

CHICAGO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

VOL. 8.-NO. 6.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 360.

Original Poetry.

(Written for the Post.)
The Heart's Solace.

BY ISOBEL.

Wait weary heart and look not on the past;
Endure alone thy self-inflicted grief;
With patience bear the load, and know thou
A joy eternal for the sorrow brief.

Oh heart! why wilt thou rise and view the
Scenes of earth, and lead the weary brain with doubts
And fears
Until the throbbing pulses well-nigh burst:
To find relief alone in better tears?

Away, then, pictures of the dizzy brain!
Away! and let the stars of hope arise,
In hope I see thee loving form again,
And clasp the loved one in my glad surprise.

PASSEBROOK, May 19th, 1877.

LITERATURE.

[From Harper's Monthly Magazine.]
SOLOMON PADDY'S COURTSHIP.

(Conclusion.)

Mrs. Bankum had made no attempt to conceal her designs upon the single blessedness of Mr. Wilks, but rather prided herself on the example she was setting to match-making mothers and beguiling daughters. She seemed to say, "Look at me, you who quarrel and backbite, flatter and cajole, bow down and humble yourselves to secure some wild scapegrace with money for your girls. See how I, an old veteran of forty, move steadily and openly upon the enemy's works, and secure the possession of a million."

To Mrs. Hasler and Miss Jones the widow was every open in her confidence, when they sat together in her room after Mrs. Hasler's morning domestic arrangements were completed, and delighted to rehearse the success of each new move in her assault upon old gentleman's heart and money-bags.

At last the day of triumph came, and Mrs. Bankum displayed a note in which the beguiled victim made a formal proffer of his hand and fortune.

"And the dear old fool will be here to-night to receive his answer. What do he think I am made of, to refuse sixty thousand a year?" And Mrs. B. displayed two rows of the dearest finest handwork, as she laughed at such a preposterous idea.

He was a coincidence! Miss Jones nearly fainted. Was it not the 20th of December, and was not her Solomon coming to marry her, to lead her off captive to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Heartsease, there to make her his wife? To no one had Miss Tabitha confided her sweet secret. It was too sacred to be bandied about, like Mr. Bankum's public courtship, and Paddy had been so fearful of the approaching ceremony leaking out that he had ceased to correspond with his brother's family in Grand Street, and had insisted upon a strictly private and very quiet wedding at Mr. Heartsease's house, and a short trip south in the honeymoon.

So Miss Jones had invented a nice little story of going into the country to spend the holidays. Her trunk was packed, and she was ready to start, but Mrs. Hasler was not to be informed of the wedding until the last moment.

On that eventful day Mr. Paddy announced to Miss Perkins that he intended spending a couple of weeks with his brother in the city; and as the afternoon train rattled toward New York, Solomon's heart fluttered at the rapidly approaching ordeal.

The sun was just about to disappear behind the Western horizon, as the train rolled into the Grand Central Depot, and the passengers hurried out of the cars. Solomon was getting more and more nervous every minute. What if by any chance his brother or one of his nephews or nieces should be in or around the depot? What could he say? How account for his dressy appearance? He thought of waiting until the cars were hauled out into the yard, and then, by going down a side street, avoid all exposure; but bethinking himself of the danger of being arrested as a thief or run over by a switch engine, he changed his mind, and first glancing cautiously along the platform to see that all was clear, pulled his hat over his eyes, hurried to the street, bolted into a hack, and giving the direction to the driver, dropped down into the furthest corner, bowed the cold perspiration from his brow, and congratulated himself on arriving so far so well.

It was quite dark, and the street lamps were flickering, when Mrs. Hasler's hack, but the gas in the hall had not been lighted, and Solomon dismissed the hackman, and ascended the brown-stone steps with a beating heart. A trim servant-girl answered his ring, and he numbered something intended to be a request to see Miss Jones, forgetting to send up his card in his confusion.

"Oh yes, Sir; I'll tell her," said the girl, with a queer smile, as she showed Solomon into the dim parlor. "Bless my soul! I believe that girl knows all about it," thought he. "It's very annoying."

Then he stood first on one leg, then on the other, and tried to be interested in looking into the beauties of a very dark old picture, which was just faintly illuminated by the light from the street lamp outside, while his heart kept up such a thumping

he imagined all in the house must hear it.

A rustle of silk was heard on the stairs, and Solomon turned, with a start, just in time to receive a tall and fleshy lady, weeping in a very stately manner, into his arms.

"I am yours, dear, dear Mr. Wilks," sobbed the lady.

"Good gracious! what does this mean? This must be some terrible mistake!" ejaculated Mr. Paddy, as he staggered to a chair with his burden. "Be calm, my dear madam. My name is not Wilks."

"Not Wilks!" shrieked Mrs. Bankum starting up. "Help! help! thieves! murder!"

"Thunder and lightning! She's gone crazy, and I am the cause. Be quiet, madam—do, please," entreated the wretched Paddy.

"Oh, Charles, save me from this drunken lunatic!" cried Mrs. Bankum, as a young man came into the room; and then she went into hysterics.

"What do you mean by this conduct, you villain?" shouted Mr. Charles, approaching Solomon in a threatening manner.

"I'm sure I—I don't know," stammered Solomon, almost bereft of his senses.

"Well, then, get out of here," thundered Mr. Bankum, taking him by the collar of his Ulster and pushing him out upon the stoop.

This was more than Paddy could bear. "Let go of my coat, Sir!" he shouted, as he wrenched himself clear. "I demand to see Miss Jones."

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" said the other. "Want to frighten all the ladies in the house, do you? Get off the stoop, you vagabond!" and he pushed the fighting, struggling Paddy to the sidewalk, where quite an admiring crowd had now gathered. Then all the Paddy blood was up, and striking out in a not very scientific manner, Solomon knocked Mr. Charles down, but he was up in a second, and returned the compliment by knocking Mr. Paddy into the gutter, from whence he was pulled by a blue coated policeman.

"Now, then, what's the row, Mr. Bankum?" asked the officer, who was very well acquainted with that gentleman, having assisted him to find the key-hole of No. 9021 more than once.

"He's a drunken beggar or a sneak thief, I think," answered Mr. Bankum, with his handkerchief to his bleeding nose.

"Excuse me, Sir," expostulated Mr. Paddy; "I am neither a beggar nor a thief. I wish to see a lady in this house."

At this he hooted and laughed, and Mr. Bluecoat said, "That won't do. I know you, my boy. Come along," and along he went, followed by a procession, to the station-house.

"What's the name?" asked the sergeant, as Solomon stood before him.

"My name is Solomon Paddy, and I am an enormously laboring under a terrible mistake," commenced the poor man.

"Stop your talking. What's the charge, Brown?" asked the sergeant.

"Drunk and disorderly. He tried to get into Mrs. Hasler's house, and commenced to fight when they put him out. I think I remember him, Sir, before."

"Allow me one word of explanation, please the miserable Solomon."

"You'll have a chance before the judge in the morning. Take him below," returned the inexorable sergeant.

Where was the expectant bride all this time? Waiting in her room for the summons that the groom had arrived. Darkness had come on, the gas was lighted. No Paddy. Poor Miss Tabitha began to think he had proved false, and became sick at heart. The dinner-bell rang, but she was suffering now from a raging headache, and could not respond, but had some toast and tea sent up to her. The evening passed away, and all hope going with it, Miss Tabitha took herself to a sleepless couch, soliloquizing on the falsehood and deception of mankind.

With pale face and broken heart she went down to breakfast, where Mrs. Bankum was relating her adventures of the evening before, and young Bankum was reading the newspaper account of the affair.

"At the police station the hardened ruffian gave his name as Solomon Paddy, of course an alias," read that gentleman.

Over went Miss Jones' cup of tea. Up she started. A new light had dawned upon her, and in less than fifteen minutes, to the great surprise of the occupants of the court-room, an excited maiden lady in an hurried morning costume, hurried up to the justice's desk and whispered something in his ear.

"I'll give you thirty days on the island, and it shall be six months if I catch you here again," said the justice to the prisoner under examination. Then to Miss Jones, "Now, madam, please step in here."

Last of all a forlorn and wretched old of prisoners, each under the escort of a policeman, was Solomon, his coat covered with the dried mud of the gutter, and his face presenting a very disreputable appearance.

He had noticed Miss Tabitha's last entry, but, poor fellow, was so overcome with his disgrace that he shrank further back into the crowd.

"Is Mr. Solomon Paddy here? I wish to see him," said the justice, looking out from the door of his private room.

Solomon's captor pushed him forward, while a buzz of amazement ran through the crowd.

"Oh, Solomon, how you have been persecuted for my sake!" cried Miss Tabitha, bursting into tears, as she looked upon his sorrowful visage.

"This has been a bad mistake, Sir, but I hope it will never occur again," said the justice, after some words of explanation had passed between them, and he smiled as if it was the funniest thing imaginable for a quiet old gentleman to pass a night in the station-house.

Solomon looked very grim, and hoped with all his heart it would not be told. The justice's office boy was sent for, and the application of soap and water and a clothes-brush soon rendered Mr. Paddy more presentable. A carriage was called, and they passed through the interested crowd, who thought poor Paddy was a runaway husband, and drove off amidst great cheering, with three small boys hanging on behind.

"Where are we going to, dear?" asked the blushing Tabitha.

"To the minister's! I'm not going to have this sort of thing happen again," answered Solomon, quite savagely.

Great was the reverend gentleman's surprise when, on walking up from his breakfast table with a napkin in his hand, he found Mr. Paddy and Miss Jones in his reception-room, and greater still when he discovered their errand. But he was equal to the emergency, and in a very few minutes Miss Jones had ceased to exist, and Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Paddy returned to the waiting hack and drove to their hotel.

A Chinaman came to Teach New York Christians Buddhism.

At 302 West Forty-seventh street, a reception was given last evening to Wong Ching Foo, a Chinese political exile, who is lecturing on the religions and politics of his country. Mr. Wong explained his object in coming to this city, and made clear many points of the Buddhist belief that are generally misunderstood among us. He said that he wished it to be clearly understood that he did not come here in an aggressive spirit; that he was not trying to undermine our faith in Christianity, but that he wanted to give us a correct impression of his country and its religion. He is particularly incensed at the dogma of some Christian denominations—that all so-called heathens are devoted to eternal damnation. He said, "I respect, answered Mr. Bankum, with his handkerchief to his bleeding nose.

"Excuse me, Sir," expostulated Mr. Paddy; "I am neither a beggar nor a thief. I wish to see a lady in this house."

At this he hooted and laughed, and Mr. Bluecoat said, "That won't do. I know you, my boy. Come along," and along he went, followed by a procession, to the station-house.

"What's the name?" asked the sergeant, as Solomon stood before him.

"My name is Solomon Paddy, and I am an enormously laboring under a terrible mistake," commenced the poor man.

"Stop your talking. What's the charge, Brown?" asked the sergeant.

"Drunk and disorderly. He tried to get into Mrs. Hasler's house, and commenced to fight when they put him out. I think I remember him, Sir, before."

"Allow me one word of explanation, please the miserable Solomon."

"You'll have a chance before the judge in the morning. Take him below," returned the inexorable sergeant.

Where was the expectant bride all this time? Waiting in her room for the summons that the groom had arrived. Darkness had come on, the gas was lighted. No Paddy. Poor Miss Tabitha began to think he had proved false, and became sick at heart. The dinner-bell rang, but she was suffering now from a raging headache, and could not respond, but had some toast and tea sent up to her. The evening passed away, and all hope going with it, Miss Tabitha took herself to a sleepless couch, soliloquizing on the falsehood and deception of mankind.

With pale face and broken heart she went down to breakfast, where Mrs. Bankum was relating her adventures of the evening before, and young Bankum was reading the newspaper account of the affair.

"At the police station the hardened ruffian gave his name as Solomon Paddy, of course an alias," read that gentleman.

Over went Miss Jones' cup of tea. Up she started. A new light had dawned upon her, and in less than fifteen minutes, to the great surprise of the occupants of the court-room, an excited maiden lady in an hurried morning costume, hurried up to the justice's desk and whispered something in his ear.

"I'll give you thirty days on the island, and it shall be six months if I catch you here again," said the justice to the prisoner under examination. Then to Miss Jones, "Now, madam, please step in here."

Last of all a forlorn and wretched old of prisoners, each under the escort of a policeman, was Solomon, his coat covered with the dried mud of the gutter, and his face presenting a very disreputable appearance.

He had noticed Miss Tabitha's last entry, but, poor fellow, was so overcome with his disgrace that he shrank further back into the crowd.

What is a Christian?

By THE REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Reported for the Boston Journal.

Text: The Disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.—Acts xiii:26.

My subject to-night is, "What is a Christian?" and I have taken for my text the passage which states that this name was first given to the disciples of Jesus at Antioch. That great city, that centre of Oriental civilization in ancient times, where the Jewish thought and the Greek thought and the Roman thought came together but were unfamiliar with the nomenclature of Judaism, they were surprised, as the Jews at Jerusalem were not surprised, when they were told that Jesus was the Christ. The word Christ struck them as something novel, and they said, "These people are Christians, they talk about some thing which they call Christ," and so those who were before only known as disciples of Jesus were henceforward called Christians.

I think this shows us very plainly what a Christian is. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus with a new name, that is all. A disciple, a follower, a learner, one who comes to Jesus to learn of Him; he is a disciple, and if a disciple is a Christian, why then he is a Christian. Any one who, like Mary, is sitting at the feet of Jesus to hear His words is a Christian. We know that Christ said, "One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen the good part which shall never be taken from her." And that good part, as we know, was that she was sitting at the feet of Jesus, and when the Master's feet that she might learn of Him. But a disciple in the school of Christ is not merely one who goes to Him to learn the truth because Christianity is not merely something to be known but it is also something to be done, and the study of Christianity is not, therefore, only something theoretical but also something practical, and if a school of Christ may be called a practical school, and an industrial school where we learn by action and learn by doing.

Now as Christianity is something to be done as well as something to be known, a disciple is one who is not only learning the truth, but also practicing the truth, doing the will of God. He is studying and practicing Christianity under the Teacher and Master, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus who is learning and practicing Christianity, doing the will of God, and that is our first definition of a Christian.

they are right, if they disagree with him they are wrong. He begins, therefore, almost from the necessity of the case, to beat and strike his fellow servants, and so he also becomes a sectarian, he unites with those who agree with him in thinking that they are perfectly right on the point, whatever it may be, and they form a sect.

Yes; but we may be told that believing is essential; that there are some essential doctrines of Christianity, and no man can be a Christian who does not believe these doctrines. If it was so Jesus would have told us so. If it be true that no man is a Christian who does not accept the so-called doctrines of Orthodoxy, then the Lord Jesus who came into the world to teach the way of salvation would certainly have said so. He would have said, "It is necessary if you wish to be followers of mine to believe that I am God, to believe that there are three substances. You are to believe in the sacrament, in my atoning sacrifice, to believe in everlasting punishment, otherwise you are no Christian. We have the Sermon on the Mount, in which he describes fully and minutely the difference between his doctrine and that which preceded it; how his doctrine differed from Judaism which went before. There was no doctrine of the Trinity in Judaism. The Jews didn't believe that the Messiah was to be God when he came. They had no Orthodox doctrine of the atonement. Then he would have said, "Ye have heard that it has been said so and so and by those of old time, but I say unto you, you must believe these doctrines." Then he would have said, "Whoso heareth these teachings of mine about total depravity, about everlasting punishment, and believeth them, I will liken him to a man who builds his house on a rock, and when the floods come and the winds beat upon the house, the man who believes these doctrines will stand firm and his house will stand, else will fall," but he said nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he said, "Whoso heareth these words of mine," and they were all practical, practical goodness, the whole of them—"and do them, I will liken him to a wise man who built his house on the rock."

"To try to do right, and to try to believe right is not enough. We must have a true Christian experience; we must have a new heart; we must be converted; we must be born again. Only those men called Christians who have passed through this experience." Now I fully agree that there is such a thing as conversion, and regeneration, and I fully agree that a Christian is one who is learning faith, hope and love, as well as learning how to do what is right. I don't believe that any particular form, any technical method of conversion or regeneration is to be set up as standard. Whoever is going to Christ to learn faith from Him, and love from Him is a Christian. He is a disciple in Christ's school, and we have the authority of Christ for saying that no person can pluck any one of his disciples out of his hand. If we belong to him by being genuine disciples, whether we have all the Christian experience that we need or not, we are on the list of his disciples, and if we are sincere and faithful in the use of these opportunities we shall arrive at that new life of faith hope and love.

And so, my dear friends, my conclusion is this: That to be a Christian is the view of persons as a disciple, learning the truth from him; learning from him how to do good, and learning from him how to come nearer to God. Christianity is faith and hope and love working in all that we do and feel, and are in the school of Christ has no fear for the present or the future. All is well with him. He trusts himself wholly to God.

From what I learned in my experience and observation of mesmerism I am so far aware of the existence of rarely used and undeveloped powers and capacities in the brain as to disapprove very strongly the gratuitous supposition, in the spirit-rapping case, of pure imposture on the one hand and of the presence of departed spirits on the other. I see no occasion or justification whatever for either supposition; and I observe this is the view of persons whose judgment is most respected—persons who have waited till the first excitement has passed off, and they could look into the matter as philosophers should. About the facts of mesmerism my position is the same that it was twenty years ago—simply because I hold no opinion based on any theory, for I never had any theory on it, but knowledge of facts. If Cuvier and other eminent naturalists had insisted that no ground of facts in natural history is better established on observation and experiment than those of mesmerism, it is not possible for any reasonable person who knows the facts to have variable opinions on the case.—Miss Martineau.

A man always gets through his life a clean slate, and looks round him with a few lines smile. But if his girl really loves him she will gently push her plate away from her, and say, "Won't you take a spoonful of mine?"

Business Cards.

MARBLE AND WORKS.
H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.

HAVING purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. PETER HAGAN, and with his previously large Stock of

ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, AND RUTLAND MARBLES,

the Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stock of Monumental Marbles to be found in the country. All Stock is guaranteed.

Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province. (Sept 28)

L. B. BOTSFOED, M. D.
Office: In the Store lately occupied by M. Wood & Sons.

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

BLAKLEE & WHITEHEAD,
DEALERS IN
Paper Hangings, White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

22 Germain St., St. John, N. B.
JOS. HOWE DICKSON,
Attorney at Law, Conveyancer, &c.

Office: In the Building of H. B. Allison, opposite the Banking Office of M. Wood & Sons, SACKVILLE, N. B.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.

Office: A. L. Palmer's Building, Dorchester, N. B.

POUGLEY, CRAWFORD & PUGLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
90 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

G. B. TAGLEY, J. H. CRAWFORD, W. PUGLEY, JR.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands.)
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 WALTON STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, Philadelphia.
GEO. S. TOWNSEND, July 24

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. Jewellery neatly repaired. G. H. V.

CHARLES R. SMITH,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.

AMHERST, N. S.

Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGING,
Brushes and Window Glass.

KING ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

AGENCY
OF THE
Baie Verte Pottery.

FLOWER POTS—assorted sizes;
MILK PANS, do;
BREAD PANS, do;
CREAM CHOOKS, &c., &c.
A general assortment of EARTHENWARE for sale at the Store of M. Wood & Sons, by
FRANK HARPER.

UNION HOTEL.

GEORGE W. SHAW, Proprietor.

Hopewell Corner, A. C.
(May 24)

NEW BRUNSWICK
PARLOR & VESTRY
Organ Manufactory.

PETITODIAC, N. B.

CABINETS ORGANS of all descriptions on hand, and manufactured to order. Pianos, Sewing Machines, &c., always on hand. All instruments of my manufacture warranted to give satisfaction. A liberal discount made to churches.

WM. MURPHY,
Proprietor.

WOOLLEN MILLS

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg leave to announce to the public