The Daily Tribune.

VOL III. SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1874 No 135

MAPLE HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has leased and fitted up for a HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT the above delightful property on the MANAWAGONISH ROAD. This place is BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED about five miles from the city, and the drive presents a great variety of scenery.

The BEAUTIFUL & SPACIOUS GROUNDS at Maple Hill are admirably adapted for OUT DOOR SPORTS, and may be secured for PIC-NIC PARTIES, FREE OF CHARGE, on application to the Proprietor.

CHARLES WATTS, PROPRIETOR.
July 19

CARD.

D. E. DUNHAM
ARCHITECT.
Rooms, 1 and 2 Bayard's Building, (UP STAIRS,)
106 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Persons intending to Build or Remodel their Buildings would do well to call at the above office before consulting carpenters, masons, &c., as the Subscriber *guarantees* to give all the information that can be obtained from the most practical mechanic, his theory being Beauty, Economy and Strength, so combined as to make the outlay worth, when finished, what it cost.
feb 25

THE ACADIA HOTEL.

MRS. LORDLY, thankful for liberal patronage while conducting the "Brunswick House," would beg to inform her numerous friends that she will be found at the Old Stand, 163 Prince William Street, (a few doors South of Queen Street), which has been thoroughly refitted, and is now opened under the name of THE ACADIA HOTEL, where she will be happy to meet her friends and the travelling public generally.
may 21 3m M. A. LORDLY.

BARNES & CO.,
Printers, Booksellers, Stationers,
AND
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

We have added new machinery to our Bindery, and are enabled to execute BINDING in the best style. *Call and see Specimens.*
BARNES & CO.,
nov 21 58 Prince Wm. street.

Grand Trunk Railway.

CALIFORNIA & THE WEST!

Tourists and Emigrants to the West

SHOULD CALL AT THE COMPANY'S OFFICE,

106 PRINCE WM. STREET. Saint John, N. B., 106.

And obtain their COUPON TICKETS, which are from 2 to 3 dollars *less than by any other route.*

MAPS and every information can be obtained of the Agent at above address.

HENRY MATHEWS, New Brunswick Passenger Agent.
WM. WAINWRIGHT, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.
Montreal. ap 6 tf

CORN MEAL.

Landing ex C. E. Scammell:—

500 Brls. Choice Cornmeal.

FOR SALE BY
may 12 HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

FRENCH LANGUAGE

MR. F. A. BERNARD,

WHO has, for the last seven years, been so successful as a Teacher in some of the Principal Schools of this Province, begs to inform the public that he has a few hours to spare. Address No. 15 Horsfield street, or letters may be left at the Waverley hotel.

Children 10 years old can easily be taught, and my terms are moderate.

Conversation taught practically to gentlemen who wish to travel on the Continent. Will guarantee to enable them to hold conversation in six months. may 9 1m

W. A. SPENCE,
Produce Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN
Hay, Oats, Feed, &c.,
NORTH SLIP,
may 5 ST. JOHN, N. B.

NEW
DRY GOODS STORE!
48 Charlotte Street,
Next to R. D. McArthur's Drug Store.)

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,
LINEN COLLARS, LINEN CUFFS,
Ties, Scarfs, Half Hose,
AND
Merino and Cotton UNDERCLOTHING.
may 19 A. MACAULAY.

BEST SYDNEY COAL.

We are now selling from Yard:

Best Old Mines Sydney
AT
$9 PER CHALDRON.

T. McCARTHY & SON.
may 26 Water street

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

"Going to try your luck at faro, Blaisdell?"

"No," was the answer. "Never gamble. I'm only going up to look on."

"Hump! I'm off. Good night."

"Good night."

"I wonder what has come over me?" he muttered, with an impatient shrug. "Somehow it seems to me as if to-night were going to be a turning point in my career. I can't conquer the impression any more than I could have overcome the incomprehensible magnetism that drew my feet to this place of all others."

He glanced up quickly at the dark front of the building before which he stood, hesitated still another instant, as if tempted to follow his friend down town, after all, then slowly turned the door-knob, and went in.

Pushing open the nearest door upon the landing, he entered a large, brilliantly lighted room, furnished with the most exquisite taste. A velvet pile covered the floor; soft folds of dimy lace screened the windows; handsome mirrors adorned the walls, and heavily carved divans were arranged about the apartment.

Here the great game of faro was going on round a green-baize table at the upper end. The hour was late and very few persons were in the room, though occasionally a muttered curse or a discordant laugh issued from apartments beyond, indicating that the place was not deserted by any means, and that different games were going on.

Harry paused near the faro table, and his glance at once singled out a handsome, well-dressed young gentleman, who, in company with two other men of quite a different stamp, seemed to be playing against the game.

The young man was frightfully pale; his eyes were bloodshot, but burned with an unnatural glitter, and the hand resting against one corner of the table trembled like an aspen leaf.

"I'm ruined!" he cried out suddenly with a fearful oath.

"Humph!" said the dealer, sneeringly. "Got enough of it for one night, eh?"

The young man hesitated a moment, pressed both hands against his burning temples, and then exclaimed in a hoarse voice:—

"I believe you have swindled me! But it's of no use complaining. I'll fight it out with you yet."

He tore a diamond pin from his shirt front, and flung it across the table, with the words:—

"Lend me a hundred on that."

"All right," said the dealer, with an assuring smile; and he passed over checks for the required amount.

Again the game proceeded.

Harry almost held his breath as he watched its progress, and saw great beads of perspiration on the young man's forehead.

Luck was still against him, and he lost.

"I demand another chance to redeem myself," he cried hoarsely; and this time a handsome gold watch and chain were pushed into the dealer's hand.

At this instant two moist fingers tapped against Harry's cheek, and a leering, sarcastic face was pushed close up to his own.

"I say, sir," piped a shrill voice, "what a precious fool that youngster is making of himself! He ought to know he is playing against decoys, and has not got the ghost of a chance."

"Who is he?" asked Harry, too curious to resent the familiarity.

"The son of a Wall street banker—Dick Van Alstine by name."

"Ah!" exclaimed Harry, involuntarily.

The name was quite familiar to him, as belonging to one of the New York millionaires.

A brief silence followed, which was broken by a startled cry from his new acquaintance.

"Good heaven! Look yonder. See that lad standing behind Van Alstine's chair!"

Harry's eyes were already turning in that direction. A handsome youth had glided quite unobserved into the apartment, and now stood as if transfixed, watching the progress of the game. He had a round, fair face, delicate as any woman's, great, long-lashed, velvety eyes, blue as fringed gentians, a little, red, ripe mouth, and a profusion of yellowish hair, curling around a low, white brow. It was a singular face to encounter in such a place. Harry felt a sudden thrill of mingled delight and pain as he gazed upon it. He recoiled as from a sudden shock, without knowing why.

From the faro-table there came an abrupt ejaculation presently.

"Lost again!"

It was Van Alstine's voice. He rose up, white as death, fumbled in his vest pocket a moment, and brought out a gold locket, thickly studded with jewels. The fair-faced youth gave a sudden start at sight of the glittering trinket.

"Give me one more trial," said Van Alstine, in a sharp, excited voice; "luck cannot always be against me."

This time the dealer shook his head.

"I can't advance you any more checks to-night."

Van Alstine muttered an impatient curse, and glanced wildly round the table.

"This bauble cost me five hundred dollars," said he, holding up the locket. "Will anybody give me half that sum for it now?"

There was a moment of silence. Then the fair-faced youth (who had entirely escaped Van Alstine's observation) suddenly pushed a pretty, slender hand over his shoulder.

"I will," he said, in accents soft as the tinkle of a silver bell.

At the sound of that voice, Van Alstine wheeled round suddenly in his tracks. His face was ghastly already, but a wild, scared look spread all over it, as he stood and glared at the youth a moment, in half-incredulous amazement. He was shaking from head to foot, and could scarcely stand. "My God!" he gasped. Then, as if compelled by some stern necessity for self-control, he brought the strength back to his nerveless limbs, and catching fiercely hold of the youth's arm led him quickly to one side. Harry saw them pause in a recess at no great distance. Impelled by a feeling over which he had no control, he still watched and listened.

"Eloise," he heard Van Alstine say, in a shrill, hissing whisper, "why are you here, and in this disguise?"

"I came to find you, Dick," was the answer, in a low, firm voice.

"My God!" and great drops of agony came out on the poor fellow's forehead. "Do you know—do you guess the fearful risk you have run in venturing into this place?"

The lovely eyes looked straight into his own.

"You were here, Dick, and I could not keep away."

"Silly fool," he said, half fondly, half in anger.

At this moment one of the gamblers rose from the table and stepped toward them.

"Van Alstine, I would like a word with you in private before you leave the house."

The young man started, flashed a quick glance from the man back to his companions at the table, but there was nothing suspicious in the demeanor of any one of them.

"Certainly, sir," and turned to follow the gambler into one of the side apartments. He turned back hastily before reaching the door, however, and coming up to his recent companion said in a rapid whisper:—

"I must go, or these ruffians will suspect something wrong. Walk boldly down stairs, and out of the house—that is your only way. For God's sake, don't linger, Eloise! I will presently join you at the first street corner."

Then, with a last imploring glance, he was gone.

Not a word nor movement of all this had been lost on Harry Blaisdell. Here was a romance under his very nose, and Providence had called him here on purpose to play a *role* in it, perhaps. At any rate, he could not think of leaving the place until he had seen the end of the affair. So he drew back in the shadow of the window drapery, when nobody was observing him, and crouched there close against the wall, mentally calling himself a fool and a thousand other uncomplimentary names for lingering and hiding there, yet feeling no inclination to go away. Fortunately, his friend of the piping voice and sarcastic face had vanished, and there was no fear of espionage from him. What an odd affair it was altogether! Of course the fair-faced stranger was a woman! There could not be a doubt of that; and his imagination wove a very pretty romance, in which this Eloise was the heroine and Van Alstine her lover. And yet—strange contradiction!—he felt a keen pang, whenever he thought of nothing else, while watching for further developments from his hiding place.

Eloise—we may as well give her name—did not leave the room as she had been bidden. Instead, she squeezed herself into the remotest corner of the recess, and waited there in silence, glancing apprehensively round the apartment every now and then.

A full half hour went by, and still Alstine did not make his appearance. Eloise grew nervous at last; so did Hrrry. He observed what she did not—that the rooms were rapidly being vacated by all except the ruffianly crowd belonging there.

Presently a sudden confusion rose in one of the inner rooms.

"You villain!—you mean, cowardly villain!" roared a stifled voice, evidently that of Van Alstine's. Then came the sound of a scuffle.

Eloise started up with a suppressed cry.

"Merciful heaven!"

She darted to the green baize door, tugged at it with all her strength, and flung it wide. She seemed to forget her disguise, her own danger, herself in every way, in the awful fear that was upon her.

Harry was less than three feet behind her when she entered that inner room. They were just in time to see the two tall figures confronting each other under the chandelier, a bludgeon swung high in the air, and Van Alstine rolled upon the floor like a log, stark, still, senseless.

Eloise darted forward.

"My God!" she shrieked, throwing herself upon the body—"they have killed him!"

The ruffian turned and looked down at her with a slow, sneering laugh.

"It was his own fault," he growled. Then, in a weedling voice: "Come, don't take on so, pretty one; you'll spoil your eyes. We've found you out in spite of that clever disguise. So look up and smile upon us, like the charming little witch you are."

He leaned over, and would have raised Eloise in his arms, but Harry, with the bound of a tiger, was upon him, and had sent him sprawling upon the floor with a well directed blow.

The ruffian drew a revolver where he lay, and, muttering a fearful curse, covered Harry's heart with a deadly aim of steel. But the young man, springing furiously forward, wrenched the weapon from his grasp, but not before one of its chambers had exploded. The bullet whizzed through the air, only to bury itself harmlessly in the ceiling, however.

Harry swung the still smoking revolver like lightning above his head, and shouted:

"Now the game is in *my* hands! If you make another movement, I will put a bullet through your heart!"

The villain was raising stealthily to his feet, but he quailed, and dropped suddenly back again when he saw the dangerous glare in Harry's eyes.

With the deadly muzzle of the revolver still covering the cowardly rogue, our hero now leaned over Eloise, and raised her from the inanimate body of Van Alstine.

"My poor young lady," he said, in a low voice, "bear it, for God's sake. The poor fellow is past your help. Think of your own peril, and come away before it is too late."

It was too late already. Even as he spoke half a dozen rough-looking men came rushing into the apartment.

"Down with him!" they yelled, furiously. "The infernal spy! He can't leave this place alive!"

Harry realized his terrible situation at a glance. The rooms were now deserted by all save the proprietors and their tools. Of course the villains were desperate. The body on the floor was a terrible witness against them. Their only safety lay in a double murder, and they knew it.

"Kill him! cut his throat!" they hissed, venemously.

There was not a moment to lose. Drawing Eloise's trembling figure still more closely to him with one hand, he raised the revolver in the other, rapidly discharging its several chambers into the shrieking crowd.

Groans, a heavy fall or two, and a volley of the most fearful curses followed.

In the midst of the confusion that ensued, a shrill voice suddenly screamed:

"Beaks! Police! They're cracking the crib!"

At that instant the sound of crashing blows was heard below, and the ringing of policemen's clubs upon the flags.

"Put out the lights!" yelled one of the ruffians.

There was a hurried scramble toward the metre, and in another moment the whole place was enveloped in darkness.

Harry heard a quick bound or two, and something whizzed sharply in the air. The devils meant to make sure of him, after all. He dodged, and sprang nimbly to one side, just as a bludgeon of some sort came down on the floor with crushing force.

"That's your game, is it?" he cried, and pushing Eloise behind him, struck out blindly to the right and left.

He could see nothing distinctly, but his fist flattened against somebody's nose, and there was the sound of a precipitate retreat.

The next instant heavy footsteps came rushing upstairs and through the anteroom, and several dark lanterns flashed their light upon the scene.

It was wild beyond description. Harry Blaisdell, with his precious charge, stood leaning against the wall, so faint and weak, now that the welcome sight of blue coats and brass buttons met his gaze, he could scarcely stand.

Three of the gamblers lay upon the floor near Van Alstine's body, weltering in their blood.

The others had escaped by means of a secret entrance at the rear.

From the appearance of things, Harry knew that an effort had been made to bear away the bodies of those who had been wounded, but the police came too quickly upon the scene, and frustrated the attempt.

While he stood glaring around him in a somewhat bewildered manner, Eloise stepped out of his arms and staggered to the spot where Dick Alstine lay.

"Dick! Dick!" she screamed, suddenly and burst into a hysteric sob of joy. "Oh, thank God! thank God! He is not dead!"

It was true. Van Alstine had been knocked senseless by the blow upon his head, but was slowly regaining his consciousness. In a very few moments he was well enough to sit up.

It would appear that the gamblers had discovered Eloise's sex before Van Alstine was decoyed into the inner room. What their purpose was we are unable to say. But two of their number sprang upon Van Alstine and securely gagged him before he could make an outcry.

He continued to struggle, however, and when one of them left the room for a moment, succeeded in breaking away from the other. It was then he uttered the exclamation that had reached Eloise's ears, as well as Harry Blaisdell's.

The rest is soon told. Dick was Eloise's brother—the locket held the picture. For months he had been leading a fast life, and this night his loving sister had resolved to make a desperate effort to reclaim him. Hence she had followed him in disguise to the gaming den.

Dick Van Alstine never sought the faro table after that night.

Our story would not be complete unless Harry fell in love with Eloise. Six months later she became his wife, and he knew then why that night in Upper Broadway was a turning point in his destiny.

MOOSEPATH
DRIVING PARK!
SEASON OF 1874.

THE PARK is now open for the use of Ticket Holders.

SCALE OF PRICES:

Shareholder's Ticket	$5 00
Non-Shareholder's Ticket	10 00
Do. for one week	2 00
For the use of Stables (to all Ticket-holders)	
Each Horse, the season	10 00
Do. 1 month	5 00
Do. 1 week	2 00

No Horses will be admitted to the Park without a ticket, except they are intended to compete in the Association Races, when the entrance money must first be paid.

G. R. PUGSLEY, Secretary.
St. John, May 15, 1874. may 16 1m

T. YOUNGCLAUS,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
3 Charlotte Street,
(Next door to A. McRoberts & Son, Grocers,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
Gents' Furnishing Goods
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

The best of material used and satisfaction guaranteed.
All orders promptly attended to.

NEW BOOKS!

Just received from Lee & Shepard, Boston:

TEN-MINUTE TALKS, by Elihu Burritt;
L. Home Nook, by Amanda Douglas;
Seven Daughters, do.;
Shawl Straps, do.;
Mrs. Armington's Ward, by D. T. Wright;
The Ancient City, by Coulanges;
Travels Round the World, Hon. W. H. Seward;
Fireside Saints, by D. Jerold.

From Geo. Routledge & Son, London:

The Royal Princesses of England, Mrs. Hall;
Digby Heathcote, by Mrs. Hall;
The Path He Chose, by F. M. S.;
Stepping Heavenward, by E. Prentiss;
Dante's Divine Comedy, translated by Longfellow.

H. R. SMITH,
may 27 14 King street.

Firebricks. Firebricks.

Now landing ex Beltiste, from Liverpool:

20,000 BEST White Square ENGLISH FIRE-BRICKS. For sale low while landing.
CARVILL, McKEAN & CO.,
may 27 6i Walker's Wharf.

COAL.

Grand Lake Rapids COAL.

1000 CHALDRONS GRAND LAKE COAL, to arrive, 500 chalds. of which will be Coarse Heavy Coal, suitable for the Knee Trade, or Steamer purposes.

500 Chalds. Best Smith's COAL.

As the boats must be discharged at once, all my friends and many customers will please call and leave their orders.
W. H. GIBBON, General Agent.
Mill Street, May 23, 1874.

Tobacco.

LANDING ex steamer Glendon:—110 caddies and butts Dark Navy and Bright TOBACCOS. Sweet ¼'s and Canary Bird. Duty paid previous to late advance.
may 27 GEO. MORRISON, Jr.

SCOTCH HOUSE,
"IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,"
No. 2 King Street.....St. John, N. B.

NEW
Dry Goods STORE!
Messrs. McCAUSLAND, WILLS & CO.

BEG to intimate to the inhabitants of Saint John and surrounding country that they have opened that Store lately occupied by Mr. J. W. MONTGOMERY, Dry Goods Merchant, in the Imperial Buildings, No. 2 King street, St. John.

With a first-class Stock of
STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,
Millinery, &c., &c.

Bought for CASH from the leading manufacturers in the Scotch, English, Continental and American markets.

These Goods will comprise some of the NEWEST and MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES and PATTERNS in Ladies' and Children's BONNETS and HATS, Trimmed and Untrimmed; Jackets, Shawls, Skirts; DRESS GOODS, in all the new shades and patterns; Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Laces, &c., &c. Also, a splendid assortment of STAPLE GOODS, Factory and White Cottons, Tickings, Sheetings, Swansdowns, Denhams, Hessians, Shirtings, Prints, Cambrics, Muslins, Dress Muslins, Batistes, Piques, Marseilles; Umbrellas, Parasols, etc., etc.

We purpose having consignments every week per "Anchor" Line and Royal Mail steamers, and, to enable us to do so, have decided to sell at a low profit, and have a quick turn over.

A Call is respectfully solicited.

McCAUSLAND, WILLS & CO.,
No. 2 King Street,
may 11 St. John, N. B.

AUCTIONEERS.

HALL & HANINGTON,
AUCTIONEERS
AND
Commission Merchants
75
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
(Adjoining Bank New Brunswick.)

HAVING NOW FIRST CLASS FACILITIES FOR CONDUCTING AN
AUCTION & COMMISSION BUSINESS,
WE SOLICIT
Consignments of GOODS,
OF ALL KINDS, FOR
PROMPT SALE!

Orders to sell Real Estate, Stocks, Furniture, Dry Goods, &c., &c., will be promptly and carefully attended to.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM,
75 Prince Wm. Street,
(Adjoining Bank of New Brunswick.)
may 12 HALL & HANINGTON.

BOOK PURCHASING AND IMPORTING AGENCY.

THE Subscriber is prepared to receive Commissions for the purchase of
School Books, School Apparatus, Libraries, Periodicals, Stationery, &c., &c.

Publications by Messrs. HARPER BROS., S. R. WELLS & Co., and other NEW YORK and BOSTON PUBLISHERS, imported and forwarded by Mail or Express (prepaid) at advertised prices.

Price List and all other information furnished, when stamps are enclosed for return postage.

M. McLEOD,
may 19 dw 51 Prince William street.

BUTTER.

75 TUBS CHOICE BUTTER just received. For sale by
GEO. S. DeFOREST.
may 26 11 South Wharf.

Ladies' Department!

New Paris Millinery.
Messrs. FAIRALL & SMITH,

HAVING recently secured, in England, the services of a Lady of high class recommendations and experience in this Department, respectfully solicit (in part) the esteemed favor of their friends and customers. On this Monday and the days following they will show

ONE CASE PARIS AND LONDON FASHIONS,
together with Goods from their own work-rooms.

MILLINERS and LADIES MAKING THEIR OWN WEAR are invited to inspect and make use of designs.
may 21 FAIRALL & SMITH.

Auction Sale.
NOTICE.
Administrator's Sale!

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, (so called) on Prince William street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, on MONDAY, the first day of June next, at twelve o'clock, noon:—

THE following Property, being all the Real Estate of John Wilson, late of Saint Martins, in the City and County of Saint John, and being as follows: "All that certain lot, piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Saint Martins, aforesaid, known and distinguished as lot Twelve Hundred and Ninety-Seven, bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a spruce stake at the junction of the south-west and north-east angle of lot number one (1) and lot number two (2), heretofore granted to James S. Smith and William Irvine, respectively, by crown bearing date the ninth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five; thence east twenty-nine chains and twenty links; thence south sixty-three chains to a fir stake on the south-west angle of the lot granted to James Jones; thence north, sixty-seven degrees, west thirty-two chains and fifty links to a fir tree on the south-east angle of said lot number two; thence north fifty-eight chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and sixty acres, more or less."

The above sale will be made by virtue of a license granted, on the twenty-eighth day of February last, to John F. Godard, Administrator of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits which were of John Wilson, deceased, by the Probate Court in and for the City and County of Saint John, upon application made to the said Court for license to sell the said real estate to pay the debts of the deceased, John Wilson, there being no personal estate to pay said debts.

Dated the 27th day of April, A. D. 1874.
JOHN F. GODARD,
Administrator of said Estate.
R. CHIPMAN SKINNER,
Solicitor for Administration.
ap 27 tf WETMORE & WHITE, Auctioneers.

E. H. LESTER'S,
General Commission Warerooms
No. 12 KING SQUARE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Auction Sale Every Evening
Commencing at 7 o'clock.

Goods (in endless variety) sold at auction prices during the day. doe 6

Provincial Building Society.
Office—103 Prince William Street.

MONEY
RECEIVED on Deposit at Six per cent interest. Withdrawable at short notice.
SHARES of $50 each, maturing in four years, with interest, at Seven per cent. compounded half yearly, may be taken at any time.

LOANS
Made on approved Real Estate security, repayable by monthly or quarterly instalments, extending from one to ten years.

The recent issue of CAPITALIZED STOCK by the Society gives to its Depositors and Shareholders increased security.

C. W. WETMORE, President. THOMAS MAIN, Secretary.
may 18 1m

A. T. BUSTIN,
No. 64 Germain Street,
(OPPOSITE TRINITY CHURCH,)

AGENT FOR
The Humbert Pianoforte,.....Boston.
Gerrish Organs,.....Boston.
Farley & Holmes,.....New Hampshire.

The above instruments are the cheapest and best in the market. Intending purchasers are requested to call and examine.

SHEET MUSIC—Vocal and Instrumental.
GUITAR, VIOLIN and BANJO STRINGS BRIDGES, &c., &c.
may 11 A. T. B.

BUTTER AND EGGS.
ON CONSIGNMENT.—12 barrels EGGS; 10 tubs Choice New BUTTER; at lowest market rates.
GEO. ROBERTSON,
may 19 6 Water street.

ORANGES, COCOANUTS, &c.—Twenty-five boxes Oranges; 7 boxes Lemons, repacked; 5 sacks Cocoanuts; 40 gross Blacking; 10 gross Pearl Blue, in small boxes, received per steamer. For sale low.
GEO. ROBERTSON,
may 19 6 Water street.

CHEAP TEA.—36 packages—duty free. A Bargain. English imported.
GEO. ROBERTSON,
may 19 9 Water street.

SODA WATER.
ICE COLD SODA WATER,
WITH
Cream and Fruit Syrups!
J. McARTHUR & CO.,
Cor. Brussels and Hanover streets.
St. John, N. B.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared day or night. Open on Sundays from 9 a. m. to 11 a. m., 2 p. m. to 5 p. m., 6 to 7 p. m.
may 27 J. McA. & CO.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
Fire, Life & Marine Insurance Agent
NOTARY PUBLIC,
ap 10 ST. JOHN, N. B.

Removal.
REMOVAL!

THE Subscriber respectfully intimates to his friends and the public generally that he has REMOVED his
LIVERY STABLE
To his former Stand,
In Crawford's Building,
NORTH SIDE KING SQUARE,
Where he will be prepared to accommodate his old customers and as many new ones as may feel disposed to patronize him.

Thanking the public for their liberal patronage heretofore, a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited.
ap 4 tel J. B. HAMM.

REMOVAL NOTICE.
PUGSLEY, CRAWFORD & PUGSLEY,
Attorneys-at-Law,
HAVE REMOVED their Office to the New Maritime Bank Building, Market Square.
St. John, May 12th, 1874. may 26 2w

ALEX. ROBERTSON & CO.,
FAMILY GROCERS,
56 King Street, St. John, N. B.
DEALERS IN
TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES, SPICES, FRUITS, &c., &c.

Orders entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and be delivered in all parts of the City free of carriage.
Our prices will be found low. may 23

Drab Shell Hats.

FRESH STOCK just opened in above goods by
D. MAGEE & CO.,
may 21 61 KING STREET.

THE CELEBRATED
Dunn Edge Tool Co's.
SCYTHES

HAVE the Company's name stamped in red letters on the side of each Scythe.

Orders received by the Sole Agent.
may 26 W. H. THORNE.

SPRING HILL COAL.

HAVING been appointed Agents for the sale of the above Coal at Wholesale and Retail, we are prepared to make Contracts for delivering at Dorchester Wharf at very low rates.

This Coal is a Good House Coal, a first class Steam and Forge Coal, and for many purposes, superior to anything that comes to this market.

As it is the intention of the Directors to advance prices after first September next, and as only a limited quantity can be shipped this Season from Dorchester, persons wishing to Contract will please make early application to
R. P. & W. F. STARR,
AGENTS.

Certificates of the quality of this Coal may be seen at our Office.

Coal for sale at Shed at reduced rates.
may 23 1m fmn nws tel R. P. & W. F. S.

P. E. I. SEED OATS.
500 BUSHELS P. E. ISLAND SEED OATS. For sale low.
W. A. SPENCE,
may 14 North Slip.

HAY. HAY.
80 TONS Prime Quality HAY, in store. For sale low for CASH.
may 5 W. A. SPENCE.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
10 BRLS. Buctouche Bar OYSTERS, per train, on consignment.
W. A. SPENCE,
may 14 North Slip.

P. E. ISLAND OYSTERS.—15 bbls. P. E. Island Oysters, on consignment.
W. A. SPENCE,
may 8 North Slip.

FOSTER'S
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE STORE.

WE have just received another elegant variety of BOOTS AND SHOES for SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR, comprising:

Ladies' French Kid Button Boots;
Ladies' Fine Kid Elastic Side Boots;
Ladies' Prunella Kid Foxed Boots;
Misses' and Children's Kid Button Boots;
Misses' and Children's Prunella Boots;
Ladies' Fine Prunella Evening Boots;
Ladies' and Misses' American Boots;
Ladies', Misses' and Children's English Boots;

And for little Girls, Boys' and Children, we have the largest and best variety of Boots and Shoes in all the Newest Styles, such as the DUFFERIN, TIES AND SLIPPERS, and other fashionable Patterns, that we have had for many years past, and of the best qualities.

FOSTER'S SHOE STORE,
Germain street,
may 2 (Foster's Corner.)

CORN MEAL.

LANDING ex schrs. "Laura" and "Jessie"—600 bbls. American Kiln Dried CORNMEAL. For sale low by
may 19 HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

White Pigeon.
Landing ex schrs M. R. W., and Wm. A. Gibson:
200 BBLS. FLOUR, White Pigeon.
GEO. MORRISON, Jr.
may 26 12 and 13 South Wharf.