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He rolled out his micro-lamp into the middle of the room, drew up the curtains at the window that faced Mr. Belford's chamber, and prepared to adjust the apparatus to a new and most singular style of lantern projection. He had hardly finished the work to his satisfaction before he heard Alma's knock at the door. He hastily drew down the curtains, and then invited her to come in.

She opened the door and appeared upon the threshold, the picture of resigned and heavy sorrow. She had evidently been weeping, and the dark dress in which she had arrayed herself seemed to intensify the look of anguish on her face. The sound of her voice was disconnected. He did not know what to say, and, with great wisdom, he said nothing.

She entered the room without a word, and sat down on a trunk. Elmer quickly rolled up the great easy chair so that it would face the open western window.

"Sit here, Miss Denny. This is far more comfortable."

"Oh, Elmer! Haven't you, too, turned against me?"

"Not knowingly. Sit here where there is more air, and before this view there is a beautiful sunset."

She rose, and with a forlorn smile took the great chair, and then gazed absently out of the window upon the charming landscape, brilliant with the glow of the setting sun. Elmer meanwhile went on with his work, and for a little space neither spoke. Then she said, with a faint trace of impatience in her voice:

"What are you doing, Elmer?"

"Preparing for war."

"It is useless. It is too late."

"Think so?"

"Yes. Everything has been settled, and in a very satisfactory manner—at least father is satisfied, and I suppose I ought to be."

She smiled and held out her hand to him.

"How can I ever thank you, Cousin Elmer? You will not forget me when I am gone?"

"Forget you, Alma! That was tucked."

He took her hand, gazed at the diamond ring upon her finger, and looking down upon her as she lay half reclining in the great chair, he said, with a certain nervousness:

"Alma, how you surrendered to him."

She looked up with a startled expression, and said:

"What do you mean?"

"You have renewed your engagement with Mr. Belford?"

"Yes—of course I have. He is to be my husband."

"On Wednesday?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

Instead of replying he turned to a drawer and drew forth a long ribbon of white paper. Holding it to the light, near the window, he began to read the words printed in dots and lines upon it.

"Here is your own confession. Here are all the messages you sent me from the parlor, when you broke your engagement with him."

"Oh, Elmer! Did you save that? Destroy it—destroy it at once. If he should find it he would never forgive me."

"You need not fear. I shall not destroy it, and it shall never cause you any trouble."

She had risen in her excitement, and stood upon her feet. Suddenly she flushed a rosy red, and a strange light shone in her eyes. The sun had sunk behind the hills, and it had grown dark. As the shadows gathered in the room a strange, mystic light fell on the ground before her. She gazed at it, then, gazing at it with a beating heart, she saw it was a picture of a man, a picture of a man who had been her lover, and who had been her husband. She saw it was a picture of a man who had been her lover, and who had been her husband.

There, written in gigantic letters of fire upon the wall, glowed and burned a single word:

FRAD!

He stared at it and rubbed his eyes. It would not be blotted out. There was a loud crash of thunder and a furious dash of rain against the window. The other side of the window, the lightning flashed, and the lightning flashed, and the lightning flashed. It was a mistake, a delusion. He would face the storm, and in its place was a picture. It seemed the top of—

Alma! It was that chimney. Already the false step had fallen off, and there, pictured upon his wall in lines of fire, was the evidence of his fraud and crime.

He sprang from the bed with an oath and looked out of the window. Darkness everywhere. The beating rain on the window pane ran down in blinding rivulets. A vivid flash of lightning illuminated the garden and the house. Not a living thing was stirring. The terrible picture had gone. With a muttered curse upon his weak discernment he crept into bed and tried to sleep.

Suddenly the terrible writing glowed upon the wall again, and he fairly screamed with fright and horror:

MURDER!

He writhed and turned upon the bed to mortal agony. He stared at the letters of the awful word with aghast lips and chattering teeth. "What is this? What is this? What is this?" He cried in a hoarse, broken voice. "What is this? What is this? What is this?" He cried in a hoarse, broken voice. "What is this? What is this? What is this?" He cried in a hoarse, broken voice.

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**RAILROADS.**

**New Brunswick Railway Co.**

(ALL RAIL LINE)

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6.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Piquette, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

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RAILWAY OFFICE, Montreal, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.

**Grand Southern Railway.**

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Office—Room 3, Puzey's Building, Corner Prince and Princess Streets.

**EXPRESS.**

**The Intercolonial Express Co.**

(LIMITED.)

Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages every day; 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 Miramichi 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. Goods or Goods in Bond presented attended to and forwarded with despatch. Special rates for Large consignments and further information on application to

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

**RAILROADS.**

**New Brunswick Railway Co.**

(ALL RAIL LINE)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: In effect October 2nd, 1887. Leave St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Piquette, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

8.40 p. m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

6.45 a. m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Piquette, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

10.00 a. m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.40 p. m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Piquette, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

LEAVE CARLETON.

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

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, F. W. CHAM, Gen. Managers. J. F. 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 (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS..... 7.30

ACCOMMODATION..... 11.30

EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 1.30

Express Car runs daily on the 15.00 train to Halifax. Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec train. Express Car will be attached to Montreal train.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC..... 7.00

EXPRESS FROM SUDBURY..... 8.30

EXPRESS FROM MONTREAL..... 11.30

DAY EXPRESS..... 12.30

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. McLEOD, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Montreal, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.

**Grand Southern Railway.**

**ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.**

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after MONDAY, Feb. 29, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 10.45 a. m., and Carleton at 11.10 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving at St. George at 1.15 p. m., at St. Stephen at 2.30 p. m., at Carleton at 3.45 p. m.

LEAVE ST. STEPHEN at 8.30 a. m., for St. George at 1.15 p. m., at Carleton at 3.45 p. m., at St. John at 5.00 p. m.

Freight, up to

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.

THE FIRST FAMILY.

Mamma—And who dwelt in the garden of Eden, Freddie?

Freddie—Oh, I know; the Adamases!

[Harvard Lampoon.]

A PROPER DEFINITION.

Teacher—Johnny, define nothing.

Johnny—I can't just think of the definition, but it's what you've got on the top of yer head.

Teacher—None of your smartness, sir. I shall refer this impertinence to your father.

Johnny—He wouldn't agree with me, I know, con I heard him say different.

Teacher—Indeed! and what did you hear him say?

Johnny—That it was what you had inside of year head.—[Tid-bits.]

A LEVEL-HEADED WIFE.

"Maria," said Brown after they had moved into their new house, "we have a spacious back yard that ought to be put to some use."

"Yes, it ought."

"Suppose you get some poultry."

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"If our colored neighbors want chickens let them buy them."—[Hotel Mail.]

There's fun in courting.

When the dearest is over the crestled noy And the bells are jangling And the merry's at zero or one below.

But I think I'd rather

Wait for better weather And sit in the woods on a grassy knoll Than the kitchen's fire and the stove's heat And the birds are singing And the wind is howling.

THE CONDITION IN LIFE.

First Firt—[That handsome man is an acquaintance of yours, I see.]

Second Firt—Yes, I have known him for some time.

"Is he married or unmarried?"

"He's a drummer."—[Omaha World.]

GIVES IT A REST OCCASIONALLY.

Brown—Jones is the greatest talker I ever heard.

Robinson—Got the gift of the gab, hasn't he?

B.—He's worse than any woman I ever heard. Does he ever give his mouth a rest?

R.—Yes, when he has a cold in his head.

B.—Oh, he gives his mouth a rest when he has a cold in his head?

R.—Yes, he talks through his nose then.—[Boston Courier.]

MEIN WORTER.

At parting, in the midnight hour, They had a little duel. Said she, I think you're soft as mush. And he responded, with a blip: "I think you're very good."—[City Citizen.]

HE WANTED TO KEE PAPA SQUIRM AND YELL.

Mother—You mustn't make any noise, Bobby. Your papa suffered all night with the toothache and has just fallen asleep. Aren't you sorry for him?

Bobby—Yes, indeed, I am, ma. Is he going to have it pulled?

Mother—Yes, this morning.

Bobby—Can I go with him, ma, and see the dentist pull it?—[Duke's Magazine.]

IN MAINE.

Mechanic—I want a gallon of rum for mechanical purposes.

Druggist—What is your business?

M.—I am a painter.

D.—Oh, yes, I've heard of alcohol being used in your business. All right, sir.

M.—Thank you. How much?

D.—Well, I suppose we'll have to call it \$2.50.

M.—Here you are.

D. (as M. is leaving)—By the way, how do you use the spirit?

M.—Mix it with the paint.

D.—What kind of paint?

M.—Red. I'm going to paint the town.

[Exit.]

NO RECALC OF CONTRACT.

Baldie—I thought you said this mixture would make my hair come out quickly, and it seems I'm getting baldier and baldier.

Barber—Well, isn't your hair coming out?—[Judge.]

ADVICE ON ENTERING THE ARENA OF LIFE.

Now, John, my son, before you go take this advice to heart. Don't try to show off what you know and take up the servant. Although the world is like a school, where those who study learn, remember that the silent fool is the wisest man.

AN ADVERTISABLE HEAD WANTED.

Mrs. Crismonbeak—"When you come home unsteady at night I don't take your head off, do I, John?"

Crismonbeak—"No, you don't; but I wish you would!"

"You wish I would?"

"Yes, it would be so nice to be able to get up in the morning without any head on me."—[Yonkers Statesman.]

HE LEFT ALL HE HAD TO LEAVE.

She was expecting a package from her adorer, and when she came home in the evening she called up the servant.

"Mary," she inquired, "has any one called since I've been out?"

"Yes, ma'am; a man," replied Mary.

"Did he leave anything?"

"Yes, ma'am; he left his name."—[Washington Critic.]

THIS AND THAT.

There's sure to be something serious on foot when a man goes to the chiroprapist's office.

The exercise of forbearance is harder work than taking a twenty mile walk.

It sounds rather queer to hear a man say, he flatters himself that he is above flattery.

There are sticks in every trade, especially in the prestidigitateur's.

FOR MUSICIANS.

Odd Items in the Musical Line From Different Parts of the Country.

On Thursday evening of last week, a very successful concert was given in the I. S. C. Drill Hall, in Fredericton, in aid of the Victoria Hospital. The band of the corps played some fine selections.

On Thursday evening a benefit concert was given in St. Andrew's church to Miss Belle Duncan. Some of the best of our local talent took part, and Harrison's orchestra rendered some fine selections. Altogether the entertainment was a very pleasant one and the large audience was highly pleased.

Monday evening is the time fixed for the concert under the auspices of Victoria Division, K. of P., in the Mechanic's Institute. Mrs. Shaw, of Bangor, the 62nd band and a good display of our prominent local talent will combine to make a pleasant evening's entertainment. There is every reason to expect a large audience, as the concert will be one of the best given this season.

Little Hoffman was to have received about \$10,000 for playing the entire season, but being promised \$100,000 for not playing he stopped, of course.

A correspondent of the Leader wants the different times laid down to the number of counts per minute for playing, and the Leader answers as follows:—

The tempo of a musical selection must be regulated by the character of the music: a quickstep should be played in quick time, a dirge in slow time; but exactly how fast or how slow, the composer and director must determine. There can be no inexorable rule. The meaning of such terms as Andante, Andantino, etc., cannot be reduced to the number of counts per minute. Andante is slower than Andantino, but how slow depends upon Andantino and the other similar terms used in the same composition.

The tempo, as indicated by the expression marks, must be as these marks are related to each other, i. e., by comparison. Hardly two composers will agree in their markings, even when they desire the same results.

Before little Hoffman's father decided to take him from the stage, he claimed that the boy enjoyed playing in public, and that he was not being over-worked. As soon as he was persuaded to stop the concerts, he decided that the excitement of public life was too much for his son, and that his strength was breaking down under the heavy strain.

A FLAT.

De ROBERTVAL. This is the title of Hunter Duvar's latest published work. Of his hero Mr. Duvar says:—"The first French colonization of Canada by the Chevalier Jean Francois de la Roquette, seigneur de Robert, in Peadry, is interesting. His commissions from Francis I. give him authority as Lieutenant General of the King in Canada, Ochelaga, Saguenay, and countries adjacent. Little is known as to the details of his enterprise. Such incidents as have survived are embodied in the drama."

The writer suffers by not having access to any authorities beyond those in his own little library; yet he ventures to hope that the accessories are preserved, and that the tone is not unappropriate to the gay and chivalrous, but somewhat flippant, time of the first Francis. The leading characters, aside from De Robertval, which Mr. Duvar has drawn with a free pencil, and filled with life and action, are Francis I., Marguerite, of Angoulême, Jacques Cartier, Margaret Robert and Ohasawa, a girl of the Iroquois.

De Robertval may be looked upon as a work of art and read as one reads an exquisite painting. It is a picture of the times of which it treats—a story so beautifully told that it can never be forgotten. The volume closes with two minor poems, The Emigration of the Fairies, and The Triumph of Constancy. In this wise Mr. Duvar tells of the arrival of the fairies at Hernewood, his place of residence on P. E. Island.

It was, in truth, a quiet shady place. A book apart from traffic's toll and noise; For fairer no market, but unbroken peace; Well clothed with wealth of woods, by nature's hand; And known as Hesperwood all throughout the county.

For the blue hearse there would build their nests; And up on the tall tops of withered pines, Or on the bare and rocky hills upon their breasts, Or on the cold and dreary rocks, they would sit; Fishing along the river's margin, where, Like scattered leaves, the old fisher's eyes.

Mr. Duvar is one of the very few Canadian poets whose names will live with those of Tennyson, Swinburne, Longfellow and Bryant. The typography of the book is faultless and adds to the reputation of the Messrs. McMillan as artistic book-makers.

CARLYLE'S HERO WORSHIP, and Essays, are published by George Routledge & Sons at the low price of 20 cents each. The type is large, but the form is objectionable. The copyright on Carlyle's French Revolution being about to expire, cheap editions of that work will soon be in the market.

See next week's Gazette for the opening chapters of the new Serial SHIRLEY CARSTONE, by Eliza Archard.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ABRAHAM IVORY DISCUSSES SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

A Tennessee Laundry and a Laundry in St. John.

A good many years ago I had a friend who lived among the mountains of Tennessee. He assimilated with his surroundings, and was content to meet his neighbors on an equal footing, but his wife (what thorns in the flesh wives are!) wanted to be a society leader, and that her husband should become a member of congress. She heard that in Cincinnati and Cleveland men wore starched shirts, and she determined that on his next appearance in public, her Abraham should be attired à la mode. She starched the garment after her own fashion, and he wore it to a funeral; the day was warm and he perspired freely, and when he came home, in the afternoon he retired to the attic for an hour's rest. He slept, and when he woke, that shirt clung to him like a case of sheet iron. To get out of it was a problem which was quickly solved. He lifted a board from the floor of the attic—naked the skirts of his under garment on each side, and dropped down to the floor below. It is said that the shirt, hanging down from the ceiling, looked very much like a war map, with its blotches of red and white and black and blue scattered all over it. And it is said that my friend went into a cave, from which he sent word that important business had called him to Washington.

When I went home last evening, Mrs. Ivory had her feet on the fender, and she was so much interested in the plays of Sophocles, translated by Thomas Francis, that my arrival was unnoted. This is what she was reading:—

"Pleased with his sandy vest, And happy in it, he grateful surmised; But let his hands, and from the pinny wood, Take up the flax, and to his body stick, Lettered his limbs, and to his body stick, (Some joined to every part, the fatal vest, sacrificing at the headland of Caneum in Buboca. There was something in the material that made him so mad he lauded the messenger who brought it to him, after which he went howling up Mount Olympus and never sanged with common mortals any more."

"Was Deianira Mrs. Hercules?" asked Mrs. Ivory.

"I dunno."

"Some jeds that'd been flirting with, probably, and served him right."

"Dear Mrs. Ivory," said I, glad to let the story of Hercules and Deianira drop into the background, "I am reminded by your remarks of the laundry of S. and M. UNGAR.

On Waterloo Street, which I had occasion to visit this afternoon. Theirs, I believe, the first steam laundry ever operated in the Maritimes Province, and while it has proved a great convenience to travellers and homeless bachelors, it has in many households totally abolished the toils and worries and cold dinners by which washing day has always been accompanied. The facilities are such that they are able to laundry 2,000 garments daily, including such other articles as blankets, lace curtains, etc., and their machinery operates so perfectly and the chemical agents they use are so harmless, that it is impossible that the finest fabric should sustain injury while passing through their hands. The business of the Messrs. Ungar is thoroughly systematized, so that it is next to impossible that any article received by them should be lost or mislaid, and one member of the firm visits New York every season in order to avail of such improvements as may be made from time to time in the machinery or material which they employ.

Our genial laundry men can be reached by telephone at any hour of the day, and their collecting and delivery vans visit all parts of the city and its outskirts whenever occasion requires. In cases of emergency they are able to do a family's washing in six hours time, which is a great convenience for travellers, and I believe that parcels of linen sent from Moncton and other places along the line of the I. C. R. have been done up and returned on the evening of the day on which they were received.

The Messrs. Ungar have recently revised their scale of prices, reducing the cost of family washing to 50 cents per dozen, two handkerchiefs or two towels being counted as one piece.

"This," said I to Mrs. Ivory, "makes washing day in our household a thing of the past forever."

The Mrs. Ivory kissed the bald spot just back of my ears and threw a shovel-full of ashes on the smouldering coals.

Abraham Ivory.

The man who invented the electric light was not the man who had the spark of genius in him.

A New Idea.

Messrs. F. W. & W. H. Mullen have for sale a patent corrugated rubber sole and heel to be attached to leather boots. One object of the sole is to protect the foot from the dampness of the ground in wet weather, doing away with the necessity of wearing a rubber overshoe. They are made of all thicknesses, and those for ladies and children's boots are only slightly corrugated. Mr. H. L. Spencer is the patentee of these soles and heels. Messrs. Mullen, who are the sole agents, invite an inspection of the articles and guarantee perfect satisfaction.—St. John Globe.

It is intended shortly to put a full line of these articles on the market for ladies, misses, children's and gentlemen's and youth's boots, in a variety of patterns, and they will be found not only the most comfortable but the most economical soles, for summer as well as winter use, that have been worn. The pattern shown by the Messrs. Mullen will afford an idea of their universal utility.

Monday Night's Concert.

What will undoubtedly be the best concert ever held in St. John takes place in the Mechanics' Institute, on Monday evening next, under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias. The advance sale of seats is the largest ever known for a concert in this city and there is no doubt that the hall will be crowded. Among those who are to take part are Mrs. W. E. Shaw, of Bangor, Mrs. S. Giffin, Miss Clara Quibson, Mr. E. N. S. Steward, Mr. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Horn, Mr. S. J. Smith, Mr. A. Lindsay, Mrs. D. H. Nae, and Mr. George Cleveland, Master Sexton, Mr. Hammond and Prof. White. The 62nd Band will be present.

Two lads named McCole and Donovan, were so badly lacerated Thursday evening by a ferocious dog belonging to V. Harding, that Dr. McInerney was sent for to dress their wounds.

News from New York.

"I had Scrofula on my neck very bad for two years, had tried all remedies and doctors, but did not get any help until I took a bottle of your Burdock Blood Bitters which cured me of it entirely." James C. Cheasne, Fox River, Cumberland Co., N. S.

The paleface who enters a jungle is apt to become a torn-y-fellow.—[Yonkers Gazette.]

During their palmy days men ought to be handy about the house.—[Detroit Free Press.]

When a photographer goes to sea he doesn't feel at home anywhere but in the focus-ile.—[Texas Sittings.]

Never plague a flying machine inventor concerning his hobby. It is a soar subject to him.—[Boston Courier.]

Cannot be excused.

I have pleasure in saying that Hagar's Federal Balsam cannot be excused for curing Coughs, Colds and Loos of Voice. It cured my brother completely. So says Mr. McLeod of Poplar Hill, Ont., regarding this popular remedy.

Read our New Story SHIRLEY CARSTONE which will be commenced next week.

It Seldom Falls.

J. D. Cameron, of Westlake, Annelo, Cape Breton, had inflammatory rheumatism which Hagar's Yellow Oil cured after all other treatments had failed. Hagar's Yellow Oil is sold by all dealers in medicine.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

Thos. Dean.

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Hams, Mutton, Bacon, Game.

13, 14 & 15 CITY MARKET

SMITH'S MANUAL Engineers' Calculations

FOR SALE AT McMillan's, Boston, McArthur's and Watson's Bookstores. PRICE, - - \$3.00.

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We are now showing full lines of Bank Books, Envelopes, Writing Paper, Etc.

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All goods at lowest prices. Inspection invited.

D. McARTHUR, 80 KING STREET.

NOW IS THE TIME

To Order SHOW CASES for Spring.

LeB. ROBERTSON, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

IS AGENT FOR

M. FROST & Co.'s CELEBRATED NICKEL CASES

Write or Call for Catalogue and Prices.

500 DOZEN! OUR KID GLOVE.

"TANT MIEUX."

THIS GLOVE, is placed upon our counters DIRECT from the manufacturing tables of a GRENABLE FRENCH KID GLOVE HOUSE, for which we have been appointed the SOLE RETAIL and JOBBING AGENTS, and owing to its EXTREME LOW PRICE, together with the REMARKABLE SOFTNESS and ELASTICITY of its character, it has gained an unparalleled hold both in EUROPE and AMERICA, and is now offered THROUGH US to the public of ST. JOHN, at almost ONE-THIRD THE PRICE of a "JOSEPHINE" GLOVE, whilst in reputation it is rated with, and (in point of actual wearing value) is allowed to be EQUAL to any "TREVIOUSSE" or other high class glove made.

We are prepared to Mail them to any part of CANADA for six cents extra, and for orders exceeding four pairs we will send them CARriage PAID. By this means ladies in out districts may have the gloves delivered at their homes without any additional cost. As no glove stretched or tried on can be exchanged the correct size should be given.

Try a pair upon our guarantee that they WILL WEAR WELL and NOT BREAK AWAY in the seams.

PRICE 64 CENTS.

FAIRALL & SMITH, King Street, St. John, N. B.

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The Subscribers Beg Leave to Inform the Public that, on or About April 1st, they will open

A STEAM LAUNDRY

Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street.

Fully equipped with the latest machinery and experienced help to turn out first-class work. We would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the public.

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