BABYHOOD.

Heigh ho, babyhood! Tell me where you linger; Let's toddie hame again, for we have gone

Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the Back to the loftus lands of the far away.

Turn back the leaves of life-don't read the story-Let's find the pictures and fancy all the rest; We can fill the pages with a brighter glory That old Time, the story-teller, at his very best.

Turn to the brook where the honeysuckle, tipping O'er its vase of perfume, spills it on the breeze, And the bees and humming-birds in ecstacy are

From the fairy flagons of the blooming locust

Turn to the lane where we used to "teeter-totter," Printing little foot-palms in the mellow-mould-Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water, Where the ripples dimple round the butter-cups

Where the dusky turtle lies basking on the gravel Of the sunny sandbar in the middle tide, And the ghostly dragon fly pauses in his travel To rest like a blossom where the water-lily died.

Heigh ho, babyhood! Tell me where you linger; Let's toddie home again, for we have gone

astray-Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the

Back to the lotus lands of the far away.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A CHANCE WORD.

Myra Sydney was sitting in the window the outskirts of a suburb, where building neys on the lower streets, a line of blue dappled with cloud shadows.

Many an autumn sunset had she watched from her front windows; many a soft spring rain and whirling snowstorm. To some natures there are both companionship and compensation in the changeful aspects of nature. Myra was one of these. She would not have exchanged her little house with its cent, whose boundaries were brick walls alone; and sky and sun and hill made for the leisure moments of her busy life a perpetual and unwearying feast.

The room in which Miss Sydney pressed its owner, as rooms will, whether the girl's name. She had lived "at home" was round her neck; one of the objectionmeant to do so or not. In no respect of size or shape did it differ from No. 11 on one side or No. 13 on the other, yet its aspect was anything rather than common- and another girl had worked at Snow & Sydney scarcely knew her, till blush and place. The prevailing tint on wall and floor was a soft clive, which made a back-ground for brighter colored things; for the ground for brighter colored things and ground for brighter colored things; for the ground for brighter colored things; for the ground for brighter colored things old Indian shawl which did duty as a portiere, for a couple of deep-hued eastern rugs; for pictures of various kinds and values, and a sprinkling of bric-a-brac, odd rather than valuable, but so chosen as to be when they were not too full of work, but in the busy season they stayed so late at the store that they didn't want anything when they got home except to go right straight to bed. They got \$7 a week—more when there was extra work to do.

It y and under cover of a box of rumes they exchanged confidences. Did Miss Sydney think she looked better? She was so glad. The girls had laughed at her at first, but not so much now, and her room-mate, there was extra work to do. in thorough harmony with its surround-

Everything had a use No pitfalls yawned for unwary guests in the shape of minute tables, Queen Anne or otherwise, laden with trumpery biscuit or Sevres, and ready to upset with a touch. A couple of short old-fashioned sofas flanked the fireplace on either side, two or three easy chairs and a firm-set low table, laden with books and periodicals, completed a sort of circle where ten or a dozen persons could group themselves round the blaze. Miss Sydney herself, slight, vivid, simply dressed, but without an ungraceful point or fold, was in accordance with her room.

The clock struck seven. The black cloud had crept to the zenith, and now a strong gust of wind swept from beneath it, bringing on its wings the first drops of rain. Miss Sydney rose and shut the window. At that moment the door bell rang.

"It's two girls with a parcel, Miss Myra," said Esther, the parlor maid. "They'd like to speak with you they say."

Miss Sydney went out into the little en try. The girls, about the same age, were of the unmistakable shopgirl type. "You are from Snow & Asher's, I think?" she said in a courteous voice.

"Yes'm. Mr. Snow says he wasn't sure which of the under waists it was you took, so he sent both kinds, and you will try 'em on, please?"

"Certainly. Are you to wait for them?" "Yes'm. Miss Sydney made what haste she could, but before she returned the rain was falling in torrents. "You must wait till it slack-ens," she said. "You'll be very wet if you

don't. Have you far to go?"
"She has," replied one of the girls with an embarrassed giggle. "I'm pretty near by, and the horse-car runs just in front of the door. But Carry has to walk quite a way, and her shoes is thin, too. She'd an olive brown, and this yellowish-green we call chances and accidents are God's better wait, I guess, but I must go, any-

Miss Sydney glanced at the shoes—cheap, paper-soled boots with a dusty velvet bow sewed on the toe of each, and she, too, concluded that by all means "Carry" must wait. "Come in here," she said, leading the way into the parlor. Esther had now lighted the lamp. A little fire sparkled on the hearth. Myra drew an easy chair close to it. "Sit down and have a thorough warming," she said. "It is a chilly even-

quick, Miss Sydney observed.

The face shaded by the hand was not unpretty. The brown eyes had a straightforward, honest glance, the mouth was rather sweet, there was that delicacy of modelling, just bordering on fragility, which gives | it is well put on and becoming.' to the early youth of so many American women a fleeting charm. It was a face which softly banded hair and a low knot would suit; but, with the bad taste of her class "Carry" had adopted the style of coiffure which became her least. All the front hair was an unbant tangle of "hang" At such a deep blush as mantled in Cary's "Rum muchee rum" would suit; but, with the bad taste of her class "Carry" had adopted the style of coiffure which became her least. All the front hair was an unkept tangle of "bang." At the back was a mass of jute switches, braided and surmounted with a gilt comb, and on top of the erection was perched a straw hat lined with blue and ornamented with a bedragged cock's tail. The dress, of cheap material, was blue also, and was

frilled and flounced into a caricature of the prevailing fashion. A ruffle of soiled lace surrounded the girl's neck, beneath which, over a not overclean muslin tie, hung a smart locket of yellow metal-very yellow. Bangles clinked round the slender wrists. Beneath the puffed and ruffled skirt a shabby petticoat of grey cotton peeped out.
Though the weather was chill, the girl wore
no wrap. Miss Sydney noted these details
in half the time it has taken to describe them, and stirred with a pity which was half indignation, said, "My child, how could you think of coming out on such a day as this without a shawl?"

"I haven't any shawl." "Well, a jacket, then."

"I haven't any jacket, either, that matches this dress," glancing complacently down at the beruffled skirt.

that didn't match your dress than catch a shop, and saw there a young lady as pretty to supply all England with his report, cold, wouldn't vou?"

"Yes," admitted the girl, in a rather unwilling tone. "But the only one I've got is purple, and it looks horrid with this blue." Noting dissent in her companion's

Carry stared. "How queer -" she began, then changed it to, "but you and us

are quite different, ma'am."

There was something wistful in the face, which touched Myra Sydney. "It will be time wasted, I dare say," she said to her-self, "still I should like, just for once, to of her little parlor watching the slow rising | argue out the dress question with a girl of a storm over the opposite sky. Even city streets have their opportunities. This street in which Miss Sydney dwelt was in and ignorant." She made no immediate the outskirts of a suburb, where building lots were still generously measured. It ran along the ridge of a slope, and Miss Sydney's house had the further advantage of You can't go yet, and you'll be less likely standing opposite a group of vacant lots, to take cold when you do go, if you start beyond which, above the roofs and chim-well warmed. Besides, I want to have well warmed. Besides, I want to have you stay. I should like to have a little hills was visible, topped with woods and talk over this question of dress which is so interesting to all of us women." She smiled brightly at her guest, who, as if dazzled, watched the entrance of the tray with its she had half forgotten the little incident, bubbling kettle, its plates of thin bread when one day, entering the shop in quest

> satisfaction. Her heart opened under the been ripped off, and the front was hidden unwonted kindness and comfort, and Miss | with a black silk apron. The tangle of Sydney had little difficulty in learning what hair was smoothed out like ordinary waves, she wished to know. Carry Thomas was a white collar with a knot of blue ribbon

that do, but they've got sick friends to

"Now," said Miss Sydney, having thus felt her way, "to go back to the jacket question. As I told you, I can't at all afford to have one for every dress."

everything I wear."

fully.
"No, but it isn't absolutely necessary that everything should be a suit?"

"The girls at our store think so much of suits"—in a puzzled tone of self-defence.

"I know some people have a fancy for "I know some people have a fancy for them, and they are very pretty sometimes. But don't you see that they must cost a great deal of money, and that working people, you and myself, for instance, ought to manage more carefully?"

"Do you work, ma'am?"

"To be sure I do. You look surprised. Ah, you think that because I have a little home of my own and live in a pretty room. While you was away, ma'am. I came out to tell you, but you was gone, and—day after tomorrow I'm—going back with him to Gilmanton. I told him he must bring me out tonight, for I couldn't leave without saying good-by to you."

"You are going to be married?"

"Yes"—with a happy look—"tomorrow morning. And oh, Miss Sydney, what do you think Mark says? He says if he'd

Ah, you think that because I have a little home of my own and live in a pretty room I must be a fine lady with nothing to do. That's a mistake of yours. I work nearly at the store, with false hair and jewelry as many hours a day as you do, and earn | and that, he'd never in the world have the greater part of my own income, and I asked me at all. And I did look just like have to consult economy to keep my home | that, you know. It was what you said that

"I will, though I'm not in the habit of talking quite so freely about my affairs, but I'll tell you, because it may give you an idea how to manage better for yourself.

In the first place I keep to two or three I how impossible it seems, or would seem, that you see, and some lighter ones, white or pale yellow. Now, with any of these the same bonnet will do. The one I am wearing now is black, with a little jet and that through Him the smallest things end pale yellow, and it goes perfectly well with all my dresses, and so does my black cashmere jacket and my parasol and gloves, which are yellow also. Don't you see that there is economy in this, and that if I had a purple dress and a blue one and a brown, I should want a different bonnet for each,

"It seems to me that the chief trouble with girls who work in stores is that they care more for what they call 'stylish,' than for being either neat or pretty. A young a jar of preserves, and with a tablespoon girl can look her best in a simple dress, if soon put it under his vest. The king asked

and mine live opposite."

him, but his time is out in the spring, and then he calculates to set up for himself."

"Does he ever come to the city?" "No, not since I was here, but he speaks of coming down toward spring, and that's one reason why I like to look as stylish as I can, so's not to be different from the rest when Mark comes."

"I think in his place I should prefer you to be different," said Miss Sydney, decidedly. "Now, Carry, don't be offended; what you girls aim at is to look like the ladies who come to the shop, isn't it?-'stylish,' as you would say?"
"Yes, I s'pose it is," admitted Carry.

"Well, then, I must tell you the plain truth, you utterly fail in your attempt. No one would mistake a girl, dressed as porter. There was much protest on the you are at this moment, for a lady; nobody! part of the press, but it was of no avail. An beruffled skirt.

—but," disregarding the deep flush on her companion's cheeks—"if I went into a for the work, and arrangements were made and as delicately made as you are, Carry, which he was to dictate, when the banquet with hair as smooth as satin, and a simple gown that fitted exactly, and a collar and cuffs as white as snow, and perhaps a black most discourtesy by the town hall officials. silk apron or a white one, and with new He was placed apart from the guests, and face, she added—"We poor girls can't shoes and nice stockings, if I saw a girl have a wrap with every dress, like rich dressed like that with nothing costly, nothing that any girl cannot have, but every-"No," said Miss Sydney gently, "I know it. I never attempt to have a wrap for each dress I wear. I can't afford it, instincts of a lady. And Carry—don't think me impertinent—if Mark came to town and saw a girl like that among the crowd nignantly upon them and told them to go JAMES S. MAY. of untidy, overdressed ones at Snow & Asher's, I think the contrast would strike

him as it would me-agreeably!" . the blind, revealing the moon struggling of the speeches shall ever see print." He through thin edges of cloud. Carry fol- was as good as his word, and so far as Englowed her to the window. Her cheeks land and the world were concerned, the were a deep red, but there was a frank and great men at the town hall might have grateful look in her eyes as she said: "I uttered their words of wisdom, congratulamust be going now, ma'am. You've been tion, and warning in a thunderstorm from ever so good to let me stay. I shan't tor- the top of Snowdon.—Liverpool (Eng.) get it, and—I guess you are about right." Post. have done the least good?" queried Miss

Sydney as she watched her guest depart. It was some weeks before she had occasion to again visit Snow & Asher's, and "How nice!" she said, with a sigh of wore the blue dress, but the flounces had

"Can you lay up anything out of that?" hers. Miss Sydney left the shop with a asked Miss Sydney. pleased amusement at her heart. She meant asked Miss Sydney.

"No, ma'am, not a cent; at least I to go often to keep a little hold on Carry, don't. There's some girls in the store but circumstances took her off to Florida, soon afterward, and it was late in April before she returned.

"That girl from Snow & Asher's was to see you about a week ago, ma'am," said Esther, the evening after her arrival. "I told her you was expected Tuesday, and "Can't you, ma'am? What do you do, she said she would come again today, for then?"

"I buy one jacket which will do with everything I wear."

"But that isn't a suit," said Carry, doubtfully.

"No, but it isn't absolutely necessary

"I buy one jacket which will do with she was going away. There she is now."

Carry indeed it was with a steady, manly-looking young fellow by her side.

"It is Mark, Miss Sydney," she said, by way of introduction. Later, when Mark

had walked over to the window to see the view, she exclaimed further in a rapid undertone-"he came down two months ago, while you was away, ma'am. I came out

you think Mark says? He says if he'd found me looking like the rest of the girls and make it pleasant, and among the things which I can't afford to have are suits."

"I wish you'd tell me how you do, that has, and I shouldn't be the girl I

"Bread on the waters," thought Myra, opportunities, by which He allows us to

The British consul at St. Vincent, the other day, invited the African King Ja Ja to join him at breakfast. He arrived at the "Yes'm."

The girl thrust the velvet-bowed boots, which gaped for buttons, out to the fire, and, half from embarrassment, held up a hand to shade her face. It was a small hand with an ambiguous red gem on the forefinger. The nails were all bitten to the quick, Miss Sydney observed.

sol?"

"Why, yes, it does seem so," said Carry, drawing a long breath. "I'd like to do something different myself, but I don't suppose I'd know how."

"Would you mind if I told you what I think?" asked Myra gently.

"No'm, I'd thank you."

sol?"

"Why, yes, it does seem so," said Carry, drawing a long breath. "I'd like to do something different myself, but I don't suppose I'd know how."

"Would you mind if I told you what I think?" asked Myra gently.

"No'm, I'd thank you."

"It soems to make him-nonarch was a large ham intact. Ja Ja quietly grabbed the knuckle bone and placed the whole ham on his plate. He then proceeded to demolish it, eating the whole ham in a remarkably short space of time, and afterward gnawed the bone. The dignified governor was horror-struck but dignified governor was horror struck bu was too well-bred to appear to notice his guest's formidable gastronomic powers.

But this was not all. Ja Ja next spied soon put it under his vest. The king asked | bald ?" for "more." Another jar was produced and disposed of. Still the king was not satisfied, and it was not until he had eaten

"Rum, muchee rum." A bottle of good old Jamaica was pro-"No'm, he's just a friend. His folks duced, and the king, with the help of a dog maybe—" Business ma nd mine live opposite."

"In Gilmanton, and is he a farmer?"

"His father farms and Mark works for adjourned.—Exchange.

"Exchange thinker, was preparing to ask for a second bottle, the reakfast party politely adjourned.—Exchange.

"In Gilmanton, and is he a farmer?"

"His father farms and Mark works for adjourned.—Exchange.

Nails, etc.

Peddler (desperately)—"Can't I sell you a fly-trap, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

GEORGES STREET, St.

THE PROPER THING TO DO.

Lordlings and Snobs Slighted the Reporter,

but He Got There Just the Same. Notice has been taken of the Duke of Cambridge's visit to Liverpool in 1855, but one remarkable episode of that visit is now nearly forgotten. A newspaper man who was then in Liverpool gave a graphic description of it the other night. The Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Cardwell and several other distinguished men were to dine with the mayor at the town hall. Their speeches were expected to be of European importance, and great interest attached to the occasion. Owing to the great attendance the mayor could find room for only one rewas over, to a dozen stenographers; but Mr. Murphy had been treated with the utwas either supplied with a seat amongst the pots and pans of the waiters, or in an orchestra occupied by the fiddlers.

However, he took his revenge as well as his notes. When he returned to the office, where a dozen reporters were awaiting him home. "Go home," gasped a celebrated editor, "what do you mean? Have you not got the report?" "I have taken down Miss Sydney paused, half frightened at her own daring. Carry looked steadily into the fire without speaking. The rain had ceased. Myra rose and threw back

IT NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

An Unexpected Obstacle That Interfered With True, Youthful Love. "What did papa say when you asked him

for my hand, Paul?" "He didn't say anything, Annabel," replied the young man, nervously; "he didn't say a word. He just looked at me in a cold, hard way, and got down off the high stool and began to slide around the end of the desk. That's all he said and I came

"But he would have spoken had you remained, Paul." "I mistrusted that he would, Annabel,

and for that reason I fled. I am foolishly sensitive, and cannot endure harshness." "I fear, dear Paul," said the girl tendery, but with a weary sigh, "that you do not love me; that your heart has tired of me and grown cold, or that you have no sand. Pa is always on the bluff. He acted just that way to Will Kilburn, and when he came out from behind the desk Will landed one on his neck and taught him some sense. You weaken too easily, Paul. You have

more guff than business.' And rising to her feet the girl passed away from his sight, a dreamy vision of summer loveliness and grace, fair as the morning, and all that day the heaviness of the young man's heart threw a melancholy cadence into his voice as he stood among the threads and sung at intervals plaintive snatches from the old, old song, "Ca-ish!" - Brooklyn Eagle.

Don't Kill the Old Hens.

When hens are shedding teathers they often stop laying and grow fat. Most peo-ple consider fat a sign of health. The fattening of moulting hens, however, as with some people produces debility rather than health. Many of the worst cases of roup are contracted, while the hens are moulting.

The food of moulting hens, if largely vegetable, is fat-forming, and not required for growing feathers. Therefore corn-fed hens get very fat. They need more nitrogen and phosphate elements in their food when moulting, which if not supplied they stop used all, and left no nitrogenous matter to form eggs. At this season, killing old hens and relying on young pullets is a great mistake; where people have a few hens and late pullets. Because, if properly fed, the hens will have their new plumage and lay well all winter; while the pullets, unless specially treated, may not commence laying until spring, when high prices for eggs have fallen one-half. Again, an old hen's egg will hatch a more vigorous chicken than a pullet's egg.
John R. Jones, Suffield, Conn., a breed-

er of prize-winning mottled Javas, says ! "I find Sheridan's Condition Powder fed once daily in the food, very valuable for moulting hens. I have used it two years for exhibition birds. It assists in growing new feathers, makes the combs a bright red, and gives a rich gloss to the plumage.

red, and gives a rich gloss to the plumage. It will also make hens lay and the eggs hatch well. I find when other egg-foods are used in quantities to force egg production the eggs do not hatch."

The above is the experience of many people in using Sheridan's Powder. If fed to young pullets now as directed, they will begin to lay before six months old. Commence at once using Sheridan's Powder. mence at once using Sheridan's Powder.

It helps old hens through moulting, and gets the pullets in laying trim before the sesson of high prices. Eggs will sell very high this fall and winter. Therefore be ready to get all you can.

Peddler-I am introducing a new kind of

hair brush which-Business man (impatiently)-"I've no use for a hair brush. Can't you see I'm Peddler-"Yes, sir. Your lady, per-

when she goes out." Peddler—"Yes, sir. Child at home, probably—"
Business man—"Only a month old. Bald, too."

Peddler-"Yes, sir. You keep a pet Business man-"We do, but its a hairLondon House,

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