

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a story olden, golden,
Laid in with the sweetest peace,
Of a stranger in a manger,
Couched on autumn's rich increase,
Rebless to stable, for a stable,
With its roof and dust clad walls,
For a babe, where doth dweller
Gaze on their stabled stalls.

Then from heaven's azure river,
Blazed a star of radiance bright;
Glorious, victorious,
It led the other stars of night.
Then it glimmered, gleamed and shimmered,
Over the town of Bethlehem,
And brighter, nearer, richer, clearer,
Burned the star of glory then.



Above the stable's pointed gables
Did that star of heaven stand:
While adoring, wealth outpouring,
Kneelt the men from Judah's land.
Softly saying, 'mid their praying,
While their eyes with tears were dim,
From afar we've seen big star,
And have come to worship him!
Then came winging, sweetly singing,
Hosts on hosts of 'herubim,
'Glory, glory, hear the story:
'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

MOTHER'S MENAGERIE.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Some sixty years ago Madison street in New York was one of the most aristocratic streets in the city, and on both sides it was built with stately mansions, with wide halls, handsome parlors and large comfortable rooms, and each had a garden in the rear. Now the wealthy old Quaker families who once inhabited them are gone and the whole street has degenerated until it is known as a "tenement house district," and these old houses are full of ragged, half starved children, pale, wretched women, and a generally honest but rough class of men. Every house has a family in every room, where they eat, work and sleep, and even where there is the most sobriety there is still enough of noise, unhealthiness and misery. In most of them men's drunken curses and women and children's shrill screams are heard almost hourly.

In the attic room of one of the handsomest of these old houses there lived a widow with her two children, Ruth and Robert. No words can picture the bare desolation of that room, but in spite of the bitter poverty so apparent it was neat and clean. The young mother was born in this house, as had been her father, and though she now owned nothing on earth but the wretched furniture about her, and she could barely pay the rent of this cheerless attic, her heart clung to the old house and here she staid. Her father had died suddenly, as had his father before him, and Abby, his only child, had married a man who was unworthy his trust and in a short time he had dissipated every dollar they possessed and then had died, mercifully for his wife and little children.

Abby Hicks had tried to earn a living since then, but with delicate health and two helpless babies she could not do much. Like the great majority of women, she had no resource but her needle, and she found employ in a shirt factory, and by slaving night and day as long as her poor little hands could hold the work, she managed to keep her children and herself alive. Their clothes were the last of those of better days, and were almost falling off them from sheer age, though the patient little fingers had patched and darned them over and over, and her heart sank as she wondered where she could get more.

Her grandfather had been a thrifty old man, and everybody had supposed him rich; but when he died it was found that this house and a few thousand dollars, which was in interest, was all he had, and it was never quite understood; but no amount of searching in papers or banks brought to light anything more and the search was finally dropped, though the question was often discussed.

It grew too dark to sew and not quite dark enough to light the lamp, and this hour the little mother usually took to run out and do her marketing for the next day; and so telling the children to lie still in bed, for it was bitterly cold up there so near the roof, she took her threadbare shawl, and throwing it around her started out.



SHE BENT BEFORE THE WIND.

The snow was falling in great soft flakes and lay thick upon the pavement, and she bent before the wind as she made what haste she could. As she walked along she wondered for a moment at the holiday aspect of the street, and then she suddenly remembered, with a great pang, that it was Christmas Eve, and two sudden tears rolled from her eyes and trickled slowly down her cold cheeks. Everybody she met, even in that poor location, seemed to have something in their hands—toys, cheap and tawdry, it is true, but still something to bring joy to a child's heart—but

this poor little woman could buy nothing, not even so much as a bit of candy, for stern necessity had laid too strong a hand upon this desolate little family for the spending even of one penny on anything but food, fuel and rent. Choking back the unruly sobs that would mount up the little woman at last reached the butcher's shop where she dealt, when she had anything to buy with, and here she bought a soup bone for ten cents, a carrot, a turnip and two potatoes for five cents, and then as the fat butcher's fatter wife put them in a paper bag she slyly added two rosy apples from a barrel and two big red onions, and the butcher being busy just then selling a fine turkey to the proprietor of a boarding house did not see it.

"For the babies, ma'am, with my love," said the jolly woman, "and I wish it was more."
Abby Hicks stood a moment irresolute, with the red spots of shame burning in her cheeks, for never before had she accepted a gift, and yet her heart was glad for her children and lighter for the womanly sympathy which she felt had actuated this meager gift.

"Thank you," was all she could trust herself to say, and she hurried away, and from there she went to the little corner grocery where her wants were supplied when accompanied by cash. Here she bought a five cent loaf and a pair of coal.

"Nothing else?" asked the grocer's clerk.
"We have some fine turkeys and cranberries; chickens, too, first rate Philadelphia dry pickled; raisins, apples, jellies, celery—nothing at all!"

"No, thank you," said Abby, hurrying away.

The coal had taken her last cent. She got out again into the street on her way back and hurried onward, only anxious to get back to where she could weep her heart out in her woe, for where is an agony keener for a mother than to deprive her children of the joy that is rightfully theirs on Christmas day? Dear little Robbie! He would hear the other children blowing their tin trumpets and beating their drums, and his sturdy little heart had always desired one and the other by turns. And good, gentle Ruthie! How her motherly soul had longed for a real doll! Not the old rag doll, but a real one, with fair hair and blue eyes. And this mother had promised long ago that she would write a long letter to Santa Claus and tell him what good little children they were, and now they would grieve over his neglect. What should she do? She had nothing to sell that they could by any possibility spare. Everything had been sold long ago that could bring anything at all; and now, to add to her despair, a huckster's wagon, loaded with cheap toys, stopped just in front of her, and the strong lunged hucksters began crying out their wares. Again she quickened her pace, and went on blindly up the stairs to her miserable home, all the while her heart nearly bursting with its agony as memory pictured this home as it had been only ten short years ago. Yes, on this very anniversary, and she dressed in white satin, with pearls and beautiful jewels, was the envied beauty of the great ball. Where now were all those brilliant lights, the flowers, the servants, her sweet faced mother and noble father!



THE MENAGERIE.

All were gone, and she left alone to battle with such a hard world. Had it not been for those two little children up stairs the icy river would have soon closed her book of sorrow.

She reached her room. The children were fast asleep, and she lighted the lamp and sat down by the little stove.

"If we starve," she said, "I cannot work to-night."

By and by mechanically she went about and put the little room to rights, and hung the children's worn clothing over the chair-back, and took the meat for the next day's dinner and supper from its bag. The vegetables lay upon the table, with the apples. These she wiped softly and then sat down again, looking at them in a dream. Suddenly she gave a nervous little laugh, saying: "I will. It will amuse them at any rate."

Then she took a knife and piece of kindling and in a little while cut it in small sticks, and these she counted until she had the number she needed, and set to work.

She found the two potatoes adapted to her plan, which was to make horses of them by sticking four legs, a tail and two ears into them. Treated the same way the two red onions made rather awkward but pretty colored cows, and the turnips became a tiger and the carrot an alligator.

These made quite a little menagerie when set upon the table in a position to attract the children's attention the first thing in the morning, and a red apple was thrust into each well darned stocking and they were hung upon the board which served for a mantel-piece.

Thus out of nothing mother love devised a bit of Christmas for her little ones, and when this was done, somehow her heart was lighter and she blessed God for the inspiration and that she had her children and health, and thanked him while she lay down beside the two pretty if pale children.

The noise of drums, trumpets and children's shouts in streets and hall waked the children almost before daylight, and they began to ask each other and their mother what it was all about, and she told them that it was Christmas, and lying then for once idle during the daylight hours she told them all the sweet story and then they began to wonder if Santa Claus had been to them, and they bounced out of bed to see.

The apples were very rare and beautiful to them, but the menagerie of wonderful animals surpassed anything they ever dreamed of, and as the mother told them:

"You see, dears, they are nicer than any wooden toy animals could be, for we can play that they are real, truly animals and we can kill them and dress them and cut them all up into little bits and cook them by and by just as the butchers do."

"Oh, yes!" said Ruthie in ecstasy.
"I don't want my ollumgater cut up," declared Robbie, stoutly. He was pacified, and the children played contentedly all the morning with their animals, though it required the constant service of mamma to replace broken legs, horns and tails, and the children did smell rather strong of onions; still they were happy and her heart lightened. But when the time came for the final part of their play,

Robbie would not allow a single one of his precious "animals" to be sacrificed, and at last he became so obstreperous that his mother was obliged to punish him by shutting him into a good sized closet which had always stood between the chimney and the gable window. Robbie did not enjoy his imprisonment and kicked and cried until he made the very rafters ring, but suddenly after a rather more violent outbreak than usual there was a silence, and his mother waited a while, surprised at this new freak, and then she opened the door and looked in.

There on the floor sat Robbie, with a piece of the baseboard lying flat, and disclosing a hole within which was a tin box. This he was trying to pull out, but it seemed too heavy for him to move, and soon Mrs. Hicks laid it out and was examining it. When she had wiped off the dust she found painted upon it in white letters "Owen Harlecastle." It needed no more to take every bit of strength she had and make her sink white and swooning on the chair. This was her grandfather's name! What if this box contained the money he was supposed to have hidden somewhere? It was heavy enough. A moment's reflection convinced her that, as she was the only living member of all the family, this box and its contents were hers, and so with a knife and piece of wood she pried it open and found even as she had hoped. The box was full of gold, and also contained several valuable diamonds, so that this woman, who had the night before been on the verge of despair from poverty, and who had had to make a travesty of her meager dinner to give her fatherless babies a little of the joy that Christmas brings, was lifted above want again.

But, though she had found this treasure, and she knew it was her own in all right, she was too sensible a little woman to bruit the news about, and so they sat down to their Christmas dinner of soup made out of a whole menagerie, and up to this day, though she lives in a different way now, the lawyers never got wind of her inheritance nor share in it. Robbie and Ruthie have pretty toys, but probably none of them have ever been quite so dear to their little hearts as the strange animals their mother's breaking heart wrought out for their pleasure.

A CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS, 1852.

BY KATE VAN NORMA HIBSON.

We reached California late in the fall of 1852, and before we knew it could be winter in a country where the grass was freshly sprouting and the trees bright and green, Christmas was upon us, and no turkey in the state. The children held a solemn convale and concluded that Santa Claus could never get so far, besides there was no snow for his sleigh to travel on.

As I said, there was probably not one turkey in the whole state, and though there were a few chickens, no one would have consented for a moment to kill them when eggs were worth \$1 apiece. So our hopes for an old fashioned Christmas fell far below zero, and in spite of our best endeavors we felt a little blue and homesick.

There was plenty of the poor Spanish beef to be obtained, and also veal, but a sucking pig would have been an impossibility, and there was absolutely no fruit in the country except such as grow wild, and, of course, there was none at this season, but the genius of women for making something out of nothing is proverbial, and the men of the family thought the women would pull through somehow, though how was that to be without fruit, eggs, milk or cream, or, indeed, anything except bayou beans, Spanish beef and a very few potatoes, and no onions to season anything with, nor knives! This was in what is Oakland now, but at that time there were but three wooden houses and a few tents there.

The two women put their heads together and finally decided that they could at least make a plum pudding, but in the little "store" there were no raisins, nothing but dried apples. They bought six eggs, paying \$8 for them, considering the season, and took some dried apples. These were put to soak over night and on Christmas morning they were chopped into small bits, and with the eggs and a plentiful supply of molasses, flour and suet, a big pudding was put into a bag and over the fire to boil. This success stimulated the women to try an apple pie or so.

In the meantime a big rib of beef was duly salted and peppered and surrounded with potatoes, and was made ready to put in the oven when Uncle Charlie, who was a mighty hunter, suddenly made his appearance with a big fat goose in one hand and a fine big turkey, as we thought, in the other, both plucked and dressed, ready for the oven.

Some one was sent to buy an onion, as the grandmother said the goose really must have onion in the stuffing, and for that one little onion, no larger than an egg, we paid \$1 and were glad to get it at that price. Grandmother brought out her wonderful bag of herbs and a little of very precious sage, and summer savory was sifted into the dressing and the two fine birds were put down to cook, and we all began to rejoice that even in far off California Christmas was not quite lost. The two birds now cooking had been shot early that morning. One was a honker goose and the other was an enormous sand hill crane, or, as they were then called, California turkey. These immense birds grow very fat and are really delicious eating, as we found at dinner time. And when the table was laid out with the finest linen and choice dishes that had followed the family fortunes "around the Horn," that dinner was voted a success, but the pudding, covered with blazing brandy, looked just as Christmas like as if it had been a real plum one, though it had a sprig of "live oak" instead of holly in it, and although it did not take quite as good.

After dinner we had games, and though the children missed the hanging up of the stockings, they went to bed happy in the hope, afterward fulfilled, that Santa Claus might get there by New Year's, seeing that they lived too far away for him to reach them on Christmas.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

From the shelf I hang, suspended
In the firelight's glow, distended
Till my sides are almost split with everything
that's good;
I'm so full that it's a question
If I don't have indigestion—
Never yet was I so stuffed with such peculiar
food.
In my toe (oh, goodness gracious!
I declare it is vexatious)
Some one's put a big potato and it makes me feel
so strange;
I wonder, now, what made them do it.
Do you know that right next to it
They have put a lot of candy—something sweeter
for a change?
Then a bank to save up money,
And a man that acts so funny
When you pull him sharply by his stringy hempen
tail;
A picture book, some small tin fishes,
And a set of little dishes;
Pair of mittens, popcorn and a little wooden pail.
Then on top a piece of paper,
Isn't this a funny caper?
Perhaps they want to burden me with some new
fangled dish.
Let me try my best to con it.
Why, this is what they've written on it:
"May you have a merry Christmas in my hearty
wish."
—Tom Nasson.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.



MAYORALTY, 1888.

TO THE ELECTORS:—In respectfully soliciting your votes and influences for the ensuing Mayoralty election, I trust that my service in the Council in important positions, and my fidelity to the interests of the city at large, will commend me to your fullest support and consideration.
Yours Faithfully,
J. DUNCAN THOMPSON

DRENNAN FOR MAYOR



To the Electors of Kingston:—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Being sure that if elected Mayor of this City for 1888, my course in the Council during the year will meet with the approval of the public in general, I respectfully solicit your votes and influence in the coming Mayoralty Election. I will spare no efforts in behalf of measures which will be in the interests of Kingston and its people.
Nov. 22. W. M. DRENNAN.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, 1888.

TO GEO. S. FENWICK, ESQ.:—We, the undersigned Electors, request you to offer yourself as a candidate for Alderman for Ontario Ward, and promise you our heartiest support and influence:

- J. McNaughton, R. M. Rose, H. T. Shibley, J. M. Fraser, J. M. Macfar, J. C. Mitchell, J. J. Murphy, John Schroder, Jas. Kavanagh, A. Gunn, W. C. Crawford, John Reyner, John Studie, A. P. Knight, R. Stirling, R. F. Keat, W. C. Martin, Saml. Dyde, Robert Hendry, Jr., Thos. Wilson, Thos. Peters, R. Crawford, A. Ross, W. D. McRae, T. M. Parkins, Wm. Ford, E. W. Breck, E. A. Booth, J. A. Hendry, R. W. Robertson, Patrick Browne, N. K. Scott, James Yule, Robert Christie, F. X. Lachance, Fred. Crosby, W. C. Carruthers, M. S. Sutherland, Owen Tierney, and others.

To the Electors of Ontario Ward:

GENTLEMEN.—As requested by the above named electors, I very cordially offer myself as one of the candidates for your suffrage. The honour is one not only unsolicited, but quite unexpected; and if elected my services in your interests shall be discharged conscientiously to the best of my ability. As it is an office of trust and confidence so it should be tendered and not solicited. I shall, therefore, not canvass a vote, leaving it entire to your own good judgment who shall represent you in the Council.
GEORGE S. FENWICK.

To the Electors of Victoria Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Having been presented with a petition, bearing the names of a large number of voters, asking me to offer myself as a candidate to represent you in Victoria Ward, I have consented to do so. I therefore solicit your votes and influence, trusting that I may be able to see you personally between now and election day.
I am, yours faithfully,
H. MOOKERS.

To the Electors of Frontenac Ward.

GENTLEMEN:—Having been requested by a number of residents to offer myself as a candidate for Alderman, to fill the place to be vacated at the Public School Board, and in accepting their support cordially tender my thanks, I ask for the votes and influences of all the electors.
JOHN McCAMMON.

To the Electors of St. Lawrence Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I respectfully solicit your votes and influence as School Trustee for 1888.
Faithfully yours,
A. R. MARTIN.

To the Electors of Ontario Ward.

In offering myself for re-election to the position of Alderman for the ensuing year, I respectfully solicit your votes and influence.
JOSEPH F. SWIFT.

To the Electors of Cataragui Ward.

I again offer myself for re-election to the position of Alderman for the ensuing year. I wish any voter I cannot see personally to kindly accept this request for their vote and influence.
F. S. REES.

To the Electors of Frontenac Ward.

BEING solicited by a large number of the electors of Frontenac Ward to stand for Alderman for 1888, I now solicit your votes and influence.
N. WILMOT.

To the Electors of Cataragui Ward.

I respectfully solicit your votes and influence as Alderman for the ensuing year.
DR. D. PHELAN.

THE LARDER.

BUTCHERS, FARMERS & GARDENERS.
Prime small hog casings, by tierce, 500 lbs. 25c. per lb; kegs, 100 lbs. \$30; half kegs, 50 lbs. \$15.00; small quantities, 35c per lb.
English sheep casings, kegs, of 50 large bundles, \$30; small quantities, 65c per bundle.
Pure Fertilizer, composed of blood, bone and meat, only \$30 per ton; fine bone meal, \$35 per ton; coarse bone meal, \$35 per ton, f. o. b. Hamilton.
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From Ayrshire Cows at the BAZAAR.
We have made arrangements for a daily supply in Glass, and trust it will be a benefit to the public as well as ourselves.
REES BROS.
Man. Confectioners.

CITY FLOUR STORE.

CHOICE FAMILY & BAKERS' FLOUR
SEED GRAIN, PRESSED HAY, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
C. D. FRANKLIN,
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

- R. GAGE, ARCHITECT, Office—Montreal Street.
- ADAM M'ARTHUR, ACCOUNTANT, AUDITOR, &c., Office Clarence Street, near King St.
- DR. PRICE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office—No. 428, Vaughn Terrace, Princess St.
- POWPE AND SON, ARCHITECTS and Building Surveyors, Office Wellington Street, Kingston.
- R. W. GARRETT, M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Removed to 52 Johnson St., opposite St. George's Cathedral.
- L. CLEMENTS, DENTIST, directly opposite the Post Office Wellington Street. Established in Kingston, 1860.
- DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.R.C.S., ENG., OFFICE—32 Earl Street, near King Tel. phone communication.
- JOHN STRANGE, LL.B., SOLICITOR, &c., Office—Clarence Street, or post the Post Office. MONEY TO LOAN at lowest current rates.
- WALKEM & WALKEM, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c., Kingston, opposite the Post Office. RICHARD WALKEM. JOSEPH R. WALKEM.
- D. E. MUNDELL, B.A., M.D., C.M., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office—Late Dr. McCammon's, No. 25 Montreal Street.
- H. M. MOWAT, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c., Ford's Block, Brock Street, Kingston. Money to Loan.
- A. F. McVEY, C.M., M.D., M.R.C.S.E. OFFICE—203 Wellington Street, two doors east of Princess St., lately occupied by Dr. Garrett. Telephone No. 218.
- DR. ALICE MCGILLIVRAY, Diseases of Women and Children a specialty. Office—230 PRINCESS STREET, at Dr. Sparks old stand. Telephone No. 106.
- MARION LIVINGSTONE, M.D., C.M., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—211 Bagot Street (between Clarence and Johnson Sts. Diseases of Women and Children a specialty.)
- JOHN HERALD, M.A., M.D., C.M., (Successor to Late Dr. McCAMMON) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office—Montreal Street, between Princess and Brock Streets.
- WM. NEWLANDS, JR., ARCHITECT, corner of Brock and King Street, over Wade's Drug Store. Entrance on King Street, next to the Whig Office.
- SMYTHE AND SMITH, SOLICITORS, Etc., 192 Ontario Street.
- K. H. SMYTHE, LL.D. CHAS. FRONTENAC SMITH
- ROBERT SHAW, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c., Office—Corner King and Brock Streets over Wade's Drug Store
- DR. ELIZABETH SMITH SHORT, C.M., M.C.P. & S.O., (Late of Hamilton), 63 West Street. Diseases of Women and Children.
- HOMEOPATHY, C. L. CURTIS, M.D., successor to Dr. Jarvis, Physician, Surgeon, &c., Office and Residence (across the street) opposite the Post Office, Wellington Street. Calls in the city of country promptly attended to.
- J. H. CLARK, M.D., D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, Graduate of New York College of Dentistry, Office—Wellington Street, between Princess and Brock Streets. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth.
- K. E. SPARKS, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, Office—Princess St., between Montreal and Sydenham Streets. Residence No. 21 Charles Street. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., and on Saturday evenings 7 to 10 o'clock. Telephone 196.

WOOD AND COAL.

REMOVED.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs respectfully to announce to his numerous friends and customers that he has removed his old and established Wood Yard from the Ferry wharf to the old K. & P. Railway Depot at the foot of Ontario Street, and Directly opposite the *Tele du Pont Barrack Gate*.

We are he will be glad to meet all his old customers and as many new ones as will honor him with their patronage. He will constantly keep on hand THE BEST DRY HARD WOOD, 4 ft. long, SOFT WOOD, SLABS, KINDLING AND SAWED WOOD.

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Jas. Campbell's Wood Yard.

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YARD—Corner Ontario and West Streets.
#OFFICE—Clarence and Ontario Streets—Foot of Clarence Street.
#ORDERS left at the stores of Mr. James Redden, Princess Street, and Messrs. McKelvey & Birch, Brock Street, will be promptly filled. Telephone Communication.
Agents "Black Diamond Line."
L. W. BRECK, E. A. BOOTH,
Aug. 9.

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Having purchased the Lumber in the Noon & Fryer Yard we would invite an inspection of same, as we are selling at a Slight Advance on Cost.

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" " " " 2—Clarence Street Wharf.
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#Scour delivery before broken waste sets in. #Office—St. Lawrence Wharf
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Or if you want Kindling Wood, (Dry), or Stove Coal, Nut Coal, No. 4 Coal, Soft Coal or Black Smith's Coal, go to
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