

CHICAGO PHOTO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

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Preserve Success and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1876.

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WHOLE NO. 330.

POETRY.

A Spanish Poem.

(The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, "is unsurpassed by nothing with which we are familiar in the Spanish language, except the odes of Luis De Leon"):-

Oh! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life with its glory glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away to fate,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hopes deceive the mind;
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright;
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into some engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alas! the river's loudly tide,
Alas! the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting place,
Life but the running of a race,
And death the goal;
There all these glittering toys are brought,
The path alone, all unthought,
Is found of all.

Say then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here?
Dreams of sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
To disappear.

Chicago's Last Sensation.

From N. Y. Herald.

For some time past a case of manslaughter or murder has been agitating Chicago. One Francis Hanford, a clever young man, became a teacher in one of the public schools of the city, rose to be principal of it, and was finally made a school inspector. He was, however, after a time dismissed from this position, and he ascribed his loss of office to the influence of one Mrs. Sullivan, the wife of a reporter, who had herself long been connected with the press, and who was an able and vigorous writer. She employed her literary abilities to further the ends of some municipal ring, and through her influence with this ring, secured Hanford's dismissal. When the terms of office of some of the School Commissioners, who had dismissed him, expired, Hanford, on the alert to be restored to his position, tried to get the Council to appoint new Commissioners who would be favorable to him. Amongst other expedients, he wrote a very bitter letter to one of the aldermen in respect to Mrs. Sullivan, in which, after stating all his wrongs, he said that it was Mrs. Sullivan who had been guilty of all this devilry. Some one pointed against the reading of this letter as indecent, although there does not seem to have been anything but accusations of municipal intrigue against Mrs. Sullivan in it. The name of the writer was demanded and given, and some person told Sullivan of it, but apparently led him to understand that the accusations against his wife were of a different nature from what they really were. At any rate Sullivan took his wife and brother, went in a carriage to Hanford's residence in the suburbs, and found him in his garden. An altercation ensued, Sullivan demanding an apology or proof of what Hanford had stated, and Hanford replying that he would furnish proof at the proper time. It is alleged that Hanford struck Mrs. Sullivan, but there seems to be some doubt about this, as part of the proof given is circumstantial, as if the testimony of witnesses was hardly relied upon. The end of the matter was that Sullivan shot Hanford dead. The affair occurred some little time ago; but the trial of Sullivan for murder has just been concluded, and has ended in a disagreement of the jury—eleven, it is said, being for acquittal, and one for conviction. A religious element seems to have crept in at the trial, if not before. Sullivan and his wife were Irish Roman Catholics, or of Irish descent while Hanford seems to have been one of the strong Protestant class. Perhaps it was sectarian feelings or influences, in reference to the schools, which may have given trouble in the first place. The men summoned from whom to select a jury were nearly all Irish Roman Catholics, and it would not be at all surprising if it should turn out that the eleven jurors for acquittal were of this class, and the one for conviction a Protestant, so greatly are jurors affected

by their sympathies or prejudices. So strong has been the local feeling in regard to the case, that the newspapers took sides for and against Sullivan as to his guilt, and the judge has been accused of admitting evidence which should never have been taken, and of unduly favoring the prisoner generally. As the jury disagreed, the case will have to be tried over again. The excitement in Chicago has not abated with the end of the trial, but is how stated to be greater than ever, and Sullivan, although still under indictment for murder, has been released on bail—a rather questionable proceeding. The principal lesson from this seems pretty clear. It is as to the danger in woman being mixed up in public affairs. Mrs. Sullivan is stated to have been a bold beauty, who delighted in getting a prominent place on the platform, when reporting public meetings. Taking the part which she did in municipal intrigues, it was natural and inevitable that she should arouse the same suspicions and animosities that a man of similar characteristics would. If Hanford's quarrel had been with a man, there is no reason to believe that it would have had fatal results. But a woman as in it, and with Sullivan enraged at supposed insults to his wife, it is not so very astonishing that what must be accounted as murder ensued. A practical proof is here given of what might take place if some amiable people secured their wishes, and obtained the freedom and right of action for women in public affairs that is now confined to men. The probability of such occurrences being not unfrequent, in case of their being carried out, will not render their theories more attractive.

A Woman's Share in the Commune.

From N. Y. Herald.

A woman named Jozon, 49 years old, was recently tried in Paris by court-martial for sharing in the Commune. Her case is so amusing and characteristic an example of the way in which many thousands drifted into the insurrection without the slightest idea of what they were really doing, that we publish the following extracts from her examination:- "President—You were treasurer of the Woman's Committee of the 18th arrondissement?" "Prisoner—Oh, Mr. President, how do you mean I was treasurer? We never had a farthing in the cash box. "Then your functions were merely honorary and did not give you much trouble; but you were a member of the committee?—The committee? Why there was no committee; there was only three of us—myself, secretary as you may be; the president, and one other. "The other made up the quorum, very good. Well, you all three used to chat?—Oh, no (vehemently). "How, no? Three women, and you did not talk politics; we hoped to discover an organization of labour for women. "Explain your plan to us. It must be curious,—Oh, dear! I could never explain it to you; they promised us 200,000 francs, so that there should be no more distressed workwomen. "What workwomen?—Why, workwomen of all sorts. "We will not dwell further on that. Besides these dreams, did you not take part in the insurrection?—I well, now upon my honor. "You have already said that. But what is this newspaper article of the 31st of May, 1873? Listen: "Mrs. Jozon, secretary of the Woman's Union for the Defence of Paris in the 18th arrondissement, has been arrested. The Citizen Jozon had organized the band of viragos who planned the red flag on the barrier of the Place Pigalle. If some wretch has written that— "You are hard upon the press. But, however, if you did not carry the flag you wore a red scarf!—Ah! I will tell you all about that. The president of the central committee invited us all one evening to the misfire. "A little fete!—Oh, a simple soiree only the red scarf pleased the lady of the house and so— "And so you represented the women at the municipality?—Yes, M. la President. "I don't know whether they ought to fall flattered at it; but let us come Chateaugay, the battalion of viragos &c. It's all false, that, upon my honor. "Witnesses were called for the defence. They described her as a busy but harmless chatterbox, and there being no proof of real guilt, she was acquitted. She had previously been condemned in contumacia to 20 years' imprisonment, and was only lately arrested near Paris.

WHAT EMERSON SAID.—It is reported that Mr. Emerson has a hearty saxon liking for strong language. An acquaintance says that one day as he stood talking with him on the street they overheard a passing stranger utter a resonant oath, which did not, however, trifle with things sacred. Said the Concord sage, "That sounds very fruitful."

A Good Test.

A few years ago, as Professor Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and prayer. One day a gentleman appeared in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn his "refuge of lies." Mr. Finney was plain and faithful with him pointing out to him the way of life clearly, and his only hope of salvation, the weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up all for Jesus—that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus. "Then let us go on our knees and tell God that," said Mr. Finney. So both knelt at the altar, and Mr. Finney prayed: "O Lord! this man declares that he is prepared to take thee as his God, and to cast himself upon thy care, now and forever." The man responded "Amen." Mr. Finney continued: "O Lord! this man vows that he is ready to give his wife, family, and all their interest up to thee." Another hearty "Amen" from the man. He went on: "O Lord! he says that he is also willing to give thee his business, whatever it may be, and conduct it for thy glory." The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at his silence, and asked: "Why do you not say 'Amen' to this?" "Because the Lord will not take my business, sir; I am in the spirit trade," he answered. The traffic could not stand such a test as that.

No Use For Wood.

The other afternoon a sharp-frosted woman, nearly six feet high came into the city on the Grand River road with about three-eighths of a cord of red oak stove wood piled on a one-horse wagon. The wood was so green that the sap exuded and froze to ice, and those in search of wood gave her loud looks of contempt and scorn. She halted near the Cass Market and waited there more than an hour. She seemed to be getting discouraged, when along came a little red-headed man, and she asked him the price of the wood. She said she'd take three dollars. "Three dollars for less'n half a cord of green oak wood!" he exclaimed. "Is this green?" she asked as she threw the blanket off her feet. "Green as water," he replied. "It is your opinion that I lie about this wood, is it?" she asked as she let herself down to the ground. "I don't say that," he answered, as he looked up at her; "but I do say— "You do say that this is green wood, do you?" she interrupted, letting the old bed quilt drop from her shoulders. "I say, madam, that—that— "You say what?" "She was a head the tallest. She didn't look harmonious out of her eyes. Fifty years of battling with the world might have rendered her desperate. The little man thought of all these things as a crowd began to gather, and he softly replied: "Madam, I am no judge of wood. My people for three generations past have used nothing but coal, and I thought this was a load of anthracite or I wouldn't have stopped!"—Detroit Free Press.

A FATAL COON HUNT.—We learn that several negroes started out to hunt coons near Harrodsburg, in Mercer county, Kentucky, one night last week. A quarrel arose between two of the negroes in the woods, when one was shot and killed. His friends remained and took charge of the body, while the rest of the crowd proceeded with the hunt. A little later one of the negroes climbed a tree to shake down a coon. He fell and was instantly killed. The coon fell among the dogs and a terrible fight ensued. In attempting to separate coon and dogs another negro had his leg literally torn to pieces by a dog. He then killed the dog. The coon next succumbed to fate, and his death ended the list of casualties during the coon hunt. The murderer has been apprehended.—Midway Sun.

An Ingenious Yankee.

An ingenious Yankee attorney, who always made it a point to win his case, was applied to by a man who had stolen some pork, to defend him. Accordingly, in his usual inventive way, he ruined the principal evidence on which the plaintiff relied, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. After the verdict was declared, as the fellow was leaving the court, he whispered to his attorney thus: "Squire, what shall I do with the pork, for I have got it yet?"—"Eat it," replied the lawyer, "for the jury say you did not steal it."

An Unwilling Juryman.

An unwilling juryman recently excused himself from serving by a letter, in which the following was stated: "Sir, as I am a fairer and my English Danish I am not etel complit of the English lenglth to be a jury man and my conclud to do not allow to give mine opinion on wat I do not understand. An answer vel obligit."

An Italian Heroine.

Rome, Oct. 20.—Paine has probably not carried the name of the Signora Emilio Fusinato much beyond the borders of Italy, but here in a short time it has become a tower of strength, of beneficent influence. The praise of Mrs. Fusinato is in all mouths. I have never seen in Rome a more impressive moral spectacle than that of the funeral, which took place a few days ago. Public honors are paid to men who have devoted their talents to the service of society, the State, and now, in Rome, for the first time, we have an example of a triumph accorded to a heroic woman. The funeral paces nearly filled the length of the Corso. Five or ten thousand people of the public schools, with the Directors and teachers, formed a part of the cortege and the people of the city had an opportunity for the first time to see what elements the schools are composed. The display was extremely respectable, and the decency of dress and the decorum of deportment of such large numbers, taken from all classes of the population, were such as to make the most favorable impression upon the observer. Several bands of music, playing mournful airs, were strung along the line. The procession was imposing for numbers, but more of its moral beauty. The thought that the honors were paid to a good and gifted woman, whose powers had been devoted to the instruction of the people, whether by spoken or word, by writings, or by part taken in the sphere of active effort.

The special correspondent of the London Times from Newport: "There is in the well-bred American woman a friendly frankness and fearlessness of manner, of a kind which, so far as my experience goes, is not to be found in any other woman in the world, and which irresistibly invites the most straggling confidence. It is due, I suppose, to the non-European way in which a girl, she has been brought up, and when, for want of perfect breeding, the manner oversteps the right line, so that frankness degenerates into forwardness and fearlessness into boldness, it becomes an exceptionally painful as, in its perfection, it is exceptionally pleasant. She is, too, almost sure to be quick—quickness, especially an American characteristic, though whether due to climate or education, or both, I cannot say—so that you feel she will see at once what you mean more clearly, perhaps, than you can say it; and even if she makes wicket fun of you and your country, which, I am sure, she will, is somewhat fond of doing, the fun is so good, and so evidently not fun of malice but of merriment, that a man must be sadly grudging or vain who can feel anything but amused at it."

Two fatal cases of blood poisoning have occurred in Liverpool, which will, unfortunately, strengthen the prejudices of the ignorant against vaccination. Two fine healthy children fell ill soon after vaccination by the public vaccinator, and died. The only explanation suggested was that the "Atmospheric causes arising from the peculiarities of the neighborhood and the houses in which the children resided might have, in consequence of the vaccination, led to the disease which resulted in death." The jury returned a verdict to the effect that the children had died from the effects of hystemia, consequent upon vaccination skillfully performed and from a good source, but that were the precise causes leading to the blood poisoning the medical evidence did not enable the jury to say.

In the second part of Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," just published, an intimate friend of Lord Palmerston relates how, shortly after the Queen and the Prince Consort visited Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie, he one morning called upon Lord Palmerston to congratulate him upon their very successful visit to France, remarking: "What an extraordinary man the Emperor is!" "Yes," was the Premier's reply, "but we have a far greater and more extraordinary man nearer home. The Prince Consort would not have considered it right to obtain a throne as the Emperor has done; but, in regard to the possession of the soundest judgment, the highest intellect, and the most exalted qualities of mind, he is far superior to the Emperor."

A young man named Collins went to Cherokee county, Ala., and after making pay to the sixteen-year-old bride of a sixty-year-old resident, eloped with her. The old man procured a carte de visite of Collins, added his horse, and for two years tracked the couple over the States of Mississippi, Alabama, North and South Carolina and into Georgia, where he met Collins at Jonesboro and had him arrested. Collins refused to say where the wife was, and was sentenced to the chain-gang for twelve months. The old man is still scouring the country in search of his "poor Mary."

AN UNWILLING JURYMAN recently excused himself from serving by a letter, in which the following was stated: "Sir, as I am a fairer and my English Danish I am not etel complit of the English lenglth to be a jury man and my conclud to do not allow to give mine opinion on wat I do not understand. An answer vel obligit."

Had no Fun in Him.

One of the members of the Methodist Conference recently held in Detroit, says the Free Press, was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and encountered a strapping big fellow, who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith shop. "Catch hold here and help me down to the shop with this wagon and I'll buy the whiskey!" called the big fellow. "I never drink," solemnly replied the good man. "Well, you can take a cigar." "I never smoke." The man dropped the wagon tongue, looked hard at the member, and asked: "Don't you chew?" No, sir, was the decided reply. "You must get mighty lonely," mused the tempter. "I guess I'm all right—I feel first-rate." "I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the tempter. "Come, now let's warm up a little." "I never bet." "Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and I'll give you the under hold." "I never have fun," solemnly answered the member. "Well, I'm going to tackle you anyway. Here we go!" The tempter slid up, and endeavored to get a neck hold, but he only just commenced to foot about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slammed against a tree box with such force that he gasped a dozen times before he could get his breath. "Now you keep away from me!" exclaimed the minister, picking up his cane. "Just me if I don't!" replied the tempter, as he edged off. "What the use in lying and saying that you didn't have any fun in you when you're chucked full of it! Blame it! you wanted to break my back, didn't you?"

THIRTY years ago in California men would flock in crowds to catch a glimpse of that rare spectacle, a woman. Early one morning it was noised about in the Canton Camp that a woman had arrived in the night. Everybody went to the camping ground, but only the hem of a calico dress was visible. "Fetch her out we want to see her," said the rough miners to the husband. "My life is sick," said he. "We have been robbed by the Indians, and we want rest." Fetch her out, was the only reply. She came to the door, they swung their hats, gave three cheers and a tiger, collected \$2,500 in gold, cheered again, and went home satisfied.

People in India, it is said, have benefited by the teachings of adversity to an extent that may enable many to live within their means who have hitherto drifted into debt from their necessities. The practice of never carrying loose cash about one, with the concomitant usage of signing one's name in acknowledgement of the purchase of any article, at any price from one shilling upward, are together highly successful in promoting the universal tendency to indebtedness.

LORE DENEY has caused inquiry to be made into the report that a Bulgarian girl has been given "in lieu of pay" to a Turkish soldier, who exhibited his prize near Jerusalem. The story was first told by the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, and that prelate, being interrogated by the British Consul, admits that he "reached some people in the street telling the story, and has no further information."

CHIPS plays a great part in a Norman wedding. A young girl is seated upon a silver cask, and she must drink both the first and the last glass it contains in order to be married within the year. The carcass of a goose impaled upon a brimstone match is also stuck above a great bottle, called a "dame Jeanne," to stimulate the older drinkers.

The following Scriptural passage was in a purse stolen from a woman in Boston: "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give him that needeth." The thief returned the property, and, doubtless, here after hundreds of pocketbooks will be furnished with that text.

The Countess of Cardigan has had her yacht painted light blue, with a single band of silver running round it. It is also French polished, and the masts are white as paint can labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give him that needeth." The thief returned the property, and, doubtless, here after hundreds of pocketbooks will be furnished with that text.

The Archbishop of York, speaking at a Church of England temperance meeting in Yorkshire, said that there was a public house to every 150 persons in the kingdom, and that £145,000,000 was spent annually.

DAVID KNITTEL a Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, miser, died last week of starvation, leaving property to the amount of \$50,000, of which \$30,000 was in cash.

Business Cards.

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

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

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,
Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.
Office: - - - In the building of H. B. Allison, Esq., opposite the Banking Office of M. Wood & Sons, SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

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

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

HENRY OLDRICHT,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public,
Conveyancer, &c.
Office formerly occupied by Judge W. A. D. Morse, AMHERST, N. S.

CARD.

D. C. ALLEN, M. D.
OFFICE: - - - AT THE DRUG STORE.

POINT DE BUTE, N. B.
REMOVAL NOTICE.

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

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

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

G. F. THOMPSON & SONS,
White Lead, Zinc, Paint, and Col. Works.
OFFICE AND SAMPLE ROOMS,
73 Prince St. St. John, N. B.

POSSLEY, CRAWFORD & POSSLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
80 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. R. Pugsley, E. H. Crawford, W. Pugsley, Jr. Aug 29 '76

Dental Notice.

Dr. Anderson, Dentist,
Will return to Sackville next week, where he expects to remain permanently, from date. He guarantees satisfaction at moderate charges.
Sackville, Sept. 28th, 1876.—It

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

CHARLES R. SMITH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.
AMHERST, - - - N. S.

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

George Nixon.

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

Marble & Freestone Works.
P. HAGAN,
(Successor to H. J. MacGowan)
DORCHESTER, N. B.

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

VICTORIA STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS.

Waterloo St. St. John, N. B.

We call the attention of Wholesale dealers and others to our Stock of Fine Confections. Wholesale only.

J. R. WOODBURN & CO.,
Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.
J. R. WOODBURN, H. P. KEAR.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 2000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

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

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples next door to the post-office. Sackville, May 17, 1876.

Business Cards.

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

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers.
June 12, '76.

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

A CHOICE SELECTION OF
Fashionable Cloths,
ON HAND.

PERFECT FIT in every case guaranteed.

G. H. VENNING,
Clock and Watch Maker.

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

NEW BRUNSWICK PARLOR & VESTRY Organ Manufactory.

PETITCODIAC, N. B.

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

WM. MURPHY, Proprietor.

GEO. CONNERS, Manufacturer & Builder.

Petitcodiac, N. B.

Estimates made of Buildings
Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished,
All kinds of planing and sawing executed at the shortest notice.

The facilities for filling orders cheaply and promptly are unsurpassed.

SAWS! SAWS! ALEXANDRA WORKS.

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

J. F. LAWTON, Proprietor.

PIANOFORTES,
CABINET ORGANS, &c.

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

KEEPS constantly on hand PIANOFORTES and ORGANS from the leading manufacturers in the United States FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Catalogues forwarded, and all other information on application. Instruments sold payable by instalments or exchanged. Orders for Tuning and Re-pairing attended to with despatch.

MARBLE AND FREESTONE WORKS.

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

PARTIES desirous of erecting Monuments or Tomb Stones, will find at our establishment, a superior Stock of American & Italian Marbles.

We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a number of Freestone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply.

CARD.

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

Assets over \$16,000,000.

EDWARD F. DUNN,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

FLEMING & MOORE,
Medicinal Advisers, Sackville.

DRESS MAKING.

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

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

Hotels, &c.

Hamilton Terrace Hotel,
AMHERST, N. S.

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

Terms Moderate.
Sackville, N. B.

St. Charles' Hotel.

THE above-house having been refitted and furnished at considerable expense is now ready for occupancy. It is conveniently situated on Fugard Street, one of the most busy parts of the town. Both transient and permanent boarders taken on the most reasonable terms, and furnished with every accommodation and comfort to be found in a first class hotel.

GEO. L. BRAW,
Sackville, N. B., Proprietor.
Oct. 19, 1876.

WELDON HOUSE.

[Opposite the Railway Station.]
SHEDIAK, N. B.

THIS substantial would inform his friends and the public generally that he has newly furnished the above Hotel throughout in first-class style, and it is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public.

WM. J. WELDON, Proprietor.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THIS Subscriber has this day associated with him, JOHN MILTON BAIRD, with him in his general business as Merchant.

THOMAS BAIRD.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.

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

And we respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.

T. BAIRD & SONS.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

LUMBER.

THE PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO., having unsurpassed facilities for manufacturing Lumber during the winter, is prepared to fill orders for early spring delivery.

Ship Plank, Frame Stuff, Enclosing Flooring and Finishing Boards, Scantling of all sizes, 1 1/2 and 3 in. Dry Pine Plank, Hemlock Boards, Plank and Timber, Spruce Pine and Cedar Shingles of any quantity.

LATHES, FALINGS & CLAPBOARDS constantly on hand. Cheap Boards in 10 ft. lengths for snow sheds, fences and in 16 ft. lengths for snow sheds. P. O. Address: PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO., Petitcodiac, N. B.

HARNESSES!

A SPLENDID STOCK OF HARNESSES