

A Gage of Love.

Richard Bulkley, M. D., or, as he was generally known in his native town of Pergamos, "young Mr. Dick," was a skilful and successful physician, well-liked and respected by his fellow citizens, with one exception; but oh, what a mighty test of the rule that was!

"Dr. Dick" was tall, slender, erect, and replete with nervous energy. His face was pleasant and sympathetic, and his brown eyes more expressive than ingenuous, for they were near-sighted. In the sick room he was intent and solicitous, like a thorough bred hound on the scent, but in his recreations he was apt to be vain and distraught, as if his mental acuteness also required the adjustment of his professional spectacle. Probably the amiable failings resulting from this absence of mind were more potent aids to his popularity than his ability could have been had it been aggressive, for we laugh most with the friend at whom we offend least.

Outside of such trivial eccentricities, "Dr. Dick" had no demerits. He was a bachelor, alone in the world, unrestrained by either the demands or jealousies of relatives, and hampered by neither debt nor vice. His future was a broad, rich meadow, growing more expansive and fertile as he advanced. What wonder that many an anxious matron of Pergamos believed that she possessed just the one ewe lamb fitted to gambol on such a green.

"Now Mr. Dick," at heart, was ardent and romantic; his dreams of love were universal, except that tame sort which comes when one beckons. Hence, the mute profers of such well-trained browsers were unnoticed by him. And, indeed, his reveries at the present sufficed for reality.

When he smoked at night, his easy-chair before the cheery hearth, he could see the tender eyes of his ideal in the glow and could well-nigh feel the stroke of her little hand in the heart's soothing vibrations. Such imaginary companionship was very grateful after the labors and worries of the day, and then, by the time his pipe was exhausted and the embers were teaching the melancholy of all fervor, how exceedingly sleepy he had become!

Then his recreations, though dimly shared, were keenly appreciated by Dr. Dick. There was the club, of which he was the founder, and a perpetual member of the House committee. Its list afforded as many various types of comradeship as it did of good fellows. Besides, every month or so he was called on important business to the metropolis, which exigency, in truth, consisted of his yearning for some old college friends there. Divergent engaged in clamorous Panassus, and of their yearning for him.

It happened, one day of such pleasurable outing, that Dr. Dick came dashing down the stairs of his hotel in a tremendous hurry, for it was natural for him to be always behind time and never to give in to the facts. In a word, he was ever doggedly chasing the train of an engagement out from its station. He was now on his way to a bachelor dinner, which was to adjourn for digestion to the theatre. As he reached the bottom step, plunging his hands the while into various pockets in search of what he had forgotten, he discovered that the inevitable something was his handkerchief. As the elevator was old-fashioned, and hence more suave than brisk, he abandoned its warbling inertia to the implish children haunting the different floors, and breathless, yet determined, turned about and sped up again toward his room. As if his physical gaze was also fixed, he saw nothing save his impatiently waiting friends.

Alas for the proverbial leisure of haste. As Dr. Dick, headlong and heedless, swung around the angle of a corridor, he ran full against a young girl hurrying from the opposite direction; with such force, too, that despite his confusion he was restrained to recall his professional skill. For an instant the maiden lay half unconscious in his arms while he frantically endeavored to count a pulse, to the fluttering of which his own heart responded. Then she recovered sense and possession at once, and shaking away his grasp stood a little apart, gazing mockingly as he strove to express the thousand apologies which he so poignantly felt. Ah! how could one be collected before such a pretty stranger, with such merry gray eyes, so filled with light with such tantalizing lips, seemingly repeating his words, and with swaying, graceful form, so admirably moulded by her dark blue gown? Poor Mr. Dick panted and stammered, nor did his fair adversary's fluent ripple of blithe laughter lend him its fluency.

"Pray think no more about it, doctor," at length she said. "I feel highly honored, I'm sure, to have been attended by so distinguished a physician. For you must be successful, you know; you have such a pushing way," and again she laughed, and then flitted down the corridor, leaving a haunting echo of merriment behind her.

And an hour later this jocund unknown was on her way with her parents to her western home; where, doubtless, she received the homage due to her beauty, met and married the Prince Charming, and lived happily forever after.

But this was not the future that Dr. Dick had arranged for her as he hurried to his appointment; no, indeed, for already had his romantic fancy named him as the guardian of it. Yes, it had come, that great mysterious love, which had so often fascinated him with half-glances in the heart's chiaroscuro; at a single wave of its magic wand his eyes had opened and seen; in one entrancing instance he had passed from existing into living!

"I shall find her," he soliloquized, "I know I shall. There is a mystic magnetic influence which will guide me more accurately than the needle turns to the pole. At last, at last, have I found my fate! Poor young doctor, so foolish in thy sappiness; through experience thou shalt learn that one does not find one's fate, but is rather found by her whenever she designs to seek!"

As Dr. Dick sat in the theatre box gazing at the stage, but in reality viewing the sharp end of the hotel corridor, after a nervous wait he fumbled with his watch-guard. His fingers caught a strange little object entangled in its meshes, which furtive observation revealed it to be a gold charm in the shape of an anchor. His companion's absorption allowed him to examine the trinket. On one side was the inscription: "St. Griselda's, '93," and the other the bold original legend, "Hope on, hope ever!"

"Ah!" murmured Dr. Dick after the singular, yet voracious habit of the war-horse, "I have a clue." He had, indeed, and hence was likely to become involved in the labyrinth of false influence. Certain it was that the next day the affable hotel clerk was either Sparton or Beotian in his inability to recognize the fair guest from her admirer's impassioned description, and when at length Dr. Dick returned to Pergamos to resume his round of professional calls, he took with him a heart so heavy with disappointment that his gig creaked and his faithful horse looked back in pained surprise. And yet the little jewel in its own bold and original language bade him not to despair. Its possession was such an advantage, if only he might encounter its owner. It gave him the rights of an acquaintanceship which certainly his adventure did not vouchsafe. If only—ah, what a high fence around felicity that little proviso can be; and yet the steadfast of heart may climb and peep and finally gain an unbroken view!

One Sunday, as Dr. Dick was passing out of church, he caught a glimpse of a face a little in advance of him which gave to his feet the wings of impatience, instead of the clogs of decorum. Was he dreaming? If not, then there she was, that fair, bewitching girl, not smiling, indeed, not even more charming in her sweet seriousness. Dr. Dick pressed forward, until one object intercepted his pursuit; but this body was bulky and important, with its swaying gate, and, alas! it was animated by the fiery soul of John Knox McPherson, M. D., the exception aforesaid; but that one soul, in a word, that felt a bitter, unextinguishable hatred toward him.

Dr. Dick cast off impatience and resumed the steady tread of decorum. Too well he knew that his ancient enemy would embrace the most inoffensive chance and squeeze it into a deliberate insult. Were their relations already sufficiently strained? Besides this was hardly the time or place for an elaborate explanation. He would restrain his ardor and hope, since the "on" and the "over" seemed so near a glorious fruition.

The following afternoon, while Dr. Dick and a friend were standing at the club window, two ladies passed by one elderly and matronly, the other young and sylph-like. And on the "other" Dr. Dick stared with eyes that blinked with uncertainty, which glowed with assurance. Yes, it must be she, there was the identical blue dress; and could he mistake the outlines of that form or that radiant smile, once more asserting its superiority over sweet seriousness?

"Who is she?" he gasped.

"Why, old Dame McPherson, of course," answered his friend. "Don't you know her?"

"The wife of my mortal enemy?" Phaw of course I do. But I mean the other."

"Why, their daughter Evelyn, their only child; you must remember her?"

"Yes as a little girl; but where has she been, to grow like that?"

"Away at boarding school, receiving her instructions. She's a hummer, isn't she?"

"At boarding school!" repeated Dr. Dick. "Oh, do tell me where at once."

"Why, old man," said his friend, in surprise, "I'm not a vinegar-nosed spinster. But let me see; yes, she's been at St. Griselda's Female Seminary at Hillsdale."

Ah, here was confirmation stronger than proof of holy writ of that ineffable dear identity!

"Why, you act as if you were very much struck," continued the friend. But Dr. Dick said not a word. He turned abruptly away, and in the deserted smoking-room, sought his favorite seat before the hearth. He broke the coals into a joyous blaze, and gazed; but alas; he could not share in the vehemence. He was struck, struck in a heap. To think that this bewildering unknown should prove to be the daughter of his adversary; and such a prejudiced, redoubtable adversary, too! If he were only a foe of the ordinary sort, then he might well persist, but against that hard stubborn head, the keenest blade would turn its edge. He remembered her now, oh, yes, the little Evelyn; how had she, indeed ever passed from his memory, that dear little child, so eager for his word and smile!

In his study days, when her father, that grim, unrelenting one, had been his friend and mentor, she had been a great pet of his. Why had he not realized that five years can change fourteen from immaturity into goddesshood? Ah, those old days; there was something inexpressibly tender about memory, after all. Then the one stout champion of his pupillage had been this same Dr. John Knox McPherson, his dead father's friend, his own guardian and tutor. What pride that old man had taken in his success, with what daring hyperboles had he pictured his future! Even now, as Dr. Dick recalled those fierce irascible features, he

seemed to see regard peering out at him, as from a mask. Oh, the pity of it, that he should ever have become estranged from this pugnacious yet noble nature! But could he blame himself? Come, let him see:

Dr. John McPherson was a Scotchman typifying to the ends of his fingers the strength, the reason, the frailty, and the absurdity of his race. He was stout of heart and of intellect, but over-sufficient in his confidence of each. Mankind was generally wrong, with one exchanging exception, and that exception was Dr. John Knox McPherson. He was called a doctor of the old school, a title he would have repudiated with scorn, for there was but one school to him, and without it lay the utter darkness of quackery. He had a practice as extensive as his desires in Pergamos, for his dress suit and ruff, his ponderous watchguard, his snuffbox and red bandana, the latter of which waved at the snap of the former, exhaled a tonic of confidence in the sick room; but more, and vastly more, too, he was president of the Pergamos Medical School. Here, indeed, centered his interests, for here were taught the pure principles of his craft as they had been transmitted through an unbroken line of adepts from Hippocrates even unto himself. For one, shut out from this source of learning, Dr. McPherson felt the sincerest pity, but he who after attendance there dared to seek strange gods, was to him Anathema Marantha, and the Abomination of Desolation, combined and infinitely intensified.

It followed, then, when young Richard Bulkley, his prime favorite and hope, after graduation, had gone abroad, and to Germany, of all places, and had there studied in despite and contravention of professional ethics, that Dr. McPherson shook the dust of friendship off his feet and bestrewed his head with the ashes of hatred. Thereafter Dr. Dick was an accursed thing to him, the more accursed because reason would often approve of his industry and skill, and memory reflect his nature in soft, pleasing colors.

Little wonder, then, that Dr. Dick had well-nigh forgotten the little girl whom in his student days he had so petted and admired; little wonder, too, if in this maiden's heart every fond word and deed of his had not only been preserved, but also enhanced. For in trouble, man's panacea is oblivion and woman's remembrance.

Just off from the smoking room, separated by heavy curtains, was a small apartment popularly called "The Den," for there sundry fierce old members were wont to gather and quarrel over their cups. As Dr. Dick sat reviewing the past and conjuring from its aspirations and passions long since unheeded, there came from this quarter sounds of a wrangle so unusually virulent that perforce he had to listen.

"Of course," said a voice, oily, insinuating, exasperating, "of course, you boast now so far ahead of the event; but when it comes off and your precious proteges are so much out of the race as to have never been in it, why, you will have so thoroughly swallowed your words as to swear you never even chewed them."

"It's a lee," rasped another voice, trembling with wrath; "an unmanly lie! I'll bet my hat and my boots that a graduate of the Pergamos Medical School takes the prize without half trying. I could name a thousand fine young men who could do it, and let me tell you, sir, when this particular fine young man, whoever he may be, has done it, he can own anything. I've got, from a partnership to my daughter's hand in marriage. Meanwhile, sir, I conceive your doubts are meant in no friendly way, and so good-day to you."

Dr. Dick crouched in his chair, and just in time, for through the room stamped Dr. Knox McPherson, red-faced and furious, through the room and out, with a tremendous emphasis of the door.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" came from the inner room. Dr. Dick entered and found, as he expected, Prof. Eben Meade, Dean of the Pergamos Law School, perpetual crony and occasional foe of the irascible president, and hence this young man's advocate and friend.

"At it again, hey?" said Dr. Dick. "Pray what is it all about?"

The professor beat his side for several minutes before he answered. "The impossible old idiot," at length he gurgled, "went off in a fury just because I ventured to say that it wasn't an absolutely sure thing that one of his confounded graduates would take the prize offered by the State University for the best essay on 'The Idiocy of the Medulla Oblongata.' As if he hadn't turned out a perfect pestilence of numskulls and quacks, by Jove! Why even you, my son, had to clear away the cobwebs with a German brush, and yet he'll wager his head and his boots on his paragon, and give to the victor his daughter. I swear if I wasn't just as old as I used to be, I'd have a try for it myself. Ha! Ha! Ha!" And away waddled the professor.

Dr. Dick stood and pondered like one who had heard the voice of the oracle, yet is doubtful of interpretation. "I'd have a try for it myself," he repeated. Ah, why shouldn't he, a graduate of the Pergamos Medical School, take the President at his word, and, in winning the prize, win also a bride? Would not the old man's gratification in his triumph do away with all remembrance to his apostasy? Would not the former regard revive enhanced by this latter respect? At least he would have a try for it. Yes, indeed! At the worst he could hold the doctor to his word, and who more scrupulous than John Knox McPherson? At worst, this worst would be rapture, even if the obdurate sire would burst with chagrin! Have a try for it? Of course he would, and gain it too! For weeks thereafter the places that had known Dr. Dick's recreations, knew them no more, and the round of his

professional engagements became in comparison his resting spells.

There was general rejoicing in Pergamos, and amusement, too, when it was known that Dr. Dick had won the great prize offered by the State University. Not only was the popular pride tickled by this success, but also the popular sense of incongruity, and many were the surmises as to how the old President would be able to assimilate so bitter a pill. Dr. Dick wondered also, and uneasily, as he wended his way to his antagonist's house, where the mead of his victory was awaiting him. He was resolved to endure verbal, aye, even physical, abuse, if only ah! if only, he might be permitted to see his beloved. But what then? Would he be allowed to begin where he had left off? Poor Dick did not realize that Evelyn didn't know that he had ever left off.

John Knox McPherson, M. D., received Dr. Dick with the awful austere dignity of his namesake. "It behooves me, sir," he began, "by virtue of my official position, to present to you the prize which you have so unexpectedly—ahem! so meritoriously won. I am constrained, too, to express my personal sentiments of gratification—no, don't it all, I mean amazement—I swear, mon, I dinna ken what I mean. I've lost my head altogether!" and the red bandana frantically waved like a signal of distress.

"Not at all," said Dr. Dick, with the pleasant, captivizing smile of his boyhood. "I've saved your head, and your boots too."

"What?" roared the old man. "Was it you smuggling before the fire? Well, it was luckily I didn't know you. I was that enraged! But you did maintain my words, me boy, and right scientifically, too; and the Dean may put that in his pipe and smoke it. And you are a graduate of my school, and an honor to it besides. There, there, I've always loved you, and I'll not ever forgive, but I'll forget," and Dr. Dick was enclosed in a snuffy and sticky embrace.

"My success is due to your instruction, sir," said Dr. Dick, adroitly. "All else is but—"

"But an idiosyncrasy of your confounded conceited medulla oblongata," interrupted the delighted President.

"And now may I hope," continued the young man, "that you wish to keep your word—"

"Me word! I'll have you to understand, sir—"

"From a partnership to my daughter's hand in marriage," quoted Dr. Dick.

"So it's Evelyn you're after and it was not a sneaking fondness for your old preceptor that moved you? Well, well! it's natural, I suppose, and the mother says has ne'er forgotten. But, no secrets out of school, you shall just ask her yourself. A partnership, though—that requires deliberation. There'll be no potencies, no trinitrates, will there now?"

"Nothing later than Galen," asserted Dr. Dick.

"Come on, then," and in a moment later this medical knight was alone in the drawing-room with his lady love.

How pretty she was, and how altogether desirable in her unfeigned joy! "I have never changed," Evelyn murmured, in response to his impassioned protestations, "and I have always believed in your constancy."

"Ah! well you might," vowed the shameless Dr. Dick. Your long absence has been purgatory, and the three glimpses I have caught of you since your return, revelations of a heaven cruelly denied."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Evelyn. "But it's only twice, isn't it?"

"Twice?" repeated Dr. Dick in wonderment.

"Why, yes. Twice that you have seen me, once in church, and once from the club."

Dr. Dick was quick and accurate in diagnosis. Evidently there was some mistake about the encounter in the metropolis; but, whose mistake? Why, his own, of course; this young girl's nature was too simple, too clear for doubt as to that. Instead of following an ideal he had merely blundered into the felicity! But should he explain? Well, hardly; love was too subtle for analysis. An explanation might possibly separate, it could never bind.

"Twice, of course," he assented. "But I didn't think you saw me, you looked so demure."

"That ought to have told you," said Evelyn.

"See," continued Dr. Dick, after a moment's reflection, displaying the little golden anchor on his watchguard, "see, I found this in the city, and I've kept it ever since, it reminded me of you."

"How sweet of you," cried the enraptured Evelyn. "It is our class badge; one of the girls must have lost it. I always wear mine on my chain around my neck. And you will always wear that, won't you, as a token of your devotion, as a gage of love?"

"Pat's Certificate."

"I hope, sir, you will assist a poor man whose house and everything that was in it, including me family, sor, was burnt up two months ago last Thursday, sor."

The merchant to whom the appeal was addressed, while very philanthropic is also very cautious, so he asked, "Have you any papers or certificate to show that you lost anything by the fire?"

"I did have a certificate, sor, signed before a notary public, to that effect, but it was burnt up, sor, in the house with me family and the rest of me effects."

Stanch Old Ship.

Nelson's old battleship, the Fondroyant, is being exhibited at various ports in Great Britain. It is said that every timber of the old ship is as sound today as when she was launched, a hundred years ago.

Too often the most unkindest cut of all is the newspaper wood cut.

It Came High.

Every safe manufacturer has attached to his force expert locksmiths whose duty consists in opening safes which have gotten out of order.

Many of the accidents to safes occur from the gross carelessness of their owners, and at times the honest safe crackers enjoy a quiet laugh at the expense of a group of bank officials or the proprietor of some important establishment.

Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a New York safe maker requesting that a man be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city.

Upon reaching his destination the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment, and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair, which locked with a key, and which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened.

The man examined the lock and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire and began to dig a mass of dirt, dust and lint out of the key. Then he inserted it to the lock, and when the proprietor with a sickly smile looked up turned the implement and opened the door.

"What's your charge?" asked the manufacturer.

"Fifty dollars," replied the expert.

"Does anyone know you are in town?"

"No."

"Well, then here's \$60," remarked the manufacturer. "I'll give you \$10 extra if you'll take the first train back to New York without telling anyone the price I've paid to have a man dig dirt out of a key for me."

Paper Carpets.

We have had a great variety of carpets materials, first and last, and a good many uses have been made of paper, but the two have never before been identified. Now, however, we are informed that carpets are being made of paper, and the following description of the process is made public: The stock used must be of long fibre, in order to give strength to the paper. All such as are to be colored must be dyed in the pulp to obtain uniform color throughout. Colors must be fast.

Every lot the same color must match to shade, as it cannot be changed when once done. The paper must be of uniform thickness throughout the width and length of the roll, for, though color may be right, coarse yarn will not shade alike. As the yarn is twisted on a ring frame, the utmost cleanliness must be observed not to stain the yarn with oil or dirty fingers, for, unlike other yarn, it is not cleaned; hence, if dirty, and is not discovered by subsequent handling, it goes in the carpet and to the customer.

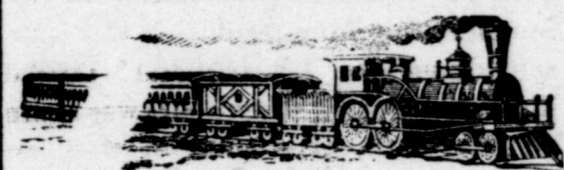
When the rolls of cut paper are the desired height, the shaft drawn out, leaving the paper, each strip with its ring to be separated from each other by a knife for that purpose. After separation these little rolls are soaked in water until thoroughly impregnated, then taken out and left to drain, where it is ready for the spinning frame, and it is twisted like any other yarn. The yarn is then dried, wound into cops, and then it is ready for the loom.—Paper World.

Three Times Three.

Mrs. Clarence Beebe, President of the Young Woman's Christian Association in New York city, gave the farewell address to the graduating class from its business schools. She told the graduates that there were three s's three p's and three f's by which their lives should be governed—self-control, self-respect and self-possession; patriotism, purity and prayer; faithfulness, frankness and flexibility.

A Wonderful Pigmy Engine.

D. A. Buck, a resident of Waterbury, Conn., once made a perfect steam engine that was so small that the engine boilers, governors and pumps all stood on a space only one-fourth of an inch in diameter and less than seven-sixteenths of an inch high. The engine had 148 distinct parts, held together by fifty-two screws. The diameter of the cylinder was but one-twenty-sixth of an inch, and the whole affair, not including the base plate, weighed but three grains.



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