

A DOUBTING HEART.

(There are the swallows fled / From and dead / Perchance upon some bank and stormy shore / A doubting heart / Par over purple seas / They wait in sunny ease / The balmy southern breeze / To bring them to their northern homes once more / Why must the flowers die? / Pruned they lie / In the cold tomb, heralds of tears or rain / O doubting heart / They only sleep before / The soft white emerald snow / This winter winds shall blow / To breathe and smile upon you soon again / The sun has hid its rays / These many days / Will dreary hours never leave the earth / O doubting heart / The stormy clouds are high / Veil the sunny sky / Shall we the summer into golden mirth / Fair hope is dead, and light / Is quenched in night / What sound can break the silence of despair? / O doubting heart / The sky is overcast / Yet stars shall rise at last / Brighter for the storm's past / And angelic silver voices stir the air.

LA NEIGE.

A SKETCH, BY MRS. BEATRICE MCGOWAN.

He looks down upon the faces in the waiting boat, perchance to find one to whom he can entrust his darling; and his eyes rest upon one that causes him a strange, undefinable thrill of terror; and the darkly handsome face of Cyril Hammond.

For one brief moment he is sorely tempted to bend Rose's prayer and keep her with him; the next, he is loosening himself from the clinging clasp of her arms. His noble nature has conquered even himself. To no living man is he consigning her, he has put her in God's own hands and he is not afraid.

"Good-bye, my darling," he manages to say, kissing her before them all, and they, for the manly way in which he has helped them, murmur not at the instant's delay. "Be faithful to me and with God's help, I will come to you."

"As he hears me, Gerald, yet," he says, kissing her before them all, and they, for the manly way in which he has helped them, murmur not at the instant's delay. "Be faithful to me and with God's help, I will come to you."

Some one takes hold of her; she is sent among the women, and the boat is leaving the burning ship.

"God in heaven help the poor fellows left behind," one old man says; "my only boy is one of them."

The last thing that Rose St. Arnold sees, sitting beside Gerald's mother, is Gerald; Gerald still at his post, beside the captain and mate, whilst men, well nigh mad with their terror, scramble over the vessel's side, or throw them selves head-long into the four remaining boats.

Only four to nearly three hundred souls. And those three brave hearts will be the very last to avail themselves of the life-saving chance.

"Pass this to the two ladies in the stern of the boat," said Lieutenant Hammond places in the hands of the man next to him, a flask of wine.

Rose hears the request, and for one moment she looks at him, looks him full in his white, cowardly face, and then deliberately turns her back.

The look and the action will be only too well remembered against her in the time, when only they two can talk of what is happening now.

When the first warm flush of another day lies in golden gleams upon the water, there is no speak upon all its wide, vast surface. But below that surface, who shall tell? The *Alert* is but one more added to the long list, and those who may have perished with her, but another mournful instance of the fate of some who "go down to the sea in ships."

PART II.

"And the steady ships go on, / To their haven under the hill; / But for the touch of a vanished hand, / And the sound of a voice that is still."

Break, break, break, / At the foot of thy crag, O sea, / But the tender grace of a day that is dead, / Will never come back to me."

A year has passed since the loss of the ill-fated transport ship, but men still speak of it with saddened face and hushed voice, and many a home in England dates the death of its happiness, to the day on which the *Alert* went down.

Out of the six hundred souls and more that had left the Southampton docks in all the flush of life and the glowing expectation of youth, but fourteen returned to their native land. And these had been picked up out of a leaky boat, with out oars or rudder; starved—emaciated—lying, by an American vessel, the *Blink Bonnie*, bound for Liverpool.

Thirteen of them were men, the fourteenth was a woman. Gaunt, hollow-eyed, but beautiful still: Rose St. Arnold, poor *La Neige*.

She was taken at once to an hospital and the telegraph in mediately flashed accounts, to London and Southampton, of the wonderful rescue. Owing, no doubt, to the haste and excitement, there were some mistakes about the names, that of Miss St. Arnold appearing in a different guise altogether. Two weeks later, kind friends had come to Liverpool to take her home, but in the sad, spiritless face, even they could find little trace of the bright beauty of the girl of scarcely five months before.

She is now living with an aunt, Lady Beauclerk, of Beauclerk Court, a short distance from London. Everything that kindness can do is tenderly professed, but she all she asks is to be left quite alone. She goes no where, sees but few, and can scarcely be prevailed upon to go beyond the limits of the park, and then only when some poor body needs her. To this she is ever the same. For the time be-

ing, her own trouble is hidden away that she may the better lighten theirs. Friends regard her pityingly, and attribute her altered manner and altered looks to the strange and awful peril through which she has passed. But they do not know that the change in her is but the spent agony of a heart which has been all too strong to break. That she is quietly dying before their eyes and they never suspecting it.

The day has been intensely hot, the sky unclouded; something extremely unusual for an English summer day, and the evening is scarcely less warm.

Upon the lower terrace of Beauclerk Court—resplendent with sweet scented flowers and rare blooming shrubs—*La Neige* wanders, slowly; not alone, but she might as well be for all the difference it makes in her listless apathy.

Now, as she turns her face to the evening sky—shaded into a dozen different tints by the amber sunset—you see in the pale, delicate outlines—thrown out so vividly by the background of dark green foliage—how fearfully it has changed from the bright, lovely face of the Rose St. Arnold, who discussed the depths of the "divine study" so zealously upon the stilted decks of the *Alert*; or the proud, passionate girl who to recall the bitter words spoken that fearful night to the bravest heart that ever beat, would give all the remaining years of her wasted life.

"*La Neige*," how little the man—for whom she now mourns unceasingly—thought that over the pretty, quaint pettiness would fit her as it fits her now.

She may not be so glowingly, vividly beautiful as in the old days, but never was she more lovely. Then she was *La Rose, La belle des belles*, now she is very truly only *La belle Neige*. And the simple sobriquet tells everything.

As we before said she is not alone. As the gentleman—dressed in uniform—turns round to look into her face, possibly to read there an answer to what he has been saying, he easily recognizes Cyril Hammond.

He has been very kind to her during the last year, and that kindness has tended much to remove the old prejudice.

"I am very sorry," she is saying, "but I can never give you any other answer than I am giving you now. That I will always think of you as a friend for—for the sake of that time, but I will never marry you, nor any one else."

"Are you doing right?" he questions, passionately; "to indulge and encourage such morbid sentiments? Aymler is gone, poor fellow, and even you are powerless to call him back. Then why waste your own life in a grief that is perfectly useless and unavailing? And, by heaven, mine too, for I love you, Rose St. Arnold, as I never loved a woman in my life. I loved you then when another man claimed you. I have not been a good man, I admit, but I have been a true one, and I will give you the best of my future life in your hands; you are either my salvation or my curse. If you reject me it matters little how the world goes, so long as it affords me scope and opportunities in which to forget that the happiness and completeness of other men's lives, might possibly have been mine. Rose, is the value of a human soul nothing to you, that you will send me away from you now?"

"Believe me, I am very sorry," she says, again, very gently; and all unconscious of the weak selfishness that would fain make his pleading a matter of conscience with her, "but nothing can be different. I pronounced—Gerald. The last words I ever spoke to him were that I would be faithful, and I will, as God and he hears me."

"Why should you?" he asks her. "He never would be worthy of you. Even with men he was jealous and suspicious always. That very night I heard him quarrelling with you. He never understood you, never loved you, as I do, *La Neige*. That upon his lips!"

Even more than his infinitely cruel words, does it make her turn faint to hear the loving name once spoken by those of the very last man in the world who should ever call her by any other term of endearment—Cyril Hammond.

Instinctively she put up her hands—the hands grow so delicately fragile and white—as though to ward off any more of the kind.

"I have all the right to do as I think best," she says, kindly, but firmly; "and it were useless to prolong this interview further. I can give you no other answer. I will never marry."

"You are not his wife," he retorts, with uncontrolled passion; "and you have no right to throw away your own life—suffice fashion—even if it is romantic."

For one moment she looks at him, and in her eyes there is something of the old fire.

"You say that he did not understand me. It is you who do not when you call her by any other name like that, with any other result than that of awakening my deepest contempt. Had Captain Aymler lived, I should have been his wife. I am not—as you say—his widow, but in heaven's sight, I am at this moment as truly his wife, as though the Church itself had blessed our union. That you do not comprehend this, perhaps, you may; that what I should have been to Gerald, had he lived, I shall never be to mortal man. I am by my own promise, and in the eyes of God, his wife; I shall never indeed—as you say—be his widow."

Hammond gazes at her, his hand on a face growing gradually darker and more vindictive. At first her words impress

him in spite of himself, and then as his inherently craven nature, takes in all the depth of his loss, he suddenly resolves that his shall not be all the disappointment.

He slowly takes from his inside pocket a folded paper. Is there not one redeeming point about him to stay his hand; or no angelic voice to warn poor *La Neige* of his cruel purpose.

For the last three months this printed sheet has never left his possession, perhaps through the dim forbidding of just such an emergency as this.

"An American paper," he says, striving by a mighty effort to speak calmly, but the words come through, tightly closed teeth and lips that are colorless. "I received it in May. It was six months old then, but I advise you to read it all the same, you may find something to interest you. Had we been sufficiently fortunate to have received it at its date, you might have been spared much unnecessary regret, and I a great deal of pleasure."

Mechanically she stretches out her hands to take it. He gives it to her courteously, raising his hat with covert politeness at the same time. Then without a word he leaves her—never to cross her path in life again—leaves her standing in the glow of the sunset, summer sunset, with that in her possession—unread—which nine weary months ago would have filled her all of joy; had been the heaven sent answer to the daily agonized prayer of her lonely life.

She does not open the paper until she reaches the court, until she stands in the sunny, bay window, with its rarely delicate flowers, of my lady's sitting-room. Then the sheet—yellowed and torn at the edges—is slowly unfolded, and her eyes gaze over its contents.

For a moment she sees nothing to justify Cyril Hammond's object in giving it to her—for even in her wonderment she knows that he catches sight of the head-ling of a column, a heading in ordinary type, but farther down a few lines heavily marked. She wonders vaguely why they are marked, and why they have been given her to read, but only for a second. One word catches her wavering attention, and with quivering limbs and heart that has almost stopped its beating, she reads the fateful paragraphs through to the end.

PORT OF CANTON-BURY. ARRIVED.—Barque Relief, Captain Allen, from Havre to Miramichi. And immediately underneath in pencil, the words another column.

She turns to the other side of the paper, an ordinary staid daily; and then it is, that her attention is chained so forcibly.

"Startling news from the sea." Two more miraculously rescued, in the very brink of death. The barque, which arrived in this port on Monday, the 20th of November, had on board two men, picked up in mid-ocean, the last living occupants of a boat belonging to the *Alert*, burned at sea nearly three months ago, whilst carrying troops to India. The rain and cold, and the hardships, partly unconscious and could have lasted two hours longer, when their log was sighted by the *Relief*.

Their tale of suffering and endurance is heartrending in the extreme. Exposed to the burning rays of the sun, week after week; straining their bleared eyes, half the rain and cold, to catch sight of the saving sail that never came, and finally, with the awful death by starvation, always before them. Six days they were with scarcely a morsel of food, and three without any at all. They say their companions drop off one by one until only they were left; they two, alone, starving, dying; ignorant of the fate of the other seven boats freighted, as mine is, with human life; and at last, all unconscious of their own danger.

They have been taken to the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, where they are nursed well and carefully cared for. One is Mr. Angus Warner, first mate of the *Alert*; the other is a British officer, Captain Gerald Aymler, of the *Royal Rifle*. It may be remembered that the *Blink Bonnie* was from this port.

No more! The paper drops from her nerveless hands. What she has read is as a voice from the grave, she cannot recall it all just of once.

Gerald alive! Gerald saved! An answer to the prayer that she has not dared to pray for months past, and Cyril Hammond to be the one to fetch her the great, glad tidings.

But ah, heaven have mercy, that is past too; this great, overwhelming truth that she has been reading, with her poor heart beating so pitifully, is ages old as reckoned by those very heart throbs.

Nine months! More than thirty-six of those long weeks that have seemed so endless to her. But no, she will have more faith. God has sent her this hope and He alone can take it from her, and if he had meant to take it, surely, it would not have come to her now.

That Gerald is alive, she feels in every pulse of her being, and in the conviction comes to her, there also in formal in her hungry, starved heart, a determination that not the eloquence of a Cicero could prevent her from carrying out.

The last flush of sunset falls bravely on my lady's roses and carnations, but never so lovingly, never so lovingly as upon the white, clear face of the girl kneeling in their midst. The features lit up with something infinitely, the dark eyes filled with overflowing with the thankfulness with- in; the tightly clasped hands, the pure, white dress; and over and above all the warm, amber light, falls a benediction.

(To be continued.)

M. McLEOD, 45 GRANBY STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobaccoists Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking Chewing Tobacco, Havana Cigars, &c. Has "Gears," three for a quarter, are the genuine article. Virginia Special and Gold Leaf Smoking Tobacco a specialty.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

A monument of pure steel is talked of for Boss Tweed.

You cannot always tell by the way a man dresses whether his pew is paid for.

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is as unchristian as living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

They met, that is the way to the store, and made him turn his department over. It is a valuable lesson to the goods, and then she gleefully said she would call again.

The proposal to do away with the police in the Ohio town is spoken of by a local paper as "another blow at the criminal classes."

"The parting gives me pain," sighed the man who was combing his hair for the first time after a week's seclusion.—(Cincinnati Post.)

Troy, New York, wants a ladies' swimming club—little black shawls. They can't be made in this country.—Commercial Advertiser.

When a boy bats a ball through a parlor window the boy may not lose his inning, but the man who owns the window is invariably put out.

"Brilliant and impulsive people have black eyes," they get them sooner or later.—(Omaha Republican.)

The moonlight lies soft on the dell, / And the lover his soft side doth tell, / And charitably "wee," / How low down the street / The chimney of the cross-street—"Puck."

"Have you any damp sheets in your house?" asked a guest of a manager of a fashionable hotel, as he registered his name. "No," replied the manager, "but I'll have a pair dampened for you if you wish." The stranger retired.

When a young man in Patagonia wants a wife he rides out and lassos one, and in the more civilized United States of America, when a young man wants a wife, but does not come to time, the lassos him for a breach of promise.

"Now that the photograph makes it possible for sounds to be canned the same way as pictures, we propose that our subscribers should be boiled and sent to the South Sea Islands, ready for the table, instead of the missionary himself."

Mater: "So you enjoyed your walk, Kate? Did you go all that distance alone?" Daughter: "Oh, yes, mamma, quite alone." Mater: "That you are very fatigued where I ever failed to get in, with perseverance and—this very few walk!"

A Lost Aar.—Twelve years and more ago thousands of hoopskirt makers were manufacturing annually in this country. Now the business is entirely dead, not a single hoopskirt manufacturer being in operation—their principal article of food—(Norristown Herald.)

The present time seems to be an era of defalcation. A kind of epidemic of embezzlement appears to be running over the country. One man says, on being captured, "Real estate speculation did it," another, "Beauty did it," another, "Wall Street did it," and so on. It never seems to strike the thieves that downright dishonesty did it in every case. It is not cowardly but common to seek as a pretext such flimsy excuses as it has become fashionable to give.

MAN PROPOSES. We parted one eye at the garden gate, / And I promised my love to come back to her, / The pleasant autumn weather— / When the leaves were red, / And we team might wed, / And we loved together.—(Hawkeye.)

The Canadians are resolved that the members of their Parliament shall be elected by ballot. Even the run of a message boy is noted at the close of the year all the Dominion knows thereof. During the session that ended last month, the messenger boys ran 6,013 trips to the back of the members. If the P. E. A. themselves will run as well in the coming election they will be sure of re-election.

Report says that Miss Coffey of Lawrence, Kan., was one of the most modest and sweet-tempered women in that city, but after her marriage with one Leeper, who is represented as a worthless, but young fellow, her conduct afforded strong grounds of doubt as to the amiability of the Coffey. Leeper lived with his wife only two weeks, and then it was mutually agreed that they should separate. The bride assented quietly, saying that she was pleased to ride with her husband, but subsequently spoke disparagingly of him to her friends. One evening he stood jauntily in the door of the Post Office, and she came along in her customary dress, but she took back her parasol, put on her gloves, drew a cowhide from her pocket, and slashed Leeper across the face until he was terribly disfigured. Then she took back her parasol, put on her gloves, and walked off as usual. Nice girl.

NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN RUSSIA AND ENGLAND. England to Russia—"Who's afraid?" Russia to England—"You are, Yank!" England to Russia—"Yah, yourself!" Russia to England—"Shut up!" England to Russia—"You shut up!" Russia to England—"Shan't!" England to Russia—"Then I'll make you!"

Russia to England—"You don't!" England to Russia—"Daren't I?" Russia to England—"No!" England to Russia—"I'll show you if I daren't!"

Russia to England—"Baw! Bright!" England to Russia—"How! Vera Zerkoff!" Russia to England—"Tanworth and Sons' Northumberland!"

Russia to England—"Favorable!" Russia to England—"Withdraw your ships, or—"

England to Russia—"Remove your army, or—"

England (interrupting)—"Now, how on earth is a fellow to shake of a rash, while this abominable chatter is going on! Oh, for a quiet half-hour and a cheort!"

J. L. MCCOSKERY, (Late with H. Chubb & Co.) STATIONER, PRINTER, BOOKBINDER, ENNIS & GARDNER'S BUILDING, PRINCE WM., STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Commercial Hotel Opposite the Depot, BREEN'S BRICK BLOCK, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. GEO. W. FOSTER, Proprietor.

THE HOUSE is New and Commodious, and every attention will be given to the comfort of its guests. TERMS REASONABLE. Fine sample rooms on the premises and Egan & McArthur's large and spacious Livery and Boarding Stables, are very convenient in connection with the Hotel. Baggage taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

WHISKEY. Just received ex. "Hibernian," from Liverpool—BLACK & WHITE WHISKEY: 75 cases Lorne Highland "12" "Hawthorn" "20" "Old Irish" For sale low, by M. A. FINN.

GLUB AGENTS WANTED. THE WEEKLY "MAIL." Enlarged to Eight Pages AND NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

It is nearly six years since the "MAIL" was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it second to no other newspaper in the Dominion. The Publisher takes great pleasure in announcing that he purposes to still further increase this circulation by greatly improving the WEEKLY "MAIL" during the ensuing year, whereby he hopes to make it:

The Great Family Paper of Canada. Special Editors have been engaged for the various Departments, and no expense will be spared to make the whole paper:

INTERESTING AND RELIABLE. The "MAIL" will remain true to the principles it has always advocated, and it is intended to make it, by the aid of such additional strength as ample capital can afford, even a more potent champion of the "Constitutional Cause."

ALL THE OLD DEPARTMENTS OF NEWS, POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE AND EDITORIAL, will be continued with unabated vigor, under special attention.

Agricultural in its various branches, made specially interesting by a series of prize articles on leading subjects. We propose that our subscribers shall make this a Mutual Improvement Club, and that each one shall add his mite to the fund of agricultural knowledge.

Our Market Reports will be a specialty we will endeavor to secure their complete reliability.

Our Literary Department will be a leading feature. Stories both short and continued from the pens of the best authors, and in many cases illustrated.

Our Department under charge of Ladies, of experience, will, we have no doubt, prove an interesting and valuable feature. The Household, Culinary Matters, the Care of Children, Health in the Household, under charge of an experienced man, will add to the value of a WEEKLY "MAIL."

During the year we will treat our readers to four dramatic plays, with descriptions of the House, Paris, Florence, Natural Beauty, Art, and other subjects, being made for illustrating the WEEKLY "MAIL" during the coming year. Price as before, \$1.50 per annum. Special Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Address, THE MAIL, Toronto.

BASS' ALE. 12 BOTTLES—50 Packages BASS' ALE, in kegs, blads, and kilderkins. For sale low, by M. A. FINN, Haden Building.

Queen Hotel, WATER STREET, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms. Livery and Boarding Stables in connection with the House.

D. W. McCormick, Proprietor.

W. Martin & Son, Custom Tailor and Clothier, HAS REMOVED TO HIS NEW BUILDING DOCK STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

C. MCGOURTY, City Contractor, No. 208 Waterloo Street.

Estimates furnished for Examination of all kinds. A site will be kept at HANEY & CO. Book binders, No. 42 King Street, and orders will be promptly attended to. June 15.

Portland Hat & Cap Store, JOHN D. HARRIS, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF HATS AND CAPS. NEARLY OPPOSITE THE LONG WHARF, MAIN STREET, PORTLAND, N. B. N. B.—SILK, CLOTH AND MELINO HATS made to order at the shortest notice, and a perfect fit guaranteed. M. A. FINN, Haden Building.

"The Faith of our Fathers" BY BISHOP GIBBONS.

THE Most popular Book of its kind ever published in this country. 30,000 COPIES SOLD IN THREE MONTHS!

Every Catholic in the Dominion should read it.

PRICE IN PAPER COVER 50 cts., OR IN CLOTH \$1. Sent postpaid on receipt of price to any part of the Dominion.

EDW. HANEY & CO., - - KING STREET SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LANDRY & CO., GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED ESTEY ORGANS. ACKNOWLEDGED THE FINEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD.

WE refer with pleasure to upwards of 600 of these beautiful Instruments sold by us in the lower Provinces during the past four years. They are:

Pipe Organs, built to order, at prices from \$500 to \$6,000. Plans and Specifications furnished on application. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PIANOFORTES from the best makers in the United States, at lowest possible prices.

CATALOGUES sent free. Sheet Music, Music Books, &c.

Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention. LANDRY & CO., No. 52 King Street, (Old Stand) St. John, N. B.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR Costiveness, Dyspepsia, and Piles!

They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz: Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache, &c. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.

THEY RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, and promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Sufferers from piles, hemorrhoids, the Measles, Rheumatism, and itching skin, who have ever tried them, advise their friends to use them, and as many new ones, give them a call. Price 50 cents and one dollar per box, and will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

THEY RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, and promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Sufferers from piles, hemorrhoids, the Measles, Rheumatism, and itching skin, who have ever tried them, advise their friends to use them, and as many new ones, give them a call. Price 50 cents and one dollar per box, and will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

Wines, Brandies, &c., of hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage. M. H. GALLAGHER, 8 and 12 Charlotte Street.

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL WINE STORE. M. & H. GALLAGHER, No. 8 Phoenix Street.

BEDES to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call. By strict attention to business, and keeping the Cheapest and Best.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c., 14 CANTERBURY ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. B. W. Canage. Tel. 23. C. A. Canage.

HAWKES BROTHERS, Dealers in Ales, Wines and Liquors, 48 GERMAIN STREET, AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NEW HATS, SPRING STYLES FOR 1878. HAVING received our new Spring styles of SILK HAT BOOKS, we are now prepared to finish the Broadway Style of Silk Hats, and orders for the same will be executed with dispatch. -ALSO- Just received a case of new and desirable City-made American Soft and Stiff Fur and Felt Hats, in Black and Seal Brown Colors, and in Medium quantities.

BARRETT'S HATS, 22 CHARLOTTE STREET, COR. COR. DRUMS and Richmond Sts.

HAVANA CIGARS. Just received from New York: THIRTY-FIVE M. Lafont, L'Espresso, El Heron and Moses CHARRAS, in Especial, Pina de L. Cigars, Princesa, Infanta and Infantes. Daily exported from New York.

45 M. Republica, Espasa and La Union CIGARS in COSHANS and REYNITAS. The above 104 I will sell very low, by M. A. FINN, Haden Building.

JAMES CAMPBELL, Plumber & Gas-Fitter, has removed to his shop, Hunter's Building, NO. 86 PRINCESS STREET, where all orders entrusted to him will receive immediate attention. may 18.

THE H... EVERY SATURD... 54 GERMAIN... AT ONE DOLLAR... ADVANCE, Post... in any part... Town of... The large... makes it a first-class... ing.

IN THE... Boot & Sho... NO. 212 UNIO... Need dear to... ST. JOH...

A FIRST-CLASS... SLIPPERS, RUBBER... Lowest Price... In Shoes made... C. F. - All goods purchas... charge.

J. S. STA... Coach Pro... 98 St. Patric... ST. JOHN... Coaches furnished for... &c., at the very shortest n... All orders promptly at... ing.

The Empire Di... GERMAIN ST., Op... R. J. PATTERSON... MEALS AT A... The very best of Kyste... SOUPS of ALL KINDS...

CORNELIUS G... Painter, Glazier... HANG... WOOD and... SATISFACTION GU... 99 St. Patric... SAINT JOHN... Greenville Ex... MANUFACTUR... D. A. HOLLAN...

LL Orders left at JOHN O... Mill street, or at the A... Kerry's Road, Portland, will be... may 18.

N'DONALD &... Custom Tailors and... HAVE REMO... to... MARSHALL'S INSUR... Cor. of Market Squa... William Str... SAINT JOHN... GENTS GARMENTS... short notice and on the mo...

Butter, Lard a... Just received per L... 40 TUBS choice Dairy... Lost Lard: 100... seal for, wholesale and retail... M. & H...