

Portry.

THE INDIAN'S HEAVEN.

I asked the "red man" of the forest— "What is Heaven? His piercing eye upon mine own...

Miscellaneous.

THE MARTINI-HENRI RIFLE.

The Martini-Henri rifle is still the force. The London special correspondent of the "Daily News" writes from near Plevna...

THE OTTOMAN HORDES.

The last division of reserves has been called into service. This is composed of men of fifty or more years of age...

THE RESIDENTS OF BARNSTABLE, ENGLAND.

The residents of Barnstable, England, recently witnessed a very lively and humorous act. Charles Jones, a hodge-podge while ascending with a heavy load...

A CANNON BALL.

A cannon ball was worshipped as a god in Bannava. Until two years ago the people worshipped the cannon itself...

AN OHIO TRAGEDY.

A HUSBAND AND WIFE FOUND DEAD IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

A tragedy enacted at Zanesville, Ohio, on the 8th ult., creates intense excitement in that place, the death of a man and wife, one murdered by the other, and the suicide of the murderer or murderess...

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

A correspondent of the London "Times" has been in the Russian camp long enough to discover that a vast problem in human nature is working out in a mighty nation. He maintains that the Russian people are to-day the most purely democratic in Europe...

A LETTER FROM YOKOHAMA SAYS THAT THE JAPANESE ARE NOW MAKING A NUMBER OF ARTICLES WHICH WERE FORMERLY ONLY IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND.

A letter from Yokohama says that the Japanese are now making a number of articles which were formerly only imported from England. The improved rifle purchased in Birmingham...

THE OLD BARQUE TRAVELORE AGAIN.

Several men belonging to the barque "Travelore" of London, appeared in custody before the county magistrates sitting at Brixham, E., recently, for refusing to do duty. It was stated that the vessel was coal-burned in 1764, being, in fact, 113 years old.

TWO BELGIAN PEASANTS, WHILE IN AN INN, DESIRING TO GAMBLE, HIT UPON A NOVEL METHOD.

Two Belgian peasants, while in an inn, desiring to gamble, hit upon a novel method. Each melted a lump of sugar in water and poured the syrup on a table. A multitude of flies were upon the walls. Money was bet as to which pool of syrup the first dozen of flies would gather around. Soon there were eleven flies around one pool, and while its owner was anxiously scanning the air, into the room rushed a wasp, and began feeding by the side of the eleven. The wasp was instantly claimed as a fly, the claim was declared absurd, a warm argument followed, then blows, and then the police marched both men off to the station-house.

THE FIRST RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER DATES FROM 1703.

The first Russian newspaper dates from 1703. Peter the Great took part himself in its editorial composition, but in correcting the proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own handwriting. Only two copies of the first year's edition have been preserved. They are in the Imperial Library of Stockholm.

A NEWPORT, R. I., LADY, WHILE GATHERING MOSS AND SHELLS ON THE BEACH THE OTHER DAY, LOST TWO RINGS, ONE OF WHICH SHE HAD PAID \$2000.

A Newport, R. I., lady, while gathering moss and shells on the beach the other day, lost two rings, one of which she had paid \$2000. Search was instituted by the lady, her coachman and some farmers, and they were found in the sand.

THE TOP OF THE GREAT DAM AT GILPEL, BELGIUM, IS TO BE CROWNED WITH A CIRCULAR LIME CUT FROM 203 HUGE BLOCKS OF STONE.

The top of the great dam at Gilpel, Belgium, is to be crowned with a circular lime cut from 203 huge blocks of stone. A man will be able to hide easily behind each claw.

THIS IS TRUTH THE POETS SING, THAT A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW IS REMEMBERING HAPPIER TIMES.

This is truth the poets sing, That a sorrow's crown of sorrow Is remembering happier times. Lockley Hall.

A MINER AT BALLARAT WAS SO CLAUDED BY A RICH DEPOSIT OF GOLD THAT HE KISSED THE FIRST WOMAN HE MET; BUT HIS EXCESS WAS NOT DEEMED GOOD BY THE WOMAN NOR BY THE MAGISTRATE, WHO FIRED HIM.

A miner at Ballarat was so clauded by a rich deposit of gold that he kissed the first woman he met; but his excess was not deemed good by the woman nor by the magistrate, who fired him.

PIANOFORTE & ORGAN DEPOT, Fall and Winter Clothing.

COR. UNION AND CHARLOTTE STS., ST. JOHN, N. B.



We take much pleasure in informing our friends in Nova Scotia that WE escaped the terrible conflagration which recently destroyed the greater part of our city, and that we are prepared to supply them with MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, on our usual favorable terms. We have a large stock of STANDARD PIANOFORTES and CABINET ORGANS.

THE PETRIFYING SILICATE PAINTS.

As supplied to the Admiralty, Board of Works, Austrian Lloyd's, Woolwich Arsenal, Cunard Company, &c., For House, Ship and General Use, Indoors and Out. And in all Colors.

Artificial Stone Paint.

For preserving Wood, Zinc, and other Buildings, giving them the appearance of White or Bath Stone, &c.

DAMP WALLS, DAMP CHURCHES, &c.

Cured by the PETRIFYING LIQUID, at a cost of about 2d. per square yard. For Particulars and Testimonials apply to the Agent, at Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.

Porous Tile Roofs, Wet Walls, Wooden Structures, Ships' Bottoms, &c.

Prepared from the best materials, and preserved from Oxidation, by GRIFFITH'S PATENT ENAMELLING PAINT. Manufactured by THE SILICATE PAINT COMPANY, LIVERPOOL, G. B.

Agent for Nova Scotia—HUGH FRASER, BRIDGETOWN.

Also—CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE,

Refined Scotch and Swedish IRON.

BLISTER, CAULKING, TYRE, CAST DRILL STEEL

ALSO—Canada Horse Shoe Nails.

Now in Stock: A Quantity of the Silicate Paints,

(Different Colors) prepared for all kinds of House and Ship Painting, also for all kinds of Iron Work and Machinery. The Anti-Fouling Paint, for Ships' Bottoms, is an article highly recommended as a complete protection against Worms, &c., and will not foul. It leaves a Hard, Smooth Surface like Glass. All orders promptly attended to, and every information given on application to the agent.

Bridgetown, July 19th, 1876. 6m n15 HUGH FRASER.

NOTICE.—A Complete Set of the West India and United States Charts for sale Cheap, together with a lot of NAUTICAL BOOKS, &c. Also, First Class EXTANT all will be sold low for Cash.

W. WHYTAL & CO., Manufacturers of Sole, Harness, Grain, Wax, Buff, Polishes, Oil, Pebble, West, Rigging and Spilt

LEATHERS, Importers and dealers in French Calf, C. D. French, English Fitted Uppers, Shoe Findings, Tanners' and Curriers' Tools, Rubber and Leather Belting, Lace Leather, &c. Being the oldest Established Leather and Finding Business in the Province. We are enabled to offer Cash Customers the most Liberal Inducements. The highest cash price paid for Hides.

228 Hollis Street, Halifax. Tannery, Three-mile Road, Bedford Road.

White & Titus, WILL RESUME BUSINESS IN A FEW DAYS, AT 222 SOUTH SIDE UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GOODS ARRIVING DAILY June 22nd, '77 n117 LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

The following NEW GOODS opened to-day: COLORED Hamburgs and Laces for Trimming, Grass Cloth Dress Materials, New Brads, Trimmings and Wool Fringes, New Umbrellas and Sunshades, New Frillings for the neck in enormous varieties, New Slipper Patterns and Working Canvas, New Regatta Hats and Prints, and a large variety of other Goods, making the largest and most complete assortment in the city.

AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES. J. W. BARNES & CO. 3 and 4 Market Square, St. John N. B. n23

ADAM YOUNG 38, 40 & 42 WATER ST. and 143 Prince William St. John, N. B. Manufacturer of Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, &c. Marbleized Slate Mantle Pieces.—Register Grates.

A large assortment of the above Goods at low prices on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogue on application. August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

BILL HEADS Different sizes and styles promptly and Neatly printed at this office. Call and inspect samples.

WANTED. WE WANT reliable, energetic canvassing agents in every town in the Dominion for the new "Illustrated History of the Dominion of Canada." This work is truly magnificent, containing over 2,000 double column quarto pages, and over 300 superb illustrations. The work is published in Paris, on a plan which insures its welcome to every English reading family. To energetic young men or ladies, who are willing to work, we will guarantee a permanent position for two years, and good pay! Don't fail to write for our private terms, sample pages, etc. This is a grand opportunity for school teachers to make more than double their salaries without interfering with their professional duties. The work is being manufactured at a cost of over \$20,000 for the Dominion, and is an opportunity for school teachers to make more than double their salaries without interfering with their professional duties. The work is being manufactured at a cost of over \$20,000 for the Dominion, and is an opportunity for school teachers to make more than double their salaries without interfering with their professional duties.

166 Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

ALMOND & MacINTOSH, BANKERS & BROKERS.

INVESTMENTS Made in best Securities, Stocks, Bonds, &c. Interest allowed on deposits subject to cheque. Exchange bought and sold.

BEARD & VENNING, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Importers and Dealers, Spring and Summer DRY GOODS, which are placed on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS, and which they invite the inspection of buyers. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Beard & Venning, (NEXT TO J. & J. HUGHES) Prince William St., ST. JOHN, N. B. n21 y 77

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN. We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c., resulting from excess. Price, in sealed envelopes, only 6 cents or two postage stamps. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be readily cured without the danger of any internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by the means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Address: The Culverwell Medical Co., Post Office Box, 4566. n21 y

Important to Enter Workers. One Good Active Agency Wanted in every town to introduce the "Wiener Meister" Sewing Machine to the Agents. Price \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00 each. One Million to be sold in the Dominion. Apply early with stamp, for agents circular to the VICTOR WRITING & Co., Rockville, Ont.

Visiting Cards. Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

Just received from one of the Best Clothing Establishments in the Dominion, a large stock of MEN & BOYS CLOTHING, Consisting of Overcoats, Raincoats, BLANKETS, BLUE & DRAB, ULSTERS, SUITS of the most FASHIONABLE MAKE and MATERIAL, DRESS COATS, HATS & VESTS to MATCH in great variety. Heavy Working Pants. Customers will find the above stock as well assorted in style, make and size, as any in the County. All of which will be sold at the smallest possible profit. Terms—Positively 3 months. J. W. TOMLINSON. Lawrencetown, August 27th, 1877.

G. W. STUART, Produce Commission Merchant, HALIFAX, N. S.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!

THE BANKRUPT PRICES!

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

CHEAP DRY GOODS

COST PRICES. MAGEE BROTHERS.

Haying Season, '77.

New Millinery. New Hats.

MOURNING BONNETS

Bonnets and Hats

NOTICE TO SHOE DEALERS.

BEARD & VENNING, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Importers and Dealers, Spring and Summer DRY GOODS, which are placed on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS, and which they invite the inspection of buyers. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Beard & Venning, (NEXT TO J. & J. HUGHES) Prince William St., ST. JOHN, N. B. n21 y 77

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN. We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c., resulting from excess. Price, in sealed envelopes, only 6 cents or two postage stamps. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be readily cured without the danger of any internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by the means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Address: The Culverwell Medical Co., Post Office Box, 4566. n21 y

Important to Enter Workers. One Good Active Agency Wanted in every town to introduce the "Wiener Meister" Sewing Machine to the Agents. Price \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00 each. One Million to be sold in the Dominion. Apply early with stamp, for agents circular to the VICTOR WRITING & Co., Rockville, Ont.

Visiting Cards. Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

Jokers' Corner.

HOW THEY GET READY.

HOW MR. AND MRS. MAN DIDN'T CARE FOR TRAINS.

When they reached the depot Mr. Man and his wife gazed with unexpressed disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the switch bridge at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagaton before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned the horses' heads.

"It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready," Mr. Man broke in with, very grimly.

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Man, in irrefragable impatience, jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat out in the buggy ten minutes, yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me!"

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Man, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Man groaned.

"This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I was going to Europe, I would just run into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip-sack and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until the train had left the town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Mans put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get him or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the train was to go in due time. The train was to go at 10.30, and Mr. Man, after attending to his business, went home at 9.45.

"Now then," he shouted, "only three quarters of an hour to train time. Fly around; a fair field and no favor, you know!"

And away they flew. Mr. Man bulged into this room, and rushed through that one, and dived into one closet after another, with inconceivable rapidity, chucking under his breath all the time, to think how cheap Mrs. Man would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room, and hung it on a corner of a silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall, and tossed it on a hook in the last rack, and by the time he reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor!" he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly responded Mrs. Man, who was standing placidly before a glass, calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, by thunder, they ain't," exclaimed Mr. Man, a little annoyed.

"I've emptied every opening out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it that I ever saw before."

Mrs. Man stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp was all right, and would stay where she put it, she replied:

"These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking in your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Man, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Man, setting herself up in an additional attitude of raiment with awful deliberation, "no body put my things out for me. A fair field and no favor, my dear."

Mr. Man plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck."

"Because," said Mrs. Man, aversely, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she but toned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Man slid out of that shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was on he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Man coaxing the end and bows of her necktie.

"Where's my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Man went out into another room and presently came back with the gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Man emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she said:

"In the shirt you took off."

Mrs. Man put on her gloves, while Mr. Man hunted up and down the room for his cuff buttons.

"Eleanor!" he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady setting her hat; "didn't you lay them down on your window sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Man remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and despatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with a Webb's sledge, and landing with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Aigeron?" asked the wife of his family, sweetly, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned.

"Can't you throw me down that other boot?"

Mrs. Man pitilessly kicked it to him.

"My valise?" he inquired as he tugged away at his boot.

"Packed?"

"I don't know—unless you packed it yourself—probably not," she replied with her hand on her door knob. "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate, when the door opened, he shouted:

"Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it."

"You throw it on the hat rack," she cried back. "Good-by, dear."

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Man! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried:

"You threw it on the silver closet."

And the street car engulfed her graceful figure, and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Man charging up and down the house, rushing out at the front door every now and then, and shrieking up the deserted streets after the unconscious Mrs. Man, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if he had any clean socks or cravat shirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, side door and front door, all the down stairs windows, and front gate wide open. And the loungers around the depot yesterday were somewhat amused just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, perspiring man, who had been on silvers, rush out with his buttons too high, his cuffs unbuttoned, and necktie flying, and his grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night across the top of his head, and wildly across the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wretched mortification at the departing train and shaking his trembling fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the platform of the last car.

Agricultural.

THE WAY TO DRY OFF COWS.

As the time approaches for drying off (which ought to be at least six weeks, and better two months before calving) all food calculated to stimulate the production of milk ought to be withheld—such as bran, shorts, and large feeds of roots—and good, sound old hay made the basis of the ration with a moderate quantity of corn meal if the cow is very poor, which, however she ought not to be, if she has been properly fed before. Begin to dry off by milking only once a day, and as the flow diminishes, every other day. When the flow becomes so small that it does not pay longer to milk for profit, cease milking, and in careless hands, mischief is most imminent, especially with a better class of cows, which dry off with difficulty. The milk ought not to be left more than two days undrawn, and if it is secreted, and contrary to a prevalent notion, we believe it is better to entirely empty the bag, rather than to leave a portion under the udder, that it would hurry up the process. It is well to examine the udders of all the cows every day to see that no hard lumps are forming, since these hard lumps are the spots where trouble will begin after calving. They will begin as a glass, and be covered with friction, either dry or with glycerine, which is far better for the purpose than any watery or greasy application. A dose of half a pound to a pound of ginger, mixed in enough bran to disguise the taste, may be necessary; or a tablespoonful of finely powdered saltpetre may be tried, and if it liberally coaxes a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, by thunder, they ain't," exclaimed Mr. Man, a little annoyed.

"I've emptied every opening out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it that I ever saw before."

Mrs. Man stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp was all right, and would stay where she put it, she replied:

"These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking in your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Man, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Man, setting herself up in an additional attitude of raiment with awful deliberation, "no body put my things out for me. A fair field and no favor, my dear."

Mr. Man plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck."

"Because," said Mrs. Man, aversely, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she but toned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Man slid out of that shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was on he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Man coaxing the end and bows of her necktie.

"Where's my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Man went out into another room and presently came back with the gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Man emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she said:

"In the shirt you took off."

Mrs. Man put on her gloves, while Mr. Man hunted up and down the room for his cuff buttons.

"Eleanor!" he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady setting her hat; "didn't you lay them down on your window sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Man remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and despatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with a Webb's sledge, and landing with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Aigeron?" asked the wife of his family, sweetly, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned.

"Can't you throw me down that other boot?"

Mrs. Man pitilessly kicked it to him.

"My valise?" he inquired as he tugged away at his boot.

"Packed?"

"I don't know—unless you packed it yourself—probably not," she replied with her hand on her door knob. "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate, when the door opened, he shouted:

"Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it."

"You throw it on the hat rack," she cried back. "Good-by, dear."

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Man! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried:

"You threw it on the silver closet."

And the street car engulfed her graceful figure, and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Man charging up and down the house, rushing out at the front door every now and then, and shrieking up the deserted streets after the unconscious Mrs. Man, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if he had any clean socks or cravat shirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, side door and front door, all the down stairs windows, and front gate wide open. And the loungers around the depot yesterday were somewhat amused just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, perspiring man, who had been on silvers, rush out with his buttons too high, his cuffs unbuttoned, and necktie flying, and his grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night across the top of his head, and wildly across the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wretched mortification at the departing train and shaking his trembling fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the platform of the last car.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

BAKING CAKE.—Take one cupful flour, two cups of butter, one cup butterfat, one cup of raisins, one cup cinnamon, candied lemon cut fine, one teaspoonful of soda. Stir well.