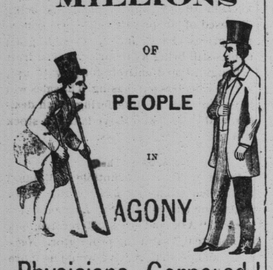
The Daily Tribune.

VOL III. SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14, 1874 No 277

MILLIONS



Physicians Cornered!

I SUPPOSE there is not in the whole of a physician's experience, anything in human suffering which calls forth his sympathy, and pity, to such an extent, as to witness the excruciating pains of a poor mortal, suffering from that fearful disease,

RHEUMATISM!

Heretofore there has been a considerable diversity of opinion among medical men, as to the true character of this disease. Some locating it in the fibrous or muscular tissues of the system, and others viewing it as an acute nervous disease; but it is now generally admitted to be a disease arising from a poison circulating in the blood, and further it is admitted that Rheumatism can never be thoroughly cured without exterminating such poisonous matters from the blood, by a constitutional internal remedy. We feel confident that none will feel better satisfied, and rejoice more, than the conscientious physician, who has found out that cure for this stubborn disease has been discovered. The following testimony from a gentleman of standing, and high respectability, and well known to the Canadian public, cannot fail to satisfy all that the

DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE!

is a wonderful medical discovery.

MR. ISAACSON'S ENDORSATION.

MONTREAL, 21st March, 1874.

MESSRS. DEVINS & BOLTON,

Dear Sirs, I, with pleasure, concede to the agent's wish that I give my endorsation to the immediate relief I experienced from a few doses of the Diamond Rheumatic Cure, having been a sufferer from the effects of Rheumatism, I am now, after taking two bottles of this medicine, entirely free from pain. You are at liberty to use this letter, if you deem it advisable to do so.

I am, sirs, yours respectfully,

JOHN HELDER ISAACSON, N. P.

FURTHER PROOF.

I AM ANOTHER MAN!

ST. JOHN, N. B., Sept. 29, 1874.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH,

Dear Sir,—I have suffered for fifteen months with Chronic Rheumatism, and could not find any relief, after trying every medicine that I saw advertised to cure it, until I was told about the Diamond Rheumatic Cure. I have used three bottles of this valuable remedy, and now can say that I am another man to what I was. I would advise anybody suffering with this terrible disease to try it, and see if it does not do the same for them that it did for me.

Yours,

JAMES L. E GLES,
Indiantown.

BARNES' HOTEL.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Sept. 29, 1873.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH,

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in stating that I put every confidence in your Diamond Rheumatic Cure. I have suffered for the last two years with Rheumatic Pains, during which time I have had the advice of some of the most prominent medical men in the Province, but experienced no relief, until I tried the Diamond Rheumatic Cure. I have now taken three bottles, and I feel greatly improved, and now am confident of a permanent cure.

Yours truly,

JAMES O'BRIEN.

There is no medicine which so promptly relieves the depressed vital action, restores the general and local circulation, allays the pain, dissipates the congestion, prevents inflammation, and restores the healthy action as the

DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE!!

This medicine is for sale at all the druggists through Canada. If it happens that your druggist has not got it in stock ask him to send for it to

A. CHIPMAN SMITH,

Market Square, St. John N. B.

nov4 Gen Agent for New Brunswick.

LOWER COVE

MACHINE SHOP,

84 St. James Street,

(NEAR CORNER SYDNEY STREET.)

TAPS and DIES made and Re-Cut to order. Guns and Pistols of all descriptions neatly repaired.

Also—all kinds of Light Machinery, such as Engines, Printing Presses, Sewing Machines, etc., etc.

JAMES AYKROYD,

Machinist and Engineer,

aug15 3m ST. JOHN, N. B.

Western House,

RODNEY STREET,

(Near the Western Extension Depot,)

CARLETON, N. B.

J. 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

Permanent & Transient Boarders,

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

aug5—3mos

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.

☞ We have added new machinery to our Bindery, and are enabled to execute BINDING in the best style. *Call and see Specimens.*

BARNES & CO.,

nov 21 58 Prince Wm. street

Tobacco and Teas.

600 BOXS and Caddies Tobacco;
200 chests and half chests TEA.
For sale by
J. & W. F. HARRISON,
oct28 16 South Wharf.

MAGDALENE.

BY OTTOMAR H. ROTHACKER.

Cold, cold the waters,
Dark, dark the stream,
Somberly antastic
Wavelets glint and gleam
'Neath the midnight heavens,
'Neath the moon's faint beam.

By the silent waters
Stood she, all alone,
Like a human statue,
Like a carven stone,
Never sigh or murmur,
Never wail or moan.

Faintly blew her garments,
And the voiceful breeze
Murmured o'er the waters,
Whispered through the trees,
"Pleasure's cup is empty,
Bitter are the lees.

"Yesterdays have faded
From thy grasp or ken;
Life hath no to-morrow,
Fool, to hope again!
Cold, cold the water,
Colder hearts of men.

"Harvest time is ended.
Dost thou look for grace;
For a rain of mercy
On thy sin-soiled face?
Sowing tares in Spring-tide
Make a desert place."

* * * * * * *

Cold, cold the water,
Dark, dark, the night,
Yet the glimmering moonbeams
Shed a pitying light,
On a face upturned,
Floating dead and white.

AZALEA.

BY W. SAWYER.

Azalea! I shall never forget when the name first caught my eyes. It was late at night, and I was sitting up waiting for father's coming home. Our room, over Lambeth way, was hot and stuffy, and there was a restlessness on me as I sat in the dark, and looked out into the street that was full of moonlight. Harry, my brother, who had been hot and feverish and drowsy all day, had tumbled to sleep on the hearth-rug, and there was only his hard breathing to break the silence. I listened to it until its monotony drove me wild. I walked to and fro until I felt stifled, and at last I thought, "I will steal down and get a mouthful of air. The street's so quiet, I shall hear father's step long before he comes. And he may be glad if I meet him."

So I crept out of the house. I was so glad to breathe the fresh air, and it and the moonlight seemed all one, and soothed and quieted me. I wandered down the street toward the river, and stood at the corner, waiting and revelling in the coolness. As I did so I noticed that the light fell strong upon a boarding, covered with huge posters, round a building they were running up, and it was so light that I could read these quite plainly. There were many fine and smart, but none so big and showy as one with great letters that seemed tumbling forward, and those letters made the word "Azalea."

"They are taller than I am, surely," I thought. "I will go and measure. They won't tumble on me, for all they look so terrible."

And I ran over the road—forgetful of all else in the moment—and marched up and down in front of the letters, which towered far above me as if I had been in an arcade. For I was little more than a child, and so small and light that I looked even younger than I was. Though Harry was younger, we looked much of an age, and were indeed singularly alike, especially as to our bearing and way of carrying ourselves; but this was not surprising, for Harry, as an acrobat's son, had been well trained, and I, out of mere daring and love of the thing, could do all that he could do—some of the feats, father said, even better. But perhaps he only said this to spur Harry on, for he was not much given to praising us. He was a hard, stern man, with an eye like an eagle's, black and scorching under his bushy brows, that used to look us into obedience without his saying ever a word. Still he was kind to us in his way, and wouldn't have been more so, I think, but the acrobat's is a trying life, and the drink he took made him irritable.

I marched up and down before the letters, as I have said, and fell to wondering what they meant; and as I did so, all at once a rough hand was twisted into my curls—they hung right to my waist—and a rough voice demanded fiercely what I did there at that hour. It was father—the worse for liquor, I could see, for his eyes were like hot coals, and at first he was disposed to be angry; but as he looked up from my terrified face to the big letters, his stern face relaxed and soon he loosed his grip of my hair.

"How did you know of this, Minnie!" he demanded.

"Of what, father?" I stammered.

"The poster here; you came to look at the fine poster, didn't you? How did you find it out?"

He saw by my look that I did not understand him, and when I muttered something about only coming out for a breath of air, dragged me out into the middle of the road, and with irrepressible pride pointed again to the grand letters.

"Look at them," he cried. "Beautiful, ain't they? I've done the trick at last, my girl. The French gentleman that came to see Harry tumble, last week, will make our fortunes. Your brother is Azalea!"

I was so surprised that I could not answer. It fairly took my breath away. He gave one more look full of pride at the word, and we went back to the house. On the way he told me, with a garrulity unusual with him, of what had happened—how the French gentleman had hit upon a novelty—how that it consisted of a sort of "vampire-trap," from which the performer was to be shot up into the air 20 or 30 feet, and to alight on a stage there—and how that Harry had just met the French gentleman's requirements, both from his skill and his girlish appearance, because the excitement to be created about Azalea would be increased from there being a mystery whether it was a boy or a girl.

We entered the house as he finished, and I tripped upstairs and lit a candle, which I gave to father as he entered our room. Harry was still sleeping on the rug, breathing hard. The light showed us his face—it was bright red. He had been stricken with fever; and before the week was out, we two, huddled together in the corner of a coach, followed the poor boy to his grave.

CHAPTER II.

Azalea took the town.

"How!" you will exclaim; "was he not really dead then?" Alas! yes, and truly, deeply mourned over. My father was in a passion of grief at his loss, and in despair at the consequences. The French gentleman came to the house half frenzied. "But, man," cried he, "I have spent a fortune in advertising this—this son of yours!"

"True; and it is most unfortunate—" my father began.

"Bah!" cried the other, and bounded out of the room. In doing so he nearly tumbled over me, as I crouched weeping in the passage, so that I cried out. He stepped aside—started—rapped out a French oath—and darting into the room he had just quitted, slammed-to the door. There was a long conversation in subdued voices, and when at length he quitted the house his face was radiant and his courtesy profuse. On the mat he presented me with the rose from his button hole, and he kissed the tips of the tight gloves he seemed to have been born in, all the way as he backed down the steps out into the middle of the road.

That night I gave my father a promise that I would face the public in place of our poor lost Harry, and try my hardest to realize the golden dreams his death had shattered. And later, when he thought me sleeping, I stole out to have another look at the great letters on the wall. They had a fresh meaning for me now, and O, how huge and terrible they looked! Surely they were bigger than ever, as I cowered down before them. And they bent forward farther and farther, as if to crush me—poor little mite that I was—till I was fain to cry out and tear myself away from them in mortal terror.

I kept my word though, and practised hard, thinking much of what I had to do and little of what might come of it; sustained moreover by encouragement both from my father and the Frenchman—who every day gave me a flower from his button-hole, and kissed his glove tips whenever he caught my eye, as if in the act he administered some reviving cordial—and so at length the first night's performance came with triumphant results, and Azalea was the idol of the town.

There was something vastly pleasant in the position. The performance I had undertaken involved danger every night. But I had no fear, and the ringing plaudits, and the sweet sense of popularity, drove all thoughts of danger out of my head. Sometimes I fancied that there was an anxious, a pained look in my father's face as he waited on me and watched my every movement, inspiring me with confidence by his eagle glance; but whatever his apprehensions I did not share them, and in time grew easy of indifference. At last—but quite at last—I even overcame my awe of the great letters on the wall, beside which I was so insignificant, and grew to amusing myself with the fancy that they simply bent forward out of courtesy towards me, joking in the general homage.

So I was proud and happy in my strange life, and I might have continued to be so but for one circumstance. I had noticed, but without attaching any meaning to it, that on most nights a particular box was occupied by a curious looking person, who watched me with a concentrated attention. He was an elderly man, with dyed black hair hanging long about a colorless face. A singular ravenous look was in his eyes, and he had a habit of twitching up his face, so as to show a long row of white teeth evidently false. As he sat he would rest his thin, bony hands, clutched together hard, on the front of the box, a tremulous diamond showing that he endured strong nervous excitement.

These peculiarities I should never have noticed, but that all at once a rumor reached me, investing this man with terrible interest. I came to know—I cannot tell how—that he had a fixed conviction that my career would terminate fatally, and a morbid desire to be present on the occasion. Thus he never missed a night. He was always in the house, and always, if possible, in the place in which I had noticed him.

Slowly but surely the presence of this man, combined with the knowledge of why he came, began to have a strange effect upon me. I began to be haunted with the thought of him. It mixed up with my dreams and broke my rest. It troubled my waking hours to such an extent that I grew nervous, distracted, and irritable, and pride and pleasure alike went. I began to shrink from apprehension from my nightly task. I found myself speculating on the possibilities of failure, of mutilation, of sudden death. Doubt of my own powers tended toward real incapacity. The terror of the letters on the walls revived, and at sight of the now familiar name my heart would throb violently, and my limbs tremble.

"If he would only absent himself for once—for once only!" I found myself repeating all day; and "You will fail, you will fail!" rang in my mind like a demon chorus.

There could be but one end to this. At last it came. One night, as I was nerving myself for the great leap (a dead silence and hush of expectation in the house), and just as I had given the signal, this man rose from his seat. His doing so attracted my gaze, my concentration was lost, my will was paralyzed. The spring sent me flying into the air—there was a cry, a crash, a surging as of tumultuous in-rushing waves, and then a blank!

After that night Azalea appeared no more.

CHAPTER III.

In the very clutch of death I was yet spared; my father had saved my life; but I had received injuries which resulted in a long and weary illness. Happily my exertions had placed us in comparative affluence, though the success had chiefly enriched the old Frenchman, who never failed during my long illness to call daily, leaving me a flower and his card, until I had whole packs of the latter on the little table at my bedside.

When I began to recover we traveled, and once I was horrified at seeing on the platform of a railway station, as we dashed past, the white face of the man who had waited to gloat over my death. Eventually we settled down in a little midland village, where we were unknown, and our antecedents unsuspected.

And so the story of my life might have ended, but that it chanced to me to meet and favorably impress the son of a gentleman of that neighborhood. He made me the offer of his hand. With the memory of the past vividly before me, I promptly refused. It was not right, I knew, that one who had filled the compromising position I had done should become the wife of a man of family and position. But he would not be repulsed. Again and again he urged his suit till refusal became rudeness, and there was but one thing left for me to do. It was necessary to take him into my confidence, and I did so.

Need I say that his amazement knew no bounds? He could not for the moment find words in which to give expression to it. When he did, it was only to express his half-incredulity. He had himself witnessed Azalea's exploits. And was it indeed a woman? And I that woman?

"You see," I urged, "there is a barrier between us which nothing can overleap. Would to heaven you could have believed this, and spared me this humiliation."

He took my hand.

"Minnie," he said, "be my wife."

"No, no, no," I protested; "consider your position, your family, the friends it would estrange, the contempt it would bring upon you. I dare not!"

But my protestations were in vain. He prevailed, because he loved me, and because I returned that love, O, so truly, so utterly! I became his happy wife—happy, yes; and yet one little cloud would hover in the blue expanse of my married life.

Never for one instant did Frank reproach me with the past: never, that I could discern, did he shrink from allusion to it, as to a subject which we would discuss freely and openly, without shame or regret. And yet I worried myself with the fear whether in his heart of hearts he might sometimes regret the step he had taken, and whether he might not even unconsciously come to regard me with less respect, with less consideration than those about him upon whose past there was no shadow, and who had within their hearts no secret. In this I deeply wronged him. His heart had no such feeling, the loyalty of his affection was untainted by any such reproach.

I came to know this in time for true and certain. The cloud was lifted and went in a day, in an hour—ay, in a single minute. That minute I shall never forget. Our first baby child, our little bright-eyed darling, lay upon my knees, laughing, crowing, and striving to thrust its dimpled hands into its mouth.

Frank bent over—the evening sunshine on his curls.

"Baby must be christened soon, dear," I said; "she must have a name, and we have never talked this over."

"There was no need," he answered.

I looked up.

"What! you have chosen, then?" I asked.

"Yes, love."

"O, tell me! tell me! what are we to call her?"

He bent, kissing my brow, and with a smile that showed how well he knew that he kissed away my hidden trouble, answered—

"Azalea."

Government Notice.

PAPERS on the best mode of obtaining County valuations of Property, for the purpose of Local Taxation and assessing, levying and collecting Rates and Taxes, and dealing generally with the principles which would secure equitable taxation, in reference to income as property for local purposes, will be received at the Office of the Provincial Secretary, up to 1st January next.

$200 will be awarded to the writer of what may be considered the best paper on the above subject, and $100 for the second best. oct23

AMERICAN

GREY COTTON!

36 inches Wide.

12 cts. Per Yard!

—AT—

A. MACAULAY'S,

nov4 48 CHARLOTTE STREET.

HALL STOVES.

WE call particular notice to our LARGE VARIETY of

Anti-Clinker Base Burner

HALL STOVES!

BOWES & EVANS,

nov5 4 Canterbury street.

FRESH.

The Mysterious Island,

By Jules Verne—Cloth 60c, paper 30c.

THE Babes in the Wood, a Tragic Comedy. By Prof. James DeMille, author of the Dodge Club, etc.

The Barber's Chair, and the Hedgehog Papers, by Douglass Jerrold, edited with an introduction, by his son, Blanchard Jerrold. 10mo cloth—1 vol.

May be had at

J. & A. McMILLAN'S,
nov11 78 Prince Wm Street.

PURE COD LIVER OIL.

A Few Barrels this Season's Make!

Just received

From Newfoundland.

In barrels of 33 to 40 gallons—cheap for cash.

T. C. GEDDES,
nov10 Shediac.

NEW CROP RAISINS.

1874.

LOGAN, LINDSAY & CO.
are receiving to-day—

310 BOXES

New Layer & Londan Layer

RAISINS!

CROP OF 1874.

nov7 62 King Street.

Layer Raisins and Currants.

Landsng ex schooner The Star,

500 BOXES Good Layer Raisins;
20 bbls Currants—in store.
For sale low by
GEO. MORRISON, JR.,
nov11 12 and 13 South Wharf.

Baker's Choice.

NOW LANDING, 100 bbls. Baker's Choice.
For sale by
nov 10 HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

Flour.

6000 BBLS Flour, in store, embracing an assortment of reliable brands of Extra, Fancy, and Superior.
For sale by
J. & W. F. HARRISON,
nov9 16 North Wharf.

Apples. Apples.

Ex stmr New Brunswick:

100 BBLS No. 1, American Baldwins. For sale low to close consignment.

W. A. SPENCE,
nov9 North Slip.

BRAN.

20 TONS Bran—to arrive. For sale low by
nov9 W. A. SPENCE.

LIME.

150 BBLS Extra LIME. For sale low by
nov9 W. A. SPENCE,
North Slip.

QUINCES.

Just Received—

2 BBLS. QUINCES!

in fine order. For sale by

nov7 R. E. PUDDINGTON & CO.

Cork Tobacco Store!

JOHN O'BRIEN

CAME out from the Old Sod eighteen months ago, and now being proprietor of the above store, would call attention of all the Old Irishmen, their Sons, and Smokers generally, to his stock of Domestic, Canadian and Virginia Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos.

A large variety of Pipes, Ambers, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, etc., etc.

He also keeps constantly on hand a large stock of the good Old Irish Twist and Pigtail.

Call in when passing at

JOHN O'BRIEN'S,
nov10 Cor North and Mill Streets.

Hams and Cornmeal.

To arrive ex schooner J. W. Scott, from Boston.

6 BBLS Hams:
100 bbls Kiln Dried Cornmeal.
nov10 tel fmn HILYARD & RUDDOCK.

Oatmeal.

In store.

100 BBLS Oatmeal—first premium.
For sale low by
GEO. MORRISON, JR.,
nov10 12 and 13 South Wharf.

Cigars. Cigars.

Just Received—

10,000 CIGARS, Phœnix Brand.
10,000 Cigars, El Cruzado;
10,000 " Swan do.

I will sell very cheap, having almost too many Cigars on hand.

ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,
oct30nws tel 40 Charlotte street.

FLANNELS

—AND—

BLANKETS!!

WE are now opening a large stock of Flannels, in White, Lancashire, Welsh, Domestic, Saxony and Shaker, Twilled and Plain.

Scarlet Flannels.

in Saxony and Heavy Makes: Twilled and Plain, Grey and Blue do; an assortment of

FANCY SHIRTING FLANNELS,

in all prices, from 25 cents upwards. Also a full stock of

White Blankets,

all sizes and prices.

Grey Blankets, Horse Rugs, Carriage Rugs, etc.

WETMORE BROS.,
oct28 67 King street.

To Gentlemen.

I HAVE on hand a first class assortment of

White Dress Shirts.

All sizes: sold at $1.00, $1.10, $1.20, and $1.30, with spiral holes and buttoned behind.

Also a large stock in

Colored Flannel and Cloth Shirts.

$1.00 to $1.80 each, extra value.

Good Value in LAMBSWOOL UNDERCLOTHING. Scarfs and Ties in great variety, and low prices.

Lined Cloth and Buckskin Gloves and Mitts. Lambswool and Merino SOCKS, cheap.

COUNTRY SOCKS!

20, 25 and 30 cts per pair, best quality.

Braces and Belts, all prices.

☞ All goods marked in plain figures and at one price only.

T. M. FRASER,
42 Charlotte Street,
oct26 King Square.

COAL. COAL.

Now landing from the schooner Jesse Hoyt, at Desbrow's wharf.

500 tons Best Old Mines Double Screened

Sydney Coal!

Newly mined, with certificate. Sold low while landing. Apply to

T. McCARTHY,
nov5 Water street.

FUR SEAL SACQUES.

A FEW EXTRA QUALITY of Ladies' SEAL SACQUES now in stock.

S. S. Seal Muffs,

S. S. SEAL CAPS.

D. MAGEE & CO.,
Fur Warehouse,
nov5 51 King street.

GRANULATED NITRATE OF CERIUM

A FEW pounds, very choice, Just received at

HANINGTON BROS.,
nov6 Foster's Corner.

Fine Salt.

500 BAGS, for sale by
GEO. S. DeFOREST,
nov5 11 South Wharf.

Fairall & Smith

HAVING COMPLETED

FALL IMPORTATIONS!!

are now showing a large and varied selection in the different departments.

Silks, Shawls, Dress Materials, Flannels, Blankets

TWEEDS, COTTONS, LINENS,

HATS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, GLOVES TIES, SCARFS, ETC,

A very Choice Selection of Fancy Woolen Shirtings.

F. & S. would respectfully intimate that their DRESS-MAKING, MANTLE and MILLINERY Show rooms are now open with the

Latest London and Paris Designs!

AN INSPECTION SOLICITED.

N. B.—In our DRESS-MAKING Department we continue the principle of Making up Materials not purchased from our own Retail, with the same careful attention as from our own stock.

oct29 At FAIRALL & SMITH'S, - - 52 Prince Wm. Street.

FOSTER'S

LADIES' FASHIONABLE

Boot and Shoe Store,

36 GERMAIN STREET,

New Goods for Fall and Winter!

LADIES French Kid Walking Boots, Button and Lace.
Ladies' Stout Kid Walking Boots, Button and Lace.
Ladies' Levant Seal Skin Walking Boots, Button and Lace.
Ladies' English Goat Walking Boots, Button and Lace.
Ladies' French Kid Dress Boots, Elastic sides:
Ladies' Prunella, Walking Boots, all qualities. Button and Lace.
Ladies,' Misses,' and Children's Cheap Prunella. House Boots;
Ladies' White Kid, Piquet, Satteen, and Satin Boots;
Ladies' Black and White Satin Boots, made to order.
Ladies' Wedding Boots and Slippers, ready or made to order.
Misses' French Kid, Seal Skin, Goat, and Calf Walking Boots, Button and Lace
Children's Kid, Seal, Goat, Calf and Grain Boots Button and Lace,
Ladies,' Misses,' and Children's Fine, Bronze and Black Dress Slippers.
Ladies,' Misses,' and Children's Toilet Slippers, in Blue, Black and Red Felt, Morocco, Goat and Calf skins.
Ladies,' Gents' and Misses Warm Insoles, for Boots or Shoes.

Our assortment of Boots and Shoes of a Good Quality for Girls and Boys, cannot be excelled in the city.

Ladies,' Misses' and Children's Fine Boots made to order.

☞ Orders from all parts of the Maritime Provinces by Post or Express will receive prompt attention if addressed to

Foster's Shoe Store,
Foster's Corner,
nov2 36 Germain street.

STILWELL & GOGGIN

Have just received from New York and Boston

64 CASES and bales Hardware, comprising in part the latest patent designs in Amer can general Hardware, viz. Locks, Mortise and Time Butt Hinges; T do; Hook and Plate Door Knobs; Mincing Knives; Can Openers; Faucets; Ralec Planes; Levels; Saw Sets; Chisels; Boring Machines; Drawing Knives, Butter and Chees K ives; Disston H. Saws; Auger Bits; Hollow Augers, Boring in Bits, extra; with a full assortment of Ship and House Carpenter Materials, from the best manufacturers.

Also—2 casks Rogers & Crook Table and Pocket Cutlery.

Remember—20 GERMAIN STREET, opposite the Country Market. oct15

C. F. OLIVE,

138 Union Street, St. John, N. B

IMPORTER and dealer in the following first-class SEWING MACHINES, Home, Home Shuttle and Improved Champion.

Oil, Machine Needles and Fittings.

N. B.—Machines repaired. Charges moderate

oct8 dôm

To the Ladies

OF THE

TOWN of PORTLAND.

I have just opened a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's

Felt and Straw Hats,

Hat Shapes, Flowers, Feathers.

Trimmings in great variety.

A. C. McMURTRY,
Main street.

N. B.—Felt and Straw Hats done over; Hats and Bonnets made to order.

nov4 TOWN OF PORTLAND.

LADIES'

Silk Ties!

all the

NEWEST SHADES.

AT

W. C. BLACK'S.

Main Street, Portland,

oct23

Mrs. G. DIXON,

Main Street, Portland,

Importer and dealer in Ladies', Misses' and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Would notify her friends and the public generally that she has received her

Fall Stock.

Thankful for past favors, she would solicit a renewal of the same.

NEXT TO DR. SMITH'S.

MAIN STREET, - PORTLAND.

oct14

SWEET CIDER.

A FINE lot of Excellent New Sweet Cider, for sale low by the barrel, by

SWEENY & STAFFORD,
nov7 4 South Wharf.

Professional Card.

THE undersigned having entered into Co-partnership as Attorneys-at-Law, under the name of

BURTIS & GREGORY,

the business of the firm will be conducted in the office at present occupied by E. R. Gregory, Wiggins' building, No. 11 Princess street, St. John, N. B.

Dated 30th July, A. D., 1874.

W. R. M. BURTIS, E. R. GREGORY.

julv31 tf

New Cloths!

FOR LADIES' WEAR.

S. S. SEAL, Plain and Tipped.
Black Seal, Otter, Beaver;
Silver Fox,
Polish,
Astricen,
Dog Skin,
Moscows,
Beavers,
Naps,
Mottled Velvets, Pilots,
Petershams, etc.

Cloths, in great variety, for children's wear.

W. W. JORDAN,
nov11 2 Market Square.

Champagne. Champagne.

Just Received—

15 CASES quarts } Champagne.
15 cases pints }

Very Good, which I will sell exceedingly low.

ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG,
oct30 nws tel 40 Charlotte street.

NEW

Boot and Shoe Store!

P. COUGHLAN,

Railway Crossing, Mill Street.

RESPECTFULLY invites the attention of the public to his large stock of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

which will be sold at the lowest possible rates for cash.

The stock is well selected, and all goods are warranted to give satisfaction.

The public would do well to call and see for themselves.

P. COUGHLAN,
oct 31 Railway Crossing, Mill st.

WILLIAM McLEAN,

No. 106 Union Street,

Importer and dealer in

Choice Family Groceries,

Teas, Sugars, Fruits and Provisions.

N. B.—Just received—40 bbls Choice Apples, which will be sold low.

W. McLEAN,
oct6 6m 106 Union Street, St. John.

Sliced Peaches.

1 BBL of the above. A very delicious article for stewing.

For sale by
A. ROBERTSON & CO.,
oct31 58 King street.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

WE, the undersigned, having entered into a Co-Partnership, for the purpose of carrying on a Wholesale and Retail Grocery and General Provision business, at No. 99 Union street (Crosby's Corner), we shall always keep a large Stock on hand, from which to select at prices and terms to suit all. Soliciting the patronage of the public and our friends in general,

We are yours, respectfully,

ARMSTRONG & McPHERSON.

oct3—6md

ARMSTRONG & McPHERSON,

Importers and Dealers in

Choice Family Groceries,

TEAS, SUGARS,

Fruits and Provisions,

99 Union Street, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. S. ARMSTRONG. S. B. McPHERSON.

oct3—d 6m

M. F. ALLAN,

MILLINERY,

Dress and Mantle Making,

No. 18 Charlotte Street,

Nearly opposite

Young Men's Christian Association

BUILDING.

oct7 d3m

Notice of Co-Partnership.

WE, the undersigned, have entered into a Co-Partnership for the purpose of doing a Wholesale and Retail Liquor, Grocery and General Business, at No. 4 South Wharf. We will keep a large stock on hand and sell at lowest rates. Soliciting the patronage of friends and the public. We are yours, respectfully,

oc 1 d3m SWEENY & STAFFORD.

Onions! Onions!

Landing ex schooner from Boston:

30 Barrels ONIONS.

J. S. TURNER,
nov3 35 Dock street.

Quinces. Quinces

2 BBLS QUINCES, at
A. ROBERTSON & CO.,
nov5 58 King street.

SODA.

Landing ex Genii.

100 KEGS Bi Carb Soda.
GEO. S. DeFOREST,
nov5 11 South Wharf.

Beater Pressed Hay, in Store.

175 TONS Beater Pressed Hay, prime quality.

W. A. SPENCE,
nov9 North Slip.

325 BBLS Pickled Herring, Shelburne, Ripling and Bay.
For sale at lowest rates by
MASTERS & PATTERSON,
nov3 19 South M. Wharf.