

CHICHESTER POST.

WILLIAM C. MILLER,
Proprietor.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum, Postage
prepaid. If paid in advance \$1.25.

VOL. 9.—NO. 24.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 440.

LITERATURE.

(From Houghton Magazine.)
THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

Wilkie Collins's New Story.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XX.

"Shall I see you again?" she asked, as she held out her hand to take leave. "It is quite understood between us, I suppose, about the play?"

Francis recalled his extraordinary experience of that evening in the remembered room. "My stay in Venice is uncertain," he replied. "If you have anything more to say about this dramatic venture of yours, it may be as well to say it now. Have you decided on a subject already? I know the public taste in England better than you do—I might save you some waste of time and trouble, if you have not chosen your subject wisely?"

"I don't care what subject I write about so long as I write," she answered, carelessly. "If you have got a subject in your head give it to me. I answer for the characters and the dialogue."

"You answer for the characters and the dialogue," Francis repeated. "That's a bold way of speaking for a beginner! I wonder if I should shake your sublime confidence in yourself if I suggested the most ticklish subject to handle which is known to the stage? What say you, Countess, to entering the lines with Shakespeare and trying a drama with a ghost in it? A true story, mind I founded on events in this very city in which you and I are interested?"

She caught him by the arm and drew him away from the crowded colonnade into the solitary middle space of the square. "Now tell me," she said eagerly. "Here, where nobody is near us. How am I interested in it? How? How?"

Still holding his arm, she shook him in her impatience to hear the coming disclosure. For a moment he hesitated. Thus far, amused by her ignorant belief in herself, he had merely spoken in jest. Now, for the first time, impressed by her irresistible earnestness, he began to consider what he was about from a more serious point of view. With her knowledge of all that had passed in the old palace, and her information into an hotel, it was surely possible that she might suggest an explanation of what had happened to his brother and sister, and himself. Or, failing to do this, she might accidentally reveal to him in her own experience which, acting as a hint to a competent dramatist, might prove to be the making of a play. The prosperity of his theatre was like a serious object in life. "I may be in the face of another Corsican Brothers," he thought. "A new piece of that sort would be \$10,000 in my pocket at least."

With these motives (worthy of the single-hearted devotion to dramatic business which made Francis a successful manager) he related, without further hesitation, what his own experience had been, and what the experience of his relatives had been, in the haunted hotel. He even described the outbreak of superstitious terror which had occupied Mrs. Norbury's ignorant maid. "Sad stuff, if you look at it reasonably," he remarked. "But there is something dramatic in the notion of the ghostly influence making itself felt by the relations in succession, as they one after another enter the fatal room, until the one chosen relative comes who will see the unearthly creature and know the terrible truth. Material for a play, Countess—first-rate material for a play!"

There he paused. She neither moved nor spoke. He stopped and looked closer at her.

What impression had he produced? It was an impression which his utmost ingenuity had failed to anticipate. She stood by his side, just as she stood before Francis when he questioned about Ferrar's plain answer at last—like a woman turned to stone. Here eyes were vacant and rigid; all the life in her face had faded out of it. Francis took her by the hand. Her hand was as cold as the pavement they were standing on. He asked her if she was ill.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might well have spoken to the dead. "Surely," he said, "you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?"

Her lips moved slowly. As it seemed, she was making an effort to speak to him.

"Louder," he said; "I can't hear you."

She struggled to recover possession of herself. A faint light began to soften the dull cold stare of her eyes. In a moment more she spoke so that he could hear her.

"I never thought of the other world," she murmured, in low dull tones like a woman talking in her sleep.

Her mind had gone back to the day of her last memorable interview with Agnes; she was slowly recalling the confession that had escaped her, the warning words which she had spoken at that past time. Necessarily incapable of understanding this, Francis looked at her in perplexity. She went on in the same dull vacant tone, steadily following out her own train of thought, with her headless eyes on his face, and her wandering mind far away from him.

"I said some trifling event would bring us together the next time. I was wrong. No trifling event will bring us together. I said I might be the person who told her what had become of Ferrar, if she forced me to. Shall I feel some other influence than hers? Will she force me to it? When she sees him, shall I see him too?"

Her head sank a little; her heavy eyelids dropped slowly; she heaved a long, low, weary sigh. Francis put her arm in his, and made an attempt to rouse her.

"Come, Countess, you are weary and overwrought. We have had enough talking to-night. Let me see you safe back to your hotel. Is it far from here?"

She started when he moved and obliged her to move with him, as if he had awakened her from a very deep sleep.

"Not far," she answered faintly. "The old hotel on the quay. My mind's in a strange state; I have forgotten the name."

"Daniel's?"

"Yes!"

He led her on slowly. She accompanied him in silence as far as the end of the Piazzetta. There when the full fine view of the moonlit Lagoon revealed itself, she stopped him as he turned towards the Riva degli Schiavoni. "I have something to ask you. I want to wait and think."

She recovered her lost idea after a long pause.

"Are you going to sleep in the room to-night?" she asked.

He told her that another traveller in possession of the room that night. But the manager has reserved it for me to-morrow," he said, "if I wish to have it."

"No," she answered; "you must give it up."

"To whom?"

"To me."

He started. "After what I have told you, do you really wish to sleep in that room to-morrow night?"

"I must sleep in it."

"I am horribly afraid."

So I should have thought after what I have observed of you to-night. Why should you take the room? You are not obliged to take it unless you like."

"I was not obliged to go to Venice when I left America," she answered. "And yet I came here. I must take the room and keep the room until I can get it back."

She broke off at those words. She went on hurriedly: "Never mind the rest. It doesn't interest you."

It was useless to dispute with her. Francis changed the subject. "We can do nothing to-night," he said. "I will call on you to-morrow morning and hear what you think of it then."

They moved on again to the hotel. As they approached the door, Francis asked her if she was staying under her own name.

"She shook her head. "As your brother's wife, I am known here, as the Countess Narona, I am known here. I want to be unknown, this time, to strangers in Venice. I am travelling under a common English name."

She hesitated and stood still. She muttered to herself, "What has come over me? Some things I remember, and some I forget. I forgot Daniel's name—and now I forget even my English name."

She drew him hurriedly into the hall of the hotel, on the wall of which was a list of visitors' names. Running her finger slowly down the list, she pointed to the name she had assumed—"Mrs. James."

"Remember that when you go to-morrow," she said. "My head is heavy. Good night."

Francis went back to his own hotel wondering what the events of the day would bring forth. A new turn in his affairs had taken place during his absence. As he crossed the hall he was requested by one of the servants to walk into the private office. The manager was waiting there with a gravely preoccupied manner, as if he had been exceedingly busy. He regretted to hear that Mr. Francis Westwick had, like other members of the family, had discovered mysterious sources of discomfort in the new hotel. He had been informed in the face of faded out of it. Francis took her by the hand. Her hand was as cold as the pavement they were standing on. He asked her if she was ill.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might well have spoken to the dead. "Surely," he said, "you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?"

Her lips moved slowly. As it seemed, she was making an effort to speak to him.

"Louder," he said; "I can't hear you."

She struggled to recover possession of herself. A faint light began to soften the dull cold stare of her eyes. In a moment more she spoke so that he could hear her.

"I never thought of the other world," she murmured, in low dull tones like a woman talking in her sleep.

Her mind had gone back to the day of her last memorable interview with Agnes; she was slowly recalling the confession that had escaped her, the warning words which she had spoken at that past time. Necessarily incapable of understanding this, Francis looked at her in perplexity. She went on in the same dull vacant tone, steadily following out her own train of thought, with her headless eyes on his face, and her wandering mind far away from him.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might well have spoken to the dead. "Surely," he said, "you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?"

Her lips moved slowly. As it seemed, she was making an effort to speak to him.

"Louder," he said; "I can't hear you."

She struggled to recover possession of herself. A faint light began to soften the dull cold stare of her eyes. In a moment more she spoke so that he could hear her.

"I never thought of the other world," she murmured, in low dull tones like a woman talking in her sleep.

Her mind had gone back to the day of her last memorable interview with Agnes; she was slowly recalling the confession that had escaped her, the warning words which she had spoken at that past time. Necessarily incapable of understanding this, Francis looked at her in perplexity. She went on in the same dull vacant tone, steadily following out her own train of thought, with her headless eyes on his face, and her wandering mind far away from him.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might well have spoken to the dead. "Surely," he said, "you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?"

Her lips moved slowly. As it seemed, she was making an effort to speak to him.

"Louder," he said; "I can't hear you."

She struggled to recover possession of herself. A faint light began to soften the dull cold stare of her eyes. In a moment more she spoke so that he could hear her.

"I never thought of the other world," she murmured, in low dull tones like a woman talking in her sleep.

Her mind had gone back to the day of her last memorable interview with Agnes; she was slowly recalling the confession that had escaped her, the warning words which she had spoken at that past time. Necessarily incapable of understanding this, Francis looked at her in perplexity. She went on in the same dull vacant tone, steadily following out her own train of thought, with her headless eyes on his face, and her wandering mind far away from him.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might well have spoken to the dead. "Surely," he said, "you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?"

Her lips moved slowly. As it seemed, she was making an effort to speak to him.

"Louder," he said; "I can't hear you."

She struggled to recover possession of herself. A faint light began to soften the dull cold stare of her eyes. In a moment more she spoke so that he could hear her.

"I never thought of the other world," she murmured, in low dull tones like a woman talking in her sleep.

Her mind had gone back to the day of her last memorable interview with Agnes; she was slowly recalling the confession that had escaped her, the warning words which she had spoken at that past time. Necessarily incapable of understanding this, Francis looked at her in perplexity. She went on in the same dull vacant tone, steadily following out her own train of thought, with her headless eyes on his face, and her wandering mind far away from him.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might well have spoken to the dead. "Surely," he said, "you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?"

men had left for Milan. As he crossed the hall, on his way to the restaurant, he noticed the head porter checking the numbers of the rooms on some baggage which was waiting to go upstairs. One trunk attracted his attention by the extraordinary number of old travelling labels left on it. The porter was marking it at the moment—and the number was "13 A." Francis instantly looked at the card fastened on the lid. It bore the common English name of "Mrs. James!" He at once enquired about the lady. She had arrived early that morning, and she was now in the reading room. Looking into the room he discovered a lady in it alone. Advancing a little nearer he found himself face to face with the Countess.

She was seated in a dark corner with her head down and her arms crossed over her bosom. "Yes," she said in a tone of weary impatience before Francis could speak to her. "I thought it best not to wait for you—I determined to get here before anybody else could take the room."

"Have you taken it for long?"

"You told me Miss Lockwood would be here in a week's time. I have taken it for a week."

"What has Miss Lockwood to do with it?"

"She has everything to do with it—she must sleep in the room. I shall give the room up to her when she comes here."

Francis began to understand the superstitious purpose she had in view.

"Are you, an educated woman, of the same opinion as my sister's maid?" he exclaimed. "Assuming your absurd superstition to be a serious thing, you have taken the wrong means to prove it true. If I and my brother and sister have seen nothing how should Agnes Lockwood discover what was not revealed to us? She is only distantly related to the Montbarris—she is only our cousin."

"She was nearer to the heart of the Montbarris than I am than any of you," the Countess answered, with severity. "To the last day of his life my miserable husband repented his desertion of her. She will see that not one of you have seen—she shall have the room."

Francis listened, utterly at a loss to account for the motives that animated her. "I don't see what can urge you to try this extraordinary experiment," he said.

"It is my interest not to try it! It is my interest to fly from Venice and never set eyes on Agnes Lockwood or any of your family again!"

"What prevents you from doing that?"

"She started to her feet and looked at him wildly. 'I know no more what prevents me than you do!' she burst out. 'Some will say that I am stronger my own driving me on to destruction in spite of myself!'"

She suddenly raised her hand and waved her hand for him to go. "Leave me," she said, "leave me to my thoughts."

Francis left her, firmly persuaded by this time that she was out of her senses. For the rest of the day he was wondering what she meant. The night, as far as he knew, passed quietly. The next morning he breakfasted early, determined to wait in the restaurant for the appearance of the Countess. She came in and ordered her breakfast quietly, looking dull and worn out and self-absorbed. As she had looked when he last saw her. He hastened to her table, and asked her if anything had happened during the night.

"Nothing," she answered.

"Have you rested as well as you usually do?"

"Quite as well as usual. Have you had any letters this morning? Have you heard when she is coming here?"

"I have had no letters. Are you really going to stay here? Has your experience of last night not altered your opinions?"

"Not in the least."

The momentary gleam of animation which had crossed her face when she questioned him about Agnes died out of it again when he answered her. She looked, she spoke, she ate her breakfast with a vacant resignation, like a woman who was done with all hopes, none with all interests, done with everything but the mechanical movements and instincts of life.

Francis went out on the customary traveller's pilgrimage to the shrines of Titian and Tintoret. After some hours of absence, he found a letter waiting for him when he got back to the hotel. It was written by his brother, and it recommended his return to Milan immediately. The proprietor of a French theatre, just arrived from Venice, was trying to induce the famous dancer, Jean Francis had engaged to break faith with him and accept a higher salary. Having made his startling announcement, Henry proceeded to inform his brother that Lord and Lady Montbarris, with Agnes and the children, would arrive in Venice in three days more. "They know nothing of our adventures at the hotel," Henry wrote; "and they have telegraphed to the manager for the purpose of seeing that they wait. There would be something absurdly superstitious in our giving them a warning which would frighten the ladies and children out of the best hotel in Venice. We shall be a strong party this time—no strong party for ghosts! I shall meet the travellers on their arrival of course, and try my luck again at what you call the haunted hotel, Arthur Barville and wife have already got as far on their way as Trent; and two of the lady's relations have arranged to accompany them on their journey to Venice."

Naturally indignant at the conduct of his Parisian colleague, Francis made his preparations for returning to Milan by the train of that day.

On his way out he asked the manager if his brother's telegram had been received. The telegram had arrived, and, to the surprise of Francis, the rooms were already reserved. "I thought you would refuse to let any more of the family into the house," he said satirically. The manager answered (with the due dash of respect) in the same tone. "No, 13 A is safe, sir, in the occupation of a stranger. I am the servant of the company; and I date not turn money out of the hotel."

Hearing this Francis said good-by—and said nothing more. He was ashamed to acknowledge it to himself, but he felt an irresistible curiosity to know what would happen when Agnes arrived at the hotel. Besides, "Mrs. James" had repaid confidence in him. He got into his gondola, respecting the confidence of "Mrs. James."

Towards evening on the third day Lord Montbarris and his travelling companions arrived, punctual to their appointment.

Living by their Wits.
THOMAS AND LOUISA BIGELOW—A WOMAN WITH A CAREER.

From the New York Tribune.

Some light was thrown yesterday on the mystery surrounding the arrest of Jacob D. Otis, the Wall Street broker, in this city, and of Thomas and Louisa Bigelow in Liverpool on Monday, for robbing the office of the receiver general of Canada, in Toronto, July 4. In conversation on the subject, Detective Robert Pinkerton gave the following history of the case: "The facts are as follows: that four men entered the office of the receiver general, and engaged the clerk's attention while a fifth man sneaked into the vault and stole \$12,000 in bank notes and some bonds. We received certain information which led us to believe Bigelow was the man who got into the vault. He is an extremely clever bank robber and sneak thief. Years ago he made his appearance in the eighth ward, and associated with the Allen family, more especially with Mart and Jessie Allen. He was then known as 'Pretty Tom' Bigelow. We next heard of him in 1872, when with Scott and Dunlop, the Northampton bank robbers, he stole \$800,000 from the Falls City Tobacco Bank, of Louisville, Ky. He disappeared after this robbery, but it was said among criminals that he had purchased a farm in Massachusetts with his share of the plunder. He appeared, however, in this city with the gang of sneak thieves headed by Walter Sheridan, alias Stewart, who is now in Sing Sing. From here he went to Chicago, where he worked with Billy O'Brien and Old High McGarry. The robbery of the Receiver General's office was planned in Chicago, and the party of thieves, some of whom were Eastern men, left that city and went direct to Toronto."

"Bigelow's wife," he continued, "has the most eventful history of any woman in the profession. She is the famous Louisa Jordan, known as the queen of the thieves. She is thirty-six years old, with blue eyes, brown hair, and oval face. She is attractive in manner, and is accomplished conversationalist. She served a term in England for larceny, and, on being released, went to Brazil as companion to a Spanish lady. She stole her mistress's jewels, and the alcade before whom she was brought sentenced her to forty lashes and to have the lower half of her right ear cut off, which was done. She wears her hair long to conceal her deformity. By some means she drifted to this country, and first made her appearance in the Eight ward of this city as the companion of 'Billy' Derrigan, the pickpocket. She was arrested for robbing Stewart's store, and was sent to Blackwell's Island. On being again arrested she forfeited her bail, and came to Boston. She has been married a dozen times. After leaving Derrigan she married McCormick, the burglar, who shot Jim Casey, Ellen Casey's husband, in Sixth avenue, while disputing over the proceeds of a robbery, and who was himself shot and killed by Officer Neuhemiah. After McCormick's death she became associated with Wm. J. Sharkey, the murderer, who is now a hotel runner in Madrid, Spain, and then with Alex. Purple, an Irish water-drinker. Then she married Big Dan Kelly, known as 'Dan the Rioter,' of Harlem, and after she grew tired of him married Barney Aaron, the pugilist, with whom she went to Chicago. She procured a divorce from Aaron and married Bigelow. Her portrait is numbered 402 in the rogue's gallery at the police headquarters, but she has greatly changed in appearance since it was taken. I consider her one of the most accomplished and dangerous female thieves in the country. We learned that Bigelow and she had left Quebec for England, and telegraphed the English police to look for them at Liverpool and at Louisa's father's house in Manchester. They were arrested with a portion of the stolen money in their possession. As to the arrest of Otis in this city, he merely acted as the broker of the thieves. He is well-known to us and is under indictment in the district attorney's office."

In Rimouski, Quebec, some of the people gather their harvest with sickles, hand rakes and one-horse ploughs is still used in places, drawn by oxen, and sometimes an ox will be found broken in to draw a cart. It was from this part of the country that less than a generation ago a member of Parliament was elected who put in an appearance on the first day of the session in a tricorn or low saddle, drawn by one horse, having with him a firkin of butter, a barrel of pork and other stores. He was under the impression that the Queen would furnish him with a room at the House, and he intended to do his own housekeeping.

AMERICAN PAPER FOR EXPORT.—Holyoke manufacturers report a steady growth of export trade in American papers. The export of the country has risen from \$491,000 in 1871 and \$856,000 in 1876-77 to over a million in 1877-78. It is said that the ability of American manufacturers to compete in price with those of Europe is largely due to the fall in the price of rags, brought about by the large use of wood pulp.

What is "Tucking?"
From the Reno, Nev., Gazette.

A boisterous looking citizen came into the Gazette office the other day and respectfully asked to be let look at the dictionary. He sat down and rather anxiously thumbed Webster's while.

"What word are you looking for?" asked a reporter, seeing that the stranger had failed to strike the trail.

"Well, said the man, in a burst of confidence, "you see I've only just learned to read, and my wife's gone up to Truckee on a visit, and she's written to me to look in the bottom of her trunk for a lot of 'tucking' and send it to her. Now, what I want to know what in blazes 'tucking' is?"

"Tucking?" said the reporter briskly, "why, tucking is the stuff the girls make by poking a sort of short-turned fish-hook through a hole and catching the thread and drawing it back again."

Then the editor spoke up contentedly, and said that a man who was so ignorant as that ought to hold his tongue. What the reporter had described was crocheting. Everybody ought to know what tucking was. The ladies in making it used a little contrivance shaped like a mussel, with thread wound up inside of it. It could be purchased, he believed, for 10 or 15 cents a yard, and why intelligent girls should waste a whole day in making what they could get for a short bit was more than he could understand. In answer to a question from the admiring reporter, the editor said he had been told that tucking was used in trimming the undersides of skirts for far sex, but why things should be ornamented which a fellow would get licked for trying to look at—or perhaps shot—was beyond his comprehension.

The married stranger said the editor was mistaken; that the article in question was not crocheting. It was tucking. This he knew for a fact.

The editor observed that when a man came to the Gazette office for information the editor, when he gave it, didn't know he was told he had. If the stranger wanted to avoid trouble he had better get out and go to the devil. As the editor had grown red in the face and his eyes were blazing the married stranger coughed feebly and slunk down stairs.

In the mean time, what is "tucking?"

COMFORTABLE BALCONIES EXTERIOR.—At the Methodist "Experience Meeting" our attention was drawn to one old farmer who seemed to be very happy under the pressure of his convictions. When his turn came he said: "Friends, perhaps you will think I am a little old, but I live very well. My name is Mr. B., I live over in the town of X., close again the far you timber, but now I come here to live because I wanted to be near folks. I tem to this country in 1838, and I don't know but my hands, but by hard work and the grace of God, I've become quite rich." He then sat down.—Detroit News.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., recently had a kicking match between two women, one from New Haven and the other from Providence, R. I. for a strong party this time—no strong party for ghosts! I shall meet the travellers on their arrival of course, and try my luck again at what you call the haunted hotel, Arthur Barville and wife have already got as far on their way as Trent; and two of the lady's relations have arranged to accompany them on their journey to Venice."

Naturally indignant at the conduct of his Parisian colleague, Francis made his preparations for returning to Milan by the train of that day.

On his way out he asked the manager if his brother's telegram had been received. The telegram had arrived, and, to the surprise of Francis, the rooms were already reserved. "I thought you would refuse to let any more of the family into the house," he said satirically. The manager answered (with the due dash of respect) in the same tone. "No, 13 A is safe, sir, in the occupation of a stranger. I am the servant of the company; and I date not turn money out of the hotel."

Hearing this Francis said good-by—and said nothing more. He was ashamed to acknowledge it to himself, but he felt an irresistible curiosity to know what would happen when Agnes arrived at the hotel. Besides, "Mrs. James" had repaid confidence in him. He got into his gondola, respecting the confidence of "Mrs. James."

Towards evening on the third day Lord Montbarris and his travelling companions arrived, punctual to their appointment.

"Mrs. James," sitting at the window of her room watching for them, saw the new lord and his wife from the steps. The three children were next committed to his care. Last of all, Agnes appeared in the little black doorway of the gondola-cabin, and, taking Lord Montbarris's hand, passed in her turn to the steps. She wore no veil. As she ascended to the door of the hotel, the Countess (eyeing her through an opera-glass) noticed that she passed to look at the outside of the building, and that her face was very pale.

Business Cards.
HANINGTON & WELLS,
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.
DORCHESTER, N. B.
D. HANINGTON. W. W. WELLS.

HICKMAN & EMERSON,
Attorneys-at-Law, &c.,
DORCHESTER, N. B.
A. J. HICKMAN. H. R. EMERSON.

POGLEY, CRAWFORD & POGLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
80 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. R. POGLEY, J. H. CRAWFORD, W. POGLEY, JR.

DICKSON & TRUENMAN,
Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.
Dorchester and Sackville, N. B.
OFFICES: Over the Post Office, Dorchester; Opposite M. Wood & Sons' Office, Sackville.
JOS. H. DICKSON. WM. A. TRUENMAN.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
Office: - A. L. Palmer's Building,
Dorchester, N. B.

CHARLES R. SMITH,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.,
AMHERST, - - - N. S.
Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.
W. F. COLEMAN, M.D., M.R.C.S. ENG.
Oculist and Oculist to St. John General Hospital.
Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Office:—32 GERMAIN STREET, corner North Market Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Hours: 11 to 1, and 2 to 5.

Business Cards.
HANINGTON & WELLS,
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.
DORCHESTER, N. B.
D. HANINGTON. W. W. WELLS.

HICKMAN & EMERSON,
Attorneys-at-Law, &c.,
DORCHESTER, N. B.
A. J. HICKMAN. H. R. EMERSON.

POGLEY, CRAWFORD & POGLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
80 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. R. POGLEY, J. H. CRAWFORD, W. POGLEY, JR.

DICKSON & TRUENMAN,
Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.
Dorchester and Sackville, N. B.
OFFICES: Over the Post Office, Dorchester; Opposite M. Wood & Sons' Office, Sackville.
JOS. H. DICKSON. WM. A. TRUENMAN.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
Office: - A. L. Palmer's Building,
Dorchester, N. B.

CHARLES R. SMITH,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.,
AMHERST, - - - N. S.
Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.
W. F. COLEMAN, M.D., M.R.C.S. ENG.
Oculist and Oculist to St. John General Hospital.
Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Office:—32 GERMAIN STREET, corner North Market Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Hours: 11 to 1, and 2 to 5.

Business Cards.
HANINGTON & WELLS,
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.
DORCHESTER, N. B.
D. HANINGTON. W. W. WELLS.

HICKMAN & EMERSON,
Attorneys-at-Law, &c.,
DORCHESTER, N. B.
A. J. HICKMAN. H. R. EMERSON.

POGLEY, CRAWFORD & POGLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
80 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. R. POGLEY, J. H. CRAWFORD, W. POGLEY, JR.