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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 599.

ORIGINAL.

The Cascade.

OF CASCADE VALLEY, PARROBORO', N. S.

Strange freak that cleft the mountain ridge,
As if the lightning Time
Down from the heights above, had made
A furrow, deep, and true,
To show what mighty works have been—
A vault to bury men in.

It ever flows, the headlong stream,
And changes in its course
Down from the heights above, as if
In heaven it had its source;
Weird basins in the rocks are shown,
Where swirling eddies ever mourn.

The giant trees, like sentinels,
Have watched the awful place,
Since on its brink the red man stood,
Before the pale-faced race
His land of waterfalls had won,
Of streams and lakes lit by the sun.

The eagle, on his time-worn crag,
Screams in his wildest rage,
His voice he matches with the roar,
His voice cannot assuage
The deep-toned murmurs of the falls,
The echoes of the haunted halls.

The raven croaks above the vault,
Charned with the solitude;
The owl hoots there his own wild hymn,
Resounding through the wood;
And loneliness has built her throne,
And claims the cascade for her own.

Where grandeur is, there is the guest,
And in the leafy time,
Gay parties meet around the falls
To view the scene sublime.
Hold picnic in the summer shade,
And come with cascade flowers arrayed.

There oft the pretty fair, in robes
Sweetness and beauty come to vie
With awe and grandeur there,
And who may know to love the best,
The awful cascade, or its guest?

Roll onward in the wild career,
In awful splendor roll,
And loud proclaim the praise of Him
Who holds thee in control;
That power the pearls deep set,
The cascade-plunge with awe invests.

Roll on, in might that measures less,
Out to the ocean's side,
For so the stream of human life
Flows to the other side—
Glides on, and on, as long as it may,
And reaches to the faraway.

A Picture.

She stood before me
In her gentle grace,
With a soul mirror'd
In her pleasing face,
Portraying that which
Stands the test of Time,
The painter's genius, or—
The poet's rhyme. A. M.
Dartmouth, N. S., July, 1881.

LITERATURE.

John Paul.

He was doubtless a tramp. His
worn and dusty dress, his crushed
felt hat, his dirty shoes, and the
checked muslin shirt, tied at the
neck with a bit of blue ribbon,
and the little handle borne on
his shoulder from the end of a
stout stick, told the story plainly.
Added to this was the beard of a
week's growth, except the mustache,
which had not been touched by a razor.
He was rather a good-looking
fellow for all that, with a keen
eye, an open countenance, and a
well-knit figure, and he strode along
as though he felt that the wandering
idler was really the king of other
men, and tramping a superior art.
Presently he came to a stick
and bundle, and made a leap to the
road, just in time to stop a runaway
horse, with the long reins flapping
about his feet, and the wagon be-
hind him swaying from side to side.
The occupants of the wagon, a
couple as old-fashioned as the carry-
all in which they sat, had been
frantically crying to the horse to
stop, and now that some one had
stopped him, were profuse in their
thanks.

"But is not vicious," said the
man, whose language and dress
showed him to belong to the class
of Friends, "but two geese flew
across the road, and before I knew
it he had jerked the reins out of my
hands and started on a run. I'm
obliged to her, for if these hadn't
caught him, he might have
spilled us over the high bank below
there."

The tramp nodded, and turned to
go, when the woman spoke.
"Friend," she said, "these have
split thy coat up the back."
"Have I?" returned the tramp,
feeling for the rent. "So I have.
I must go and get it mended some-
where."

"As thee did it helping us—"
said the man, putting his hand in
his pocket.
"I say that," raising his hand,
and showing with his left a set of
white teeth. "I don't take money
for stopping horses; but I thank you
for your intention."

"I tell thee what to do, friend—I
don't know thy name," said the wo-
man.

The tramp smiled again, and said,
"You may call me John Paul, if you
choose."

"Well, friend Paul, does thee see
that white horse among the trees,
off from the road back yonder?
Thee go there, and say to Rachel—"

"What's her name—that her name
is, aunt, Mahlon and Naomi Stacy, wait
thee, and ask her to see thy coat for
thee. She'll make it passable at
least."

"Thank you, ma'am; I'll do so."
The tramp removed his battered
felt hat, made a bow rather more
courteously than might have been ex-
pected, and the parties pursued
their several ways.

A brisk two minutes' walk brought
John Paul to the lane leading from

the road to the Stacy farm-house.
Down this lane he turned, and when
half way in it, heard a woman scream.
The next minute a pretty young girl,
with her hair flying over her shoulder,
ran out of the house, pursued by
a great, burly, rough fellow, who
stopped when he saw the other
tramp coming. The girl kept on,
but when she observed the new
comer, stopped, also, in doubt
whether it was not a confederate.

"Anything wrong?" inquired
John Paul.

"That—that man!" gasped the
girl.

"There be tramps, and—tramps.
The one to whom Paul, advanced
was of the baser order, brawny,
whisker-sodden, and brutal.

"What do you mean by frighten-
ing this young lady?"

"Take it easy, pard," rejoined the
big tramp, grinning. "The gal gives
me a lunch, an' I wanted to sweeten
it with a kiss. There's no bones
broke."

John Paul's face reddened. He
took off his coat and threw it on the
palings of the lane fence.

"Now," said he, quietly, "you'll
leave."

"When I git good an' ready,"
answered the other, insolently.

"No, sir—now."

"Ha! ha! Suppose you spell able.
Do you see that?" and he thrust his
first under the nose of the younger
man.

It was dashed aside suddenly, and
the right hand of John Paul fell with
full force between the eyes of the
tramp, who fell, doubled in a heap.
He was up in an instant, to go down
again by another fall. Picking
himself up, he made another rush
with both arms extended towards
his opponent. It was impossible to
parry this, and it was not attempted.

Paul stepped suddenly aside, and be-
fore his antagonist could recover
himself, caught him on the throat
with his right arm, and suddenly
bending over his own extended knee,
threw the great mass of flesh to the
ground with a force that made quite
an audible sound. The ruffian lay
there for a minute or so motionless.

"That hasn't killed him?" timidly
inquired the girl.

"No, miss," said John Paul, "but
I've given him a good one. Come,
sit, get up," he added, as the man
began to stir; "pick yourself up and
go, or I'll give you more of it, and
worse."

"I'm going," said the other, rising
slowly and rubbing his back. "I'm
going home. But I say, you ain't
man; you're a steam engine, you are."

As soon as the fellow had dragged
himself out of sight, John Paul took
his coat, and finding on enquiry that
the girl's name was Rachel, gave her
the message he had been sent to
deliver. She looked at him, and then
looked down, at her request, to the
house, where he seated himself on
the back veranda, while Rachel,
coat in hand, disappeared in the
kitchen.

In a few minutes she came out,
with a key and a bundle, as good
as new; it was only ripped in the
seam, not torn, and—Oh dear!
There it was that vexatious Crumple
in the garden again!

Paul looked, and saw that a cow
had got into an inclosure not meant
for browsing goats, and he was
going to get her out. It did not prove
an easy job, however; and by the
time he had managed to overcome
her dodges and manoeuvres, and
finally got the brute safely into the
barn-yard, he saw the farmer and his
wife drive in, and knew from her
manner that Rachel was telling
them all about the fight. As he
came forward to reclaim his mended
coat, Mahlon Stacy met him with a
beaming countenance.

"There has placed me under obli-
gation again, friend Paul," he said.
"I hear thee say that thee had to
force it. It is against the principles
of Friends, but since thee had to do
it, I'm glad to learn thee did it well.
A big man too, for I think the one
we met with blood on his face was
the one thee dealt with."

"There's no trouble in handling
him, sir. I am only too glad to have
been of service to the young lady."
With these words he moved off.

"Stay, friend," cried the farmer.
"If thee won't have compensation
for thy service, thee'll at least grant
us some favor, and take supper
with us."

The young man hesitated, but
glancing at the woman, said, "I—I
am not in a fit condition for the
table; I—"

"If that's all," eagerly rejoined
Mahlon, "we can arrange that.
Come with me." And the young
man was speedily ushered into a
chamber, where his host gave him
shaving materials, and left him, to
hear more definite particulars about
the encounter, in which, like many
men of peaceful habits, he took a
deep interest.

At the supper table, John Paul, in
evading minute inquiry, let them
know that he lived in New York
when at home, and gave them some
account of the metropolis, of which
they had heard, but never seen, and
which he told in plain and laudatory
terms that he kept his eyes open
during his tramping.

After supper Mahlon Stacy and
John Paul sat on the veranda while
the women-folk were clearing the
table, and the former, after two or
three preliminary house spoke his
mind.

"There was looking for work, per-
haps, friend?"

"No, I can't say that I was."

"Thee would take a job if thee
could get one, maybe?"
"That depends on what it is."
"Can thee now?"

A smile broke over the young
man's face. "Not very well," he
said. "I did learn how to swing a
saw once—when I—when I was
on a farm for a month in the hay
season; but I'm not an expert
mower."

"That might come by practice,"
rejoined the farmer. "You see, my
man was obliged to leave me before
the hay is all made—and when I met
thee I was going after some one to
take his place, and did not succeed.
Thee might be of help if thee would,
and I would give thee the fair wages."

"Well, sir, it is new business for
me; but I'll do the best I can for you
till you can do better; and as for the
wages, we'll not differ on that."

"Then thee'll stay here, and we'll
tackle the south field to-morrow,"
exclaimed the farmer, joyously.

"Naomi, thee'll get a room ready
for friend Paul. He's going to help
with the hay."

So John took service with Mahlon
Stacy, or, as he put it to himself,
that night, "I'm hired to Rachel's
uncle," and he laughed at the same
time as though it was the funniest
thing possible.

The hay-making was over in three
days, but John, as they all called
now, remained. He evidently knew
very little about farming, but his
teaching kindly. He developed a
great knowledge of horses, their
needs and wants, and altogether
Mahlon was satisfied with his raw
hand. The fourth day it rained so
that outdoor work was stopped.

The farmer and John sat in the
kitchen, the former a rather down-
cast mood. John watched Rachel's
motions for some time, as she
moved about gracefully, and then
took a book which lay upon the shelf,
and began reading. Mahlon smiled
grimly.

"If thee likes to read," he said,
there is 'No Cross, No Crown' and
Barclay's Apology in the sitting-
room. That is a foolish book of
poetry that Rachel delights in. But
it can do no one any good. It is
funny in parts, though."

"I've Hoot's poems," "Some of
this is by my means famous," said
John, "the 'Bridge of Sighs,' for
instance."

"I don't remember. Will the
read it out?"

John read the poem, and in a way
that, no one there had heard—read
it with feeling and force.

"Thee reads remarkably well,
John," said Mahlon.

"Poor creature!" said Naomi.
She referred to the heroine, and not
to John.

Rachel said nothing, but her eyes
were full of tears.

"Dig Me Out of My Grave!"
THE UNLISHED ACT THAT CAUDED
RALPH GORE TO BE BURIED ALIVE.

From the Cleveland Leader.

While Mr. Ralph Gore, the con-
tractor, was superintending the work
in the new sewer, and while he was
at the bottom of excavation the
earth began to give away. He stepped
aside and let all in his employ
escape ahead of him, and then the
earth fell on him. His head could
be seen just above the earth.

"He ain't my legs are broken, gen-
tlemen," he said, "but set to work and
dig me out of my grave." He spoke
encouragingly and made light of
the accident. While the workmen
were digging, the other bank was
seen to be giving way. It was over
the spot where Mr. Gore was, and
wedged in as in a vise. Five or six
hundred tons of earth and rock must
come down unless a miracle inter-
vened. The laborers had cleared
away the earth as far as Mr. Gore's
shoulders, but now they had to fly
for their own lives. Next moment
the man was alone. Above him was
the tottering avalanche, and on the
south bank stood a crowd of people
with pallid faces. The look of de-
spair that he gave when he took in
the situation will never be forgotten.

He made one desperate struggle
to extricate himself, and then resign-
ed himself to his fate. He fixed his
eyes on the slowly moving mass and
watched it creep nearer and nearer,
the point where he knew it would
receive sufficient impetus to be har-
ried down upon him. God help
me," he exclaimed, and the awe-
stricken crowd echoed the wish.

Then his lips were seen to move in
prayer, and the land slide moved
faster. It received a temporary
check, but again glided on toward
the brink. The suspense at this
moment was terrible. A large
school opposite had just been let out,
and the teachers and children had
gathered on the brink. Men,
women, and children sobbed aloud,
and some knelt in prayer.

The avalanche was not within two feet
of the bank where the man became
steep. Slowly it crept; inch by
inch, the point was reached; its
pace quickened, there was a rush,
and the next moment 500 tons of
earth plunged over the brink and fell
with a crash on top of the man's
head. Later in the day the body
was recovered, a shapeless mass.

An English servant-girl who had
returned from the United States, to
visit her friends at home, was told
that she "looked really aristocratic."
To which she responded: "Yes, in
America all of us domestics belong
to the hire class."

Woodstock Ravaged by Fire.
ABOUT SEVENTY HOUSES DESTROYED.
THE BUSINESS PORTION SAVED.
INCENDIARISM THE ORIGIN OF THE
FIRE.—LOSS, INSURANCE, &c.

From Friday's St. John Globe
Shortly after midnight news was
received in St. John by telegraph
that a fire had broken out in Wood-
stock, in the Town Hall (corner of
Broadway and Parkstreets), a build-
ing formerly known as the Me-
chanics' Institute. For some years
past the property has been owned
by the Town. It was a two story
wooden building, containing a large
public hall. The wind was from the
northwest, and the fire spread rap-
idly, destroying a large amount of
property. Incendiaries without the
shadow of doubt were the cause of
the disaster. About half an hour
later the fire had taken possession of
the Mechanics' Institute building.

A heavy northwest wind was
blowing and in a few minutes the
building was enveloped in flames.
The engine was soon at work, but
the fire seized on W. F. Dibble's
store, and soon spread to the resi-
dences, the latter not yet occupied.
The fire was soon under control, and
burned to the ground. In the mean-
time flames were observed
bursting out of Mayor R. K. Jones's
barn, one third of a mile to wind-
ward of the first fire.

The wind now seemed to blow a
hurricane, and soon drove the flames
on to Jones's residence, thence
across the street, the fire spreading
each way. Soon both sides of Main
street were fiercely burning. The
Free Baptist Church, the old and
new Episcopal Churches and Regis-
ter's Office was soon wrapped in
flames.

By this time excitement ran to a
frenzied height and consternation
was expressed on every face. The
wildest and most weird scenes were
enacted. Horses went plunging
along the fiery streets, maddened
with the flames and almost un-
controllable. Men were screaming for
help as their houses were seized by
the devouring element. Women ran
hither and thither in wild dismay,
bearing for the safety of their
children, people were battling with
the flames, and many were leaving
the hope remained of saving their dwell-
ing they vainly endeavored to get
their household effects to a place of
safety, a great amount of such being
burned on the street. The work of
destruction was only of short dura-
tion. The Engine Company, which
stayed the flames at the Institute,
section came across the bridge to
battle with the grate and newer
dangers. They were driven down
Main street, house by house, till at
last on a street passing the New
Hotel they stopped, and the fire
element. The safety of a very
large area was entirely due to the
strenuous efforts of our Company and
Captain. The fire swept Main street,
from Hugh Hay's to the Town Hall,
for ten rods on each side, running
down to a point on the River, ending
with the residence of Mr. J. T.
Allan.

The following is the list of build-
ing burned and the families turned
out as far as known just now:
Patrick Connor, Wm. Skiller, R.
K. Jones, Ed. Williams, J. McCann,
and store occupied by Mr. S. J. Jones,
two tenants, N. Delong and George
Sutton; S. J. Baker, in the Misses
Dibble's house; Mrs. Lewis Smith,
with Burns in the lower flat; Registry
office; Lockup occupied by Chas.
Foster; Park Gillin's house occu-
pied by Robt. Wetmore, R. J. Belyea,
and H. B. Baird; Jas. McDon-
ald's house, store and tenement; J.
T. Kerr's house, store, W. Fisher,
Rev. Thos. Nesles, Free Baptist
Church, Doctor Bolloch's
residence occupied also by Richard
Wheeler, and a teacher, John
Lanchlan, old and new Episcopal
Churches, and Sabbath school of
the same; Miss Day's house, also
occupied by S. J. Baker; Miss Mc-
Indoe's store, D. A. Munro's store,
Thos. Dunn building, new shoe
shop, bakery and confectionery, oc-
cupied by E. H. Dawson and Geo.
Abrams, of the N. B. Railway; C.
Sege's store, J. Carr's tenement,
occupied by families; Mrs. Blake's
house, occupied by self and W.
Miller; Doctor Smith's tenement,
three families; A. Payson, Robt.
Donaldson's house, occupied by J.
C. Arnold and Sandy Kerr; J. Mc-
Kinley, Thos. Corcoran; Mrs. Jas.
Miller's house, occupied by her and
Allan; Thos. Corcoran; and four or
five colored families' houses.

North British has risks ag-
gregating \$18,000; London & Liver-
pool \$8,000; Commercial Union
\$2,000; J. C. Winslow agent; Lon-
don & Lancashire \$2,000, and Lan-
ce & Co. \$2,000. W. V. V. V. V. V. V.
The others will be sent later.

About 20 acres have been cleared
by the fire. Several accidents oc-
curred.

A stone mason of Sherbrooke,
Que., named Salter, while in an angry
mood left his home and ordered his
supper at a neighboring hotel.

Among the delicacies called for
was beef-steak, of which he partook
relishingly. Suddenly he jumped up
from the table, violently clasped his
hand to his throat, and fell dead. A
large piece of the half masticated
steak had stuck in his wind-pipe.

A "pie social" is the latest rural
festivity. It was held in Annapolis
County last week and realized \$29.

VEGETINE
Conductors Take It.
Blotches, Pimples, Humors on the
Face and Neck Disappear.

A Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism
MONTREAL, P. Q., Oct. 17, 1879.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—Most cheerfully add my
testimonial to the great number you are
daily receiving in favor of your VEGETINE.
I have been troubled with rheumatism for
several years; also with blotches and
pimples breaking out upon my face and
neck.

A friend recommended VEGETINE, and
after using several bottles, I have had no
more trouble with rheumatism, and the
blotches and pimples have disappeared.
I have recommended VEGETINE to some
of my friends who were troubled with
rheumatism, and they will recommend
it to all who are troubled in the same way.
Yours truly, VICTOR PIROUX.
Passenger Conductor Grand Trunk Ry.

VEGETINE
Dr. Callier Surprised.
Callierville, Chilton Co., Ala.,
May 15, 1878.

Dear Sir—My daughter has been afflicted
with nasal catarrh, affection of bladder
and kidneys, and is of scrupulous habits,
and, after having exhausted my skill and
the most eminent physicians of Selma, I
at last resorted to the use of your VEGETINE
(without confidence), and, to my great
surprise, my daughter has been re-
stored to health. I write this as a simple
act of justice, and not as a flattering
medium.

Respectfully,
T. E. CALLIER, M. D.

VEGETINE
Worked Like a Charm—Cured Salt
Rheum and Erysipelas.
76 COURT ST., BOSTON, N. Y.,
July 10, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—One year ago last fall my
little boy had a terrible case of Erysipelas
and Salt Rheum, his face being one
uninterrupted sore of the worst description,
along the forehead and cheeks, and
I purchased two bottles of the VEGETINE,
and with the two bottles my son was
cured. I never saw anything like the
VEGETINE; it worked like a charm.
I have been city watchman in Rome for
years. This testimonial is gratuitous.
Yours respectfully,
HORATIO CRIDLEY.

VEGETINE
Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous Face.
WESTMINSTER, CONN., June 19, 1879.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I can testify to the good effect
of your medicine. My little boy had a
Scrofulous break out on his head as big
as a quarter of a dollar, and it went down
his face, and he was very uncomfortable,
and I never saw anything like the
VEGETINE; it worked like a charm.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. G. R. TRUTHER.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass., and
Toronto, Ontario.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.
Gloucester Sailors.

From "Around Cape Ann" by
Hiram Rich, in the first number of
The Century Magazine (late Scrib-
ner's):

Six sloops, one boat, and one
shallop, composed the Cape Ann
fleet in 1693; now it has nearly five
hundred, of almost every size, from
thousand tons, and Gloucester is the
largest fishing port in the land. Its
fleet is manned by men of every
clime. A tide of young men, main-
fined from the provinces, sets steadily
toward this port. Many have the
characteristic readiness of the sailor,
and the earnings of weeks are
spent between sunset and sunrise.
There is among them no sailor out
of clothes, and ashore they follow
the prevailing fashions, down to
lager beer. All hands are prepared
for Jack, and he is prepared for all
hands. As in all other calling, the
thrill follows prudence and industry,
though he seems to lie open to the
changes and chances of luck. You
will see his cottage commanding the
finest sea view, for on the heights lie
the cheapest lots. Alas! that the
ward on every coming sail, often to
see the flag "half-mast," for whom?
Here are no labor strikes. The
sailor brings in a case of fish, per-
haps all he has caught, by them-
selves; they are weighed off, the
vessel is put to rights, and he goes
up to the counting room for his
check. The whole value of the fish
is reckoned by the vessel owner or
his clerk; then is deducted cost of
ice and bait bought; then, one-
quarter of one per cent. for the Wi-
dow's and Orphan Fund; one-half
the remainder belongs to the owner,
the other to him. From his part is
then deducted charges for wood-
sawing and splitting, for water,
medicine, chest, condensed milk, and
any charge for labor on the vessel
which belonged to him to do, but
which has been hired done. His
check is then handed him, and he
presents it in person, or it finds its
devious way to the bank by other—
perhaps not cleaner—hands.

On Thirty Days' Trial.
We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated
Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric
Appliances on trial for thirty days to
young men and old men, suffering from
Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality,
etc., guaranteeing speedy relief and
complete restoration of vigor and man-
hood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties,
Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Address:
Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. 1y

Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Business
Cards, &c., neatly printed at this Office

GREAT OFFERS!
I HAVE the best stock of Christmas
Cards in America, and I want a good
live Agent in every city, town and village
to sell them for me. The demand for
Christmas Cards, this year, promises to
be larger than ever before. Whoever be-
gins in season is sure to do a profitable
business. I want you to try. It is not
necessary to buy a large stock to start with.
In order to give all a chance to see what
they can do, and without risking much
money, I have put up Trial Packages, as
follows:

No. 1. For 50 cents I will send to any
address, by return mail, free of postage,
25 extra fine Christmas Cards, including
some of Prang's, and also rich imported
Cards. These will sell like hot cakes at
from 3 to 5 cents each. An hour's work
selling these Cards will give you a profit
of at least 75 cents.

No. 2. For \$1.00 I will send to any ad-
dress, by return mail, free of postage, a
particularly choice variety, which will
easily retail for \$3.50, giving you as the
result of a few hours' pleasant work a
profit of \$2.50.

EMBOSSED PICTURES.
To accommodate families, small deal-
ers, and those who wish to act as my
agents, I have decided to put up the fol-
lowing packages of these attractive goods:
Package No. 2 contains 18 full sheets,
well assorted. Price, 50 cents.
Package No. 3 contains 25 full sheets,
including large flowers and other special
attractions. Price, \$1.00.

They are a bonanza for any one who is
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