POOR COPY

The Russian Brutus.

A TRUE STORY OF THE NIHILIST MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

(From the Sunday World.)

The full moon shed its mellow light over one of those mild, dreamy landscapes of Southern Russia which are so common, so uniform and yet varied in their simple beauty; a broad stream, its rippled surface glittering in the silvery rays; sleepy willows bathing their overhanging boughs in the water; the endless, undulating steppe, veiled in a dreamy mist, extending on the left bank of the river, on the right of which the ground rose in a steep slope covered with fruit trees resplendent with the white blossoms of spring. On the crest of the slope, where the trees clustered the thickest, a high wooden roof was visible, shining in the moonlight, and from behind the foliage, the ruddy light of a lamp-lit window cast a slanting ray into the silvery night.

This ray of light was the only trace of human life. Not a sound came to disturb it, except those voices of the night which in themselves, seem to form part of silence—the chirping of the crickets, the frogs' choir chanting their evening song in the reeds below, the sleepy bark of a dog in the distance. A peaceful repose seemed to have spread over the earth, bidding rest to all troubled, aching hearts, peace to all hatred and strife.

And yet the man who paced up and down the short gravel walk in front of the house hardly felt the influence of the peaceful scene. His steps was troubled and unsteady, and though his deportment, evidently through long habit, was as stiff and rigid as that of a soldier pacing the parade ground, yet the head covered with snowy white hair, was bowed low on his breast. The fingers of his clasped hands worked nervously and occasionally a suppressed exclamation of a heavy, half-subdued sigh issued from between the firmly set lips, with the thick, bushy white mustache overshadowing them.

The martial figure of this old man was well known throughout the whole province of Goltava and whenever General Savelleff, or "the old General" as he was familiarly called, appeared he was gladly and respectfully greeted by every one without distinction of age, of class, or of position. Peasant or noble, young or old, all felt an instinctive respect for him, all came under the influence of that peculiar atmosphere with which an honest life, a straightforward nature surround old age, winning the hearts of the honest and awing knaves into respect. After resigning his position in the army at the close of the Crimean war, General Savelleff retired on his small estate as poor a man as when he entered the Government service and resolutely refused to accept any other office. "My Emperor is dead (he meant the Emperor Nicholas) and I do not understand all your new ways and reforms."

Military discipline and the will of the Czar, which he considered as being an emanation of the will of God on earth, had been the only guiding principles of his whole life. Benevolent towards all, indulgent for all faults and shortcomings, on these two points he was unflinchingly severe. "A foe of the Czar is a foe of God," he was wont to say. When in 1848 he had to superintend the execution of a so called political criminal—a child nineteen years old—he prepared himself for the task as for a holy sacrifice and went to the communion on the eve of the bloody day. On the other hand, his rigid, fanatical loyalty did not in the least impair his naturally honest, straightforward, benevolent disposition. The poor of his parish venerated him and even his enemies could not held respecting the character of a man whom they hated as the ready tool of a brutal tyranny.

He had married young, the woman he had loved when yet a schoolboy. Eight years their union remained childless. When at length in 1847 a child, a boy, was born, the father's joy knew no bounds, but was of short duration, for a few weeks after the event the mother died. Since then all that there was of gentleness and love in the heart of the lonely, rising soldier, was shed on that one boy, the little Andrusha (diminutive for Andre). And yet he rarely gave vent to this feeling and his son had scarcely any occasion to become aware of it. Strict obedience was the General's rule in education as well as in politics; the hierarchy of sacred power culminating in the Czar, began for him in the father. Thus this strange man lived on, proud and honest, without fear or reproach, one of the last true knights of a decaying and corrupted autocracy. From the solitude of his modest country seat, the old General neither saw nor cared to know how the ideal, the deity he had worshipped had long ago fallen to pieces, and lost the last glitter of its former prestige. For him the Czar was still the father of his people, the ordained and hallowed representative of God on earth.

Needless to say, he had educated his son in precisely the same creed. From his tenderest infancy Andrusha had been isolated from the outward world and lived with his father a curious life of the past—the life of an old man, not looking forward into the dazzling uncertainty of the future, but seeking in the rememberance of the past all that is good sacred and joyful. The boy grew up behind a Chinese wall, apart from all the joyful excitement, the busy uproar of his generation, "heavily laden," as the good Russian poet Lermontoff says, "with the hoary wisdom of his sires."

When Andrusha was fourteen years of age his father brought him to St. Petersburg to the *Corps des Pages*, the first military school of the empire. On taking leave of his son in the reception-room, of the school, the General for the first time in life betrayed some weakness. He clasped Andrusha in his arms and whispered, "Be a good boy, become an honest soldier; remember you have got an old father whose life you hold in your hand. If you ever shall bring shame on our name, I shall die." The boy felt two heavy, burning tears fall on his brow, and bewildered, and amazed by this unexpected outburst of feeling, he had hardly suspected, he threw both his arms around his father and broke out into a fit of wild, uncontrollable sobbing. All the passion, all the love which had been hitherto chilled in his young heart by his father's repulsive severity, seemed at that moment to stream out at once, shaking his body from head to foot, and mingled with a half conscious feeling of pity for himself, for his cold bleak childhood.

And thus father and son parted. During the four years of his studies, Andrusha but rarely saw his father. The journey to Poltavo was a long one. The net of railroads which now connects the South of Russia with the capital did not exist even in the wildest dreams of a loyal subject of the Czar. Travelling was slow and expensive, and General Savelleff's fortune less than modest. When at length at the end of his studies, which he accomplished brilliantly, the young artillery officer, Ivanovitch Savelieff, came to pass the long vacation with his father in the small country house of Poltava, the latter was deeply struck with the change in the appearance and the temper of his son. Instead of a merry, somewhat silent, but healthy and blooming boy there sprang out of the *perekladanya* (mail cart) the General had awaited with such throbbing impatience, an earnest, pale man with a nervously expressive, deeply marked face, with a fiery, piercing and unflinching gaze—one of those young faces only to be found among the Russian generation of to-day, a face telling a tale of deep thought, of premature suffering and of a great, tormenting love. And the boy's temper was changed too. Of his former awe, mingled with an impulsive tenderness towards his father, no trace was to be found. He met the latter respectfully, but with a certain mien of independence and of manly dignity which struck the old General with utter amazement, though it pleased him on the other hand to find in his son something akin to his own iron nature. They met no more like father and son, but like two soldier friends, one younger than the other, but both hardened in the battle of life. It was, however, precisely this resemblance in both their natures which brought them further apart than ever. Both were not slow in detecting that they had no interest, had no idea, no aim in life in common with each other. While the son was scarcely able to answer correctly all his father's queries about the whereabouts of this or that general, the newest patterns of uniforms, or the most recent events in the life of the imperial family, the father felt but little interest and showed still less understanding for the young officer's crudite explanations of the newest improvement in artillery, or the projected reforms in the military administration. Besides, the son had other studies which engrossed him, other books, not treatises on artillery, which he read without ever showing them to his father. Once the latter coming unexpectedly into his son's room, saw the titles of two of the books, "The Life and Writings of Ferdinand" and "Commentaries on John Stuart Mill's Political Economy." Both names were naturally unknown to him, and the name of Tchernyshevsky, the celebrated Russian Socialist, being not printed on the last-named book, the brave old general retained no other impression from that incident, than that his son, though a capital soldier, was somewhat of a bookworm.

In autumn Andrusha returned to St. Petersburg and entered the military academy. He passed rapidly one grade of the military career after the other, was in 1870 promoted captain, the Shipka pass affair, during which the young artillery officer rendered signal services, bringing him the dignity of colonel and the grand cross of the St. George Order. At the same time his name became widely known in scientific circles. He became editor of one of the best military reviews of St. Petersburg, and his house was the gathering-place of the best and ablest representatives of civil as well as military intelligent circles.

Thus years went on. The great Nihilist movement broke out, holding Russian society in a constant state of agitation and terror. The storm reached even the old General in his solitary retreat. His exasperation against the "miscreants and murderers" knew no bounds. He even went so far as to write a letter, addressed personally to the Czar, proffering his services for the "good and holy cause." He never received any answer. The great number of young nobles implicated in the conspiracy was what especially appalled him. "Have all those young knaves no fathers with honor enough in their hearts to kill the vipers they have nourished in their bosom?" he used to exclaim when the papers brought to him the name of some new aristocratic "criminal." And then he added in an undertone: "Thank God! thank God!" thinking of his son, and what a blessing it was that he had turned out such a serious, hardworking, brave soldier, "without any such nonsense about him.

Then came the culminating point of the revolutionary horrors—the Winter palace explosion. The old general's indignation knew no bounds. At the same time a strange, apparently groundless feeling of anxiety for his son, from whom he had not received any letters for some time, seized on him. "I am growing old," he wrote to Andre, "and would like to see you, perhaps for the last time. Try to get leave of absence and spend a couple of months with me."

The son had obeyed the father's wishes. And this night, the 16th of May, he had arrived at Dubrovka—this was the name of the Savelieff estate. The same postillion who had brought him from the nearest railway station was also the bearer of a letter for the General. The latter, however, more touched and agitated by the meeting with "his child" (as he still called the bearded colonel) than he cared to show, put the letter mechanically into his pocket without looking at it, and then forgot all about it. Long after midnight, father and son having emptied a couple of bottles of champagne, of which the old General had always a small supply in his cellar, both retired to rest. On entering his bedroom, where his old orderly Matveitch, awaited him, the General remembered the letter, and drawing the lamp nearer to where he stood, broke open the seal. He first read the signature: "Anton Podbielsky." His brows contracted as if a painful recollection had cast a shadow over them.

"What business has that man to write to me?" he muttered. Podbielsky was a Polish nobleman who had formerly been the General's schoolmate. As a very young man, he been implicated in the great Polish insurrection of 1830 and had purchased his pardon from the Russian Government, by betraying some of his associates. Since that time General Savelieff, who hated all traitors, even if they had rendered service to the good cause, had broken off all relations with Podbielsky, while the latter, rising rapidly, soon reached a prominent and influental position in the newly formed "Third Section," or secret police. Now he was chief of the chancery of that dreaded institution, and moreover, specially intrusted with the investigation of the Winter Palace explosion. That man wrote as follows:

"DEAR GENERAL: Remembering our former relations, allow me to address a word of earnest warning to you. Your son has been found to be implicated in the case of the dynamite explosion I am now investigating—"

The old man read no further. With a terrible oath, his face purple with indignation, he sprang up and threw the letter to the ground.

"A lie, an infamous lie!" he exclaimed.

"Your Excellency," whispered the terrified Matveitch, "What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Leave me!"

The old servant went out, shaking his head sorrowfully.

On remaining alone the General's first impulse was to burn the letter without reading it. On considering, however, the position Podbielsky occupied and the responsibility he incurred by writing such a communication, Savelieff soon convinced himself that the letter contained more than an empty threat or an utterly groundless calumny. He picked up the paper with trembling hand and read on:

"There is, alas! no possible doubt as to his guilt. All I can do for you and for him is to warn you a few hours before his arrest. In the night following the receipt by you of this letter, he shall be arrested at your house, if till then he has not in some manner disappeared. I know it is a breach of duty I am committing. I want, however, to show you that even a gendarme is capable of remembering an old friend. Yours,

"ANTON PODBIELSKY."

Panting for breath, his broad chest heaving with an uncontrollable agitation, the General read these lines to their bitter end. The close air of the room suffocated him. He threw open the folding doors of the terrace and stepped out into the garden. And there he is now, pacing to and fro the gravel walk and crunching the paper he holds in his hand with a nervous grip.

"A few hours," he mutters, "every moment these people may come and take him away. I must, I must speak to him, hear of him that he is innocent."

Having formed this resolution the General raised his head and walked back into the house with a firm step. There was still a light in his son's room when he knocked at the door. The young Colonel opened at once and on seeing his father's troubled countenance exclaimed too:

"What is the matter, father?"

"Read that," the latter answered, giving him the letter.

Andre became as pale as death, but his eyes shunned not his father's piercing gaze when, on reading the letter, he looked up to him.

"Andrusha!" the old man exclaimed in a tone of unutterable anguish, and clasping his trembling hands as if in prayer, "Tell me that this is a lie! Speak, answer me before God!"

A long silence followed. At last the answer came in low, firm tones:

"I cannot, father, for I have never told a lie!"

"You—you—are?"—

The eyes of the old man dilated, his hands grasped the air convulsively, and he tottered back to the wall. Andre rushed forward to support him, but the General ordered him back with an imperious gesture.

"Don't touch me," he gasped. "Back, back!"

At this moment a knock at the door was heard. The General went up to it with a steady step and locked it. Then he approached a closet in which he kept his firearms, opened it, drew out of one of the chests a pair of pistols and placed them on the table, uttering in a hoarse whisper:

"Choose!"

"What do you mean, father?"

"Choose, I tell you—there is no time to lose!"

The Colonel remained motionless, leaning against the table. Two minutes of terrible anguish passed in silence. At length the General took up one of the pistols and retreating a few steps pointed it at his son.

"Colonel Savelieff!" he exclaimed, "defend yourself!"

"Not against my father," Andre answered, in a low, vibrating voice.

One moment more of breathless suspense. Once more the knock at the door was heard, louder than before. Then a shot and Andre fell to the ground motionless without uttering a moan. The old man cast one look at his son's body then deliberately cocked the second pistol and turning it against his heart pulled the trigger.

His huge form shook and tottered like an old oak before the last blow of the axe which fells it to the ground, but did not fall. His eyes took a glazed hue, his feet sank beneath him, but with a last, almost superhuman exertion of an iron will, he steadied himself, went to the door, unlocked it, and, seeing a gendarme officer on the threshod, whispered:

"You have nothing more to do here; the criminal is punished!"

Then he fell heavily to the ground—dead.

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1880. TIME TABLE. 1880.

Steamer "New Era,"

CAPTAIN. CHARLES CALL.

Until further Notice the above Steamer will run as follows:—

Leave Newcastle for Chatham.	Leave Chatham for Newcastle.
7.30 a. m	9 a. m.
10.30 a. m.	12 noon.
2 p. m.	3 p. m.
5.30 p. m.	7 p. m.

Will call at Douglastown, every trip, and go to Nelson at 9, a.m., 12 noon and 3, p. m. trips from Chatham.

On Saturday evenings the Steamer will leave Newcastle at 6.30 p. m., instead of 5.30 p. m., and Chatham at 8 instead of 7 o'clock.

Newcastle, Miramichi, May 8, 1880. } R. R. CALL.

1880. TIME TABLE. 1880.

STEAMER "ANDOVER,"

CAPTAIN. - - - - WM. BEATTIE,
PURSER. - - - - WM. FENN.

On and after MONDAY the 10th inst., and until further notice, the above Steamer will run as follows:—

MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, (till May 29) FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS	Leave Newcastle for Chatham, at	9 a. m.
	Leave Chatham for Indiantown,	11 a. m.
	Leave Indiantown for Newcastle, connecting with New Era for Chatham at	3 p. m.
THURSDAYS,	Leave Newcastle for Red Bank	6 a. m.
	Leave Red Bank, for Chatham	8 a. m.
	Leave Chatham for Red Bank	1 p. m.
	Leave Red Bank for Newcastle, connecting with New Era for Chatham,	3.30 p.m.

On WEDNESDAY, the 2nd. day of June, & every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Bay du Vin at 8.30 a.m.
Leave Chatham, do., do. 9 a.m.
" Bay du Vin for Newcastle 3 p.m.

On WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of June and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Burnt Church 8.30 a m
Leave Chatham do., do. 9 a.m
" Burnt Church for Newcastle 3 p. m.

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Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B. May 9th 1880. } R. R. CALL.

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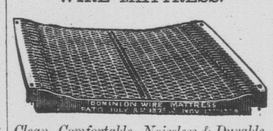

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WM. FERGUSON,
JAS. FERGUSON,
Wellington St.

Chatham, April 14, 80.

ALBERT LIME.

THE A. B. LIME AND CEMENT CO'Y.

Are now prepared to furnish their

Best Quality Selected Lime

By the Car Load at all STATIONS on the ALBERT and INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAYS.

This Lime differs from all other Brands in the market—having peculiar cement qualities, which hardens it like stone, and makes it imprevious to the action of water. It requires no cement to improve it, and is the CHEAPEST in the market for all purposes.

For Agricultural purposes it can be furnished by the car load in bulk, CHEAP, and is the best as well as the cheapest fertilizer known.

All orders should be addressed THOMAS McHENRY,

Manager A. B. Lime & Cement Company, Hillsboro, Albert County.

CLEARING OUT SALE.

BARGAINS

may be expected on account of the great depression in trade

I WILL SELL AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

all my Stock, consisting of:

DRY GOODS,

Men's Ready-Made Clothing,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

Groceries, Provisions & Crockery;

Also a large lot of

CHOIC LIQU ORS.

R. FLANAGAN.

$1,500

TO 6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader! if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO. Portland, Main

Per Steamers "Hibernian and "Circasian."

DRY GOODS,

DRY GOODS,

NOW OPENING.

D. M. Loggie, & Co., announce that they are now opening a large and varied stock of STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS, suited to the season.

The Stock has been purchased previous to the advance in the British Markets and will be sold at the old prices.

Colored Dress Goods,

Ladies will find it to their advantage to examine our choice selection of Colored Dress Goods, Melange, Serges, Satin and Wool Beiges, Drap, Foulee, Costume Cloths, etc., etc., in all the new shades.

BL'K DRESS GOODS.

Our Black Dress Goods challenge special attention, having been Dyed to our order the shades are excellent; the material is superior and the prices will suit everybody. The line includes

Black Cashmeres, French Merinos, Sicilian Cord, Persian Cord, Plain & Figr'd Brilliantes, Etc., Etc., Etc.

MILLINERY.

In Millinery, we have an extensive and Choice selection of the latest New York and Boston novelties, comprising

Straw Hats and Bonnets, (trimmed and untrimmed,) Brocade Trimming Silks and Satins, Fancy Satin Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Lace Ties, Satin Trimmings, Frillings, etc., etc., et

CARPETS! CARPETS!

We are offering our Tapestry, all Wool, and Union Carpets at extremely low prices.

Gent's Furnishings.

Gentlemen will find a full line of goods, suitable to the summer season. Including

Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Coatings, Hats and Caps, Shirts, etc.,

CLOTHING

Ready-Made and made to order, at the shortes notice.

BOOTS & SHOES,

at our usual low prices, notwithstadding the advance in stock.

CALL EARLY!

Opposite the Golden Ball.

D. M. LOGGIE, & Co.

Chatham, April, 1880.

General Business.

Pungs & Sleighs.

New and second hand PUNGS and SLEIGHS are for sale at the Shop of the Subscriber, St. John Street, Chatham.

Repairing, Painting & Upholstering,

BLACKSMITH WORK

—AND—

GENERAL JOBBING.

in the CARRIAGE and SLEIGH business, promptly attended to on reasonable terms.

Old Pungs or Sleighs, taken in part payment for new ones.

ALEX. ROBINSON.

STEAMER LORNE.

TO be sold by private contract the Steamer "Lorne" 4 tons burden and nine horse power. Her dimensions are 43 ft. keel, 7 ft. beam and 3 ft. propeller. She is built of birch, pine and juniper, and was launched last spring, she may be seen on application to the Subscribers.

WILLIAM CARRUTHERS
Derby, N. B.

VICK'S Illustrated Floral Guide,

A beautiful work, 100 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, with prices of seeds, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS for postage will buy the FLORAL GUIDE, telling how to get them.

The Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. 50c for 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five copies for 5.00. Specimen number sent for 10 cents; 3 al copies for 25 cents.

Address, JAMESVICK, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE.

The subscriber will open up in a few days a very excellent line of English Scotch and Canadian Tweeds suitable for spring and summer wear. Also a beautiful and choice lot of English Coating, personally selected in Montreal.

—W. S. MORRIS.

N. B.—These goods will admit of my making suits 10 per cent less than heretofore.

DRESSMAKING.

MRS. JAMES CORMACK,

begs to inform the ladies of Miramichi, that she is prepared to attend to any orders in the above line with which she may be favored.

She has associated with her her sister, Miss Mayberry, who has had an experience of several year at the business in Boston, and is confident of being able to satisfy patrons in both styles and and prices.

DOMINION HOUSE,

CHATHAM.

The Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public, that he has leased the

DOMINION HOUSE,

Water Street, Chatham,

and carefully refitted and refurnished it, and is now prepared to accommodate both travellers and permanent boarders, on the most reasonable terms. Good STABLING on the Premises.

DAVID McINTOSH.

Chatham, June 25, '80.

TIN SHOP.

I have now opened the well known establishment formerly occupied by the late James Gray, and with the kind patronage of former friends, am prepared to execute all work in

TIN,

SHEET-IRON,

GAS-FITTING.

TIN WARE

always on hand, which I will sell low for cash.

PLOUGHS,

Also, a nice assortment of

Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

fitted with PATENT OVENS the inner shells of which draw out for cleaning purposes.

Those wishing to buy cheap would do well to give us a call.

Shop in rear of Custom House.

ARCHY M'LEAN.

ChathamJuly 22.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

CARD!

THE UNDERSIGNED would beg leave to inform his Patrons and the Public generally that he is now prepared to furnish

PLANS, DESIGNS

—AND—

SPECIFICATIONS

For any description of Building required.

PRICES REASONABLE!

GEORGE CASSADY,
Architect.

Chatham, N. B 4th April, 187

Checker Boards

At the MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

Wax Figures in Glass Shades

At the MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

ELECTRO-PLATING.

KNIVE, FORKS, SPOONS, TEA-SETS, TRAYS, CAKE and BREAD BASKETS, SLEIGH BELLS, and other articles

plated equal to new work. Orders by Express or Mail promptly attended to.

R. HENDERY.

Manufacturing Silversmith and Electro-Plater, 184 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Patronize Home MANUFACTURE.

I am now prepared to supply the Public with Superior Quality of

Doors, Windows, Blinds

HOUSE FINISHING,

For Inside or Outside. First Quality Pine or Ceda Shingles, and to

Plane and Match Lumber, and Plane and Butt Clapboards.

Scroll Sawing to any Pattern

TURNING, &c.

Having a Moulding Machine I am prepared to supply mouldings of different patterns, and to do Joiner work generally, at reasonable rates, guaranteeing satisfaction.

ORDERS SOLICITED AND ATTENDED TO.

CALL AT THE

Sash and Door Factory,

PUBLIC WHARF, - - - - CHATHAM

PETER LOGGIE.

Liberal Prices will be given for Pine and Cedar wood suitable for making Sawn Shingles P. L.

46-4

I. MATHESON & Co.

Engineers & Boiler Makers

New Glasgów, N. S.,

Estimates Furnished for Engines and Boilers, Mill and other Machinery.

Manuf's., Builders, etc.

Standard Portable Grist Mill.

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.

Specially adapted to the wants of the Maritime Provinces.

WM. CURREY, writes from Windsor, N. S., Dec., '79. "The 20 inch Standard Flour Mill works satisfactorily. The smut mill cleans well. The 12 inch Standard chops 12 bush. per hour. The farmers look with surprise to see a mill so small work so well.

"I enclose letters from two large farmers."

MR. CURREY:—I have had about 20 bush. of wheat ground by your new Standard Mill, and am glad to say it's the best flour I have had in my house for ten years. JAMES BALLOCH.

MR. CURREY:—After having 15 bush. wheat ground by your new Standard Mill, I must say that you gave me flour equal to the "Canada," that I have been using. I have no hesitation in