

# CHIGNECTO POST.

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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 357.

## POETRY.

### OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumberous air,  
That drifts through the valley of dreams;  
It comes from a clime where the roses were,  
And a tawny heart and bright brown hair  
That waves in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure, and eyes of brown,  
And snow-white forelocks are there,  
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,  
A thorny bed and a couch of down,  
Lost hopes and legends of prayer.

A rosy leaf and a dimpled hand,  
A ring and a plighted vow,  
Three golden rings on a broken band,  
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,  
A tear and a smile and a brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,  
That soles on the summer air;  
And loneliness, felt in the festive throng,  
Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along  
From a clime where the roses are.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,  
And it mingled with matin chimes;  
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,  
And its melody flows so swiftly away,  
That we call it now, "Old Times."

[From English Magazine.]  
**My Peril and Escape.**

I was a very bold and fearless girl  
And my brothers and sisters often  
dared me to go into lonely places in  
the dark, or do perilous feats of  
various kinds, which challenges I  
never refused. Often they set out  
to play tricks on me, but it usually  
happened that they fell into their  
own traps, while I performed my  
part in safety.

We lived in a large old house built  
of English oak, and bearing its  
nearly two centuries very lightly. It  
opened to the south and the two  
large parlors looked to the east and  
west. The dining hall and spacious  
kitchen formed the square of the  
house, while at the west and back  
was another large room sometimes  
called the great porch. There were  
three stairways leading to the upper  
rooms and a garret, whose ample  
space was broken only by the great  
chimney in the centre.

We had a gay and lively house,  
and were used to a great deal of  
company and visitors, for my parents  
were greatly given to the old-  
fashioned virtue of hospitality. The  
humblest wayfarer coming in at the  
porch was entertained kindly and  
given God speed, as well as the guest  
of elegant carriage and equipage  
drove around to the front door on  
the southern side.

It was a summer day, and warm,  
bright and beautiful. The morning  
promised a lovely day. Just after  
our early breakfast a merry party  
came riding down the lane in  
carriages and on horse back, and  
yelling joyously for my father and  
mother to accompany them on a  
pleasure trip. They were accustomed  
to this mode of impromptu festivity,  
and gayly answered that they would  
soon be ready. It was only the day  
before that my father had returned  
from the Australian gold fields, and  
had brought with him a bag of gold.  
I knew he had this, for I had seen  
him the night before counting some  
of it out and putting it into another  
bag.

Thomas brought the chaise to the  
door. Father's favorite black horse,  
whose coat looked like lustrous  
velvet, and who stepped so proudly,  
was pawing the ground impatiently  
as he appeared. He handed in my  
beautiful mother, and I stood looking  
with childish pleasure at her  
beautiful and her rich dress that so  
became her.

I hastened indoors again to see  
them wind down the private way  
that led through our extensive  
grounds, and half wished I were old  
enough to go with them. Hearing a  
slight noise, I turned and saw a  
stranger, a figure not unusual, a man  
with a bundle on a stick.

He was leaning on the stone wall  
and apparently looking after the  
carriages. He came forward in a  
moment and asked me if he might  
sit down and rest, and if I would  
kindly give him something to eat.  
Of course I said yes, and with steps  
soon had him a substantial lunch of  
bread and cheese, which he came into  
the kitchen to eat. Betsy and  
Hannah were busy hurrying to finish  
their work, for they were going out  
to tea and to spend the evening.

They talked gayly about their visit,  
paying little attention to the stroller  
who was quietly eating. He had  
his straw hat on the floor, and I  
saw that his head was bald on the  
top, and the thin hair brushed up  
from behind over it.

He had prominent ears, low fore-  
head, and large mouth, with a re-  
ceding chin, where grew a stubby  
beard of grizzly black like his hair.  
I don't know why I observed all this,  
or his eyes, small and hid under  
grayish brows, that seemed to glance  
furtively about him, when no one ap-

peared to be looking. His voice  
was harsh and croaking, and had  
startled me when he first addressed  
me.

We were used to strollers of all  
kinds, as I have said. Perhaps I  
was mentally contrasting his repul-  
siveness with my father's noble  
and dignified features. He seemed  
to me very ugly. I was glad when  
he had finished his meal and risen  
to go. He asked permission to  
light his pipe, which was readily  
granted. He went out directly,  
passing accidentally through the  
dining-room and out of the great hall,  
where he lingered for a moment  
or two. He thanked me civilly  
enough for his breakfast, but the  
girls laughed and nodded as he went  
out and said they should think I had  
picked up a raven.

All that long, bright day, I was  
busy and happy in the flower garden  
or sewing, or reading; and when the  
girls left, looking very cheerful at  
their half holiday I wished them a  
merry time and told them not to  
hasten home, for Thomas should  
come for them. I expected my  
father and mother soon after 8  
o'clock, and I told Thomas that he  
might go about that time as they  
would soon be home and looked a  
little like rain. Heavy clouds were  
gathering in the west and the thunder  
rumbled sullenly. He took the  
covered wagon and old gray, and,  
before he stepped in said:

"Miss Ann, I think you had  
better fasten the doors as you may  
be all alone for a short time if I go  
soon. Would you not rather that  
I should wait until your father  
comes?"

"Oh, no, Thomas, I don't mind  
being alone in the least, and you  
ought to go least it should rain  
hard, for it more than two miles to  
ride, and they may not wish to leave  
with you in a minute. I expect  
father and mother every moment.  
Don't wait."

So Thomas left and the wagon  
rattled merrily up the lane. I bolted  
the doors because he had told me  
to, for otherwise I would not have  
thought of it. It grew darker rapidly  
and the thunder began to peal  
heavily, while the wind rose and the  
flashes of lightning grew more vivid  
and frequent. I went out to the  
east parlor and looked to the south,  
but the sudden lightning-up of the  
falling darkness did not interest me  
long. I could not see out very well  
either as the honey-suckles covered  
the windows. The large mirror re-  
flected me as I turned away to cross  
the room and I stopped a moment  
with natural vanity, for I was young  
and fair enough to look upon.

I let all my hair fall loose, and  
wound it in long, shining curls over  
my fingers. It certainly did look  
handsome, for it was very thick, and  
fell below my waist and curled al-  
most of itself as it fell. There came  
a great flash of lightning and I saw  
distinctly reflected in the glass a  
figure looking in at the window. It  
was an instant of terror, but I neither  
screamed nor moved. The face  
could not see my face and I kept my  
body still and rolled the gold, shin-  
ing rings off my cold white fingers.  
It was an ugly face and I recognized  
it. I had seen it that morning and I  
knew what lay before me. I  
prayed inwardly a brief prayer for  
help.

Turning from the glass I went  
steadily toward the table that stood  
near the window and on which I had  
left my candle. I moved steadily as  
usual, and took up the water pitcher  
and looked in, and then took my  
candle and went toward the kitchen.  
The lightning kept flashing but the  
face did not come again. I dropped  
my candle on the kitchen hearth and  
put my foot on the wick. I set  
down the pitcher on the dresser and  
softly closed and bolted the door at  
the top of the stairs. I unlocked  
his box, took out the bags of gold,  
relocked it and made my way into  
the great chamber.

I heard voices; I heard doors tried  
below. I knew it was not my father.  
I dared not tremble nor grow faint.  
I went through the room and two  
others to the great stairs. Thudly  
breathed. I heard a window pushed  
up; more than one person came in  
at it. I felt about in the dark. There  
was a sliding-panel in the inside of  
the stairway. I pushed it and it  
rolled back. I entered into a long  
closet under the stairs and slid the  
panel carefully into its place. I felt  
cautiously to see if all was safe. I  
pulled my dress close about me lest  
it might be caught and the door not

closed tightly. Then I waited. I  
heard steps coming up the stairs. I  
heard a search through all the rooms  
below. My heart beat till I thought  
every bound must be audible, heard  
voices—one voice the Raven's I  
knew that harsh croak. It told me  
nothing. The face had revealed all  
to me. The man must have learned  
in some unaccountable way of the  
bag of gold, and learned, too, when  
here in the morning, that I was to be  
alone. It was all plain to me now.  
He had returned and had brought ac-  
complices. My peril was terribly  
imminent. Very soon the steps and  
voices came my way. I could dis-  
tinguish plainly the words that were  
spoken.

"Drat her! she must have seen  
you."  
"No matter; we'll split the box  
open with this axe."

I knew the axe was in the little  
porch. Thomas had set it in when  
he had done chopping the brush, as it  
looked like rain.

I heard the steps and voices move  
away a dull, crashing sound, and  
then stifled, angry tones. I knew  
they had opened the box, and found  
nothing but the papers. I knew they  
would now search for me. I  
heard them as they looked into every  
room and closet and came up the  
stairs separately. They all met at the  
foot of the garret stairs. A thick  
board was between us. I thanked  
God that the panel was close shut.

"I knew it for no ray of light came  
through."  
"She must be up here," said the  
Raven, "and we'll soon have her."  
"I'll warrant she is here, and I'll  
bring her neck if she makes a noise  
about it."

But the thorough search was ended,  
and the voices grew very angry  
and full of frightful oaths and  
threatenings. They sat down on the  
stairs to hold a parley. A spider  
ran across my face. A spider put  
me in mortal fear. It was with  
great effort that I kept from scream-  
ing.

"Come," croaked the Raven, "let  
us go and get the silver; that will  
be something—that will be some-  
thing."

"Curse the silver. It's the gold  
I've come for and I'll burn the house  
if I don't find the girl! So let her  
look out."

A cold perspiration. Would they  
perform their threat.

"Good! then the rats will squeak.  
Down drop the money bags, and  
we'll choke the girl to make her  
dumb."

"Hold your noise. The old man  
will be coming home. We'll be  
caught here. Be quick."

"Who cares for him? He's only  
one; a bludgeon will give him a  
handy little headache as he comes  
in."

"And his wife?"  
They spoke low, hideous words,  
that my flesh crept. I was almost  
ready to call aloud to open the  
panel, to give them the gold, and bid  
them go. They got up, and the  
steps and voices went down. I  
was stifling. I moved the panel  
slightly. No light entered. I slid  
it softly back. My resolution was  
taken. I would get out of the  
house, run down the road and meet  
my father. I would see him. I felt  
the gold in the closet, shutting it in  
close. I stole down two steps into  
the chamber below. I knew there  
was a window open there. I crept  
across the room, listening keenly. I  
lifted myself cautiously on the  
window ledge, and caught a branch  
of a cherry-tree which grew close to  
the house. Swinging myself lightly  
out, I hastily descended the trunk  
of the tree, and found myself on the  
ground safe.

No. The lightning flash betrayed  
me. The Raven's shrieked I rarely  
heard:  
"There she goes! Catch her!  
Quick! This way!"  
Out at the front door came the  
pursuers, hardly ten steps from me.  
I dashed toward the thick shrubbery  
to throw them off the track. For-  
tunately I knew the way, every step  
of it. They were guided solely by  
the flashing light.

"Shoot her by the next flash!"  
cried one.

My flying feet struck loose boards.  
I was passing directly over an old  
unused well, very deep and it gave  
back a hollow resonant sound. Al-  
most the next moment I heard a  
crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy  
fall, oaths, and a deep groan. Shud-  
dering, I sped on through the garden  
up toward the elder press, over the  
stone wall, down the hollow, over  
the hillside, over the fields. No steps

followed; no voices shouted after  
me. I ran down to the second bars  
and let them down. It began to  
rain a few great drops, then fast,  
then it poured. I was wet to the  
skin. I ran on for I heard advancing  
wheels coming rapidly. I stood in  
the road and cried, "Father, father!"  
The chaise stopped; another chaise  
stopped also; it was our next neigh-  
bor's who lived a quarter of a mile  
further on.

"Ann, my child! Good Heavens!  
What is the matter?"  
I told the whole in a few words,  
and eager exclamations of joy at my  
safety, of surprise, even of anger,  
because Thomas had left me alone.

"Don't blame him, father, I insisted  
on his going."

A hurried consultation took place.  
My father was very brave; but our  
neighbor was very timid. He pro-  
posed going to his house, and return-  
ing with weapons. In the meantime  
I had got into the chaise and crouched  
down at my mother's feet, who was  
half crying and wholly thankful to  
feel me there.

We rode on and came to our gates  
under the willows. There were lights  
in the house but all was still. My  
father put the reins into my mother's  
hands, and opened the gate that led  
up the lane.

"Will you go home with Nathan?"  
he asked.

"And leave you here? No."

"Take your wife home, Nathan, if  
you will, and come back."

"We will stay by you."

"Let us reconnoitre a little, then."

They got out, leaving us sitting still.  
The rain fell less heavily. They got  
something that would do from the  
tool house. They went all around  
the house—all was quiet; they went  
in; we sat still, speaking few words,  
my hand clasped in my mother's, and  
my friends trembling with fright.

"Thomas is coming," I exclaimed  
eagerly, "I hear the wheels."  
We called to him as he came to the  
gate, for he could not see us. He  
drove through and called out:

"What's the matter?"  
We told him sufficiently, and he  
left Betsy and Hannah, and went in  
at once with only the heavy whip.  
We did not wait long. Nathan came  
out directly.

"Nothing. Nobody."  
"Are they all gone?"  
"Yes, with some of the silver and  
a few things. We don't know what  
yet."

The horses were put under the shed  
and we all went in. Father said  
calmly:  
"We will take a lantern, Thomas,  
and look around out of doors a little."  
I knew they would go to the old  
well. I stood and looked out of the  
window, and saw the gleam of the  
lantern as it moved. In a very few  
minutes they came back.

"One of them is dead," said my  
father, "and the other lies at the  
bottom of the well and groans. The  
third has escaped."

They laid boards across some  
barrels in the shed, and brought the  
dead man up and laid him on them.  
His comrade, who fell in the well,  
had shot him through the head as he  
plunged through the boards. His  
face was uglier. It was the Raven.  
That night my father's prayers were  
very solemn, and his embrace was  
close as he gave me my good night  
kiss.

The robber in the well was bruised  
but not seriously hurt. The law took  
him to punishment. The third es-  
caped. I was never left at home  
again alone.

A CURIOUS STRUCTURE is rapidly  
rising, or rather sinking, in England.  
It is a church designed to accommodate  
the crowded fishing population in one  
quarter of the city. Land being very  
difficult to procure, it was determined  
to build a church under the street.  
The floor of this underground edifice  
lies thirty feet below the surface of  
the road, and is reached by descend-  
ing flight of stone steps. In form the  
church is a long parallelogram, 132  
feet by 50 feet. The altar is at the  
north end, opposite the base of the  
stairs. The structure is to have an  
organ in the west aisle, which will be  
divided from the nave by columns of  
Bath stone. Attached to the church is  
a vestry room, also subterranean.  
The cost of the building, £25,000,  
is borne by a clergyman of Bright-

## The Sinking of the Turkish Monitor.

The New York Herald correspondent stationed at the Russian headquarters of Jassy, telegraphs full details of the sinking of the Turkish monitor by the Russian vessels before Ibraila, on the river Danube. He says that the entire Turkish flotilla, consisting of several heavy armed monitors and a few gun-boats of the first and second class, appeared before the town of Ibraila, and coming into position, began bombarding the place. The fire of the Turkish vessels was at once returned by the Russian shore batteries, and the artillery battle was soon a fierce and deadly one, and continued for some time. At length two shells were fired from a piece in one of the Russian batteries, under the direction of Commandant Samuiloff, at one of the monitors having two turrets and three masts, and named the "Look-figh!" (meaning "The Grace of God.") The vessel fired at was at a distance of two miles from the battery, yet both of the shells struck the monitor. As they fell the vessel seemed for a moment to be rising out of the water, and in less than a minute she sank. There was no explosion, and the monitor went down so suddenly that it is believed that the fact projectiles did not strike the powder magazine, but fell into the hold, where they exploded, no doubt tearing large holes in her bottom, the water rushing in so rapidly that she sank without any warning.

As soon as the catastrophe was comprehended in its fullest extent the Russians made an effort to suc-  
cure their enemies. A boat was despatched from the shore to the scene of the wreck, in which were an officer of marines named Skolnikow, an aide-camp named Razoula, and Lieutenant Dubanoff. They were unsuccessful in finding any of the officers or crew in the water, but Lt. Dubanoff had the honour of capturing the flag of the sunken monitor.

The ill-fated vessel was under the command of Hefet Bey, and had 200 men on board at the time she was so suddenly overcome. Out of this number only one man was saved, and he was picked up at the distance of a mile from the other Turkish vessels. None of the Turkish crew, however, made any attempt to suc-  
cure their comrades in distress. The sinking of the monitor was a remarkable event, sudden and it surprised in its effects.

At eight o'clock that same evening the Grand Duke Nicholas, having been apprised of the news, at once telegraphed to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexander reciting the main facts. During the same night the Czar telegraphed to the Grand Duke asking for the name of the commander of the battery whence the shells were fired, and that of the artillerist who pointed the gun. According to the rules of the Russian service, both the officers and the men are entitled to receive the Grand Cross of St. George.

OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA are awak-  
ened by what is called the "Murphy  
movement" for total abstinence.  
Murphy is a reformed drunkard, and  
as an agitator he takes the line fol-  
lowed by Moody and other religious  
revivalists. His meetings are usually  
held in churches, but in Philadelphia  
a large hall was used. He especially  
exhorts Christians to abjure intoxi-  
cating drink. In New England, ex-  
cise laws are receiving the attention  
of those interested for or against the  
liquor traffic. Necessaries are granted  
in Lowell, and most of the saloons  
are closed. The fees in Worcester  
has been made \$250, which has had  
the effect of closing small saloons and  
increasing the business of the large  
ones. Fall River has decided to grant  
no licenses. In Vermont a woman's  
movement has gained much headway.  
A column has been secured in every  
newspaper in several counties, in  
which total abstinence news and  
arguments are printed. Vergennes  
women prosecuted a dealer three  
times, who then reformed and joined  
a church. The druggists in Middle-  
bury have been imprisoned on the  
charge of selling liquor as a beverage.  
In Maryland, under a recent law,  
several counties have voted to have  
no liquor selling, except for medical  
purposes and on the prescription of  
a physician. In Michigan, Dr. H. A.  
Reynolds is the leader of a thorough  
agitation. "Dare to do Right" is  
the motto, and the pledge contains  
the words, "With the help  
of Almighty God." Fifty thousand  
converts are said to have been made.

BELOW is a TABLE of the coal areas  
and production of the globe:

Country.	Area in square miles.	Produce in tons.
Great Britain.....	11,000	125,000,000
Germany.....	1,800	46,658,000
United States.....	192,000	50,000,000
France.....	1,800	17,000,000
Belgium.....	900	14,670,000
Austria.....	1,800	12,280,000
Russia.....	11,000	1,392,000
Nova Scotia.....	1,000	1,052,000
Spain.....	3,000	560,000
Other countries.....	28,000	5,000,000
Total.....	270,300	274,262,000

This table shows that roughly, the  
total area of the uncovered coal fields  
of the world amount to 270,000 square  
miles.

The life of a young man near  
Montreal was despaired of, and he  
had become so emaciated and weak  
that two of the four physicians who  
attended him volunteered to invig-  
orate him with their blood by the  
operation of transfusion, six ounces  
from each, but he did not recover.

## Business Cards.

MARBLE  
AND  
WORKS.  
H. J. McGRATH,  
Dorchester, N. B.

HAVING purchased the entire Stock in  
Trade of Mr. PETER HANCOCK, and  
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and best selected stock of Monumental  
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Stock is guaranteed.  
Prices twenty per cent. lower than  
any other Establishment in the Province.  
(Apr 25)

**BUSINESS CHANGE.**  
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ness formerly conducted by the Late  
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Required for Country Trade. The pre-  
sent Stock will be largely added by  
SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

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Country Produce.  
F. C. HARPER.  
Bay Verte, Feb. 21, 1877.

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Residence: --- at Mr. Robert Bell's,  
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**G. H. VENNING,**  
Clock and Watch Maker.

I BEG respectfully to inform the in-  
habitants of Sackville and vicinity that  
I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert  
Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to  
any customers in my line of business, and  
can promise strict attention and reasonable  
despatch. <sup>ap26</sup> Jewellery neatly repaired.  
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CABINETS ORGANS of all descriptions  
on hand, and manufactured to order.  
Piano Stools, Covers, &c., always on hand.  
All instruments of my manufacture war-  
ranted to give satisfaction. A liberal dis-  
count made to churches.

**W. M. MURPHY,**  
Proprietor.  
may 15  
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We call the attention of Wholesale deal-  
ers and others to our Stock of Pure  
Confections. Wholesale only.

**J. R. WOODBURN & Co.,**  
Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.  
J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KANE.

## Business Cards.

**SEWING MACHINES.**  
Light Running Royal, and  
Wheeler and Wilson.  
NEEDLES  
For Wheeler & Wilson, Singer, Banner,  
Wilson, Lockman, Home Shuttle,  
Lawler, Wainor, E. Champion,  
and Royal Sewing Machines.

Sent per mail on receipt of price—6 cents  
each.  
J. C. COLE,  
July 10 CHURCH ST., AMHERST, N. S.

**HARNESSES!**  
A SPLENDID STOCK OF  
HARNESSES  
May be seen at the Subscriber's, which  
will be sold

LOWER than can be Bought Else-  
where for CASH.

The Subscriber is constantly man-  
ufacturing Harnesses, which for quality  
of stock used and superiority of work  
are unsurpassed in this vicinity.  
Orders promptly attended to at reasonable  
rates.  
Sackville, N. B.  
Nov. 21, 1876. } **STEPHEN AYER.**

**PIANOFORTES.**  
**CABINET ORGANS, &c**  
**G. FLOOD,**  
(Waverly House) King st., St. John.

KEEPS constantly on hand PIANO-  
FORTES and ORGANS from the  
leading manufacturers in the United States  
For SALE WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Catalogues forwarded, and all other  
information on application.  
Instruments sold payable by instalments  
or exchanged.  
Orders for Tuning and Re-pairing attend-  
ed to with dispatch. <sup>ap26</sup> July 3

**SAWS! SAWS!**  
**ALEXANDRA  
WORKS.**

**Saw Factory:**  
Corner of North and George's Streets, St. John.

**J. F. LAWTON, Proprietor.**  
**GEO. CONNORS,**  
Manufacturer & Builder,  
Petitodiac, N. B.

Estimates made of Buildings  
Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished.

All kinds of planing and sawing executed  
at the shortest notice. <sup>ap26</sup>

The facilities for filling orders cheaply  
and promptly are unsurpassed. <sup>ap26</sup>

**AMHERST FOUNDRY**  
--- AND ---  
**MACHINE SHOP,**  
MANUFACTORY OF

**Mill & other Machinery,**  
Ship's Castings, Stoves,

**HOLLOW WARE, TIN WARE,  
PLOUGHS, &c.**

**AMHERST, --- NOVA SCOTIA.**  
Jan 21 1877

**CARD.**  
**NORTHWESTERN**

**Mutual Life Ins. Co'y**  
--- OF ---  
**MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

Assets over \$16,000,000.

**EDWARD F. DUNN,**  
General Agent for New Brunswick.

**FLEMING & MOORE,**  
Medical Advisers, Sackville.

**SAINT JOHN  
Slate Mantel**

**MARBLEIZING WORKS.**  
THE Subscribers have entered into part-  
nership under the name, style and firm of

**WILSON, GILMORE & CO.,**  
For the purpose of manufacturing MAR-  
BLEIZING SLATE, MANTELS, TABLE  
TOPS and WASTE STAND TOPS, &c., of  
the best quality and lowest cost.  
In addition to the above, a Marble  
stock will be kept on hand. A liberal dis-  
count made to churches.

We would call especial attention to the  
subscribed  
Medallion Portrait Range