### SEVERAL SORTS OF WOMEN.

There are women who are steady,
There are women who are bloody;
But to enrich how the latter things pay,
There are women who are healthy,
There are women who are wealthy
There are women who will always have their way.

There are women who are truthful,
There are women who are youthful,
Was there ever any woman that was old?
There are women who are painted,
There are women who are worth their weight in gold;
There are women who are tender,
There are women who are slender,
There are women very large and fat and red;
There are women who are married,
There are women who have tarried,
There are women who are talkies—but they're dead.

### THE TOLDYOUSOS.

Do you know the Toldyousos?
Not a bigger family grows.
They are scattered far and near,
Live in every hemisphere.
No one likes them—can't, you know,
Think much of a toldyouso,
All the Toldyousos delight,
And declare they have a right,
Just when someone does a thing
To arise and gaily sing,
Or, with frowning head bowed low
"There, you see, I told you so!"
When a fellow has a plan
That will make him a rich man,
And starts out to do his best,
Toldyousos watch with a zest.
They first look at him and smile,
And observe, "Now, wait a while."
If his plan's a great success,
They sing out in joyfulness,
As their heads wag to and fret
"There you see, I told you so!"
If he fails and comes to woe,
They observe, "I told you so!"
Never give a fellow warning
That a failure's on him dawning,
Always wait until it's over.
When they're here deep in the clover,
Then they're happy, and say, "Oh,
Well, you know, I told you so!"

—Boston Traveler

THE

# ROSE OF VENICE;

—A STORY OF—

## Love, Hatred & Remorse.

BY S. CHRISTOPHER.

PART I.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

'If such be the condition of the people of this town, who have been instructed by the profoundly learned Ausonius Palearins, what must be the state of others who have never so much as beheld any of the champions of these strange dogmas? The failure that has attended the strenuous efforts of many is not surprising. No individual distinguished for birth or wealth has embraced the new doctrines. Human help, such as might have been truly efficacious, has been totally wanting. Your reverence knows me sufficiently well not to suppose that I consider human help as alone sufficient for the attainment of plans and attempts belonging of right to Religious Orders. I know that the first centuries of Christianity are brought forward as a proof to the contrary, but the superhuman means which worked at that time, in order to deliver mankind from the bondage and blindness of paganism, cannot be looked for now by the most ardent amongst the promoters of these new doctrines. Its main support thus coming from man, it is easy to see how weak, and fragile that support must be, especially as its adherents are but a small number of very poor families, so needy that with many the hope of bettering their condition has been the sole motive of their apostasy.

'The powerful families of landed proprietors, whose vassals may be counted by hundreds, who found and maintain charitable institutions, are devoted to the Church. They may be divided into two classes.

'The first and most numerous is composed of the fanatical, who are consequently intolerant in the highest degree. With them adhesion to the new doctrines is the most heinous and unpardonable of crimes.

'The second numbers fewer families and comprises the kind and more forgiving, who cannot persecute, and will not pass harsh judgment on their neighbors, and who, in their equally intense horror of apostacy and apostates, have concluded that a person who renounces the Church, and disregards her holy ordinances, is downright mad. Both parties profess equal respect and devotion to the clergy, and are enthusiastic supporters of the monastic Orders, which they venerate. I witnessed a scene the other day, which is but one in a thousand, and which proves the truth of my assertions. The description of it may not be unpleasing to your reverence:

'The family of Count B—— is, as your reverence well knows, one of the richest and most ancient of the Peninsula.* The present count has married a most amiable woman, of a very noble family. In their intercourse with their dependents and less illustrious acquaintances, there is that perfectly polite, and yet frigid distance, which characterises some of our class. Their charities are boundless, and they are so far enlightened as to be moderate in their politics, and not exactly intolerant in their religious opinions.

'I had been invited to pass a day with them, at their superb villa, on the mountains that separate Lucca from that tiny place on the sea, Viareggio. Unexpectedly, Father Leonardo Caloi, of the Franciscan Order, was announced. By birth he belongs to the lower rank of society; but his reputation for sanctity, his many schemes for promoting the spiritual, mental, and temporal welfare of the poor under him render him worthy of respect and veneration. As soon as he was seated, the children were all summoned to kiss his hand. When dinner was announced he was asked to take precedence, the contrary, he, dainty, and visitors friendly following him. On entering the dining-room the count advanced towards him, bowed respectfully, and kissed his hand. At table the countess asked her place to him, placing herself on his left hand. I was on his right. He was helped first, and during dinner the subjects discussed were only those calculated to please him, while every one listened to what he said with religious silence and respect. It was a sight beautiful to behold! It carried my mind back to the middle ages, when the friars of the humble Order of St. Francis were the most welcome visitors at the palace and cottage.

'Were any one to tell the count or countess to embrace the new doctrines, to help in promoting a change, or disregard the clergy, their answer would be: 'I would sooner be reduced to beggary, see my children starved to death, and finally die on the scaffold.' Your reverence, myself, and numberless others, would, I am sure, say the same.

'I will now copy for your reverence some criticisms on the Gerusalemme Liberata, which I wrote yesterday.'

[Here follows a long dissertation of little value as a criticism, and of no interest.]

'Respectfully kissing your reverence's hand.

'I remain your most faithful servant,
'SOFIA BERNARDI.'

### CHAPTER IX.

DEATH-BED ADVICE.

A few months after the mysterious disappearance of the little heir of the Centofoglias, the old patrician, Paola Centofoglia, relinquished wealth and life, and was gathered to his fathers. Marco was now under no one's control; he no longer feared displeasing his uncle, and causing him to alter his will. He was sole master of the largest fortune in the Venetian States, and he evinced tastes and whims which no one had formerly suspected he possessed.

He began by making the tour of Italy, leaving Teresa behind to pursue the devotions and charitable occupations to which she had vowed her life. He next discovered he had a great fondness for the equine race, and as, in Venice, the gondola replaces the brilliant equipages he wished to indulge in he bought a beautiful estate in the environs of Rovigo, and always passed at least eight months of the year there.

It was his ardent wish to have an heir, and Teresa shared this desire, as she fancied he would then become less negligent of her, or at least save appearances, as he used to do during his uncle's lifetime. Ardently did she pray for this, and she promised to make an offering of two rich chandeliers to the Cathedral of St. Mark, if her prayer were granted.

Six years after the loss of her little boy, she was again about to become a mother, and a few days before the birth of her babe she went to St. Mark's to pray for her own welfare, and that of her infant.

It happened that the Contessa Bernardi's agent had at that time an advantageous offer for the palace, and having written the conditions to the contessa, received her answer to conclude the bargain as soon as possible; meanwhile she sent Rosalia to Venice, to see about removing the linen, and some trifles on which she set great value.

It was on this occasion that Rosalia, in crossing the Piazza St. Marco, recognized Teresa, whom she had seen but once, six years before, in the coach near Mestre. Though she was aware that Marco's wife had no share in her wretched fate—he having been the unfaithful one—still she was his wife, and therefore exposed to her hatred. The times conduced to the belief in predictions; no wonder, then, that unable to injure her rival in any other way, she should have recourse to the only means left her, by which she knew she could wound the poor mother to her very soul.

She therefore followed her into the cathedral, and when she saw her quietly kneeling, at a distance from other people, she gently crept behind her, and laid her hand on Teresa's shoulder. It felt as cold as ice. Teresa started, and seeing that tall, pale figure beside her—she did not so much as take her hand from off her shoulder, though she could not but be aware of the fright she had caused—she became as pale as death, and trembled all over. Rosalia bent towards her, saying:

'Wife of Marco Centofoglia, fear not. It is not my intention to harm thee. I merely wish to tell thee that thou wilt give birth to a girl, and that she will be the most unhappy of women.'

She then disappeared through a side-door, and Teresa, having slightly recovered from her fright, returned home, went straight into her husband's room, and recounted to him her adventure.

Amid the turmoil of the world and the thoughtlessness which follows pleasure gratified, Marco had almost forgotten Rosalia, and hoped that she had forgotten him. The description Teresa gave of the strange apparition left him no doubt as to who it was, and reminded him she had not forgotten her threats. Teresa perceived a change in his countenance, and innocently said:

'Either you or I must have committed some great crime, since sorrow is to follow sorrow in our unhappy lives?'

'You are certainly guiltless,' replied Marco, unaware; then recollecting himself, he continued in a hurried manner: 'Let me hear no more about predictions and such like nonsense. I desire you, Teresa, not to mention the occurrence again, either to me or to others, as you would only get heartily laughed at. You will see we shall have another boy.'

Instead of a boy, however, Teresa gave birth to a daughter.

'A girl is better than nothing,' exclaimed Marco, endeavoring to suppress his intense disappointment, and whether from a sense of duty, or from indifference to the new-born infant, he allowed his wife to have her own way in all that concerned the child. She had it baptised Rosa after her own mother, had a wet-nurse for it in the house—nay, she never allowed it to be out of the presence a single moment, day or night.

A little happiness had entered into her desolate heart, and although Rosalia's prediction would, despite herself, crop her mind from time to time, she endeavored to banish the thought, and determined within herself that so far as in her lay her child should shed no tears. Instead of placing her in a convent to be educated, she had masters for her in the house, and a trustworthy, superior woman besides herself to watch over her. Thus Rosa grew up alike distinguished for singular beauty, great sweetness in learning, the sweetest temper, and the most affectionate heart—her mother's idol and her father's pride!

When she had attained her fifteenth year symptoms of an alarming nature manifested themselves in her loving mother, and her physicians, desiring to avoid the responsibility of treating a disease which so often ends fatally, insisted on her removal to the healthier and warmer climate of Pisa.

Marco rapidly complied with their advice, and though sorry to leave his native city, Teresa consented to it because she felt it was her duty to do all in her power that her daughter might not be left unsettled in life, without a mother's fond guidance. Accordingly they set out, and, traveling by short stages, reached the town of Pisa at the beginning of winter.

The palace engaged for the residence of the Centofoglia family was one of the most beautiful and ancient of the place, situated on the Lung' Arno, and known [by the name of Il palazzo alla giornata, from the last two words which are to be seen in front underneath the balcony.

The change proved most beneficial to Teresa's health, and as spring advanced she began to talk of their removal to their fine estate near Rovigo, when Marco's folly about horses and his obstinacy brought her life to an untimely end.

He had bought a pair of high-mettled horses, and although he had been told they were imperfectly broken in, he insisted on their being harnessed to the carriage every day.* It must be owned that the first time they were tried he drove out alone with them, and as they chose to behave properly no further apprehensions were entertained. They became great favorites, and the order was given that they were to be the horses used in the daily drive.

One beautiful afternoon, whilst Rosa was receiving some young friends, Teresa fancied she would enjoy a drive alone. She entered her carriage, elated by the sensation of returning health, and musing on her child's future, had arrived half-way down the Via S. Maria, when the horses suddenly became restive, and, disregarding bit and bridle, flew past the hospital towards the wide and shady walk of the Casina.

A lady, whose kindness led her daily to visit the sick at the hospital, and whose carriage was there waiting, learning the danger to which Teresa was exposed, requested a physician and Capuchin to accompany her, and ordering her coachman to follow the runaway horses, proceeded onwards in the hope of speedily overtaking the unhappy Teresa. They found the coachman and groom had jumped out, but had not been able to stop the horses.

By this time the whole town was in a state of commotion, and hundreds were hurrying towards the casino in order to learn the result. Marco, who by order of the kind lady had been apprised of the accident, had set off in another carriage, after desiring the maggiordomo to keep the distressing news from Rosa.

After a swift course of some miles the horses slackened their pace, and a peasant was enabled to stop them. Teresa alighted, and, although as pale as death, calmly seated herself on a stone bench. The two carriages arrived at the same time. Marco was the first to see her, and with one bound was at her side, then snatching her up in his arms, he embraced her with an affection he had never evinced before, and placed her in his carriage. The kind lady took her seat by Teresa's side, the Capuchin and Marco being opposite. The physician occupied the other carriage. As they entered the town the hundreds that had become thousands clamorously shouted their joy on seeing Teresa unhurt. The kind lady, the Capuchin, and the physician stopped at the hospital; Marco and Teresa continued their way home. The crowd would not leave the carriage, every eye was turned towards Teresa; her escape from certain death seemed a dream.

Seeing her mother did not return Rosa began to suspect some accident had befallen her, and was continually going to the window in the hope of seeing the carriage return. As it was now almost dark it was impossible clearly to discern distant objects. She saw a crowd, and her heart beat quicker, but when the crowd stopped and she recognized the carriage and her parents, she rushed down-stairs before the maggiordomo had time to stop her. Just as she approached the door her mother, leaning on her father, had crossed the threshold. She threw her arms around her. Poor Teresa, who had borne up against the strongest emotions during the last hours, now lost her presence of mind, and fell fainting into her daughter's arms. She was carried up stairs and put to bed, and a month from the date of this accident her corpse was laid with pomp and splendor in the celebrated Camposanto of Pisa.

But ere she closed her eyes forever she called her beloved child to her bedside.

'My Rosa,' she said, and the tears glistened in her eyes, 'we part to meet no more until you also are summoned to quit these scenes of trouble and affliction, for the peace that is only to be found above. I have endeavored to render you good and happy, and have always implored the protection of our most Holy Mother upon you. I must now tell you what happened to me a few days before your birth.' Teresa repeated Rosalia's prediction. 'I should never have told you this had it been my happiness to see you settled in life before closing my eyes forever, but as I feel I shall not behold to-morrow's sun, I have thought it my duty to tell it to you, not in order that you should make yourself unhappy, for after all we are in the hands of the Almighty, and in Him we should implicitly trust; and though that tall pale figure has often haunted me, I still pray that what I have told you may not dwell on your mind, and that it may merely serve to make you careful respecting your own happiness.

'We should accept, my dearest child, with resignation, whatever loss or trouble is sent us from on High, but we should not quaff with our happiness, nor lay upon ourselves a burthen we may be too weak to bear. When God gives us trouble, He weighs our strength beforehand, and only gives us what we can sustain. But when, regardless of our weakness, we chosen to lay troubles on ourselves, or allow others to place them upon us, the agony becomes twofold, and but for the mercy of God, who will still help us, we should end by becoming desperate. One of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a woman, is that of being united to a man she does not love; for then the holy tie of matrimony becomes an insupportable chain. When a woman is united to a man she loves and esteems, every affliction, every sorrow, every disappointment she may be called on to endure is rendered lighter. But when troubles visit the woman who does not love, and is not loved by the partner of her life, she feels almost crushed beneath their weight. My child, even then faith doth help—wonderfully help! but remorse assails the wretched sufferer, and whispers, 'The fault is thine.' I advise you, nay, I enjoin you, with my dying breath, to obey and respect your father's wishes in all things; but should he insist on bestowing your hand on one you feel persuaded you could never love, then humbly but firmly remonstrate, and don't be prevailed upon to yield by any argument, however plausible it may appear. The obedience a child owes her parents is a sacred duty, but as a parent has no power over his child's life, so he has none over that, the most sacred of woman's rights, not to bestow her hand on one she does not love. To insist on a marriage which your father could not approve of would be wrong, and I forbid you ever giving him such displeasure. If, therefore, a hindrance to your marriage should arise either from him, or from yourself, choose an unmarried life devoted to God and the poor, as the best way of reconciling the reverence due to a parent's wishes, and the proper regard due to your own happiness. As a help in all the difficulties you may meet with in life, I leave you, my child, this miniature. It represents our most Holy Mother Addolorate. I have become calm and resigned, when in great trouble, by looking at the deep sorrow and heavenly resignation which her countenance expresses. Ever keep it as the most precious thing you possess. It is your mother's last gift!'

Saying this Teresa took from under her pillow a beautiful small miniature of Our Blessed Lady, in a case of black velvet and gold. Rosa took it, kissed it, and threw her arms round her dying mother's neck, and the two wept long and copiously.

That night was Teresa's last, and Rosa folded in her arms her parent's corpse.

Than this there is no greater agony on earth!

### CHAPTER X.

A STORM.

Instead of returning to the Venetian States, after Teresa's demise, Marco and Rosa rented a beautiful villa on the hills of Fiesole, passing their first months of mourning there. And truly and deeply did Rosa mourn her mother's loss.

During the first days after her death, Marco felt remorse for his neglect of his poor wife, and his careless obstinacy about the horses, but it soon passed away, and when Christmas came he removed with his daughter to Lucca for the winter. The palace they inhabited was near the cathedral, and thither Rosa daily resorted to pay her devotions at the famous sanctuary of the Volto Santo.

We describe it as it is now, being pretty well assured that little or no difference would be found between it as it is at the present moment, and more than two centuries ago. A peculiarity of the town of Lucca is its having preserved more than perhaps any other place the architectual features of the middle ages. Its long, narrow streets, large ancient palaces, and especially its very ancient and most interesting churches, carry the mind back to the times when Lucca was no mean though small republic. Its past history seems to be identified with the blackened walls of some of its churches, and the shadows thrown on the long, narrow streets by some of the ancient dwellings of its patrician families, so that one almost fancies one sees the ghosts of long-passed generations moving silently about.

Entering the cathedral, to the left about half-way down the nave, a small gilt chapel stands isolated. It contains an altar, and above the altar stands a crucifix as large as life. It is made of ebony. The figure of our Most Blessed Saviour is dressed, and a golden crown, studded with precious stones, encircles His head. It is exposed to public devotion twice yearly, on the 3rd of May and on the 14th of September.

What must strike the intelligent observer, is the difference, as far as artistic worth goes, between the body and the face. The former is uncouth, stiff, almost shapeless. The latter is beautiful, perfect, and with so touching an expression that, unless blinded by prejudice, it is impossible to look at it and not be inspired with a feeling of deep devotion.

It is a production of the middle ages, and a holy legend says, that the artist who sculptured it, after having made the body, was so puzzled how to produce a face which could in any way resemble the Divine original, that he thrice not begun. One day he fell asleep, and on awaking found the face carved. He concluded that an angel had taken pity on his perplexity and sculptured it, hence its name of the Volto Santo.

Splendid gifts, some of them offerings by crowned heads, adorn it, as well as the interior of the chapel. The most remarkable are two angels placed on either side. One presents to the Saviour a golden scepter encrusted with precious stones, and the other a bunch of large golden keys. It is the very place where an aching heart would pour forth its sorrows at the feet of the Queen, and Rosa found it so.

One afternoon, while she was praying, the sky suddenly lowered, then a flash of lightning was seen, followed by a long, loud peal of thunder. Then the rain came pelting down, and large hailstones beat against the stained windows; an awful storm had broken over the town.

It lasted some time, and when the shadow of night appeared, and the church and chapel being closed, Rosa followed by her maid, a superior woman who had been in the house some years, directed her steps towards a side door which was nearer the direction of her home, and had just bent her knees for the last time ere she quitted the cathedral, when a very handsome and elegant young man approached her, and after having bowed profoundly, said:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


## "She Looketh Well

to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

But her ways are not always *old* ways. In fact she has discarded many unsatisfactory old ways. For instance, to-day she is using

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the New Shortening, instead of lard. And this is in itself a reason why "she looketh well" in another sense, for she eats no lard to cause poor digestion and a worse complexion.

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Mention this paper.


## Mortgage Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction on Friday, the Fourth day of May, A. D. 1894, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, all that track, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on township number forty-five (45) on the said Island bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a stake and bounds the west side of the Scotch Line Road and in the north east angle of land in the possession of Edward Grimell and thence (according to the Magnetic World) on the said Grimell's running west one hundred and thirty chains and fifty-six links to the east boundary of Township number forty-five; thence north six chains and seventy links to the south east to the said Road thence along the same south to the place of commencement and being the same land that Ann Ryan formerly conveyed to Emanuel McEachern, by then consisting of one hundred and seventy acres more or less, excepting and reserving thirty acres of said land, a little more or less, originally sold to Joseph McPhee and John McPhee by Indenture bearing date the twenty-sixth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, and consisting by estimation eighty-six acres of land, a little more or less, and also all that other tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Township number forty-five aforesaid, bounded and described as follows that is to say: Commencing at a stake set in the west side of the Scotch Line Road three chains and thirty-three links south from the southeast angle of the land of John Grimell, thence west in the direction of Edward Grimell, and on that thence west sixty-five chains or to the east line of Lot 1, thence south on the said line twenty-three chains, thence east one hundred and six chains and seven links to the place of commencement, containing an area of seventy-five and one fourth acres of land, a little more or less, and the above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage made between Ann Ryan, widow of John Ryan, late of Lot 1 in Township Number Forty-five in Kings County, Farmer, of the one part, and Malcolm Morison the wife of the said John Appollionarion McDonell of the other part.

For further particulars apply at the office of James A. Macdonald, Charlottetown, Solicitor.

Dated this sixteenth day of March, A. D. 1894.

ELIZA E. McDONELL,
Assignee of the above Mortgage.

mar 21, 1894—4i

## FARM FOR SALE

70 ACRES of first class land, situated on the West side of the LOYALIST ROAD, LOT 54, King's County, on which there is a good growth of hard and soft wood, suitable for firewood, saw logs and fence rails.

This land will be sold at a bargain. Apply to the owner, Rev J C McLean, P P, Narrow's Creek, or to

A A MACDONALD & BROS.
Charlottetown, March 7th, 1894—4i.

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BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian.

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P E I, 1893—1y


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## NOTICE.

MY PLANING, Door and Sash Factory outfit is now complete, and in addition to all kinds of Lumber, I am also prepared to supply the trade with Sashes, Doors, Finish, Mouldings, Spending Conductors, Stair Railing, Newels, Balustrades, Mantles, and Hardwood Flooring of various kinds.

I will also do job work in Planing, Matching, Sawing, Making Shocks, etc.

☞ Remember the place, at the foot of Great George Street.

M. P. HOGAN.
Charlottetown, Jan. 31, 1894—3m


## Mortgage Sale.

TO be sold by Public Auction on Tuesday the tenth day of April, A. D. 1894, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, all that track, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in Lot or Township number forty in Kings County in Prince Edward Island, bounded as follows, that is to say, commencing on the south boundary of land formerly conveyed to James Roach, and now in his possession, at William Ryan and in the Eastern line of fifteen acres of land also now in the possession of the said William Ryan and running thence along the said last mentioned line South six chains and sixty-five links or to the Northern boundary of and said to be in the possession of Henry Thompson, thence along said line East till it strikes a brook running into the Marie River, thence Northwest along the said brook a sufficient distance to give a ten-rod-and-a-half width of six chains and sixty-three links or to the continuation of the boundary first mentioned, the same being the Southern boundary of three and a half acres of land conveyed to Hugh Aylward thence West to the place of commencement, containing thirty-one acres of land, a little more or less, originally sold to Ann Ryan by Indenture bearing date the twelfth day of June, A. D. 1877, and also all that track, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot 53 in Kings County aforesaid being bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a stake and bounds on the road leading from Peter's Road to the Western boundary of farm number five, thence south on said road twenty-three chains and seventy-four links to the south boundary of farm number four, thence south fifty-four chains and fifty-five links, thence east twenty-five chains and seventy-four links to the boundary of farm number three, thence north along said boundary line to the place of commencement, containing one hundred acres of land a little more or less, and being the farm for many years in the occupation of the late Patrick McCullough.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twelfth day of April A. D. 1891, and made between Matthew Ryan, the younger, of Lot 1 in Township number forty in Kings County, Farmer, of the first part, Ann Ryan, his wife, of the one part, and Donald Cameron Fraser Gandiner of the other part.

For further particulars apply at the office of James A. Macdonald, Charlottetown, Solicitor.

Dated this eighth day of March, A. D. 1894.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN.
March 7, 1894—4i Mortgagee

## FOR SALE.

A SMALL lobster factory situated at the Harbor's Mouth, including 55 traps, two boats, herring net, cooking stove and boiler.

Terms reasonable.

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March 14—3i.

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