[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

**BRIGHT BEYOND.**

When the light of day is lost
And the night is tempest tost,—
When the clouds, in blackest guise,
Spread themselves athwart the skies
And obscure the ethereal blue;
Up beyond the cloud and tempest
All is beautiful and tranquil,
And the stars are shining brightly,
Only we can not see through.
Clouds and tempests intervening,
Sun-light, Star-light from us screening,
O'er us cast a gloomy pall;
Then we sink into repining,
Watching the last star declining,—
Say, that is the last of all.
So it is when Trouble's shadow
O'er our pathway has been thrown,—
Courage failing, nothing daring,
Deep we sink into despairing,
Saying, "my last hope has flown—
Gone for ever,"
When, if we but only knew
Brightly is the future shining
Just beyond our sad repining,
Only we can not see through.

EAK.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

**BREAK.**

BY TENNYSON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O' well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O' well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crag, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

**"IT IS COMMON"**

BY GRACE H. HORE.

So are the stars and the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes,
Common the life-giving breath of the spring,
So are the songs which the wild birds sing.
Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green,
So is the waiter's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth,
So are the holiest gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June,
So is the generous harvest moon;
So are the towering, mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

Common the beautiful tints of the fall;
So is the sun, which is over all;
Common the rain, with the pattering feet,
So is the bread, which we daily eat;—
Blessed be God, it is common!

So is the sea, in his wild unrest—
Kissing for ever the earth's brown breast,
So is the voice of undying prayer,
Evermore piercing the ambient air!

So, unto all, are "promises" given!
So, unto all, is the hope of heaven;
So, unto the rest from the weary strife—
So is the life which is after life!
Blessed be God, it is common!

Printed by McKILLOP & JOHNSTON, Canterbury St., St. John

# The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1875.

**SPEND YOUR MONEY AT HOME.**

There is genuine wisdom in the practical advice given in the extract which we quote below. We can not name the author, as we find the remarks floating through our exchanges uncredited. They are probably the product of some United States editor, who has seen in his own locality the benefits arising from the course which he advises. It is a fact, for which due credit should be awarded to our United States cousins, that their wealthy men, as a rule, continue when wealthy to reside in the cities or towns in which they made their gains, and thus benefit the places and the people who have been instrumental in helping them on to fortune. In parts of Canada the very reverse is the fact. St. John, particularly, has suffered by the desertion of her wealthy residents, who, having accumulated hundreds of thousands of dollars in consequence of the advantages for trading and business management which St. John offered, have taken these hundreds of thousands,—in the aggregate, millions,—and gone to end their days in England or Scotland. St. John has also suffered by investing abroad instead of at home; spent millions in Nova Scotia, or up the River St. John, in the United States and elsewhere, which, if handled here at home and devoted to helping local industries, would have returned larger dividends and added immensely to the general prosperity and wealth of the place.

The general idea inculcated in the extract below is that people in the same community should "join hands" and help each other, and thus promote the good of all.

SPEND YOUR MONEY AT HOME.—1st. It is your home; you cannot improve it much by taking money away to spend or invest.

2d. There is no way of improving a place so much as by encouraging good merchants, good schools and good people to settle among you, and this cannot be done unless you spend your money at home.

3d. Spend your money at home, because there is where you generally get it. It is your duty.

4th. Spend your money at home, because when it is necessary for you to get credit, it is of your town merchants you have generally to get it, and they must wait for the money. Therefore, when you have the cash in hand spend it at home.

5th. Spend your money at home. It will make better merchants of your merchants; they can and will keep better assortments and sell at lower rates than if the only business they can do is what is credited out, while the money goes to other places.

6th. Spend your money at home. You may have sons growing up who will some day be the best merchants in town. Help lay the foundations of them now. It is a duty. It may be your pride in after years to say: "By my trading at the store I got my son a position as clerk, and now he is a proprietor." Then you will think it hard if your neighbors spend their money out of town. Set the example now.

7th. Spend your money at home. Set the example now. Buy your dry goods, groceries, meats and everything at home, and you will see a wonderful change in a short time in the business outlook of the place; therefore, deal with your home merchants.

8th. Spend your money at home. What do you gain by going off? Count the cost; see what you could have done at home by letting your merchant have the cash. Strike a balance and see if you would not have been just as well off, besides helping your merchant.

9th. Spend your money at home. Your merchants are your neighbors, your friends; they stand by you in sickness—are your associates; without your trade they cannot keep your business. No stores, then no banks, no one wanting to buy property to settle on and build up your place.

10th. Merchants should do their advertising at home. They should get their bill-heads, circulars, cards, letter-heads, envelopes, and all their printing at home, of their own newspapers, who aid them in many ways, and advertise them hundreds of times without any pay whatever. Merchants should set an example to their customers by patronizing liberally their home newspapers. Men and women are imitative animals and are prone to follow examples set them. How can merchants expect their neighbors to trade with them if they set the example of going away from home for their printing and advertising? Let merchants and people all patronize home enterprise, and home industry and home trade. So shall they all be prosperous and happy.

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

**THE HUB.**

**Rambles in the Suburbs.—Sights worth Seeing.—Cities of the Dead.—A New Brunswicker on Boston.**

BY W. H. B.

The suburban districts of the New England metropolis at the present season, present a particularly fine appearance, and a few days may be passed both pleasantly and profitably in a series of rambles there. If the observer was ever gifted with one spark of romance, he cannot fail to be impressed, and that most favorably, by the grandeur and variety of the scenery opened to his view at every turn. A drive into the environs is like turning over the leaves of some of the *rechere* collections of landscapes made by the late Cardinal Tosti, of Rome, and which are now in the Boston Public Library (Bates' Hall), and are among the first "sights" to which the good people of this city introduce the visitor. As each successive page in this marvellous work outrivals its predecessor, so each turn in the road in suburban Boston presents to the view far more attractive sights than those the eye rested in a moment before in deepest admiration, picturing nothing beyond or above. In the city proper we find the Common Public Gardens decked in their richest emerald mantles, the latter also presenting a charming variety of the handsomest of tropical foliage, which has been placed by a thoroughly experienced hand, and which, now in its fullest bloom, challenges the admiration of the most prosaic individual. During the long warm summer evenings, this resort is very extensively patronized, and all the resources of the "Frog Pond" are called into service to meet the requirements of the many who desire to spend an hour or so on the "briny deep,"—though there is neither brine nor depth to the Hub's Frog Pond,—while "nary a vacant chair" greets the eye of the late comer until the illuminated clock of the old Providence indicates a near approach of the "wee sma' hour," even the Rustic Arbor, which can accommodate its hundred couple, being most fully utilized. The most entertaining views, however, are those which can be had in

THE SUBURBAN DISTRICTS

only, and as some of your readers may possibly find their footsteps tending in this direction when vacation comes, we will try and point out a few of the most interesting objects. Although almost, and in fact all of those places can be reached by the horse cars, we would advise any person who wishes to thoroughly "do" the localities to procure a livery team, which can be had at a reasonable rate. Leaving the city proper, then, by one of the main avenues running southward, a smart drive of half an hour will carry the pleasure-seeker well up into the Highlands, among the palatial residences of Boston's wealthy men. There are so many beautiful drives in this vicinity that a person is almost at a loss to determine which will afford him the most enjoyment. Striking, however, into Warren street, —doubtless so-called after the "patriot doctor" who fell at Bunker Hill,—we find ourselves bounded on every side by magnificent gardens and orchards, the former sending forth upon the pure, wholesome air the exhalations of vast beds of geranium, portulacca, astors, etc., while from the drooping boughs of the lattice hung in clusters the luscious peach, the rapidly ripening Bartlett, or the yet half-green Baldwin or Greening, while in the distance and almost buried from the eye of the casual observer, in the close embrace of the ivy-green and morning glory, the cypress and the canary vines, reposes the handsome little Gothic cottage, or the grand and stately mansion, as the ideas or tastes of the owner may have decided. A drive of twenty minutes through this beautiful avenue brings us to "Grove Hall," so-called, although the name is given to a few acres of fine upland, rather than to any building or surroundings which would suggest either of the appelations. On the left, and occupying the major portion of the lot, stands a handsome four-story building, which we learn is

THE "CONSUMPTIVE'S HOME."

Here, when the poor victim of that dire disease has proved the skill of man unavailing, he can retire from the noise and bustle of the city, and in quiet and peace await the call that bids him hence. A marble block over the door of the main entrance bears the inscription, "Have Faith in God," in handsome gold letters. The stranger will be shown through the establishment by a courteous superintendent. A drive of two and a half miles further on this road will place us in the village of Dorchester.

Taking Seaver St. after leaving the Hall, a smart trot of ten minutes through uplands which bring vividly to mind the back road from Fredericton to Spring Hill, N. B., we approach another district yclept Eglaston Square, out of courtesy doubtless to some extensive land owners of that name. Beyond some fine orchards and handsome undulating scenery we find nothing here to invite delay; so speeding onward in a southerly direction, in course of another half hour we approach some of the renowned burying places of Boston's dead. We have here adjacent to each other the Forest Hills, Mount Hope and Calvary cemetries, all places of considerable repute abroad. The entrance to the former is most beautifully laid out. This cemetery is, without a doubt, the handsomest in New England, and no insignificant rival to the magnificent Greenwood Cemetery of Brooklyn, N. Y. The beauty of the lots and their arrangement is much enhanced by the absence of all fencing; around some of the lots a low hedge of cedar extends, while others are banded by slight blocks of granite; but, as a general thing, naught but the narrow gravel paths separate them. Although the rarest and costliest flowers of all climes bloom, bloom and fade upon the lots, yet no wanton hand is ever stretched forth to disturb or pluck them. Such desecration is altogether unknown here. The same sense of security seems to pervade all the suburban districts; but few residences are guarded by anything more pretending than a wall of probably two feet in height, while over them and within the reach of a two-year-old hangs the tempting fruit, and blooms the cultivated flower; yet they are never touched. Entering the main path—Cedar Avenue—of Forest Hills Cemetery, we note on every side

THE GRAND AND LOFTY TRIBUTES

erected to the memory of departed friends, or relatives, while occasionally a vast vault of marble set deep beneath the earth is exposed to the view. About midway up this avenue we come upon the lots owned and used by the Boston Y. M. C. A., and from the legend upon one of the noble granite columns we learn that beneath it repose the remains of "A. G. Avard Taylor, of New Brunswick." Mr. Taylor was, and was for many years Librarian of the Boston Y. M. C. A., a position held by him at the time of his decease, Dec. 9, 1858.

In the centre of this Cemetery, and surrounded by a handsome belt of shrubbery, is a charming little pond, near the centre of which stands a most beautiful arbor, reached by a rustic bridge. Clustering closely around it, and almost excluding the beams of the sun, are numerous creeping plants of all kinds, which now in their latest bloom render the picture a very pretty one. Passing on through the Cemetery, the rear entrance is soon reached and we are on the high road again. From here the tourist can continue on to Mount Hope, or turn off to the right to Calvary Cemetery, beyond which lies Hyde Park; or returning city-ward he shortly finds himself in the district known as Mount Pleasant, which is merely a cluster of small thickly-wooded groves, fringing on the road-side. Striking due west from this district, a short drive and the confines of

JAMAICA PLAINS

are reached. This is a charming little country place; the chief attraction, however, is the "pond," which is quite large, and being the only available sheet of water within some miles is consequently pretty well patronized. Compared with Lily Lake, or Mackin's Lake, which it closely resembles, as regards formation, it sinks into insignificance, having neither the handsome bordering, the clear depth, nor the sandy bottom to recommend it. Proceeding onward past the pond, and through roads and lanes bordered principally by wild blackberry bushes, ten minutes carry us into the region of new mown hay, and veritable country life, or as near as it can be approached at such close proximity to the city. Here we find some of the most stately edifices that can be met with in a day's tour, especially on Glen Road, Godard Avenue, Burrough's Places and neighboring walks. The sightseer can then return to the city by way of Brookline and Roxbury. Of the attractions of a trip down the harbor, we will not speak at present, as the recent cold weather has brought the season for their enjoyment to an abrupt close. We will say, however, that any person calculating to "take them in" in his tour, can allow at least a week for so doing. One other place of special interest to the traveller, however, which we must speak a word for before concluding, is Mount Auburn. In this drive we leave Boston by the west end, and traversing the Main street of Cambridge, pass the rather antiquated looking building which Longfellow still owns as his home, and in which he drives his quill (a close resemblence to Longfellow's residence is the little stone "House that Jack built," which stands in the town of Portland, immediately to the north of the second E. & N. A. R. R. Bridge, to the right), as also the stately elm, beneath whose shade Washington first assumed command of the American army; a full view is also afforded of Harvard College and its surroundings. Leaving the town behind us

THE DRIVE TO THE CEMETERY

runs through beautifully cultivated orchards and rich meadows, while at various intervals through spaces in the copse fine views can be had of the wealthier districts of the "Hub" which border on the Charles River. Here, as at Forest Hills, money has been freely lavished, and as far as the eye can reach, their arise, one above another, innumerable beds of the choicest exotics. Here, also, is a small pond, but of it the less said the better. Weeds and slime have completely hid whatever little water it may ever have contained. In the highest part of the cemetery stands the tower, a veritable round tower, with spiral stair-case and all the other characteristics of towers in the olden times. From its summit a fine view can be had of Watertown, Abington and other outlying towns, while far back, high above all rise the grand old hills of Massachusetts, decked in the deep set of autumnal foliage.

Another popular drive from the "Hub" is down to "Chelsea Beach," a pretty little place about five miles from the city, or four from Chelsea. While down here a visit may be paid to Woodlawn, a cemetery now very extensively used, which commands a pretty location and is well laid out and kept. The visitor must not, of course, fail to climb the myriad steps to the summit of the monument to Warren's memory on Bunker Hill. (In the anteroom at the basement may be seen in frame the autograph of Prince Albert Edward, who visited the monument when last in Boston.) Nor should he miss a stroll through the extensive Navy Yard, and an examination of the collections of antiquities there, an hour on the school-ship, or numerous other incidental objects of interests which recommend Charlestown to the visitor.

AN UNGALLANT JOKE.—She came from Detroit, Mich., and her great pride was being an invalid. She lost no opportunity in stating that she came to Minnesota to recuperate. She did not hesitate to enter into a conversation with any person she came in contact with, giving advice, climate-logical or physiological, to invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced with the introductory inquiry so common to visitors: "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy-visaged young man at the dinner table of the Metropolitan a few days since, and the following dialogue ensued: "Yes, madam, I came here, probably the wofkest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs, in fact, my bones were but little tougher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle, nor the use of a single faculty." "Great heavens," exclaimed the astonished auditor, "and you lived?" "I did, miss, although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and dependent upon others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since; hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate." "A wonderful case!" said the lady, "but do you think your lungs were effected?" "They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that but for the most careful nursing they must have ceased their functions." "I hope you found kind friends, sir?" "Indeed I did, madam; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated with a severe illness during the time of my greatest prostration." "How sad! Pray, what was your diet and treatment?" "My diet was the simplest possible, consisting only of milk, that being the only food my system would bear. As for treatment, I depended entirely upon the life-giving properties of Minnesota air, and took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very restless. My improvement dated from my arrival. My limbs soon became strong, my sight and voice came to me slowly, and a full set of teeth, regular and firm, appeared." "Remarkable, miraculous! Surely, sir, you must have been greatly reduced in flesh?" "Madam, I weighed but nine pounds. I was born in Minnesota. Good day."—[*St. Paul Press.*

A CLERK'S STORY.—When I used to tend afore the old man came around one day, and says he:

"Boys, the one who sells the most between now and Christmas gets a vest-pattern for a present."

Maybe that we did not work for the vest-pattern! I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods, about that time; but the tallest talker, and the one who had the most cheek of any of us, was a certain Jonah Guires, who roomed with me.

He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend a six-pence, and the women, bless you, they just handed over their pocket-books to him and let him lay out what he liked for them. One night Jonah woke me up with:—

"By Jove, old fellow, if you think that 'ere's got cotton in it I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from, and make him own his own wool. 'Twon't wear out, either; wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and they are as good now as they were when I first put them on. Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you didn't owe me anything. Eh—too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents What d'ye say? All right—it's a bargain."

I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bedclothes for an instant; then rip, tear went something or another, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, perfectly sure that Jonah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom.

When I awoke the next morning, I found my night-shirt split from the bottom to the collar-band

A. T. STEWART is being talked about as a very generous man. This is not the sort of man he has always been considered to be. In the first place he has not been generous in dealing with his rivals in business. He has devoted his life to crushing out wholesale dry goods dealers. He is an autocrat of prices. He will for the matter of a quarter of a cent, or even a sixteenth of a cent, a yard on calico, undertake to ruin the market for that calico. I never heard a person speak of him with affection, regard or respect. His only nickname has been "skinflint," and "old three millions a year." Still there are no doubt cases where he has compensated people when he did not have to. At any rate, he is a very industrious man; and there is a genius of industry. The three industrious men of this century have been Bill Ralston, A. T. Stewart and myself. There is a story that one morning Stewart went into his store with a cigar in his hand and asked whether any clerk had a match. Several clerks produced matches with great alacrity, and were immediately discharged for having dangerous matches in their possession. This is rather thin; but it illustrates the reputation of the man. He has a step-daughter who is said to be no beauty.—*N. Y. Letter.*

SHE KNEW THE WOMEN.—At one of the railroad depots the other day a lady walked up to the ticket-window and smilingly said:—"I know Mr. Taylor won't be here, and I don't propose to bother any one. Answer me a few questions, and I'll sit down and say nothing to any one till train time. How far is it to Grand Rapids? What's the fare? What time does the train leave? When do we arrive there? Where do they check baggage? Which track will the train start from? How will I get to Muskegon from Grand Rapids? How far is it? What's the fare? Do I change cars? Is there a palace coach on the train? Shall I get a lay-over ticket? Can I check my baggage clean through? Is there a conductor on this road named Smith? Do you allow dogs in the passenger cars, and can a child ten years old go for nothing?" Having been answered, she kept her promise to sit still, and the depot-agent assures me he had the least bit of trouble in seeing her off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE PEW BENCH.—There can be no doubt whatever that a pew bench is the most dreadful object in existence. However cautiously you may approach it, it is sure to fly up at one end, and come down again with a thud that makes your scalp creep, and draws upon you the indignant glances of everybody in the building. And even if you don't put your foot on it the fear that you may do so when not thinking, draws your mind from the sermon and fastens it upon the dread possibility in lively terror. Pew benches should be run full of lead at both ends, and held down by iron cables to iron rocks sunk in the cellar, but until this is done the only alternative offered is drawing your legs up on the seat and sitting on them till the service is over.—*Danbury News.*

—They were husband and wife, and as they stood before the Soldier's Monument, she asked:

"What's that figger on top?"

"That's a goddess," he answered.

"And what's a goddess?"

"A woman who holds her tongue," he replied.

She looked side-ways at him and began planning to make a peach pie with the pits in it for the benefit of his sore teeth.—*Detroit Press.*

—Probably the worst error that ever passed through the hands of a proof-reader, uncorrected, occurred in the Racine *Journal*. A correspondent at Burlington wrote, "The People's State Bank has declared a dividend." It appeared in the paper, to the horror of the bank directors and the terror of depositors, "The People's State Bank has declared its doors closed."—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

—The Police Judge of Louisville decides that newspaper men have a right to carry revolvers. He says that the freedom of the Press must be maintained if every man in Louisville is shot down.

—It is said that Frank Leslie owns five different papers. As soon as he can secure two more he will be able to steal every line in a paper like *The Free Press*, even to the city advertisements.—[*Detroit Free Press.*

—Quite a novel entertainment was given at Cape May not long ago. A Japanese tea set was placed on the floor, and the guests sat about in real Japanese style and were served—by four ladies dressed in Japanese costume—tea imported from Japan by the host of the occasion.

A LADY who was in the habit of spending much of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband, in great haste, for the physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

WELL SAID.—The times are hard, but the Southern papers are nobly retaining their independence. Says the Savannah *News*: "A twenty-five-cent melon and a dollar notice. We can't see it."—[Western paper.


**New Advertisements.**

STRANGERS, TOURISTS,

EXCURSIONISTS AND ALL VISITORS TO

SAINT JOHN,

ARE respectfully assured that whether purchasing or not, every attention is accorded those visiting our establishment.

**MACKENZIE BROTHERS.**

"CONNOISSEURS IN DRESS ALWAYS GIVE MACKENZIE'S GLOVES THE PREFERENCE."

"The secret of Mackenzie Brothers' success as GLOVERS lies in the fact that they solely and entirely adhere to the importation of FIRST CROOK STOCK

**ROUILLONS AND DENT'S,**

which insures to Wholesale Buyers and Private Customers the best goods at the ordinary price."

**SILKS, POPLINS, LACES, SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, UNDERWEAR, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c., sold during the**

EXHIBITION WEEK,

RETAIL AT

WHOLESALE PRICES.

**MACKENZIE BROS.**

oct 2

**FOR 1876.**

MESSRS. J. & A. McMILLAN have received a stock of

**COUNTING HOUSE DIARIES FOR 1876.**

Also—New Books as follows:—

**JULES VERNE! ANTHONY TROLLOPE!**

"The Wreck of the Chancellor,"—By Jules Verne—12mo—Paper 50c.

"The Way We Live Now,"—By Anthony Trollope—8 vo—Paper $1.50.

Sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

oct 2 **78 PRINCE WM. STREET.**

**FALL AND WINTER**

DRY GOODS!

**Barnes, Kerr & Co.**

have opened during the past week 25 packages of the newest and best value of

THIS SEASON'S GOODS,

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

Special attention is called to the stock of

WINTER SHAWLS,

**Now ready for inspection.**

Also—A variety of

Woollen Wraps,

**Suitable for the Fall Season.**

In Dress Goods see the new

ST. PETERSBURG CLOTH

The softest and warmest material of Winter wear ever made.

LONDON HOUSE, - - RETAIL.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

**In the matter of JACOB D. UNDERHILL and MARY M. UNDERHILL, Insolvents.**

There will be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY the thirtieth day of October next, at 12 o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John:—

ALL the estate, right, title and interest of the above named Insolvents, or either of them, in and to that certain Lot, Piece or Parcel of Land, situate in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of King's, and bounded as follows: "Beginning at a Post standing at the South Western angle of Lot number sixty, in Block eighteen, thence running by the magnet of the year 1855 North two degrees East fifty chains, thence North eighty-eight degrees West twenty chains, thence South two degrees West fifty chains, and thence South eighty-eight degrees East twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as lot number one hundred and thirteen (113) in Block eighteen."

By order of the Inspectors and with the approval of the Judge.

Terms Cash.

Dated 24th September, A. D., 1875.

sept 25—1m **MONT. McDONALD,** Assignee.

Marble Mantles.

SPLENDID VARIETY, from $25 to $150. The best value ever offered.

oct 2 **BOWES & EVANS,** 4 Canterbury street.

**CHEESE. CHEESE**

8 TONS CHEESE, Dutch Valley and Ontario.

For sale by

sept 25 JARDINE & CO.

Syrup, Citro Phosphate of Iron and Potash.

NO pains have been spared by Mr. J. Chaloner to obtain pure chemicals for the manufacture of this Syrup, in order to provide the public with a Nerve Tonic that may be reliable and efficient without at the same time being dangerous. This Syrup seems to meet the end in view. It contains no strychnine or other vegetable alkaloid, is an excellent remedy in nervous depression arising from Cold, Overwork, Trouble, etc., and seems to give very general satisfaction where it has been tried. It should be a medicine in much demand, for the many diseases of this latitude arising from an impure condition of the blood.

J. CHALONER,

oct 2 corner King and Germain sts.

**25th SEPTEMBER, 1875.**

Received per Olympia, Sidonian, Alexandria, &c.:—

40 CASKS Scotch Refined Sugar, 2 grades;
8 casks very bright Vacuum Pan Sugar;
30 casks Porto Rico Sugar;
214 pckgs. Gun Powder, Hyson, Souchong and Congou Teas;
79 cases Mustard and Starch;
57 sacks Mocha and Java Coffee;
76 bbls. and cases Pickles;
20 bbls. Finest Ayrshire Oatmeal, from new oats;
2 bbls. Pea Rose Meal;
110 sacks Rice, Patna and Rangoon;
20 cases Bath Bricks;
8 cases Candied Peel and Marmalade;
56 bbls. and cases Nutmegs, S. S. Almonds, Sardines, Ground Spices, Sago, Arrowroot, Bird Seed, Essence of Coffee, &c.;
50 boxes Prepared Corn;
6 gross Burnett's Extracts, Vanilla, Orange and Lemon;
40 boxes Sultana Raisins;
130 boxes Japanese Coconut, Gum Drops, Chocolate Drops, &c. For sale by

sep 25 JARDINE & CO

ALL THE GO!

NORWOOD! VICTORY!

Above New Styles in Paper Collars just received at

**W. W. JORDAN'S,**

oct 2 **2 Market Square.**

NEW GOODS!

OPENED THIS DAY:

1 CASE BLACK AND COLORED FRENCH MERINOS;
1 case American Hat and Bonnet shapes;
1 case American Cottons.

J. H. CUMBERLAND & CO.,
Corner Union and Sydney Streets
and corner Gilbert's Lane and City Road.

**New Advertisements.**

C. E. BURNHAM & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Furniture Dealers,

**55 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.**

DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE,
BEDROOM FURNITURE,
SHIP CABIN FURNITURE,
OFFICE FURNITURE,
DINING ROOM CHAIRS AND EXTENSION TABLES,
SCHOOL FURNITURE,
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sept 11

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