

Central Tribune.

VOL. 113.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17, 1874.

No 254

INFALLIBILITY.

HUNDREDS CURED DAILY IN N. B.

BY THE
DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE!

Effectually cured 120 of our St. John citizens from that terrible malady.

This statement is substantially a fact based on the possession of the certificate, in the shape of an order to dispense from pain, from some of our most respectable citizens and trustworthy families.

In its history, this invaluable medicine occupies the most honorable position, obtainable for any remedy to date. A few years since it was known only to the friends and neighbors and patients of the proprietor, and was regarded as a family secret. It never reached the notice of physicians generally, and through their favorable examination, and its acknowledged value as a Rheumatic Remedy, it was introduced into the most fashionable and best medical journals, and soon orders, in terms of eulogy, letters of thanks, and certificates of cures, were daily received from all sections of the United States and Canada; and in this way on a basis of its merits alone—unaided by "tricks of the trade" or special efforts—it has risen to the position of a household name. Wherever introduced it has received the most flattering references, and the treatment of all rheumatic complaints. In this respect, it is the most successful, not alone because our medicine finds ready sale, and is consequently profitable to us, but because we have seen a new field in medical art, and cure at once what the medical practitioners have for ages found so difficult even to relieve. We fill a niche heretofore unoccupied. We restore the suffering and Minister to God's poor. We restore the suffering and Minister to God's poor. We restore the suffering and Minister to God's poor.

DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE!!

It is too bad of your father," sighed the child, "to torment you with those painful exercises!" "Poor Nicolio," so mother said to me, "is much too delicate; his bewitched violin will be the death of him before long, and I will be his father's fault!" And mother's right! she added, looking anxiously at the young boy's face. "Do not fear for me, Gianetta," replied Nicolio, "I shall not die yet. I will grow up to be a man! Look how strong I am!" He drew himself up to his full height, his dark eyes sparkling with pride, and his chest expanded with a smile of rare tenderness around his ripe lips. With his strong arms he lifted his little playmate and held her suspended over the water for some seconds. Sadness does not linger long in the heart of a child; Gianetta meeting him so gay, commenced singing, pausing ever and anon for some bits of laughing or tender caresses, listened, at the ardent practice about her fingers, her doves, her geraniums, and her dolls, and whenever he sank into an unconscious fit of abstraction, Gianetta quickly brought him to himself with a playful shake or tender kiss.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH,

Market Square, St. John, N. B.

TEA BISCUIT.

Tea Biscuit Hot Every Evening

AT GUT RIE & MEYERSONS,

may 15 64 Charlotte Street.

LOWER COVE

MACHINE SHOP,

84 St. James Street,

(NEAR CORNER SYDNEY STREET)

TOOLS AND DIES MADE AND REPAIRED TO ORDER

Also all kinds of Light Machinery, such as

Steam Printing Presses, Sewing Machines, &c.

JAMES AKROYD,

Machinist and Engineer,

24 St. JOHN, N. B.

New Brunswick

FILE WORKS.

FILE Subscribers having opened the above

premises, are prepared to

execute all kinds of Files and Savings.

They are also prepared to receive and

pay for forty to fifty per cent on the cost.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

24 St. JOHN, N. B.

M. F. ALLAN,

MILLINERY,

Dress and Mantle Making,

No. 18 Charlotte Street,

Nearly opp site

Young Men's Christian Association

BUILDING.

Western House,

RODNEY STREET,

(Near the Western Extension Depot),

CARLETON, N. B.

C. QUINLAN, Proprietor.

THIS new and commodious Hotel, situated in

the most pleasant part of Carleton, is fitted

up with all modern improvements for the

comfort and convenience of

ornament & Transient Boarders,

at reasonable rates.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

24 St. JOHN, N. B.

F. A. DEWOLF,

Produce Commission Merchant,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Flour, Fish, Pork and Groceries,

No. 5 SOUTH WHARF,

July 31 ST. JOHN, N. B.

BARNES & CO.,

Printers, Booksellers, Stationers,

AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

They have added new machinery to our

plants, and are enabled to execute BARNES

in the best style. Call and see specimens.

LOSS AND GAIN.

When baby died, we said,
With a sudden, secret dread,
Death, be merciful, and spare
Leave the other. But, alas,
While we watched her wasted there,
One foot on the golden stair,
Till the house was desolate.

Friends say, it is better so,
To leave her in the arms of God,
Than to see her pining pain,
Till the year is over and done.

Ah, the parents think of this,
To see their little one-red lips
And the joints of their little
Lips upon a broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
Lived in his mother's arms,
With their pretty wistful gaze,
To the weary, lonesome grief,
That's a mother's constant care,
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

One beautiful afternoon in May, a child was wandering thoughtfully along the banks of the Genes, his back turned to the village and his grave eyes fixed vacantly upon the blue expanse of waters, like a troubled soul vainly seeking comfort. He appeared to be about thirteen years of age, his face was pale and sorrowful, his eyebrows strongly marked, while his dark eyes sparkled with a weird brilliancy which at times had an almost sinister expression.

He remained lost in thought for some time, his head resting upon his slim, nervous hand, listening to the murmuring waves, as they broke at his feet, gazing sadly across the distant horizon, with an unutterable longing. Suddenly the joyous laughter of childhood broke upon his musings; a little girl came running across the meadow fields, and threw both arms enthusiastically about his neck.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty Nicolio! what are you doing here? I've been looking everywhere for you! These meadows have for ages found so difficult even to relieve. We fill a niche heretofore unoccupied. We restore the suffering and Minister to God's poor. We restore the suffering and Minister to God's poor. We restore the suffering and Minister to God's poor."

"It is too bad of your father," sighed the child, "to torment you with those painful exercises!" "Poor Nicolio," so mother said to me, "is much too delicate; his bewitched violin will be the death of him before long, and I will be his father's fault!" And mother's right! she added, looking anxiously at the young boy's face. "Do not fear for me, Gianetta," replied Nicolio, "I shall not die yet. I will grow up to be a man! Look how strong I am!" He drew himself up to his full height, his dark eyes sparkling with pride, and his chest expanded with a smile of rare tenderness around his ripe lips.

With his strong arms he lifted his little playmate and held her suspended over the water for some seconds. Sadness does not linger long in the heart of a child; Gianetta meeting him so gay, commenced singing, pausing ever and anon for some bits of laughing or tender caresses, listened, at the ardent practice about her fingers, her doves, her geraniums, and her dolls, and whenever he sank into an unconscious fit of abstraction, Gianetta quickly brought him to himself with a playful shake or tender kiss.

The children remained on the strand until the stars came out one after another, sailing alike on the serous eyes of Nicolio and the dreamy eyes of Gianetta. Then, indeed, they turned their steps homeward, their arms wound round each other in the innocent embrace of childhood. After a long walk they turned down a narrow lane, at the end of which stood two humble cottages, overgrown with vines—on the home of Gianetta, the other of Nicolio. At the threshold of the former stood the mother of the little girl, anxiously awaiting the return of the children, whom she tenderly embraced as they came running up to her, then, wishing each other good-night, Nicolio crossed over to his home.

On entering his dingy little room he sighed deeply, raised the window to let in the mild night air, and opening a chest drew from it an old violin. Seating himself near the casement, through which the silent moonlight flooded, he passed his fingers across the strings, and drew from them the most exquisite strains of triumphant gladness.

Scarcely had he commenced playing, when a large spider crawled out of the vines and came on the shutter. "Welcome!" cried the young musician, as it advanced, he laid his finger on the window sill, allowed the spider to make its way over it, and placed it in triumph upon his violin, where it remained, during the whole performance, as if enchanted by the wonderful magic of the music.

Nicolio continued practicing until his eyelids closed in sleep, and not until the sun shone into his eyes did he awake from his slumbers. He arose, and replaced his music, still sleeping companion carefully upon the vine leaves.

Every time that he laid aside his violin, when inspiration of strength failed, he sank into his habitual morbid reverie. The absence of the spider increased this feeling of solitude, for he was attached to the creature with all the passion of a fervent and unhappy disposition. His father was a hard and relentless master—his death mother he only dimly remembered as having smiled upon him with ineffable sweetness as she sung him to sleep with her gentle lullaby. But that was so long ago, and now he had no friends; for the children of his own age avoided the dreary, reserved but only little Gianetta was good to him, coming often to his room and listening in silent admiration to the inspiring music of his violin. But Gianetta detested the spider. "There is witchcraft in it!" she would say, with a dainty little shudder, and so the insect was never admitted during her visits. When his fingers grew stiff with exercise, Nicolio envied the hours by telling fairy tales, romantic adventures and his own hopes for the future.

PHENIX SAFE WORKS

Burglar-Proof Safes,

FIRE-PROOF SAFES,

Damp-Proof Safes.

EVERY SAFE WARRANTED.

F. ROBERTS, Proprietor,

14 DUKE STREET.

MILL STREET

FEED AND OAT STORE.

THE subscriber has now opened at No. 15

Mill Street, store formerly occupied by

the public generally that he will still carry on

stock, food and Commission Business in all its

branches. Soliciting the support of all buyers

in town, and your respectful,

J. B. PENNINGTON.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE!

THE subscriber here begs to intimate to his

friends and the public generally that he has

opened a store on

Main Street, Portland,

(near Orange Corner), for the purpose of

carrying on the

Dry Goods Business!!!

where he will be pleased to meet all his old

friends, and may now be as good as new

with a call.

Having been careful in the selection of his

goods, he trusts by strict attention to business to

secure a share of public patronage.

A. C. McMURTRY,

REAL NO. 1 MACKEREL.

15 1/2 BLS White Rose Flour,

30 lbs. 1/2 Mackerel,

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NORTH SHORE LINE.

THE CITY OF ST. JOHN will leave Point

de Chesne on THURSDAY, 22nd inst.,

for last trip for the season, for Bathurst, Dal-

ton and Moncton. The steamer will leave

Point de Chesne for Chatham and Newmarket

on Monday, 23rd inst.

For particulars, call on the Captain, (Call

on Richardson), weather permitting.

W. M. PENNEY.

ROOF AND SHOE STORE.

Railway Crossing, Mill Street.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the pub-

lic that he has opened at the above place a

ROOF AND SHOE STORE.

With a well selected stock, comprising all the

different varieties of "Best Clients," Misses' and

Children's

Boots, Shoes and Slippers,

which will be sold at the very lowest rates for

cash.

P. COUGHLAN,

Railway Crossing, Mill Street.

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