

CHICAGO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

VOL. 7.-NO. 17.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1876.

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

WHOLE NO. 319.

LITERATURE.

One Summer.

(We have much pleasure in placing before our readers a brief sketch of a sparkling little novel—entitled "One Summer"—the piquant style of which proves that its author possesses an intellect of no ordinary stamp.—Ed.)

With a half-amused, half-impetuous expression, she slowly turned from an unsuccessful attempt to see through the blackness of darkness outside the window, and looked about the quaint, old room. Everywhere was solidity, regularity, the quintessence of stiffness, except in a deep, recessed window where a pretty, modern Vandal, with fluffy, golden hair, was curled up upon the faded damask cushions, and gazing with wide-open, saucy eyes upon the treasures of time surrounding her.

"Such a hopelessly-heavy rain! I would like to be a man just long enough to run down to Pratt's for that new book, but no longer, O no, not a moment longer!"

And she complacently glanced down at the lace ruffles falling over her pretty wrists, with conscious satisfaction, shook out her soft draperies and meditatively eyed the tips of her delicate French-kid boots.

Then with a despairing sigh she drew from her pocket a letter which she had read and re-read many times since it had arrived.

July 24, 18—
My dear Leon—Sorry to say that business complications have just turned up which may detain me here three weeks, and possibly longer. Bessie thought at first that she would join you immediately, but dreads the long journey with the nurse and baby and so concluded to wait for me to pilot her through. You must therefore possess your soul in patience, and do try some of your very winning ways upon the austere Philpotts, that the household wheels may run smoothly before our advent, and above all, impress upon the worthy spinster's mind the virtue, pay, the necessity of moderately late breakfasts. My six o'clock penance the morning I like to linger in my slumbering memory. I was not prepared to mortify the flesh so cruelly. Triumph over this abuse, my child, and you will receive my grateful blessing, and also the reward of an approving conscience.

The box of books I have forwarded to-day at Bessie's suggestion. Do not be discouraged if it puts in a tardy appearance in those remote wilds.

Somehow I feel conscience-stricken that I left you in the forsaken old place; but how could I deny my wilful sister when she insisted, not without reason, upon going down with me to make things comfortable for Bessie? I cannot help reproaching myself that I did not bring you back; still you are safe enough, after all, and I would trust that dear little head of yours the world over. By the way, Harry Blake tells me that our old chum Philip Ogden is straying somewhere in your vicinity in search of health and quiet. Something has given out—eyes I believe. Perhaps you may stumble against him somewhere. I really wish you might. He would make it more agreeable for you till we can get down. Ogden is exactly the type of man you like. If I can learn his retreat, I will drop him a line and tell him to call and pay his respects to the second-best little woman in the world, who is in a woful plight just now, thanks to the stupidity of her affectionate brother—Tom.

Scrawled languidly in pencil beneath Mr. Thomas Otis's dashing chirography was—

"It is not too ridiculous, you poor dear, for you to be left all alone in that horrid place. I do not know whether to laugh or cry, and Tom feels really dejected, though he puts on mannish airs of course. I almost wish we had decided to stay at home all summer."

"I write more when I feel stronger. Tom stands over me like an ogre and threatens to take away my pencil. Very lovingly, Bessie."

With a comical look of resignation the girl replied the letter in its envelope. "No doubt men are blessed in some respects beyond their deserts," she thought petulantly; and for the second time that evening came the absurd little wish to be a man for only a week half-hour! What would the storm and darkness be to her then? Trifling annoyances merely, not insurmountable obstacles as at present.

The fascinating picture suggested a certain possibility. Why should she not go out if she wished? Why might she not go down for the novel she had noticed that morning in the window of the little book store? She looked at her watch.

"Not yet half-past eight. I'm not afraid," she thought. "Nothing can harm me here, and nobody knows me. It will not take two minutes to slip into my waterproof and rubbers, and I know I shall not take cold."

She was young, had health, inexhaustible spirits and energy. She was in that state of idleness in which Satan is proverbially said to be devising "mischief still" to cause our downfall, and she wanted the book. These are the reasons, if reasons they be, why shortly after a figure, armed with an umbrella and well wrapped in a waterproof, ran lightly down the broad, old-fashioned stair-case, and opening the massive door, sprang with a sense of rare exhilaration and delight into the wind and rain.

Forbidden fruit being ever to our fallen natures the richest and ripest, and sweetest, Miss Doane experienced vivid satisfaction in executing her fantastic scheme. She hilariously floundered off and on the narrow sidewalk, always insecure, and on this memorable night rendered unusually treacherous by streams of running water and deep, hidden pools. She skipped along, stumbled along, blew along. She pitied girls her former self among them, who had only ventured forth in decorous drizzles, and who knew nothing of the rapturous excitement of a mad, wild, tempestuous night like this. She reached the book-store and bought the coveted pamphlet. The man stared as he passed the book to her. Visions of tall girls with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes and numerous streamlets trickling from their apparel, half-breathlessly demanding light literature at nearly nine o'clock on the stormiest of evenings, were not very frequent in his limited experience, and "eyes were made for seeing."

The gaze of the grim librarian did not disconcert Miss Doane in the least. She grasped her novel and umbrella and passed out swiftly into the food like a nineteenth-century Undine. But alas! Forbidden fruit must come some time to dust and ashes on the lips that taste it! As she drew near an exposed corner, it seemed as if all the winds of heaven had broken loose, and were seeking whom they might devour. Twice did they beat her back in spite of her struggles, twined violently at the closely-fastened waterproof, and put a fiendish desire to soar away over the dusky tree-tops into her hitherto trustworthiness. She retreated a step or two, stopped a moment to regain her breath, gathered herself together for a final mighty struggle, and, with head bent forward, umbrella tightly clinched in both hands and held at an angle of about thirty degrees, made a grand spring, charged valiantly through the warring elements, triumphantly turned the corner, and, with singular precision of aim, plunged the apex of her umbrella directly into the face and eyes of an unwary pedestrian who was approaching from the opposite direction.

Miss Doane's momentary was great—great also the severity of the blow she had unwittingly administered. In her confusion, the "I beg your pardon, sir," which sprang from her heart found utterance. After a truly feminine fashion, she ran frantically away a few feet, and then stood still and speechless at a short distance from her victim. Who was he? What was he? If it were only light enough for her to judge by his looks whether she had better offer him assistance. A half-suppressed groan from the object of her reflections made her ashamed of her silly scruples, and she moved towards him with an expression of sincerest regret upon her lips. Her remark was however unspoken, for the stranger at the same moment advanced, and in a gentlemanly voice said—

"My good woman—"
"Good woman indeed!" she thought indignantly and with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "Does he take me for a milkmaid?" He evidently was somewhat embarrassed. He had hesitated after first using the obnoxious phrase; but, reasoning that the "madam" which would be his mode of address under the circumstances would be wholly out of place applied to a servant or to any woman out unprotected on such a furious night, he went on in a kind, reassuring tone: "Do not be alarmed. Let me speak with you a moment." There was in his manner a quiet dignity—almost a command—to which she found herself at once responding. "May I trouble you to assist me?" he asked as she drew near, and saw that he was trying to tie his handkerchief round her head. Without a word she put her umbrella into his outstretched hand, took the fluttering handkerchief, folded it compactly, and tied it firmly in accordance with his direction: "Round both eyes, if you please—not too tight," then stood as if in a dream,

awaiting further orders from this unknown individual. Recovering herself, she ventured to say, "Are you much hurt, sir? I am very sorry." "Not seriously, I hope, although I am in pain," he replied, "but it is my own fault. With such mean and miserable eyes, I ought not to have come out to-night." "Singular coincidence! Neither ought I," she thought. My good girl—an indefinable something had told him that it was a young girl whose gentle dexterous hands had touched his hair—"do you think you could?" he paused, then with some reluctance, said: "The fact is, I hardly know what I'd better do. Your umbrella has nearly put out my eye—has injured it enough to make it exceedingly painful, at all events—which is not in the slightest degree your fault, of course," he added courteously.

"I am sorry to ask so much of any woman, particularly of a stranger; but could you be my guide home? Would you object to walking to my boarding place with me?" No untutored peasant maiden could have faltered in reply to this somewhat astounding proposal a more bashful "I don't know" than came plainly from the lips of the self-possessed and elegant Miss Doane.

"These country girls are always shy," he thought. Then, very gently, as if encouraging a frightened child, he explained: "Indeed, I would not trouble you if I could help it. My eyes have been almost powerless of late, and I dare not strain them by trying to grope my way back when one eye is so inflamed by that hostile weapon of yours that the other is suffering in sympathy. Perhaps some man might be induced to go. The difficulty would be in finding anybody. Then with the utmost courtesy: My name is Ogden, I am staying at the Holbrook Farm. Pardon me if I ask you once more if you will be good enough to walk there with me. She started when he gave his name. She was seized with a violent impulse to seek safety in flight, but bravely accepted the situation, and said quietly, "I will go with you, sir." "Thank you. Will you take my arm? I hope the extra walk will not fatigue you; yet if you dare venture out at all to-night." He stopped abruptly, fearing his remark might send rude.

To be Continued.

How Senator Jones Won Money at Faro.

"Some twenty-eight years ago," said Senator Silver Jones to a reporter of the Philadelphia Times, "I went to California, and on the way out was an old gambler, with a set-out of faro boxes, roulette tables, etc. He took a liking to me, and he said, 'Johnny, I'll tell you a secret that may save you many a dollar. Do you see this roulette wheel? It's circle in black and red, and they bet on the colors—a nearly even chance. Now, watch me, Johnny, as I sit here and spin the ball. Do you see me gently raise my knees and press under the frame of the table? Well, those red and black compartments are connected with two sets of wires. Raise my knee when I see that the bulk of money is on the red, and that wire running through the red trills and trembles, so that the ball won't rest on any red cell, but is repelled and settles in some black spot. 'Johnny, remember this when you have begged your gold-dust.' I went into a gambling house about a year afterwards to make a stake. There was a fine, fighting gambler sitting there spinning roulette. Said I to myself, 'Young man, I'll just take a peep at your knees.' He raised them very gently, and I planted my money against the pile, knowing that when he swept the great amount off for the red he must pay the black. So I had picked up a hundred or so and every time I hit it. That gambler got his eye on me. It was an eye full of small pox sand. He addressed me finally in a loud tone of voice. Said he: 'Didn't I tell you never to come here again? Didn't I tell you that this was a place for gentlemen? This is a gentleman's game. That man, gentlemen, it is my duty to warn you against; that loafer is a thief.' Well," continued Jones, "I had never been there before in my life, but I saw the scheme. If I was to resent what the boss had said, there were forty fellows there, cappers and so forth, to kick me down stairs and rob me, so I meekly said: 'Well, sir, I do not wish to make any disturbance here. If you don't want me here I'll take my money and go.'"

The largest lodge of Good Templars in the world, is Belfast Lodge, No. 30, of Belfast, which now numbers over 800 members.

The Freemasons of London, Ontario, have bought a \$24,000 lot, and intends to erect a hall to cost \$60,000.

Strange Poisoning Case.

THE BALHAM MYSTERY BEFORE THE CORONER A SECOND TIME.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

London, July 29.—The Balham mystery increases in interest. The coroner's court is crammed with persons of both sexes, and yesterday the run upon the room in which refreshments are provided at one time was such that the lawyers could hardly get their luncheon. The immediate occasion of this pressure was the occasion of Mrs. Cox, a companion of Mrs. Bravo, the victim's wife, around whom suspicion has gathered. A large crowd was waiting outside the court room to get a glimpse of her, and yesterday it was thought best to take her to her carriage by a private door.

The chief dramatic personage of this tragedy has been strange history. Mrs. Bravo's father was originally, it is said, an Australian squatter. He became wealthy, and the family residence at Buscot Park is palatial. Captain Ricardo her first husband, who is thought to have died under suspicious circumstances, belonged to the family of the famous writer on political economy of the same name. Mr. Bravo, father of the victim, lives with his wife in the beautiful house in Kensington Palace Garden, built by Thackeray, and for some time occupied by him. Mr. Bravo had given his son a good education, and the young man had the prospect of a good career; but his parents bitterly opposed his finding out who and what Ricardo, even though they knew nothing of the scandal which had connected her name with that of Dr. Gully.

This Dr. Gully was founder of the "dropship" establishment at Melrose. He has been a voluminous writer on medical subjects. For a good many years he has been identified with spiritualism, and a particular friend of Home the medium. He seems to have known the lady Mrs. Bravo, who admitted and deplored her infatuation for him from the time she was twelve years of age. He is now seventy-two years of age. Mrs. Cox is the daughter of an old Indian merchant. She married (1856) a wealthy man, her husband (1861) to Jamaica, where he was in Government employ. Six years after he died, and she returned to this country with her three boys, whom she supported by teaching, until she met Dr. Gully, who introduced her to Mrs. Ricardo, who invited her to reside with her as "companion." In 1872 they resided together in apartments at Great Malvern, and were under the professional care of Dr. Gully. Mrs. Ricardo had wealth, and much more in prospect, besides being beautiful. Since her late husband's death, and the excitement about it, she has received large numbers of letters, some accusing her of the crime, and has several times been almost insane, imagining herself pursued by a mob. The evidence, however, tends less and less to incriminate her. She knows, however, that she is the "Helen" of the tragedy, and that she is hardly better than the shadow that has fallen upon her life, and the consciousness of the decree to which her indiscretion has caused the whole trouble. Her mother, Mrs. Campbell, a highly educated lady, has given her evidence with great clearness, and has produced the impression that she is telling the truth—which is, on the whole, favorable to the innocence of her daughter as this crime.

Mrs. Bravo hardly knew the extent of the accident which befell her when one day when out hunting she sprained her back. This led to cold water and Dr. Gully, and to the nervous agitation of spirits circles, with Home at the head of them. It was at a spiritual supper that Captain Ricardo became jealous of Gully's attention to his wife; a quarrel ensued; the Captain—a hard drinker, and often tipsy—left his house forever, went to Cologne, and died. Dr. Gully has long been separated from his second wife, who now resides at Brighton. She is some years older than he is. You will see, therefore, that the mystery is a very complex one indeed.

The medical evidence shows that Charles Bravo died of antimony; that the person he hated was Dr. Gully, and that he was the last person in the world to commit suicide. Mrs. Cox, however, repeated yesterday the testimony she was supposed to have abandoned, namely, that when he was taken ill and rushed into the room he exclaimed: "Mrs. Cox, I have been poisoned for Dr. Gully; don't tell Florence!" (his wife). Mrs. Cox gave her evidence in such a low tone the lawyers had to renege with her. Her evidence is not generally believed.

From the World.

LONDON, Aug. 3.—It is quite clear that the wife of the poisoned man, Mrs. Bravo, was the mistress of Dr. Gully; that Dr. Gully sent this mysterious bottle into the house, and that after Mr. Bravo's death Mrs. Bravo's "companion," Mrs. Cox, carefully emptied the remains of the bottle down a closet. All this is admitted by Mrs. Cox. Why was so anxious to empty that particular bottle, and why Dr. Gully should have sent it into the house, are questions still unanswered, but they are likely to be well settled. The affair creates an amount of

talk everywhere which would perhaps surprise you—it is the topic of the day. Innocent or guilty, Dr. Gully will never be able to hold up his head in England again, for it is at least clear that he was indirectly, if not directly, the cause of Mr. Bravo's death. One of the strangest parts of the thing is that he is about 67 years old, while Mrs. Bravo is only 30. If Dr. Gully is called before the coroner it will be necessary to produce a strong body of police to protect him from the mob, and tremendous is the feeling against him.

The expense involved in carrying on such an investigation as this is enormous. I have already told you that Sir Henry James receives a fee of £100 a day for attending on behalf of Mrs. Bravo. She has also another counsel who receives £20 a day. She also pays the expenses of the counsel who watch the case on behalf of her late "companion," Mrs. Cox, amounting to £75 a day. Dr. Gully's counsel must cost £80 a day, for my old friend, Sergeant Parry, is one of them, and although he is by no means a grasping or avaricious man, I hope he would not condescend to go all the way to Belham in such a case as this for anything under fifty guineas a day. Then Mr. Bravo, the father of the deceased, is represented by Mr. Lewis, one of the keenest lawyers in London, and a man who can conduct almost as searching a cross-examination as Judge Fullerton himself. All this is, of course, apart from the expenses of witnesses and other incidental costs of the proceedings. If, therefore, they do not succeed in finding out who and what killed Mr. Bravo, it will not be for lack of trouble, time or money. I would not give much for Dr. Gully's practice at this moment. You ought to see the way in which the "spenny wookies" of the Radcliffe papers of England are down on him. This week his portrait is to appear in *Vanity Fair*, so that everybody will be able to see what sort of a man this too fascinating, although elderly Lothario really is.

Human Nature.

It is the same here, says the *Daily Nut Shell*, as in Cairo or New Jersey. The other day when a Tarheel, with sunken eyes and high cheek bones, sat down on the steps of a grocery beside several others, he sighed heavily and asked:

"Gentlemen, if any of you found a five on the sidewalk, would you hunt for the owner?"

"Of course," came from each individual with promptness and dispatch.

"Have'n't any of you lost a five, have you?" anxiously continued the man.

"I have," answered one, and the echo went all along the line.

"Describe her gentlemen," remarked the man.

One said his had a figure "five" on it. Another said his had a picture of "De Soto" discovering the mouth of the Mississippi River. A third said the words "U. S." were plain to be seen on the bill that fell out of his vest pocket.

"Gentlemen, this five don't tally," mournfully remarked Tarheel. "None of you have a bill description with in a mile and a sand bar."

"Let's see," asked two or three at the same time.

"It's a five, and I found it on the walk," he whispered, holding out his hand.

The five was a nickel. Some of the crowd leaned back, and held their hands on their outraged hearts, while other rose up, carefully brushed their coat tails, and said it was time to go home. Only one of the victims seemed to appreciate the situation. He chuckled and gasped, and asked the stranger what he would take.

"Whisk straight," was the prompt reply of the man.

"So would I, if I ever drank," replied the lad, blowing his nose as if considerably grieved. "She left the flirtation handkerchief at the house, and here I've run a whole mile to give it to her and get her too late. I'll be a mighty lonesome day for her!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The New York Herald of Wednesday published its first instalment of Stanley's latest letters from Africa. The most interesting feature of the letter is Stanley's description of the pale-faced race he discovered. He has seen some half a dozen of these people. They are a handsome race, and some of the women are singularly beautiful. Their hair is kinky, but inclined to brown in color. They have regular features, and their lips, but their nose though well shaped are thick at the point.

Stanley says that the Nile is the longest river in the world.

Board of Works

Business Cards.

L. B. BOTSFORD, M. D.
Office: In the Store lately occupied by M. Wood & Sons.
Residence: - - - at Mr. Robert Bell's.
Sackville, July 20, 1876.—6m

H. S. & T. W. BELL,
Soap Manufacturers, - - - Sackville, N. B.
The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—Over the Sackville Drug Store,
Sackville, N. B.

CHRIS. W. COLE,
AUCTIONEER,
Sackville, - - - N. B.

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

REMOVAL NOTICE.
W. D. KNAPP, M. D.
Physician & Acoucheur.
May be consulted at the residence situated opposite the store of Mr. John Bell, Sackville.

T. W. KNAPP, M. D.
Graduate at the University of Edinburgh.

THANKS his friends and the public for the patronage they have given him during the last twenty-five years. He has taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. *J. W. Jewell* neatly repaired. ap26

COLONIAL BOOK STORE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Musical Instruments,
Paper Hangings, School Books, Stationery, Periodicals.
THOMAS H. HALL.

S. F. THOMPSON & SONS,
Walls, Lead, Zinc, Paint, and Color Works.
Office and Sample Rooms
73 Prince St. - St. John, N. B.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands.)
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
Sackville, N. B., July 24

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.

Dr. J. R. McLEAN,
Physician & Surgeon,
Gives exclusive attention to

Diseases of the EYE and EAR.
Can be consulted professionally at R. McLean's, Amherst, from the 7th August next to 1st September.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGING,
Brusnes and Window Glass.
King St. - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Marble & Freestone Works.

P. HAGAN,
(Successor to H. J. MacGowan)
DORCHESTER, N. B.

All kinds of Monumental Work,
Executed at the most reasonable prices.

VICTORIA
STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS.
Waterloo st. St. John, N. B.

We can attend the attention of Wholesale Dealers and others to the Stock of Fines Confections. Wholesale only.

J. R. WOODBURN & Co.,
Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.
J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KERR.
PETITCODIAC

Furniture Factory
The Subscriber is prepared to furnish Doors, Sashes, & Flooring, House, Office & School Furniture.

As he has fine Facilities for making up all descriptions of Wood-Work, he believes he can give SATISFACTION both in the QUALITY of the Work and in PRICES!

Orders solicited.
Oct. 16. T. J. MURPHY

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 800 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STANSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Business Cards.

MACLELLAN & Co.,
BANKERS & BROKERS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. June 13, '76.

ALEX. NEAL,
Merchant Tailor,
MONCTON, N. B.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF
Fashionable Cloths,
ON HAND.

PERFECT FIT in every case guaranteed.

G. H. VENNING,
Clock and Watch Maker.

I BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. *J. W. Jewell* neatly repaired. ap26

NEW BRUNSWICK
PARLOR & VESTRY
Organ Manufactory.
PETITCODIAC, N. B.

CABINET ORGANS of all descriptions on hand, and manufactured to order. Piano Stools, Covers, &c., always on hand. All instruments of my manufacture warranted to give satisfaction. A liberal discount made to churches.

WM. MURPHY,
Proprietor.
may 18

GEO. CONNERS,
Manufacturer & Builder,
Petitcodiac, N. B.

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

All kinds of planing and sawing executed at the shortest notice.
The facilities for filling orders cheaply and promptly are unsurpassed. oct20

SAWS! SAWS!
ALEXANDRA
WORKS.

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

J. F. LAWTON,
Proprietor.
may 26

PIANOFORTES,
CABINET ORGANS, &c

G. FLOOD,
75 Prince William Street, St. John

KEEPS constantly on hand PIANOS, CABINET ORGANS from the leading manufacturers in the United States

FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Catalogues forwarded, and all other information on application.
Instruments sold payable by instalments or exchanged.
Orders for Tuning and Repairing attended to with despatch. if-July 8

MARBLE
AND
FREESTONE
WORKS.

H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.

PARTIES desirous of erecting Monuments or Tomb Stones, will find at our establishment, a superior Stock of

American & Italian Marbles.
We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester FreeStone Quarry, a number of FreeStone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply. ap17

CARD.

NORTHWESTERN
Mutual Life
Insurance Co.,
—OF—
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Assets over \$16,000,000.

EDWARD F. DUNN,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

FLEMING & MOORE,
Medical Advertisers, Sackville.

DRESS MAKING.
MISS ANNIE & LOUISA BOWER
are thankful to the Ladies of Sackville and vicinity for their past patronage, wish to inform the public generally that they are now prepared to do

Dress Making & Millinery
At the residence of Mr. John Bowers, next door to the post office.
Sackville, May 17, 1876.

Hotels, &c.

Hamilton Terrace Hotel,
AMHERST, N. S.

THIS HOTEL, entirely new, is pleasantly and conveniently situated near the Railway Station, Post Office, Telegraph and other public offices. A Night Porter in attendance.

Terms Moderate.

WELDON HOUSE.
[Opposite the Railway Station.]
SHEDIAU, N. B.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he has newly furnished the above Hotel through-out in first-class style, and it is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public. WM. J. WELDON, Proprietor.

Coaches leave daily for North shore on arrival of trains.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
THE Subscriber has this day associated his friends and the public with him in his general business as Merchant, THOMAS BAIRD.

Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.
THE Business heretofore conducted by THOMAS BAIRD will hereafter be continued under the name and firm of THOMAS BAIRD & SONS.

And we respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.

Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.
THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the generous patronage he has received while proprietor of the "Brunswick House," and to intimate to his friends and the public that he has commenced a Flour and Grocery Business next door to C. A. Bower, and he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

Sackville, June 21, 1876.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT!
THE Subscriber begs to intimate to the inhabitants of Sackville, and vicinity, that he has opened a

Custom Tailoring Establishment Opposite the new store of Messrs. M. Wood & Sons, Crane's Corner, where he will be prepared to wait on Customers as the most Liberal, Fast and