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NO. 10

ANOTHER YEAR. BY MARTIN BUTLER. Another year is mine To use as best I may, Another year to mine In which to work and play.

MADLINE'S FATE. "Why where is it?" cried Pearlle, stopping short within the door, her big oval eyes stretched wide open in amazement.



helped things along by sitting down and crying as though her heart would break. It had been quite an expensive wedding-gown for Pearlle, who was only the daughter of a retired sea-captain, not any richer than the majority.

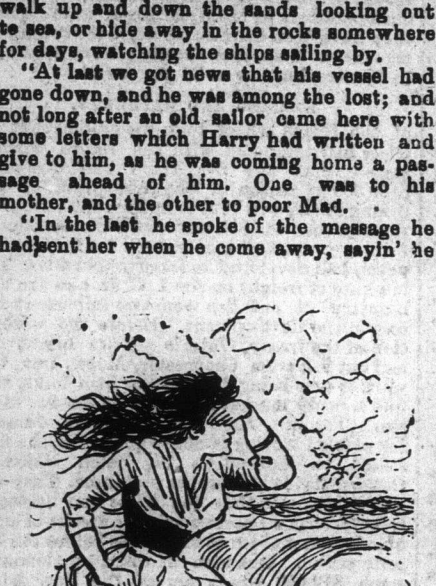
Exquisite shell-flowers, too, with a real article of a fan that he had brought from the West Indies, embellished the toilet. Frank Ellison had run down to Craigmore in the early summer, intending to make a brief sojourn, but the "blue-capped waves," he said, bewitched him, though everybody knew—as everybody does know in a small town—that a certain blue-capped dandy, known as Captain Gray's "middy," had bewitched him still more.

Perhaps the bridegroom was the only one really happy, for at this particular period Pearlle looked beautiful to him in any garb. So the ceremony proceeded, and Pearlle was just beginning to get a little wearied. Suddenly behind her she heard a light rattle and stir, then a surprised murmur. Pearlle at once very indiscreetly looked over her shoulder.

sober old minister, causing his respectable gold-rimmed glasses to topple over his nose, and was bowing to the bridegroom. "So you have come back the dear-comes-back to marry me. Glad to see you. Hal hal hal! You have made a mistake, lady fair; you're in the wrong place. Come away," dragging Pearlle from her lover's embracing arms.



away under the sea." The once bright rays were now cold and white in the reposed face of the man. "Well, she's gone at last to meet him," said Captain Gray huskily as they drove on. "Those shining waters have taken her both. They'll meet, they'll meet some where on the other side."



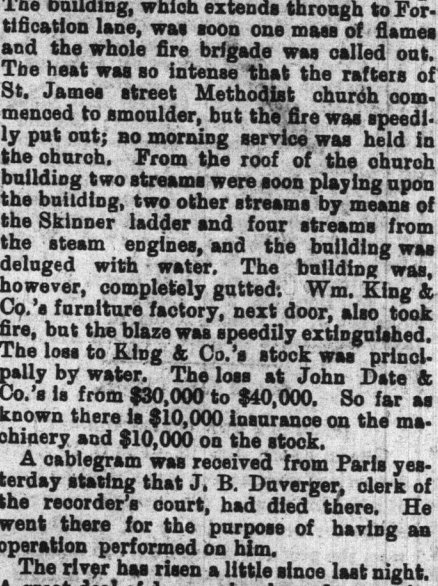
was sorry that he had to leave so sudden, but he had been unexpectedly ordered aboard. "Then he said he hoped she would wait patiently for him, for he would surely be home again in two months. Poor lad! Whatever had become of the message we never knew, but poor Mad had spoken a demoted officer over the water on the morning of the 24th December to the building now nearly completed. Already about \$4000 had been subscribed, and considerable more is expected. Dr. Orton, M. P., arrived in the city today from Winnipeg. In a conversation this

afternoon he stated there was danger of a riot among the Blacks, Blackfeet and Piegans, in the western portion of the territory. The doctor says: "They are well armed, and I have information to the effect that, for some time past they have been unusually reticent towards the white population. In fact their manner has considerably changed, and there has been an increase of horse stealing. It is said that the Indians have been visited by runners from other tribes, both in the Dominion and across the boundary line." With reference to the objects of his visit to Ottawa, Dr. Orton said: "Among other things I have a scheme which I adapted not long since, and which I think will be a similar one to the one I tried in the North West on a tour through the Dominion, treat them with great courtesy, and show them the principal signs in order that they may form an idea of the extent and resources of the country and the white population. Such a trip as the present going on here would be a powerful effect upon the chiefs." Dr. Orton advises the disarmament of the Indians, and thinks the system of training the Indians to do so is the best. He has been vigorously carried out and cattle supplied to them in large numbers.

There is no truth in the report that the medals to be given to the volunteers who served in the North West rebellion will be distributed in a few days. The sample medals only lately been received at St. Charles. The medals will be given to the volunteers who served in the North West rebellion will be distributed in a few days. The sample medals only lately been received at St. Charles.



UPPER CANADIAN NEWS. MONTREAL, Jan. 11.—Corporal Joseph Taylor of the Isolation police committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a revolver, at his residence, on Saturday evening. His father is a dentist in good circumstances in Manchester, Eng. He would have been in the city for a year's time and he left a letter stating that he was desirous of going to his father's home in Manchester, and that he had been refused permission to do so.



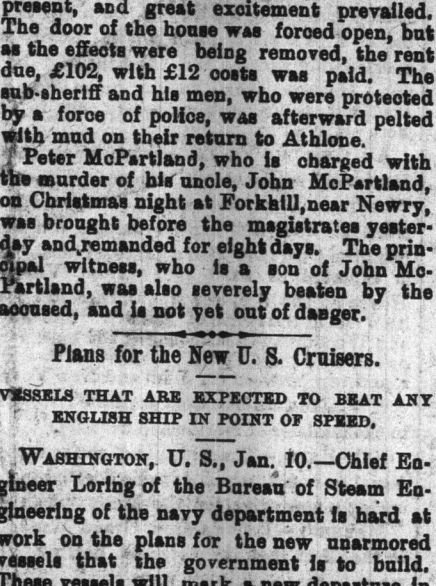
The river has risen a little since last night. A great deal of damage has been done to the wharves and houses on the banks of the river. The water is still rising, and it is feared that the city will be flooded. The water is still rising, and it is feared that the city will be flooded.

WASHINGTON, U. S., Jan. 10.—Chief Engineer Loring of the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the navy department is hard at work on the plans for the new unarmored vessels that the government is to build. The vessels are small, and yet it is necessary to get into them engines of 8,500 horse power, Mr. Loring is confident that these vessels will be built in a short time.

AN INTERESTING TABLE. Stations With a Record of 2.30 or Better With Other Interesting Information to Horsemen.

Table with columns: Name of Steeple, Record, Name of Steeple, Record. Lists various steeplechase events and records.

After supper electric fireworks and phantasmagoria experiments and a luminous and horrid scene the guests here with a jaded feeling that somehow they had been living half a century ahead of the new



William Hammer, of Newark, gave an electric supper to a few old classmates on the 17th inst. Mr. Hammer has been associated with Edison, the great electrician, for a long time, and has become so steeped in electricity that it fairly oozes out of his finger tips. He carries lightning about in his pockets as carelessly as a boy would carry a lead.

On Thursday evening Mr. Hammer had all the hidden wires about his house connected as far as outward appearance went the parlors and the dining room looked like any other well-furnished apartment. But hidden beneath the carpets and in the walls and ceilings were strange systems of wires and buttons. You enter the gate and the house appears dark, but as your foot touches the lower step three electric lights blaze out, and the number of the house appears in bright relief.

pillow the gas fifteen feet away, is extinguished, and, by pressing a knob at the foot of the bed it is lit again. Outside the door a clock work attachment sounds a drum at the proper waking time, and, if the occupant does not get up after fifteen minutes grace, the bed rises on its hind legs and dumps the sleeper out on the floor.

Somebody proposed music, and half a selection went very nicely on the piano. But just as every one became interested something seemed to give way, and instead of strings the keys beat upon a horrible angle of gears 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 the table loaded with the usual dinner. At the head a figure of Jupiter presided. As 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 great eyes had a snap of lightning in them, while blue bolts blazed from his pockets.

After supper electric fireworks and phantasmagoria experiments and a luminous and horrid scene the guests here with a jaded feeling that somehow they had been living half a century ahead of the new



There was an open fireplace besides the hot-air register, a dressing stand laden with pretty toilet boxes and bottles, an ivory clock like a bird cage, in which ivory canaries trilled sweetly as each hour began, easy chairs and a rocking chair to match the wall paper and furniture, a pretty little table-dish for the young woman to say her prayers upon as fashionably as possible, and a wealth of little elegances, completing a general effect that was exquisite, dainty and inviting beyond computation. Opening out of this room the young millionaire had another apartment, where she wrote and painted, and "worked," so to speak, but I did not see it.

By Pharnell Wants Home Kule. (From the Chicago News.) "What I never knew that before," said Mrs. Gunne, looking over the edge of her new paper. "What I never knew that before," said Mrs. Gunne, looking over the edge of her new paper.

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