

A Shattered Dream.

The day was very warm—even to sultriness—and the low-hung cloud betokened a thunderstorm.

I was in the train going to pay a long visit to my uncle.

About four in the afternoon the storm came on. It was terrible but glorious. Never had I seen its equal for sublimity and grandeur.

When at length it cleared, I found myself in my uncle's front garden, with the trees and shrubbery dashing the great raindrops over me, and my little cousin Helen winding her pretty arms around my waist.

When I call Helen Clifford little, I do not mean that she was a child. She was full eighteen, but fashioned after the pattern of Scott's Fenella, and, like her, passionately fond of dressing in green.

I record this visit, because it embodied the only bit of romance in my life.

I, who had so longed for some adventure something which would throw a romantic coloring over the dull stupidity which I had found—was destined here, in Linn Dale, to experience an event which I shall never forget.

I was a silly girl, who had read romance enough to spoil me for actual practical life, had I not been fortunately rescued from it just as it was getting too late.

Helen led me to my chamber.

Her father and mother, not expecting me yet, had seized the first moment of returning sunshine to drive out, but would be back to tea.

"But Fred is at home!" she exclaimed. Think how fortunate! You have never seen him, cousin Kate, have you?"

I had not.

By one of those chances which sometimes happen to near relations, I had always missed Fred at his home, and had always been absent when he visited mine.

I went down to the drawing-room when I had rid myself of my travel-stains, and was introduced.

Fred was a young man who would answer for a cousin, but not at all to my taste for a hero.

He had fine eyes, it is true, but his hair neither waved nor curled, and his height was not commanding.

Having ascertained this, I became quite easy and natural, satisfied that he could never be converted into a character of romance.

I pass over the first six weeks of my stay.

By the end of that time, I found Cousin Fred sincerely attached to me.

I was not mean enough to exult in this fact, and can sincerely say that I was sorry to know it; for I could not renounce my precocious notions of a lover, and Fred, alas! was very commonplace.

At least, I thought so; since he did not wear a moustache, nor play on a guitar, nor write poetry—in short, he did nothing like the heroes of my beloved books.

It was in a very straightforward, plain speech, that Fred asked me to be his wife, but emotion gave a flush to his somewhat homely face, and I thought what a pity it was that I could not love him.

For the moment, I even regretted my own sentiments in regard to marrying, and wished I could lower my ideas to the level of this plain, practical, common-sense farmer, for such had Fred decided to become.

It was soon known in the family that I had rejected him, and the fact occasioned much astonishment from them all.

Helen, or Fenella, as I usually called her, was troubled, and almost angry.

How could I refuse Fred—the kindest, sweet-tempered best man in the world? she asked.

She would not have believed it; and now that it was forced upon her mind, she was ashamed of me.

I told her how I felt, and she declared it was the merest nonsense in the world.

Helen, pretty little fairy that she was, had not a spice of romance about her.

Well, her other brother, William—very different to Fred was coming home soon, and perhaps he would suit me; he was at college. I thought a good deal of William's return, I had seen him when a boy, and had liked his appreciation of my reading.

We had read romances together sitting hand in hand in a summer-house in my father's garden, and I remembered with a thrill of delight how earnestly he had wished that he was old enough to run away with me!

He came at last William and a college friend—young Herbert Cavendish.

William was now far plainer than Fred; but oh! how magnificent was his friend. I lost my heart at once, for he brought a guitar, and played such soul-moving melodies, that it took the very breath away to listen.

He was not slow in finding out my tastes; and he availed himself of the knowledge to perfection.

He made love to me in the most winning way imaginable; and I, in return, told him how nearly I had become Fred's wife.

He sighed over the sacrifice it would have been to marry one so commonplace, and painted the romantic life that we would enjoy together.

His college term was now up. He was not going to study a profession. His father was too rich to allow him to do that. And thus he held me in a pleasant dream of future happiness.

Helen could not endure the visitor. He had tried to play with her as with a child. It solely tried her dignity, for Helen, though so small, was very queenly—the queen of the fairies, I called her.

She gave unequivocal signs of her contempt for my lover, which, of course, I resented.

The time drew to a close, to which Cavendish had restricted his visit.

Not a word had yet been said to my un-

cle, nor had he proposed to consult my father, but I was not displeased with this. I felt that my Herbert's love was above all conventional rules.

But when the time came and we had but one more evening to spend together, I was perfectly overcome with grief at the parting.

Herbert drew me to the summer house, and there unfolded his proposal.

He was to marry me secretly, because he feared that his father would not consent to a match where there was such a disparity of fortune.

He had understood from William, he said that my father could settle on me but a few hundred pounds.

"William mistakes," I cried. "Papa has often spoken of five thousand."

Herbert started, and it was light enough where we stood for me to see a strange sparkle in his eye.

I attributed it to pleasure at finding that my fortune was nearer his own, and the thought that his rich father might condescend to accept a bride for his son who was not absolutely portionless.

"So that will obviate the necessity of so hurried and secret a marriage," said I.

"Dearest, no," was his reply. "Even that sum is so far below what my father expects that there is no chance of his consenting."

I was completely taken down in my estimation of myself and my father.

What a mine of wealth old Mr. Cavendish must possess to look upon five thousand pounds as a mere bagatelle!

How should I feel in entering such a family!

I said this to my enraptured lover, who persisted in the idea that, although to ask consent beforehand would be ruinous, yet there would be no difficulty in obtaining pardon afterwards.

I was very unhappy, and wept on Herbert's shoulder—sincerely wishing that some unforeseen but, for me, fortunate, calamity might deprive his father of his property—in which case I thought it possible that his son could exist on the small sum I had named, with a prospect of still more in future.

"All this time Herbert was pleading, and I was blaming myself for my reluctance, fearing that he would take it as a proof that I did not love him.

He wound up by a burst of tender rapture that I hardly knew how to resist, and, indeed, I might have yielded, had not a crushing of the leaves of the shrubbery made us both start.

There was a pause, and then my father and uncle, followed by Fred and William, stood before us.

They had evidently heard all that had passed, for William said, laughing—

"You put too fine a point upon it, Cavendish, when you spoke of your father's riches. You forgot, my boy, how he scolded you for extravagance last year at college. But, pardon me, this is my uncle, Harry Clifford, Kate's father, and you will have to ask his consent, if not your own father's."

I had nestled close to my father, whose arm I held fast. I was trembling like a leaf.

"Here, Fred," said he, "take Kate back to the house. I will settle with this young gentleman myself. I wish to ask him a few questions before William, who knows more of him after all, than any of us."

I never knew what passed.

My father paid a hurried visit, staying only one day.

Contrary to my expectations, he did not take me home with him.

I entreated to go, so thoroughly ashamed was I of the events of the past evening, but he thought it better for me to stay there. Helen was my good friend now. She was so kind and attentive, and sought to make me so much at ease, that I loved her more than ever.

William went away to study a profession. I remember that my lover was too rich for this!

The night before my cousin went, I took a long walk with him, during which he talked, for the first time, of Herbert Cavendish.

He blamed himself for introducing him to his family. He was poor, and, being a pleasant companion, he had thoughtlessly invited him home.

Probably, he said, had I not been there, he would have tried his arts upon Helen, but in the course of conversation, Herbert had had the address to find out the amount of property owned by William's father and mine.

Finding that they were nearly equal he had probably calculated that Helen would have only a third as much as myself, and I was an only child.

His anxiety about his father consenting to receive a daughter with so small fortune! His real anxiety lay with my father.

They had discovered his scheme from a letter which he had partly written and then torn, and probably dropped on the stairs.

My uncle had found it, and shown it to his sons—hence the visit of my father.

They thought it best to send for him, not knowing that I might not resist any other authority.

Oh dear! My bit of romance! How ruefully it ended!

William went away, and the life of the house vanished.

Fred was always in such low spirits. And now little Helen was going to be married.

Not to a rich man, but to a good one—a farmer, like Fred—and Helen was blushing over her bridal finery, just come home, when Fred came in, and was curiously inspecting it.

"Nothing green! 'Why we shall not know you, Fenella!" he said, adopting the name I had given her. "What a happy look you have!"

"Oh, Fred, darling!" said the little creature, putting her small hands in his, "I should be happy, if you and Kate—"

He put his brown hands before her lips.

"Hush, dear," he said, "I have asked her once, and she said 'No.' There is no appeal from that, you know."

"And what if Kate should say yes?" I

asked, trembling, and without looking up. There was a pause, so awful that I was about to run away; but a hand was placed on my arm, and a voice whispered in my ear—

"Kate, Kate! beware how you trifle with a heart that loves you!"

To that heart I suffered myself to be taken, trembling and tearful; and since that hour I have never sighed for the lost dreams of romance.

Nervous Dyspepsia.

A YOUNG LADY IN TRENTON RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

She Suffered Untold Agony From Stomach Troubles and Sick Headaches—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont.

Some years ago we reported the case of Wm. Pickering, Trenton, being cured of locomotor ataxia. He was not able to move and was confined to his bed for weeks. Upon advice he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and immediately obtained relief. He is still free from the terrible excruciating affection, and enjoys active, robust health. We have just learned of another positive cure through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the case of Miss Cassie Way, who has been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity and the foundation for many other ills, dyspepsia. For nearly eight years Miss Way suffered untold agonies with sick headache and pains in the stomach. She tried several doctors without any material benefit. A year ago she came to live with a friend in Trenton, Mrs. W. L. Derbyshire, and was so reduced that she could not sit up an hour. She feared her trouble would drive her crazy. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She replied that she had used a box before and they had done her no good. It was urged that she could not hope for a relief from one box and she commenced it again. She continued using the Pills throughout the year with the result that she has completely recovered her health. Her appetite is good, she has gained flesh rapidly, and is able to attend to all her household duties. She voluntarily offers testimony as a tribute of gratitude for the benefit she has derived with the hope that others suffering as she has, may be induced to try this health restoring remedy. Mrs. Derbyshire adds her testimony to the correctness of the statements of Miss Way.

Allow me to add that for four or five years the editor of this paper has suffered from an itching rash that attacked all his joints and all the ointments within reach failed to banish it. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last year and is nearly well.

Dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, kidney trouble and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all druggists or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

He: 'Nell's engagement to Jack is broken off.'

She: 'Goodness! Who did it?'

He: 'Both. They're married.'

BORN.

Coal Harbor, to the wife of J. J. Atwater.

Coal Harbor, to the wife of J. P. Munro, a son.

Halifax, July 23, to the wife of Chas. Sellen, a son.

Windsor, July 20, to the wife of Lionel Parks, a son.

Amherst, July 22, to the wife of David Dixon, a son.

Washington, July 15, to the wife of W. H. Herron, a son.

Sydney Mines, July 21, to the wife of John J. Gillis a daughter.

Falmouth, July 20, to the wife of Lewis Armstrong a son.

Halifax, July 20, to the wife of G. A. McPhail, a daughter.

Amherst, July 26, to the wife of Ignatius Soy, a son.

Halifax, July 25, to the wife of Capt. Alfred Manley, a son.

Truro, July 24, to the wife of Murdoch Haley—twin girls.

Bridgewater, July 22 to the wife of J. A. Whitford, a son.

Yarmouth, July 25, to the wife of Hunter Gardner, a daughter.

New York, July 25, to the wife of Benjamin Whitehouse, a son.

North Sydney, July 25, to the wife of R. A. L. Watson, a son.

Mount Denison, July 20, to the wife of Norman McDonald, a son.

MARRIED.

Boston, July 10, George Heustis to Cora Lincoln.

Farmboro, July 19, Stephen Wilson to Alda Kerr.

Boston, July 15, by Rev. Mr. Rankin, Fred Shaw to Grace Morris.

Dalhousie, July 19, by Rev. F. M. Young, Wallace Rice to Dora Beals.

Harvey, July 23, by Rev. T. Bishop, Thomas Long to Alice McArthur.

Digby, July 14, by Rev. W. H. Evans, James E. Sims to Bertha Ryan.

Digby, July 15, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Daniel Dillon to Edith Dillon.

Sydney, July 19, by Rev. J. Forbes, William McInnis to Margaret Bail.

Boston, July 26, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Daniel Furdy to Mary Payne.

Gulf Shore, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, J. A. Cummings to Louise Crowell.

Chisholm to Louise Crowell.

Annapolis, July 22, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, John D. Parker to Alice Stronach.

North Sydney, July 12, by Rev. J. Sharpe, Wallace Poole to Minnie Forsythe.

Truro, July 26, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Frank Berwick to Mary E. Chipman.

Berwick, July 19, by Rev. O. N. Chipman Geo. W. Smith to Ida M. Chipman.

Fort Morien, by Rev. W. J. Lockyer, Christy Ferguson to Alex. McDonald.

Yarmouth, July 22, by Rev. Jno. Phalen, Howard N. Furdy to Clissie A. Christie.

River Herbert, June 26 by Rev. J. M. Parker, Joseph Greer to Sarah Collins.

Mira Ferry, July 17, by Rev. W. R. Calder, John McCusin to Mrs. John Lamond.

North Earlton, July 19 by Rev. J. A. Crawford, A. C. McKenzie to Mary Munro.

East Brewster, Mass., July 12, by Rev. Mr. Hick-ly, Florence Nelson to John Cox.

Woods Harbor, July 20, by Rev. W. Miller, Frederick Brannen to Ethel Nickerson.

Annapolis, July 17, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Edward Mosher to Mrs. Aceline Saunders.

Walton, July 19, by Rev. Thomas Johnston, Wm. Campbell to Bertha L. Tomlinson.

Guyshoro, July 16, by Rev. Fr. Chisholm, Archibald Chisholm, to Annie DeYoung.

Medford, Mass., June 6, by Rev. Mr. Barstowe, George B. Entwistle, to Clara Corbett.

Woods Harbor, July 20, by Rev. S. Langille, Ed. G. Nickerson to Lillie B. Chptwynde.

Barr, Wales, July 6, by Rev. J. M. Evans, Capt. Geo. Kennally to May Beatrice Pittman.

Upper Masquedobit, July 11, by Rev. F. W. Campbell, Fred L. Shaw to May Semon.

Brooklyn, Ham Co., July 27, by Rev. M. G. Henry, James A. Quhar to Mrs. Mary Smith.

DIED.

Truro, July 24, Eletha B. Phillips.

Ac dia Mines, David Chisholm 91.

St. John, July 29, James Sinclair 59.

New Anson, Ju y 17, Wm. Kennedy.

Cape Negro, July 13 Jane Lowner 23.

Halifax, July 23, Michael O'Hearn 63.

Oromocto, July 27, John Runciman 26.

Parrsboro, July 23, Mrs. Wells Cole 73.

St. John, Ju y 29, Frank H. deForest 29.

Springhill, July 23, Leona Bouschean 19.

St. John, July 30, Willie G. Robertson 10.

St. John, July 27, Alexander M. Woodman 66.

Central Grove, N. S., July 24, Chas. J. Pyne 74.

Harmony, N. S., July 21, John E. Freeman 43.

Annapolis Royal, July 24, Almee L. Bishop 28.

Truro, July 22, Emma, wife of George Clarks 19.

Charlottetown, July 27, Charles Hepburn 81.

West Tatamagouche, July 24, Harry E. Fisher 12.

Marsh, N. S., July 16, Flora, wife of John M. Ross 48.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. July 24, Ernest A. Ines 20 days.

Antigonish, July 21, Mary W., wife of William Power.

Halifax, July 28, Annie S., wife of Samuel Williams 42.

Moncton, N. B., July 23, Mary, wife of John Bradbury 54.

Upper Centennial, N. S., July 8, Duncan K. McDonald 26.

East Boston, July 12, Isabel's G., wife of Edward J. Wilkie 33.

Broad Cove, N. S., July 15, Mary, wife of John McEachern 45.

Bedford, Mass., July 1, Bessie M., wife of Samuel R. Simpson 28.

Nictaux Falls, July 20, Albert F. son of the late Edwin Nicholas 6.

Antigonish, July 20, Catherine, widow of the late Hector Campbell 96.

Lower Argyle, July 25, Fann'e, daughter of Bradford Green 7 months.

Hampton, N. B., Ju y 29, Harriet S., widow of Capt. Joseph Fritcher 77.

Three Mile Plains, July 14, Dorothy, daughter of Robert Underwood 2.

Eas Sarnville, Mass., July 27, Catherine, widow of Patrick Mulcahey 85.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WORLD'S BICYCLE MEET

MONTREAL,

Aug. 7th to 12, 1899.

ONE FARE Plus 10 Cents,

FOR ROUND TRIP.

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The only Express Train from Maritime Provinces reaching N. B. real in the morning.

Arriving daily, except Monday, at 8 45 a. m.

To secure berth in one of the Luxurious Palace Sleepers of the C. P. R., or for particulars of extension of above limit to attend L. A. W. at Boston passage rates, time table, write at once to

A. P. HEATH,

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St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.)

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 9.30 a. m.

Lve. Digby at 2.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 4.30 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Edward."

St. John and Boston Direct Service.

Lve. Mon. 5.30 p. m. | Lve. Sat. 4 p. m.

St. John | Thurs 5.30 p. m. | Boston | Wed 11 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted.)

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.36 p. m.

Lve. Digby 12.30 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., arr. Digby 11.28 a. m.

Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.30 p. m.

Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 8.30 a. m.

Lve. Digby 5.30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

FLYING BLUENOSE

Lve. Halifax 9.00 a. m., arr. at Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr. at Halifax 3.00 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

—AND—

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N. B., Daily (Sunday excepted) immediately on arrival of the Express and Flying Bluenose trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Daily (Saturday excepted) at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted,) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton.....5.30

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.25

Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....11.50

Express for Moncton.....16.10

Suburban Express for Hampton.....17.40

Express for Quebec, Montreal.....18.30

Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.10 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 23.30 o'clock for Truro. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton.....7.15

Express from Moncton.....13.55

Accommodation from Moncton.....18.55

Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.....19.10

Suburban Express from Hampton.....21.50

Accommodation from P. du Chene and Moncton.....21.55

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

Moncton, N. B., June 14, 1899, St. John, N. B. City Ticket Office, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

STEAMERS.

1899. 1899.

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The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO." Leaves Canada's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 143 Hollis Street, or L. E. BAKER, President and Director.

Yarmouth N. S., July 6th, 1899.

SAILINGS

—OF THE—

STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

On and after THURSDAY, July 6th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make Two Excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m., local time. Returning, leave Hampton same day at 3.30 p. m. Arriving back 7.00 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 50 Cents.

Excursionists may buy tickets to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa for 80 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Boat or I. C. R. Station.

On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Mondays, at 5.30 a. m., Wednesdays 2 p. m. and Saturdays at 5.30 a. m. and will leave St. John, Wednesdays at 8 a. m., Saturdays at 4 p. m.

R. G. EARLE, Manager.

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With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

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