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21st, 1885.

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VEEKLY SUN S PUBLISHED BY PUBLISHING COMPANY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

inting Establishment. y Street, St. John, N. B.,

EEKLY SUN, ST.JOHN.



VOL. 8.

ANOTHER YEAR. BY MARTIN BUTLER

Another year is mine To use as best I may, Another year is mine In which to work and play.

Under the winter's snow The flowers lie asleep. And under a garb of woe A hopeful heart I keep.

Before the summer came And gladdened all with bloom. My flowers were laid away Within the silent tomb:

But yet their scent survives And eases all my pains, As in deserted hives Some honey yet remains

I opened but the door Where they were laid to rest, I felt upon me pour The odors of the blest NASHWAAK, Jan. 3rd, 1886.

MADELINE'S FATE.

"Why where is it?" cried Pearlie, stopping short within the door, her big opal eyes stretched wide open in amazement. "Strange!" said her mother from behind. "Perhaps Flo has taken it somewhere," and

she turned to investigate the mystery. "Strange indeed!" thought Pearlie, as she sat down on the side of the bed. "Bear me!" exclaimed her mother, coming

in again in a frenzy of anxiety, "nobody in again in a frenzy of anxiety, "nonody knows anything about it."

"We must look," cried Pearlie, starting to her feet, fear taking possession of her heart in earnest. "It must be somewhere. Whe ever heard of a wedding dress disappearing mysteriously an bour before the wedding?"

But their search was all in vain. Places results and impossible of concealment were

possible and impossible of concealment were ransacked to no purpose. In no wardrobe, drawer, or corner could the pretty, new wedding-dress be found. Pearlie of course





"Poor critter!" said the captain, three hours later, when they they were seated quietly together, and the borrowed wedding raiment had been secured and returned.
"Taint very often "Wild Mad" takes to rampagia'. She hain't now for three years, I guess, and that was when a young seacaptain come ashore here for a day to see some friends. She tackled him just as she did you, Frank. You see, she's always did Captain Gray huskly as they drove on again. "Those shining waters have taken 'em both. They'll meet—they'll meet somewhere en the other side."





Michael Kissane was tried at Munster Ast and steep yesterday for having, with others armed and disgulaed, attacked the dwelling of Patrick Doyle, in the Black Valley, mare Killaney. Doyle, his wife and family chased the Moonlighters along the base of Cairn Tual mountain, capturing Timothy Casey, who carried a military rifle, and who had disparted pleaded guilty, and yesterday who carried a military rifle, and who had guilty. Sentence was deferred. Judgo Briant School, School School, School School, School School, School,

of a mainty assessment, and any right flat with the service of the

The Turf, Field and Farm prints the following table which must be of much interest to horsemen. The first column gives names of stallions of whose get two or more with records of 2.30 or better, trotted in 1885, whether the records were acquired in 1885 or earlier; the second column gives the name of such performers got by each stallion, trotting in 1885; the third column gives the name of the horse got by each stallion making the fastest record in 1885; and the fourth column gives that record. In the movement put out the lights, and introduc-

ploted. It he sat on a soft he set a banjo to playing en the opposite wall, and a drum to beating; or if he took another seat the movement put out the lights, and introduced queer phosphorescent figures. No man knew when he was safe, although there were a few apparently safe seats. In one of these Humorist Brown was telling a very funny story. He had left electricity far behind, and just as he reached the climax a pretty funnel-shaped Japanese affair, like a big dunce cap, that ornamented the ceiling overhead, dropped quietly down and covered him up, silently extinguishing the story and the story teller.

Somebody proposed music, and half a selection went very nicely on the plane. But just as every one became interested something seemed to give way, and instead of strings the keys beat upon a horrible jangle of gongs and drums and bells and every kind of noise-producing implement. But the worst came in the dining room. About eleven o'clock the twenty guests sat down to a table loaded with the usual delicacies. At the head a figure of Jupiter presided. At a signal the great god began to talk (phonographically), and made a welcome address. He wore electric lights for shirt studs, a bibulous red light for a nose, and his green eyes had a snap of lightning in them, while blue bolts blazed from his pockets.

The table seemed bewitched. Touch a knife or fork and it put out the lights and introduced queer sights. Put you spoon into a dish of oream and it flared up in great columns of green or red flames many feet high, like a fountain of fire. Reach for an innocent looking sandwich and it rang a bell inside, where the meat ought to be. Try to pick up an orange and a drum beat inside. Help yourself to pudding, and the dish and all alid silently into the great unknown. Ask for Malaga grapes and find that an electric light flashed from each one as you pulled the stem. Pour a glass of lemonade and it was incandescent and full of fire as it touched your lips. And yet every-

lemonade and it was incandescent and full of fire as it touched your lips. And yot everything was good to eat and the coffee was cooked by electricity.

And when the little clock tinkled out 12, unhering in the new year, and the chimes from the distant churches came into the room, pandemonium seemed to have changed places with the modest dining room. Two big cannon unexpectedly went off with a suddenness that rolled every man back from the table, the lights disappeared, gongs under each chair beat a tattoo and two bricks drepped off the chimney. For a few minutes every malignant noise ever invented was piled up top of one another, and then silence and the lights came back, and supper was resumed as calmly as if such a thing as a scare had never been known.

been known. After supper electric fireworks and pho-ner in experiments and a luminous cham-horrors sent the guests home with a lered feeling that somehow they had 1838 living half a century shead of the new

199 A New York Belle's Bed Room.

HO OMFORTABLY AND COMPOSEDLY A MILout LIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER SLEEPS,
pro (From the Chicago | Herald.)
1 'Piver saw a more beautiful, cosy, in
evel way delightful place than the sleeping