Poetry.

THE BRIDGE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling,
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to fill and bear them away.

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And, like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on the wave and sky.

How often, O, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have passed o'er the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,

The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

The Fireside.

THE MEREST TRIFLE.

BY ESTHER WARREN.

Molly sat curled up in the big easy chair, buried in *St. Nicholas*. She was fifteen, but if she lived to be a hundred she would never outgrow her fondness for that bright little magazine. Jessie was on the other side of the table reading, too, and Tom, seated Turk-fashion on the floor by the open fireplace, was engaged in cleaning the gun that was the pride of his life, and whistling under his breath a melody that experience, nothing more, told his sisters was "Bonny Blue Flag."

"Ow!" screamed Molly, looking up. "That gun's pointing right at me, Tom. Turn it away. Don't you even point the handle!"

"Pooh! it isn't loaded. Give me *St. Nick* and I won't."

"I want it myself. Take that horrid gun out of the library. It isn't the place for it anyway."

"Never point it at any one, Tom," remonstrated Jessie, "even if you're sure there is nothing in it, unless you mean to kill them. People are always shooting somebody and then pleading, didn't know' as an excuse."

Tom did not pay much attention to this speech. He was fourteen, and at that age boys have very erroneous opinions of themselves.

"You're the most disagreeable boy that ever lived," flashed quick-tempered Molly, at the bottom of the page, as the gun was again pointed at her pretty little nose.

"You're the most disagreeable girl."

"Now, Jessie, am I?" appealed Molly, pathetically. "Am I disagreeable just because I don't want my head blown off? That's like Tom. If you don't do everything he wants you to, you're cross and hateful. I really believe you don't like it because I don't offer myself as a target for you."

"Just the thing. You'd be of some use at last."

"You think everybody ought to give in to you. I wish your gun would blow up!"

"Hurrah for the Bonny Blue Flag!" sang Tom at his loudest.

"With you at the end of it," finished Molly, angrily.

"Girls think it sweet and ladylike to be scared. It's only affectation."

A sharp answer was on Molly's lips, but at that moment somebody called "Molly!" from upstairs. She jumped up quickly, too quickly, for her dress caught on the sharp corner of her chair, and an ugly little three-cornered rent was the result.

"Glad of it," said Tom, provokingly.

"Slip off your overskirt and I'll mend it for you," said Jessie, dropping her book.

"Will you? O, thank you! But its too bad for you to leave off reading. I guess I can fix it. I'll pin it."

"It won't take me long. There don't overwhelm me with gratitude," good-naturedly. "Such a trifle isn't worth it. Run along and see what mother wants."

Fifteen minutes later Molly came back, and the first object her eyes fell on was Tom seated comfortably in her chair, *St. Nicholas* in hand, a complacent smile on his lips that was not all born of enjoyment of "Under the Lilacs."

"Give me my chair, Tom Lassell. How hateful you are!" was on the tip of Molly's tongue, but at that moment Jessie handed her her torn dress neatly mended, and somehow, in the face of that little bit of ready kindness, she wasn't really able to be ill-natured, and so the sharp words were changed into a pleasant,—

"Well, you can have it, Tom, if you like. Aren't the pictures lovely this month?"

"Pooh! you know you couldn't help yourself," muttered Tom, but oddly enough, after that unusual forbearance, Miss Alcott's story didn't seem half so interesting. Was it owing to the withdrawal of the opposition that generally has a piquant charm for the best of us, or was it, could it have been, a little shame?

Being a boy of course he didn't say anything, but it may have had something to do with a tremendous knock the next morning at Molly's door before she was fairly up, and a voice that shouted through the keyhole,—

"I say, you hand out your boots and I'll bore the holes for your skates."

The door opened, and Molly, in dressing-sacque and hair over her shoulders, appeared, with a pair of stout little boots in her hand.

"I wish you would," she said, gratefully. "I bore them all crooked and wiggly. Take 'em quick, please; I'm in an awful hurry," hastening back to the glass.

Molly was so extremely apt to be in a hurry. She started in plenty of season—dear me, yes, but time had such a mysterious fashion of flying away. And this morning nothing went right. When Tom put back her boots she couldn't find the buttonhook. Then her comb lost itself behind the bureau, and in getting it out again, her hairpins got spilt in the open drawer. She didn't get down to breakfast until it was nearly over, and had only time to eat half a slice of toast before starting for school. Yet in spite of hurrying, when she got there it was after nine and lessons had begun.

How provoking it was, when she had firmly made up her mind not to be late again that winter!—though, to be sure, five minutes wasn't anything, and she did not see any need of Miss Hallock's looking so grave and talking so seriously about it. What possible difference could such a little thing make?—well, even if it had been the third time that month. It was the *habit*, not the actual time lost, Miss Hallock said, that was of importance. She didn't believe it!

Where was her dictionary? She was sure she had left it in her desk; and not one of her pencils had any point. Unlucky things always were happening to her anyway. In French she was called on for the only tense she didn't know perfectly. In history the very hardest part came to her. Then she found that she had forgotten her exercise-book in her hurry. How provoking it was! To-day was clearly one of her unlucky days. Everything went wrong, and from no fault of hers.

By recess Molly had worked herself into a decided ill-temper. Snapped at one girl for running against her, answered another sharply when she innocently asked her to lend her dictionary, and finally quarrelled with Ruth Lamberton, her dearest friend.

Molly began on a list of grievances, winding up with the declaration that Miss Hallock was "awfully cross to make a fuss about such a little thing." Ruth defended her warmly, and accused Molly of being out of temper. Molly retorted that she wasn't, and that Ruth thought nobody perfect but herself. Ruth was naturally a sweet-tempered girl, but this unfounded accusation was too much for her, and she answered,—

"You're twice as conceited as I am, Molly Lassell. I do think you can be the most disagreeable girl that ever lived when you choose, and you're cross as you can be to-day. You can eat your luncheon alone," walking away with much dignity.

Molly was on the point of marching off with equal stateliness in the opposite direction to join less perfidious friends, when Tom came up. Boys and girls all went to one school, taking recess together in the field back of the building, or walking up and down the road in front. It was very pleasant indeed in summer, for there was a brook with big trees overhanging it, at the bottom of the field, and the girls were in the habit of forming "clubs" and having a regular little luncheon spread out, by joint contributions, on the grass or big rocks. In winter, too, it was not bad, for it was much nicer to eat one's dinner in the open air than in the closed rooms, so at about noon, the road in front of the school presented a very animated scene.

"I forgot to bring my luncheon, Molly," said Tom. "Give us some of yours, won't you? I'm half starved."

"You're always forgetting it," returned Molly. It's downright mean to come to me every day. No, I won't."

Tom turned away; he never teased.

"All right," said he.

Molly looked after him half remorsefully. It was too bad for him to go without any luncheon—and how obliging he had been to her that morning, too. Was it possible—she was—a little bit cross.

"Tom, Tom," said a breathless voice at that young man's elbow. "You can have half just as well as not. Here," and there was Molly, bright and pleasant again, holding out to him a generous share of bread and butter, gingerbread, and a big orange, without mentioning it was the only one she had.

"You're a brick," said the recipient of this charity, gratefully. "I was on the verge of starvation. I say, Molly, don't you want to come skating on the swamp to-night?"

"It isn't frozen; we were going to the brook."

"Yes, it is. Bob Evans' father tried it for us last night, and we weren't going to tell the girls, but you can ask them if you like, and I'll make it all right with the fellows."

"Tom, you're lovely."

"Aint I!" beginning to peel the orange. "Have you just found out how altogether sweet I am? Mr. Evans is going to let us have his farm-wagon. Now mind you're sharp on time."

"Thank you—"

"What nasty things oranges are to eat!" observed Tom, cutting short his sister's thanks with graceful dexterity, and displaying ten yellow fingers. "The only fit place to eat them is the bath-tub."

Off rushed Molly to impart the pleasing news to Ruth, quite forgetting that that unlucky French verb would keep her after school till recalled to the fact by her commiserating friend,

"What shall I do!" groaned Molly. "The first skating we've had this year, too. I won't lose it, anyway," rebelliously.

"It's too far to walk. Let's ask them if they won't wait."

So, reinforced by a dozen other girls, they begged the boys to wait just a few minutes. They seemed inexorable at first, were determined to go the instant school was out, but Tom went over to the other side, and then they compromised matters by agreeing to wait fifteen minutes, not a second over.

Somehow, the troublesome verb was not half so hard when one really put her mind to it, and by dint of putting her fingers in her ears to keep out the sound of voices without, and keeping her eyes resolutely away from the window through which Mr. Evans' big wagon was visible, Molly knew the whole verb perfectly before the fifteen minutes were up.

The swamp was two miles off, and though the wagon was hardly large enough to contain the score or more of boys and girls, they all huddled in together, nobody minding in the least the discomfort and close quarters. It was all the more fu

The swamp was in splendid condition, just ha enough, and a glorious stretch of over a mile w open to them. On the whole Molly began to thin that her black day wasn't likely to be so very blac after all—thanks to Tom. And he was as nice could be after they reached the ice, too—fasten on her skates for her, and didn't scold very much when she ran into him a little while afterward and tripped him up.

"Girls always do that," he grumbled. "They don't know how to skate."

"Yes they do. Come, have a race now—over to the other bank," and away they both went.

Tom beat, but Molly didn't mind, and then they skated back cross-handed, the best of friends. The railroad track ran along a little way by the swamp in a high embankment, and before any of them realized it, the five o'clock train was whizzing past, the bright lights reflecting on the glittering ice.

"Must we go?" said Molly regretfully. "I'd like to keep on skating all night. It seems as though we'd only just got here. How mean it was of you boys to think of going alone.

"Well, you haven't been in the way," answered Johnny Lamberton, magnanimously. "On the whole we'd just as soon have had you."

"Have you had a good time?" asked Tom, coming up backwards with a flourish that went nigh to upsetting the whole party.

"Lovely, and a thousand times obliged for asking us, Tom," with grateful emphasis.

It was dark before the merry party reached the village, rather cold and exceedingly hungry, as they certainly had a right to be after a whole afternoon on the ice. It was pleasant to get into a warm room, and with a little sigh of satisfaction Molly drew up to the fire in her own pretty room. It was a very pretty room, in its soft blues and grays, and Molly looked a very pretty girl as she sat hugging her knees in the little low chair, her eyes and cheeks bright with the exercise of the afternoon, staring thoughtfully into the fire.

Badly as the day had begun, how pleasantly it had turned out, and it was really owing to Tom,—and that—and that—and Molly's thoughts had travelled back to the thundering rap at her door in the morning. Though she had had tact enough not to show it, she had understood perfectly that little expression of regret for the evening before. Why, how funny! And Molly was staring straight at a neat little triangular darn in her dress. A trifle, Jessie had called it. Was it, though,—was there such a thing, after all, as a trifle? Did everything "make a difference?" Was it possible that little things no one gave a second thought to, really had their influence on one's own life and those of other people? Perhaps like a pebble thrown into the water, it made circles that kept spreading out and out endlessly. And there might be circles underneath the water too.

Rather deep thinking for a girl of fifteen, but girls of that age are capable of pretty good thinking at times. By-and-by Molly jumped up and took a book down from the shelf,—a well-thumbed book, too, though she was only fifteen,—then went back to her chair—and her thoughts. And so deep was she buried in them that she did not even hear the tea-bell ring.

"Molly, Molly!" called Jessie's voice from below. "Come down. Tea's ready. Where are you? What are you doing?"

"Yes, I'm coming," said Molly, hurriedly. "I was reading."

But she had not turned the page, nor had her thoughts wandered very far from two lines,—

"How far that little candle throws its beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

WHICH LOVED BEST?

BY JOY ALLISON.

"I love you, mother," said little John,
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all the day was she,
Helping and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

—*Selected.*

THE LITTLE GIRLS' PRAYER MEETING.

Kitty was a romping, noisy, quick-tempered, impulsive child; but though she often tore her clothes, and broke dishes, and made trouble for her mother, she tried hard to be good, and used to pray every night and morning, asking God to forgive her sins and make her a good girl. When she was seven years old a minister moved into the neighborhood, and his little Nellie and Kitty soon became fast friends. Every day they went to the same school, and played together, and each soon learned that the other prayed and was trying to be good. One morning Kitty came bounding into the minister's house, shouting, "O, Nellie! Can't you"—when she saw a sight that stopped her feet and tongue, and brought a solemn hush upon her soul. The minister, his wife, and all the children, Nellie among them, were kneeling before their chairs, and some one was praying aloud. Kitty had never seen a family at prayer before, and she went out very softly. After that she used to watch Nellie while playing, and think, "I wish we had prayers like Nellie's folks."

One day during vacation, they were playing together, when Kitty suddenly stopped and asked, "Do *you* pray in the morning when your father does?"

"Yes. Don't you?" said Nellie.

"My folks never pray," said Kitty. "O, dear! I wish they did. It would help me so much to be good if anybody prayed with me; I get lonesome trying all alone."

"I'll pray with you," said Nellie. "Can't we have a little prayer-meeting all by ourselves?"

"Oh, yes," cried Kitty joyfully. "Let's go off where nobody can see us and have one now."

"Where can we go?" said Nellie. "Oh, I know; down by the thorn-bush back of the shed."

So, with their arms around each other, the two little girls went to that shady retreat hidden out of sight from the road and houses, and, kneeling down together, asked the good Lord to wash away their sins for Jesus' sake, and help them to be good children while at work or at play. After they had prayed a deep peace came into their hearts and, kissing each other, they parted and went to their homes—Kitty wondering at the quiet joy in her heart, and breaking into little snatches of song as she helped her mother about getting dinner.

"Can't we have a prayer-meeting every day?" was the first thing Kitty said the next time they met.

"I want to," said Nellie. "What time can we meet?"

"I can't come very early," said Kitty, "for I have to wash dishes and sew a 'stint' on patchwork every forenoon; but I get through by ten o'clock, generally, if I'm smart. When I cry and make a fuss I don't get through so quick."

Let's have it at eleven, then," said Nellie.

"And let's invite Annie to come, too," said Kitty. "She prays when she goes to bed. I know, 'cos I've slept with her."

So, after that, every fair day while vacation lasted, the little girls met at eleven o'clock and prayed together. Sometimes they sang a hymn, and sometimes Nellie would tell the others what her father or mother had said about Jesus, and the [illegible] school at night, in order to fit himself for missionary work in Africa. Ardent, industrious, and determined to serve God to the extent of his ability, he realized the desire of his heart. He went to Africa. There he toiled, in perils by day and by night, regardless of burning suns, or savage thirst for his blood. Africa must be opened to the gospel. On, on he labored, until mortal strength was exhausted. The manly form lost all its vigor, and the tired soul left the poor, worn body on the soil he loved so well. England brought back her dead from Africa. No imperial pomp attended his funeral, but his nation reverently laid him to sleep the last sleep where all her most honored dead lie—in Westminister Abbey, and all the Court of Heaven attended this funeral.

During an election in a certain locality a temperance canditate called upon a rumseller and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for the Evil One himself than for you," was the savage response. "Yes, I know," said the candidate, "but in case your friend should not be nominated, may I then count on your assistance?"

CHEESECAKE.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs very stiff, add eight ounces of sugar finely powdered and sifted, and eight ounces of sweet almonds, beaten fine or powdered. Beat all together carefully till very white. Line small patty pans with thin paste. Immediately before putting them into the oven melt a piece of butter the size of a walnut and add to them. Fill the patty pans two-thirds full and bake immediately. If the oven is too hot they will fall when taken out.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1879. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1880.

ON and after MONDAY, the 17th November, Trains will leave St. John as follows:—

	RAILWAY TIME.	ST. JOHN TIME.
EXPRESS for Halifax, connecting at Moncton with accommodation for North	7.55 A. M.	8.00 A. M.
ACCOMODATION for Point du Chene	11.45 A. M.	11.50 A. M.
EXPRESS for Quebec, connecting at Moncton at 5.40 following morning with through Express for Halifax	5.05 P. M.	5.10 P. M.
A SPECIAL FREIGHT will continue to leave for Sussex for the accommodation of passengers	6.30 P. M.	6.35 P. M.
WILL ARRIVE:		
EXPRESS from Quebec, and from Halifax, by connection at Moncton with 9.15 P. M. Express	9.25 A. M	9.30 A. M
ACCOMODATION from Point du Chene	2.30 P. M.	2.35 P. M.
EXPRESS from Halifax and points south of Campbellton	8.30 P. M.	8.35 P. M.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Express Train at 5.05 P. M., and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached at Moncton.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton,
14th Nov., 1879. nov21

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For further particulars, inquire of George I. Taylor, in Fredericton, or of

MRS. G. F. ESTEY,
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dec 26—tf—McL.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, PAINTS, BRUSHES, &c.

66 SACKS Java and Ceylon COFFEE; 89 chests and half-chests Congou and Oolong TEA; 16 boxes Motts' Brompton, Cocoa and Chocolate; 14 hhds Porto Rico and Barbados Sugar; 80 boxes Layer and Valencia Raisins; 10 bbls. Currants; 80 firkins Cumberland Butter; 14 tons Cheese; 80 doz. bottles Mixed Pickles, Sauces, &c; 50 doz. bottles Table Salt; 3 brls. Ginger; 2 cases Preserved Ginger; 20 sacks Rice; 20 brls. Oatmeal; 5 tons Pork; 40 quintals Codfish; 80 quintals Pollock; 400 sacks Coarse Salt; 50 Sacks Fine Salt; 3,000 bushels Oats; 8 tons Feed, 500 boxes Windsor Glass; 1 pipe Olive Oil; 9 casks Brandram's Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil; 130 kegs Brandram's Best White Lead and Colored Paints; a large assortment of Grainers and Fancy Colors, Lakes in Scarlet, Crimson, Purple, Carmine, &c.; 1 cask Carson's Anti-corosion Paint, 2 casks Fire Proof Paint; Paint and Wall Brushes, Sash Tools, White Wash, &c.; 25 packages Gold Leaf; London Copal Varnishes in tins and on draught; 25 boxes Extract Logwood; 1 ton Redwood; 25 brls. and casks of Lamps, Chimneys and Burners, with a general assortment of Groceries, Provisions, &c. For sale at market rates by

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PARKS' COTTON YARNS!

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

Nos. 5's to 10's.

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.

Made of good American Cotton with great care, Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Warp to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames, which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, used in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without leas—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

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Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.

WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.

All fast colors.

Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than it formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

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"Boys, be true to the Blue."

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A PERFECT FIT IN ALL THE LEADING STYLES GUARANTEED AT BOTTOM PRICES.

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OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878.

NO DISCOUNT to be allowed on American Invoices, until further notice.

J. JOHNSON,
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Ex Schr. "Arcilla"—

50 PACKAGES Lard; 100 Boxes Layer Raisins; 50 Bbls. Low Grade Flour.

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SHOULDER Braces, etc. T. B. Barker & Sons are Showing a very Superior Lot of Ladies' and Gents, Shoulder Braces, which will be sold at Low Prices.

Also, Abdominal Supporters, a very Fine Lot, including the Celebrated London Belt Supporter. Trusses, all Sizes and Styles, including the Hard Rubber, which are becoming very popular.

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200 BARRELS Golden Age, 200 bbls. Snowdrop, 100 bbls. White Rose, 100 bbls. Weston, 200 Tea Rose, 200 White Pidgeon, 100 Gilt Edge, 100 Three Bells, 200 Albion, 200 White Buns, 100 Major, 100 Amazon, 100 Reliable, 100 Buda and High Grade, 50 Merchants, 100 Spring Extra.

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MANCHESTER ROBERTSON & ALLISON are now showing all the Novelties in Dress Goods for Fall and Winter Wear. Also, the new Pompadour Trimming, Latest Styles in Ladies' Hats and Bonnets, New White Felt Bonnets, New London Walking Hats, New Tourist Felt Hats, New Plush and Beaver Hats, New Turbans, in Straw, Felt and Rough Felt. New and improved Styles in Corsets. Abdominal Corsets, and Nursing Corsets. New Wool Fringes for Dress Trimmings. Victoria Yarns, French Yarns, Germantown Yarns, Gossamer Waterproof Cloaks. French Kid Gloves, Two, Three and Four Buttons. Chenille Cords, the new Coronation Chenille, Lining Cottons, Silesias, Jeans and Jemettes, Ulster Cloths, Ulster Cloths. A Splendid Range of All-Wool Ulster Cloths at 85c. per yard. Red Comfortables—at very low prices.

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OUR Stock is now Complete in All Departments. New Goods are received by every Steamer.

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Prices from $60 to $900. Catalogues and price lists sent free. The largest Stock of ORGANS and PIANOS in the Lower Provinces. We refer to 500 of our Instruments sold in N. B. and N. S. during the last two years.

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