THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.

The "hollow of His hand"—
O, what a breadth of space!
We cannot understand
How much it holds of grace.

When human hand-clasps fail,
And eyes we love grow dim;
When bloom of youth turns pale,
Ah! then we look to Him.

And looking, find far more
Than we had dared to dream;
For God doth keep in store,
Gifts richer than they seem.

Our little cups we take
To His great font of love,
Thinking our thirst to slake
With droppings from above;

When, lo! He brims them o'er
With floods of gold untold,
And ceases not to pour
Till we would fain cry, "Hold!"

Teach us, O Lord, to take
Thy measure, full and grand!
And then our thirst we'll slake
From "the hollow of Thy hand."

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

M. RENAU'S REVENGE.

At last it was dark—kindly, sheltering dusk. She seized the moment when her maid had gone down for lights, and Marie was in the inner room preparing the chamber for the night. Wrapping a shawl about the baby, and throwing a mantle over her own head and shoulders, she stole noiselessly out into the corridor, and down the stairs that connected her turret with the main hall of the chateau. Now, if the child would only sleep on, and she could be so fortunate as to meet no one in the wide hall, which she must cross before reaching the outer door. She had gained the door at the foot of the stairway. For a moment she listened in breathless suspense. All without was silent as the grave. She lifted the latch, but the door resisted her efforts. Could it be bolted on the other side? But no, that was too horrible. She was becoming demoralized: a pray to her own fears. She laid the babe down upon the steps, and put her shoulder to the panel,—only a woman's delicate shoulder, but nerved with a mother's love and despair. In vain! Once more she tried. The resistance of some strong barrier on the other side was distinctly perceptible. There could no longer be any doubt. She was a prisoner. The discovery overwhelmed her for a moment, but she had come too near to freedom to relinquish it without one more struggle. One resource yet remained to her,—to appeal to the loyalty and affection of her attendants. She had been a kind mistress to them, and though she would rather not have implicated them in her escape, they must dare the consequences for her, if necessary. She hurried back into the chamber where she had left Marie. At sight of her mistress, dressed for a journey, the nurse uttered a shrill cry.

"Alas! my poor lady; what are you dreaming of?"

"I am going to save my baby," was the firm answer. "Marie, the door at the foot of the staircase is fastened. How long has it been kept bolted? Do you know anything about it?"

"It is M. Renau's doing, madame," returned the old woman sorrowfully. "Do not be angry with me. He has ordered the door to be kept closed ever since that terrible night, and it was only by promising on my bended knees to do as he bade me, that I was ever allowed to come near you again."

"So I have been a prisoner in my own room all this while, and my trusted servants have been my jailers," said Eglantine bitterly.

Marie cowered beneath her look.

"Pardon, my lady. I had no choice between that and never seeing your face again. How could I leave you in your sorrow to be cared for by strangers, and the precious babe to be handled by ignorant maids, who would never have the heart nor the sense to care fitly for so frail a creature?"

"You love my baby?" cried Eglantine, throwing her arms about the neck of her old retainer. "Then you will help me to save her, Marie—my good Marie! You will not keep us penned up here to have her torn from my arms! You know it will kill her to be parted from me. Marie, you have borne children. You know what it is to have a little head nestle in your breast. You will not let them take away the one comfort that is left to me. You cannot turn away from me as those cruel men have done. Open the door, and help me to save my baby."

The old nurse sank on the floor at her feet and covered her hand with kisses. But there was no sign of yielding in her face.

"I dare not!" she moaned. "M. Renau has taken good care to bind me with fetters I dare not break. In some way he has discovered that my boy was a member of the young sieur's band, and he has threatened to give him up to death if I ever let you quit your room. Do not be angry with me, my lady; my Baptiste is as dear to me as your baby is to you, and it was monsieur, your husband, who tempted him to the folly."

Pale as death, Henri La Roche's widow started to her feet, and motioned to the unhappy mother to say no more. Her sin could not have come home to her in a more terrible hour. Every instinct of honor and delicacy forbade her to urge Marie further. There was but one resource left. She returned to the outer apartment, and sitting down by the cradle, waited for Cecilie's return. The girl was a Parisian, whom she had brought back from the capital. There was little to be hoped for from her goodness of heart, but she might be open to bribes. In a few moments Eglantine heard her singing a gay little air, as she unbolted the lower door and tripped up the stairs. At sight of the muffled figure that rose to meet her as she entered the turret-room, the maid started back with a little shriek of dismay.

"Cecilie," said her mistress in a firm, determined voice, "I heard you lock the door at the foot of the stairs; you have the key in your pocket. You must go down with me and let me out."

Cecilie hung her head for a moment, and then tossed it defiantly.

"I will not unlock the door until I go down to get my supper," she returned insolently. "There's more than you as gives orders in the chateau now, my lady, and my new master makes it worth my while to obey him."

There was but one argument to use in such a case. Eglantine drew a gold chain from the casket of jewels she was preparing to take with her, and held it up in the candle-light.

"It will be a worth a year's wages to you, if you will go back and open the door," she said quietly. "I do not ask anything else of you, Cecilie."

The girl looked covetously at the gold, but hesitated.

"I have promised," she said doubtfully. "I do not know what he will do to me if I break my word."

The young mother saw that she must bid higher, and laid a pair of ruby earrings beside the chain.

"A bad promise is better broken than kept," she said coolly.

The giddy Parisian peeped into the inner room, to make sure that Marie was not a spectator of the transaction, and covered the trinkets with a move of her deft little hand.

"You have been a liberal mistress to me, and I don't care if I do oblige you this once," she said carelessly, and turned to the door. Eglantine needed no further hint, and with her babe held tightly to her heart, stole noiselessly after her. A moment more, and she was beyond the hated portal, crossing the wide hall of the chateau, free! Now if God would be good to her, and let her reach the outer air and the gate of the bocage safely! Thank Heaven, the child was still sleeping. She hesitated a moment on the edge of the court, in which the torches were just being lit, then, soft-footed as one of the evening shadows, glided across the square, and gained the wood. She heard voices in the park, but she avoided them by turning into one of the side paths. Was God going to let her escape after all? Yes, there were the iron gates of the bocage, visible in the uncertain light. Until now she had been very calm, but at sight of the freedom within her reach she began to tremble. It was well she would not have far to go; her long confinement had made her weaker than she knew. Now she had gained the gate, her hand was on the latch; another moment, and she will be free.

"My kinswoman takes a late hour for her ramble," said M. Renau's sarcastic voice at her elbow.

She was too terrified to scream; she could only support her trembling limbs against the gate and regard him with despairing eyes.

"What! the little one, too?" he went on in the same tone of ironical surprise. "I am sure you did not consult our old nurse about this undertaking or she would have warned you to be more careful of the child's health. Permit me, madame, to give you my arm back to the chateau."

He would have laid her trembling fingers upon his sleeve, but she shrank from him as from a servant.

"I will not go back," she cried in a sudden frenzy of despair. "You may kill my child and me where we stand, but I will not go back with you."

"Where, then, will you go?" he asked quietly. "I suppose you are aware that your heretic friends left for parts unknown weeks ago. The authorities received information of M. Chevalier's secret profession, but just a little too late. He had contrived to take himself and his belongings out of the way before they called."

She made him no answer. It did not occur to her to question his statement. With no strength or impulse to resist left in her, she turned and walked back to the house at her kinsman's side. A terrible fear had fallen upon her that it was God, after all, who was pursuing and hemming her in—the God of whom she had so seldom thought until this sore strait, and to whom she had only turned now because all other help had failed.

"How did you know I had left? Did God or the devil tell you?" she asked, pausing for a moment before entering the hall to look in M. Renau's face.

"If it was a fiend, it was a pretty one, answered her captor lightly. "The next time you attempt to bribe one of my servants, madame, I advise you to try one less devoted to my interests, and do not part with your jewels until you are sure of your prize."

Then Cecilie had betrayed her, with the echo of her mistress' fervent "God bless you!" still in her ears.

In perfect silence Eglantine suffered herself to be led back to her apartment, and locked in like a captured criminal. There was no sleep for her that night. On her knees beside her child's cradle she watched the dark hours through with wide open, tearless eyes. Until now she had resolutely refused to consider that other way of escape,—the humiliating alternative of recantation; but if the still watches it forced itself upon her, and would not down. The story Nannette had told her long ago in the firelight came too.

"If you are ever tempted to part with the pearl, remember it was purchased for you with a broken heart," her old nurse had said to her gravely. She could appreciate the cost now as she did not when Nannette had first told her the story, and yet—the truth her mother had bought for her with so costly a price, she had surrendered to save her eldest born. Would God be very angry with her if she, Eglantine La Roche, should hold the clasp of those baby-fingers dearer than words? Did He really care as much about what went on in the world, as some people thought—as her aunt Monique had always taught her to believe? Who could be sure that the Maker of heaven and earth cared anything for the hearts that were struggling and agonizing for His cause down here; that He who sat upon the circle of the heavens took any interest in this strife about creeds and dogmas? Who could be quite sure about anything? She looked out of her window up at the silent, overhanging peaks, and thought of the word her uncle had chosen for her long ago, and which he had said would be a comfort to her in any time of need:

"My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." No, He had not helped her, and yet the strength of the hills was His. It would have been as easy for Him to break the bonds that held her, as to stir a leaf in the wood, but she had cried to Him in vain. It could only be that He did not care. Was it for this she had scorned Henri, had goaded his noble heart with reproaches, and sent him out to his death? She remembered how he had stood before her in this very room, and pleaded with her to let him save her and the child. If she had only listened to him, had only been a little less proud and bitter, he might be living now, and they all be safe and happy in another land. As the first grey light streamed into the room, she fell on her knees beside the bed.

"Henri, my husband, you are avenged!" she cried.

The battle was won. Before noon, Father Le Grand was on his way back to Nismes, alone, and Eglantine sat in her turret-room, with a great weight upon her heart, but her baby still clasped safely in her arms.

That evening, as Marie was assisting her to her couch—for Eglantine had refused passionately to have Cecilie come near her again,—the old nurse slipped a paper into her lady's hand.

"Do not say I did not do what I could for you, madame! It is as much as my life is worth to bring you this, but I could not hold out against your white face, and the young gentleman's entreaties."

"Marie of whom are you speaking? Who gave you this!" Eglantine had begun to tremble nervously.

Marie laid her finger upon her lips, and glanced round her warningly.

"Walls have ears, my lady. There are names I dare not breathe even here. A peddler was here this afternoon selling laces and ribbons to the maids down stairs, and he slipped the paper into my hand with a kerchief that I bought. 'Put it yourself into your lady's hand,' he whispered, 'and tell her to hold it to the candle when she reads.' That was all, madame, for one of the girls was plucking at his sleeve; but in spite of the strange face, I knew the voice that spoke such cheer to poor Baptiste when he was sick last winter, and I did not draw a free breath till I saw him and his peddler's wallet out of the gate."

"You are quite sure he went away safely?"

"Quite sure, madame."

"Then thank you very much, Marie. You can sit in the other room until I call you."

But for several minutes after she was left alone, Eglantine sat with her face buried in her hands. Marie's words left no doubt as to the identity of the peddler, but the thought of Rene was agony to her now. She shrank from reading what he had written as from some impending torture, yet lacked the resolution to destroy the letter unread. Twenty-four hours sooner the consciousness that he was near her, watching over her—would perhaps try to see her—would have been the promise of salvation. Now it terrified her. The step she had taken would wear but one light in Rene's true, sorrowful eyes. Yet she must tell him. He must know that it was useless to try and see her, or run any further risk. She looked to see that the curtains were drawn over her casement, and then held the paper to the light and watched the hidden characters leap out, each stroke firm and true as Rene himself. The words were not many. He had evidently feared to run any risk until he had ascertained whether this message would reach her safely.

"Let me know how you are, and if you need me. We have written you again and again, but received no reply. I have been in the chateau several times, but could learn nothing of you, except that you never leave your own apartments. Once I reached the door at the foot of your staircase, and found it locked. Let me know if you are in stress or peril of any kind, and I will find means to reach you. We have been forced to seek shelter in the hills, but I am in Beaumont every day, and will be under your balcony to-night as the bell chimes nine. Waken your answer to a weight, and let it down with a cord, but do not attempt to speak."

Eglantine read the letter through twice, and then, with a firm hand held it to the flame of the candle, and watched it crumble into ashes. Once a slight quiver ran across her lips, but her heart was too full of bitterness to weep. Yesterday these words would have been as sweet to her as the sound of rescuing bugles to a beleaguered town. Now they were less than the trembling cinders into which they turned. She glanced up at the Swiss timepiece over her mantel. It wanted but a few minutes of the appointed hour. From a secret drawer in her dressing-table she drew forth the Testament which Rene had given her long ago, and which for its memories' sake she had withheld that day, when surrendering her other Huguenot books to the priest. She would lower that to him instead of a letter. It would tell him more plainly than words that the last tie was sundered between them. But no; he might fail to understand, and it was imperative he should be made to realize that he must not come near her or attempt to see her again. She dipped her pen in the ink, and wrote hurriedly on the fly-leaf, just beneath the childish inscription, which she did not dare to read over now:

"Your letter has come too late. I have signed the recantation. I have stooped to the sin for which I scorned Henri, and drove him to his death. I do not deserve that you should have run this risk for me. I only write to tell you you must not come near me or try to see me again. Forget from this day that you ever had a sister. EGLANTINE."

She had resolved to add no word of explanation, remembering how she had rejected all excuses from Henri; but the longing to tell them how sorely she had been tried, proved too strong, and after a moment's struggle, she added:

"I did it to save my baby. I tried to come to you, but he found me and brought me back. Forgive me if you can. I am very miserable."

She closed the book, fastened it securely to a cord, and stole out into her balcony, as the chapel in the hamlet tolled for nine. A slight cough from the terrace below told her when the book was received, and blushing to know that Rene's true eyes were lifted to her even in the darkness, she turned in a panic, and fled back into her chamber.

(To be continued.)

Her Gratitude.

A well-known man who lives not far from Newcastle, Me., told of an experience he had a few winters since, with a horse of which he was very fond, says a writer in the *Lewiston Journal*. He was driving across Jefferson Pond one afternoon, when the mare went through the ice. In an instant, the sleigh also went under. The gentleman managed to get out of the water himself after a valiant struggle, when, finding himself upon a firm footing, he turned his attention to the horse. After a long time, the assistance of two men was secured, and, even then, nearly an hour elapsed before the horse was rescued, thoroughly chilled and exhausted.

Not far off, her owner had a friend who lived in the old fashioned house in which I listened to the story, a house with a cellar kitchen.

He led the mare straight into this kitchen, where she laid down gladly enough, before a big, blazing open fire.

Warm blankets were thrown over the poor creature, and hot drinks were given her. Then her owner, pretty well chilled and tired out himself, passed into a bedroom on the same floor and soon fell asleep. About midnight, he was awakened; he felt a warm breath upon his face, and lo! the mare had come into the room to find her master and thank him, for she fell to licking his face gently!

Her owner was manly enough to own up that he was so touched that he cried over her. Finally he rose, led her back to the kitchen, threw a big log upon the coals, and down lay the intelligent mare, while her master silently registered a vow that the grateful creature should never pass out of his hands, returned to his own bed.—*Boston Daily Traveller.*

Tale of a Dead Man.

LOOKING BACK FROM THE ETERNAL DARKNESS, HE DESCRIBES VARIOUS DISTURBANCES WHICH PRECEDED AND ACCOMPANIED THE KING OF TERRORS.

A strange and weird article in a recent number of the *Chicago Herald* describes the process of dissolution as follows:

"My splendid appetite began to fail; my disposition for physical and mental exertion left me; my average good nature became tainted; my nerves, always sheathed in impenetrable defenses, became bad, as age wears the enamel from the teeth, leaving its tender fibres exposed to incessant and painful contract. Irritation took the place of the ordinary endurance of my nature.

"I consulted medical men who examined me and found nothing—a low, nervous tone; a little tonic, less work and a rest. No organic trouble, some little functional disturbance of no consequence. I could not always think with clearness; my memory occasionally was impaired, and I would forget names, dates, and faces."

He fell into despondent moods, lost his taste for society, amusements, labor and study. The inevitable work of life became unendurable. He died.

Thousands allow themselves to drift along in this awful way, without knowing their feelings and sensations which they experience day by day, are fast hurrying them on to utter collapse. Save yourself while yet there is time, by using the great discovery of Dr. Phelps, Paine's Celery Compound. It is purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and the only remedy known which will certainly and positively remove the effects of overwork and dissipation. It soothes and strengthens the irritated nerves, clears the brain, lifts the gloom and oppression from the mind, gives perfect digestion, and restores the vigor and vitality which are so essential to happiness.

— One Sunday a little boy was playing with his alphabet blocks, and grandma said: "Didn't you know it was wicked to pile blocks on Sunday?" The little fellow, quite unconscious of his wit, replied: "I aint piling 'em on Sunday, I'm piling 'em on the floor."

— The pangs endured by the early Christian martyrs were no doubt excruciating, but not so prolonged or scarcely more dreadful than those experienced by the sufferers from inflammatory rheumatism—a disease which is easily curable at the outset with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—a sovereign remedy for pain—a reliable curative of kidney, liver and other complaints, and a medicine of the purest as well as the most salutary kind.

— Bridget had a kitchen full of her company. *Mistress* (from the head of the stairs): "Bridget!" *Bridget*: "Yis, ma'am." *Mistress*: "It's ten o'clock." *Bridget*: "Tank ye, ma'am. An' will ye be so kound ez to till me whin it's twelve!"

Bad Blood, low vitality and a Scrofulous condition of the system leads to Consumption and other wasting forms of disease. The preventive and cure is Burdock Blood Bitters.

— A barrister came into court one day with his wig all awry, which caused a titter among his brother lawyers, on which he turned to Curran and said: "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" Curran dryly answered, "Nothing but your head."

Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

— "Tell those art students that they can only express beauty out of a beautiful soul," is the message Mr. Gladstone recently sent by a member of the Royal Academy. His aphorism is just as applicable to workers in the art of letters, as in that of painting.

A rich deposit of gold has been discovered at Gay's River, Nova Scotia, and said to be bonded over to an American Company for $60,000. This is a valuable find, but King's Dyspepsia Cure, says John A. Dawson, Esq., ex-M. P., is worth its weight in this precious metal to all afflicted with Indigestion or Dyspepsia in any form.

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD CATARRH

NASAL BALM.

A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. *Be warned in time*, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Beware of imitations similar in name.

CHANGE OF TIME.

2 TRIPS PER WEEK 2

FROM

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

By the Superior Side-Wheel Steamers of the

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

TO

BOSTON.

COMMENCING MONDAY, Nov. 11th, and until further notice, one of the fine steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7.35, Eastern Standard time.

Always travel by the Palace Steamers of this Company.

All Ticket Agents sell by these Popular Lines. For State Rooms and further information, apply to

E. A. WALDRON, G. F. & P. A., Portland, Me.

I. B. COYLE, General Manager, Portland, Me.

C. E. LACHALER, Agent, St. John.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'89. Winter Arrangement. '90.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 30th DECEMBER, 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John,

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene, ... 11.10
Fast express for Halifax, ... 13.30
Express for Sussex, ... 16.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, .. 17.00

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 17.00, and take sleeping car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 17.00, will run to destination on Sunday.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John,

Express from Sussex, ... 8.30
Fast express from Montreal & Quebec, .. 11.10
Fast express from Halifax, ... 15.50
Day express from Halifax & Campellton, 19.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave, ... 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Dec., 1888.

WINTER SASHES.

The best and cheapest place to buy your WINTER SASHES is at

A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

If you want DOORS or BLINDS go to

A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

BALUSTERS & NEWEL POSTS, cheap at

A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

Lots of MOULDINGS at

A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.
Waterloo Street.

Factory—CITY ROAD.

The North American LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

New Business, 1889, - -	$2,700,000
Surplus on Policy Holders' Acc't, 1889, - - -	$380,000
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LARGE INCREASE IN BUSINESS!
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The North American points to its first nine years' record as unexcelled for sub-tantial progress by any company in Canada at a similar period in its history.

Secure one of the Company's popular Semi-tontine Investment Policies by applying to any of the Company's agents.

WELLS & RICHARDSON'S BUTTER COLOR,

15, 25 and 50c. Sizes.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,

49 King Street,

SAINT JOHN, - N. B.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE—A first-class man in every county to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We pay the highest salary and commission paid by any house in the business. Permanent position. Exclusive territory. Write for terms and particulars. Address, at once, STANDARD SILVER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill., or Toronto, Ont.

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CANADIAN BAPTIST HYMNALS

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Neatly Bound. Large Type. Latest collection and cheapest Hymn Book for Baptist congregations published. Send for catalogue of prices.

TRADE SUPPLIED.

GEO. A. McDONALD, Secy-Treas.

THE undersigned hereby give notice and certify that a certain limited Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, conducted under the firm name of "W. C. PITFIELD & Co.," for the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandize, and generally a wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business, which, by the certificate of Limited Partnership registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the City and County of Saint John in the said Province, the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1888, was to commence the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1888, and terminate the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1889, did terminate and is and was dissolved the said 23rd day of March, A. D. 1889.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD.
" SAMUEL HAYWARD.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, to wit:

Be it remembered that WARD C. PITFIELD and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to and the signers of the annexed notice and certificate, personally came and appeared at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, JOHN RUSSELL ARMSTRONG, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the said City and County of Saint John, and acknowledged the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said notice and certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the same.

Given under my hand at the said City of Saint John.

(Signed) J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG, J. P. City and County of Saint John.

THE undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify:

1. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "W. C. PITFIELD & Co."

2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandize, and generally a wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business.

3. That the names of all the general and special partners interested in said partnership are as follows:

WARD C. PITFIELD, who resides at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, is the general partner, and SAMUEL HAYWARD, who resides at the Parish of Hampton, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, is the special partner.

4. That the said SAMUEL HAYWARD has contributed the sum of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars as capital to the common stock.

5. That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1889, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the first day of January, A. D. 1895.

Dated this 27th day of December, A. D. 1889.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD.
" SAMUEL HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, ss.

Be it remembered that on this twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1889, at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, GEORGE B. SEELY, a Notary Public in and for the said Province, by lawful authority duly commissioned and sworn, residing and practising in the said City of Saint John, personally came and appeared WARD C. PITFIELD and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to and the signers of the annexed certificate, and in the said certificate mentioned, and severally acknowledged the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the said certificate.

In witness whereof, I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and Notarial Seal at the said City of Saint John, the said 27th day of December, A. D. 1889.

(L. S.) (Signed) GEO. B. SEELY, Notary Public St. John, N. B. ap16

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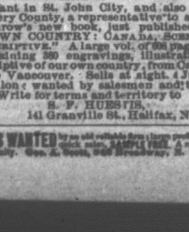

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