous. The danger, of course, decreased as the years rolled by, but the sword still hung over the house of Gillingham, though the hair by which it was originally suspended might be thickened to a cord."

Dyspepsia

Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition.

James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

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pointing to them. "Go up to them and inspect them closely—learn them by heart. Who knows what may come of your doing so?" he said almost fiercely.

"The girl was faithless to him—faithless from the very day she was wed, and her lover was her own husband's vagabond, worthless cousin, son of a man who had squandered his birthright and willingly parted with all the great estates of Gillingham to his younger brother and his heirs forever. This is the man's portrait in that corner; study his face and figure closely, both of you. The year 1745 brought ruin and misery on many a noble house, and Sir Hugo did his best to involve himself in the same fate. Gentlemen, it is a fact that that poor scoundrel, the Pretender, once sat in the travesty of a throne, while well-born, virtuous ladies crowded round to kiss his false hand, and Sir George pointed to a chair, surmounted by a kind of canopy of gold and crimson."

"One night," continued Sir George, "Sir Hugo returned home earlier than he was expected, and walking hastily up stairs, the first thing he heard was the voice of his wife in conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He tried the door; it was locked, and by the time he had burst it open, a man was leaping out of the open window. Sir Hugo dashed after him, and after half a dozen passes drove his sword through the body of Conrad Gillingham. Returning through the window, he found his wife senseless on the floor, and putting a constraint upon himself to refrain from spinning her with his foot, he passed on to his bedchamber, where the first thing that met his eye was a great iron chest with the lid open, while a very short examination showed that his precious title deeds had been abstracted. He found his way back to where Conrad lay with staring eyes in the moonlight and searched the body for the deeds without success. Returning through the window, his wife sat up and looked at him and his blood-stained hands, but her face was the face of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a mad-house."

"He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as his tool, had intended to abstract the deeds, and with these in his possession, to attain him of high treason and claim the estates. "There was a State trial, which any one can read to this day, and he was acquitted, with a universal expression of pity for his misfortune and of loathing for the subject of his vengeance. "To piece together these facts has cost me months of labor in reading through old diaries and letters in the muniment room, for I have never felt sure whether some day or other I or some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I hoped and believed, have turned up. At any rate, there are agents busily at work making all manner of inquiries, searching registers and so on, and my lawyers have told me point blank that I may be called upon to produce these deeds, and that if they are not forthcoming my tenure of Gillingham Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young friends, with your keen wits and ready invention, can help me, my resources are at an end."

"He turned and ran the bell, and then leaned his head upon his hand, his elbow on the mantelpiece. A servant entered, and looking up he said quite naturally: "Put out all these lights and close the room again, Mallam—I only wanted to show Mr. Pallatti how it looks on a state occasion—and take the cigars and things in the billiard room. We will finish the evening there."

"Of the almost incredible events which followed I confess that I am unable to offer any explanation. I can only vouch for their having actually occurred. Whether, as Mr. Pallatti honestly believes, the soul can, in certain rare instances, leave the body and wander up and down the spirit world like a dog in a fair prying into the secrets of the dead, or whether those events were merely the result (to quote the Doctor in 'Martin Chuzzlewit') of a most extraordinarily happy and favorable conjunction of circumstances," will forever remain a mystery to me.

"When I got into bed that night my brain was in a whirl, and I should have been glad to exchange nerves with a cat. The unusual quantity of wine I had drunk, the dazzling splendor of a century ago, and the lifelike portraits of the principal actors seemed to forbid the very idea of sleep. But when I thought myself most wide awake I began to doze off, and was soon 'as fast as a church.' How long it had lasted I could not tell, when I woke with a start, and for the third time in my life found myself alone in the dark. I stretched out my hand for the matches, but they were gone, and at the same time the luminous glare appeared upon the wall. Then the room, with its one tall opened window, the broken furniture, the case of stuffed birds, and the figures of my former

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The next morning I found Sir George waiting breakfast for me alone. "Where is Pallatti, Sir George?" I asked. "Gone," replied Sir George, bursting out laughing. "He said he was afraid of your punching his head if he stayed." "What on earth should I do that for?" I wondered. "Because he played you a trick—went into your room after you were asleep, blew out your light, stole your matches, and hid himself in a cupboard in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences as you call them, but he told me to assure you on his honor that no one hint of what happened that night shall ever pass his lips."

"And I quite believe him," I said warmly. "Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle."

"My father, at about the age of 50, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Advt.

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RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing June 4, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 6.55 a. m.—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 8.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16.20 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.25 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Yancoiro at 11.15, 11.30 a. m.; 12.10 noon. Woodstock at 16.00, 11.40 a. m.; 18.20 p. m. Houlton at 16.00, 11.40 a. m.; 18.30 p. m. St. Stephen at 16.20, 11.40 a. m.; 19.20 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.20 a. m. Fredericton at 16.00, 11.30 a. m.; 18.25 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 15.45; 18.40 a. m.; 12.20, 17.00 p. m.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

Intercolonial Railway. 1889—Summer Arrangement—1889. On and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00. Accommodation for Point du Cluene, 11.10. Fast Express for Halifax, 14.20. Express for Sussex, 16.35. Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.35. A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.20 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

BUCTOCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

On and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows: No. 1. Little River, 7.30. No. 2. Lewisville, 16.45. No. 3. Humphreys, 16.55. No. 4. Trishtown, 17.15. No. 5. Cape Breton, 17.25. No. 6. McDougall's, 17.35. No. 7. Scotch Sett., 17.55. No. 8. Cape Breton, 18.05. No. 9. Trishtown, 18.15. No. 10. Humphreys, 18.25. No. 11. Lewisville, 18.35. No. 12. Little River, 18.45. No. 13. B. MONCTON, 9.38. A. BUCTOCHE, 18.53.

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