MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT

(Waverley.)

ING STREET,
JOHN, N. B.
CORMICK, Prop'r.

ENTAL HOTEL!
(LATE ROYAL,)
Square, St. John, N. B.
G. RIX PRICE,
Owner and Proprietor.
oughly renovated and furnished. First-
all its appointments.

EXPRESS.

The Intercolonial Express Co.
(LIMITED.)

Forwards Merchandize, Money and Packages of every description; collects bills with Goods, Drafts, Notes and Accounts.
Running daily (Sunday excepted), with Special Messengers in charge, over the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway, connecting at Riviere du Loup with the

Canadian Express Co.

for all points in the Province of Quebec and Ontario and the Western States, and at St. John with the

American Express Co.

for all points in the Eastern and Southern States.
Branch offices in Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I. European Express forwarded and received weekly.
Debenture Goods or Goods in Bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.
Special rates for Large Consignments and further information on application to

JAMES BRYCE, Superintendent. J. R. STONE, Agent.

A. G. BOWES & CO.
21 Canterbury Street,
DEALERS IN
Stoves,
Ranges
AND
Heating Appliances.

THE "DUCHESS" RANGE
HAS ALL THE
MODERN IMPROVEMENTS,
AND IS
Highly appreciated by all who use it.

CITY RECOMMENDATIONS.

CALL AND SEE IT

☞We make a specialty of Stove Repairs.

GREAT
CHRISTMAS SALE
Now going on at the
Great London and China Tea Co's,
No. 33 King Square.
Sign of the 14 Lights over the door.
10,000 beautiful gifts to be given away to all purchasers of
TEAS AND COFFEES,
SUGARS AT NET COST.
G. L. & C. Tea Co's,
33 KING SQUARE.

WANTED!

100 Boys
TO SELL
The Gazette.

...ded,
...der.
...ective had restored to
...ney and brought news, sad
enough in truth, but perhaps the least sad possible. Alan had been found in his own house in Regent's terrace, under care of the terrified butler. He was quite mad, and instead of going to prison, had gone to Morningside asylum. The murdered man it appeared was an evicted tenant who had for nearly a year pursued his late landlord with threats and insults; and beyond this, the cause and details of the tragedy were lost.

When Mr. Nicholson returned from dinner they were able to put a dispatch into his hands: "John V. Nicholson, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh: Kirkman has disappeared; police looking for him. All understood. Keep mind quite easy. Austin." Having had this explained to him, the old gentleman took down the cellar key and departed for two bottles of the 1820 port. Uncle Greig dined there that day, and Cousin Robina, and, by an odd chance, Mr. Macewen, and the presence of these strangers relieved what might have been otherwise a somewhat strained relation. Ere they departed the family was welded once more into a fair semblance of unity.

In the end of April John led Flora—or, as more descriptive, Flora led John—to the altar, if altar that may be called which was indeed the drawing room mantelpiece in Mr. Nicholson's house, with the Rev. Dr. Durie posted on the hearth rug in the guise of Hymen's priest.

The last I saw of them, on a recent visit to the north, was at a dinner party in the house of my old friend Gellatly MacBride; and after we had, in classic phrase, "rejoined the ladies," I had an opportunity to overhear Flora conversing with another married woman on the much canvassed matter of a husband's tobacco.

"Oh, yes!" said she; "I only allow Mr. Nicholson four cigars a day. Three he smokes at fixed times—after a meal, you know, my dear; and the fourth he can take when he likes with any friend."

"Bravo!" thought I to myself; "this is the wife for my friend John!"

THE END.

Scene in New York City.

"Does this line of people begin at the Battery?" was asked at the ticket office window of the Grand Central station the other day.

"Out in midocean, I should judge," was the laconic reply of the jumping jack inside the window, who flew from side to side playing a wild game of tickets and coins on the broad sill, as the line passed between him and the brass rail outside.

"Move on into the corner to count your change," the stalwart policeman on the outside whispers to any one who dallies a fraction of a second in front of the cage.

Men sweep the whole of their change together with their left hands. Women invariably stop to count the pieces in a dazed, fumbling sort of way born of suspicion, nervousness, tight gloves and many packages.

Now and again a neat little tailor made Boston girl sweeps off the change like any young dude, bettering him by having a neat little purse in her left hand, which snaps viciously as she tilts her nose and her oxidized silver umbrella handle toward the big chandelier and passes by.

"From ten to fifteen thousand people pass by between this window and that brass rod daily," gasped the jumping jack, wiping the perspiration from his brow as the gong sounded and the last man tore through the gate, his cane punching into the stomach of the big fat policeman, and his coat tail catching on the complacent brass knob. "The work is divided between three men."

"Don't you find coins very inconvenient for hasty handling?"

"An infernal nuisance. I wish all money was in cardboard, like tickets. We have so many pennies, too, because we charge a fixed rate per mile."—New York Sun.

Pen Picture of Stockholm.

We entered Stockholm in the full glare of a midday sun, and drove immediately to the spacious Grand hotel, which looked out on the water just opposite the royal palace. After taking our dinner we took a stroll around the city and saw in our walk the palace of the crown prince, which is not occupied at present, on Gustave Adolph lorg (lorg meaning place) and the opera house, a building very similar, just opposite. We then crossed the bridge to the island, on which stands the palace, and at our request the attendant showed us through, as the royal family were in the country.

The apartments of the king and queen are both beautiful and magnificent, but to a great many the home like suite of the crown prince and princess, and particularly their private apartment, are preferable, as through them prevails an air of comfort and coziness dear to Americans. We then returned for our supper and for dessert. They brought us some pancakes, a specialty of the country. The day following we visited the museum and the churches, also the beautiful environs of Stockholm, including the castles of the Gripsholm and Drothingholm. In the evenings there were numerous gardens with military bands, the Swedish punch being the favored beverage. In what is called the Djurgarten or deer park there are a theatre, a circus and a tivolis, the latter a great resort for all nationalities.—Cor. Home Journal.

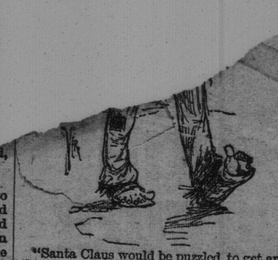
Attractions of Nashville.

There are three great attractions about Nashville—Polk place, with the fine old gentlewoman who is its mistress; "The Hermitage," twelve miles away, once the home of another great American soldier and hero; and Belle Meade, the home of Iroquois." These are the three great show places that make the city famous, and added to these are the universities—Vanderbilt and Fiske.—Catherine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

Lord Mayors of Foreign Birth.

The lord mayor elect of London is a foreigner by birth, and a curious Britisher has looked through the records and found that in 1713 the lord mayor was of Italian birth; in 1716, a Fleming; in 1724, a Frankforter; in 1754, a Swede; in 1762, a Jamaican, and in 1773 a son of the governor of the island of Alderney was lord mayor.—Chicago News.

Gen. Grant's widow visits the tomb in



"Santa Claus would be puzzled to get anything into my stocking; 'cause why I haven't got any."

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1862.

By John R. Paxton, Private, Company G, 140th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

There was my old comrade, Sergt. Nelson, who had gathered somewhat of evil in the army, whose Christian virtues were not highly polished, and who, on occasion, dropped into profanity as Wegg did into poetry. Now I wonder which Nelson God will keep, and which Nelson he will throw away—the rough soldier, or the man at Cold Harbor who said, "Boys, do you hear Bebout and Stone calling our names and begging for water?" We left them at the foot of the hill wounded that afternoon when we charged and were repulsed. "Boys, its mighty risky. There is no truce to-night, and them rebs shoot about as fine by starlight as by day. But I'm going out to them. You see, if you and I were lying over there with a hole through us and we called for water and no one come, though you heard us, we would curse you all. Who will go with me?" "I, sergeant." "And I." They went, and two of them were killed. I wonder which Nelson God will keep, which throw away—the Nelson who was no saint, or the Nelson who died for man, like Jesus Christ?

I wonder which man is me and which will come to the front and be on top at judgment; this me in the study here, with an open Bible before him, who flatly contradicts the other me, who shivered with cold on the Rappahannock twenty-five years ago.

It is such a funny world! You and I load our friends down with our aches and misfortunes and troubles, but when a rich old uncle dies and leaves us half a million, we do not load that on them. Oh, no. But here am I preaching, so strong is habit. Yet which is me—this gentle, meek, apologetic clergyman, or that other me of a quarter of a century ago? that other me who wore that faded blue roundabout hanging on my study wall, with a lieutenant's shoulder straps on it, who wore that sword and belt there before my eyes? Which is me—this man acquainted with meekness and piety and alms and grief, or that me of the sword and brass buttoned jacket on the wall, who was acquainted with war, devilries, death, reckless daring, love's young dream? Here a happy thought strikes me: to try on that soldier's jacket and buckle on again that sword. I am going to get into that jacket, so faded, so small for me now; I am going to buckle on that sword, if it does compel crowding, bad language, rebellion, pains, and being carried off the field swooning, as some ladies are betimes, because of the uproar and rage of the incommoded guests within. Well, it happened on this wise that I found myself shivering on the banks of the Rappahannock on Christmas Day, 1862, enlisted for three years or during the war, food for villainous saltpeter.

"A HAPPY THOUGHT STRIKES ME."

I started for Richmond in July, 1862, a lad 18 years old, a junior in college, and chafing to be at it—to double quick it after John Brown's soul, which, since it did not require a knapsack, or three day's rations, or a canteen, or a halt during the night for sleep, was always marching on. On the night before Christmas, 1862, I was a dejected young patriot, wishing I hadn't done it, shivering in the open weather a mile back of the Rappahannock, on the reserve picket, and exposed to a wet snowstorm. There was not a stick of wood within five miles of us; all cut down, even the roots of trees dug up and burned. We lay down on our rubber blankets, pulled our woolen blankets over us, spooned it as close as we could get, to steal warmth from our comrades, and tried not to cry.

Next morning the snow lay heavy and deep, and the men, when I waked and looked about me, reminded me of a church graveyard in winter. The snow covered us all, and my comrades seemed as if a small cemetery—just like a graveyard and its mounds. "Fall in for picket duty! There, come, Moore, McManus, Paxton, Perrine, Pollock; fall in!" We fell in, of course. No breakfast; chilled to the marrow; snow a foot deep. We tightened our belts on our empty stomachs, seized our rifles, and marched to the river to take our six hours on duty.

It was Christmas Day, 1862. "And so this is war," my old me said to himself, while he paced in the wet snow his two hours on the river's brink. "And I am out here to shoot that lean, lank, coughing, cadaverous looking butternut fellow over the river. So this is war; this is being a soldier; this is the genuine article; this is H. Greeley's 'On to Richmond.' Well, I wish he were only here in my place, running to keep warm; pounding his arms and breast to make the chilled blood circulate. So this is war, tramping up and down this river my fifty yards with wet feet, empty stomach, swollen nose."

Alas! when lying under the trees in the college campus last June, war meant to me marorgeous brigadiers in blue and
ng men in line, shining in brass.
me tumultuous memories of
esar's Tenth legion, the charge
hundred—anything but this.
sh I were home. Let me see.
's country. A tear?—yes, it is a
t are they doing at home? This is
Day, 1862. Home? Well, stock-
the wall, candy, turkey, fun, merry
mas, and the face of the girl I left be-
Another tear? Yes, I couldn't help it;
as only 18, and there was such a contrast
etween Christmas, 1862, on the Rappahannock, and other Christmases. Yes, there was a girl, too—such sweet eyes; such long lashes; such a low, tender voice! "Come, move quicker! Who goes there!" Shift the rifle from one aching shoulder to the other.

"Hello, Johnny, what are you up to?" The river was narrow, but deep and swift. It was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There was no ice—too swift for that.

"Hello, Johnny, what you coughing so for?"

"Yank, with no overcoat, shoes full of holes, nothing to eat but parched corn and tobacco, and with the derned Yankee snow a foot deep there is nothin' left—nothin' but to get up a cough by way of protestin' against this infernal treatment of the body. We uns, Yank, all have a cough over here, and there's no sayin' which will run us to hole first, the cough or your bullets."

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without adding to it your tears.

"Let's laugh, boys."

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hello yourself, Yank!"

"Merry Christmas, Johnny!"

"Same to you, Yank!"

"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"

"Parched corn and tobacco—the size of our Christmas, Yank."

"YANK, NO OVERCOAT."

"All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats."

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies? To see them crowd the bank, and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water, and stretching out their long arms! Then when they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations: "Hurrah for hog!" "Say, that's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you uns." "And sugar, too." Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted, "Reckon you uns been good to we uns this Christmas Day, Yanks." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which, if they weren't very filling, at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river—spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, waving salutations of good will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day, in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the Christ Child struck a truce for us—broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas, and our hearts were lighter for it and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold. Go thou and do likewise; push no poor debtor, prosecute no quarrel, bear no grudge, at Christmas time; forgive your enemies, remember your mercies and do not brood over your misfortunes, at Christmas time. If the times are hard do not let the children know it, or Lazarus on your doorstep become aware of it, at Christmas time, to his deeper despair. Cannot you be cheerful and brave by your firesides, as we soldiers were on the Rappahannock on Christmas Day in '62, shouting good wills to rebels on the opposite shore? Let us all shake hands on Christmas

"WE HAD BRIDGED THE RIVER."

Day. Let us all touch elbows and share with our neighbor who needs us most. Then make a truce with enemies, with care, with fears, with tears and sorrow, and let joy be unconfined on Christmas Day. Let justice soften into mercy. Let not hate harden into wrong, but be transformed into love. Let anger cease, let wrath be forgotten, let quarrels be reconciled.

Let charity dispense bounty. Let the rich man love the poor. Let the lap of childhood be filled with plenty. Let all Rappahannocks of estrangement, separation, bitterness, unequal lots, opposing interests, be bridged by the Babe of Bethlehem on Christmas Day of '87. And "be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." There, I am preaching again, in a secular journal of civilization. Yet I can't help it. This Christ born me has thrown off and left behind the other me, the old me, who followed Grant and Hancock to Richmond in the wild, mad days of turbulent youth. I have taken off that faded blue jacket, and can stretch my arms; I have unbuckled that worn belt, and can breathe freely. Come, jacket; come, sword—hang again on the wall. You are my old me; but the present, real me is a man of peace and acquainted with grief; not so happy as a saint as he was as a soldier, but still trying to do his work, since God didn't send for him at Gettysburg.—Harper's Weekly.

IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.

How Christmas Day is Celebrated in Those States.

Christmas day is not only the most widely and universally observed holiday in the Christian calendar, but it is also susceptible of a greater variety of observance than perhaps any other holiday. Santa Claus and the Christmas tree are known and loved of all children. In Kentucky and other southern states the day is ushered in with a gunpowder accompaniment. In the north the Fourth of July is made horrible by the booming of cannon and the rattle of firecrackers. In the south these are reserved for Christmas morning. Among the country and village population Christmas is the occasion of a general turnout in fields and woods with guns and dogs. On that day of all days do the rabbits, squirrels and quail find themselves pursued by about every man and boy, both white and colored, who owns or can borrow an old shotgun, blunderbuss or shooting iron of any kind, and the fields and woods resound from morn till night with the echoes of exploding gunpowder as the hunters stalk up the hapless game. The dogs lend their quota to the day's noise and excitement, baying on the trail of frightened foxes and rabbits.

In Tennessee the wise men who made the laws in the early days of the state's existence recognized the merit of markmanship, and to encourage this accomplishment enacted a law exempting wagers on marksmanship from the general penalties against other species of gambling. So that the men of a village or farm community may congregate and put up money, a quarter of beef or a turkey, as the prize to be carried off by the best shot. The target is often the top of a paper cap box about as large in diameter as a silver quarter, and the distance ranges from twenty-five to 100 steps. The guns used are long single barrel muzzle loading rifles. If the match is to be shot off hand (resting the gun against the shoulder without a rest) the distance is seldom greater than twenty-five paces, and even at that distance the bullets are often bunched from a dozen rifles into a space which can be covered with a silver dollar.

These rifle shooting matches are now largely reserved for the Christmas day, and are looked forward to all the year round. On these occasions all the young men who boast of their ability to "cut the bull's eye three times out of five" gather to banter and take the conceit out of such as think themselves crack shots.

Christmas night is largely given up to "fiddlin' and dancin'" in the homes of the hospitable backwoods southrons, and even in the towns and villages it is a very common custom to have a dance on Christmas night.

She Spoke Not for Herself.

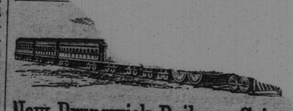
"Is you 'faid of Santa Claus, mamma? If you is I will come in your bed."

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME.

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will;
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
And well our Christian sires of
Loved, when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all:
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord undergating share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
—Sir Walter Scott.

CHRISTMAS THE HAPPIEST.

Among all our holidays Christmas is the happiest. Other days, like the Fourth of July and Decoration Day, have a patriotic association which is inspiring, and New Year's Day has an admonitory significance which is pathetic. But the tradition of Christmas is more universal and ideal than that of other holidays, because it is the feast of fraternity, of human sympathy and helpfulness. Not only is its sentiment glory to God, but its distinctive gospel is peace on earth and good will to man. It is the one day in the year on which selfishness is the most odious sin. Its peculiar observance is obvious, palpable, active thought of others. We all live under the general law of charity and of doing good. But this is the day on which we must make sure that our light shines so that men shall see our good works.—Harper's Weekly.



New Brunswick Railway Co'y.
(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect October 24th, 1887. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.
3.45 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.
8.30 p.m—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, (except Saturday and Sunday nights), for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls, with Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque, Isle and Edmundston.
10.00 a.m—From Fredericton and intermediate points.
4.10 p.m—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presque Isle.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 a.m—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points north.
3.30 p.m—For Fairville, and for Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a.m—From Fairville and Fredericton.
4.20 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
J. E. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
St. John, N. B., October 17, 1887.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1887 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1888

ON and after MONDAY, Nov. 28th 1887 the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18 00 train to Halifax.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 50
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.
RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.

Grand Southern Railway.
ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, Feb. 5, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—
LEAVE ST. JOHN at 2.09 p. m., and Carleton at 2.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 5.14 p. m.; St. Stephen at 7.42 p. m.
LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.30 a. m.; St. George at 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 1.00 p. m.; St John at 4.15 p. m.
Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.
Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSTON'S, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.
J. N. GREENE, Eanager.
F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
—FOR—
BOSTON,
Via Eastport and Portland.

COMMENCING MONDAY, November 14, and until further notice, Steamers of this Line will leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Returning, will leave Boston at 8.30 a. m., Monday and Thursday, and Portland at 5 p. m., same days, for Eastport and St. John.
Also, leave Boston for Annapolis every Monday, at 8 a. m.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

NOVA SCOTIA
STEAMSHIP CO., Limited,
—TO—
DIGBY, ANNAPOLIS,
Yarmouth, Kentville, Halifax, and all intermediate stations.

ON and after NOVEMBER 14th, and until further notice, the Steamer SECRET will leave Saint John for Digby and Annapolis every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at 7.45 local time. Returning will leave Annapolis and Digby same days, after arrival of trains from Halifax and Yarmouth.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Reed's Point Wharf.

BOARDING.

MRS. CHAPMAN, ENGLISH LADY, has taken the house, 136 Carmarthen Street, and will be pleased to receive Gentlemen boarders, who will have with her all the comforts of home. Terms moderate. A Good Table.