Love came to the door of the palace. And the door was opened wide; There wasn't a thing to hinder, And they needed him much inside But he rattled his quiver, and said with a sigh-"Can I enter an open door? Not I! Not I! Not I!"

Love came to the castle window, And he found a great broad stair; There wasn't a thing to hinder. And he might have mounted there But he fluttered his wings, and said with a sigh-"Can I plod up a staircase? No, not I! Not I! Not I!"

Love came to the shore of the ocean, And saw far over the strand An inaccessible fortress On a sea-girt island stand. "Who cares for an ocean?" he gaily cried, And his rainbow wings were quickly plied: "Not I! Not I!"

Love came to a lonely dungeon, Where window and door were barred: There was none who would give him entrance, Though he knocked there long and hard. Then, "Who cares for a bolt?" said the saucy elf; And straightway the warder was Love himself: "Not I! Not I!"

-Eva L. Ogden, in Travellers' Record.

THE LITTLE SPY.

His name was Stenne-little Stenne. He was a child of Paris, pale and sickly, perhaps 10 years old, perhaps 15—one can never tell about these midgets. His mother nurses, old ladies with campstools, and mothers knew and adored Father Stenne. They all knew that under that fierce moustache, the terror of dogs and loafers, lurked a tender, good-hearted, almost motherly smile, and that to call it forth one had only to ask the good man about his little son, he loved his boy so dearly!

At the time of the siege, Father Stenne's square was closed and guarded, and the poor man, compelled to keep up his constant surveillance, passed his days alone spoke of the Prussians!

A siege! It is amusing for the boys! ian mud thus brought to them. and the street like a fair-ground.

good music; and in that matter little for he did not take his eyes off the boy. In Stenne was thoroughly at home. He could his look were both tenderness and reproof, tell you very well that the band of the 96th | as if he had had in his own country a child was not worth much, but that in the 55th of Stenne's age and had said to himself: they had an excellent one. At other times he watched the military drill, and then there were parades. When little Stenne was neither at the rampart nor hanging about the bake shops you were sure to find him at the game of galoche, a famous game which the Breton military had brought into vogue during the siege of the Chateau d'Eau. He was not playing, of course; that required too much money. He was content to watch the players with all his

One especially, a big boy in a blue jacket, who never staked less than a hundred sous, excited his admiration. When that fellow ran you could hear the crown pieces jingle in his pocket.

One day, as he picked up a coin which had rolled to little Stenne's feet, the big boy said to him, in a low voice: "That makes you squint, hay? I can

tell you where to find them, if you like." away into a corner, and asked him to go for the boys. with him to sell newspapers to the Prussians at 30 francs a trip. At first Stenne refused with great indignation, and he allowed three whole days to pass without coming again to watch the game. Three terrible days. He neither ate nor slept. At night he saw piles of galoches heaped at the foot of his bed, and 100-sous pieces, gleaming brightly, spinning in the platter. The temptation was too great. On the fourth day he returned to the Chateau d'Eau, saw the big boy once more and was beguiled.

papers concealed under their jackets.

"Let us pass out, my good sir; our mother is ill; papa is dead. I must go with my little brother to pick up potatoes in the field."

kind smile.

Oh, how that smile hurt poor little Stenne! For a moment he had a mind to exclaim:

He was crying. Little Stenne, over-whelmed with shame, hung his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, then cast a glance over the deserted and whitened highway.

away. There they stood, then, on the Aubervilliers road. The big boy was the one that laughed.

Confusedly, as in a dream, little Stenne saw mills transformed into barracks, barricades deserted, hung with wet rags; tall chimneys cleaving the sky empty and shattered; occasionally a sentinel, some hooded officers looking into the distance with spyglasses, and little tents soaked with melting
snow, with dying fires before them. The
big boy knew the way, and went across
fields to avoid the sentries. Without being able to avoid it, however, they came to an outpost of sharpshooters. There they were, with their little cabins, huddled in the bottom of a trench, full of water, dug along the railroad from Soisson. This time the big boy told his story in vain; they would not let them pass. But while he stood waiting, from the gatekeeper's hut came an old sergeant, white haired and wrinkled, who resembled Father Stenne.

"Come, youngsters, we won't cry," he so gay, as when he came in that evening.

Stenne was trembling; it was with fear and shame. In the guard house they found a few soldiers crouching about a feeble fire—a real widow's fire—in the flame of which. they were thawing biscuit on the ends of their bayonets. They crowded together to make room for the children. They gave them a dram and a little coffee. While they were drinking an officer came to the door,

"Boys!" said the sergeant, returning

with a radiant face, "we will have our to-bacco tonight! We have surprised the cue of the Prussians. We will take back that accursed Bourget from them this time!" There was an explosion of laughter and applause. They danced, they sang, they polished their sabre-bayonets; and taking advantage of the confusion, the boys disap-

Having passed the trench there lay before them only the plain, and at its foot a long white wall pierced with loopholes. It was white wall pierced with loopholes. It was toward this wall that they advanced, stopping at every step to make a pretence of picking up potatoes.

swered the roll call before departing. Decidedly there was a real battle. The unhappy child could not restrain his sobs.

"What is the matter?" asked Father picking up potatoes.

"Let us go back. Let us not go there!" entreated little Stenne again and again. The other shrugged his shoulders and kept straight on. Suddenly they heard the

click of a gun.
"Lie down!" whispered the big boy,
throwing himself on the ground.

Once down he whistled. Another whistle came in answer over the snow. They advanced crawling. In front of the wall, level with the earth, appeared a pair of yellow mustaches under a dirty cap. The big boy leaped into a trench beside the Prus-

"This is my brother," said he, indicating his companion.

Stenne was so little that the Prussian began to laugh at sight of him, and was obliged to take him in his arms to lift him up to the breach.

On the other side of the wall there were great mounds of earth, felled trees, black was dead; his father, an old soldier of the marines, had the care of an open square in the neighborhood of the Temple. Babies, nurses, old ladies with campateels. was full of soldiers, playing cards and making soup over a great, clear fire. It exhaled a good odor of cabbage and pork. How different from the bivouacs of the sharpshooters! Upstairs were the officers. You could hear them playing the piano and uncorking bottles of champagne. When the little Parisians entered they were welcomed with a joyful hurrah. They delivered their newspapers and then the soldiers poured drinks for them and talked to them. The officers all had a haughty and cruel look, among the deserted shrubbery, and saw his but the big boy amused them with his low boy only at home late at night. And you humor and his vocabulary of blackguard should have seen his moustache when he spoke of the Prussians! talk. They laughed and repeated his words will prevent it from getting after him, rolling with delight in the Pariscinders.—New Haven News.

Little Stenne would have been glad to talk, too, to prove that he was no fool; but The child was out till night running the streets. He accompanied the battalions of the quarter as they went to the ramparts, choosing by preference the ones which had choosing by preference the ones which had

"I had rather die than see my boy plying such a trade. From the moment that his eyes fell on this man Stenne felt as if there were a hand grasping his heart and hindering its pulsa-

To escape from this anguish he began to drink. Soon everything was whirling about him. He heard his comrade vaguely, in the midst of harsh laughter, making sport of the National Guards and of their manner of drill, imitating a capture of arms at the Marais, a night alarm on the ramparts. Then the boy lowered his voice, the officers gathered about him, and their faces grew sober. The wretch was warning them of the sharpshooters' prospective attack. Instantly little Stenne arose, furious,

brought back to his senses. "Not that! I will not."

But the other only laughed and went on. Before he had ended all the officers were on The game ended, his friend led him their feet. One of them opened the door

"Fly the camp!" said he. And they began to talk together very rapidly in German. The big boy went out, proud as a king, clinking his money. Stenne followed, hanging his head; and when he passed the Prussian whose look had so pained him, he heard a sad voice

"Not a pretty thing, that—not a pretty thing-

The tears came to his eyes.

When they were once more on the plain, the children began to run, and returned They set out one snowy morning with rapidly. Their bags were full of potatoes linen bags over their shoulders and news- which the Prussians had given them. With these they passed the trench of the sharp-When they came to the "Gate of Flanders" it was hardly daylight. The big boy took Stenne by the hand, and going up to the sentinel—a sedentary brave, with a red nose and a good-natured look—said to him with the tone of a beggar:

"I of years contented their jackets. They were making preparations for the night's attack. Troops were assembling silently. The old sergeant was there, busy placing his men, looking so happy! When the boys passed he remembered them, and gave them a

"Do not go! We have betrayed you."

But the other had told him that if he spoke they would be shot. and fear restrained him.

At Courneieve they entered an aban-"Pass at once," he told them, and turned | doned house to divide their money. Truth obliges me to say that the division was made honestly, and by dint of hearing the sound of the bright crowns under his jacket and of thinking of the games of galoche that lay before him in the future little Stenne no longer thought his crime so fear-

But when he was alone—unhappy child!

who resembled Father Stenne.

"Come, youngsters, we won't cry," he said. "You shall go to your potatoes. But come in first and warm yourselves. That little scamp looks frozen."

Alas! it was not with cold that little looked at his gun, hanging on the wall, and said to his son, with his kind smile:

"Oh. my boy! how you would go against

"Oh,my boy! how you would go against the Prussians if you were grown up!" Toward 8 o'clock cannon were heard.

called the sergeant, spoke to him in a low | The cannon thundered on. He pictured to himself the sharpshooters, going in the night to surprise the Prussians and falling themselves into an ambuscade. He remembered the sergeant who had smiled on him, and saw him stretched out on the snow—and how many others with him! The price of all this blood was hidden under his pillow, and it was he, the son of Stenne, the son of a soldier! His tears blinded him. In the next room he heard his father's sten heard him open the winhim, and saw him stretched out on the his father's step, heard him open the window. Below, on the street, sounded the call to arms, and a battalion of militia an-

> Stenne, coming in to him.
>
> The boy could bear it no longer, but sprang from his bed and threw himself at his father's feet. In his movements the coins rolled to the floor.

"What have you there? Have you stolen them?" cried the trembling old

Then, all in one breath, little Stenne told how he had gone to the Prussians and what he had done there. As he spoke he telt his heart grow freer-it so comforted him to confess his guilt. Father Stenne listened with a terrible look. When the tale was ended he hid his face in his hands and

"Father, father!" pleaded the child.
The old man pushed him away without a word, and picked up the money.
"Is this all?" he asked.

Little Stenne signified that it was all. The old man took down his gun and cartridge box, and putting the money into his pocket —

"Very well," said he, "I am going to give it back." And without another word, without even looking back, he went down to join the militia who were departing in the night. He was never seen again.—A. Daudet.

A MINUTE OF FUN.

Lawyers ought to be good poets; they write lots of "versus."—Rochester

A man makes his maiden speech when he asks a young girl to marry him.—New Orleans Picayune.

There is a field for a grate reformer who will prevent it from getting clogged with Vermont claims to be the "star that sea level.

never sets." Something like a rooster, then. A rooster never sets.-Chicago The most curious thing about a falsehood s that it can get over so much territory by simply lying around.—Binghamton Re-

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.—Kinder-hook Rough Notes.

It remains to be seen whether the latest disturbance in Afghanistan will be a revolution or Ameer insurrection .- Pittsburg The trouble with the concert-hall singer

who warbles "I cannot sing the old songs" is that she doesn't succeed any better with the new ones .- Norristown Herald. The English language consists of 38,000 words, and the man who is taking a barrel

of apples down cellar generally manages to use two-thirds of them in about five minutes.—Lincoln Journal

The Power of Locomotives.

The speed of locomotives has not increased with their weight and size, writes a specialist in Scribner's Magazine. There is a natural law which stands in the way of this. If we double the weight on the driving-wheels, the adhesion and consequent capacity of drawing loads is also double. Reasoning in an analogous way, it might be said that if we double the circumference of the wheels the distance that they will travel in one revolution, and consequently the speed of the engine, will be in like proportion. But, if this be done, it will require twice as much power to turn the large wheels as was needed for the small ones, and we then encounter the natural law that the resistance increases as the square of the speed, and probably at even a greater ratio | ing. very high velocities. At 60 mises an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at 30 miles. That is, the pull on the draw bar of the engine must be four times as great in the one case as it is in the other. But at 60 miles an hour this pull must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at 30 miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great in the one case as in the other. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders and the other parts must be greater, with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. Obviously, if the weight per wheel is limited, we soon reach a point at which the size of the driving-wheels and other parts cannot be enlarged; which means that there is a certain proportion of wheels, cylinders and boilers which will give a maximum speed. A Misunderstanding.

Husband (just home from the city)—My angel! Crying! Whatever's the matter!
Wlfe — they've — awarded me — prize
medal—(sobbing)—f' my sponge cake!
Husband (soothingly)—And I'm quite

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

I live with the sea alone,
My heart to its music sings;

Each sunlight murmur, each storm-wrought tone,
With sweeter melody rings. I linger along the shore, And the gray gulls near me croon, night's deep shadows grow more and more 'Round the narrow, sinking moon.

A star breaks out from the mist, Like a flash, as though it came Swift-winged from love's bewildering tryst, And flushed with its radiant flame.

A ship sails slowly along
The cool, sweet depths of the sea,
And a sleepy bird wakes fitful song
In the gloom of yonder tree.

And like unto one who dreams,
I walk on the shelving sand,
Till the moon a thread of amber seems,
And the night hides sea and land.

Then across the restless deep,
Like a path by swift winds trod,
I see the sign of His presence sweep,
And my soul bows down to God.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

Recorder Davenport is His Name, and Here Are Two of His Decisions.

streets when arrested.

"I don't want any more cases like this brought before me," said the Recorder. "I have ruled on several of them recently, and the officers ought to know how I stand on them. There can be no law which prevents women from dressing in male attire and appearing in public therein so long as they do not conduct themselves in a disorderly manner. Any ordinances to the contrary are illegal. It is the latest fad for ladies to dress in the garments of the opposite sex, and women are rapidly coming to it. It is the correct thing not only for health but for comfort. I will discharge When the young widow carries a handevery woman brought before me under such conditions as the defendant in this case. You can go, Mary. I think you look as neat as if you had on a dress."

The spectators, many of whom were women, broke into a slight applause, which was summarily suppressed by the Judge.
The women had on a neat, tight-fitting suit, glossy silk hat and patent leather shoes.

Thursday morning the Recorder, in fining Herman Nepher, a saloon-keeper, and his bartender for kicking a drunken man out of the saloon, said:

"The men who drink support the dram shops, and the keepers of the saloons must support them when they get drunk. If you sell a man the stuff which makes him fighting mad, you must expect to be abused by him. You must not assault him at the first word. If he raises a disturbance in your place don't beat him or kick him, but call a policeman and have him quietly ejected. In her hand she does not always wish to cry The saloon-keepers must do this, and not take the law into their own hands."

The Dismal Swamp.

There was no one at Roger's sawmill who could give us any information, so we paddled on to the village of Deep Creek, before reaching which we passed through another lock. Here the Dismal Swamp proper may be said to begin. At this lock we were again raised several feet, so that we were now, although a few miles from tidal water, probably sixteen feet above the

"Shall we pay toll here?" we asked the

"Not till you come out," he answered, making it clear that there was only one entrance and exit on this side of the Dismal "Does the swamp begin here?"

here, and it runs all the way to Florida."

This was true in a way. The whole southern coast is margined by swamp lands; but the Dismal Swamp is not of them. It is high land instead of low land; its water is fresh, instead of salt or brackish. Among swamps it is an abnormality. It leans over for the corn bread. the sea, and yet contains its own moisture, like a bowl. Indeed, the Dismal Swamp is a great bowl, 40 miles long and 10 to 20 so. wide, and, strange to say, with its highest water in the center. The sides of the bowl are miles of fallen and undecaying trees, mixed in a mortar of melted leaves and mold. Deep in the soft bosom of the swamp are countless millions of feet of precious timber, that has lain there, the immense trunks crossing each other like tumbled matches, "since the beginning of funny." the world," as a jumper cutter said. -John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Herald.

A Matrimonial Catechism.

He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand

"You know. darling. I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can

"I can," she said, swallowing a great big lump in her throat. "Can you make good bread? That is

the fundamental principle of all housekeep-"Yes: I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She

added under her breath, "maybe." "And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt

"Yes," she said, frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially pattern bon-

"You are a jewel," he cried with enthusiasm, "come to my arms — "Wait a minute-there's no hurry," she

said, coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry "Why, my love, I should hire that work

"Can you make your coats, vests, trousers and other wearing apparel?" "But that isn't to the purpose."
"Can you build a house, dig ditches,

weave carpets, and-"I am not a professional."
"Neither am I. It has taken the most

of my life to acquire the education and ac-complishments that attached you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the pro-

A Mild Hero.

Mickey -Did Pizen Jake, the Count of Bilgewater in disguise, carry der lovely dorter of der trapper up der precerpieces? Stubby (who is reading a dime novel)— Naw, he left her wid der Injuns an' went after help.

Mickey (looking sick)—He did? He was a good 'un, he was! I'd er smashed der two chiefs an' dere follorers an' took der lovely maiden in me arms an' carried her up the canyoon on der run. T'row der book in der gutter, Stubby; it must be dis 'ere Sunday-school guff .- Texas Siftings.

lend me \$40?"

"Forty dollars!" exclaimed Dumley, with a gasp. "Why, my dear friend, if I had \$40 to lend, I wouldn't be sober enough to count it out."—New York Sun. to"—

"Nails, etc.

"Ninety days," murmured the beautiful girl.—Chicago News.

"Ninety days," murmured the beautiful girl.—Chicago News.

SOME MORE "SIGNS."

Variations on Accepted Ideas as to the Use of

the Handkerchief. When the fat man ties his around his neck, it signifies that the weather is warm and he has a new collar on.

When the pretty girl suddenly makes a grab for her handkerchief and clasps it to her mouth, it means that she wants to

When the whittling fiend binds his around one of his fingers, it signifies that his knife has slipped.

When a girl drops hers in the street when there is no dude in sight, it denotes that she has been carrying too many articles in her hands.

When a man comes out of a side entrance on Sunday wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, it is a sure sign that he has been spending money. When the flash youth takes a gentleman's

handkerchief out of his pocket in a crowd, When the young widow carries a handkerchief with a very heavy black border, it is safe to bet that she will remarry before

the year is out. When a lady and gentleman are together and the lady takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and uses it, there can be no

doubt that they are married. When a man buys any of those three-cent handkerchiefs from the street peddlers,

it means that he is stuck. When a man suddenly feels a heavy cold coming on, it means that that is just the very time he left his handkerchief at home.

When a man bets a box of handkerchiefs with a lady, and happens to get them, it signifies that he is a very lucky man.

When a strange man wakes you up in the middle of the night and pokes his handker-chief down your throat, it is a sign that he is robbing your house. When a woman carries her handkerchief

When an actress displays a lace handker-

chief on the stage, it is a sure sign that she is portraying the part of a queen.

When the street Arab grabs at your pocket and makes believe that he has stolen

your handkerchief, it signifies that it is April fool's day and that you are the fool. When you see a man rush down from the op floor of a flat in a hurry to reach his office and then suddenly put his hand in his pocket and run upstairs again, you may bet your pile that he has forgotten his handkerchief.—Detroit Free Press

She Liked Mr. Shakespeare's Plays.

Harry Kernell tells a story about his recent trip south. He was at dinner in a Mississippi hotel when he suddenly discovered that he was being waited upon by a "Yes," says the lockman, leaning at an angle of 40 degs., and slowly pushing the great beam with his back. "It begins and supercilious to a remarkable extent, but finally Mr. Kernell succeeded in winning her confidence, and they started in to

"Would'nt you like to come over to the theatre to-night?" said the actor, putting some more sugar in his coffee and reaching

"V'riety show, isn't it?" "Well, yes," said Mr. Kernell, "I believe

"No, sah," said the girl, sedately. 'Don't care for v'riety showes. Dey bore

"What sort of shows do you like?" "Well, I can't say I care much foh theatres anyhow. Seems mighty silly foh people to run around the stage trying to make themselves believe they're

"I should think Mary Anderson might

"No, sir; don't care foh Miss Anderson. She looks too much like a sycamore treelike a sycamore tree wavin' 'is long limbs in the winter time.

"Do you like Oliver Doud Byron?" "No, sah: he bores me, too. He's one of those wretched creatures that thinks it's funny to shoot off guns and things on the stage. No, I don't care foh Mister

"What do you think of Fanny Daven-

"Miss Davenport," said the waitress languidly, "wearies me, too. She always has some wretched lover that she is trying said befoh, play actors bore me; but when one of Mistah William Shakspeare's plays comes along here they have the large of the stage. The fact is, as I have the stage of the comes along here they have to chain me to the flo'."—New York Sun.

Had its Dry Streaks.

It is said that the best way to collect a library is to know each book ere it goes to its place on the shelf. The old gentleman in the following anecdote evidently intended to follow the rule to the letter. A man happened to go into a Dakota settler's house one day and noticed the first volume of a cyclopedia on the shelf, and casually suggested that it was a good thing to have in the house, or words to that effect.

"Yes," the setttler replied, "it's handy. I only got the first book." "How does it happen that you haven't the other?

"W'y I hain't read that one yet, an' I ain't ready for 'nother. Ye see, I got it of an agent when I was livin' down in Iowa, an' 'bout six months after, round he comes again, an' knocked at the door, an' I opened it, an' says he: 'Mister, here's the

Husband (soothingly)—And I'm quite sure it deserv—
Wife (hysterically)—Oh—but—'t said — London Punch.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

But as soon as I have learned an the professions you speak of I will send you my card. Au revoir," and she swept away.

And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a two-for-a quarter cigar, with which he speedily solaced himself.—Saturday Night.

June 1 in y sponge cake:

Gessions you speak of I will send you my secon' book of your cyclopedy.'

"Git out!' says I; 'I hain't got the first one read yet!' an' made him go, too. W'y, jes' think of it. That was high on to 10 year ago, an' I ain't more'n two-thirds through this now, an' my wife is only jes' through this now, an' my wife is only jes' pricely started on the R's! nicely started on the B's!

"It took a pile of brains to make this 'ere book, I've no doubt, but I tell ye it's my opinion, an' I don't mind sayin' it, that I think it's got its dry streaks like most everything else."—Youth's Companion.

His Sentence Remitted.

"Evelyn," said young Mr. Buttercup, huskily, "speak one word of hope to me. Do not crush me with your disdain. You say you do not love me now, but if I should come to you at some future time, perhaps—perhaps—oh, Evelyn, you see my sad condition. Ought I not to receive something more than a cold dismissal?"

"I say, Dumley," said Brown, "can you dition," said Evelyn, softly.
"Then," exclaimed the young man, joyously, "you would change your sentence

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