THE DONATION PARTY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Are you all right, Matilda? said Mr. Perkins, casting a final, comprehensive study, radiant as the full moon. glance around him, as he put one fcot on the wagon-step and gathered up the reins into his left hand.

Y-yes, I believe so, answered his

Is the big loaf of election cake in? Yes.

And the stone jug of maple molasses? It's right here.

And the ten yards o' rag-carpet, and the pair o' brackets, and the cherry vase, packed in tissue-paper shaving?

Yes, I b'lieve we hain't forgotten nothin', assented Mrs. Perkins, craning her neck this way and that, to make assurance doubly sure.

Wal, then, that settles matters, said the farmer, briskly adjusting himself in his seat. Attention, company! Forward-much!

But as the clumsy old farm-wagon lumbered slowly on thorough daisied fields and meadows crimsoned with nodding grasses, he looked up in a quaint, one-sided manner at his wife's clouded face.

What on airth's the matter, Matilda? said he I s'posed you was dead set on goin' to this 'ere 'Donation Party,' this arternoon.

I did set considerable store by it, said Mrs. Perkins, pumping a heavy sigh out of some unseen deeps in her internal economy; but somehow I feel sort of uneasy about leavin' Chatty in charge of things at home.

Asahel Perkins whistled.

Ain't she a woman growed up? said

I s'pose so.

Get out! said the old farmer. One would suppose she was a baby. But she ain't used to bein' left

It's a good time to sort o'begin then

ain't it? chackled the old man. I'm afeard she'll let the dried pachsass

No great harm if she does.

And there's the calf to be fed, and the Shanghai chickens to be looked after, and the short cake to be baked and-

Well, I calkilate Chatty's equal to the occasion, nodded Mr. Perkins. Anyhow, we shan't never know ef we don't take some way of findin' out. Come, mother, don't fret. I do b'lieve, ef you was on the road to heaven, you'd want to turn back to see ef the clothespins was all a layin' with their heads the right way, and the chickens had gone to roost all square an' even on the proper

Asahel, you hadn't oughter speak light o' sacred things, reproachful'y murmured Mrs. Perkins.

Well, mother, I won t acquiesced Mr. Perkins, ef you'll leave off thinkin' you know more than Providence does, eh?

So the old couple kept on toward the Catfield Parsonage, where there was, on don't be scared—she, sort of thinks that particular day, one of these great Miss Chatt's in a fit or hurt or sometered Joel. local upheavals commonly known as a Donation Party, and where four bushels of doughnuts, thirteen bed-quilts, nine macrame tidies, and nineteen bouquets of impossible paper roses, had already fumbling to untie the horse- Why arrived in bewildering succession.

I do hope, sighed the Rev. Eli Parsons, that Providence'!l put it into the head of some one to send me a fall over coat, for mine's clear in rags. Squir-Pepper, now he's fairly well off in this not let me break the window, for fear worlds goods-its just like him to think the flying glass should hurt your niece. of such a thing.

on each side of her face, and an imthe black lace borders of her cap, secretly he's got in the world. hoped that Mrs. Goldwood, who had with, might be spiritually moved to self back and forth. She's been murd-present her with a much needed black ered by a slungshot by some of them silk gown.

much of earthly adornments, sighed poor left her there alone! little Mrs. Parsons; but I never had a silk gown, and it does seem as if it would be comforting to own one before were a shower of hailstones P'raps-I died.

But our hopes are frequently doomed

to be blighted. Squire Pepper brought a damaged photograph album, from the unsaleable smilingly presented to her pastor's wife hideous basket of wax fruit, which had stood on her own back parlor table until she was tired of the sight of it.

Mrs. Parsons could have burst out ingly, I can't drive a yard furder.

and the glasses of currant jelly, which the vague impression that something were one by one brought in.

The parlor tables groaned under bookmarkers, embroidered tidies, home knit lerton. laces, volumes of poems, and such eminently useful contributions.

Mrs. Parsons bustled to and tro, wondering how on earth, even with all the a screw-driver, something, outen the wart two or three times a day, cutting a china and glass she had borrowed, she back shed. I'll get in here, or I'll know slice from the potato each time used. should manage to provide for such a the reason why! concourse of guests.

him to the poorhouse.

Didnt you bring your city niece? old from inside.

paticklery anxious to come

said Mrs. Tackaberry.

Mrs. Perkins smiled and smoothed rod. she, calmly.

Tackaberry.

with suppressed triumph. Well, I never! said Miss Tackaberry. people here?

She must find it awful dull here?

Been here long?

A week.

always one to believe in sociability.

nounced that supper was ready, and in fore! the blind rush that ensued, Mrs. Per-

as much as they possibly could, and nearly everybody put something in his laughter. or her pockets for the children at home.

Parsons's equanimity, drawing to a close But, oh-with a penitent clasping of when Joel Fullerton, a handsome, her hands—I didn't—indeed I didn't swarthy-browed young giant, popped mean to give you such a fright as this! his head in at the door and looked around.

That's me, said Mr. Perkins, with his mouth full of biscuit and honey. Old horse ain't got loose, said he? I tied snack? looking hospitably around on the him close to the-

No, it ain't the horse, said Joel. Jest gingerbread and dued-peach sassstep out here. I want to speak to you a minute.

Mrs. Perkins uttered a shrill little shriek.

I knowed it, said she-I knowed it perfectly well. Somethin's happened. ance run out only yesterday.

Something's happened, said Joel, with And so you really believed that old an anxious look, though I don't rightly spectacled thing to be—me? cried Chatknow how nor what. Mother she just ty with infinite scorn. came across lots to your house to get the receipt for making soft soap, and ed Joel. although she could see your niece a-setthe side of the old house down. And-Speckle-back, while she stayed by the

door to sort of keep guard. Jerusalem! muttered Mr. Perkins, didn't you kick in the door, or smash the window-panes, or something?

As for the door, I tried my level best, said Joel; but them timbers would stand an earthquake. And mother she would-

Git in, mother! said Perkins, hoarsely. While Mrs Parsons, a withered little | Quick! There ain't no time to lose! I Brother Clayton, down in York, if any.

I knowed it!—I was sure on't! shrilly miserable creeters as got loose from town. I know it ain't consistent to think too Dilktown Jail. We never oughter a-

she's—asleep.

Not very likely, said Joel, trotting alongside of the wagon on Speckle-back, a stout four-year-old colt. Nobody could have slept much with mother holshelf in his store, and Mrs. Goldwood lering and rapping on the glass like mad so thoroughly aroused that a little later and me a-kicking at the door so that the very clock tumbled off the shelf.

If you ketch hold of my arm that way, mother, said poor Perkins, despair-

Even in that solitary and thinly peo-The stuffy little parlor filled fast with the parishioners. The kitchen was well already collected around the windows of packed with solid matrons and brisk Deacon Perkins's house, peering through maidens, arranging the salt shoulders of the tangle of tall lilac bushes and densebacon, the juicy hams, the cold roast growing cinnamon roses to get a glimpse fowls, and loaves of home-made cake; into the tiny-paned casements, and a the pounds of coffee, in brown paper line of curiously minded people had folcerements, the packages of white beans, lowed from the Catfield parsonage, under

was wrong at Asa Perkins's place.

I can't! muttered Perkins, passing his hand across his torehead, as if there was some unwonted pressure there. Get me cut a piece off the end and rub on the

Father! squeaked his wife; there ain't | cure Mr Parsons smiled feebly at the well no need for no screw-driver. The butworn jokes of his people, and wondered tery window's wide open, with nothin' soaked is very good for washing the how many of this particular type of but a few meshes of mosquito netting zinc under the stove

Donation Party it would take to send over it. You can scramble in there as easy as not, and open the front door

Miss Tackaberry asked of Mrs. Perkins, The suggestion was instantly carried who surrounded by a group of congenial out, and in a moment, as it were, the friends, sat on the sofa in the parson's crowd was inside the door, staring in a terrified way at the figure wrapped in Well, no, not-to-day, Mrs. Perkins shawls, which had fallen to one side in answered. We calkilated, bein there the old rocking-chair, with its face avertwas so many tramps and roughs a prow-lin around the country since court- and solve the mystery. There was a week, as we'd better leave some one to second of appalling suspense, when sudhum to keep house; and she didn't seem denly the back door was flung open, and in rushed Chatty Clayton herself, with Should hev thought she'd a wanted to bright eyes, cheeks flushed like twin get acquainted with the young folks, roses, and her apron full of brilliant blue asters and yellow-fringed golden

down the flounces of her dress. She'll | What is the matter, Aunt Matilda? get acquainted before long, I guess, said she cried. Back so soon? Why, I didn't expect you until after dark! I just ran Not very young, I spose? said Miss down into the woods to get some flowers and red leaves to arrange on the walls; About sixteen, answered Mrs. Perkins and the sun isn't fairly down yet. But what has happened? Why are all these

Mrs. Perkins made a clutch at Chatty Not so very, returned Mrs. Perkins. and hugged her, after a struggling fashion. to her heart.

She's alive ! she shricked. She ain't Me and sister Typhosa will call to-morrow, said Miss Tackaberry. I was it all along? I knowed nothing hadn't happened! Oh, Chatty, Chatty! I never But here Mrs. Parsons feebly an- was so glad o' nothing in all my life be-

But, spoke up Mr. Perkins, glancing kins and Miss Tackaberry got separ- furtively toward the rocking-chair, who's that? Who's the dead woman, or the At the Donation Party everybody ate woman in a fit, or whatever she is?

Chatty broke into a merry tinkle of

It—it's only a dummy, Uncle Asahel, Gallons of scalding tea and lukewarm she confessed. I dressed up the bolster oeffee vanished; tons of indigestible cake in Aunt Tilda's double gown and cap disappeared as if by magic; monster and spectacles and set it in the rockingdishes of sticky preserves were ever and chair, so that if any one looked into the anon renewed; relays of hot biscuits window, they shouldn't fancy the old arrived every five minutes from the place quite deserted. For the sunshine stove-ovens, and still the cry was more! was so bright, and the woods looked so But the meal was, luckily for Mrs. delightful, that I could not stay in!

I don't mind the fright, my dear, so long as everything has turned out right Deacon Perkin's folks here? said he. at last, said Uncle Asahel, his whole assemblage. We hain't much but soft

And that is burned, guiltily murmered Chatty.

But such as it is, you're kindly welcome to it, added the farmer.

But the neighbors decided to return to Catfield Parsonage, with the solitary ex-The new Alderney cow is lamed, or else ception of Joel Fullerton, who elected the house is took on fire, and the insur- to remain and be lectured by Chatty on his officiousness.

You know I had never seen you, plead

And you went and spoiled Uncle ting by the fire, she couldn't make her Asahel's Donation Party, and set all the hear, though she knocked fit to rattle tongues in Catfield wagging, and made a scene all on account of—a bolster? I'll never do so again, abjectly ut-

And therewith the young people burst

out into uncontrollable laughter. Then Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, on the back porch, nodded their heads and said they guessed it was all right.—Saturday

WHY HE YELLED.

Look at the Maine individual over there in the red flannel shirt which is not even on speaking terms with soap. You might not think from a causal ob servation that he had any peculiarities old woman, with clusters of false curls dunno what on airth I shall say to whatever, but the other day he came down with a terrible toothache, -an mertal butterfly always hovering over thing has happened to the gal that's all ache that reared, and kicked and bucked all within thirty seconds, till the world ceased to have any attraction for the hoped that Mrs. Goldwood, who had more money than she knew what to do walled poor Mrs. Perkins, rocking herman who was entertaining it. Well, he the grade. Again the song swelled: couldn't stand it any longer, and started post haste for a dentist in a neighboring The way was already in sight.

left her there alone!

Don't mother, don't! said Perkins, faintly, ducking his head as if her words were a shower of hailstones

Pipplicol of a hardware store in close proximity to this dentist was standing in the door of his store that afternoon, when he heard a most terrible wrench to the throttle of his construction.

And then with but a moment of life left for each. Even when poor Ed McClintock's hand was giving its last desperate wrench to the throttle of his construction. The proprietor of a hardware store in noon, when he heard a most terrible and ear-splitting shriek proceeding from the office of the man of teeth. He had the office of the man of teeth. He had become accustomed to moans and subdued exclamations from that quarter, but never had he heard such bellowings as now pierced the air. His curiosity was in he walked in to the dentists office and said: Whom have ye been butchering over here?

Oh, replied the extractor of molars, that was old John Tarbox, from T-He had a tooth out.

Had a tooth out? replied the visitor, well I should think so, and it must have come mighty hard to fetch such a roar as that?

Oh, dear no, said the dentist; he didn't make that noise when I pulled the tooth. It was afterward. Afterward?

Why, yes, was the reply. The tooth came easily enough. The time he Just look for yourself, said Joel Ful- fetched that cry of agony was when I

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE. Manners and Customs Practiced in Polite Society.

Twelve o'clock is the usual hour selected for a day wedding, but this is a matter of individual choice. The Art Interchange suggests that the place and hour of the wedding must determine the hour of the wedding must determine the kind of refreshments to be offered to the guests. If the wedding takes place in the house and in the middle of the day, a substantial luncheon must be provided. If the ceremony is held at the church, followed by a small reception at the house of the bride's family, would be naturally followed by a 5 o'clock tea, when tea and coffee cakes jees and fruit when tea and coffee, cakes, ices and fruit would be the refreshments. These may be arranged on the dining room table and guests allowed to help themselves, or they may be handed around.

Arms and Legs for Those who Need Them.

"I suppose," said the reporter, "that you meet with some queer incidents in the course of your business?"

"Yes, I remember a customer coming to me not long ago for his second artificial leg. He had worn the first for a number of years. He said that he was in much trouble of mind. He was going to get married, and had been courting his in-tended for a year and a half, and she did not know but that he was entirely sound. The question in his mind was whether to tell her before, or wait until after mar-riage. I advised him to inform her beforehand, as otherwise she might have legal ground to apply for an annulment of the marriage on the ground of decep-tion. He told me afterward that he followed my advice, and the lady concluded that she loved him none the less on account of his misfortune. Another singular incident, but of a different character, was in connection with the collision of two steamers, one of which had just started from this port for Europe, and had to put back again on account of the damage. None of the passengers were injured by the accident, and a friend jokingly remarked in my presence that I would, no doubt, be greatly disappointed that there was no loss of limb, as I would therefore get no revenue from the occur-rence. Strangely enough the day following a man from Ohio walked into my office and said that he wanted an artificial leg. He related that he had been a passenger on the steamer which had to put back on account of the collision, having started from his home in Ohio to pay a visit to Europe. When the vessel returned to port he concluded, on reflection, to give up his European trip and to expend the money he had received for the trip in providing himself with a new artificial leg in place of the one which he then wore. So it seems that the collision of those two steamers brought business after all.

"Who supply limbs for the soldiers?" "The business is distributed among different manufacturers, nearly, if not all, in the large cities on the Atlantic coast. No Union soldier who lost a limb in the war need be without an artificial one. Northern manufacturers also supply a good many artificial limbs to confederate veterans, on the order of states of the South that have made provision for the maimed of the lost cause; but a great many of the Southern veterans are unprovided, for the reason that the appropriations for their relief are not sufficiently frequent and adequate."—N. Y. S. An Incident of Chatsworth.

Mrs. Merriam Grant, one of the people wounded in the Chatsworth disaster, was in the rear car with her husband, says the Peoria Transcript. In this car was a party of six people. In order that they might sit together, Mr. and Mrs. Grant changed seats with a young man and his bride. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young couple were both killed. Mrs. Grant thought this both killed. Mrs. Grant thought this party were theatrical people or concert singers, they were so jolly and sang so well. They could sing, and they laughed and told stories and anticipated the pleasure of the trip until late at night. Then Mrs. Grant composed herself in her chair and covered her face with her handkerchief to go to sleep. Nearly everybody in the car was quiet but the jolly party of six. About this time the young bride was requested to sing 'Sweet Hour of Prayer.' Something in the desire to sleep and rest recalled the sweet old song. The young woman sang, and all listened while the train sped on.

As the little gleam of devilish fire appeared far down the track their voices swelled in:

swelled in:

Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee.

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven.

All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given. *

Angels to becken me.

Ple oeaf Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber; Milltown, St Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday. H. McAllister. Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thurs day; JohnP. Bell. Orange Hall Portland; Portland, 7; Monday;

A. Y. Paterson.

Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; E.A. Everett.

Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.

De Veber.

Deveber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.
Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tuesday; Walter Munford.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday;
John I Steeves

John I Steeves
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday
J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas.

fetched that cry of agony was when I charged him fifty cents for doing the job,
—Lewiston Journal.

To cure warts take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used.

Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

See Each Co. Westmorland, 50;
Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.

Hopewell Hill, Albert Co; Golden Rule, 51
Tuesday; L. R. Moore,
Penfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; H C Trynor.
Cambridge, Queen's Co., Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson,
Dalhousie; Dalhouse, 64; Monday; G. Haddow Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R.
Goodwin.

Goodwin.

Dover, West. Co.; Dover. 70; Saturday;
Alfred E. Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granit; Rock, 77; Tuesday;
John C. Thomas.

Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, 99 Monday; J. Betts Douglastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-day; J. Henderson. Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs day: Jacob I. Keirstead.

day: Jacob I. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134
Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. T.
Campbell.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164,

Campbell.
St. Martins, St. John Co; St. Martins, 164, Tuesday; Samuel Osborn
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; F. W. Steeves
Douglas, York Cc.; Dunphy's W. O. Farmers
190; Saturday; Arthur W Ros
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191
Monday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207
Monday; Wm. Roxborough,
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday
Geo. H. Waring.
Mcr. ton; Intercolonial 243; Friday; Miss
Vena Fawcett
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs
day; A. J. Main.
Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244
Friday; E. E. Peck.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; John A. Robinson.
Weldford, Kent. Co; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;
H. Wathen.
Portland: Valley 250: Tuesday; J. Fowler.

Meldford, Kent. Co; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wathen.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251
Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. A. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253
Saturday; Isaa N. Alward.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts.
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday, J. H. Galbraith.
teeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose

J. H. Galbraith.

teeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Br.

Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday
G. Barnes.

Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263
Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge Char, Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; Ales M. McKenzie.

Oak Hill, Char Co.; Oak, 265; Thursday; Harry
E Grimmer.

Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday
S. S. Smith.

Graves' Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267

Graves' Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267
Friday; G. Johnston.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269
Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; Chas. Johnson.
Penobsquis, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Wednesday; J. W. Floyd.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273
Tuesday Chas. Frost.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274;
Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.
St. John, 102 King Street; Gordon Division, No. 275; Monday; H. P. Sandall.
Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276
Tuesday; G. A. Taylor.

Tuesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmoreland Co.; Middleton, 277
Friday; Jas. Henry.
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278

Friday; Jas. Henry.

Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278
Tuesday; L. Hall.
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279
Saturday; B. B. Hayward.

St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday;
W. Vincent
Elgin, Albe Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; W. P. Robinson.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake.; Grand Lake; 283
Friday; H. E. White.
Stonehaven, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division 284; Tuesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday
A. McW. Russell
Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Tuesday; C. H. Goodwin.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; J. W. Folkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Saturday; John W. Deforest.
Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Thursday
Wm. V. Benn.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293
Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday.
Hubert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale 296

Hubert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.: Coverdale 297

Hubert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale 297
Tuesday; F. A. Steevas.
Canterbury, York Co.; Dufferin, 296; Saturday
Eli Taylor.
River Louison, Restigouche Co.; Louison, 297
Friday; Donald Stewart.
Kirkland, Carleton Co.; Monument, 298; Thurs
day; John Lyons, Deputy
Woodstock, Carleton Co.; Campbell, 299; Friday; S. McLeod.
Campbellton, Restigouche Co. Campbellton.
300; Thursday; J. C. Furguson.
Manuhurst, Kings Co.; Lincluden, 301; Thursday; D. S. Mann.
Dundee, Restigouche Co.; Dundee, 302; Tuesday; Jas. Crawford.
Morcambe, P. O. Kings Co.; Rising Star, 303
Wednesday; Martin Freeze.
Scotch Settlement, Westmorland Co.; McCarthy
304; Wednesday; David H. Murray.
Upper Millstream, Kings Co.; Millstream, 305
Monday; Zebulon Gaunce
Gibson, York Co.; Gibson. 366; Friday; J.
H. Hamilton.
Case Settlement, Kings Co.; Snowflake, 307.
Monday, C. E. Black.
Portland, N. B.; Silver, 308; Friday
Rev. J. Spencer.
Old Ridge, Char. Co.; Brunswick Division, No
309; Monday; John A. Grant.
Northkampton; Carleton Co., Caladonia, 310;
Thursday; Geo. Watson.
Waterside, Parish of Harvey, Albert Co.
Gladstone No. 311; Friday; Rev. S. C.

Materside, Parish of Harvey, Albert Co. Gladstone No. 311; Friday; Rev. S. C. Moore.

Poquiock, York Co.; Poquiock, 312; Wednesday; Edward True, Deputy.

North Lake, Canterbury; York County; Stan No. 313; Saturday; Hiram H. Vesey Deputy Janeville, Gloucester Co; Janeville, S14. Saturday; Edward L Caie, Deputy.

Kingsclear, York Co.; Kingsclear, 315; Wednesday; Isaac Kilburn, Deputy.

Rolling Dam, Charlotte Co; Rolling Dam, 316 Monday; Neill McDermott.

Buctouche, Kent Co; Buctouche, No. 317 Tuesday; Rev. J, D. Murray.

Mount Middleton, Kings Co.; Mount Middleton, 318; Friday; Joseph Chapman.

McKenzie Corner, Carleton Co., McKenzie Corner Livision 319 Friday; Jas. Forest.

Stylesville, Westmorland Co.; Mapleville, 320 Saturday; James McFarlane.

Bayfield, Westmorland Co.; Bayfield, 321 Monday; Frank Harper.

Curryville, Albert Co.; Curryville, 322; Satur Clark's Corner, Queens Co; Clark's Corner, 325 Thursday; Isaac H. Carle.

Fredericton, No. 2 Gordon, No. 326; Wednes: day, Sergt. Major McKenzie.

Smith's Corner, Walker's W. O, Kent Co. Olive Branch 327 Saturday, Ephraim Wheten Berry Mills West Co. Millville, 328, Monday John T. Prince.

Blackville, Northumberland Co.; Blackville, 329; Wednesday; E. W. Gaynor;

Black Brook, North. Co; Silver Stream, 330; Wednesday; Wm. Tait.

Tattagouche, Gloucester Co; Forest Home, 331; Thursday, Richard Bell.

Bathurst, Gloucester Co; Ever Onward, 332, Monday, W. R. Johnson.

Dalhousie Junction, Restigouche Ce., Maple Green; 333; Wednesday, Wm. Jamison.

Dalhousie Junction, Restigouche Ce., Maple Green; 333; Wednesday, Wm. Jamison. Little River, Buctouche, Kent Co. Forest View No. Co 334: Monday, Chas. E. Hicks. Jpper Woodstock, Jubilee 335, Wednesday,

Upper Woodsto John Burpee. Napan, North Co., Napan, No. 336 Thursday Alex Dickson. Presque Isle, Connell P. O. Carleton Co; Dawn of Hope No. 337 Tuesday; John N.

Dawn of Hope No. 331 Tuesday,
Perry.
Bloomfield Corner, Carleton Co; Unity No.
338 Saturday, Alex Strong.
Mapleton, Albert Co., Mapleton, No 339, Tuesday. J A M Colpitts.
Tide Head, Restigouche Co.; No. 340, Saturday, Thomas Adams.
Boiestown, North. Co. Boiestown, No. 341,
Wednesday; Rev Thos, Allen.

This hotel is situated in a most central polition and has all the modern improvements

Telephone Connection. Electric Bells.
A. N. PETERS, - PROPRIETOR

Wednesday; Rev Thos, Allen.

TO THE

GOODS ESTABLISHMENT

Will convince you that itis the best place to make your

Christmas

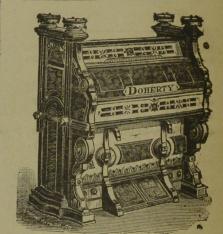
New Year's

PURCHASES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All goods shown on ground floor. No climbing up stairs." All aor welcome whether they purchasere

20 QUEEN STREET.



We beg to call the attention of intending purchasers to the

UNEQUALLED QUALITIES OF THE

DOHERTY ORGAN. As the following estimonia will show

MESSRS. THOMPSON & Co. Gentlemen:—After a thorough examination of several organs manufactured by Messrs. Doherty & Co., for which you are the General Agent, I have much pleasure in stating that the result has been most satisfactory. The tone is good and the touch faultless, and I have no hesitation in any in that the result has the same description. saying that they are deserving of the high reputation they have already attained.

FRANCIS C. D. BRISTOWE,
Organist Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton (late of H. M. Chapels Royal
Lordon, England,
Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 1887.

THOMPSON & CO

GENERAL AGENTS, FREDERICTON, N. B. We are the sole agents for the celebrated HEINTZMAN piano

C. & E. EVERETT.

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS

Ladies' Seal Sacques, Ladies' Astrican Sacques, Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars,

Gents' Fur-lined Coats ATA full line constantly on hand or made to rder when desired.

King Street

CLIFTON HOUSE.

Cor. Germain & Princess Sts.