THE TALL MAN.

At the end of twenty-four hours, which seemed terribly long, to the prisoner, he was relieved from his painful position. His colonel read to him all the obligations imposed upon him as a soldier, and the punishment ordered for a breach of them; the unconditional obedience to his superiors was especially represented as a most sacred duty. Lane was then for the first time allowed to join his comrades in the guard which was kept in the royal castle, near the person of the monarch. Lane's costume consisted of a blue uniform with red facings, white cloth breeches tucked into high boots reaching to the knees, a long red waistcoat and a grenadier cap, which had in front of it a tall shining brass sheet ending in a peak.

It was a beautiful sight, those gigantic well-made and well-disciplined soldiers, in their long well-ordered ranks, marching past with firm and echoing steps and glittering arms, with the beating of drums and the sound of fifes. All the passers-by paused, and others came up to stare at and admire the world-renowned tall body-guard of the Prussian king. The men were afterwards told off and sent to the posts assigned them.

Lane with one of his comrades was placed near the back entrance of the castle, and had to watch the castle itself, the surrounding country, and the people of Berlin, for two hours. When he was relieved he was permitted to rest for four hours in the guard-room; after which he had to stand sentry again, so that he was on duty four times during the four-and-twenty hours. He received every day for his subsistence two pounds of black bread, and eighteen-pence pay. That was not much for so large and strong a man, who had been accustomed to earn eighteen dollars a day. Nevertheless he stinted himself to save sixpence in order (as soon as he was allowed to leave the barracks) to purchase a sheet of letter-paper, a pen and some ink. When he asked for these articles in a shop, he was told to his great distress that it was strictly forbidden to sell writing materials to a life-guardsman.

"Well, I must try another way," said Lane, and he left the shop, and a moment after asked a little street boy to get him what he required, while he would wait a little distance off. The first lad he asked laughed in his face, and said, "You are a life-guardsman, and I should find myself in a nice mess were I to buy you pen, ink and paper. You can go to the shop just as well as I can."

A second boy was more obliging, or appeared to be so. He took the money and went to the shop; but Lane waited in vain for his return, and was at last convinced that the boy had run away. The loss of sixpence troubled the once wealthy merchant more than the loss of six hundred dollars would have done formerly, but he would not be discouraged by these failures, and at last he succeeded in obtaining the necessary materials. He was, therefore, obliged to scrawl his letter in his barrack-room by moonlight, after taking care to ascertain that all his comrades were sound asleep. He did not dare to light a candle, for the sentries in the yard would have given an alarm had they perceived the faintest glimmering of light; moreover, there was a glass window to the door of every room, through which the barrack inspectors, making their rounds in the galleries, could observe all that was going on. Poor Lane then was driven to great straits how to accomplish his object. At last he decided to lie down and pretend to be asleep, writing meanwhile, as well as he could, in a recumbent position, and in imminent danger of upsetting his precious ink!

At last, after much precaution and delay, he contrived to indite the following almost illegible letter:

"MY DEARLY LOVED WIFE: This is indeed my hand writing, though you may have some difficulty in recognizing it. I write in bed and almost in the dark, and in great risk of being discovered. I was kidnapped by Prussian emissaries, and conveyed to Berlin, where I was placed in the king's regiment of life-guards. I am now in the barracks. We were forbidden to write or send letters, and no one dare sell us pen, ink, or paper. On that day when I last saw you I received at dusk a letter from our friend Darn, of Mayence, imploring me to come to him at the inn at Oppach, as he had an important matter to confide to me. I went, but the letter was a forgery. When I reached Oppach a man asked me for the sake of charity to assist him with a traveling carriage, which was in great danger. I went with him. He led me a little out of the road, and there a traveling carriage lay on its side. Two men begged us to try and lift it. As I stooped to assist, many strong arms were thrown around me. I was dragged to the ground, and before I could even struggle, a pitch-plaster was put over my face, which nearly suffocated me. My arms and legs were tied with ropes. Other men who had been concealed behind the carrage, helped to thrust me inside. Three men came into the carriage with me, the door was shut, and we drove off. The plaster was removed, for I had become insensible; but I was told, the least cry for help and it would be replaced. We traveled rapidly, and found relays of fresh horses every few miles. We never stopped to rest. I was not allowed to leave the carriage, and they gave me nothing to eat or drink until after we reached the Prussian frontier, and there we waited a short time. At last we reached this place. I am now changed into the life-guardsman Lane, in the fourth company, under Captain Von Seidwitz. My corporal's name is Wimmer; he is our drill-master. Our barracks are in Charlotte Strasse. I occupy room No 13. I entreat you to make every effort to obtain my liberty. The hope of one day seeing you again, and my mother and my children, alone gives me courage to endure this life. But I put my trust in God, the Preserver of all. Kiss my mother and Adolphus and little Dietrich and the baby for their loving father and and your loving husband,

"LIEBRECHT HIEBENDAHL (now called Lane)."

Now that the letter with great labor was written, his next difficulty was how to get it posted. He did not dare to do it himself, for a life-guardsman's letter would be sure to be stopped. The address, too, was a difficulty. The authorities might have received orders to lay aside all letters bearing the name of Hiebendahl, to Frankfort-on-the-Maine. So he directed it to his most intimate acquaintance, Herr Roemer, a merchant in Frankfort. A boy offered to post it for a small reward. The post-office officials looked at the letter, and then at the messenger.

"Who gave you this letter to post?"

"My cousin can tell you."

"What is your cousin?"

"A market servant."

The official said no more, but he made a cross upon the letter with red chalk, and threw it into a separate box.

The little messenger returned to Lane and told him the letter had been taken in.

Lane felt happy; he counted the days and hours till Agnes should receive it. It never occurred to him that it might never reach her hands!

Spring had come round with its fresh green leaves, its singing birds, and all its delights, but they brought no joy to Lane. Like the captive birds that beat themselves against the wires of their cage, Lane felt desperate, and tempted to put an end to his misery by sword or musket. His fate seemed too dreadful to be borne. Week after week passed, but no tidings of his beloved ones reached him. He had written several letters, all of which had reached the post-office, but he expected the reply in vain. The hopes he indulged made the heart-sickness of longing too heavy to endure. He was isolated in his misery, for none of the other soldiers seemed to feel any longing for release; and yet most of them had, like himself, been kidnapped from their homes and families. They, however, seemed not only merry and light-hearted, but proud of their regiment, and proud of belonging to the famous life-guards of Prussia.

The grand review, which the king always held in Spring, was now drawing near, and the life-guards had to go through extra drill. It was during these drills that it could be seen what the will of man can accomplish. There stood, as though measured by a line, five hundred gigantic men, ranged in long ranks, moved quick or slow, to the right or the left at the word of command, as if touched by a spring. One word, and the five hundred heads were directed to the same point; a thousand feet were moved like those of one man. Then again they stood motionless; five hundred muskets were raised, shouldered, reversed, and placed with the butt-end against the ground. One effort, one blow, made them rattle in the same measured time. But what innumerable drills, and repetitions of each of those evolutions, had each of these five hundred men gone through before attaining this perfection.

Once it happened that the butt-end of one of the muskets had been a second behind the rest in touching the ground. The colonel strode up to the dilatory guardsmen and gave him a cut on his helmet with the sharp edge of his sword. The weapon slipped off the grenadier's cap and cut through his ear, which bled, and the blood covered his neckcloth and the collar of his uniform.

"Captain Von Siedwitz!" shouted the colonel, "what is the name of this fellow who threatens to bring disgrace upon the whole regiment before his Majesty? Beat him with the flat of your sword, that he may learn to move his lazy bones quicker. Let him do extra drill till he can neither see nor hear. If such a blunder were to take place before the king I should send a ball through my own head!"

The colonel turned away, and the captain now began to abuse the grenadier.

"Million of thunderbolts!" he cried, gnashing his teeth. "Arnold, you are a good-for nothing rascal, to debase me before the whole corps! I will have you beaten to death. Are you not ashamed, you old ass, before the new recruits who have done their drill like puppets? You were full two seconds too late in setting down the butt-end of your musket. What would become of the body-guard if the others were to imitate you? Lieutenant Von Wideborn, I put this man under your strict charge. We are all suffering from his stupidity. Let the wretch go away and wash his ear, and then he must continue at drill until he cannot move his arm."

Then the lieutenant began to storm at the poor culprit, and to blame Wimmer, the drill-sergeant. When at last the lieutenant ceased, Wimmer took up the strain, pouring forth all his rage upon the grenadier. The latter left his comrades to have his wounded ear bound up without having uttered one word in his own defence.

It was not until drill was over and his comrades came round him with enquiries how he, the smartest soldier of them all, should have done such a dreadful thing, that the poor fellow said, in a voice of suppressed sorrow, "I was thinking of my wife just at the moment the musket should have touched the ground. She is dying, and has sent me a message to tell me so. If I could only see her once more and take leave of her I should be content, but since the day I was carried off by the recruiting party, I have heard nothing of her till to day, and now I have had this dreadful message!" Then Lane understood that under their cheerful exterior some of his comrades hid an aching heart, and that he was not the only wretched one.

Besides the approaching review and all the extra drills it entailed, Corporal Wimmer had another anxiety, and he applied to Lane to help him. At every review the king was accustomed to ask the newly-enlisted grenadiers three questions, which hitherto has always been the same. They were:

1. "How old are you?"
2. "How long have you served?"
3. "Have you received your pay regularly?"

Now Frederick William wished to have none but Germans in his body-guard, but as the recruiting parties picked up their giants in every place where they could find them, it followed that the ranks were composed of tall men from every country in Europe. But the king was not to be allowed to discover this. Therefore, all the foreigners had to be taught so much German as would enable them to answer the Kings questions.

The matter in hand was to teach the French grenadier La Fleche the three replies that were needed. He had hitherto only been able to master the words of command at drill.

Corporal Wimmer, with immense difficulty, taught La Fleche the three answers to the three questions, according to the order in which they were usually asked, but it had never occurred to him to explain the meaning of the words either of the questions or replies.

The day of the review came at last, and the king also. The regiment of the Royal Grenadier Life-guards was drawn up in imposing array. Frederick William the First bore himself like a soldier, and strode along the lines with a firm step; his hair was powdered and dressed with a pigtail; he wore a blue coat, a red waistcoat, and trowsers; a star glittered on his breast, and a sword hung at his side; in his hand he carried a gold-headed stick. His countenance was comely and fresh-colored, with an open but somewhat harsh expression.

Lane, for the first time, saw his sovereign closely, and his heart beat at the thought that this man held in his hands the happiness or misery of his whole life. The wild idea came into Lane's mind that if he could speak to the king, and tell him all that had happened, he would set him free and give him his discharge. Nothing could be more dreadful than his present lot; any change, even punishment, after he had made the trial, would be welcome. So he resolved to speak to the king when it came to his turn to be questioned. The king approached. A shudder passed over the strong man, but he held to his resolution. A strange incident drew his attention from himself at that moment. The third man to the left of Lane, from which side the king was approaching, was the Frenchman La Fleche. The king stopped, looked at him, and asked him, not the first question which he had always before addressed, but the *second*! "How long have you served?" Corporal Wimmer turned pale; his lips moved, but he did not utter a sound; he nearly melted away with fear.

La Fleche replied, "twenty-five years," pleased with his own readiness of memory.

The king looked with surprise, eyed him from head to foot, and thought it strange that he should not have recognized a grenadier who had served so long, and then the man looked so young, which added to the wonder.

"How old are you, then?" said the king.

"One year!" answered La Fleche, promptly.

The king thought the grenadier was making game of him; his anger was roused; and with a terrible look and gesture he thundered out to La Fleche, who saw that something was wrong:

"Are you an idiot?"

"Yes!" said the Frenchman, solemnly, exactly as he had been taught.

At this last reply the king turned hastily away towards his staff of generals and officers, who could scarcely be restrained, even by the presence of the king, from a shout of laughter as he told them the extraordinary replies he had received.

He asked no more questions that day, and Lane saw with a pang of despair his opportunity of speaking to the king pass away. Wimmer stormed every thing at La Fleche, who was fortunately quite unconscious of the fine names bestowed on him, though he was dimly aware that his attempt to speak German had somehow been unsuccessful. Captain Von Siedwitz, who had been summoned to the king, abused Wimmer on his return; but, beyond hard swearing, nothing was done, and La Fleche continued to be a life-guardsman as before.

The life of the soldiers, even those of the much-favored regiment of the guards, was frugal even to privation. Eighteen-pence a day was very little to buy food sufficient for such gigantic bodies, and Lane in addition to his other sorrows, had often to go hungry. He began like others of his comrades to cast about for some thing to do by which he might earn a little money. He was a man of education, and even his sorrows and his transformation had not destroyed his memory. He could write, and of course book-keeping was his second nature; he could speak French and other languages fluently, as well as read them, and gladly would he have given lessons, or even his services, but there was no opportunity. At last a chance came, for which "necessity, which breaks iron," made him thankful.

In Berlin, at the season when there is a general change of residence on the part of the inhabitants, able-bodied porters are in great request. One day the mother of the little boy, Wilhelm, who had often shown Lane kindness, came into the barracks and said, with an air of patronage:

"Listen Lane; there was a gentlemen here just now enquiring for two guardsmen to help to move his furniture from one house to another. As you have always been kind to the children and the baby, I thought of you for the job; it will bring you a trifle, and money is always useful. You are off guard, and will not be wanted for some hours. Take your comrade Arnold with you—he is a steady, orderly man—and go to No. 45 Stauben Strasse, where the gentleman lives on the first floor. You will be able to hire a truck from the joiner opposite, and I can lend you a neck-strap."

The good woman was quite excited in the exercise of this piece of patronage, and she looked at Lane, expecting to see him very grateful. Lane had chopped wood when he was a rich merchant. He had talked of taking his market-servant to assist him in his task. He had worked with Blitterman, his book-keeper, and felt no motion of pride. He had even reproved Blitterman, who expressed a wonder that he could even think of "associating with a servant." But now that this good friendly woman spoke to him as though being a porter were a matter of course, and that he was neither better nor worse than a common soldier, Lane felt a movement of wounded self-love. He, however, laughed at this manifestation of false pride. "I could not have believed it of myself," thought he, and he thanked the woman very heartily and sincerely for her good-will. He changed his uniform for a gray linen blouse, and trowsers of the same, and then summoned Arnold, the man who was to be his companion, and who was no other than the unfortunate soldier who had brought down such wrath upon himself that day at parade, when his ear was nearly cut off. It was, however, quite well by this time, and he had recovered from the punishment drill. The two men set out with their trucks, with a strap each over their necks. It was strange to Lane, when saw the handsome funiture and beautiful rooms, to think that not a year ago he had lived in even greater comfort, and that his rooms and furniture at Frankfort were superior. He hardly knew which was true, his old life or his present one. But of one thing he was quite certain—that he would gladly be a poor man forever if he might only have his Agnes, his mother, and his three dear children restored to him. "I would thankfully wheel a barrow or be a market-servant for the rest of my days," thought he.

The business in hand was to remove heavy chests, trunks, and other articles of great weight from their places, to carry them on their shoulders down the steep narrow stairs, to place them on the bearing trucks, and to carry them to the new residence. Lane had immense bodily strength, but this was labor to which he was unaccustomed, and it fatigued him more than drill. Several times he had to beg Arnold to stop and let him breathe. The perspiration streamed down his face; curious thoughts passed through his mind. "If my dear wife with the children were in Berlin and to come suddenly found that corner, would they know me? What would people say if they saw a beautiful young lady, elegantly dressed, fall on the neck of a porter in a gray blouse, helping to carry a load of heavy furniture? Yes! that is what Agnes would do; and how I should rejoice; I think I should die of joy."

He looked round as if half expecting that his thoughts would be realized, but he saw none but strangers. His yearning heart asked for some object on which to expend his tenderness. He lifted up a little child which was at play in the street, and kissed it passionately, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks. The child at first looked half frightened and ready to cry at the sight of the moustached face close to its own, but the good, kind eyes reassured it, and the child smiled and played with Lane's cheeks.

"Look at that foolish fellow with our child," said the mother, who was helping her husband to saw fire-wood close by, "and see how she is pulling his moustachios; but if he scratches her cheeks with his beard she will be cross."

"Have you a child of that age?" asked Arnold, sadly.

"Not exactly," said Lane, as he gently set the little one down. "But have you lately had any news of your wife?"

"No. I know not if she be alive or dead, or whether my children are orphans. They live far in Swedish Pomerania, and as messengers do not often come from thence I am not likely to hear. One thing is certain, things can not go on as they are now. I shall desert at the first opportunity."

"But," said Lane in dismay, "if they should catch you?"

"It would be all the same to me. I would die the worst death for the chance of liberty."

Here Arnold ceased, and took up the load. They had no more time for talking.

They had almost finished their job of clearing the room of furniture, and had made several journeys to and fro. On returning to the old quarters for the last load they became aware of some great commotion. They were the rooms of the king's private secretary that the men were employed to clear, and it seemed that a valuable gold watch, the property of the secretary, had disappeared mysteriously since the two guardsmen had been in the house.

"I saw the watch safe on your writing-table a short time ago," said the wife of the secretary to her husband.

"Perhaps," she continued in French, "one of the guardsmen may have taken it. They are poor men, and have to live on very little, and the watch would be a temptation."

"How could we prove it? It is only suspicion; no one saw it taken; it may have been only mislaid."

To be continued.

Medical.

DR. CHANNING'S
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FOR THE BLOOD.

CURES SYPHILIS, SCROFULA, SALT-RHEUM, ALL SKIN-DISEASES, TUMORS, ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND SPLEEN, RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS, LEUCORRHŒA, CATARRH, AND ALL DISEASES RESULTING FROM A DEPRAVED AND IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF
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Space forbids the giving more testimony than this place, in favor of this great medicine. Is not one certificate, however, from an eminent and well-known Physician like Dr. Bessey, of Montreal, sufficient to establish its superiority over the numerous mixtures called Blood Purifiers offered by Druggists and others?

T. C. STRATTON, Esq.

Montreal, Feb. 1st, 1877.

I cannot but regard the formula from which Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is prepared, as one of the best possible combinations to constitute an effectual remedy, for the cure of *Blood Impurities*. So far as my experience leads me with this remedy, I can testify to its great value in the treatment of all Strumous and Cachectic affections, as Glandular Enlargements, and a wide range of skin affections; as a reliable preparation for general use as a *blood purifier*, I know of none equal to it, combining as it does, all the imputed virtues of Sarsaparilla, and several other valuable remedies, with the extraordinary alterative properties of the "*Double Iodides*," and of none that can be more highly recommended as safe, certain and reliable, and I have every confidence that such a remedy for general use, taking the place of the many worthless nostrums of the day, will be a great boon to suffering humanity, and its use will be attended with the most satisfactory results. It should be invaluable to persons beyond the reach of medical advice, and will, no doubt, become popular with Medical men throughout the country.

Respectfully yours,
W. E. BESSEY, M.D.
8 Beaver Hall Square.

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Pain Killers of all kinds, Cough Balsams, Perfumery, Brushes, Sponges, Chamois Skins, &c., &c.

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All operations performed in a neat and satisfactory manner.
Particular attention given to GOLD FILLINGS and REGULATION OF CHILDREN'S TEETH.

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Advancing years sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often renews the growth and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthyl activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brashy, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair regrows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and stablished; thin hair thickens; and faded or gray hair resume their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.

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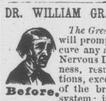

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Which will be sold low for cash.
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Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded
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DR. FREEMAN
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All operations will be guaranteed, and patients be in a position to have every assurance made good.
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Car loads delivered at Stations on I. C. R. Correspondence solicited.
July 19, '77. 5t2 HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

Traveler's Column.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
St. John, Miramichi, Campbellton, &c
1877.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—1877.
ON and after MONDAY, MAY 7th, until further notice TRAINS will run as follows:—

FROM ST. JOHN.

EXPRESS leaves St. John at 8.10 a. m., arriving at Welsford at 2.15 p. m., Chatham Junction at 4.20 p. m., (at Chatham about 35 minutes later) Miramichi at 4.40 p. m, Bathurst at 7.19, and Campbellton at 11.35 p m.
(The above is Accommodation North of Moncton.)
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves St. John at 10 p. m., and reaches Welsford at 3.15 a.m., Chatham Junction at 4.28 a. m., (Chatham about 35 minutes later), Miramichi at 4.40 a. m., Bathurst at 6.08 a. m., and Campbellton at 8.15 a. m.

FROM HALIFAX.

Express Passengers, who leave Halifax by 7.25 p. m. train, reach Weldford, Newcastle, Chatham and other points North at same time as those leaving St. John by 10 p. m. train.

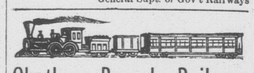
FROM POINTS NORTH.

Passengers taking the Accommodation (or day train at Campbellton at 2 a. m; Bathurst at 6.1 a. m.; Miramichi at 9 a. m.; (Chatham at 9.05 St John time), Chatham Junction at 9.25 a. m., and Weldford at 11.50 a. m., reach St. John at 7.25 same evening.

Passengers taking the Express train at Campbellton at 7.45 p. m.; Bathurst at 9.51 p. m.; Miramichi at 11.10 p. m., Chatham Junction at 11.31 p. m., (leaving Chatham at 11.10 p. m.) and Weldford at 12.40 a. m., reach St. John at 6.25 next morning.

At all points in above on Northern Division (from Moncton North) Quebec time, which is 20 minutes slower than St. John time, is meant; Chatham alone being excepted, the train on the Branch Railway running on St. John time.

C. J. BRYDGES,
General Supt. of Gov't Railways



Chatham Branch Railway.
ON & AFTER MONDAY, MAY 7TH, until further notice, Trains will run on this Railway daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1 EXPRESS.	No. 2 ACCOM'DATION
Chatham,	Depart,	11.00 p. m.,	9.00 a. m.
Chatham Junc'n,	Arrive	11.40 "	9.35 "
" "	Depart,	5.00 a. m.,	9.50 "
Chatham,	Arrive,	5.30 "	10.20 "

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 3. ACCOMM'TION.	No. 4. EXPRESS.
Chatham,	Depart,	4.00 p. m.,	11.00 p. m.
Chatham Junc.,	Arrive,	4.40 "	11.40 "
" "	Depart,	4.50 "	5.00 a. m
Chatham,	Arrive,	5.25 "	5.30

Tickets are issued at Chatham Station to all Stations on the Intercolonial and freight is despatched therefrom to all points North and South.

Close connections are made with both DAY and NIGHT Trains on the Intercolonial.

The above Table is made up on St. John Time, which is 20 Minutes Faster than I. C. R. time on the Northern Division.

STEAMERS
"New Era" and "Andover."
DURING the obstruction of the Navigation of the South West River, and until further notice, the above steamers will run as follows:—

Leave Newcastle. "NEW ERA."	Leave Chatham.
8.30 a. m.	9.30 a. m.
11 "	12 noon.
2 p. m.	3.15 p. m
6	7.30 "

ON SATURDAY EVENINGS the "New Era" will leave Newcastle at 6.30 p. m., instead of 6; and Chatham at 8 p. m., instead of 7.30.

STMR. "ANDOVER,"
WILL, on and after THURSDAY, July 12th, run as follows:—
On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays—
Will leave John Jardine's for Chatham at 9.00 a. m.
And Chatham for John Jardine's at 2.00 p. m.
ON MONDAY AND FRIDAY—
Will leave Newcastle for J. Jardine's, at 6.00 a. m.
AND ON WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY—
Will leave Jardine's for Newcastle, at 6.00 p. m.
This will allow the steamer to go up to Indiantown when the tide suits, and always leave John Jardine's at the advertised time.

THURSDAY—
WILL LEAVE Newcastle for Redbank, at 6.00 a. m.
Redbank for Chatham, 8.00
Chatham for Redbank, 1.00
Redbank for Newcastle, 4.00
CALL & MILLER, Owners.
Newcastle, July 9th, 1877.

International Steamship Company.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
TRI-WEEKLY LINE.
ON and after MONDAY, July 2, and until further notice, the splendid Sea-going Steamer "New York," E. B. Winchester, master, and "City of Portland," S. H. Pike, master, will leave Reed's Point wharf every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY Morning, at 8 o'clock, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Returning will leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock.
Connecting both ways, at Eastport, with Steamer "Belle Brown," for St. Andrews and Calais, and at Portland and Boston with Steamers and Rail to all parts of the United States.
No claims for allowance after goods leave the Warehouse.
Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, only, up to 7 o'clock p. m.
This is the favorite route for load fish shipments, which are received up to the hour of sailing.
H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

Hotels.

TORRYBURN HOUSE,
Nearly opposite the Ferry, Chatham,
JOHN McGOWAN, - - - Proprietor.
THE above Hotel, having been fitted up and furnished in first class style, is now open for the accommodation of Permanent and Transient Guests.
Good Stabling on the Premises.

EARLE'S HOTEL,
Corner Canal and Centre Streets, near Broadway,
NEW YORK
First Class Accommodations for Four Hundred Guests.
ROOM AND BOARD REDUCED TO $2.50 PER DAY.
Newly and Handsomely Furnished and Decorated. Contains a Grand Exchange, Gentlemen's Parlor, Railroad and Steamboat Ticket Office, Telegraph Office, First-class Billiard Room. Located conveniently to Business and Places of Amusement.
EARLE BROTHERS,
PROPRIETORS.

WAVERLEY HOTEL
NEWCASTLE, - - - - - - - - - - - MIRAMICHI, N B
THIS HOUSE has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travelers.
LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT ON THE PREMISES.
ALEX. STEWART.
Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor

Canada House,
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSTON, - - - PROPRIETOR.
CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this House to make it a first-class Hotel, and travelers will find it a desirable temporary residence, both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing, and opposite Telegraph and Post Offices.
The Proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor, by courtesy and attention, to merit the same in the future.
GOOD STABLING ON THE PREMISES.
2-52

ROYAL HOTEL,
King Square.
I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the "CONTINENTAL," and thoroughly renovated the same, making it, as the "ROYAL" always had the reputation of being, one of the best Hotels in the Provinces.
Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and superior accommodation.
Black hall's Livery Stable attached.
THOS. F. RAYMOND
St. John, July 9, 1877.

Law Notices, etc.

Administrator's Notice.
I THE UNDERSIGNED, William M. Kelly, have been duly appointed Administrator of the Goods and Chattels, Rights and Credits of John Stothart, late of Harcourt, in the County of Kent, Mail Contractor, deceased, and all persons owing the said Estate will please make immediate payment to me.
All persons having any just claims or demands against the said Estate will render the same, duly attested, to me within three months from the date hereof.
Dated 11th July, 1877.
WILLIAM M. KELLY,
Administrator.

German Consul's Notice.
I AM instructed by the Department for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire to attend to any duties required of the Consul at Saint John, pending the appointment of a successor to the late A. C. O. Trentowsky, Esq., and hereby give notice to any person requiring information, or having any business at the Consulate, to communicate with me, direct, or apply through Mr. Robert Thomson, Jr., of the firm of Wm. Thomson & Co., whom I have, for the present, appointed my agent there.
ALEX. MORRISON,
Imperial German Consul, Chatham,
CONSUL'S OFFICE,
Chatham, 6th July, 1877.

Sheriff's Sale.
TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the Fifth day of October next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock, p. m.:—
All the Right, Title and Interest of Oliver Foster in and to all that piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being on the South side of the Miramichi River, at Black Brook, in the Parish of Chatham, and bounded as follows, viz—southerly by the Queen's Highway; northerly by the said Miramichi River; easterly by lands at present owned by Andrew and Robert Loggie, and westerly by land owned by Guy, Stewart & Co.; and fronting on the said Highway 60 feet, more or less, and being the land and premises lately occupied by the said Oliver Foster,—with all the buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging—
The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of Executions issued out of the Supreme Court in Northumberland County against the said Oliver Foster.
JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'ld
Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
24th March, 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of February next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 p. m.:
All the Right, Title and Interest of George T. Murphy in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Ludlow, in the County of Northumberland, on the North side of the Southwest Branch of the River Miramichi, being the East half of Lot number sixty-five, granted to Daniel Duff in the grant to Ephraim Betts and associates, and is bounded easterly by land granted to Samuel Bridge, and westerly by the West half of said Lot number sixty-five, comprising eighty rods front, and containing One Hundred and Fifty Acres, more or less, being the land and premises conveyed to the said George T. Murphy by James Murphy, Senior, by Deed, dated 22nd April, 1875, as by reference thereto will fully appear.
Also, all other the Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments of the said George T. Murphy, whatsoever or wheresoever situate, in the said County of Northumberland; the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court by William Long against the said George T. Murphy.
JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberl'd.
Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
6th August, A. D., 1877.

NEW BRUNSWICK,
Northumberland County, S. S.
To the Sheriff of the County of Northumberland or any Constable within said County, GREETING:
WHEREAS, Mary Ann Conroy, Administratrix of all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits of James Conroy, late of the Parish of Glenelg, in the said County, deceased, has by her petition, dated the Thirtieth day of July, A. D., 1877, represented to me that the personal Estate of the said deceased is insufficient to pay the debts due by the said deceased, and has prayed that License may issue to authorize her to sell the Real Estate of the said deceased towards paying the said debts:
You are therefore