### AUTUMN SHEAVES.

A sad autumnal day—a twilight sky,
All colorless and grey;
A low wind whispering through the withered grass
And wandering away;
Bare trees—save for a handful of brown leaves;
A quiet reaper resting with her sheaves.

How poor, they seemed, how few, how worthless, all!
Ah, for another Spring;
Or, if the summer, late and rich at best,
Might come again and bring
The sun and warmth that best mature the grain,
Before the frost falls and the latter rain!

And yet He knows and judges all aright.
Some by the wayside fell;
Some came to naught; and some the birds devoured;
And He alone can tell
What bitter chance or circumstance decreed
The utter failure of the cherished seed.

But it may be in a diviner air,
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost
Waits perfect and mature:
And the faint heart that now defeated grieves
May yet stand smiling 'mid the abundant sheaves.

MARY L. RITTER.

### I'M HAPPY WHEN I THINK OF THEE!

When o'er the heart where joy resides
The shadowy wings of Sorrow rest;
When pleasure's bubbling spring subsides
And hope is banished from my breast;
When life can scarce her throne defend
Against the ills besieging me,
I know in thee I have a friend,—
I'm happy when I think of thee.

I'm happy when I think of thee!
If luckless fate should bid us part,
And I thy face no more could see,
I'd cherish thee within my heart.
An image stamped upon my brain,
Thy form adorable shall be;
Even though we never meet again,
I'm happy when I think of thee.

EAK.

### OLD FOLKS.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,
Ah! don't be sorrowful, pray,
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling;
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks, now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing grey;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses bloomed long ago,
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Ay! God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

Printed by McKILLOP & JOHNSTON, Canterbury St., St. John


# The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1875.


### A FINE GOTHIC DWELLING HOUSE.

We have lately been shown plans of a large and beautiful dwelling house in the English rural-pointed Gothic style for the Hon. Judge Pope, of Summerside, P. E. I. The following is a brief description of this commodious and model rural dwelling, of which the foundation walls and frame are already up, and the entire building is expected to be completed and ready for occupation by the 15th of December ensuing.

The main house is 53x36 feet, with an L 18x34 feet, and a covered passage, 6x28 feet, leading to w. c's. The foundation walls are built of a rich brown freestone, procured on the Island, with a hammered face 2 feet 6 inches above the grade, with openings for windows to light the basement under the main house and the cellar under the L. The main structure is of wood, two and one-half stories, and the L one and one-half stories, and will have steep pitched Gothic roofs, with sharp-gabled dormers, with finials, crestings, cantilevers, etc., as will also the main roofs and projecting eaves, etc. The first story windows will have square moulded hoods, with returns and carved drops, and the second story and L hoods of the same style, with returns, all of a very rich and heavy pattern. The front and rear will be broken by a projecting porch and gable extending eight feet from the main building, with an open porch or veranda in front, with an oriel window over, and rich and elaborate verge board and finials. On each side of this porch or front will be a veranda the width of the house, with square chamfered posts, brackets and verge boards, and ornamental cresting on the roofs, with a handsome rail between posts. This veranda will be supported by hard pine posts, with brackets; a stone flight of steps from lancet archway of the porch communicating with the driveway. There will be bay windows on the east end and a porch on the rear, with moulded window hoods and Gothic tracery panel under. A conservatory of iron and glass will be built on the east end of the house, to which access will be had from a bay window. The other outside finish will be of a like rich kind, the corner and barge boards being molded, and the water-table capped with a heavy Gothic mold.

The chimnies are built of American pressed brick, with panels, dentils and caps, and are highly ornamental. The ridge is surmounted with a pierced cresting, and all the valleys and other joints flashed with fine copper. The floor of the porch and veranda is of hard pine, and the roof open-timbered and chamfered. The glass for the entire front is of the best English plate.

The interior arrangement is of a very simple and convenient order. The main hall (for which the open porch serves as a vestibule) is 14x27 feet, and has a floor of hard pine, and is lighted by panel, side and top lights of front door, the lights being of stained glass in Gothic patterns, the door being ash veneered with heavy walnut moldings. On the right of the hall is the drawing room, 18x19 feet, with bay window; on the left the dining room, of the same proportions, each of which, as in the case of all other rooms in the house, has register grates and white marble mantle-pieces, with polished fire stone hearths. At the rear of the hall is the library, 14x16 feet, with large closet and flat bay window. It will be furnished with built book cases, with flat shelf top (for busts and stuffed animals) of walnut and ash and Brazilian woods. In the rear of the drawing room is a chamber, 13x15 feet, and in the rear of the dining room is the staircase, 7-6x18 feet, with pantry and china closet off.

The stairs will have a handsome, square walnut newell and rail, with ash balusters, with square landings, from one of which a door communicates with the L. A stairway communicates with the cellar under these stairs. An archway leads to the main hall from the staircase.

The second floor is similar in plan, the front rooms being commodious bed chambers, and the rear rooms linen and store closets and bed rooms. The room in front of the hall, over the porch, has an oriel window, and double-glazed doors opening on the hall, and a door to the front chamber, and will be used for a dressing or sewing room. The room in the rear of the hall will be used for a bath room, having a tub and water-closet, foot bath and closet attached, as also a register grate, a new feature in a bath room. The floor of the hall will be of hard pine, and have an elliptical opening, with balusters and rail. The halls will be heated by a large furnace stove in the basement, with cased pipe, which will enter the bath room flue on the second story.

The L will have kitchen, 16x16 feet, with portable range, kitchen closets and larder, a door through a closet communicating with the dining room, at the entrance of which will be a butler's stand. A passage between the kitchen and staircase leads to water-closets, and has baize swing doors, with sash and louvre windows. In the rear of the kitchen is the scullery, 15x16 feet, with a door leading to outhouses and stable, and stairs to the man servants' room over the female servants' room, 16x16, being over the kitchen, to which access is had from the main stairway.

Messrs. Alex. Christie & Co. are manufacturing all the finish and details. Mr. John E. Hughes furnishes the register grates and mantels, and Messrs. W. H. Thorne & Co. (all of this city) the glass and hardware. It is estimated the house will cost $10,000. Mr. W. Morgan Smith, of this city, is the architect. When completed this house will be the finest in Summerside and one of the finest in Prince Edward Island.

"BOW BELLS" FOR SEPTEMBER has been received by Mr. W. K. Crawford. This magazine supplies fashion plates on a lavish scale; its society tales are numerous and exciting, and its general management compares favorably with other journals of its class. Mr. Crawford has all the latest literary papers, magazines, etc.

### WESTMORELAND OPINION ON BAY VERTE CANAL MATTERS.

*To the Editor of the Watchman.*

A few short months have passed, and what was once a tower of strength to politicians, a thing of beauty and of joy to certain government organs, a never failing resort in the hour of need, and to be the great boon of the Maritime Provinces in the future,—the *Bay Verte Canal*,—has tumbled prostrate in the dust, has become a thing of the past,—by the aid of willing and servile tools, to a corrupt and degenerate assembly headed by that chieftain of purity, Hon Alex. McKenzie, and aided and abetted by John Joung and his Canal Commission associates.

How proud our New Brunswick members must feel when they find how completely at the mercy of the Grit Cabinet, aided by jealous and selfish Nova Scotians, are the interests of New Brunswick!

How chagrinned and helpless must feel the cautious and easy going member for Westmorland, to think that the wishes of the Hon. Minister of Marine and Fisheries are so little heeded by this glorious Cabinet, so much so that his presence was not given to the Canal Commission, so I am informed, which held a sitting at Sackville, only ten miles distant from him at the time! It will take several little disbursements such as the Maritime Penitentiary, the Cape Tormentine Railway, etc., to soothe the wounded and irate electors of Botsford, Sackville, &c., &c.

How supremely small, mean, and insignificant, must feel the Hon. Minister of Customs, to think that this great commercial boon, which would have conferred such benefits upon St. John, has been so ingloriously quashed,—to know that his wishes are so little regarded by the worthy Mac. and his associates!

Oh, Albert and Isaac! Where was your spirit? Where was your determination, in the hour of trial? Why did you sacrifice upon the Grit altar all your old and former pride? When put to the test, why did you not recall the olden times, when seeking the support of your constituents, wherein you promised anything and everything, such fealty and devotion to their wants? I ask you now, why have you proved so recreant to your trust?

VOX POPULI.

Westmorland County, Sept. 25, 1875.

A SPECIMEN BRICK.—A correspondent of the Halifax *Reporter* says of the Mackenzie Government's treatment of Intercolonial Railway contractors:—"Mr. E. A. Jones, after receiving Engineer's certificates that ninety-seven per cent. of his contract was completed, was ordered to do a large quantity of extra work, which he did in good faith, expecting to be paid for it. The total amount of this extra work was $116,000, for which he asked payment, but the matter was referred to the Government Engineer, who reported only $82,000 due Mr. Jones, and in the face of this the Commissioners coolly offered Mr. Jones $30,000, which he, of course, refused. When the Act passed transferring the powers of the Commissioners to the Public Works Department, Mr. Jones applied to Mr. Mackenzie, the Minister of Public Works, and was by him offered the large sum of $12,000 as payment in full! I doubt not, Mr. Editor, that there is not a contractor on the whole line but could cite treatment as scandalous as this from the present Government, and it is not much to be wondered at that they want to avoid Courts of Justice."

TOBACCO AND ITS USE.—Mr. Lee, says the Toronto *Mail*, lectured recently before the Young Men's Christian Association, in the reading room of Shaftesbury Hall, on the use of tobacco. In opening his lecture he characterized its use as wasteful, from the amount of money that was spent in it; perilous, from the company into which the smoker is liable to be led; and extremely dangerous from the accidents caused to buildings and clothes, from the dropping of lighted cigars into cellars in the former case, and in the latter case from placing a lighted pipe in the pocket. It injured the health, the nervous system, the voice, the taste, the appetite, the digestion, and emptied the pocket. Medical men had asserted that it assisted in bringing on *delirium tremens*; and one doctor, in particular, had noted fifty throat diseases of which it was the originator. The lecturer, in view of these facts, entreated his hearers, if they had not already taken to the habit of smoking or chewing, to avoid doing so, if they wished to become honorable and good members of society. He pointed out, as a proof that the use of tobacco was not good, that those who used it would never advise others to become slaves to it. Smoking produced a desire for drink, and the smoker could not satisfy his thirst with water, therefore he was obliged to resort to alcoholic liquors, and thus be in danger of becoming a drunkard. Tobacco burned out the teeth, eyes, and brain. The Germans were the greatest smokers in the world as a nation; and they had the weakest eyes of any nation. The lecturer gave the following reasons why the use of tobacco should be discouraged:—Tobacco costs our country $14,000,000 per year; it causes boys who are in the habit of using it, to steal for it; it is the acknowledged cause of the demoralization of the young; it is the great promoter of drinking customs; it makes strong drink a necessity; it induces its vendors to sell on Sundays; it robs workingmen, and clothes their children in rags, and it assists to fill our hospitals.

### A SENATOR IN TROUBLE.

The street doors to the Washington mansions close with a spring lock, which arrangement recently caused one of those accidents which no amount of care can prevent. The wife of a high official was taken suddenly ill in the night. Her sister, the wife of Senator ——, lives in the next street to her. She felt the need of this sister at once, and the husband started after her. In answer to his knock the Senator thrust his head from an upper window, and learned the particulars. He then aroused his wife, and with his help she was speedily dressed, and ready to start. The Senator accompanied her to the door, in what might have been a toga, but was really a night-shirt. He even stepped out on the stoop with her (it was rather dark), and stood there until he heard her pass out of the gate. Then he cast a look up at the heavens to see if it was going to rain, and was about framing his mind into the belief that it was, when a sudden jar and slam right behind him sent his heart into his throat, and nearly threw him from his feet. Whirling about with lightning rapidity, he made a desperate plunge for the door. But it was too late. With hysteric eagerness, he precipitated his full weight against it; but it did not give. It was one of the few houses in Washington built by the day. He looked hopelessly over the dark front of his house, and then apprehensively out into the street. He dared not knock to arouse the servants for fear of attracting the attention of the neighbors. It was a most trying position for a United States Senator to be in. He drew his toga about his imposing presence, and mopped the perspiration from his brow with his sleeve. Then he cast his mind over the past, wading unhesitatingly through the mold of hoary centuries, but he could not find anything to parallel this atrocious affair. What on earth should he do? It was three o'clock, and in an hour the wierd gray of dawn would tinge the neighborhood. He smote his head as only a Senator can do it, with a view to shake up the contents, in the hope that something tangible would come to the top. But the only effect was to make him more fully realize the damning grotesqueness of his peril. He tried to forget that he was a Senator, to forget that he had wakened startling echoes the halls of the National Council. He would have given all his wealth, and the balance of his life, if he had never been a public man at all. Would to heaven he had stuck to his native farm. He would now be in the sweet sleep of toil, instead of drifting irresistibly into a conspicuousness that promised to be appalling. Dancing about on the stoop, smiting his head, and picking out the most unparliamentary language he could think of, it suddenly struck him that his yard ran back to the next street. If he could get around there and scale the fence he might possibly find a back door or window unfastened.

Drawing his toga still closer about him and assuming the heavy tread of a Senator about to walk over twelve dozen of eggs, he proceeded through the darkness, pausing every other step to listen, and hugging up close to the fences at every sound. He got around to the back street, after passing through a series of imaginative difficulties which caused his hair to stand sensitively on end and turned his spinal column into an unbroken current of cold air. The fence was a high one, and there was nothing to stand upon, but he managed by desperately jumping upward to actually catch hold of the top, and then he worked with all his might to bring his body to the same altitude. It was a heavy body—a broad, well-rounded senatorial body. It rubbed up and down the boards, or vibrated across them in a series of contortions, while his eyes, both single to the public good, grew restless in their sockets, and his feet whipped about with such velocity as to shed a pair of red morocco slippers in almost no time at all. But he worked faithfully, and he saw opportunity to say something, but couldn't do it, and at last he got his breast upon the top, and there he balanced unevenly for one bright instant, and then he went over on the other side, going down with an ease and rapidity which fully compensated for all the trouble and labor of coming up the other side. He reached the grass plot on his back, and with a heartiness that left no doubt of his sincerity. At the end of fifteen minutes he regained his consciousness, and, ultimately, his feet, and as he moved wearidly away on them to the house, he hoarsely whispered—

"By the gods! can it be possible I'm a man of wealth and influence?"

He tried the basement door, and the first floor door, and the basement windows, but none of them showed the faintest weakness. He was irretrievably locked and barred out, both he and his toga. The stoop to the first floor was high and open at the side toward the basement door which it closely adjoined. The senator—a man of the people, and the owner of thirteen pairs of pants with hardly a break in any of them,—crawled under this stoop, and sat huddled upon his haunches waiting for day and the coming of one of the servants, and quoting at short intervals such paragraphs from the senate proceedings as he could remember.

At the end of an hour and a half, the basement door was opened, and the cook came out and hurried across the yard. At the same instant a United States Senator in a toga jumped into the area, shot through the door and up the back stairs with all the grace and agility of a scared rooster.

He was eating his breakfast when his wife returned.

"O, J——," she exclaimed with a breathless eagerness, "Mary has got a lady!"

"I don't care if she has ten cords of them," shouted the United States Senator, striking the table with his fist.—*Danbury News.*

### MEN WHO KEEP PERPETUAL SILENCE.

The abbots of Mount Millary in Ireland, Sept Fonds in France, and Mariastern in Turkey, all monarchs of the Trappist order of monks, have decided to purchase land in Maryland to establish a house in the United States, and have appointed as their agent Brother Francis de Sales, who has presented his credentials to the Archbishop of Baltimore, and been formally received into that diocese.

The Order of Trappists is the severest in the Church. Perpetual silence is one of their vows, and dispensation is given to speak only when necessity demands it, or to those few of the brothers who fill offices in the monastery which demand occasional conversations. They are not allowed meat, eggs, butter, cheese, fish, or oil. They sleep on narrow beds of straw, raised a few inches from the ground. They dig and refill, and dig again and refill from time to time, their own graves, as a reminder of their mortality. They rise hours before dawn, and, after prayer and meditation, betake themselves to their respective employments. Among them are blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, farmers, dairymen, and millwrights. The Trappist monasteries named above are very wealthy, but their wealth has accrued from the industry of their members. These monks ask no charity, and consequently Brother Francis de Sales was able to say that he has not journeyed to America with a subscription list. He asserted that the monastery of Sept Fonds, in France, alone offered to defray the expenses of the new mission. A temporary house is to be rented, and in December 200 Trappist monks, selected from three monasteries, will occupy it. Brother Frances de Sales is a Frenchman by birth, but he speaks English without much peculiarity of accent. He is sanguine of the success of the mission he is sent to superintend. He says that the Abbot of Sept Fonds in France was a Count of great wealth; that the Abbot of Mount Millary in Ireland was at one time a candidate for election to Parliament, and that the six-feet-two Abbot of Mariastern in Turkey is an Irishman.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT HOME.—The good motherly Queen dances in the Hall of Balmoral with her retainers and household servants, makes her own tea when out on picnics, spins in the cottages of her tenants, and has herself photographed in the gracious acts; bestows "warm flannel petticoats" on poor old women with her own hands, and tells us all about it in her own book. The Prince of Wales goes everywhere, dines with everybody and drives a drag—for all the world as though he were no greater man than the President of the United States. The new court dress for gentleman is a simple half-military costume. Gaudy liveries are going out in high places, so that lackeys look less like lobsters than lizards than formerly, and I doubt not that, long ere it is ready to fall to pieces from sheer old age, like the Deason's "one-horse shay," the royal stage coach will be remanded, Tritons and all, to that Valhalla of old state coaches, the first hall in the Kensington Museum, and the princesses of England will cease to lumber along on wheels like to those of Pharaoh's chariot, but may drive through the streets of London, even on the grandest state occasions, with celerity, comfort and quiet elegance, like other sensible well-to-do folk.—*Grace Greenwood.*

PUTTING THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD OFF.—The stockholders had just met and elected a new President, and he was on his way to the city to enter upon the duties of his office. The conductor on the train in which he was going didn't know the new President, and so when he asked him for his ticket the President said, "That's all right." Mr. Conductor replied sharply, "None of your fooling; where's your tick?" "But," said the President, "I don't want any buts about it," interrupted the conductor, "give me your ticket." "I am——" commenced the President. "I don't care who you are," yelled the conductor, breaking in upon him, "my duties are to collect the fares on this road, and I am going to do it. Where's your ticket?" I haven't any, sir. I didn't get to the depot in time to——" "Then pay your fare, and that quick; come, forty-five cents, lively." "I haven't any money with me, I came away——" "I haven't any time to spend with such bents as you are, eight miles from any station, but you journal go off right here. It is raining, I know, but that don't make any difference. It is just such men as you that have ruined this road. Stock down to thirty-eight cents, but it is to be stopped. We've just elected a new President, and things are going to be carried on differently. Come, get off," said the conductor, as the train stopped in answer to the bell-rope, and he gave him a twitch out of the seat. The new official saw that it was not best to resist, as the conductor was large enough to eat two such men as himself; so he got off, determined to make the best of it. "If you ever get on my train again," said the conductor, as the cars started off, "without a ticket, I'll make it hotter than this for you." Wet and exhausted the President reached the city late at night, and the next day he sent for the conductor to come to his room, and after chatting, laughing and smoking over the joke, the conductor departed, promising not to say anything about it. But it leaked out.

CALCRAFT, the hangman in England for many years, has become superannuated, and has retired with a pension. He was a curiosity in his way, and the reporters and others who tried to interview him never succeeded in getting anything out of him. He had a habit, however, of always whispering the name of his victim just before the supreme moment, and various gloomy stories went as to what this last message was. Some people said it was a curse: "Down, down to hell, and say I sent you there!" Others pretend that Calcraft always whispered, "Stand firm! Good news for you! Your pardon has come, and you will hear the sheriff read it in a moment!" Others, still, said that Calcraft was a Spiritualist, and that his whispered farewell message was an injunction to the victim to visit him that night, and bring him news from the spirit world. Another of his habits was always to shake hands with the condemned person at the moment of whispering in his ear; but it was observed that his nerves were never strong after the execution of Margaret Waller of Newgate, an unhappy woman who was hung for the murder of some infants consigned to her care. She seized his hand with so much force that it was with the utmost difficulty that he disengaged himself, and as he hastened to pull the bolt his face was observed to be fearfully pale. Calcraft's successor is a man named Marwood, and he doesn't ever shake hands with his victims unless they request it, because he thinks it tends to weaken them.

AN IDEAL PRIMESS' TOILER.—Mrs. Spottel Tall No. 4, the youngest and most beautiful of the great chief's consorts, had a much heightened complexion, thickly decorated with vermillion and yellow ochre. A shawl of rich colors and really fine material enveloped her graceful form from her shoulders to her pretty beaded moccasins, that encased small and shapely feet. Under this she was attired in a dark blue gown, bordered with soft fur of the beaver, and her waist was clasped by a glittering girdle of wampum, from which hung several trinkets of very fine workmanship. Her neck was encircled by a heavy string of imitated pearls, and the same ornaments were appended to her ears. Her hair was parted accurately in the middle of her forehead, and the exposed portion of her scalp was colored a deep scarlet, after the manner of all the Nakotah belles. It hung in two long jet black queues, which were wound round and round with bright red ribbon. Her noble array must have cost her noble lord several of the finest ponies of his herd. Her face is moulded to a type of gentleness, although lacking intelligent expression.

RUNS IN THE FAMILY.—A Missouri family history runs thus: Sallie White ran away some years ago with her brother-in-law, Aaron Davis; he, however, returned to his wife, and she married a Mr. Neely, who died and left her. Two years ago her cousin, Ezekiel, ran away with a Mrs. Windham, both parties leaving families. Last month Aaron Davis's son, Myron, a boy of nineteen, ran away with his mother's sister, a woman of thirty, and to complete matters his father again eloped with his sister-in-law, Sallie.


## New Advertisements.

**REDUCTION!**

IN order to make room for Fall Stock, we will Sell AT COST, and under, our

Summer Stock of

DRESS STUFFS, PRINTS,

Ladies' Sacques, Straw Hats,

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We have on hand—

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS,
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of Superior Value, for sale at a SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.

J. H. CUMBERLAND & Co.
Cor. Union and Sydney Streets.
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aug 21

28 KING STREET.

JUST OPENED:

BACK COMBS,
YAK LACES, LADIES BELTS,
In Stock—A splendid assortment of
LADIES' SCARFS
in all the leading shades.

SCOTT & BINNING,
28 KING STREET,
sept 4 A few doors from Hannigton Bros.

LAMPS, OILS, &c.

CHANDELIERS,
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
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LARGEST STOCK. BEST ASSORTMENT.

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GREY COTTON.

FOR SALE LOW.

T. R. JONES & CO.
aug 14

Spencer's Vesuvian Liniment.

**Duncan McIsaac, Little Judique, C. B.,**

TESTIFIES that Spencer's Vesuvian Liniment is the best remedy for Rheumatic complaints that can be had. He writes for a supply, in order that his neighbors may be benefited, as he has been, by its use.

**W. H. Adams, St. John, N. B.,**

Has no hesitation in saying that Spencer's Vesuvian Liniment is all it professes to be. One 20 cent bottle has accomplished in his family what the Doctors could not effect. Pain, time and money are saved by its use.

**John Sproul,**

Proprietor of that popular Hotel, the Olive House, Sussex, writes that after being disabled for many months by RHEUMATISM he finds himself totally cured by the use of one bottle of Spencer's Vesuvian Liniment.

**George Hume,**

Proprietor of Long's Hotel, Fredericton, says:—"I have used all the various Liniments in the market, all that are advertised, all that have been generally recommended, but I have found none so good for sprains, bruises, harness galls, cuts and lameness, as **SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT.**"

Mr. Hume was formerly in Staging for many years, and he knows whereof he speaks.

**Anthony Harding, of St. John, N. B.,**

Certifies that after years of suffering with RHEUMATISM he has been radically cured by a few applications of Spencer's Vesuvian Liniment.

He also certifies that it is a positive cure for PILES, and the best remedy for cuts, bruises, etc., that has ever come under his observation.

**Spencer's Vesuvian Liniment**

Is put up in bottles at 20 cts., 30 cts. and 40 cts. each; also in large bottles at $1.00 and $2.00 each.

**Spencer's Aniline Dyes.**

Every packet of my Dyes is accompanied by full directions for use, and when those directions are followed success is guaranteed. The colors are: Rosine, Puncoea, Scarlet, Napoleon Blue, Peacock Green, Bismarck Brown, Orange, Purple and Violet. Dealers in remote sections of the Maritime Provinces will be supplied by mail at lowest prices without charge for postage.

**Spencer's Arnica Court and Surgeon's Dressing Plaster**

Cannot be removed by ordinary washing, and its healing properties are truly remarkable. Every packet of one dozen contains more than 300 square inches of Plaster.

H. L. SPENCER, Medical Warehouse.
29 Nelson street, St. John.
July 31

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C. G. BERRYMAN,

12 Charlotte Street,

has in stock a large assortment suitable for

HOUSEKEEPERS,
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BLACKSMITHS, JOINERS,
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may 15 Nearly opposite Y. M. C. A. Building.

GENTLEMEN'S UNDERCLOTHING—A full Stock,

SHETLAND L. WOOL—Plain and Ribbed:
MERINO—Drab, White, Silver Grey, Vicuna.

Ladies' Underclothing.

L. WOOL, CASHMERE, ANGOLA, all sizes, a various prices.

sept 18 W. W. JORDAN.

DRAINING TILES.

The Subscribers offer for Sale
4,500 1½ inch Draining Tiles,
2,000 2 inch do
3,000 3 inch do
2,500 4 inch do
Delivered in any part of the City, or at the Valley Railway Station, free of charge.

sep 18 JARDINE & CO.

## New Advertisements.

LONDON HOUSE.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,

MARKET SQUARE.

SEPTEMBER 9th, 1875.

By Mail Steamers, and Anchor Line Sidonian and Olympia, we have received part of our

FALL STOCK!

Comprising a General Assortment from the Markets of

London, Manchester, Leeds, Huddersfield, Bradford, Glasgow, Belfast, &c.

NOW READY FOR PERSONAL INSPECTION OR ORDERS, WHICH SHALL HAVE OUR MOST CAREFUL ATTENTION.

DANIEL & BOYD.
sept 11

W. MORGAN SMITH,

ARCHITECT,

(Late of Boston.)

OFFICE:—

CUSTOM HOUSE BUILDING (last door south),

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

N. B.—Designs for all classes of Public and Private Buildings Remodelling, Specifications, &c. sep 11—6m

C. McGOURTY & CO.,

49 KING TREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

AGENTS for P. DONAHOE, Boston; D. & J. SADLIER, New York; and JAMES DUFFY, Dublin, whose publications are always kept on hand and sold at Publishers' prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Agents for the Boston "Pilot." Subscriptions received at any time.

All orders promptly attended to.

sept 4—3m C. McGOURTY & CO.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

FOR 1875.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines.—*Nation.*

**HARPER'S WEEKLY.**

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

*Harper's Weekly* deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

**HARPER'S BAZAR.**

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

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*One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two, $7 00: Postage free.

*An Extra Copy of either the* MAGAZINE, WEEKLY *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy. Postage free.*

In remittance by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the ordered HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

*Harper's Weekly.*—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

*Harper's Bazar.*—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
June 26 New York.

DR. JULIUS H. ARNOLD,

OF BERLIN, PRUSSIA,

Is at the VICTORIA HOTEL, where he can be consulted at any time until the 1st January, 1876.

☞ His specialties are Midwifery, Diseases of Women and Children, Ulceration or Leucorrhœa, Cancers, Eye and Ear, and Fistula in Ano, cured without the knife. June 19 14w

BOWES & EVANS,

DEALERS IN

Cooking Ranges & Stoves,

BASE BURNERS,
FRANKLIN AND REGISTER GRATES,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
LAWSON'S PATENT FURNACES,
The DIAMOND, RUBY and PEARL.
Marble Mantels,
AND MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS.
FURNISHING HARDWARE.
Wire Flower Stands and Baskets.

Galvanizers of Wrought Iron SHIP WORK, Spikes, Nails and Cast Iron. June 26

French and English Perfumery,

FRENCH TOILET SOAP,
HAIR OIL POMADE, &c.,
POWDER FLEUR DE RIZ,
EAU DE VIOLETTE, remarkable for its fine and delicate odor,
CHIRSIS' EXTRACT OF YLANG YLANG.
ALSO
A fine assortment of ATKINSON'S and LUBIN'S always on hand.

J. CHALONER,
sept 25 Corner King and Germain Streets.

CHEESE. CHEESE

8 TONS CHEESE, Dutch Valley and Ontario.
For sale by
sept 25 JARDINE & CO.

## Dry Goods, &c.

WHOLESALE

WAREHOUSE!

THE SUBSCRIBERS

HAVE

ON HAND

ONE OF

THE LARGEST

AND

BEST ASSORTED

STOCKS

OF

DRY GOODS

AND

CLOTHING

TO BE

FOUND IN THE DOMINION,

WHICH THEY

OFFER FOR SALE

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Very Lowest Rates,

TO

SUIT THE TIMES,

FOR CASH,

OR

PROMPT PAY ONLY.

T. R. JONES & CO.,

CANTERBURY STREET

CANTERBURY STREET

may 22 ST. JOHN N. B.

## New Advertisements.

WORKS OF ART

AFTER THE

OLD MASTERS AND BEST MODERN PAINTERS,

On Sale at 21 Germain Street.

[From the Daily Telegraph, May 19.]

GENUINE WORKS OF ART.

We doubt if even all our local readers, who know a good picture when they see it, have any idea of the number and character of the fine pictures to be found in Mr. Thomas H. Keohan's little shop, 21 Germain street. His portfolio now contains a lot of engravings as superior to what are sometimes called "Works of Art," as one of Shakspeare's sonnets to a poem by Martin Farquhar Tupper. The fine line engraving is now almost the only form in which the great master-pieces of painting can be so reproduced as to come within the means of admiring purchasers. Of these engravings Mr. Keohan has a choice lot. They include some of the finest products of the pencilled several of the old masters, and of the greatest modern painters in France, Italy and the British Isles. The art of the engraver, in some instances, is as notable as that of the painter.

The raising of Lazarus, by Piombo, is a most striking picture. The original is of extraordinary value.

La Vergine au Rosario, by Murillo, and Christ bearing the Cross, by Raphael, are among the chief works of their illustrious artists.

Hogarth before the authorities of Calais, by Claxton, is desirable on account of the original portraits it contains, but even more so, for this reason, are the pictures of a Drawing Room Scene in the reign of the present Queen, and the portraits of British men of Science and Literature. The individuality of the court beauties and of the among is quite a study and illustrates the marked nationality of Old England. There are other desirable portraits of the Queen and members of the Royal Family, one delineating Her Majesty's visit to a Crimean Hospital; another a like Royal visit to a Soldier's Widow's Cottage, etc. These and some of the pictures of scenes in the life of the great Duke of Wellington, are worthy of a place in any collection.

The Queen's Visit to the Crimean Hospitals is not the only historic memorial of that war. It is illustrated by two fine works by O'Neill, namely, Eastward Ho! and Home Again, which are true to nature, and would be an acquisition to any collection.

The lovers of animals will delight in the many fine pictures of Landseer. Those of the dogs, deer and horses are particularly attractive. The weighing of the Deer, by J. F. Dayley, is a gem; perhaps, as some, the delineation of the English Derby,—both genuine portraits—will be even more so.

The morning before the battle, and the Evening after the Battle, companion pictures, by T. I. Barker, are touching contrasts, very perfect of their kind.

Among the pictures turning on religious themes we should include the Crown of Glory, The Deathbed of Wesley, and The Presentation in the Temple. The second includes genuine portraits. The first is by Le Jeune. It represents a female deathbed, cheered by the reading of the Scriptures, with the expectant angels hovering above. This picture is most tastefully framed.

English scenery, including The Shores of Old England (bathing scenes), and Summer pictures by first-class artists help to grace the collection.

Our young lady readers would find pleasure in looking at Yes or No—a thoughtful female figure holding a letter behind her back and trying to solve the conundrum.

These are only a few of the valuable engravings to be found in Mr. Keohan's collection. The fact that these pictures were selected by himself, shows that he is possessed of excellent taste and judgment. We may add that the prices of the pictures are very moderate. They range from $5 or $6 to $15 or $20. The same pictures have frequently been sold for as many pounds sterling as they are now offered for in dollars. A few such pictures form a valuable addition to household treasures. The ministry of true art is of the most beneficent and the most powerful character.

Inspection invited.

June 5 THOMAS H. KEOHAN.

POSTAGE FREE.

THE GAZETTE,

MONTREAL.

ON THE 1st MAY, '75, very great improvements were effected in the Daily GAZETTE. It is now without question the best valuable paper for Merchants and others having business transactions with Montreal that is published.

**The Shipping News, the Daily Financial Review, the Reports of the Markets of all kinds are made up with great care and are in every respect reliable.**

No Banker, Merchant or other business man can afford to be without THE GAZETTE.

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

It is projected in connection with the new dress, in which THE WEEKLY GAZETTE now appears, to greatly increase its interest and value. The paper will be placed under the direction of a special editor, and largely made up of matter expressly set up for it, and having particular interest for the readers of the Weekly Edition. Arrangements have been made for the publication of good serial stories; selections of interesting family reading; market reports made up expressly for this edition, and of special value to farmers; carefully prepared summaries of home and foreign news; and an original agricultural department.

Daily Per Annum, . . .