JUNE FLOWERS.

May Deering and Professor Alfred Hol-comb had lived for six months only so far apart as the width of the main street of Oakdale. In a small village, such as this, young people are usually able to establish at least a moderately intimate acquaintance within that time, even when a greater distance separates their daily coming in and going out. But old Judge Deering had "fallen out" with the trustees of Oakdale academy early in the history of that flourishing institution, and it would have been no less than treason for any member of his family to have held intercourse with a member of its faculty. Thus it happened that, although May was young and pretty, and Professor Altred likewise young and susceptible to feminine graces, there had never been even a bow of recognition be-

It was the first of June, and Nature was in a laughing mood-befitting the season -as Judge Deering and his daughter sat at breakfast, the latter looked out through the open window toward the distant woods.

"It is a lovely day, papa." she said, "and I think I shall go to the woods. So, don't look for me home to dinner. I will get Nellie Davis, and we will take our lunch and go for a long tramp."

"But had you not better take the pony, or, at least, let Sam drive you and then come after you? It is a long walk to the woods and back."

"No, indeed! That would spoil all the fun. When one goes to the woods she must go afoot, you know."

"No, May, I don't know, you mean," smiled the judge. "But when your dear mother was a girl-and that seems only yesterday-I suppose I was as foolish as any of the lads. By the way, May," continued the judge, speaking as if the thought had just occurred to him, "you don't seem to have much company now. What's the matter? Are the young people all afraid of me?"

"I have quite company enough, papa, especially when I have you," answered the girl, fondly. "And you are not so very terrible," she added, playfully.

They had risen by this time and were standing by the window that gave out upon the street, and, as it chanced, the young professor was just coming down the walk from the house opposite. He was tall and well-made, and walked with a strong, free swing, and altogether was a goodly addition to the bright June landscape.

"Not a bad looking fellow, eh! May," continued the judge, "and they do say he is well-read, too. If only he was not with that confounded clique up there on the hill. Why couldn't they listen to me?"

The judge was beginning to work himself into a passion at the recollections of his differences with his fellow townsmen, and May hastened to stem the tide.

"Yes; and so stupid of them, too, papa. Of course, your judgment of where to put the school was best. And so ungenerous, too, when you offered to give them the

"Yes; of course. Hem! Yes!" The judge hesitated a little, far he knew the offer had not been wholly unselfish. Certain lands in which he had some interest might have been benefited if he could have had the academy located at just the right place. He wondered if May knew.

By this time, the professor had come down to his own gate, which was hardly a hundred feet away, and as he put out his hand to open it, he looked straight ahead, and his eyes met those of the judge and his daughter. Instinctively, the outstretched hand was raised to the level of his hat in a quick but respectful salute.

The judge blazed with indignation. "The young jackanapes!" he blurted out. "I never spoke to him. Did you, May?" He turned toward his daughter

with quick and sudden suspicion. "Never, papa." But May forgot. Though surprised equally with her father, the girl's native courtesy and gentleness of manner had compelled her to acknowledge the salute. Her recognition was slight, but it was enough to make the young man step forward with a still lighter and freer swing

It so happened that Nellie Davis could not join May in the proposed ramble, but rather than give up the anticipated day out of doors, the latter decided to go to the woods alone. She knew that June flowers of many sorts were lurking there, waiting to be sought out by keen eyes and loving hands. She knew the sheltered nooks where snow-drops and starlights were starting and thrusting their fragrant bloom up through the protecting coverlet of leaves; where the blue-bells and pansies, the shy anemone, the sweet violet and the trailing blue myrtle and all the rest of

the pretty May flowers made their home. And there was nothing to fear in the woods. May had a good lunch in the neat little basket in which she meant to bring home her flowers, and a book to read in case she got tired of rambling, and she knew every foot of the way, for she had been familiar with it ever since

she was a child. In the deep solitude of the woods she found such delight that she could hardly help being glad that she had come alone, to go on from spot to spot, as fancy led her; to find at each step some new flower or trailing tern; to rest upon an old log and examine curiously a bit of moss or lichen upon which nature has been working her microscopic wonders; to listen to the note of a bird and watch its free fluttering from branch to branch—these were things one could do alone better than with any companion whatever.

In starting up from such a rest and reverie. May slipped upon one of these very moss-covered stones whose green covering she had been studying so intently. Her foot turned beneath her, and a sharp pain in her ankle brought her suddenly to the ground. At first she thought it was nothing and that it would pass away in a moment; but when she again attempted to stand, the foot refused to support her weight, and the pain was such that it made

her cry out. This was not a pleasant situation. The morning was well-nigh gone, and May reflected that no living thing besides the birds had as yet crossed her path. If she could not walk she might have to stay where she was until night, or longer. She supposed they would come and search for her, and as she had a vivid imagination she pictured the woods lighted up by torches and men running about and calling

But the ankle did not hurt so very badly

when it was kept perfectly still, and the long walk had made her hungry; so May settled down sensibly to eat her lunch. There would be time enough after that to think what she had better do. So she made herself as comfortable as possible and spread out the contents of her basket and ate her lunch as leisurely and composedly as though there had been no question of a sprained ankle and two long miles between herself and home. After this she amused herself for a while with the flowers that she had gathered; and then she tried to stand again, but could not; and then settled down as patiently as might be to wait for some one to come. As the afternoon wore on, it grew yery warm, and as May was tired she rested her head against the log that had been the scene of her mishap, and fell asleep. But what with the pain in her ankle and the sense of loneliness that grew upon her, a tear forced itself out from under her eyelashes before she quite lost When Professor Holcomb passed out

from his gate and down the village street that morning, he also was bound for the but the professor had promised himself congenial employment; and so, with portfolio under his arm, he was going to the woods to botanize. It had long been his habit in June to see how many different flowers be; and this, his first summer in northern added, as he left: Ohio, promised to be of unusual interest in this respect by affording him opportunity to compare its June flora with that of other places that he had visited. All day long he kept steadily at the work in hand, and by mid-afternoon his portfolio was well filled with bits of treasure-trove from as if done by a woman's hand. Being almost satisfied with his quest, and noticing judge delight in, that thereafter that that the sun was growing lower, he was gentleman was never contented unless the making homeward when he came suddenly upon a flower that he had not thought to fine there. This was May Deering, still asleep, with her fair head upon nature's pillow, and with just the trace of tears still showing upon her cheeks. The professor June flowers were arranged with scientific paused, and would have turned away, but precision and botanically labeled. Upon the girl moved and opened her eyes. Embarrassed by the thought that she might from memory. Upon one is a picture of a suspect him of having watched her sleeping, Helcomb bowed awkwardly, and was for a pillow; and, on another, the same again about to pass on, but seeing his intention, May spoke, timidly: "Professor.

Could Holcomb believe his ears? She orange flowers.—N. Y. Ledger. had spoken to him-and this was Judge Deering's daughter. He waited to make

"Professor." There was no mistake this time, and Holcomb thought there was something appealing in the tone. But May gave a little laugh, and asked a commonplace question.

'Can you tell me the time?" Holcomb took out his watch and answered, very gravely:

'It is a quarter of four." "In another hour it will be a quarter of five, and very nearly dark."

Although she spoke lightly, there was an anxious look on her face that could not escape Holcomb's keen eye. "Are you going home, now?" queried

May, after a little pause. "Yes. I guess I have tramped enough for one day.

"Then might I-might I ask a favor of "Of course, Miss Deering. What can I

do for you? "Would you kindly stop at the house, and tell them where I am, and ask them to

send for me?" "Why! it will be dark by then. You surely will not stay here alone?"

"I don't see that I can help myself." "Are you so tired then?" asked her companion with real concern. "Have you

walked so far ?" "No; it isn't that," answered May. She was choking back the tears bravely now, for the ankle was hurting cruelly, and she telt in dread of the lengthening shadows of the woods. "I-I think I have sprained

my ankle.' "Oh, Miss Deering! I am so sorry. What can I do?" There was concern and sympathy in his voice. "Yes, I know," he interrupted, as she was about to speak; 'but I can't leave you here alone.'

"I don't think I shall be so very much afraid, answered May, doubtfully. "Could you walk-a little-if I should

help you?" "I don't know. I will try." And try she did, with the help of the professor's strong arm; but the hurt ankle

would not bear up a feather's weight, and they made no progress. "I tell you what, Miss Deering," said Holcomb, hesitatingly, "you must let me

"Oh, I can't !" "You must."

If the snn had not been getting further and further down behind the tree-tops, May would probably not have given up. But the shadows were growing dense and black, and who could tell what crawling things might not lurk there when it grew quite dark; and, besides, the professor could not see quite so plainly how vividly the color came and went in her face. So she made no resistance when he bent down and lifted her in his strong arms, but felt rather a delightful sense of comfort at being so easily carried out from all her troubles.

"I will take you only so far as the road," he said. "There we can wait for some one to come by.

They had not gone far when May asked Holcomb if he was not tired, and begged that he would put her down and rest. But he only laughed for answer and kept right on. A little later he bethought himself that by thus hurrying he would only bring this novel and delightful journey the sooner to its end; so the next time May spoke he looked about for a comfortable place, and finding it between the roots of an old stump, he placed his charge down very ten-

"But it is not I who need rest," she

To this Holcomb made no answer, but after a little he asked if she had pleasant dreams while asleep in the woods.

"I don't really think I slept," she said; "that is, not very soundly. My ankle pained me so. But I thought, or dreamed, if you prefer, that somebody was searching for me, and calling, but instead of calling my name they called 'Eurydice! Eurydice!' and then the couplet went humming in my brain:

"'The woods and hollow rocks resound, Eurydice! Eurydice!'"

The professor smiled as he answered:

"I am sorry, but I guess it must have been wholly a dream. I think we two were the only ones in these woods today, and I am quite sure that I did not call. I might, though, had I known that 'Eurydice' was

"And I might have called, too, if I had thought my voice would reach so good a

When they had finally come to the edge of the wood, and to the road that ran by it to the village, it was almost dark. Here they stopped for a moment to debate what was best to do next. Just then a farmer's wagon came along, going in the direction of the judge's house. Holcomb hailed the driver, and explaining the situation, placed May carefully upon the seat, and instructed the man to take her directly home. He was conscious that it would save her embarrassment if he should go no farther with her, yet he kept sufficiently near to see that she was taken safely to her own

The judge was much disturbed at his daughter's account of her accident, as well as at the fact that they were so much inwoods. It was a holiday at the academy, debted to the professor's kindness. But, like a true and courtly gentleman, as soon as he had seen that May was made quite comfortable, he betook himself directly across the wide street and made his acknowledgments to Holcomb in person; and he could find in bloom wherever he might as the old judge did nothing by halves he

"And as soon as Miss Deering is able, professor, we shall hope to have you dine

It was not long before May was able, and the professor came. And, after dinner, over a glass of old wine, he talked so entertainingly, and yet so modestly, of the woods, all laid in as neatly and deftly old books and old prints and other old things, that old and scholarly men like the professor dined with them, at least, once a | ton; G. L. Patton, 1 Elliott row; Jessie J. week. And sometimes, in the evening, when the judge dozed in his chair, May and the professor would spend much time over a certain portfolio, in which pressed some of the pages are little sketches, done fair face, asleep, with a moss-covered log face resting upon a manly shoulder, with a girlish form gathered up in a pair of strong arms. And next June May is to wear

The Finest Statues.

The celebrated Grecian sculptor Praxiteles had promised two of the finest statues he possessed to a lady for whom he had a | was penny postage adopted? great admiration. The lady, in order to discover on which two of his collection 1840. Praxiteles placed the highest value, practised the following stratagem. She sent a message to inform him that a fire had burst Manchester and Liverpool in 1830. out very near his cabinet.

The artist immediately exclaimed, "I hope they will rescue the Cupid and the

Satyr from the rage of the flames. His mistress some time after asked for these statues of her lover, who could not with anything like a good grace extricate himself from his rash promise.

KNEE DEEP IN JUNE.

Tell you what I like the best-'Long about knee-deep in June, 'Bout the time strawberries melts Like to jes' git out and rest, And not work at nothin' else

Orchard's where I'd ruther be-Needn't fence it in fer me!-Jes' the whole sky overhead, And the whole airth underneath Sorto' so's a man kin breathe Like he ort, and kindo' has

Elbow-room to keerlessly Sprawl out len'thways on the grass Where the shadders thick and soft As the kivvers on the bed Mother fixes in the loft Allus, when they's company!

Jes' a sorto' lazein, there-S'lazy, 'at you peek and peer Through the wavin' leaves above, Like a feller 'ats in love And don't know it, ner don't keer! Ever'thing you hear and see Got some sort a' interest— Maybe find a bluebird's nest Tucked up there conveenently Fer the boys 'ats apt to be Up some other apple tree! Watch the swallers skootin' past Bout as peert as you could ast; Er the bobwhite raise and whiz Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below, And look up to find the crow; Er a hawk away up there, Pearantly froze in the air Hear the old hen squawk, and squat Over every chick she's got, Suddent-like! And she knows where That air hawk is, well as you! You jes' bet yer life she do! Eyes a-glitterin' like glass, Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Pee-wees' singin', to express
My opinion's second class,
Yit you'll hear 'em more er less; Sapsucks gittin' down to biz, Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o'sass,
In them base-ball clothes o' his,
Sportin' 'round the orchard jes' Like he owned the premises! Sun out in the fields kin sizz, But flat on yer back, I guess, In the shade's where glory is That's jes what I'd like to do Stiddy fer a year er two!

Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in
Work 'at kindo' goes again'
My convictions!—'long about
Here in June especially!—
Under some old apple tree,
Jes' a restin' through and through,
Leonly git along without I could git along without Nothin' else at all to do Was a-gittin' there like me, And June was eternity!

Lay out there and try to see Jes' how lazy you kin be!— Tumble round and souse yer head In the clover-bloom, er pull Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes And peek through it at the skies, Thinkin' of old chums 'ats dead, Maybe, smilin' back at you In betwixt the beautiful Clouds o' gold and white and blue!-Month a man kin railly love— June, you know, I'm talkin' of

March ain't never nothin' new !-Aprile's altogether too Brash for me! and May—I jes' 'Bominate its promises— Little hints o' sunshine and Green around the timber-land— A few blossoms, and a few Chip-birds, and a sprout er two— Drap asleep, and it turns in 'Fore daylight and snows agin!

But when June comes—clear my throat With wild honey! Rench my hair In the dew! and hold my coat! Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!-June wants me, and I'm to spare! Spread them shadders anywhere, I'll git down and waller there, And obleeged to you at that! -James Whitcomb Riley.

Note paper and envelopes; 3x5, 8 and 10 cts per quire, at McArthur, 80 King st.—Ask to see the goods.



We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in Progress. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of Progress will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches Progress office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition," care Progress, St. John, N. B. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

Miss Sarah Smith, of 21 Wall street, was the prize winner in History Competition No. 16. The other successful competitors were: Nicholson Johnstone, 14 Elliott row; A. A. Boyce, Queen street, Frederic-Lawson, Duke street, West End; Bertie Hegan, 13 Wright street; Susa Boyce, 310 George street, Fredericton; Marie Boyce, Fredericton; Allie Wetmore, Moncton; Annie M. Segee, 53 King street, Fredericton; Ella Gilman, Woodstock; Ray Hart, 69 King street, city; Lillian Dwyer, Moncton; "Sunny Brae," Shediac; Isabel R. Smith, Kingston, Kent Co.; Harry Coombs, 113 Queen street; M. A. Estano, Moncton; Marie Antoinette, Cliff street; Kathleen Duffy, city; Hattie MacMurray, 25 Summer street.

Answers to History Questions, No. 16.

Ans. Through the efforts of Sir Rowland Hill in 2. When and where was the first railway opened up?

3. Explain what is meant by the act of settle

Ans. It provided that none but protestants should sit on the throne of England; that in case neither William nor Anne who should succeed had children, the Princess Sophia of Hanover should be heir to the throne; and also that parliament should be chosen once in three years.

4. Explain the Test act? Ans. By the passing of that act, all officers of the crown has to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy and declare themselves members of the

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION No. 18.

1. Who was Joan of Arc, and how did she gain the name of Maid of Orleans? 2. What was the great ambition of

3. In whose reign was the woolen manufacture brought into England? 3. What was contained in the Domesday

PUNCH AND JUDY.

The Origin of Two Characters That Never

Punch is the last survival in England of the old mystery or sacred plays, of which the Bavarians retain one in the now noted play at Ober-Ammergau. The full name Punch and Judy, is from the two chief characters, Pontius and Judas. Punch, as a Roman, speaks in a foreign accent, has a Roman nose. and on his back a hump. This is in consequence of the tradition that after the condemnation Pontius was haunted by the idea that the Evil One sat on his back. In his exile he was always followed by a black dog. Hence the introduction of Toby, so named from the dog of Tobias in the Apocrypha. Judas has now been transformed into a woman, because he was dressed in a flowing robe, after the fashion of the East. The child was our Lord, chucked about from Pontius to Herod.

The play of *Pontius* was popular in the middle ages, and Chaucer alludes to it. This and all the mystery plays were performed in the streets. The players had a cart for their properties, upon which they placed boards for a stage, and erected wings and a top, a hanging covering the wagon and the wheels. During the performance those actors who were not "on" mixed with the crowd and collected money. The comic man, or Jack Pudding-always a chartered libertine -sold quack remedies, drew teeth, and bled patients. From his appearing on the stage he had the name of "mountebank." An engraving of the Coventry and Chester plays is to be found in Hone, and in the Pictorial History of England, where the ante-pendium, or hanging over the wheels, is decorated with the symbols of the Passion, indicating that "Pontius and Judas" was the play depicted. The whole thing is very like the present "stage" of Punch, only with altered proportions. There is a little ladder at the end for the actors to ascend by, and the call-boy is in attendance to summon each as wanted. During the Commonwealth the laws were so severe against actors—see Scobel's Acts -that plays ceased almost, and probably the present Punch arose as a fantoccini to answer a demand for amusement. Of course it is now only a degraded travesty of the original play. Punch as Polichinello is a favorite character in Italy and France at carnivals and in circuses.

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O^N and after MONDAY, 16th MARCH, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

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A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

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The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and rom Montreal are lighted by electricity and heater All trains are run by Eastern Standard me. D. POTTINGER,

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 18th March, 1891. Shore Line Railway.

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