"Footsteps fall—
[illegible] they are not his.
[illegible]rts and listens for a sound
That sweetest music is.
He comes—and with a sudden thrill
And heart-beat loud and clear,
She does not hear, she does not see—
She feels that he is near;
And coyly lifting to his face
Her eyes of heavenly blue,
She murmurs in love's softest tones,
"My darling, is it you?"

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Again she listens. Footsteps reach
And footsteps pass her door.
She listens, but her needle flies
More swiftly than before.
She hears at length the tread that time
And cares are making slow,
And with a start that sends her chair
Hard rocking to and fro
Springs to the landing, and with voice
More shrill than any flute's,
She screams, above the balustre,
"Augustus, wipe your boots!"

—*Man without a Wife.*

Charlotte Milwood's Wedding.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES.

(Conclusion.)

"This is a dangerous situation," he thought, "and if I stay here I may reasonably expect to be hanged to-morrow as a spy. If that fellow Andy had been attentive to his duty I should have had help ere this. Ah, if the boys could only know my situation, I would not long be in this dilemma. Their good bayonets would bring me clear if nothing else could."

Soon the sound of music was borne on the breezes of the summer evening, and came in at the window. He paused in his walk and listened. There was no mistaking it, and with a more rapid and troubled pace he resumed his walk.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, "why am I kept here like a caged bird while this fearful sacrifice is going on? That music comes from the home of Norton, and beguiles the gathering guests till the hour for the ceremony shall arrive. One hour more of this imprisonment, and I shall not care for freedom or for life, for Charlotte will have immolated herself on the altar of Mammon, and be lost to me for ever. Andy, Andy, if you fail me now I am a ruined man." So at one moment thinking of Charlotte, at another the gross insult which he had received from Norton, and again of the ignominious death which awaited him unless deliverance speedily arrived, he walked over the stone floor till he was tired.

He sat down at the window and looked out. The villager who had been left to guard the prisoner, was sitting on a rail not far off, with his back to the building. Captain McPherson thought he saw something on the ground between himself and the villager, which appeared to move. A closer inspection revealed to him the fact that it was a man, creeping on hands and knees.

"Andy, as I live, thought the captain, grasping the bars and pressing his face closer in his eagerness to see.

The unsuspecting villager suddenly received a stunning blow from behind, and as he reeled from his seat was caught in the arms of the new comer, and bound and gagged before his senses were fairly restored to him.

"Ah, by the powers, I have ye now!" was the exclamation of the assailant. "I'll not hurt ye at all, but ye can lay there a bit till Captain Mac is out of your dirty jail."

"Good boy, Andy," cried the captain, from the open window; "well done, by my faith. You shall have a good time for this when we get back to New York. Come and let me out, for time is precious. I thought you had deserted me."

"Deserted ye, is it? By St. Patrick, but ye'll never see that day. Wasn't I there on the green, an' wouldn't I have rescued ye then, but the rogues were more numerous than I was meself. Have at ye, captain, ye'll soon be in the blessed air again."

The captain was speedily set free, and the villager, unharmed but gagged, was laid on the straw in the cell and locked up. As Andy and the captain left the place, the latter asked,—

"And where are they, Andy? Did you let them know?"

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Mac. Sure if I had gone for them I would not have been here."

"All right by brave fellow. But come, we must hurry to the wharves, and you shall take a boat and get the boys. Now not another word till I tell you to speak, for there is danger yet."

Not a living being did they meet as they went along in the darkness to the almost deserted wharves. They reached them, but there were no vessels to be seen, save one which lay out in the stream, and which had arrived that day. Only her dim outline was visible on the water in the distance. She was professedly laden with merchandise, but had the colonists really known what some of her huge packages in her hold contained, there would before then have been a lively time on foot.

The captain and Andy paused before a warehouse, on the front of which was the sign, "Henry Norton, shipper and trader." While the captain sat in the shadow of the building, the rough and ready Andy took a boat and rowed away toward the vessel in the stream.

* * * * *

At Norton Hall, meantime, the preparations for the wedding had been completed. The parlors were crowned with as brilliant an assembly as had ever been convened there. Officers of the colonial forces, visiting, or home on leave, magistrates and dignataries of the county, gentlemen of wealth and leisure, and industrious yeomen had gathered to the place with their relatives and lady friends. The music was the sweetest and best to be had in the town, and all was as gay as a dream of fairy land. The minister stood up and waited for the bride and groom.

"Come," said Henry Norton, entering the little side room where Charlotte was Seated. "They are all ready for us." At the same time he held out his hand to her.

She rose as he spoke and stood with folded arms looking down, as if she had not noticed his out-stretched hand. He looked suspiciously at her.

"Can she really be thinking of this McPherson?" he said to himself. "It cannot be, for I know she treated him like a dog a year or two ago when he stayed among us. No matter, he will be dead before this time to-morrow night."

"It is too [illegible] Oh, what a fool I have b[illegible] Charlotte to her-[illegible]t now." Then [illegible] the extend-[illegible] of Henry [illegible]ut her [illegible] am

whisper of admiration ran around the room as they behind her so attractive. The color of her cheeks was brighter than usual, and she studiously kept her eyes fixed upon the floor. The minister, in the usual form, called upon all persons who had objections to the marriage to stand forth and declare them. There was no response, but as he looked at the bride, he saw a shudder pass over her frame, and thought he detected a single roll down her cheek. Therefore he repeated the warning.

A look of impatience crossed the bridegroom's features, but he said naught. A deep stillness pervaded the room, partially caused by wonder at the unusual course of the minister making the repetition.

The silence of the place was startingly broken by a voice from the entry, crying loudly,—

"In the name of honor and truth I forbid the banns."

Every eye turned toward the door. A man in a cloak forced his way through, regardless of ladies' skirts and gentlemen's elbows, and as he violently threw threw his cloak and hat to the floor, he again cried out, "I forbid the banns!"

A dozen voices exclaimed in tones of surprise, "Captain McPherson!" and to many a cheek the hot blood of anger leaped up as the beheld the British officer appear in their midst in full uniform, for since his escape from the jail he had in some way changed his coat, and now stood before them with his glittering epauletteess on his shoulders, and arrayed in scarlet and gold.

"Arrest him, he is a spy," shouted the bridegroom, coming furiously forward. "Take him away from here."

Sevaral colonial officers moved toward McPherson, but quicker then they Charlotte sprang to his side, and stretching out her arms, cried,—

"No, no, do not touch him! He is no spy; he came from New York to see me."

"Hold, gentlemen, hold!" said a magistrate; violence is unnecessary. He is safe enough here and cannot escape. Let us hear what he has to say."

"I thank you, Mr. Grainger," was McPherson's courteous response to the magistrate. "What I have to say will be short. Know you one and all, that I love this fair lady. All my old friends of two years since are certainly aware of the fact. Hearing that she was to be wedded and despizing the danger of being arrested and hung as a spy, I have come to save her. I see around me officers in the continental service. Gentlemen, brave and honorable soldiers, whom I respect as acquaintances, whom I honor as foes, I tell you, as I tell all, that Henry Norton is unfit to mate with this fair woman. He is a traitor, doubly-dyed, he has sold your interests again and again for gold. I have been my general's deputy in gaining information from him, and I have bought and sold him like dirt."

"It is false, infernal liar!" shouted Norton, rushing upon him. "You vile spy, you will not succeed in your plot to tear from me my bride. You shall expiate your lies upon the gallows. "Seize him, gentlemen."

But Charlotte impulsively interposed and checked the progress of Norton, and other persons interfered.

"Oh, George," she said, turning to McPherson; "why did you come here? They will hang you, I know they will." There were tears in her eyes, and they were noticed by more than one bystander, who heard her words.

"Fear not for me, dear Charlotte," was the smiling response of the daring captain, putting his arm around her trembling form a moment. "I am safe, only this tory, Norton, is in danger."

"Ah, Captain McPherson, if I thought he was what you say!" she said with a perplexed air.

"I say that Norton is a tory and traitor," said McPherson; "and I can prove it. Mr. Grainger, here are papers taken from his counting-room on the wharf this very night. They are in in his handwriting and reveal his guilt."

The magistrate took the papers which Captain McPherson drew from his bosom.

"Give me those, they are my private property and no man has a right to look at them. Give them to me, Mr. Grainger, I say."

As Norton said this he tried to tear the papers from the magistrate, but the latter put them behind him, and cried,—

"Gentlemen, protect me. This is a serious charge, and must be looked into."

The furious Norton was restrained by several persons, and the magistrate began to read the manuscripts, regardless of the struggles and remonstrances of the writer.

"Gentlemen," remarked Captain McPherson, very pleasantly, "my mission is ended, and with your leave I will retire."

"No, no, do not let him go!" exclaimed Norton. "Mr. Grainger, it is your duty to order his arrest."

"Captain McPherson," said the magistrate, "for the information contained in these letters, whatever your motive, we are deeply grateful, but still I feel it is my duty to order your arrest and also that of Norton. Gentlemen, they must be committed and tried for their lives, the one for appearing among us without a flag of protection, which constitutes him a spy, the other as a traitor."

"Oh, do not say so, Mr. Grainger!" cried Charlotte, cling close to Captain McPherson, and looking up in his face. "George, dear George, if they kill you I shall die, for it is all my fault."

A smile of pleasure and triumph came over Captain McPherson's face, for all present heard these words, and they were the first confession of love for him which had fallen from her lips. He pressed her close to him, and kissing her forehead said,—

"You did not talk so two hours ago."

Everyone in the room wandered at the case, self-possession and reckless disregard of consequences manifested by Captain McPherson, whom they all knew stood in imminent danger of being hung on the morrow as a spy.

"Am I to understand that you will not permit me to retire in peace?" inquired Captain McPherson.

"I am most sorry to be compelled to deny you that privilege," returned Mr. Grainger. "I honor and respect you, Captain McPherson, but the voice of my struggling country cannot be disobeyed. You must be tried for your life."

"Then I am under the painful necessity,' returned the captain, releasing Charlotte and smiling courteously on all around, "of imploring pardon from the ladies, and of entreating them not to be alarmed at what will follow."

He placed a whistle to his lips, and blew a thrill and piercing note.

"Whoorish, boys, the captain wants ye," was the cry which sounded from outside the window, in the rich brogue of the Emerald Isle; "hurry up to the fare as quick as ye can."

At the same time Andy came dashing in through the open window, and stood by the side of Captain McPherson with a cocked pistol in his hand. But the captain took it from him and put it in his belt, before any one of the surprised American officers could interpose.

"The British! the British!" was now shouted outside the house. "Forward, my men!" came a hoarse command borne in to the hearing of the assembled guests.

There was a rush of feet upon the piazzas and in the entries, and with a wild yell there poured in at every casement and at every door of the splendid parlors, scores of British sldiers, with their scarlet coats and bearskin caps, and bayonets glittering in the light of the numerous lamps. Half a dozen epauletted British officers gathered around Captain McPherson.

The ladies screamed in dismay and huddled together in the centre of the parlors. The gentlemen appeared angry and knit their brows, and the American officers looked at each other as if they had a partial idea of resistance. Such thoughts were vain, for every gentleman in the room clad in holiday attire was more than matched by a bayonet with a scarlet uniform behind it.

"Order, men!" was the command of McPherson, and all was still. The encircling lines of British soldiers stood like statues, and the guests awaited in silence the next step of Captain McPherson. "Arrest that man!" said he, pointing to Norton, and the latter with two pistols at his head was forced to surrender at discretion, and suffer himself to be bound; he was then forced out into the entry. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, my duty is done. I have shielded my sweet Charlotte from the evil which threatened her, and I doubt not that if you well search this house and his places of trade, you will find abundant proofs of the treason of Norton. That should not have been revealed had he not also this night turned traitor to the king, and before you saw me, treacherously caused my arrest. Take notice, one and all, that I have come hither in no warlike spirit, that not a soul has been injured by my men, and not a piece of property taken except those papers which we broke into Norton's storehouse to secure. There is a lad in your lockup whom you will need to release. We came in peace, and so we shall go in peace, unless you attack us on onr way, for which, however, we are fully prepared. Allow me to bid you all farewell." He then turned to Charlotte and whispered, taking her hand. "Dear Charlotte, are you not willing now to confess your love for me?"

"Yes," she replied, looking up into his face with a pleased air, for she rejoiced at his unexpected deliverance, "you know I am."

"And will you promise to be mine?"

"Yours, George, and no others's, if you can forgive my heartless conduct toward you."

"I accept the condition, and forgive you a thousandfold," was the reply. "Let us seal the compact with a single kiss, and then I must go, for unless I haste your countrymen will gather by hundreds on my track, and on this joyful evening I wish no blood shed."

So the bold soldier, in the presence of them all, did as he had suggested, and left her blushing but happier than for many a month.

"Withdraw the men," said he to his lieutenants, "we must retire speedily." The soldiers filed out. Captain McPherson was the last to leave, and he turned in the door and said, "Gentlemen, you thought me a spy; I have proved myself a soldier, and I hope an honorable man."

At quick step the corps sought the wharf, they rowed to their vessel and then sailed out of the harbor. They saw signal fires blazing on the hills, but within a hour they were in safety on the deck of a British brig of-war which had been beating about the mouth of the harbor all day.

That night the traitor Norton eluded the vigilance of his captors, sprang overboard from the British brig, and under cover of the darkness swam ashore. He did not dare to return to the village, where his villany had been so strangly revealed, for fear of a traitor's death. He joined and took command of a band of tories, and during Arnold's bloody incursion, upon that coast he was killed in an attack which he made on the town in the hope of gaining possession of the person of Charlotte.

**** **** **** ****

One year more and the brave Captain McPherson came back to the town, under a flag of protection which the townsmen and the American officers who had been present on that eventful evening, had obtained for him. He wedded the fair and stately Charlotte with the people's good will, for he had resigned his commission, determined to fight no more against the brave countrymen of his bride. He and Charlotte went to England to his patrimonial estate, till the war was over, and then returned and settled in Charlotte's old home in the embowered village of the Connecticut shore where he had so gallantly won her.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Southern papers record how just before the hanging of a man in Alabama, the band played "Dixie" and "The Girl I left behind me." This band had a good deal of brass.

Mary had a liver pad,
Which acted as condenser,
And every time that Mary eat
She thought she had dyspepsia.

The Widow Oliver will appear as a literary character soon, taking as her theme the tortuous course which true love ran between her and Simon Cameron. —*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Mary bought some Carboline,
And rubbed it on her head;
Her mother yanked her ear
Because she lied the bed.

An orator who was much in demand in political campaigns, being asked by an admirer the secret of his success, replied: "When I have facts I give 'em facts; but when I haven't, I yell and saw the air."

Every man has a right in this free country to blow his nose, but it should be made a penal offence to imitatate a saw-mill explosion in doing so. We need a nicer adjustment of things in this world.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

"Whoa, Em"—Bang! went the officer's revolver, and the guttersnipe rolled over in the dust and clawed the ground in his mortal agony. Next day the officer was elevated to the rank of sergeant. Gentle reader this happened in Utopia.

Hartford *Times*: A little five-year old boy, residing with his parents in the Cheney block, was asked by a lady a few days since for a kiss. He immediately complied, but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hands across his lips, remarked, "Ah, but you are rubbing it off." "No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder. "I am rubbing it in!"

Climo's ever-popular Photographs, at liberal prices, are made at 13 Charlotte street (Jack's building). His beautiful prize stereoscopic views (all saved) of New Brunswick scenery, and St. John before the fire, can also be had at above address and of dealers.

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AUGUST 17th, 1878.

To clear for our Fall Importation, A
GENUINE REDUCTION
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Remnants of RICH BLACK SILKS, from 3 to 20 yards wide, slightly spotted, will be sold at the above reduction.
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Remnants of COLOURED LUSTRES and DRESS GOODS,
Remnants of 7-4 LUSTRES,
GREAT BARGAINS.
Remnants of SCOTCH and CANADIAN TWEDS.
Remnants of GREY and WHITE COTTONS.
Remnants of PRINTS and SHIRTINGS.
Remnants of OSNABURGS' TICKS and TOWELINGS.
JOB LOTS OF
Gloves and Hosiery.
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CHEAP SHIRTINGS, &C
In addition to our Cheap Sale of
DRESS GOODS,
We have to-day marked down
FANCY SHIRTINGS, to 8 cents a yard (good patterns and full widths);
MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS, to 35 cts. each
MEN'S UNDERSHIRTS, (Ribbed) to cts. each;
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GOOD CANADIAN TWEEDS, all wool to 65 cts. a yard;
OTHER FINE CLOTHS, corresponding low.
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50 BBLS. ENGLISH WHITING;
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4 cases WYETH'S ELIXIRS;
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4 cases AYER'S HAIR VIGOR;
4 cases HALL'S HAIR RENEWER;
10 carboys SULPHURIC ACID;
10 " MURIATIC ACID;
11 cases Holloway's Pills and Ointment;
4 bbls. Tilden's Extracts and Pills;
4 cases Maury's Fine Colors;
4 cases Druggists' Bottles;
Wholesale and Retail by
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A LARGE & WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF
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I RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the public to my Large and Varied Assortment of
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The above will be made up in the most Fashionable Style and at shortest notice on the most reasonable terms. Also, a nice selection of Gent's Furnishing Goods.
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By the Board of Education.

THE Board of Trustees of any School District is hereby empowered to provide from the School Funds under its control Prizes not exceeding a first, second and third prize, in any School Term, for each School or Department, and according to such conditions and regulations as may be prescribed by the Board of Education, provided that no such Prize shall be awarded in respect of proficiency in particular subjects of the School course, or the discharge of particular School duties,—41 Vict. cap. 35, sec. 10.

In pursuance of the above enactment of the Legislature, the Board of Education has been pleased to prescribe the following conditions and regulations—which are to be carefully observed by Boards of Trustees and Teachers—respecting the offering and awarding of the School Prizes therein authorized:—

1. The offer of the Prizes and the conditions of their award set forth below (in Sections 2 and 3) shall be announced to the school, or department, on or before the first day on which it may be in session in any Term.

2. The following shall be regarded as the STANDARD for every member of the School:—Prompt attendance at each school sitting; unexceptionable conduct while subject to the Teacher's supervision, whether in the school-room or elsewhere; industrious application in the discharge of every school duty; and excellence of Scholarship in the subjects of prescribed study, according to the pupil's assignments in the course of instruction pursued in the school.

3. The Teacher shall assign a fixed numerical value to the above Standard (say 5 or 10) for each half-day (or for each day) *to be available in respect of those pupils only who are present;* and the Teacher shall accordingly at the close of each half-day, or of each day, determine and record at the time what abatement is to by made for any half-day (or day) from this standard figure on account of tardiness, improper conduct, want of application or imperfect scholarship. At the close of the calender month the Teacher shall make entry in the School Register (page 8 or 10) of the sum of the Standard figures (or parts of them) retained for the month by each pupil, and the aggregate of these monthly entries shall be regarded as the pupil's School Standing for the Term.

4. At the close of the Term the Teacher shall present a written report, under his signature to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, stating (1) the names with the School Standing for the Term annexed to each, of the pupils having first, second and third positions; and (2) the name of any pupil who, while a member of the school, or department, was unavoidably absent, and whose actual average daily standing being allowed for such days of absence, not exceeding five in one case, would make his school standing for the Term equal to that of a pupil whose name shall have been reported in the foregoing statement (1.) The Secretary of the Trustees shall keep the Teachers report on the file for a period of at least two years.

5. The Board of Trustees shall award the Prizes to the pupils having the highest School Standing for the Term; and in making the awards the Trustees may, in their discretion, take into consideration, but only within the limitations specified in Section 4, the case of any pupil unavoidably absent from school.

6. The Board of Trustees shall determine the nature and value of all Prizes, and shall exercise a responsible care that no Prize be of a character excluded by the provisions of Regulation 33, or by Section 102 of the School Act.

7. The Prizes shall be publicly presented through the Board of Trustees at, or subsequent to, the close of the Term, at such time and place as the Trustees shall determine; and the Trustees may invite, in their discretion, gentlemen resident and non-resident to present the Prizes to the winners on behalf of the Board of Trustees and the District.

8. The foregoing conditions and regulations are applicable exclusively to schools or departments, conducted by Teachers holding valid Licences under the provisions of Regulation 29 or 30.

By order,
THEODORE H. RAND,
Chief Superintendent Education,
Education Office,
Fredericton, N. B., August 3rd, 1878.
aug17

C. McGOURTY,
City Contractor,
No. 208 Waterloo Street.
Estimates furnished for Excavation of all kinds.
☞ A slate will be kept at E. HANEY & CO., Booksellers, No. 59 King street, and orders left there will be promptly attended to. jan5—1y

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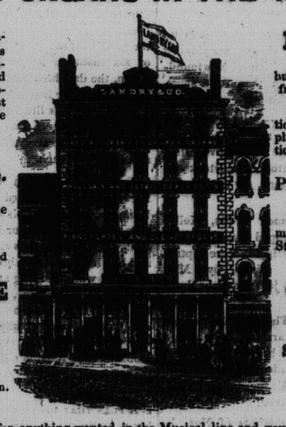

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HARRISON'S
PERISTALTIC LOZENGES
ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR
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They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:—
Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICI E ever used.
They RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, act 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. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Secular Press Praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them advise their friends to the nothing else. Price 50 and 60 cents per box, and sold by druggists, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.
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may23

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Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c.,
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Just received from New York:
THIRTY-FIVE M. LaRosa, LaUnion, El Horcon and Mogo CIGARS, in Regalia Finas de L Reinas, Princesses, Infantas and Londres.
Daily expected from New York:
45 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.
The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.
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Cocks AND Time-Pieces,
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By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
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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. may18

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,
Lagrange Yards, Little River.
LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand large Supply of
PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,
Common and Pressed
DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore For land and other purposes.
Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.
Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 589 St. John, N. B.

New Bowling Alleys
THE Subscriber will open his
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