

POETRY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

We pluck the flowers as we pass
With idle, heedless fingers,
And drop them careless in the grass...

We pass to-day on street or strand,
With kind or careless looks,
And drop them careless in the grass...

A word of cheer is on our lip,
For one whose heart is broken,
But then we let the moment slip...

O friend! while yet our flowers are fair,
And while kind hearts are near us,
O let us take the gifts they bear...

O friend! while yet our hearts are strong
To bear what fate is bringing,
O let us listen to the song...

O let us listen to the song
That love and life are singing;
And let us hope while yet we may...

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CLUE.

"I am sorry to disturb you, and equally sorry that I feel obliged to exact a reluctant service, because I know you dislike to visit the business part of the city, and there I must spend you. This note from Mrs. Vanderdonk will explain the nature of the business, which I can intrust to no one except yourself, and you will see that the commission admits of no delay. Here is your car fare. Go first to No. 100, LaCere Avenue, talk fully with Mrs. Vanderdonk, and then ride down to Jordan & Jackson's, and get all the material on the superfluous quality of the plant. Order the bill delivered with the goods; and if anything be required in your department, you had better leave the list with King & Turner."

Three squares south of the "Anchorage" ran a line of street cars, which carried her away to the heart of the city; and at the expiration of an hour and a half, Beryl had executed the commission, and was walking homeward, watching for a car which would expediate her return. Dreading identification, she went rarely into the great thoroughfare; and now felt doubly shielded from observation by the Quaker-shaped drab bonnet and veil that covered her white cap. As she was passing the entrance of a dancing academy, a throng of boys and girls poured out, filling the sidewalk, and creating a temporary blockade, through which a gentleman, laden with several packages, eluded his way. A moment later, Beryl's feet struck some obstacle, and looking down she saw a large portfolio lying on the pavement. It was a handsome morocco case, with the initials "G. M." stamped in gilt upon the cover, which was tied with well-worn strings. She held it up, looked around, even turned back, thinking that the owner might have returned to search for it; but the gentleman who had hurried through the crowd was no longer visible, and in the distance she fancied she saw a similar figure cross the street, and spring upon a car rolling in the opposite direction.

The human clot had dissolved, the juvenile assembly had drifted away; and as no one appeared to claim the lost article, she signalled to the driver of the car passing just then, entered and took a seat in one corner. The only passengers were two nurses with bands of little ones, seeking fresh air in a neighboring park; and slipping the book under her veil, Beryl began to examine its contents. A glance showed her that it belonged to some artist, and was filled with sketches neatly numbered and dated.

Slowly turning the leaves, which showed everywhere a master's skilled hand, Beryl found two sheets of paper tied together with a strand of silk; and between them lay a fold of tissue paper to preserve some delicate lines. She untied the knot, and, carefully lifting the tissue, looked at the sketches. A faint, indistinct figure escaped her, and she sank back an instant in the corner of the seat; but the clatter of the nurse, and the whimpering wail of one disaffected baby, mercifully drowned the sound. The car, the trees on the street seemed spinning in some wondrous dance, and an icy wind swept over and chilled her. She threw aside her veil, stooped, and her lips whitened.

What was there in the figure of a kneeling monk to drive the blood in cold waves to her throbbing heart? The sketch represented the head and shoulders of a man, whose cowl had fallen back, exposing the outlines and moulding of a face and throat absolutely flawless in beauty, yet darkened by the reflection of some overpowering and irresistible woe. The features were youthful as St. Sebastian's; the expression that of one prematurely aged by severe and unremitting mental conflict; but neither shaven crown nor oval availed to disguise Beryl Brentano, and as his sister's eyes gazed at the sketch, it wavered, swayed, vanished in a mist of tears.

In one corner of the sheet a man's hand had written "Brother Luke," August 10th. Had relenting fate, or a merciful, prayer-answering God, placed in her hand the long-sought clue? When Beryl recovered from the shock of recognition, and looked around she found the car empty, and discovered that she had been carried several squares beyond the street where she intended to get out and walk. The sketch reappeared, she tied the leather strap of the portfolio and left the car, holding the sketches close to her heart as she hurried homeward. When she turned a corner and caught sight of the bronze anchor over the door, she involuntarily slackened her pace, and at the same moment a policeman crossed the street, stood in front of her, and touched his cap. The sight of his uniform thrilled her with a premonition of danger.

"Pardon me, Sister, but something has been lost on the street."

"A portfolio? I have found it."

"It is very valuable to the owner."

"I intend having it advertised in tomorrow's paper."

"The person to whom it belongs wishes to leave the city to-night, hence his haste in trying to recover it."

"I picked it up in front of Hellwig's dancing academy. How did you know who had found it?"

"The owner discovered he had dropped it soon after he had boarded a car, where Captain Tunstall of our force happened to be, and he at once telegraphed to me the stations he was on the look-out. A book-binder, whose name is near Hellwig's, reported that he saw one of the 'Grey Women' pick up something, and get on an upbound car. Our station was telephoned to interview the 'Anchorage'; so you see we are prompt. I was just going over to ring the bell, and make inquiries."

"Who lost the book?"

"A man named McVaine, an Englishman, I think, who is obliged to hurry to-night, in order to catch some New York steamer where his passage is engaged."

"You are sure he is a foreigner?"

"Yes, he is a foreigner; he was feverishly revolving the possibility that the sketch belonged to some detective, and was intended for identification of the picture on the glass door at X—"

"You can't be sure of anything that is only lip-deep, but that was the account telephoned to us. There is a reward of twenty dollars if the book is delivered by eight p. m.; after that time, ten dollars, and directions left by which to forward it to London. He said it was worthless to anybody else, but contained a lot of pictures he valued."

"I do not want the reward, but before I surrender the portfolio, I must see the owner."

"Why?"

"For reasons that concern only myself. He can come here, and claim his property; or I will take it to him, and restore it, after he has answered some questions. You are quite welcome to the reward, which I am sure you merit, because of your promptness and circumspection. Will you notify him that he can obtain his book by calling at the 'Anchorage'?"

"Our instructions are to deliver the book at room 215, hotel Locusts. It is now four o'clock."

"I will not surrender the book to you; but I will accompany you to the hotel, and deliver it to the owner in your presence. Let us lose no time."

"Very well. Sister, I'll keep a little behind, and jump on the first red car that passes down. Look out for me on the platform, and I'll stop the car for you."

"Thank you," said Beryl, wondering whether the sanctity of her garb exacted this mark of deference, or whether the instinctive chivalry of American manhood prompted him to spare her the appearance of police surveillance.

Keeping her right eye loitered until they found themselves on the same car, where the officer, apparently engrossed by his cigarette, retained his stand on the rear platform. In front of the hotel two omnibuses were discharging their human freight, and in the confusion Beryl and her attendant passed unobserved into the building. He motioned her into one of the reception rooms on the second floor, and made his way to the office.

Drawing her quaint bonnet as far over her face as possible, and straightening her veil, Beryl sat down on a sofa and tried to quiet the beating of her pulses, the nervous tremor that shook her. She had ventured shyly out of her covert, and, like all other haunted creatures, trembled at her own daring in making capture possible. Memory returned her vaguely apprehensive; bitter experience quickened her suspicions.

Was she running straight into some fatal trap, ingeniously baited with her brother's portrait? Would the Sheriff in disguise, or the man who had recognized her in her grey disguise? She walked to a mirror set in the wall, and stared at her own image, put up one hand and pushed out of sight every ring of hair that showed beneath the white cap; then reassuredly resumed her seat. How long the waiting seemed!

With her hands locked around the portfolio, Beryl sat watching the door; and at last the policeman appeared at the threshold, where he paused an instant, then vanished.

The gentleman, apparently forty years of age, came in, and approached her. He was short in stature, florid, slightly bald; wore mutton-chop whiskers, and a travelling suit of grey tweed broadly checked. Beryl rose; the stranger bowed.

"Ah, you have my sketch book! Madam, I am eternally your debtor. Intrinsically worthless, perhaps; yet there are reasons which make it inestimably valuable to me."

"I picked it up from the pavement, and though I opened and examined it, you will find the contents intact. Will you look through it?"

"Oh, I dare say it is all right. No one cares for unfinished sketches, and these are mere studies."

He studied the things turned over a dozen or more papers, then closed the lid, and put his hand in his pocket.

"I offered a reward to—"

"I wish no fee, sir; but the policeman has taken some trouble in the matter, and without his aid I should probably not have been able to restore it. Pay him what you promised, or may deem proper, and then permit me to ask for some information, which I think you can give me."

She beckoned to the officer, who looked in just then; and when the money had been counted into his hand, the latter lifted his cap.

"Sister, shall I see you safe on the car?"

"Thank you, no. I can find my way home. I teach drawing at the 'Anchorage,' and desire to ask a few questions of this gentleman, who I am sure is an artist."

When the policeman had left them, Beryl took the portfolio and opened it, while the owner watched her curiously, striving to penetrate the silver grey folds of her veil.

"May I ask whether you expect to leave America immediately?"

"I expect to sail on the steamer for Liverpool next Saturday."

"Have you relatives in this country?"

"None. I am merely a tourist, seeking glimpses of the best of this vast continent of yours."

"Did you make these sketches?"

"I did, from time to time; in fact mine has been a sketching tour, and this book is one of the several I have filled in America."

"His trembling fingers she untied the silk, lifted the sketch, and said in a voice which, despite her efforts, quivered:

"I hope, sir, you will not consider me unwarrantably inquisitive if I ask, where did you seek this face?"

"Ah! My monk of the mountains? That is 'Brother Luke'; I saw him—let me see. It was far west, beyond Asiniboia; somewhere in Alberta, I am sure."

"Was it on British soil, or in the United States?"

"Certainly in British territory, and on one of the excursions I made from Calgary. I think it was while hunting in the mountains between Alberta and British Columbia. Let me see the sketch. Yes—10th of August; I was in that region until 1st of September."

Beryl drew a deep breath of intense relief as she reflected that foreign territory might bar pursuit; and, leaning forward, she asked hesitatingly:

"Have you any objection to telling me the circumstances under which you saw him; the situation in which you found him?"

"None whatever; but may I ask if you know him? Is my sketch so good a portrait?"

"It is wonderfully like one I knew years ago, and of whom I desire to receive tidings. My friend is a handsome man, about twenty-four years of age."

"I was camping out with a hunting party, and one day while they were away gunning, I went to sketch a bit of fir wood clinging to the side of a rocky gorge. The day was hot, and I sat down to rest in the shadow of a stone ledge that jutted over the cove where a spring bubbled. Very soon I heard a rich voice chanting a solemn strain, and peeping from behind a sheltered nook, I saw a man clad in monkish garb stoop to drink from the spring. He sat a while, with his arms clasped around his knees, and his profile was so perfect, I seized my pencil and drew the outlines; but before I completed it, he suddenly fell upon his knees, and the intense anguish, remorse, so changed the countenance, that while he prayed, I made rapidly a new sketch. Then the most extraordinary thing happened. He rose, and turning fully toward me, I saw that one-half of his face was nobly regular, classically perfect, while the other side was hideously distorted, deformed. I suppose my astonishment caused me to utter some exclamation, for he glanced up the cliff, saw me, turned and fled. I shouted and ran, but could not overtake him, and when I reached the open space, I saw a figure speeding away on a white mustang pony, and knew from the fluttering of the black skirts that it was the same man. My sketch shows the right side of his face, the other was drawn down almost beyond the lineaments of humanity. Beg pardon, madam, but would you be so good as to tell me whether this freak of nature was congenial, or the result of some frightful accident?"

Beryl had shut her eyes, and her lips were compressed to stifle the moan that struggled in her throat. When she spoke, the stranger detected a change in her voice.

"The person whose countenance was recalled by your sketch was afflicted by no physical blemish when last I saw him."

"His appearance was so singular that I made sundry inquiries about him, but only one person seemed ever to have encountered him, and that was a half-breed Indian driver belonging to our party. He told me 'Brother Luke' belonged to a band of monks living somewhere beyond the mountains, and that he sometimes crossed, searching for stray souls, that is the history of my sketch, and since I am indebted to you for its recovery, I regret for your sake that it is so meagre."

"It was last August that you made the sketch?"

"Last August. And now may I ask to whom your thanks are due?"

"I am merely a humble member of a sisterhood of working women, and my name could possess no interest for you. I owe you an apology for trespassing upon your time, and prying into the mysteries of your portfolio; but the beauty of your sketch, and its startling resemblance to one in whom I have long felt an interest, must plead my pardon. I am grateful, sir, for your courtesy, and will detain you no longer."

He bowed profoundly; she bent her head, and walked quickly away, keeping her head lowered, dreading observation.

For the first time since her trial and conviction a sensation of perfect tranquillity shed rest upon her, and she forgot her portrait. But as she walked, her eyes were fixed on the shimmering sea. Beyond those silent waters, hidden in some lonely, snow-girt cove, where perhaps the muffled thunders of the Pacific resounded to the midnight chants of his oratory, dwelt Bertie; and to touch his hand once more, to hear from his own lips that he had made his peace with God, to kiss him good-bye seemed all that was left for accomplishment.

Poor and unknown, she lacked apparently every means requisite for this attainment; but faith, patience and courage were hers. Daily work for daily wages was the present duty; and in God's good time she would find her brother. How, or when, so expensive and difficult a quest could be successfully prosecuted, she knew not.

To-night she seemed cradled in the arms of a peace, soothed by an unflinching trust that whispered:

"Would I could wish my wishes all to rest; And know to wish the wish that were the best."

While her lips moved in prayer for Bertie, she fell asleep. When she awoke, the lilacs were swinging their purple thimbles filled with dew, in honor of the new day, and a robin redbreast poured out his happy heart in a salutatory to the rising sun.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RECOGNITION.

"I fear, my sister, that you have made a great mistake in refusing an offer of marriage which almost any woman might be proud to accept."

Sister Ruth closed her writing desk, and looked at Beryl over her spectacles.

"Why should you infer that any such proposal has been made to me?"

"Simply because I know all that has occurred, and my cousin writes me that you decline to marry him. If you had intended to remain here and identify yourself with this institution, I could better understand your motives in rejecting a

man who offers you wealth, good looks, a stainless reputation, an honored name, and the best possible social position."

"All of which tempt me in no degree. Mr. Brompton is doubtless everything you consider him; lives in a brown stone palace, an influential and respected citizen, but, comparatively, we are strangers. He bought my pictures, took a fleeting fancy to my face, and, to my great surprise, indulged in a romantic whim. What does he comprehend of my past? How little he understands the barrier that shuts me out from the lot of most women!"

"He is fully acquainted with every detail of your life that has been confided to me, or discovered by the public; and he has studied and admired you ever since you came to dwell among us. In view of your very peculiar history, you must admit that his affection is certainly strong. If you married him, your past would be effectually blotted out."

"I have no desire to blot it out, and though, misfortune overhauled my name, it is the untarnished legacy my father left me, and I hold it very sacred; wrap it as a mantle about me. When suspicion of any form of disgrace falls upon a woman, it is as though some delicate flower had been thrust too close to a scorching fire, and the hot blast of the Meads Tuckett & Son have secured the great success of their 'Myrtle Navy' tobacco. This confidence is not only a source of business to the firm, but also a source of economy which the consumers get the benefit of. The merchant never loses a moment of time in examining the quality of the tobacco. The name fixes the quality as absolutely as the mint stamp fixes the value of the guinea. It is not even necessary for the commercial traveler's trunk to be burdened with a sample of 'Myrtle Navy.' All his customers know what it is, and know in an instant when it has been supplied. There is no room for any dispute about it. No waste of time or postage in writing complaints about it. These may look like trifles to the uninitiated, but they save money and earn merchants to perform the work of distribution at the smallest possible cost. They are part of the reasons why the finest quality of tobacco grown can be sold at so cheap a price."

"Does the nature of that work involve vows of celibacy?"

"Sometimes fate decrees for us, allowing no voluntary vows. How soon the path to my work will open before me, I cannot tell; but the day must come and like a pilgrim guided, I wait and watch."

"Can you find elsewhere a nobler field of work than that of yours here?"

"Certainly not, and some drops of selfishness mingle with the motives that will ultimately bear me beyond these halting precincts; yet a day may come when, having fulfilled a sacred duty, I shall travel back, praying you to let me live and die among you."

"My sister, your patient submission, your tireless application, have endeared you to me; and I should grieve to lose you; but your little grey hairs, where your arctic labours have reflected so much credit on the 'Home.'"

"Thank you, Sister Ruth! praise from fellow-toilers is praise indeed, and the greatest blessing one human being can bestow upon another. I am sure you; that is the history of my sketch, and since I am indebted to you for its recovery, I regret for your sake that it is so meagre."

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HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

A Good Suggestion.

By constipation is meant irregular action of the bowels, often called costiveness, and commonly caused by dyspepsia, neglect, excess in eating or drinking, etc. It is a serious complaint and not to be neglected under any circumstances, as it leads to impure blood, headache, debility, fever, etc. A uniformly successful remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters, which, if faithfully tried, never fails to effect a prompt and lasting cure even in the worst cases. The following extract from a letter from Mr. J. S. and Canon, Banff, N. W. T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B. B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

First Parishioner.—I think we ought to raise Dr. Thirdly's salary. Second Parishioner.—I don't. He is such a conscientious man that he would feel bound to preach longer sermons.

To gain the public confidence is essential to business success, and it can only be gained by a steady course of faithful dealing with the public; and the merchant never loses a moment of time in examining the quality of the tobacco. The name fixes the quality as absolutely as the mint stamp fixes the value of the guinea. It is not even necessary for the commercial traveler's trunk to be burdened with a sample of 'Myrtle Navy.' All his customers know what it is, and know in an instant when it has been supplied. There is no room for any dispute about it. No waste of time or postage in writing complaints about it. These may look like trifles to the uninitiated, but they save money and earn merchants to perform the work of distribution at the smallest possible cost. They are part of the reasons why the finest quality of tobacco grown can be sold at so cheap a price."

An editor inadvertently referred to his late lamented mother-in-law as being "now out of print."

The Parting of the Ways.

Wilkins and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been and students and had taken little outdoor exercises. When they shook hands and said good-bye, at the end of their college career, they were in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver troubles and troublesome coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money, and decided to travel for his health. Watkins was poor. "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I'll try the remedy that Robinson talks so much about—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

In less than two years, Wilkins came home in his coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank president, rich and respected, and weighs 200 pounds. "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life at a critical time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs, spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its early stages, it is an unequalled remedy.

The reason a dog can look so knowing is because he can't say anything to spoil the effect.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Throat, send at once and get a bottle of it. "Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Some farmers know how to cultivate everything better than the next generation of farmers.

THE BYE-ELECTIONS.

Have passed by and we can now consider the best protection against disease. There is unrestricted reciprocity of sentiment between all people in Canada in pronouncing Burdock Blood Bitters the very best blood purifier, dyspepsia and headache remedy, and general tonic renovating medicine before the public.

"I'll join you in a minute," is what the minister said to the couple who were waiting to be married.

SANDWICH.

Sis.—For five years I suffered from lumbago and could get no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and must say I find no better remedy for it.

JOHN DUNBAR, Sandwich, Ont.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLET, Toronto, Ont.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Cure God Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

MAWELL'S FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little face and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Scott & Bowne, Baltimore.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfeeling, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccupping or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores.

BLOOD

CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES

BITTERS

JUST LANDED.

Coarse SALT, FINE SALT.

FOR SALE LOW.

A. R. RANDOLPH & SONS.

Notice of Removal.

R. HENRY MACKY,

House Painter, Paper Hanger, Glazier and Kt. Painter, has removed his residence to Daniel Leary's Brick House, Brunswick Street.

All orders in the above lines will receive our full and prompt attention.

Phone, May 7th, 1892.

Lawn Mowers.

FOR SALE LOW AT NELL'S HARDWARE STORE, CAMPBELL STREET: CITY HALL.

GRAND SALE

OF WALL PAPERS.

MCMURRAY & CO. will offer