

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE.

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Advertising: 10s. per line for first week.

George Whitman, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.

G. M. Burns, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.

Per Arthur White, from London.

100 Cakes Souchong Tea.

Just Published - A New Edition of Lane's English Grammar.

Received per Steamer America, at the N. American Clothing Store.

Granite Hall, 5 Dock Street.

Removal - The Office of the Water and Sewerage Commissioners.

Earthenware, China & Glass.

F. O. Clementson has received per John Duncan and "Bodices".

200 Quanta's Large Corfish.

Furniture & Upholstery Ware Rooms.

Reversible Caps.

HOLLANDS - from London.

Notice to the Public - A Subscribers having been lately appointed a Licensed Auctioneer.

London's Lumber!

Green Window Shades - Just received.

Geo. Nixon, 101 Prince William Street.

82, King Street. Received John Bates' Building.

GREEN APPLES, DRIED APPLES, Prunes, Lemons, Sugar Cured HAMS, ONIONS, CHEESE, and BUTTER.

New Books. THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, by Vincent de Beauvais.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by John Mitchell.

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S. K. FOSTER'S, Fashionable SHOES, STORES, New Goods for Fall!

Just received per Ship Bonanza, a new and excellent variety of Ladies, Misses, and Children's Fall BOOTS and SHOES.

Those Customers who desire a very Superior Article, and one suitable to the season, can save their winter's regret.

40 BUSHETS N. S. WHITE BEANS; 20 half-bushels good SHAD.

HAY MARKET - 100 Tons HAY RAKES of superior quality.

Hope, Sun Twine, &c. 300 BUSHETS Bleached Gourock CANVAS.

FAIRBANKS' CELEBRATED SCALES, of every variety.

A full assortment of all kinds of weighing apparatus and store furniture for sale at low rates.

Building Lots for Sale, AT THE NINE MILES STATION.

GLASS - The arrival of the John Duncan, the assortment of CUT GLASS will be completed.

FOR SALE AT No. 168, Prince William Street - BEST CUMBERLAND BUTTER.

FOR SALE AT No. 168, Prince William Street - BEST CHEESE from Clarke's Dairy.

FOR SALE AT No. 168, Prince William Street - BEST ISLAY MALT.

No. Twelve. A CHOICE LOT OF FANCY COLORED BROADCLOTHS.

RECEIVED per recent arrivals from New York - 100 BLS Extra and Family FLOUR.

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THE NOBEMAN OF EARTH. The truest noblemen of earth, is he who loses to be the best champion of the good.

Give me that noblemen of mind, Who loves a noble cause; The right of love's sturdy love, And freedom's righteous laws!

I love the noblemen of earth, Who strive to bless the age, And leave a glory that is caught On history's faithful page!

He's deathless as the mighty skies, When jewelled through with stars, Could feel God's beauty in a blaze

And perjured kings may pass from earth, Their pomp and lustre fade; But those who live in noble ways, Their souls are never made.

THE NATION. "Are we not here now?" said the corporal, "and we are not - in a moment!"

I sometimes travel by rail, like all the rest of the world, great and small, in these wonderful locomotive times.

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course, devoted to the use of the invalid. The rest of the Bellamy family found accommodation at the little village inn.

London and also as the surgeon gave strong assurance that Miss Bellamy had received no serious injury.

It was agreed in the course of next morning that they should all proceed at once to town, leaving the second girl as a nurse and companion to her sister.

This second girl was a good natured, affectionate creature, with just enough fun and high spirits in her composition to make her ready for any of harmless mischief, but far too much gentleness to suffer her to carry her love of teaching beyond the point where it ceases to be agreeable.

On her return from seeing her parents, sister and brother off by the train, this young lady seemed to have a full consciousness of the independence of her position as temporary guardian of her elder sister.

As she passed through the garden she pulled a large nosegay of flowers, to dedicate the chamber of the invalid.

"Aller dear!" she said, as she went in, "have you sent to enquire after the health of your neighbour?"

"No, not from myself," replied Alice blushing; "papa and mamma went in, you know to thank him before they left."

"Yes," said the younger one; "but I really think after all that happened, it would be only common gratitude and politeness in you to send a message from yourself."

"Do you know that the carriage says that if he had not struggled so hard to keep the great bar of timber from crushing you, it must have broken your neck."

"Oh, no! dear, I think not. It would look so forward."

"Forward! Nonsense! Did he think about being forward when he ran the risk of getting killed in saving you?"

"I think you'd better not," said the younger one; "and the far, Alice blushed and stopped. Perhaps she was thinking of the clocks that had involuntarily hit so close together of the gentle pressure and the murmured blessing as she was released."

"What don't I know?" asked her sister. "Why Alice you are blushing. Surely he could not have made love to you while you were boxed up there with all your limbs broken?"

"Well, nonsense or no nonsense, you are blushing worse than before. Now, do tell me all about it, there's a dear."

"Don't be so silly. There's nothing to tell, only that it was very awkward to be shut up there in the arms of the strange gentleman not able to stir an inch, and his whiskers tickling my nose."

"In the arms! Were you really? La! how funny! How did you get there?"

"Very naturally," observed Ellen demurely. "So I suppose," observed Ellen demurely, "it was quite natural that when I was thrown forward by the stopping of the train, he should put his arms either to catch me or defend himself."

"I do, though, again interrupted the provoking Ellen, I saw him stealing glances at you all the morning. Well, so he caught you in his arms, and what then?"

"Why, when once I was there, and the smash taken place, there was no possibility of getting away again."

"Oh, no! I understand. And so, what with the arms that couldn't be got away again, and the whiskers and noses, and all he felt himself obliged to kiss you. Now, own the truth, Alice, did he not?"

"No - no - no," replied Alice emphatically, "I am sure he would not be guilty of such rudeness."

"What was it, then?" persisted Ellen, "I am quite positive there was something."

"Oh, no, there was not. He merely said, 'God bless you,' as I was lifted out."

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