Now heap the branchy barriers up; No more for us shall burn The pine-logs on the happy hearth, For we shall not return.

We've come to our last camping ground; Set axe to fir and tamarack; The foe is here, the end is near-And we shall not turn back.

In vain for us the town shall wait, The home-dear faces yearn, The watchers in the steeple watch-For we shall not return.

For them we've come to these hard straits-To save from flame and wrack The little city built far off; And we shall not turn back.

Now beat the yelling butchers down, Let musket blaze, and axe-edge burn, Set hand to hand, lay brand to brand-But we shall not return.

For every man of us that falls Their hordes a score shall lack. Close in about the Lily Flag! No man of us goes back.

For us no morrow's dawn shall break; Our sons and wives shall learn Some day from lips of flying scout Why we might not return. A dream of children's laughter comes

A vision of familiar streets-But we shall not go back. Up roars the painted storm once more; Long rest we soon shall earn.

Across the battle's slack,

Henceforth the city safe may sleep-But we shall not return. And when our last has fallen in blood

Betwixt these waters black, Their tribe shall no more lust for war-For we shall not turn back.

In vain for us the town shall wait. The home-dear faces yearn, The watchers in the steeple watch-For we shall not return.

-Charles G. D. Roberts, in Trinity University Re-

HIS SWEETHEART.

"I'se Evan Routh's sweetheart." The speaker was a child of about five years old, seated on a high haycock, and making one of the prettiest pictures we

confessed we had ever seen. It was the declining afternoon of a sum- her acquaintance on the morrow. mer's day. The sun, flushed as it appeared with its own heat, was nearing the ho upland hayfield, where the haymakers were | got up again and dressed. yet busy raking and tossing the hay.

Mark and I had come to Llylworth to spend our honeymoon. It was a lovely spot, the inland scenery being romantic, while half a mile off from where we lodged was the sea, flowing over golden sands, and beating itself at times, during high winds,

upon the grand brown cliffs. This afternoon the sweet odor that filled the air had attracted us to the hayfield on alone upon a haycock, and playing with the rocks.

some wild flowers in her lap. She had one of the sweetest faces I had ever beheld-childlike, and yet with a singular earnestness in her large, clear, hazel eyes; nut-brown golden hair formed winsome rings about her white forehead and soft, dimpled throat; while lightly resting upon it was a carelessly made Her dress was of the plainest, but scrupulously clean, and with a taste that made its poverty becoming.

Mark and I had been both struck with the child, and Mark had said:

"Who are you, little one?" To which she had answered, gravely re-

"I'se Evan Routh's sweetheart." "And who is Evan Routh?" I inquired.

For reply she extended both her little dimpled arms, giving a cry of delight with her rose-bud lips. Looking in the direction of her gaze, we saw a bronzed, wellbuilt, handsome young fellow of not more than four-and-twenty approaching. The glad love on the child's face was reflected upon his; making a half inclination as he passed us, he approached the little mite, tossed her lightly to his shoulder, and went striding on across the field, one baby arm being twined round his head of dark, crisp, curly hair.

"Evan Routh's sweetheart." Who was he? Who was she? Was he too young to be her father? Could he be her brother? In either case she would scarcely have termed herself his "sweetheart"; yet what a strong affection had

beamed in the faces of both! My curiosity was aroused, and when that evening our landlady was removing the

"Pray, Mrs. Fennith, who is Evan Routh?

then replied: "One of the fishers, ma'am, down in the

"And who," put in Mark, smiling, "is Evan Routh's sweetheart?" Mrs. Fennith began laughing, then looked graver as she exclaimed:

"Ah, I understand, sir; you have seen "Yes," said I, and told her, ending by

asking what relation she was to Evan Routh. "Just none at all, ma'am. She's an

orphan," answered our landlady. "It was like this. A little over four years ago Evan Routh was a'most engaged to Winifred Pierson, as pretty a girl as you could find in the county or out of it me'an. I would have gone to her, but Mark hindstrain society under date of Sept. 10, 1888:

"I am a physician; have been in practice about eleven years. Am in excellent wind blew inland, so that the wreck might be washed on the beach.

I know what he recent but I amin. find in the county, or out of it, ma'am. She was too pretty. for it made her self-willed and vain, and brought her a deal too many lovers. But none were favored like Evan Routh, and it was settled by all of us that he was the man. Indeed, Winifred up alive. had as good as said 'Yes,' when old Jenjilted Evan Routh for him.

"It was a cruel thing, and nearly broke the poor young fellow's heart. P'raps she less.

She was took ill and died before night; heaven, he lives!" but her infant lived.

"We all said it would a' been a mercy had it died too, for there was no money, and not a relation left to it nor a friend in the world. We were wrong there, however. Evan Routh, for his great love for the girl who had so cruelly jilted him, took the infant, and paid a woman to bring it up. Now it lives with him in the cottage as if it was his own little daughter, and he

just spoils her." "I suppose," said Mark, "the conclusion will be that Evan Routh will marry her when she is old enough."

"Dear no, sir, he'll be too wise; why, he's 20 years older than she. She's her mother's daughter in more than face I don't doubt, and when she gets lovers will like a younger, sprightlier man than he'll be

When we left Llylworth we were so delighted with it that we declared our holiday outing should be spent there next year. But, as is often the case, many things intervened; we were attracted elsewhere, and it was not until fifteen years later that, our children having been invited for the summer holidays to a friend's, Mark and I him tight—tight. resolved, as we were alone, to spend our wedding-day anniversary and outing at Llylworth. We found our former apartments obtainable, and one of my first queries of our landlady was of Evan Routh and Evan Routh's sweetheart.

"Is he married?" I asked. "Married! Dear! Ma'am, he'll never be married. He loved once; he'll never

"And Winnie? Is she still as pretty? Is she married?"

"Pretty! She's just beautiful, ma'am! Her mother was nothing to her; for she is so sweet and good and true. Married? Oh, no; she's had lovers enough for any girl to pick from, but she refuses them all."

Mrs. Fennith paused, then said: "Well, ma'am, I believe she loves no one in this world like Evan Routh, though he be 20 years older."

"And he?" "She's all in all to him. We all know that. She's just like the breath of his life, only he feels he's too old; that she should have a younger mate. He's given her every chance to get one; but— Well, I fancy, ma'am, your good husband was right, and it may be a match between them after all, though he is old enough to 'a been her father."

The next day I saw Winnie. She was beautiful indeed, with one of the sweetest, purest of expressions. Of course she did not recognize me, but I resolved to make

That evening, however, a sudden and orizon, fearful tempest broke over Llylworth. No and sending its slanting rays upon the large one could sleep. Those who were in bed

Mark and I went down to the shore, for

the sea was a sight to behold. Winnie leaning on his arm, while he protected her from the fierce wind. Bronzed, weather-beaten, and handsome, he looked certainly more like her father. They didn't look lovers.

driving wrack, there appeared an object the upland, and we were entering a part at | which made every woman utter a cry, and present deserted by the haymakers, when every man sharply draw his breath. It was moans proceeding from the opposite bed. suddenly we had come upon a child perched a ship—a doomed ship—being driven on to I sprang from mine, and, running across

Soon she showed signals of distress, seeking help from the shore. One man alone answered the appeal-

Evan Routh.

Striding torward, facing round to the others, he cried:

"Lads, who's ready of you to go with me to try to save yonder ship? Think, mates, wreath of "fairy" grass and wild flowers. there may be women and children on There was silence.

"What?" he cried. "Is there not a man among you? Am I to go by myself?" "No; not if I can be of any use."

I uttered a cry, for the speaker was Mark. "Thank you, sir," replied Evan Routh. 'You've got the courage, but not the skill. the way. But you've shamed these fellows | regarding a peculiar case of clairvoyance on into pluck."

Three or four had stepped forward, and soon they began to run the boat down, though an old fisher remarked: "It's just foolhardy madness; no boat

could live in such a sea.' My fears allayed respecting Mark, I looked at Winnie; she stood like a statue, her hands clasped, her head slightly inclined forward, her beautiful features rigid as stone, her lips tightened, her eyes dilated; they were fixed on Evan Routh.

My heart bled for her. The boat, with much difficulty and danger, was at last successfully launched, and went fighting its way across the stormy billows. How eagerly, anxiously we watched it, scarcely daring to breathe! So anxious were we for the brave rescuers that we forgot the if-possible-to-be-rescued, until a great cry cleft the air and rushed up to heaven.

The ship had been hurled upon the reets with an awful crash. There was a momentary mountain of foam. When it cleared She regarded me with a little surprise, away the ship had gone-not a vestige remained in view.

> What of the boat? We looked back to the spot where it had

It was not there! We waited for it to start up from the dark trough of some billow.

It never came! "She's gone!" ejaculated the crowd. I looked towards Winnie; her stony face was still turned to the sea, but she had

dropped on her knees. I would have gone to her, but Mark hind-

go. It would have been impossible.

The women ran to and fro screaming, kins' sailor-son came home, and Winifred crying, beating their hands in pitying des-Winnie remained still kneeling, motion-

eaven, he lives!" light very seldom.

Another and another were rescued. Then "I undressed and went to bed about 11,

farther down the beach some fishers drew out one and uttered no cry.

Mark could not stay me; I felt excited, mad! I hastened to the spot. Oh, heaven! there he lay—handsome, calm, as in sleep—the man who had so bravely risked his life for others-Evan Routh-dead!

The men in their hearts' deep sympathy could utter no sound. But somehow the truth was divined, and others formed a ring

around. Abruptly there was a movement, a whis-

"Keep the poor lass back." Keep her back? Would it have been possible !

Winnie had guessed who lay there. Her hair loose, and tossed by the wind; her head uncovered; her features stony, but now rigid with grief, an agony that could utter no sound !- she broke her way through, and looked upon the body.

One low, appalling cry, piercing every heart, broke from her lips. She sank on and soon was asleep. In the neighborher knees, then dropped over the dead fisher, hood of 4 a. m. I was awakened by a strong her face on his wet breast, her arms about light in my face. I awoke and saw stand-

Then—silence! relief from misery to unconsciousness? stepping to her, stooping, gently raised her,

"Come, dear lass! take comfort. The Lord's will be done! If man ever went to glory, he has, for he died trying to save

The woman uttered a cry of terror.

Ladies' Journal.

SOME SPOOKS

Seen by People Who Vouch for the Truth of Their Statements

The "committee on phantasms and premonitions," of which Prof. Royce of Harvard is chairman, has made a report to the American society for Psychical Research, expressing perfect confidence in the entire accuracy of all the statements made to it. Here are three of them:

Mrs. C. L. C. of Washington, sends the following: "Some years ago, when my children were young, I was sleeping in the room with them, they in one bed and I in quested. The parents of the young lady another. I went to sleep as usual. I who died are ignorant and superstitious, dreamed a fearful dream. I thought that, and I can get no statement out of them." with my oldest child, I had taken passage The letter of Mrs. S. is as follows: on a steamer and was crossing a wide expanse of water. My boy had left me to play about the boat, when I suddenly heard Among the crowd I saw Evan Routh, and his voice. Filled with agonizing apprehensions I made my way to the engine room, from which the sounds proceeded, and was met by an old servant, who told me that the fuel having giving out, they had cut up my boy and fed his body to the flames. Suddenly, through the gloom and under awoke shivering as in an ague, stone cold prespiration bedewing my whole body. I immediately became conscious of stifled the room, found that my eldest boy was struggling with nightmare, making inarticulate sounds in a vain effort to speak. I shook and called him two or three times before I succeeded in breaking the spell, when he cried out, in tones of the utmost

anguish: "'Mamma! Mamma! I dreamed they were cutting me up for kindling wood!" "I have told this experience of mine several times, sometimes to sympathetic, oftener to scoffing listeners, who declared that the boy must have uttered the words

found him struggling in vain to speak." Under date of May 1, 1888, E. G. Tran-You're not used to the sea, so would be in kel, of Camden, N. J., writes to the society

the part of a dying relative: "I shall endeavor to narrate the incidents of the last illness of Mrs. Anne J. Field. On the 15th of February, 1888, Mrs. Field contracted a cold, which culminated in pneumonia with typhoid fever. Five days later the suspicions of her physician were aroused by a marked symptom (the patient also steadily growing weaker) of Bright's

"Upon the evening of the murder and suicide near the City hall (an account of which is appended) Mrs. Field lay probably in a semi-comatose condition, though apparently awake, as her eyes were open, with nothing unusual to attract attention in her occasional remarks, when suddenly she raised herself in her bed, exclaiming: 'Help! he's killing her! Won't some one go to her assistance?' She then recited to her daughter, in close attendance upon her during her illness, a long story, detailing a walk that evening upon the avenue upon which the City hall is situated, stating that while there a sorrel horse drawing a light carriage or buggy, in which a quarrelling pair of human beings were seen, passed her, and shortly after stopped. It was then the quarrel became fatally warm, as Mrs. Field at this juncture startled her daughter with her outcry."

The details of the murder and suicide at Camden, published in the Philadelphia newspaper referred to, coincided exactly

with the vision reported by Mr. Trankel. Dr. S. of Albany, N. Y., writes to the society under date of Sept. 10, 1888:

I knew what he meant, but I could not subject in the least to dreams, and have

"My bedroom is on the second floor of the house, and I keep all my doors locked except the one leading to my wife's room, next to mine by a wide sliding door, always the poor young fellow's heart. P'raps she repented it after, for her husband never loved her as Evan had and did.

"Well, ma'am, young Jenkins stopped to take his father's business, for the old man was a'most past work; and one night the two went out fishing, were caught in a gale and drowned. When the bodies were washed ashore, Winifred went like mad. She was took ill and died before night:

Winnie remained still kneeling, motion-less.

I was again going to her, but again was prevented. There was a shout, some of the men dashed into the water and brought something out. The women hurried to the spot. Winnie sprang to her feet, then paused as an aged woman's shrill tones rose into the air:

"It's Jack—it's my boy Jack! Thank heaven, he lives!"

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ing near the bed, what I thought was my wife, as she was to rise about 5.30 to take Was she weeping? Was her sorrow too an early train. The light was so bright deep for tears? Had she found temporary and pervading that I spoke, but got no answer. As I spoke the figure retreated and A space we waited. Then a woman, gradually faded to a spot. The noiseless shifting of the light made me think it was a servant in the hall and the light was thrown through the keyhole as she moved. That could not be, as some clothing covered the keyhole. I then thought a burglar must be in the room as the light settled near a The girl made no resistance, uttered no large safe in my room. Thereupon I called word. Her arms hung limp, her head fell loudly to my wife and sprang to light a back on the woman's shoulder, light. As I called her name she suddenly awoke and called out: 'What is that "Heaven be merciful to us!" she ex-claimed. "The lass is dead!"—Young and searched; there had been no light burning in either room. Everything was undisturbed.

"My wife left on the early train. I attended to my work as usual. At noon, when I reached home, the servant who answers the door informed me that a man had been to my office to see about a certificate for a young lady who had died suddenly early that morning from a hemorrhage of the lungs. She died about 1 o'clock; the figure I saw about 4 o'clock. There was little resemblance between the two that I noticed except height and figure. It was very clear—the figure or apparition -at first, but rapidly faded. My wife remarked the light before I had spoken anything except her name.

"I inclose my wife's statement as re-

"On the morning of Sept. 4, I was suddenly awakened out of a sound sleep by my husband's calling to me from an adjoining room. Before I answered him I was struck with the fact that, although the green shade to his window was drawn down, his room seemed flooded by a soft, vellow light. The first thing I said was: What is that light?' He replied he didn't know. I then got up and went into his room, which was still quite light. The light faded away in a moment or two. The shade was down all the time. When I went back to my room I saw that it was a few moments after 4.

"My husband seemed greatly perplexed and said: 'How strange! I thought surely there was a woman in my room.' I said: 'Did you think 'it was I?' He said: 'At first, of course, I thought so, but when I rubbed my eyes I saw it was not.' He said, moreover, that the figure never seemed to look directly at him, but toward the wall beyond his bed, and that the figure seemed clothed in white or something very light. That was all he said, except that later, when he knew the girl was dead and I asked him if the figure at all resembled in his sleep, thereby giving rise to my dream. But that is impossible, because I her, he said: 'Yes, it did look like her, only older.'"

Cruel Treachery.

"Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones, as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping merrily. "Ethel, I

have something to say to you. They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not yet arrived when she

did all the saying. "Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?" "Yes," she replied. "I will never for-

"Do you remember," he went on, as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how, when I rang the bell you came to the door with your fingers sticky with dough, and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"Oh, Ethel! How could you? How could you?"

"How could I what?" she responded, as guilty look crept into her face. "How could you make me the victim of such a bluff?"—Merchant Traveler.

Senior-Why have you left off chewing Junior (with an anxious smile)-Just swallowed it .- Burlington Free Press.

A Vassar Dialogue.

THE HAPPY DANCE.

Is this the girl I knew, So proud, so lonely? Who thrilled me through and through, If she spoke only?
So fair, so fine was she, So far away from me!-Now her eyes shine for me-Shine for me only.

Is this the face I knew, Its secret keeping?
Are these the eyes too blue
(I thought) for weeping?
Now such a child is she,
Dim are the eyes I see
When she looks up at me— I'd swear her weeping.

But last night the fiddles played
A tune that never before
Any fiddle in mortal hands had played Any fiddle in mortal hands had played
As we swept over the floor.

I bent and spoke a word;
And never an answer came,
But a blush that was hid in her heart had heard,
And lit in a sudden flame.

It lit in a sudden fire
That lit her lover's life—

Sweep higher, O fiddle-bows, higher and higher!
She is to be my wife!

Is this the town I knew, So dull, so dreary? Is this the heart that grew Therein so weary? Now, now, so kind is she,

For last night the fiddles played
A tune that never before
Any fiddle in mortal hands had played—
And my heart is playing it o'er. -H. G. Bunner, in Puck.

Green grow the trees to me— Bright is the town to me— Winter's grown weary!

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PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 13.35 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-18.30 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Portland

Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Honl ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at †6.45 a. m., Parlor Car attached; †7.30 p., m., Sleeping Car attached.

Vanceboro at ¶1.15 a. m.; †2.00 noon.

Woodstock at †10.20 a. m.; †8.40 p. m.

Houlton at †10.15 a. m.; †8.40 p. m.

St. Stephen at †9.55 a. m.; †9.45 p. m.

St. Andrews at †9.20 a. m.; †9.45 p. m.

Fredericton at †7.00 a. m.; †12.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45; †10.00 a. m.; †4.00 LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †8,25 a m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from St. John.

†3.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. †Daily except Saturday. †Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

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Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B. Intercolonial Railway.

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