

# NG CLOTHS!

First Importation of Novelties in  
CLOAK CLOTHS, including

viots;  
Stripe Cheviots;  
Stripe Alice Cloth;  
Self-colored Box Cloths.  
Box Cloths, include Bottle Green, Olive,  
several shades, Browns, Navy and Myrtle.

Department will re-open on Monday, 4th inst.,  
and styles of OUTSIDE GARMENTS to order

with good work and style.

ERTSON & ALLISON.

# MOVEMENTS

COMPLETE,  
AND IN A FEW DAYS

We will be ready to extend a warm wel-  
come to all our old Customers, and to as  
many new ones as may favor us with a  
call.

We also beg to apologize to those Cus-  
tomers who, during the past three weeks,  
have found us in such a sorry plight as our  
store has presented while the alterations  
have been in progress.

As an off-set, however, we will in the  
future have a much better opportunity to  
display our wares, and we think all our  
Customers will appreciate the greater com-  
fort and convenience with which they will  
be able to inspect our large and varied  
stock.

Stoves and Kitchen Hardware,  
WILLIAM STREET.

es will be announced from time to time, as

# EN AWAY FREE!

CH 6th,

AT—

othing Store,  
ET SQUARE.

# ASER & CO.

NG OF WEDNESDAY, March 6, ONE of  
COATS; ONE of our CORSCREW  
coat), and ONE pair of our Two Dollar  
all first-class. The suit is good value at  
suit for Sixteen Dollars and Fifty cents.  
K HALL CLOTHING HOUSE, 5 MARKET  
T), any time not later than SATURDAY  
ame, and you will have a chance FREE OF  
ing either the coat, the pants and vest, or the  
more than ONCE.

by sending their name to us by letter or  
and have an equal chance. But no two  
e sender must write their own name to the  
SER & CO., No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

# D VALUE

ns; Ladies' and Children's Wove  
ock and Colored Cashmeres;  
rsey Coats, Embroidered  
rsey; Gent's Ribbed  
ns, etc., etc.,  
TO

neral Dry Goods Store,  
STREET. 179

matters, and the Reporter, semi-weekly,  
which is 45 years old.

If Editor Macmurt doesn't wake up and  
supplement the splendid advertising patronage  
extended to the Farmer by some live  
local matter, some of his friends in the  
newspaper business may bring him to his  
senses in a hurry.

The Farmer is to Fredericton, Wednes-  
day, what Progress is to St. John, Satur-  
day. People look to it for current local  
comments, and the more there are of them  
the better they are pleased. Mac is never  
in a rush, and never gets hurried. He gets  
to the office anywhere from 10 to 11 o'clock  
in the morning, and gives the people a  
chance to pay subscriptions and send in  
their new "ads." before he leaves. He is  
a happy and prosperous specimen of an  
editor and takes life easy, caring for little  
save that the Farmer goes to press some-  
time Wednesday and that the bills are paid  
Saturday. Politically his paper is Conser-  
vative, decidedly so in dominion politics,  
but not so pronounced in its opposition to  
the local powers. In fact there is a dim  
and hazy idea with many Frederictonians  
that the Farmer is on the local fence and  
very apt to tumble off on the right side.

The Capital has had a career of varied  
success. It was a weekly, then a tri-  
weekly, and again a weekly. The average  
newspaper man jumps to one conclusion  
when he sees the Capital: that there is a  
waste of good paper, good ink and fine  
presswork. With a considerable amount  
of work, which editor Cropley has never  
been able to put on it, the Capital should  
take no second place. It has age and an  
established reputation for reliability and  
cleanliness, and now that its owner has  
been wise enough to "drop the book busi-  
ness," it should, with plenty of attention,  
come rapidly to the front as a favorite  
organ of the people. It is always talked  
about, the citizens look for it regularly,  
and they should always find it full of crisp,  
fresh news.

## WHALEN-DUSENBURY.

AN ECHO OF THE WEDDING BELLS  
IN GUNVILLE.

The Nuptials of Josiah L., Second Son of  
Adonijah, and Albania, Youngest Daugh-  
ter of Zachariah's Eleven—The Guests, the  
Costume and the Ceremony.

The placid surface of life in Gunville  
settlement has been disturbed by a ripple  
of uncommon magnitude, this week. Those  
envious persons who were not invited may  
not regard it so, but all who were there  
pronounce the affair to have been beyond  
all question the leading society event of the  
season. It was a dazzling display of the  
talent and culture of Gunville—a majestic  
upheaval, in fact, of the Gunville upper-  
crust. Gunville is not a large community  
—or rather it is quite large on the map, but  
the people seem to maintain a distant re-  
serve towards each other, living about two  
miles apart as a rule, I should say. But we  
Gunvillians were always proud and sectional,  
so I suppose we will simply have to  
keep right on multiplying and replenishing  
till we fill up the gaps.

The event I allude to was the union of  
Albania May, youngest daughter of eleven  
of our esteemed citizen, Zachariah Dusen-  
bury, Esq., J. P., and pound-keeper to her  
majesty, and Josiah L., second son of six  
of our equally esteemed townsman, Adonijah  
Whalen, now deceased, and formerly  
deacon of the Freewill connection in Lower  
Gunville. Squire Dusenbury's palatial  
residence was the scene of a brilliant in-  
flowing of the blue blood of Gunville. The  
mansion was elegantly decorated at the  
front, by four large sunflowers, which  
bowed their blushing heads on either side  
of the front door; at each end, by a pyra-  
mid of turnips and potatoes, respectively,  
waiting to be rolled into the cellar; on the  
roof by Mr. Dusenbury's bridle feline  
Uncle Thomas, and second cousin Aunt  
Mariar, owned by the next door neighbor,  
John Elijah Whalen, son of the late Heze-  
kiah, while over the door was the beautiful  
motto worked in red paint, on a pine  
shingle, "All cattle run at large on the  
highway will be pounded by me! Zachariah  
Dusenbury, Esquire, Justis off Pease."

But it was inside the homestead that the  
main display was made. The walls of the  
parlor, where soon the fond Albania was to  
be absorbed into the being of Josiah L.,  
were strung around with greenery. Sur-  
mounting the cookstove was the motto, "E  
Pluribus unum," signifying that one of  
Zachariah's daughters was to be "hitched"  
but there were lots more to spare. Miss  
Huldy Handsome, our pretty little school-  
ma'am, Abijah Dusenbury's girl, composed  
that text and Abijah, who was a trustee for  
the district, put up another one, "Cave  
Canem," for he said if Josiah at the last  
minute should "cave" he would certainly  
come him. Over the back door was the  
motto, "God Bless our Home." Zachariah  
had had that motto a long time. Twice he  
was burnt out and that was all he saved  
from the wreck, but Mrs. Dusenbury, who  
was a regular snortin' radical, used to say,  
"I tell you, 'Riah, a good healthy insurance  
policy will bless your home more than all  
the pious mottoes twist here and Jericho."  
There was another text hung up which I  
had most forgotten. Huldy, the mischievous  
little critter, had hung up a string of onions  
over the settee where Josiah and Albany used  
to do their sparring, and they formed the  
words, "In onion there is strength," for  
Alby was mortal fond of that kind of fruit.

This was intended for a joke, but Josiah  
smothered down his bliss enough to scowl  
real wicked when he saw it.

As the wedding guests came in, the  
ladies embraced Mrs. Dusenbury and wept  
all over her at the loss of Alby, and the  
gentlemen sat down by the stove, stiff and  
solemn like with Zachariah, and asked each  
other how the crops were, how much pork  
they were going to kill, and how it was  
that the Society's Polled Angus bull which  
they got from the Stock Farm was sprout-  
ing out horns a foot long? While they  
were discoursing on these topics the ladies  
were hovering around the table admiring  
the elegant and costly presents which had  
been brought and sent to Alby. There  
was a nest of milk-pans presented by the  
mother of the bride; an axe-handle and a  
two-year-old heifer (the animal was tethered  
to the table), from Mr. Dusenbury; a rolling  
pin from the groom himself, which seemed  
to amuse that vixen Huldy very much; a  
picture of HATRACK, Meataxe and Abendigo  
from Mrs. Whalen, and three bushels of  
seed oats from Adonijah. Nehemiah  
Whalen's wife (daughter of Jedediah Harris  
by his second), contributed an elegant  
barrel of soft soap labelled, "While there's  
life there's soap." Zephaniah Harris,  
(brother to Jedediah and uncle-in-law to  
Nehemiah Whalen), sent a beautiful set of  
crochery with a tag inside of one of the  
articles marked, "When this you see, re-  
member me." Jeremiah Slocumb, brother-  
in-law to Nehemiah Whalen by the latter's  
first wife Deborah Slocumb, and step-  
brother to Zephaniah Harris by the latter's  
third wife Naomi Slocumb, and roadmaster  
for Upper Gunville, District No. 4, sent a  
charming pair of stockings to the bride  
striped with red at the bottom and spangled  
over the top with hornets worked in  
arrasene. Isaiah Slocumb, twin-uncle to  
Uriah Harris on his grandmother's side and  
adopted son of Nancy Slocumb by her  
present husband Jeremiah Slocumb, sent a  
lovely rat-trap mounted on cardinal plush  
and ready for business.

There were also displayed a portrait of  
General Grant; a large pine cradle with  
gross of paragon inside—this was sup-  
posed to have been sent for spite by a jil-  
ted lover of Alby's, Mordecai Hopper; a  
beautiful wash-tub and ringer; a sweet lit-  
tle dust-pan and duster, and a pair of Ply-  
mouth Rock chickens that had come over  
in the Mayflower with an ancestor of Asa-  
rah Z. Harris on his mother's side.

Suddenly an audible hush crept over the  
brilliant galaxy of brains and beauty.  
The groom and minister were at the door.  
There had been some speculation as to who  
the minister would be. Zachariah Dusen-  
bury and Adonijah Whalen, fathers of the  
bride and groom respectively, had been at  
sword's points on this subject. Being a  
Hardshell Baptist, the former leaned to-  
ward Rev. Gabriel Shouter of that persua-  
sion. Mr. Whalen on the other hand  
favored Rev. Caleb Hooper, the Methodist  
minister, who was continually pitching into  
Mr. Shouter. When the door was opened,  
however, it was seen that a compromise had  
been effected and that Rev. Silas Screecher  
of the Freewill connection of Lower Gun-  
ville, had been selected to perform the  
solemn rites. Behind Mr. Screecher came  
the groom, Mr. Josiah L. Whalen, who by  
the strangest coincidence in the world,  
reached the door just as Albania reached  
the foot of the stairs, and the two entered  
the parlor at once, supported by Jeremiah  
Slocumb and Tildy Jenkins as groomsman  
and maid. Rev. Silas entered the room  
bravely, but seeing the two-year old tied to  
the table, backed gracefully out of range of  
that restive animal. Mr. Dusenbury stood  
up to give away his daughter. "Let us  
sing," said the Rev. Silas, "and all join in,"  
and with that he struck up and we all  
chimed in as follows:

Some timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross that narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink  
And fear to launch away.

Josiah L. seemed to think the tune was  
aimed at him somehow, for he looked more  
confused than ever, while Albania shivered  
away like a cornstalk in October. Presen-  
tly the reverend gentleman called "time,"  
and they sprang for "holts." They took  
a regular sidekick grip, two hands clinched  
in front and the other two around each  
other. Soon they were harnessed to-  
gether for the wrestle of life stronger and  
faster than a man ever struck an axe into  
a tree. Before we could realize it, all was  
over, and—just then the two-year-old  
heifer broke loose, upset the table and all  
the fixings, and with the rat-trap unac-  
countably fastened to his tail, darted under  
the stern-posts of the Rev. Silas! She  
swept away his stanchions in a jiffy, and  
down went the unfortunate man into the  
soap barrel that stood behind him. Ze-  
phaniah Harris seized the animal by the  
horns, and his brother, Jed, jilpoked him  
into the corner with the axe-handle. Old  
"Nije" Whalen seemed to be stunned at  
first, but finally he ran and picked up  
Tildy Slocumb, who had fainted on the  
floor, and, assisted by the groom, hauled  
the reverend out of the soap. At length  
the fractious brute was secured and placed  
in the pound by Mr. Dusenbury. The  
Rev. Silas Screecher disappeared. In a  
short time order was restored, although  
every one looked as though a daring at-  
tempt had been made to undermine the  
foundations of the social fabric.

I declare I had clean forgotten the cos-  
tumes, but Huldy Handsome hadn't, as  
she handed me the following list:

Bride: French merino dress, with seven  
flounces; turkey red travelling shawl;  
ornaments, old gold ear-rings, hair and  
freckles to match.

Mrs. Dusenbury: Alpaca gown; patent  
leather surcingle; bandana handkerchief  
and corns.

Mrs. Whalen: Delaine dress; trimmings,  
colored beads; ornaments, gutta percha.

Tildy Jenkins: Blue homespun travelling  
suit (imported clean from Harvey); Queen  
Anne bustle; pink veil, with mole nose  
and chain to match. Flowers, marigolds  
and bean blossoms.

Mrs. Jed Harris: Brocade lustre, nine  
flounces; three large rings on middle  
finger; striped hose and kid slippers; nose  
on bias with eyes to match.

Sophy Slocumb: Calico, plain; Russia  
leather marmalade; poke bonnet trimmed  
with elephant's breath; hollyhocks.

Mrs. Nije Whalen: Mother Hubbard, a  
la Pokioik; crushed strawberry trimmings;  
head-dress, "busted" tomato. Ornaments,  
bone.

At 9 a. m. the wedding cortege sat down  
to a hasty dejeuner. Josiah L. would bite  
a pickle and then hand it to Alby, and then  
Alby would shyly shove her preserves over  
to him to taste. But his pickles and her  
preserves was just the same as her'n and  
his'n respectively, and why they did this I  
don't know, but it certainly seemed a pow-  
erful soothing process to them both. And  
sometimes she would look with her eyes  
into Josiah's as if he wasn't going to last  
more than one more minute at the most.

It took an hour to get away with the hasty  
dejeuner, and then the loving pair hand in  
hand departed on a brief but comprehen-  
sive honeymoon. They will take in Pokioik  
Falls and all the other fashionable resorts  
in the parish. They left Gunville this  
morning in Nehemiah Whalen's oxcart, and  
Mrs. Dusenbury, thoughtful soul, threw an  
old slipper after them that will save them  
the expense of taking a trunk. They will  
stop at Squire Uriah Parsons' boarding-  
house tonight. Tomorrow they will reach  
Pokioik where they will stop two days with  
Aunt Mariar Slocumb, and then they will  
return to Gunville, making the most im-  
posing tower seen in Gunville since the  
year of the cholera.

## SO THEY WERE MARRIED.

A COUNTRY WEDDING MORE THAN  
FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Old Folks Didn't Assist Very Joyously  
at the Union of Tom and Susan, but all  
the Neighbors Came In and Everybody  
Else Was Happy.

While reading a description of a recent  
grand wedding in the cathedral, my mind  
went back to the days of 40 years  
ago, when a wedding was something  
to be remembered, and when people con-  
sidered themselves fortunate to receive an  
invitation. Then the guests were not  
politely blackmailed into giving presents,  
nor were they expected to appear in  
elaborate toilets. There was lots of fun  
for the young folks, and pleasant news and  
gossip for their elders, for Mrs. Blisters  
from Queensbury met her old friend, Mrs.  
Shorts, from Nashwaak, and indulged in  
confidential conversation. No one thought  
of declining an invitation to a wedding,  
and often a wagon load would drive from  
Gagetown, or even Long Reach, to Kings-  
clear, or wherever the festivities took  
place.

I have one of those old-time weddings in  
my mind now. The bride was the daugh-  
ter of a wayside innkeeper, and the groom  
was the hostler in the same establishment.  
There had been some opposition on the  
part of the parents to the match. They  
thought Susan might "look higher" than  
to take Thomas, who had recently arrived  
from the old country, and had nothing but  
his good looks to recommend him. How-  
ever, as Susan had a will of her own, they  
were obliged to make the best of it. Verbal  
invitations were sent round to the neigh-  
bors and friends, by a boy on horseback,  
who, on arriving at the required house,  
rapped at the door with his whip handle,  
without dismounting, and shouted:

"Hello, there! I've brung you a bid to  
the weddin' at Crow's. Old man Crow and  
old lady Crow's give in, and the young  
folks are going to be spliced to-morrow.  
Tell ye what there'll be lively times at the  
tavern. Yer to come at early candle  
light!" he yelled, and started off at a  
gallop.

On our arrival the next evening, we  
found the barn full of horses and the yard  
full of wagons, and on stepping inside it  
was almost impossible to get through the  
crowd. The parlor was not a very large  
room, and it was literally packed with  
human beings. A couple of young men  
were trying to urge their way through the  
mass of humanity with chairs that had been  
borrowed from the neighbors. "Just set  
on my lap, Mrs. Selkies," a good-natured  
dame would say to a friend. "I guess not,"  
Mrs. Grits, I'm most too heavy; besides,  
I'd muss your dress." Everybody was on  
the tip-toe of expectation, and there were  
numerous inquiries as to where "they"  
were likely to stand, it being the ambition  
of each to face the bridal party. The  
bride's mother, a very stout old lady, in a  
reddish-brown cobourg dress, a large linen  
color and a lace cap, trimmed with white  
ribbons, sat on a splint-bottomed chair  
near the fire, while a young girl, with very  
creaky shoes, and arrayed in a pink calico  
dress, fitted in and out, and conversed in  
whispers with the old lady.

Presently the bridal party made their  
appearance. The groom wore a short-  
waisted, scant-tailed coat, and a very  
elaborate vest of many colors. His hands  
were encased in his first pair of gloves,  
which must have felt like handcuffs. The  
bridesmaid, who came in with him, looked  
and felt very important. The groomsman,  
a sheepish-looking little fellow, blushing  
scarlet, then entered with the bride, who  
was at least a head taller than him. Her  
dress was a white checked muslin, with low  
neck and long sleeves. A bow of pink  
satin ribbon, with long ends fastened to the  
front of her dress, did duty as a bouquet.  
Her black hair was in a twist at the back,  
and she wore three curls on each side in  
front. A white ribbon was carried round  
the twist, and ended with a bow and ends  
at the back of her neck.

The "Squire" was on hand to perform  
the ceremony, but, from want of practice,  
perhaps, or nervousness, he made several  
mistakes, and had to turn back once or  
twice, but that was a trifle, and did not  
matter.

The old lady sighed frequently and  
sniffed in the corner, and occasionally  
groaned, "She is lost to me now!" The  
old man remained in the bar-room, who  
he had to himself, and regaled himself  
with some choice "Jamaky sperrets,"  
which he kept for state occasions. It was  
only when the honeymoon came to a stand-  
still that he was hurried up to give away the  
bride.

At the conclusion of the ceremony every-  
body shook hands with the bride and  
groom, and wished them much joy. The  
old lady unbent sufficiently to kiss the bride  
and wish them both "luck," and then wad-  
dled back to her seat. Evidently she was  
not being entertained. Presently cake and  
liquor were handed round, and great was  
the clatter as the attendants in the kitchen  
washed the tumblers after one lot had par-  
taken so that they might do duty for others,  
there not being enough to go round. After  
this refreshment most of the men repaired  
to the bar-room to hear and give news,  
and several horses were "swooped" during  
the evening. In about an hour tea was  
handed round. There were seven kinds of

## DRESSMAKING.

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nection with their business, which is under the man-  
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giving universal pleasure and satisfaction.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

SOLE AGENTS for that REMARKABLE KID GLOVE 64c.

cake, sage cheese, light bread and biscuit,  
to which every one did ample justice.

Then the real entertainment began.  
There were plays by the dozen. "I won a  
rich widow," "Oats, peas, beans," "Here  
come three landlords out of Spain," spinning  
the plate and forfeits, which was funniest of  
all. The young men generally aimed to  
kiss the bride and nearly always accom-  
plished it, rather to her disgust, till the  
groom came to her rescue and declared that  
there had been enough of that and the  
next one would have to kiss him, a remark  
which was considered very witty.

Before separating the bridesmaid was  
called on to sing "The Bride's Farewell,"  
which she did in a very high key, to great  
applause. Then everybody shook hands  
with Tom and Susan, who were "staying  
on" for a while, and wished them joy over  
again. Thus ended a country wedding of  
over 40 years ago.

## AN EQUITABLE TONTINE POLICY.

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Here is the result September 15, 1888:  
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return in cash to the policy-holder of  
\$122.45 for each \$100 paid in premiums,  
and is in addition to the protection fur-  
nished to his family of \$10,000 of assurance  
during the fifteen years. He could have  
taken a paid-up policy for \$15,860. This  
would secure a return in cash to the policy-  
holder's heirs of \$295.70 for each \$100  
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JEWELRY made to order and repaired.  
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Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.  
Horse and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-out  
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## NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing January 7, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-  
COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

18.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston  
and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrew,  
St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle,  
Grand Falls and Edmundston.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.  
13.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and inter-  
mediate stations.

18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland,  
Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houl-  
ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.  
Bangor at 16.45 a. m.; Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p.  
m. Sleeping Car attached.

Sanctuary at 11.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon.  
Woodstock at 11.20 a. m.; 18.40 p. m.  
Houlton at 11.15 a. m.; 18.40 p. m.  
St. Stephen at 19.15 a. m.; 19.45 p. m.  
St. Andrews at 19.20 a. m.  
Fredericton at 17.00 a. m.; 12.50 p. m.  
Arriving in St. John at 16.45; 11.00 a. m.; 14.00  
p. m.

LEAVE CALETON FOR FAIRVILLE.  
18.25 a. m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from  
St. John.

13.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from  
St. John.

## EASTERN STANDARD