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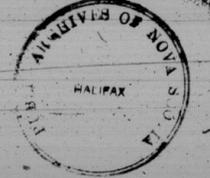
WORM
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T. JOHN, N. B.
No. 28

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Vol. 1.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1870.

No. 15.

Literature.

DEBUNKING.

An Epistle of the Indian Midday.

CORRECTED.

Half the night, though, had not passed, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and in an instant I was up, piece in hand to find that it was Captain Dyer.

"Come here," he said quietly; and following him into the room underneath where the women were placed, he told me to listen, and I did, to hear a low grating, tearing noise, as of something scraping on stone. "That's a good boy, and I can't make it out, Smith."

"Prisoners escaping," I said quietly.

"But they are not so near as that. They were confined in the next room but one," he said in a whisper.

"Broke through, then?" I said.

"Then we went—Captain Dyer and I—quietly up to the roof, answered the challenge, and then walked to the edge, where, leaning over, we could hear the dull grating noise once more; then a stone seemed to fall out to the sandy way by the palace walls.

"It was all plain enough; they had broken through from one room to another, where there was a window no bigger than a loophole, and they were walking this."

"Quick, here, sergeant," says the captain.

The next minute the sentry hurried up, and we had a man posted as nearly over the window as we could guess, and then I had my orders in a minute:

"Take two men and the sentry at their door, each in, and get out the other. Half of them have got out, John Sergeant Williams, and follow us to set as reserve, for I am going to make a sally by the gate to stop them from the outside."

I roused Harry Lant and Measles, and they were with me in an instant. We passed a couple of sentries, and gave the countersign, and then mounted to the long stone passage which led to where the prisoners had been placed.

As we three privates neared the door, the sentry there challenged; but when we came up to him and listened, there was not a sound to be heard, neither had he heard anything, he said. The next minute the door was thrown open, and we found an empty room; but a hole in the wall showed us which way the prisoners had gone.

We none of us much like the idea of going through that hole to be taken at a disadvantage, but duty was duty, and running forward, I made a bold thrust, through with my piece in two or three directions; then I crept through, followed by Harry Lant, and found that room empty too; but they had not gone by the doorway which led into the women's part, but enlarged the window, and dropped down, leaving a large opening—one that, if we had not detected it then, would no doubt have done nicely for the entrance of a strong party of enemies.

"Sentry here," I said; and leaving the man at the window, followed by Harry Lant and Measles, I ran back, got down to the court-yard, crossed to where Sergeant Williams with half-a-dozen men waited our coming, and then we were passed through the gate, and went along at the double to where we could hear noise and shouting.

We had the narrow alley to go through—the one I have before mentioned as being between the place we had strengthened and the next building; and no sooner were we at the end, than we found we were none too soon, for there, in the dim starlight, we could see Captain Dyer and four men surrounded by a good score, howling and cutting at them like so many demons, and I fairly to be seen by their white canvas things.

"By your left, my lads, shoulder to shoulder—double," says the sergeant.

Then we gave a cheer, and with hearts bounding with excitement, down we rushed upon the scoundrels to give them their first taste of the

bayonet, cutting Captain Dyer and two more men out, just as the other two went down.

It was as fierce a fight that, as it was short; for we soon found the alarm spread, and enemies running up on all sides. It was bayonet-drill then, and well we showed the practice, till we retired slowly to the entrance of the alley; but the pattering of feet and cries told that there was more coming to meet us that way; when, following Captain Dyer's orders, we retreated in good form in the other direction, so as to get round to the gate by the other alley, on the south side.

And now for the first time we gave them a volley, checking the advance for a few seconds, while we retreated, to turn again, and give them another volley, which checked them again; but only for a few seconds, when they came down upon us like a swarm of bees, right upon our bayonets; and as fast as half-a-dozen fell, half-a-dozen more were leaping upon the steel.

We kept our line, though, one and all, retiring in good order to the mouth of the second court, which ran down by the south side of the palace; when, as if maddened at the idea of losing us, a whole host of them came at us with a rush, breaking our line, and driving us anyhow, mixed up together, down the alley, which was dark as pitch; but not so dark but that we could make out a turban or a calico cloth, and those bayonets of ours were used to some purpose.

Half-a-dozen times over I heard the captain's voice cheering us on, and shouting: "Gate, gate!" Then I saw the flash of his sword once, and managed to pin a fellow who was making at him, just as we got out at the other end with a fierce rush. Then I heard the captain shout "Hally!" and saw him wave his sword; and then I don't recollect any more, for it was one of these scuffle-stab-and-thrust, in the midst of a surging, howling, maddened mob, facing us to, as the way lay.

I thought it was all over with us, when there came a cheer, and the gate was thrown open, a dozen men formed, and charged down, driving the niggers back like sheep; and then, somehow or another, we were cut out, and under cover of the new comers, reached the gate.

A ringing volley was then given into the thick of the mutineers, as they came pointing on again; but the next moment all were safely inside, and the gate was thrust to and barred; and, panting and bleeding, we stood, six of us, trying to get our breath.

"This wouldn't have happened," says a voice, "if my advice had been taken. I wish the black scoundrels had been shot." "Where's Captain Dyer?"

"There was no answer, and a chill fell on me as I seemed to realize that those had come now to a bad pass."

"Where's Sergeant Williams?" said Lieutenant Leigh again; but it seemed to me that he spoke in a husky voice.

"Here!" said some one faintly, and, turning, there was the sergeant seated on the ground, and supporting himself against the breast-work.

"Any one know the other men who went out on this mad sally?" says the lieutenant.

"Where's Harry Lant?" I says.

"There was no answer here either, and this time it was my turn to speak in a queer husky voice as I said again:

"Where's Measles? I mean Sam Bigley."

"He's gone, too, poor chap," says some one.

"No, he ain't gone neither," says a voice behind me, and, turning, there was Measles trying a hankerchief round his head, muttering the while about some black devil. "I ain't gone, nor I ain't much hurt," he growled; "and if I don't take it out of some 'n for this chop on the head, it's a rum 'un; and that's all I've got to say."

"Load," says Lieutenant Leigh shortly; and we loaded again, and then fired two or three volleys at the bidders as they came up towards the gate once more; when some one calls out:

"Ain't none of us going to make a sally party, and bring in the captain?"

"Silence there, in the ranks!" shouts Lieutenant Leigh; and though it had a bad sound coming from him, as it did, and situated as he was, no one knew better than I did, how that it would have been utter madness to have gone out again; for even if he were alive, instead of bringing in Captain Dyer, now that the whole word was roused, we should have all been out to pieces.

It was as if in answer to the lieutenant's order that silence seemed to fall then, both inside and outside the palace—a silence that was only broken now and then by the half-smothered groan of some poor fellow who

had been hurt in the sortie—though the way in which those men of ours did bear wounds, some of them even that were positively awful, was something worth a line in history.

Yes, there was a silence fell upon the place for the rest of that night, and I remember thinking of the wounds that had been made in two poor hearts by that bad night's work; and I can say now, faithful and true, that there was not a selfish thought in my heart as I remembered Lizzy Green, any more than there was when Miss Ross came uppermost in my mind, for I knew well enough that they must have soon known of the disaster that had befallen our little party.

XIII.

Whatever those poor women suffered, I took care it should not be seen by us, men, and indeed we had little time to think of them the next day. We had given ourselves to the task to protect them, and we were fighting hard to do it, and that was all we could do then; for the enemy gave us but little peace; not making any savage attack, but harassing us in a cruel way, every man acting like for himself, and all the discipline the sergeants had learned seeming to be forgotten.

As for Lieutenant Leigh, he looked cold and stern, but there was no flinching with him now; he was in command, and he showed it; and though I never liked the man, I must say that he showed himself now a brave and clever officer; and but for his skilful arrangement of the few men under his charge, that place would have fallen half-a-dozen times over.

We had taken no prisoners, so that there was no chance of talking of exchange; though I believe to man all thought that the captain and files, missing from our company were dead.

The women now lent us their help, bringing down spare muskets and cartridges, loading too for us; so that when the mutineers made an attack, we were able to keep up a much sharper fire than we should have done under other circumstances.

It was about the middle of the afternoon, when, hot and exhausted, we were firing away, for the bullets were coming thick and fast through the gateway, flying across the yard, and making a passage in that direction nearly certain death, when I felt a strange choking feeling, for Measles says to me all at once:

"Look there, Ike."

I looked, and I could hardly believe it, and rubbed my eyes, for he was in the thickest of the firing, there was the sound of merry laughter, and those two children of the colonel's came toddling out, right across the line of fire, turned back to look up at some one calling to them from the window, and then stood still, laughing and clapping their hands.

"I don't know how it was, I only know that it wasn't to look brave, but, dropping my piece, I rushed to catch them, just at the same moment as did Miss Ross and Lizzy Green; while, directly after, Lieutenant Leigh rushed from where he was, caught Miss Ross round the waist, and dragged her away, as I did Lizzy and the children."

"How it was that we were none of ushit, seems strange to me, for all the time the bullets were pattering on the wall beyond us. I only know I turned sick and faint as I just said to Lizzy: "Thank God for that!" and she led off the children; Miss Ross, shrinking from Lieutenant Leigh with a strange mistrustful look, as if she were afraid of him; and the next minute they were under cover, and we were back at our posts.

"Poor bairns!" says Measles to me, "I ain't often glad of anything, Ike Smith, but I am glad they ain't hurt. Now my soul seemed to run and help them myself, but my legs seemed as if they couldn't move. You need not believe it without you like," he added in his sour way.

"But I do believe it, old fellow," I said warmly, as I held out my hand.

"Chaff's chaff, but you never knew me make light of a good act done by a truehearted comrade."

"All right," says Measles gruffly. "Now, see me pot that sower—Misses, eh, him, by Jove!" he exclaimed, as soon as he had fired: "These pieces ain't true. No! hit him! He's down! That's one bairn-killer the less."

"Sam," I said just then, "what's that coming up between the bays yonder?"

"Looks like a wagin," says Measles. "Tie a wagin, ain't it."

"No," I said, feeling that risible I didn't know what to do: "it isn't a wagon, Sam; but—Why, there's another. A couple of field pieces!"

"Nine-pounders, by all that's unlucky," said Measles, slapping his thigh. "Then I tell you what it is,

like Smith—it's about time we said our prayers."

I didn't answer, for the words would not come; but it was what had always been my dread, and it seemed now that the end was very near.

Troubles were coming upon us thick; for being relieved a short time after, to go and have some tea that Mrs. Bantem had got ready, I saw something that made me stop short, and think of where we should be if the water supply was run out, for though we had the chaffier down below in the vault under the north end, we wanted that, there was in the great elephant, drawing it up in his trunk, and cooling himself by squirting it all over his back!

I went to Lieutenant Leigh, and pointed it out to him; and the great beast was led away; when, there being nothing else for it, we opened a way through our breast-work, watching an opportunity, threw open the gate, and he marched out right straight in amongst the mutineers, who cheered loudly for their fashion, as he came up to them.

There was no more firing that night, and taking it in turns, we, some of us had a sleep, I among the rest, all dressed as I was, and with my gun in my hand, ready for use at a moment's notice; and I remember thinking what a deal depended on the sentries, and how thoroughly our lives were in their hands; and then my next thought was of how was it possible for it to be morning, for I had only seemed to close my eyes, and then open them again on the light of day.

But morning it was; and with a dull, dead feeling of misery upon me, I got up and gave myself a shake, ran the ramrod down my piece, to see that it was charged all right, looked to the cap, and then once more prepared for the continuance of the struggle, low-spirited and discouraged, but thankful for the bit of refreshing rest I had had.

A couple of hours passed, and there was no movement on the part of the enemy; the ladies never stirred, but we could hear 'em when laughing and playing about, and how one did seem to envy the little light-hearted, thoughtless things! But my thoughts were soon turned into another direction, for Lieutenant Leigh ordered me up in one of rooms commanding the gateway, and looking out on the square where the guns were standing, and came up with me himself.

"You'll have a good lookout from here, Smith," he said; "and being a good shot."

"He didn't say any more, for he was, like me, taken up with the movement in the square—a lot of the mutineers, running the two guns forward in front of the gate, and then closing round them, so that we could not see what was going on; but we knew well enough that they were charging them, and there seemed nothing for it but to let them fire, unless by a bold sally we could get out and spike them."

Just then, Lieutenant Leigh looked at me, and I at him, when, touching my cap in salute, I said: "Two good naps, sir, and a tap on each would do it."

"Yes, Smith," he said grimly, "but who is to drive those two nails home?"

I didn't answer him for a minute. I should think, for I was thinking over 'natters, about life, and about Lizzy, and now that Harry Lant was gone, it seemed to me that there might be a chance for me; but still duty was duty, and if men could not in such a desperate time as this risk something, what was the good of soldiers?

"I'll drive 'em home, sir," I says then, quietly, "or they shall drive me home!"

He looked at me for an instant, and then nodded.

"It's our only chance," he says; "a bold dash we may do. I'll see to the armourer's chest for hammers and spikes. I'll spike one, Smith, and you the other; but, mind if I fail, help me, as I will you, if you fail, and God help us! Keep a sharp lookout till I come back."

He left the room, and I heard a little movement below, as of the men getting ready for the sally; and all the while I stood watching the crowd in front, which now began hurraing and cheering; and there was a notion which showed that the guns were being run in nearer, till they stopped about fifty yards from the gate.

"What makes him so long?" I thought, trembling with excitement; "another minute, perhaps, and the gate will be battered down, and that mob rushing in!"

Then I thought that we ought all who escaped from the sortie, in case of failure, to be ready to take to the rooms adjoining where I was, which

would be our last hope; and then I almost dropped my piece, my mouth grew dry, and I seemed choked, for, with a loud hoarse, the crowd opened out, and I saw a sight that made my blood run cold—those two nine-pounders standing with a man by each breech, smoking linstock in hand; while bound, with their heads against the muzzles, and their white faces towards us, were Captain Dyer and Harry Lant!

One spark—one touch of the linstock on the breech—and those two brave fellows' heads would be blown to atoms; and, as I expected, that every moment such would be the case, my knees knocked together; but the next moment I was down on those shaking knees, my piece made ready, and a good aim taken, so that I could have dropped one of the gunners before he was able to fire.

I hesitated for a moment before I made up my mind which to try and save, and the thought of Lizzy Green came in my mind, and I said to myself: "I love her too well to give her pain," when, giving up Captain Dyer, I aimed at the gunner by poor Harry Lant.

"Don't fire," said a voice just then, and turning, there was Lieutenant Leigh. "The black-hearted wretch," he muttered. "But we start, it will be through now, if we start, it will be the signal for the death of those two. —But, what does this mean?"

What made him say that, was a chief, all in shawls, who rode forward and shouted out in good English, that they gave us one hour to surrender; but, at the end of that time, if we had not marched out without arms, they would blow their prisoners away from the mouth of the guns.

Then, for fear we had not heard it, he spurred his horse up to within ten yards of the gate, and shouted it out again, so that every one could hear it through the piece; and, though I could have sent a bullet through him through him, I could not help admiring the bold daring fellow, riding up right to the muzzles of our pieces.

But all the admiration I felt was gone the next moment, as I thought of the cruelties practised, and of those bound there to those gunmuzzles.

There was nothing said for a few minutes, for I expected the lieutenant to speak; but as he did not, I turned to him and said:

"If all was ready, sir, I could drop one gunner; and I'd trust Measles, Sam Bigley—to drop the other, when they've retired a good thirty yards, and we should only have twenty more to run than they; while the surprise would give us that start. A good sharp jack-knife would set the prisoners free, and a covering party would perhaps check the pursuit while we got in."

"We shall have to try it, Smith," he said, his breath coming thick and fast with excitement; and then he seemed to turn white, for Miss Ross and Lizzy came into the room.

Poetry.

QUAKERDOM.

The Formal Gait.

Through her broad, aboriginal quiet
Fished the soul of folk not.
And a most malicious laughter lighted up
her downcast eyes:
All in vain I tried each topic,
Ranged from polar climes to tropics,
Every commonplace I started not with
"yes" or "no" replies.

For her mother—still and stately,
As if starched and ironed lately—
Sat erect, with rigid elbows banded thus
in curving palms:

There she sat on guard before us,
And in words precise, decorous,
And most calm reviewed the weather and
received several palms.

How, without abruptly ending
This my visit, and offending
Wealthy neighbors was the problem which
I employed my mind to solve:
When the other, lowering slowly,
Uttered clearly, stuffy, slowly,
"Madam, please, the garden wants you."
Heaven! that I had heard my prayer!

Pardon me? she grandly inquired,
Bowing low, I gladly murmured,
"Surely, Madam!" and relieved, I turned
to scan the daughter's face:
Ha! what pent-up mirth outburst
From beneath those pencilled lashes,
How the drill of Quaker custom yielded
nature's brilliant grace!

Brizilly springs the prison's fountain,
From the side of David's mountain,
When the stone that we stand on, only
—and life is there—solid,
So, the long-remembered tradition
Of the noble's conversion,
Now imparted five-fold bristles to its
ever-faring tale.

Wildly ranging, quickly changing,
Witty, winning from beginning
Cute and I listened, merrily dining in a
casual word:

Eloquent, and yet how simple!
Hand and eye, and obdying discipline,
Tongue and lip together made a music
even as heard.

When the noisily washes are ringing
All the birds of summer sing,
Suddenly there falls a summer, and we know
a serpent's rattle:
So, upon the door a rattle
Stopped our admiring rattle,
And the stately mother found us plain
and eyeing our suitable eye.

—W. F. CHIGNECTO.

An Anticlerical "Sally."

Smith is a wide-awake anticlerical,
"Selling a lot of household stuff one
day, he saw a smiling countenance
on agricultural shoulders, wink at
him. A wink is as good a nod to a
sharp-sighted anticlerical as Smith
winked, and the man winked, and
the man winked, and Smith kept
"going, going," with a lot of stove-
pipes, glassware, carpets, pots, and
perambulators, and finally the lot was
knocked down. "To whom?" said
Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger.

"Who?" said the stranger. "I don't
know who." "Why, you, sir."

"Who, me?" "Yes, you bid on the
lot. Did you not wink and keep
winking?" asked Smith. "Wink!
well, I did, and so did you at me. I
thought you were winking as much as
to say, 'Keep dark; I'll stick some-
body on this lot of stuff,' and I
winked as much as to say, 'I believe
you will, mister.'"

A NEW GATE.

A novel invention,
remarks the "Builder," in the shape
of a self-acting gate, has been intro-
duced, the construction of which is
simple and ingenious. In driving
up to the entrance, the carriage-
wheel passes over an iron so connected
with an underground rod with the
hinges of the gate, that the latch
end is elevated, and the top so in-
clined, that the gate swings open by
its own weight. The carriage, in
passing, runs over a second wheel-
iron, which causes the gate to close
and securely latch. The movement
is attended with no delay.

A buxom young lady of Pekin, Ill.,
a few days since, secured a divorce
from her third husband, and in seven
hours later had started on a bridal
tour to the East with her fourth hus-
band. The most remarkable circum-
stance connected with the matter is
that the courting, proposal and mar-
riage of No. 4 were accomplished
within the time stated.

FROM OUR ST. JOHN CORRESPONDENT.

St. John, Aug. 16th.

In our own Dominion we have had a flock of battle, not from afar off, but right in our very harbor, among our peaceful fishermen, and among fishing schooners men. Being a maritime nation, as befitting our predilections for the water, our first fight was a naval one. Some time last winter, whether to make room for some hungry office seekers or to frighten our Yankee neighbors, the Minister of Marine advertised for six fast sailing schooners to protect the fisheries. One of the six selected was the "Water Lily," a trim, pretty, neat looking craft of sixty or seventy tons. F. Stanley Ewom, a son of some noble English house, declined to accept the command of her, and she was set ready for sea, with all the paraphernalia of a man-of-war. A gold-laced suit was procured for the captain; and when he was fitted up, his wife, with his wife, gold buttons and lace uniform, gigantic sword, opera glasses, and white kid gloves, a poor prospect was indeed in store for fishermen transgressors and loaf snugglers. But the fast sailing schooner did not seem to like the water, and her commandant persistently liked to spread himself at the opera, the theatre and other places not being in unimpeachable. The shipping commission, which had assembled to determine to use his fragments on the desert air, till at last he sailed in a schooner, regretted for the alleged offense of smuggling, and on being told to give up the command of the schooner of the Port. The Police Magistrate was "inter-viewed" on the subject, and he sent his veteran Sergeant Dabson after him. The "Water Lily" commander determined to take a trip over the deep blue sea, and he heard of a warrant being out for him, and proposed to take him out to sea; but the Sergeant pronounced another, and off to sea went the partner and the passenger. Off Patridge Island the "Water Lily" came aboard, and the commander was ordered to surrender, which he refused to do, whereupon Sergeant Dabson boarded his craft and Commander Ewom retreated to his cabin, where Dabson followed him. The Commander, in making a show of fight, was ignominiously knocked down and handcuffed, in which chivalrous situation he was conveyed to the Police Court. Here he sat at the Police Magistrate, and refused to give bail for future appearance, and finally he gave his word he would appear next morning. After two or three adjournments, he appeared with his counsel, Mr. Pabson, who after denying the authority of the Court, ordered his client to leave, and "see who would stop him"; but as he was slipping out the Magistrate told the sergeant to stop him, and he was being brought to bay. This was the civil authorities' victory; and the whole affair will remain here. The civil authorities have been twice victorious, and the Dominion Navy has been vanquished by a sergeant and his policeman, with no blood shed on either side. The whole affair is only inclined to bring the Dominion army and navy more disparate, and make the public more favorable to the institution of a further change in our form of Government.

The Government survey of the proposed route for the Bay Verte Canal, the light of the utmost importance to St. John, does not seem to excite any interest among prominent citizens at all. The "Chamber of Commerce," which would be expected to take the initiative in a matter of so great moment, seems to be entirely devoid of, at least, if not devoid of, its principal officers are men who, instead of investing their money in manufactures or works of public utility, prefer to devote notes at from 25 to 60 per cent. Its about time the rising generation wiped these old fogies out.

Another act of retrogression has been committed in the buying of the old Commercial Bank building for a City Hall, so that strangers and New Brunswickers who visit St. John will not have, in the next ten years, an opportunity to gaze at our noble scenery from the top of a creditable City Hall. The corporation of St. John, as a whole, take more delight in patching up old rickety concerns of all kinds, from old buildings, old ferry boats, old wharves, old side walks and other old traps, than probably any other body in the world. The only things new and fresh they invent are offices.

The prospects for the next Provincial Exhibition appear to be good at present and doubtless next October Fredericton will be blessed with the sight of more people than have been visible there for some time.