

NONSUITED.

"It is of no use, Edith. We can never be more to each other than we are now. We are both penniless, and in addition I am up to the collar bone in debt."

"But—but you love me?" she asked timidly.

"Love! What is love? A nonsensical caprice. Born today, dead tomorrow. Perhaps I did love you once, but—well, one can't live on sentiment. One day our feelings lead us astray; next stern circumstance compels us to be more philosophical. We have both been wrong—you for loving me, and I for being foolish enough to encourage it. But, Edith, our clandestine courtship must cease from tonight. You are but the governess, you know, while I—well, society expects great things from me. You must see how absurd a thought marriage is for us."

"Absurd!" she murmured, scarcely realizing that such levity and cruelty were possible from the man to whom she had confided her trust some months before.

"Yes, utterly absurd. Now, be sensible. Look at the matter in a reasonable light. I don't want to hurt your feelings, you know, but you are aware that your position in my uncle's house would of itself ridicule the idea of marriage between us. Of course you will always have a friend in me. I shall always be glad to advise, and—"

"Frank!" she interrupted. "Don't be hysterical, Edith. There's really no need for any fuss, you know. You are poor. So am I. But I have a position to maintain. You haven't. Come, let us put an end to our foolishness. There's good George Markham, the curate, you know. He's head over ears in love with you, and—and you wouldn't have any difficulty with him. He'd make a good husband, and—all that sort of thing."

The poor, deluded girl hung her head in silence. Her breast heaved tumultuously as she endeavored to suppress her emotion. She trembled in every limb, and for a brief moment tears stood in her fine blue eyes. But Edith Malvern, the poor, friendless little governess, had more philosophy in her nature than the heartless man walking by her side in his uncle's grounds gave her credit for.

This was a staggering blow to her. To have her hopes dashed to the ground and her heart stabbed with one sudden, unexpected lunge was torture in the extreme, but there was that within her which enabled her to hold feelings in check. Such words were concentrated cruelty and bitterness, but they had unlocked and opened a capacity within her heart which had previously been unaware existed there. It was the power to feel and to be thankful for what she had escaped from. A man whose opinions of love and of marriage—the most sacred passion and bond in the universe—were so absolutely debased must be worthless. To have been compelled to call such a man "husband" would have been to one of her nature more fearful than this sudden shattering of her hopes. Had she discovered his hateful, true inwardness after she had been irrevocably yoked to him her life would have been one prolonged misery.

Calmly she withdrew her hand from his arm. Her grief seemed suddenly assuaged. She paused by his side, and looking steadily into his face said:

"It shall be as you wish. Yes I have been foolish. I am, as you have said, poor and of no account in the world. I am parentless as well as penniless. It—it would be—absurd to think of marriage. Let us forget the past—be as though we had never met. Your words have forever obliterated the past in my mind. I could not, I would not, be your wife, though all the world urged me to it, but your debts, your position! How are you going to extricate yourself from the one and maintain the other?"

"How unsophisticated your age, Edith!"

"But you do not surely intend to make marriage your emancipator?" she asked.

He smiled at her earnest, pitying, semi-credulous look and then replied:

"Well, perhaps such a proposal seems a peculiar to you; but, my dear girl, look at things sensibly. There's Mary, for instance, my cousin. She's an heiress. I believe she—well, thinks a deal about me. You must have seen it, Edith. Now?"

"But, for pity's sake, think of what you are going to do. Do not deceive and betray Miss Mary. Pause before you attempt to win her love for such sordid ends. Is it not enough that you should chill one heart, without deliberately breaking another? She is of such a disposition that when she discovered, as she undoubtedly would some day, that you had more regard for her wealth than for herself, it would kill her. I entreat you, consider. For myself I care not. I can bear the revelation. But Mary—no, she shall not be thus deceived. Oh, consider!"

There was a great deal of consideration in Frank Vaughan's nature. He was full of it. But unfortunately it was all for himself. He did consider Mary truly, but not in the manner enjoined by the feeling girl he had deceived. He considered his cousin a heaven sent blessing. She was a good match. With plenty of money in her own right from her father's great accumulation, she was just the wife for him. True, she was a trifle slow, but then that would not matter. She could follow the bend of

her inclinations, and with her money he could do the same. On the whole, Edith had taken things very calmly. Ah, she was sensible! It would have done no good to create any fuss, as he told her. He had certainly expected her to shed a tear, because he had thought she had given her heart to him. But then women's hearts are very flexible things. In fact, women themselves are. Of course they don't feel things like men do. Those who write so glibly about broken hearts and things don't understand the sex. He did. Of course women may feel a touch of disappointed pride when their lover discards them, but plain—oh, it's impossible, ridiculous!

That was the cynical way in which Frank Vaughan's reasoning worked. Not another thought of Edith. He had got out of a very difficult and delicate affair somewhat easily. So far, so good. No one was aware that there had been anything between them. So much the better. Edith was not the one to proclaim their flirtation—from the houseposts. And now? Well, now for Mary, of course.

Things seemed to go very smoothly and pleasantly with Mary. Frank found her even more susceptible than he had imagined. Ah, not much difficulty here! How pleased she was with his attentions! How she lingered over the pleasant, artful phrases he whispered to her day by day! How impressive she was! She would be ripe for a proposal in no time.

And Edith! Poor girl, as the weeks went by, she noticed the effect this man was producing in his cousin. If love was not already full grown in Mary, it was in embryo. What should she do? She could not, knowing, as she did, the motive power at work behind the man, stand idly by and allow another woman's heart to be deceived. Mary and she had always been great friends, though she was but the governess. She must save her. It was her duty. Nevertheless, when Edith came to speak to Mary on such a delicate matter, she felt her task a difficult one, but she persisted in it. Nor did she confine herself to a vague warning. That might have been misconstrued. Edith boldly related all that had passed between herself and Frank and detailed that final, cruel conversation word for word, and Mary listened with pity. She put her arms around Edith's neck and kissed her in gratitude and sympathy.

Mary was not one to say much, but she thought a great deal. She knew ere long her cousin Frank would again be a suitor at the court of love—that his petition would be presented to her, in fact. And two days afterward the action was set down for hearing. They were alone in the grounds. Seated in almost the same spot as Edith and he had stood in when his chill words had frozen her heart, Frank took Mary's hand in his. She trembled slightly, but he, bending over her, told her of his love and asked her to become his wife. He was surprised, startled, at her answer.

"Love!" she exclaimed, with a light laugh. "What is love? A nonsensical caprice. Born today, dead tomorrow." "But not such love as mine, Mary," said he. "Do you not love me?"

"Love you! Well, perhaps I did once, but—well, one can't live on sentiment, you know. It is foolish of you to love me, and I have been foolish to encourage it. Besides you know, Frank, you—you are only a briefcase barrister, penniless and in debt, while I am an heiress, and society expects great things from me."

Surely he had a recollection of some such words as these! Where had he heard them? Where? Great heavens! These are the very words he had uttered to Edith. Then Mary must know all. But his position was desperate. She must marry him. Her money must be his.

"But, Mary," he continued, "say that you love me. Say that you will be my wife. Once married to you, my darling, my life shall be!"

"Married!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Frank, you must see how absurd the thought of marriage between us is! Now, do look at things sensibly, and please, oh, please, don't let us have any fuss. No, no, Frank, whatever you do, don't be hysterical. You will forgive me dismissing your suit, won't you? Of course you will always have a friend in me. I shall always be glad to advise."

But the summing up and verdict of this stern little judge were too much for Frank Vaughan. He could not stay until the court was dismissed in a more orthodox fashion. He was beside himself almost. His case was hopeless. His cousin was not one to state a case for appeal. Her verdict was final.

A week later Edith Malvern overtook Frank in the grounds. He seemed moody and morose and turned away his head as she approached. Inwardly he breathed maledictions against her. It was she who had brought this upon him. She had been the vital witness whose evidence had resulted in his being nonsuited. He hated her and would not trust himself to speak to her. She was unworthy of any words from him. But Edith approached and laid her hand upon his arm. He turned a severe frown upon her.

"Mr. Vaughan," she said, "I—I would like to speak to you. Can—you give me a moment?"

"No."

"But, do you not remember, you once said that you would always be pleased—to advise me? See, I have had a letter from some lawyer in Australia, and it appears I am not without friends. My uncle, whom I have never since seen I was a child, has recently died in Melbourne, and I—I am an heiress!"

"Oh, what's that?" He turned sharply enough now.

"It appears he has left me a fortune of £50,000, and I want you to advise me what to do."

"To do? Why, Edith, my darling, my advice is to get married at once," and he smiled such unutterable things and held out his arms to take her to his breast. But she avoided him.

"Oh," said she, "I am so glad to hear you say so. Your advice is so near my own idea, Frank!"

"Of course, pet, you know I was only in fun when I said those cruel things, didn't you? Yes, dearie, you must be married at once."

"Yes, that is just what George thinks. I promised to be Mr. Markham's wife last night, Frank, and he says it would be better for us to be married at once, so that he can take me to Melbourne."

Want of a sufficient supply of asterisks and notes of exclamation prevents us from chronicling Frank Vaughan's reply.

Coolgardie.

[Chambers Journal.]

It was at one time generally believed that the unexplored regions of the vast Eastern Division of Western Australia consisted merely of sandy desert or arid plains, producing at most scrub, and spinifex or 'poison plants.' In recent years, however, a faith that the interior would prove rich in various mineral resources began to dawn, and rose in proportion as each report of a new 'find' was made to the government. But only a few ventured to cherish a hope that tracts of fertile country were lying beyond their ken, awaiting the advent of the explorer whose verdict upon the nature of the soil, or possibilities of obtaining water, would result in settlement and prosperity, and civilization.

By the opening up of the country surrounding Coolgardie—situated at a distance of three hundred and sixty-eight miles inland from Fremantle, the port of Perth—it has been proved that not only thousands of square miles of auriferous country are contained in these once despised 'back blocks,' but also large areas of rich pasture and forest-lands.

Very little is known in England of the extent and importance of the five great gold-fields already proclaimed within the boundaries of what was once the fashion to call the 'Cinderella of the South,' but which is now more generally spoken of as 'the Coming Colony.' This is, however, less surprising than that similar ignorance should exist in the sister colonies. A few months ago a Sydney paper published the following piece of information: 'Coolgardie is not a continuation of the Murchison; Southern Cross is. Coolgardie is four hundred miles east-by-north from Perth, from which you rail it to York only. It is about one hundred and fifty miles from Esperance Bay.' This is a truly astonishing blunder. On the map which lies before me, both Coolgardie and Southern Cross are found within the proclaimed limits of the Yilgarn gold-field, which, roughly estimated, covers an area of forty-six thousand square miles, and is situated in the Eastern Division; whereas the Murchison, a totally distinct gold-field, is in the Gascoyne, and lies to the north of Yilgarn.

Little more than eighteen months have elapsed since Bayley's sensational discovery of Gold and Coolgardie attracted world-wide attention to the hidden treasure of Western Australia. Yet in this brief space of time, settlement has been carried far into the interior. Even within the last few months, the hardships of the journey to Coolgardie have been considerably lessened, as the Yilgarn railway has already been pushed an as far as Southern Cross, two hundred and forty miles from Fremantle. This town was the centre of the field until the discovery of Bayley's mine laid the foundation of its rival's future supremacy. The remainder of the journey may now be made by coach, frequent canal trains and teams of horses carry provisions of all kinds to Coolgardie; but hundreds of the poorer seekers after fortune are obliged to 'hump their swags'—as they would themselves describe carrying their loads—and tramp along the track through the bush.

After leaving Southern Cross, the first camping-place is reached at a distance of eight miles. Here a small tank, made by Government labour, is surrounded by a good fence, and belongs to the Warden and police. These stations are called 'soaks,' or 'rock-holes,' if made—as they usually are—in the vicinity of granite rocks. Above the level plain of desert vegetation towers a peaked or round-backed mass of granite. Some rise to the height of one hundred feet, and may cover an area of many acres. Down their bare, brown sides courses the infrequent rainfall, and is absorbed by the soil at the base, which, as a rule, is well grassed, and in its deeper places probably contains a surface spring, which constitutes 'the soak.' Or, perhaps there is a tank-line hollow in the rock—sometimes several—and these are the 'rock holes.'

The next important stage is called Yellowdine Rock, and is between twenty and twenty miles on the road to Coolgardie. Around this spot there is abundant evidence that much labour was lost before the water was lured from its hidden springs. Numerous trial-shafts and bore-holes break the ground. But perseverance was at length rewarded, and a fair supply was obtained. Several of the wells are fenced round, to preserve the water from pollution, and troughs constructed for the use of stock.

The track next leads through country which is described as metamorphic. Having traversed this region, the traveler is refreshed by the sight of a placid lake; but, alas, a drought of its deceptive waters means more maddening thirst than before, for it is salt. Then on for seven or eight miles, through forests of morrell and salmon gum, to Morling Rock. Here, be-

neath the shade of lofty trees, abundant grass can be obtained by the stock, and the soil is particularly rich and suited for agriculture.

About three miles further on, at rock Karalee, a magnificent view of the Koolyanobbing Hills, which lie about thirty miles to the north-west-by-north, is to be seen. The country passed through in this last short stage is said to be very good land, more or less sandy, and interspersed with thickets. But in Australia the fact that soil is sandy does not mean that it is poor; when irrigated, it is highly productive, as has been proved by the returns from that already under cultivation in the settled districts.

The forest is again entered on leaving Karalee; then for a short distance the track leads across a sand-plain, with occasional patches of rich-looking soil, till Kooralyee is reached. Starting from the latter place, the worst part of the route begins. All around, as far as the eye can reach, stretches an arid and apparently sterile plain. For miles and miles nothing but the cruel spinifex or the 'poison plant' grows, unless where an impenetrable thicket breaks the monotony of the view, looking like a desert island in this shimmering blue-white ocean of desolation. Beside the track lie the bones or sheep that had died from eating the poison scrub; or of exhaustion, from dragging their burdens through the burning sand; or perished for want of water. But once safely arrived at Boorabbin Rock, beneath the grateful shade of a clump of the soak and salmon-gum, the weary traveler and his jaded beasts may rest and quench their thirst. A rather sandy soil is observable in the next five miles of country; then, for a dozen miles or so, the track passes through forests alternating with brief intervals of sand-plain. In the wood-lands the soil is exceedingly rich, and grass is plentiful.

As Coolgardie is approached, the country becomes more undulating; and in the distance Mount Burgess makes a bold and striking feature in the landscape, isolated from the neighbouring low hills. A few miles to the south lies the vigorous little town, surrounded by a halo of tents. It is situated thirty-one degrees east; the climate is therefore temperate, though very hot during the dry season. It has been judiciously laid out, and promises to be one of the prettiest island towns in the colony. In the principal street, all is bustle and activity; teams arriving from Southern Cross; camels unloading or being driven out by picturesque Afghans; diggers and prospectors setting out for distant 'rushes'; black picconinies rolling in the dust, or playing with their faithful kangaroo dogs—their dusky parents looking near with characteristic indulgence—and men of every nation and colour under heaven combine to give the scene a character all its own.

There are good stores, numerous thriving hotels; and a hospital has lately been started in charge of two trained nurses. The spiritual needs of the Wesleyan services and the Salvation Army meetings. As yet the public buildings are not architecturally imposing; the principal one is a galvanized iron shed which does duty for a post-office. When the bi-weekly mail arrives, the two officials, with aid of an obliging trooper, vainly endeavour to sort the letters and newspapers quickly enough to satisfy the crowd, all eager for news from home. During the hot dry months, Coolgardie has been almost cut off from the outside world. It was found necessary to limit the traffic between it and Southern Cross, owing to the great scarcity in the 'soaks' and wells along the road. Condensers have been erected at various stations close to the salt lakes, and the water retailed by the gallon; by this means the road can be kept open till the wet season sets in.

Prospectors are energetically exploring the country in every direction around Coolgardie, and from all sides come glowing accounts of the quality of the land, which, besides being auriferous, is undoubtedly suitable for agriculture and pastoral purposes. To the eastward lie many thousands of acres of undulating pasture-lands, wooded like a park with morrell, sandalwood, wild peach, zimlet-wood, salmon-gum, and other valuable timbers. The soil is a rich red loam, which with cultivation should equal the best wheat-growing district of Victoria. So green and abundant is the grass, that it has been described as looking like an immense wheat-field before the grain has formed. Several kinds of grass are to be found: the fine kangaroo variety; a species of wild oats; and a coarse jointed grass, all of which stock eat with relish, and thrive, it is said.

A Water Supply Department has been formed by the Western Australian Government, and measures are being taken to obtain supplies of artesian water as well as to construct a system of reservoirs and dams on a large scale. For the latter purpose the soil is said to be well suited; and during the rainy season there is no lack of surface-water. In many parts of Australia this method of maintaining a supply is considered more reliable than that of well-sinking or boring.

It is evident that the natural conditions are favorable for attracting a permanent population of traders and agriculturists, the produce of whose industry should supply the demands of the mining community. There is undoubtedly a great future for refining operations on this field, where, it may be mentioned, Bayley's Reward Claim is by no means the only valuable property. Leases have been taken up for miles along the chain of hills. Mr. Bayley's discovery of Coolgardie might serve as an apt illustration of the 'early-bird' theory. While on a

prospecting expedition in September 1892, he went one auspicious morning to look after his horse before breakfast. A gleaming object lying on the ground caught his eye. It was a nugget, weighing half an ounce. By noon, he, and his mate, had picked up twenty ounces of alluvial gold. In a couple of weeks they had a store of two hundred ounces. It was on Sunday afternoon that he struck the now world-famed Reward Claim, and in a few hours they had picked off fifty ounces. Next morning they pegged out their prospecting area. But whilst profitably employed, they were unpleasantly surprised by the arrival of three miners who had followed up their tracks from Southern Cross.

The discoverers worked on during the day at the cap of the reef, and by such primitive methods as the 'dolly-pot,' or pestle and mortar, easily obtained three hundred ounces of the precious metal. The unwelcome visitors stole two hundred ounces of the gold, a circumstance which obliged them to report their 'find' sooner than they would otherwise have, fearing that, if they delayed, the thieves would do so instead, and claim the reward from the Government.

On condition that they would not molest his mate during his absence, Mr. Bayley agreed to say nothing about their having robbed him, and set out on his long ride to Southern Cross. He took with him five hundred and fifty-four ounces of gold with which to convince the Warden that his discovery was a genuine one. The field was declared open after his interview with the authorities.

No one will dispute that this mineral wealth must prove a source of immense property to Western Australia; but of no less importance is the fact that the soil is rich and productive. The ultimate and enduring development of a country must depend on the labour and thrift of a different class of settlers from those who compose the majority of a rush to the gold-fields. Miners are usually only eager to 'make their pile,' so that they may return to the haunts of 'civilization,' taking with them the riches they may have amassed. That the country surrounding Coolgardie is suitable for permanent settlement is of vast importance, not alone to Western Australians but to Englishmen, to whom it should open up a fresh field for enterprise and colonization.

The Roses of China.

In no other part of the world has the cultivation of roses been brought so nearly to perfection as in China. The rose gardens of the Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom are gorgeous in the extreme. The revenue obtained yearly from the oil of roses and rose water is enormous, and a great addition to the imperial coffers. Only the members of the royal family and the nobility, high military officers, mandarins, etc., are allowed to have any of the attar of roses in their dwellings.

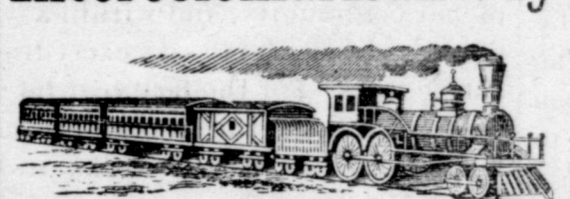
Very severe punishment is meted out to the ordinary citizen in whose possession even a drop of the precious essence is found. Originally, only two kinds of roses were known in China, the white and the red moss roses, and the smallest they were the greater their value. The leaves are greatly sought after for amulets. The poor consider them great prizes and when a leaf is obtained it is put in a little bag and hung over the door to keep away the evil spirits.

Roses, if one may judge from the literature on the subject, played an important part in China during the ages of antiquity. In the Imperial library alone to be found five hundred manuscripts devoted exclusively to them.

Carolina Rice.

This is boiled in salt water, drained and left in the saucepan, which is covered with a cloth, to dry. Each grain must stand alone, and there must be no moisture about the rice.

Intercolonial Railway



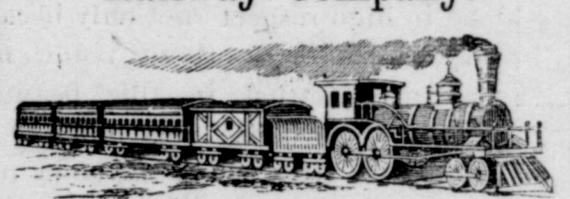
On and after Monday the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SALISBURY.	
Express for St. John (daily).....	7.30
Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax.....	9.30
Express for St. John.....	13.45
Express for St. John.....	15.20
Express for Halifax.....	16.11
Express for Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and Arrive Salisbury.....	19.02
Accommodation for St. John.....	20.55

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th, October, 1894.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.



TIME TABLE NO. 31.

In effect Monday, Oct. 15th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Leave Harvey.....	4.00
Leave Albert.....	4.15
Leave Hillsboro.....	5.30
Arrive Salisbury.....	7.20
Leave Salisbury.....	8.00
Leave Hillsboro.....	12.00
Leave Albert.....	13.20
Arrive Harvey.....	13.35

Connections made with Morning Express leaving St. John at 7 o'clock for points East and West, and with Quebec Express for points West. This Time Table shows what four trains are expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but it is not guaranteed nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay resulting from failure to make connections advertised.

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