

MY SIN.

When I was a young man I fell in love, as young men generally do, with the girl who came handiest. This particular girl happened to be Belle Burton, and I devoted myself to her, rode with her, boated with her (it was a country place where we met), walked with her, talked with her, begged her for the roses she wore in her hair and tried (in vain) for I was no poet, to make sonnets not only to her "eyebrows," but to her hair, her cheeks and her lily white hands. In fact, I went through the pretty dream of first love as most young people do, and it ended, as it generally does, in an unpleasant awakening.

One day a stage arrived at the hotel with a dozen dashing New Yorkers for passengers. The next one of them obtained an introduction to Belle Burton. There was no doubt whatever that he was handsomer than men usually are, or that his grace and accomplishments were equal to his personal charms. Handsome Arnold he was generally called, and girls went into raptures over his large, long-lashed eyes and blonde mustache, and men feared his broad shoulders, deep chest and splendid proportions. For my part I hated him from the first, for no sooner had he appeared upon the carpet than Belle seemed utterly to forget my very existence.

I suppose she had never cared anything about me, but she had flirted with me while there was no better fun to be had, and I was not old enough to know that the man she loves is the one no woman ever flirts with. With Arnold she was rather grateful as he approached her. She blushed when his name was mentioned, and cared for nothing in which he had not some share. In fact, it was as plain that she was in love with him as that he was devoted to her; and there was no doubt in any one's mind that all this would end in a wedding. It was a good thing, said the old people, for poor Belle Burton had nothing. For my part, it seemed to me that all the luck was Arnold's.

I had never thought myself very ill-looking before, but now I was wretchedly conscious of all sorts of deficiencies. I looked in the glass many times a day. I spent half my criticizing my countenance, and longing vainly for the charms of handsome Arnold. I could not hope to possess them, even should I use all the hair oil and cosmetics of the advertising column of the daily paper, and bribe to my aid the tailor who has understood the art of padding the shoulders; but next to having a fairy transformation effected for my benefit, I should have been pleased to see Arnold lose his beauty. I hope I've been forgiven for it. I scarcely can forgive myself, but I could have prayed that some ban might fall upon him—that he might break his limbs, or catch the small-pox or somehow spoil his complexion or figure.

I was not a wicked, young fiend by nature, by love, which when it is the most humanizing emotion of the soul, is most likely to develop all the evil emotions of one's nature when it comes to grief. I should have taken my departure and put myself out of the way of hourly torture but I did not do so wisely. I lingered about the place and did small things to spite the happy pair—intruded on their tete-a-tetes, managed to force the society of some excellent and loquacious matron or some troublesome child upon them, looked daggers in contempt at him and forgot to pass the butter to her. At last a grand chance for annoying him occurred. He was a good rider and proud of his accomplishment, and he had a restive, nervous animal which he boasted no one could ride but himself. I had heard him declare himself perfect master of the creature, who had never given him serious trouble save once, when suddenly brought into the presence of an artist, who was sketching under a white umbrella.

"That," said handsome Arnold, "was something Prince could not understand and it made him do as he held the bridle." As he came prancing up to the gate, or rode away with an air, I used to wish for an artist with a white umbrella. I desired to see that fellow unseated and indignantly turned into the mud. That would have made me happy; and once when he had offended me more than ever by his gallant style of riding, I scouted out into the field—cursing him in my inmost soul—when what should I spy in the middle of the grass, intent upon a bunch of clover, but a fat pre-Raphaelite artist, in a white suit, a flapping hat and a white sketching umbrella that would have frightened the clergyman's gray mare, who was nearly as old as himself, in being a runaway.

I rushed toward this artist with enthusiasm. I took off my hat to him. I said: "Sir, I rejoice that one of your glorious profession has at last visited us. You love the minute I see. Have you noticed the spider webs on the blackberry bushes at the turn of the lane, the dew sparkling on the silvery film, the delicious fruit glowing beneath—have you seen that, sir?" The pre-Raphaelite artist scratched his head with his brush, and said: "Well no, I ain't."

"Will you come and see it, sir?" I said. "Will you make it immortal on your canvas?" The pre-Raphaelite artist replied: "Well, I wouldn't mind." I did not care what he said, so that he came. My object was not art, it was the white umbrella. I desired to have him seated where the eyes of handsome Arnold's restive Prince would fall upon him as he turned the corner of the garden walk, and to that very spot I beguiled my artist and there stationed him, and when he had settled with Chinese precision to his spiderwebs and blackberries bid myself bebind a tree to enjoy the comic scene I fully expected would follow.

I heard handsome Arnold bid adieu to the ladies. I heard the platter of his horse's feet upon the road, and in a moment more I saw him come gayly on, a smile upon his handsome face, a rich color on his cheek—youth, health, strength and happiness expressed in every curve and outline of his statuesque form. The next instant Prince had seen the white artist and the white umbrella. And then—then, heaven forgive me, not the amusing spectacle of handsome Arnold's discomfiture that I had hoped to see. He kept his seat while Prince, rearing and plunging, dashed wildly away with him toward a precipitous path along the cliff side, and vanished like a mad thing, with his rider still upon his back, going straight toward a certain awful precipice which overhung the rocky river shore below.

I cannot go on. They picked him up just alive, no more, at the foot of the precipice; and they carried him, a mere mass of broken bones and bleeding flesh, back to the hotel. Late at night I crept softly on my way to bed, and passing Belle Burton's door, heard these slow, heavy sob that tell of a breaking heart issuing thence. "He cannot live," the messenger had said, and I was, perhaps, doubly a murderer. I thought seriously of adding to my crime by committing suicide that awful night.

But poor Arnold did live. He had a wonderful constitution, unbroken, as all the men who knew him knew by disipation of any kind, and it is hard to kill such a man. He lived, and strength returned to him at last; but no one would ever call him handsome Arnold any more. He had fallen on his face on the horrible jagged rocks, and during his fall his hair had turned gray. No one would know him, and so powerfully had his beauty departed, his sweetness affected even men of coarse nature, that they uttered these words for the most part with tears in their eyes. As for myself, I would rather have seen a ghost.

Yet the sight was forced on me. One day I received a note from him, asking me to come to the hotel, and it was signed—Henry Arnold.

I had no choice. I could not refuse. I went to him in a great armchair in the room to which the water showed me—as he rose and advanced toward me, I saw that he limped heavily—I wondered that I did not die. I felt the blood leaving my face, and I saw the hot flush rise to his, as he noticed the shock he gave me. But he only said: "Sit down. It is kind of you to come."

I staggered to a chair and I saw nothing for a while; yet through it all, I wondered what he thought of my strange conduct, and hated myself for my weakness.

At last he spoke: "I see how I—how my appearance affects you," he said, very sadly. "It is a horrible thing that I am trying to grow used to. I wish I had broken my neck. Of course any man would under the circumstances. But I did not ask you to come that I might say that to you. I want you to take a note from me to a lady at your aunt's house, if you will be so kind I choose you because you are, as it were, one of the family, and you will be very careful and kind. I know it is Miss Belle Burton. I hoped to marry her one day. Of course all that is over now. No one would—no woman could—overlook my hideous appearance."

His voice broke a little, but he went on bravely: "So I have written to her. I do not want her to see me, and I shall go abroad in a week or so, and—you'll tell her—you've seen me, you know. I have loved her very much. I always shall; and this is terribly hard." He broke down entirely there, and took a letter from his bosom and put it into my hand.

"Give it to her," he said and turned away. I took it from his hand and left him. I went straight to Belle Burton. I found her in the garden, and I told her from whom I came and gave her the missive. She read it through gravely, but without tears. Then she looked at me with eyes that had such a solemn, holy look in them as one would hope to see in an angel's. "Edward," she said, "he says he is irrevocably altered; is it so?" "Yes," I answered.

"Do you know what he has written?" she said, softly. "I guess what it is." "My poor boy!" said she. "As if any thing would change me but a change in his heart. Will you take me to him. Edward? I must go at once." "Command me," I said. She caught up the wide straw hat on the bench beside her and drew on her gloves, and took my arm. I never loved her so well as I did then, but, for once, it was with a perfectly unselfish love. I knew what she was about to do and I blessed her for it.

And so I took her to him; my hand opened the door of his room for her; my eyes saw—yes, and gladly—that however that changed face might affect others, it only made her love for him more tender. I saw her rush into his arms and hide her head on his shoulders; and then I went softly away and hid myself where no one could see me, and cried like a baby.

"Ah! well, that is a good while ago, and they have been very happy. The big fellow is almost as graceful as ever, and as for his face—I do not think it would matter much to me what my face was if any one loved it as well as Belle does his. I go to see them sometimes, and my mad fancy of kneeling down and offering my share in the horrible affair of the past is quite abandoned. Besides, Belle's daughter is sixteen now, and if an old fellow of thirty-six—ah! well, who knows what may happen in the future. Only that would be another story quite, and I need not tell it here. It is written, it is written."

FIVE SNOWSTORMS AT ONCE.

A Startling and Grand Panorama That Moved Before Virginia City.

'Virginia City,' said Sayre Noble, a Nevada ranchman, 'is pretty well up in the world, as any one knows who has ever been there, and there are few localities in all the Rocky Mountain region from which a wider range of country can be taken in at one view. Owing to that fact, some very beautiful, striking and unusual sights are frequently seen by the dwellers in that favored city, almost within sounding distance of the clouds. I have witnessed some of them myself, and one in particular I remember. In fact, it was a sight that no one having seen could ever forget. It was a moving panorama, grand and impressive in the extreme, being no less than five distinct snowstorms raging among the mountains and deserts to the eastward, while in the city not a flake of snow was falling. The storms represented all degrees of fierceness, and covered an area of at least 100 miles. The one furthest to the east, and at the same time the most northerly one, was apparently passing directly over the forty-mile desert. It was as black as a thunder cloud, so dense was the whirling body of snow, and was, perhaps, ten miles in diameter. Any one in the midst of it would have been willing to swear that a snowstorm must be raging over the entire continent, but just to the north of it several tall, stately peaks rose out of the fierce storm and towered above it in full splendor of sunlight. The high hills that lay beyond the storm were shut off from sight as though by a gigantic black curtain.

'Nearer, and to the southward, another storm, not so black and fierce as the first, but still dense enough to hide all the region behind it, was in less active progress. It crept along toward the east, reaching from the level of the Carson Valley upward to the very cloud whence it came, high in the heavens. Still nearer, and between the city and the mountains of Como, a lighter storm yet, only one two or three miles in width, passed on its way. Through this the mountain peaks could be seen dimly, as in a thin fog. A mile further south a fourth snowstorm, smaller in area than even the last one, but as black and tempestuous as the great blizzard that, with the forty-mile desert raged in awful fury. All behind it was hid as with the pall of the blackest night. Miles away, further up to the southward, the fifth storm, a vast and violent one, was sweeping along, covering and hiding a range of thirty miles of high hills.

'Between these several storm bodies hills, plains and mountain peaks stood revealed as far as the eye could see, all lying in the glory of a late October sun. The gleaming peaks that rose golden far above the black masses of storm as they raged in fury at the mountain bases and far up their rocky sides made a particularly striking and awesome part of that strange picture.'

Nervous About Her French.

'I want a copy of Victor Hugo's master piece,' said the lady who had entered the bookseller's shop. She expressed herself thus vaguely because she is nervous about her French.

'I don't think we have any book of that name,' responded the youth behind the counter.

'That is not the name of the work. It merely describes it,' rejoined the customer. 'Published lately, ma'am?' 'It was published many years ago. Surely you have Victor Hugo's greatest work?' 'I don't know, ma'am. What's the name of it?' 'Lay Me Say Rabble,' replied the lady desperately.

'Oh, you mean 'Less Miserables,' said the youth triumphantly. 'Yes'm,' we've got it.'

Accommodating.

First Actor—'The people of Tough-town have a hard reputation.

Second Actor—'Very. I hear that this year eggs are to be sold at the ticket office to accommodate the patrons of the theater.'



WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Sussex, Oct. 27, to the wife of Lois Keith, a son.

Liverpool, Oct. 4 to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Seidon, a son.

Carsonville, Oct. 29, to the wife of Frank Ross, a son.
Paradise, Oct. 26, to the wife of Rev. E. L. Steaves a son.
Kentville, Oct. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Neary, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob E. Dudge a son.
Amherst, Oct. 29, to the wife of Hugh Hale, Jr., a daughter.
Annapolis, Oct. 29, to the wife of Chas. Lewis a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Acklow, a daughter.
Moncton, Nov. 1, to the wife of Chesley Rushton, a daughter.
Truro, Oct. 27, to the wife of J. W. Angwin a daughter.
Motherville, Oct. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Casey a daughter.
Sackville, Oct. 26, to the wife of Charles E. Carter a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Oct. 24, to the wife of J. E. Swim, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Oct. 29 to Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Crowell a daughter.
St. John, Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. David Marshall a daughter.
Bay View, Oct. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Adams, a daughter.
Tenny Cape, Oct. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Huntley, a son.
Trenton, Oct. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Richards, a son.
Sackville, Oct. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Morehouse, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Berry, a daughter.
Port Morien, C.B., Oct. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McChish, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Oct. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Nickerson, a daughter.
New T. Aker, Digby Co., Oct. 24 to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bleakney, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Seattle, Oct. 11, R. C. Martin to Fannie Stratman.
Selma, Oct. 20, by Rev. S. J. McArthur, Sidney Clark to Jane Smith.
Rockingham, Oct. 20, Fred J. Reed to Hattie Barnes O'Donnell.
Amherst, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Walter Wood to Laura Fuller.
Amherst, Nov. 2, by Rev. D. McGregor, Wm. F. Fillmore to Hattie Hill.
Mahone Bay, Oct. 24, by Rev. F. Frigings, Charles Knickie to Minnie Croft.
Goldenville, Oct. 16, by Rev. W. I. Fowler, Dennis Clyde to Carrie Baccus.
Sydney Mines, Oct. 26, by Rev. D. McMillan, W. E. Grant to Sarah McClain.
Cook's Brook, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Mr. Frank Frame to Mary Cook.
Amherst, Nov. 1, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Robert H. Walker to Maud Tucker.
Waterville, Oct. 20, by Rev. A. Whitman, James Hebb to Susan Sweeney.
Brookville, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. G. Downey, Allen W. Bator to Clara A. London.
Lincoln, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, Parker Merrill to Julia Wisely.
Halifax, Oct. 20, by Rev. William Ainley, Charles A. Gibson to Carrie Robinson.
West Northfield, Oct. 16, by Rev. L. McCreery, John A. Hardy to Lou Falkenau.
St. John, Nov. 2, by Rev. T. S. Fotheringham, John E. Stackhouse to Jennie O. Reid.
St. Martins, Oct. 26, by Rev. Fr. Coughlan, Frank F. Leishan to Alice B. Quinn.
Sydney, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, John A. Morrison to Maggie A. Morrison.
Shelburne, Oct. 16, by Rev. Douglas Hemmeon, John A. Hardy to Janet S. Shurris.
Halifax, Nov. 1, by Rev. H. McPherson, James A. McConnell to Annie E. Macdonald.
Hantsport, Oct. 24, by Rev. S. R. White, Frank St. John, Nov. 5, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Alexander Chy to Sarah Margaret Jane Whelan.
Portland, Me., Oct. 25, by Rev. W. S. Ayres, Frank Orestes Smith to Lou Bertrand Fulton.
Upper Hamptstead, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Harry H. Ferguson to Fannie J. Sapp.
Caledonia, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. R. Macdonald, Alexander F. Jordan to Corinne H. Hoills.
Sandford, Oct. 22, by Rev. G. W. MacDonald, Clement Solloway to Mrs. David Thurston.
Florenceville, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Arnold W. Porter to Sarah Elgin Bradley.
River John, Oct. 15, by Rev. J. W. Lawson Gordon, John Baxter Robertson to Susan J. Gould.
Wallace Station, Oct. 18, by Rev. I. W. Shephardson, Charles A. Davies to Margaret McDonald.
Hammond, Kings Co., Nov. 2, by Rev. C. W. Hammond, James Edward Aador to Margaret McLeng.
Fenwick, Cumb., Nov. 1, by Rev. Robert McArthur, Henry A. P. Smith to Malissa M. Smith.
East Boston, Mass., Oct. 26, by Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, James E. L. McLaughlin to Charlotte A. Martin.

DIED.

Sussex, Nov. 3, Ann Perry, 81.
Boston, Oct. 20 Roderick N. Shaw.
Halifax, Nov. 4, Mary J. Linloff, 19.
Berwick, Oct. 25, Warren Beeler, 19.
Trenton, Oct. 25, Annie Black, 60.
Moncton, Nov. 2, Simon Cormier, 80.
Portland, Me., Nov. 3, John Bond, 23.
Yarmouth, Oct. 31, James Murray, 53.
Woodstock, Oct. 24, Naomi Taylor, 73.
Apoquoqui, Nov. 2, Pansy E. White, 35.
East Chester, Oct. 22, John Rafuse, 81.
Milltown, Oct. 25, Am'ls C. Smith, 49.
Shelburne, Oct. 26, Mrs. Elson King, 27.
Shelburne, Oct. 26, Mrs. Sybil Perry, 80.
Annapolis, Nov. 2, George Richardson, 71.
Digby, Oct. 20, Miss Mianie R. Mallett, 28.
Halifax, Oct. 29, Esther Selma Godfrey, 68.
DeBert, Oct. 20, Mrs. Sarah A. Enclish, 60.
St. John, Nov. 5, Annie Beatrice Acheson.
Marshalltown, Oct. 25, Ross Robicheau, 34.
Port Morien, Oct. 27, William W. Brown, 74.
Dartmouth, Nov. 3, John M. O'Donnoghue, 17.
Five Islands, Oct. 23, Laura Belle Morrison, 23.
Caledonia Mines, Sept. 27, John McKinnon, 82.
Campobello, Oct. 22, D. Bolton Brown, 3 months.
Long Cove, Queens, Oct. 30, Joseph Martin, 62.
Long Creek, Queens Co., Sept. 30, John Secord, 74.
London, Oct. 15, Margaret, wife of Robert Moore.
East Florenceville, Oct. 22, Ella Mand O'Leary, 27.
Hanover, Mass., Oct. 24, J. Richmond Bars, M. D. Kemp, Oct. 30, Emeline, wife of Thomas Kellor, 55.
Berwick, Oct. 28, Mary Eliza, wife of W. W. Ellis, 40.
East Boston, Mass., Oct. 21, Miss Fannie Crowe, 40.
Five Mile River, Oct. 20, John M. Anthony, 20 days.
St. John's Nfld., Oct. 24, Alice, wife of Michael Tracy, 60.
Westport, Oct. 23, wife and infant son of Joseph Denton.
Halifax, Oct. 31, Annie S., widow of Hon. M. J. Power, 59.
Central Argyll, Oct. 31, Georgie, wife of Mr. Harry Prosser, 25.
Harmony, Oct. 24, Nancy, widow of Matthew Archibald, 88.
Halifax, Nov. 3, Honor, widow of the late Matthew Dunsword, 92.
Portland, Me., Oct. 25, Annie, wife of John F. Allingham, 62.
St. John, Nov. 5, Hannah, widow of the late John C. Littlejohn, 87.
Roseville, Big Onahs, Aug. 12, Captain William Littlejohn, 61.
Baker City, Oregon, Aug. 10, Amy, wife of J. Littlejohn, 61.

St. John, Oct. 30, Mary A., widow of the late Samuel Lane, 77.
Nelson, B. C., Sept. 14, Alvin Barnhill, son of George Barnhill, 44.
Shelburne, Oct. 20, Bertha, daughter of Colin and Elmore Wesley, 11 years.
Kentville, Oct. 27, Joseph William, son of John and Maud King, 1 month.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers
FOR
Fredericton.
(Local Time.)
Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.35 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John.
St. John, Oct. 27, Joseph William, son of John and Maud King, 1 month.

CHANGE OF SAILING.

On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6.30 (local). Retaining will leave Indianstown same days at 8 p. m. local.
CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship at Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday. Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., ar. Halifax 6.45 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.30 a. m., Mon. and Thurs. Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.32 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., ar. Digby 9.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 6.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and steamiest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately after arrival of the Express. Returns leaving Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 10 a. m. Unusually fast sailing on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Express Trains. Steamer can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a. m. from the Furber and Walker Express Trains and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKINS, Superintendant.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898 the Train of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax... 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou... 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal... 18.50 Express for Sussex... 4.00 p. m. Unusually fast Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney... 22.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex... 5.30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal... 10.25 Accommodation from Moncton... 11.25 Accommodation from Moncton... 12.40 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

THANKSGIVING DAY!

Excursion tickets on sale to Megantic and points West thereof on November 22nd and 23rd; and locally on Atlantic Division on November 23rd and 24. All good for return until November 28th at SINGLE FARE for the round trip. Further particulars of Ticket Agents. A. H. NOTMAN, A. St. Geol. Passer. Agent. St. John, N. B.