[Written for the HERALD.]

## MY STORY.

BY INCOGNU.

A wanderer, through this wide world I roam,
No friends, no kindred, no place to call home.
In rags; despised by each one I meet,
My arm, my pillow; my bed, the street.
I have begged hard for work, but they look with disgust,
On my poor shrunken limbs, almost ready to burst
Through my flesh. Then, they'd drive me away,
And so it goes on, day after day.
No! it was not always thus, your astonished I see,
To think that a wretched individual like me
Could have seen better times. Nevertheless, it is true,
There was a time, I cared not how the wind blew.
I was possessed of a cottage, and a snug little farm,
And everything passed of just like a charm;
My wedding-day came, the woman I chose,
Was pure as a lily, and bright as a rose.
We loved each other, as man and wife should love,
And prayed to the Almighty God above
To keep us in the path of truth and right,
That prayer was adhered to, both morning and night.
A year had passed by, a child had been given,
To make our lives happy, oh! Father in heaven;
Our joy was short lived,—it was a sad blow,
That changed my bright life to misery and woe.
Death entered our door, carried off my dear wife,
Then my child, my darling, departed this life;
Half frenzied with grief, I drank,—'tis with shame
I confess it, I ruined my good name.
Nor did I stop, but headlong I went,
Until every farthing I was possessed of was spent;
Then only I realised what I had done,
And from that moment I resolved to alone
For my error, twelve long years have flown,
since my loved ones were called to their heavenly home,
And here I am still, without food, without clothes.
What will become of me, God only knows:
You say you will help me! God bless you. At last
My long life of suffering and hardship is past.

## THE SOLDIER'S SISTER.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

They have all passed! The roll of the drum, which for the last hour has filled the street, grows fainter and fainter as the soldiers follow it, leading them to the depot from which they start to defend their country's flag. Brave men, who take thus your lives in your hands, at the call of country, ready to lay it down, if need be, God protect you.

Several years ago, not so many but that young people remember the time, the same call, love of country, and the desire to assert and defend her rights, took brave men from our city, southward, and then, ah, then, I was not calmly writing at my window, but with a heart full of weary sore trouble, I, too, prepared to leave my home to follow the soldiers. It is a story that in these stirring times may not prove uninteresting; though I am no great writer, I will tell it.

I was not an old woman, some twenty-six or eight years old only, when my only sister, Mary Curis, died, and left me two little children for her legacy. Their father died before the babies, a twin boy and girl, were born, and so they came to me, dependent not for worldly goods, for Horace Curis died a rich man, but for love and care wholly dependent, upon their aunt. They were bright pretty things, between seven and eight years of age when they came in their mourning dresses to my city home, from the pretty country-seat where I had closed their mother's eyes upon them and all earthly things forever.

When the children were sixteen Horace was admitted to West Point. From his earliest childhood this had been the strong desire of his heart. A soldier's life, though he knew much of its hardships, had ever been before his imagination as the one above all others, to be chosen. Strong healthy and active the children had always been, and it was hard to say which was the strongest—Horace's desire to be a soldier, or Nellie's wish to see him become one. I had never approved of making women the timid, helpless creature they are only too apt to become, so I allowed the fearless little girl to join her brother in sports and studies, trusting to his chivalrous, loving heart to keep her from harm, and found, too, that while she grew hardy, fearless and active, from his influence, her presence made him gentlemanly and polite, above most boys. Their lives seemed knit, bound together; the first morning greeting, the last evening kiss of each was for the other. Walking to school together, to part only at the door, they met gladly again, for the home walk. In the summer spent at the country-seat which formed part of their inheritance, he taught her to ride on horseback, to shoot at a mark with pistol or gun, to walk miles without fatigue, and she, in turn, taught him to sing with her, and coaxed him one winter to learn to play on the violin, that he might not be idle while her fingers drew music from the piano. At first he shrugged his shoulders and declared it "a bore," but soon he began to enjoy as much as herself, these tuneful duets. With perfect love, perfect confidence and trust, each in the other, they seemed to have but one heart and one mind between them. The physical resemblance was perfect. The same large hazel eyes, fresh fair complexions, straight noses, and to an inch the same height, for Nellie was tall for a woman, and Horace medium height, the only difference that struck the observer was that Nellie's curls were long and floating while Horace's clustered in short thick bunches about his forehead, both being of a warm chestnut color.

They were, as I said, sixteen when Horace went to West Point, but this was their first separation. Sadly, wearily and tearfully Nellie dragged about the house. Her song was hushed; she did not care to ride, practice, or read, and though always loving to her aunt, as the one always called me, I found it almost impossible to win a smile or look of interest from her.

"Nellie!"

We were sitting together, one bright day, sewing. The work had fallen from my darling's hands, and she was musing, with drooping head, and sad, longing eyes. She looked up as I spoke.

"Nellie what troubles you?"

"Oh auntie, I miss Horace so much."

No words can describe the sadness in the child's voice.

"But, Nellie, you must begin to learn to live without Horace. Remember, dear, that he is a man who must, especially in a soldier's life, be away from home continually. You cannot follow him from camp to camp."

"I'd like to, auntie."

"No doubt, but—"

"Auntie, let's go to West Point. We can board somewhere near the academy. I never thought of it till you mentioned following my brother." The color was flushing her cheek, the light dancing in her eyes as I had not done since the last evening Horace spent had given that dear brother. "We can go. Say yes auntie." Oh, it is like tearing the heart from my bosom to part brother Horace and [illegible] she pleaded with me, and [illegible] for the boy, too [illegible] for the term of military school

To say that Horace was delighted to have his sister near him, would but feebly express his pleasure. Every hour that could be spared from his duties was spent at home. Stories of cadets, eagerly listened to by both Nellie and myself, laughing drills of his sister filled many an evening. It was a pretty sight to see that fair girl tossing the curls from her bright face, and donning Horace's cap, go through the manœuvres with the musket her little white hand could just grasp. She attended all the drills where a lady was admitted; she read all Horace's books, and was the toast and admiration of half the cadets and newly-made officers. At the balls, where one-half of the company laughingly called her Corporal Curtis, her bright face, sparkling wit and animation both in dancing and conversing, made her the belle of the room.

Five years glided away, and the lawyer wrote to resign his guardianship of the young twins' property. They were man and woman now, yet, to me, children, true, loving children still. We were at home, in the dear country place, Lieutenant Horace Curtis, Corporal, Nellie and I, when the war with Mexico was declared.

I am not writing a history of the war, so I say nothing here of the many reports which kept us in an anxious state of suspense for several weeks. Finally the blow fell; Horace was ordered to join his regiment to sail for Mexico. For months we bore the torture of the home watching, and then we resolved to go to Mexico. Letters were few and far between, and, to speak without exaggeration, I feared Nellie would lose her reason or die. All the courageous independence which characterized her when near her brother deserted her when he left us upon his mission of danger. She became pale, listless, or restless, as the news from the seat of war excited or depressed her spirits. When the account of a battle reached us the agony of suspense which she suffered until the list of dead and wounded followed is threatened to dethrone her reason. It was difficult to obtain permission to embark, but we did at last, and arrived in the month of February, 1847, in the little village of Buena Vista. Our journey, from the time of our embarkation, was full of peril, though we were under the escort of United States troops (in fact we travelled as baggage); but Nellie never complained, never seemed frightened or fatigued; the one fact that every hour brought her nearer to Horace seemed to infuse new spirit into every step. The old light came into her eye, the bloom to her cheek, the smile to her lip. One day a friend in the regiment to which we (as baggage) belonged, suggested to us that we might find Horace wounded or dead.

"He is safe—safe and well," said Nellie, drawing her tall figure erect. "I feel it, I should know if he suffered. He has been suffering that we were apart, but now he is well."

We were lodged on our arrival at Buena Vista, in a small house in the village, and found that we were still with the baggage of the army, of which a great quantity was stationed here. We knew that Horace was near us, with Taylor's division, but we were in the village nearly two weeks before he was allowed to visit us. He came one day with Lieutenant Boardman, and I cannot forbear mentioning what the young man told me.

"There has been," he said, "the greatest change in Curtis within the last few weeks. Brave as a young lion, he has been since we left home silent, reserved and melancholy. His courage was too well known, and since we have been here too severely tested for anyone to attribute the change to cowardice; but he, who was the life of the company, seemed to have become perfectly misanthropic in his sad reserve. The change back to his old manner began some weeks ago. His song was again the merriest round the camp fire, his joke the wittiest, and from that day to this he has been the Horace Curtis of West Point. Did he know you were coming?"

"No; we did not write."

"But I knew it," said Horace, looking from Nellie to us; "I knew Nellie must come to me, and I felt her drawing nearer every day."

I believed him. The twin boy, strengthened by their orphanhood, was the one intense, concentrated passion of their lives.

"If you could stay to-night, only to-night," whispered Nellie, as she grasped his hand for the farewell.

"I cannot; it is late now. At sundown I am to relieve the guard at the San Felis road; the post is important, and so dangerous that it will be eternal dishonor if I shirk it. My men wait now. Good-bye, darling."

Never had his pet name for her sounded more sweetly than on that afternoon, as he folded her fondly in his strong arms.

As she came from the door, where she stood watching him till he was out of sight, I saw tears on her cheeks.

"I cannot help it, auntie," she said, mournfully; "there is evil impending, some harm. Ah!" One cry of agony, and she fell senseless at my feet.

Wondering, fearing I know not what, I ran for water and tried to restore her to consciousness. She looked bewildered as, at length, she sat up.

"Auntie, auntie, where am I? I remember. My arm."

"Your arm, Nellie?"

"Yes; such a sharp, sudden pain; it made me faint. It is gone now, though it feels a little stiff."

"Auntie?" This voice came from the door. Did I mention that Nellie's deep, rich voice was exactly the same as her brother's, though in him it was a sweet tenor, in her a fine contralto? I started as the new voice, so like the one at my side, fell upon her ear. Horace, pale and scarcely able to stand, stood in the doorway. "Auntie, can you bind this up?" He pointed to his left arm, which hung useless and bleeding at his side. "Some rascals fired on us from behind a wall," he gasped. "Quick, auntie, Boardman is waiting at the door."

"You cannot return!" I cried.

"I must! Honor—I—"

The words died on his lips, and he fell fainting where he stood. With returning consciousness his eyes wandered and his lips whispered deliriously, and then, the blood flowing freely, he fainted again.

We lifted him into the little bedroom, and then removed his clothes. I was busy over his wound, bathing and dressing it, when the sound of scissors clicking made me turn. For an instant I thought I, too, was delirious. Horace apparently stood before the glass; another look convinced me that it was Nellie, dressed in the uniform we had just thrown upon the floor, and brushing the hair back from her forehead. All her long, dark curls lay in a heap at her feet.

"Why, Nellie, are you mad?"

"Auntie, hush—speak low! I am going down to Lieutenant Boardman; I take my brother's place to-night."

"You cannot, child."

"'Tis only to mount guard. I know the duties, and I can catch them for this occasion. Auntie, he said it was dishonor if he was not there; he shall be there."

She drew herself erect, and proudly threw back her head. There was an impatient knock at the parlor door.

"Come, Horace, we are very late. Is your hurt so bad?" cried Lieutenant Boardman.

"Coming," cried Nellie, cheerily. "One more pin in this bandage—so. Good-night, auntie. Hush," she whispered, sternly. "Not a word; keep my secret, and nurse him." And she was gone.

I can tell her course that night, for I heard it word for word so often, but then I sat dismayed, sickening with apprehension. Her last charge was no vain one; all night my patient lay tossing in feverish pain. I was ignorant of the whereabouts of a physician, could speak no word of Mexican or even Spanish, if I had wished to communicate with the people in the house; and then the dread of exposing Nellie made me afraid to have anyone but myself in the room.

Morning found me at my post, Horace at last sleeping from faintness and the effect of the opiate I had ventured to give him. Imagine my agony when, early in the day, I heard heavy firing, and, before long, the report that a battle was raging just beyond the village. All day long the firing continued, and I dared not leave my post. The day before we had heard the sound of firing at intervals, and Horace had assured us of the difficulty of snatching the few hours he and his friend spent with us. But to-day the roar was louder and more steadily continued. Litters containing the wounded passed the door, and every man told of the fearful battle raging so near us.

At the first report Horace awoke in a burning fever and entirely delirious. All day he raved, taking all my time and sometimes all my strength to prevent his rising; indeed, for the loss of blood, which had weakened him I should have been powerless to confine him. So I spent the terrible twenty-third of February, the day ever memorable in our history as that upon which the battle of Buena Vista was fought. As night fell the bearers of the wounded became more numerous, and the house was soon full. I gave them up my parlor, but the plea of an invalid in the bedroom was respected by our brave soldiers, and they did not intrude there. No word could I gain of Nellie, though many told me they knew Lieutenant Curtis, and spoke highly of his former deeds of bravery. Another at last told me this.

"Indeed, madam, I trust he is safe. I saw him two or three hours ago, smart, fighting like the brave man that he is."

"Fighting!"

"Certainly, madam; why, what else should he be doing?"

I had no answer. Thoroughly bewildered, sick with dread, I went back to my post beside Horace. The night passed drearily. When the surgeon visited the other wounded soldiers, finding that there was no longer any occasion for concealing Horace, trusting that the doctor would not recognize him, I had his wound properly dressed. The ball was extracted and the shoulder and arm found to be very seriously injured. Quiet, careful watching lest a bandage was displaced in his delirious tossing, some medicine was recommended, and I was again alone with my boy. It was a noisy night; wagons, litters with wounded soldiers upon them passed the house every moment; inside, the groans and cries of the poor fellows, with delirious shoutings from some, made the scene most exquisitely painful. Day dawned without my hearing one word from Nellie. The battle was not renewed, the Mexicans had retreated. This I heard, and about noon my niece suddenly entered the room.

"How is he?"

She knelt by the bedside and took his well hand in hers. He knew the touch, for it calmed him instantly.

"Nellie!"

"Hush, Horace, here—"

"Nellie, the guns. Hark! I must go!"

"No, you can stay; you can, I say. Would I counsel you to a dishonorable act?"

"Nellie, don't leave me!"

For nearly an hour she watched and soothed him, and then he slept soundly. Then, and not till then, did I know of my young heroine's acts; but, as her account was very modest, and I heard the story from other lips, too, I prefer to give it in my own words.

She went down to the street with Lieutenant Boardman, who inquired about her arm.

"A mere bagatelle, Will," she said, laughing; "though it made me faint; but Aunt Lizzie is the best of doctors."

Chatting cheerily, they went quickly towards the battle-field (as it proved later), and, by observing her friend and allowing him to make the apology for their lateness and showing her bloody sleeve to prove the accident, she mounted guard with Horace's men, unsuspected. Laughing sometimes, as she thought of her brother's surprise the next day, signing as she thought of his wound, she looked upon the whole affair as a joke purchased by shouldering a musket for one night. Just before daybreak, as she stood looking toward one point on the road she guarded, she described a man creeping on all fours toward her. She gave the alarm, and two soldiers started to arrest the intruder. The fellow escaped, but, the day breaking, the whole camp was on the alert. Before she at all understood her position, the battle was raging all around her.

"Forward! March!" Horace's captain gave the word, the men fell into line, and Nellie was led to the heart of the field. She says that her brother's spirit passed into hers, and she was not answerable for her actions. Certain it is that she fought with a courage and daring that made her the mark of many eyes, even on that fearful day. At dark she was ordered to lead her men to a certain point, to rest on their arms. A sleepless, exciting night of watching, was followed by the certainty of victory the next day, and as soon as it was practicable she came to me. We were still talking when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," was answered by Lieutenant Boardman.

"Captain Curtis," he said, bowing, "let me be the first to congratulate you upon your promotion. Your gallant conduct of yesterday—"

He stopped suddenly, for his eyes fell upon Horace the real Horace. The hot blood rushed to Nellie's face, but in a low tone she began to tell him the truth, ending with,

"You will keep our secret?"

As I guard my honor. Let the world suppose your brother wounded in the battle; none shall ever know the truth from me."

I have told my story. Nellie donned her own dress and assisted in nursing Captain Curtis till he was again up and able to join his men. From place to place we followed him, but it was as woman or (baggage,) and not till the war was over and we were again at home, did Lieutenant Boardman refer to his secret; then he said,

"Captain Nellie, I have kept your secret for a long time; now if you will take it back and give me your hand instead—" and something to that effect, which ended as all stories will, in a wedding; and the country seat now rings with the voices of two little ones, who belong to Nellie and Will; while it is difficult to say which loves the soldier girl best, her husband of the brother, who says he cant marry, because he hasn't time to pay attention to any woman but Nellie.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

*Washington, D. C., Feb.*—

The principal important and decisive action of Congress since my last has been the vote upon the silver resolutions. Whatever may be the opinions of individuals as to theories of finance and whatever the difficulty of harmonizing the views of different sections there can be no doubt as to the attitude of Congress, and it is likely there is little question concerning the wishes of a majority of the people. Without attempting to state my own opinion, or to argue either side, a common sense statement of the situation from this stand-point may be in order. The meaning of the two-thirds vote in the House and Senate on the Matthews resolution does not require skill to translate, and it is not believed that those charged with executive duty will persist in a policy antagonistic to these votes. The twenty-two Senators and seventy-nine Representatives who voted forgold may be abstractly right, and the forty-three Senators and one hundred and eighty-nine Representatives who voted for silver may be abstractly wrong, but practically there is no escape from the logic of the situation and the advocates of a single gold standard are surely defeated. From the decision of the two-thirds majorities in Congress there is no appeal and those who read and interpret the signs of the times recognize in them the expression of an inflexible popular will. Public sentiment does not always assert itself. Many times that which is generally understood to be the popular will is not forcibly expressed and for lack of earnestness permits itself to be defeated and overborne by other interests. But there can be no sort of doubt that the masses of the people of this country are terribly in earnest in the feeling that while they are bowed down under a load of financial distress, the administration of the government finances has not been such as to afford them relief—that it has, on the contrary, been largely the cause of their ills. In other words, they appear to have had enough of the syndicate system of finance. This feeling is bound to be respected and will not be swept away by any sentimentalism about "maintaining the public credit." To use their own words, they say: "The idea of subordinating everything to the consideration to the maintenance of the public credit," and sacrificing every interest to the security of the bondholder, has 'maintained the public credit' at the cost of universal private bankruptcy, and has 'secured the bondholder' by destroying everybody else.

That which remains for those to do who oppose the "silver craze," and all to which it tends, is to accept the logic of events, and not interpose such obstacles to the inevitable as might rouse a demon. It is one of the defects of man's organization that he never can let well enough alone. That was what ailed the bondholders who, too greedy to wait twenty years of peaceful recuperation to realize their profits, have sought to do in ten years, and have thereby killed the goose that laid the golden egg. This is the talk of four out of five men one meets here to-day. The banks threaten it is said to make all contracts upon a gold basis, as they doubtless have a right to do. In that case the next thing is likely to be something else. A morning paper aptly remarks that "there are some rights it is not always politic to exercise, as, for example, the right of suicide or the right to tear up or throw away what money you may happen to have about you." An effort to abolish the banks would probably follow any attempt on their part to render inoperative the measures of Congress. If, therefore, all can accept the double standard and let agitation rest there, while the people clink the dollars of their daddies to their hearts content, it would seem to a man up a tree as though such a course would be the part of wisdom.

General Banning's bill for the reorganization of the army has created no little flutter in military circles. It reduces the standing army to 20,000 men, consolidates the regiments abolishes some of the expensive quartermaster, subsistence, and inspectors departments, and changes the number and grading of officers considerably. The new arrangement makes fewer major and brigadier generals and paymasters, and "sich," besides limiting the number of officers detailed for service in fat semi civil positions, but does not impair the efficiency of the army for real service. This, at least, is the opinion of the friends of the measure, while the saving of $6,000,000 per annum, in the cost of maintaining, is certainly a consideration that will go a long ways in its favor. The officers, and General Sherman in particular, condemn it in unmeasured terms. The latter, on an interview the next day after the bill was introduced, said he thought it was the blankest piece of blank nonsense he ever heard of. Said he, any pack of blank fools, or any one blank fool can sometimes destroy an army but it takes intelligence to create one. To the enquiry whether he thought it would pass he replied that it would not "unless Congressmen are all blank fools." The General's excitement was intense and his profanity terrific. The reporter did not venture to ask his views on the proposition to reduce his salary from $17,500 to $10,000, nor to enquire what church he belonged to. Congressman Bragg's bill requiring officers to wear their uniforms at all times, and places has likewise aroused the ire of some of that small but superior class for whose support in idleness the people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows are so enormously taxed. There are great numbers of officers sporting around Washington months at a time with nothing on earth to do but dance the German, lobby about Congress, and cut a dash generally. Of course it would not suit their purpose to wear their uniforms constantly as their idleness and uselessness would thus be made conspicuous. It is your gilt-edged West Pointer who has a supreme contempt for the restraint of civil law, for the law-making power, and for the "mere politicians." The volunteer officers who have won their positions by gallant service in war or on the frontier are the objects of their disgust. It wouldn't be a bad idea to compel these chaps to wear their uniforms that people may see how many of them are about. It might result in putting them where they would render some service for their large salaries.

Pacific Railways are occupying considerable attention in committee and elsewhere at present. There is the quarrel between the Union and Kansas Pacific companies and the competition between Huntington and Tom Scott of the Southern and Texas Pacific schemes. The former offers to build his road with merely the grant of land and no guarantee of bonds which rather crowds Scott to the wall, he having started out with the request for a guarantee of $35,000 per mile, which has now been reduced to $15,000 and still the chances seem slim. A resolution passed the House by a very large vote the other day declaring in effect that no subsidies would be granted by this Congress unless demanded by public needs. At first this was thought to be a mere expression similar to the Holman resolution in the 44th Congress but it is really more sweeping, and being a joint resolution will become more binding if passed by the Senate. The friends of the Texas Pacific assume to regard it as of no consequence to them as they claim that their road is demanded by public interests. This view is not unanimous here by any means.

PHONO.

THE LATE M. LE VERRIER, THE ASTRONOMER.—The Academy, according to the *Univers*, has published two discourses delivered over the tomb of M. Le Verrier. All the orators who were summoned to speak on behalf of Science paid the most magnificent homage to "their illustrious brother, the great astronomer who raised the dignity of the Academy and the scientific honour of France to the highest pitch;" to him, of whom the learned editor of the *Nautical Almanack*, the illustrious Nestor of contemporary astronomers, said on hearing of his death—"A great man is no more." Speaking in the name of M. Le Verrier's family and that of the Scientific Council of the Observatory, M. Tresca closed his discourse thus—"The end of this *savant*, who was illustrious even at an early age, and by which it will be learnt, not perhaps without emotion, that the study of the heavens and the faith of science had but strengthened in him a Christian's living faith, is an example which will speak eloquently to the public conscience and to the morality of our epoch." In openly proclaiming before the leading representatives of Science the faith of the great astronomer, the learned academician only complied with M. Le Verrier's wishes. He whom M. Durny, an historiographer who became Minister of Instruction under the Empire, had attacked to the scandal of the whole of scientific Europe, in order to please free-thinkers, the illustrious director of the Observatory, feeling that his last hour was drawing near, wishing to receive the last Sacraments of the Church while he was in full possession of his senses. Without saying a word to any of his family, he told one of his servants to go and call the Cure. The man went by mistake to the Cure of Saint-Sulpice, who came and heard M. Le Verrier's confession. The eminent astronomer told him that as he wished to give an example to scientific men by his death he had taken care to prepare himself betimes. But, to use his own words, since he was not only a Catholic but a parishioner, he wished to give another example of dying, helped with the ministrations of his own parish-priest. Accordingly it was M. Lemaitre, Cure of Saint-Jacques de Haunt Pas, who relieved the Cure of Saint-Sulpice by the illustrious patient's bedside. He visited him several times before his death, and had the happiness of administering the last sacraments, which he received with a Christian's faith. M. Le Verrier had had a crucifix placed in the rooms of the Observatory, whither, sick as he was, he managed to drag himself, going from his beloved instruments to the crucifix, and meditating on death as became a man who had witnessed God in His works.


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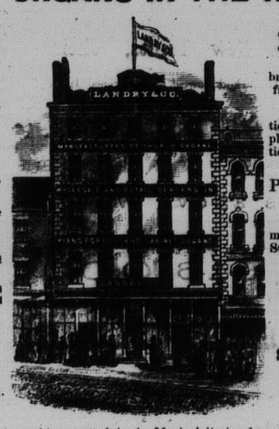


Pipe Organs

built to order, at prices from $500 to $5,000.

Plans and Specifications furnished on application. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PIANOFORTES

from the the best makers in the United States, at lowest possible prices.

CATALOGUES

sent free.

Sheet Music,

MUSIC BOOKS, &c.

Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.

LANDRY & CO.,

No. 52 King Street, (Old Stand) St. John, N. B.

HARRISON'S

PERISTALTIC LOZENGES

ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR

Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Piles!

They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:—

Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.

They RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, act promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Secular Press praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them advise their friends to use nothing else. Price 30 and 60 cents per box, and sold by druggists, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B

may23

J. M. J.

*INSTITUTE OF THE*

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS,

Prospectus of Saint Michael's Commercial College, Chatham, N. B.

THIS College has for object to impart to young men, together with the benefit of a Christian education, the necessary knowledge of commerce in all its branches, and whatever else may fit them for industrial pursuits.

TERMS OF BOARD.

Board and Tuition for the scholastic year, payable in advance in two terms: $70; September 1st $35; March 1st $35.

No deduction is made for absence, unless for expulsion or protracted sickness, that is one month or more.

The Board dates from the 1st or 15th of each month, according as the pupil entered in the first or last half of the month.

Washing payable in advance, is $1 per month.

Physician's fees, medicines, Instrumental Music, Navigation, Telegraphy, Drawing and Stationery form extra charges.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Drawing | $5.00 | per annum. |
| Navigation | 5 | do do. |
| Telegraphy | 5 | do do. |
| Bed and bedding. | 8 | do do. |
| Half-board | 2 | do a month. |

Each pupil should have a trunk wherein to keep his clothes.

Letters and packages should be addressed as follows:—

Mr.
Pupil in St. Michael's
Commercial College,
Chatham, N. B.

For more ample information send for prospectus.

Classes will re-open first Monday of September.

aug18

M'DONALD & HATFIELD,

Custom Tailors and Clothiers,

HAVE REMOVED

TO

MARSHALL'S INSURANCE BLOCK,

Cor. of Market Square and Prince William Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GENT'S GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

NEW GAS-FITTING

AND

PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT,

JAS. CAMPBELL,

(of the past 15 years in the employ of Mr. Thomas Campbell,) wishes to inform the public that he has commenced business on his own account, in his Shanty,

South Side King Square,

opposite the Fountain, and, being determined to use none but the best material, is prepared to guarantee all work done by him. Orders respectfully solicited.

HAWKES BROTHERS,

Dealers in

Ales, Wines and Liquors,

48 GERMAIN STREET,

AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

nov9

HAVANA CIGARS.

Just received from New York:

THIRTY-FIVE M. LaReal, LaUnion, El Horcon and Moss CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de La Reinas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.

Daily expected from New York:

45 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in DONCHAS and REYNITAS.

The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.

M. A. FINN,
Hazen Building.
nov17

WM. MARTIN, Jr.,

Custom Tailor and Clothier,

HAS REMOVED

TO

60 MILL STREET,

(Opposite Old Stand,)

SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

WHERE HE WILL CARRY ON THE BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

M. J. DRISCOLL,

Custom Tailor,

(LATE DRAMATIC LYCEUM)

Can be found at

47 BRUSSELS STREET,

Where he will be most happy to have his friends call and leave their orders.

WHISKEY.

Just received ex "Hibernian," from Liverpool

8 QUARTER CASKS GLENLISSA WHISKEY;
26 cases Lorne Highland "
19 " Hazelburn "
26 " " " pts
29 " Old Irish "

For sale low, by

M. A. FINN.
nov17

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL

WINE STORE.

M. & H. GALLAGHER,

No. 8 Charlotte Street,

BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.

By strict attention to business, and keeping the Coolest and Best

Wines, Brandies, &c.,

on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

M. & H. GALLAGHER,
8 and 12 Charlotte street.
june2—gls