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paper which con-
much interest to us,
I of the Crook of Gold
use if you deem it
Giving you my name
remain Yours, S.

The BEST PAPER. Try It.
Beautifully Illustrated.
36th Year.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.
The Scientific American is a large first-class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, profusely illustrated with splendid engravings, representing the latest inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sciences; including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home Health, Medical, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy, The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American. Terms \$3.20 per year, \$1.60 half year, which includes postage. Discounts to Agents. Single Copies ten cents. Sold by all news dealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York. In connection with the Scientific American, Messrs. Munn & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 35 years experience, and have the largest and most efficient Patent Office in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special notice is made in the Scientific American of all inventions patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patents, and sales or introduction are easily effected. Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can be obtained, by writing to MUNN & CO. We also send free our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how to proceed with hints for procuring advances on inventions. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents.

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York. Branch office, cor. F & 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

Administratrix Notice.
All persons having legal claims against the estate of Francis Flynn late of the Parish of Nelson, in the County of Northumberland, Farmer deceased, are requested to tender the same duly attested at the office of Jas. J. Harrington, attorney at Law, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the said Jas. J. Harrington.
Dated 19th day of November A.D. 1890.
ANNIE FITZPATRICK,
Administratrix.

To Tailors and Cutters.
A Cutter of twenty years' first-class experience in America and Britain, has invented instruments for measuring coats and pants, which will produce perfect fitting garments without the need of trying on. For particulars and prices, including a circular, apply to R. G. McLean, p. o. box 118, Guelph, Ont. oct30 1890

\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish everything. \$10 a day and upwards can be made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making good money at the business. Ladies make much as men, and young men and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make money every day they can be made at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. Hallett & Co., Augustus Maine. oct30 1890

FOUND!
An L.C.R. check on Thursday last. The owner can have same by proving it to be his, and paying for this advertisement. Apply at this office. nov27

\$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn and our instructions are so simple and plain, that anyone can make great profits from the very start. No one who is willing to work. Women are as successful as the men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need money should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address True & Co., Augustus Maine. oct30 1890

NEWCASTLE POST OFFICE.
Our readers must not think our correspondence from Newcastle on the old post office there, reflects in the slightest degree on the Postmaster. Mr. Johnson is a faithful and diligent officer; courteous and correct; and we fancy there is no one in Newcastle would rather see a new building go up rather than he.

The Smelt Market at Boston.
Returns from the Boston Markets proclaim the condition good. Large lots sold at 9c per lb; the shippers getting 6 cents per lb. But we would warn shipper against "too much of a good thing." Scatter your shipments well—don't allow them to accumulate in any market, for that market you run. We see thirty tons went North Saturday; and by Saturday next 100 tons more will be ready to go in the same direction. American shippers are not scared; neither should the buyers be. There is hardly a fry to be had about town, plentiful though be the smelt.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Off for Tabusinat.
Nine fishermen from Chatham, went down to Tabusinat to fish on Monday last.

Large Loss.
Mr. John Flett of Nelson lost no less than three horses by the Epizootic last week.

Good Weight.
Mr. Thos. Casey of Nelson, killed a steer last week, 3 years old which weighed 800 lbs.

Monster Operations.
Mr. Alexander Gibson this winter has 620 horses, and 1,250 men in the lumber woods.

First Page.
The lover of Indian tales will find a feast today on our first page, under "Markheads exploit."

Smelt Shipping.
The steamer New Brunswick sails this morning for Boston with thirty tons of frozen smelt from the North Shore.

The Epizoo.
Mr. Michael Noonan of the Black Lots lost a fine horse worth \$120 by the "ait." This is the fourth fatal case within a short time.

Oysters.
Mr. Ferguson fished 300 lbs. of oysters this season in Bay du Vin. These are intended for Montreal and St. John markets, principally the latter.

Errors.
It was Mm Wilson & Co., who killed the 660 lb hog as already published; not Wm. Williston. There is no such man at Escuminac as Wm. Williston.

To correspondents.
"Farmer" need not cry out about "bad times." Is he not getting from 40 to 45 cents a bushel for his oats? What will they not bring in March?

Star in Town.
Looking at the establishment of Strang & Co. the past few mornings, it is easy seeing who sells and buys for cash. Some ten to twelve sled loads of smelts unload at his door each morning.

Lobster Factory at Caraque.
Mr. Geo. Young of Caraque, intends putting up a lobster factory at that place this winter. There is plenty of lobster along the coast, and the prospects for a good trade are encouraging.

A Good Night's Fishing.
Mr. Robert Jenkins and Mr. James Noble, of Bay du Vin made a good night's fishing on Wednesday night last in Lower Bay du Vin. They caught 1,400 lbs. of smelt each.

Lumbering on Tabusinat.
Messrs. Lee & Fair have four teams and thirty men employed on the Tabusinat this winter and will get out nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber. Those lumber chieftains for William Murray Esq., of Chatham.

Incendiarism.
In the autumn some roughs from here were shooting partridge in the McCully meadows, Black River. Before leaving they set fire to several large stacks of hay built for the winter. The atrocity has only just been found out.

Caribou.
Mr. Daniel Wall of Barriboque, came into town Monday, with a fine caribou head for which he asked \$12. Mr. Wall shot the animal a couple of days before, with Mr. W. Hudsons Mathews breach loader. Mr. Wall shot two other caribou also last week; using the same rifle.

Sneak Thieves.
We have an average of 3 or 4 cases of house-breaking or shop lifting here every week; but never a case of detection have we. On Friday night again, and for the second time this season, Mr. Mongolian's shoemakers shop was broken into, and two pairs of fine boots stolen.

Counterfeit Notes.
There are a good many counterfeit \$1 notes in circulation. They may be detected by the following blunders: The title is blundered Jacques Cartier's eye is a black spot; a white streak runs from ear to chin on one side; the first 'i' in Dickinson is not dotted; nor is the 'i' in Harrington. Numbers have been taken in and the notes may reach here.

FROM THE NORTH SIDE THE RIVER.
"Tom" from north side reports the fishery at Pokemouche so far "good, smelt large. At Black Brook, the logs are making a fortune giving dry goods for large smelt." Catches at Tabusinat river also good. On Saturday, Mr. Forrest from Chatham hauled five tons. Others have large catches also.

Times therefore are by no means discouraging and Providence dispenses his gifts among all the fishermen. But at Tabusinat, the people are singularly fortunate. This was the best galled place in the county, by the pork candidate. Every man in it, was promised good work, big pay, and for unlimited years. Ask the people how the performance has chattered with the promise. 'Tis true, he gave employment after some fashion to a few, but anything was good enough for Tabusinat! So they were thrown the crusts, and says the M. P. "a good stock of promises next time will bring them again in droves." WILL IT? AN WOT BENTIN DRAV? 202!

A Pigeon Race

An exciting race occurred between two pigeons in St. John Friday evening. The birds were owned respectively by a Mr. O'Brien, and a Mr. Edwards. The birds were brought out by train Friday morning to Hampton, and appeared to be in good condition. O'Brien's bird seemed restive, but Edwards began to stalk, shorten himself up, and stick out his feathers when starting time had arrived, badly expiring Mr. Edwards. Mr. O'Brien now put his bird up and began offering ten to one that he'd be in town in 30 minutes. Just however as a friend was covering his X with a l, a hawk swooped across the sky and O'Brien quickly added "barren accidents." The hawk however was on the track of a chicken down in the field—seeing which, Mr. O'Brien renewed his entreaties to cover his ten. The excited tones of a man a short distance away attracted attention. It was Mr. Edwards who was "trying to get life" into his bird whose starting time was near at hand. "Am I going to lose my twenty dollars on you?" he shouted, poking the bird excitedly under the wing. "Am I?" "If I'm in a lower key between his teeth, "Am I'm this is your last fly." The time had now arrived, and turning to his trainer Edwards said, in a calm mood as he could command, "Put him up." The bird shot off, but went as crooked as a snipe. Edwards lost all control. He shouted and stamped his foot, but the bird went on flying. He got out of him, one leg hanging down. "Have any of you a gun?" said Mr. Edwards in a voice of the deepest woe, as he saw his pigeon lighting on a haystack a few hundred yards down in the old. He could get no gun; and then in a voice bordering on despair he turned to the trainer "Johnny go start him; do like a good fellow." Johnny went; but the pigeon joined another one and began fooling round, describing circles in the air, far beyond the reach of his trainer's night fall.

Thirty minutes afterwards O'Brien's pigeon went to roost home in St. John, but never a home did Edwards' pigeon get that night. The morning came and no pigeon. Mr. Edwards got up, put his hands in his pockets, went away to himself and began to whistle the tune that always presages a storm in the family. He spoke to no one—not a breakfast, but at noon went in, stood bolt upright and asked, "Is that pigeon in the house?" "No Sir." He sat his dinner, evening came, and towards midnight Mr. Edwards who sat up, saw the pigeon on his roof. There was a loud report, a bunch of feathers blew about the shed—but the next morning a big breed-turkey lay dead under the roof. The pigeon is in the hands of a member of the family—hidden from Mr. Edwards.

STAR BRIEFS.
—The market is at present full of geese and fowl of nearly every description.
—Mr. Ritchie of Newcastle bought a 1400 lb horse last week from Mr. Daniel Finn of Chatham for the woods.
—There was an alarm of fire on Saturday morning; and another on Sunday morning. The fires were trifles.
—There are nearly fifty barrels of tomcods lying on the ice opposite Chatham. Those fish are considered of no use by the fishermen just now.
—Mr. E. A. Strang shipped 15 boxes, or nearly 7 cwt. of smelt on Monday. Those fish were caught in his own two nets, which is the best fishing as yet of the main river this season.
—In our last we mentioned a large seizure made by Overseer Wynn and that he was holding the lot awaiting proof that they had been legally caught. The proof came, and Mr. Wynn released the fish. In making the seizure, he did as any watchful and honest officer should have done; and if the fishermen suffered loss because they failed to bring their licenses with them, Mr. Wynn is supposed to treat every man coming into Chatham according to the regulations for Chatham, but proof be given him that the catching is legal under the authority in another county. It might be well for the sake of convenience that the licenses for all the counties were uniform; but circumstances may render this undesirable and inexpedient. However, all strangers coming into this market at an early date, would do well to bring a legal passport.
—From the south side the river, Mr. Harrington on his way up from the oyster ground observed that smelt at Bel River were quite plentiful, several tons a day being taken. They are also plenty at Bay du Vin river; where six nets took 30 tons. One fisherman with two nets has already taken what brought him \$130 right on the ice. Were this luck general, the condition of the fisherman and shippers would be worse than at present, because the markets would be glutted.

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Newcastle Local News.

NECESSITY FOR IMPROVED POST OFFICE ACCOMMODATIONS AT NEWCASTLE.
It is a gross insult to the people of this town to ask them to endure this post office imposition any longer. It has lived too long a life already. This office might suit a new settlement on a straggling village with little business activity; but is altogether inadequate to the wants and trade of such a populous port and town as this. It was a mistake to establish such a den in the beginning; it is a greater blunder to continue it. There is neither room nor comfort to be found in it. Indeed it looks like a deserted log house, 8x10, put up at a time when glass and plaster were despised. The large ribs stand out in bold and threatening relief above, suggesting the idea, that you have strayed into an excavated elephant. The walls of this waiting room are those of a camp, save one solitary window; which looks like a smoke hole, gone astray. Indeed, one would believe, on first sight, that he had hit upon a lake dweller's cabin of pre-historic man, on its way to a modern museum. What excellent accommodation this affords the waiting public! Six or seven people fill it; fifteen make you gasp for breath. The latter would appear to be both rare and novel, especially in summer, especially delicate men and women find themselves in a reeking Black Hole; and to avoid waiting are obliged to go out before they are served. Some pigeon fanciers have stumbled in the Calcutta Post House in history; for two panes of the antique, cobwebbed window have come to grief. The sense of suffocation is so marked, that the noses of all are instinctively directed upwards. Evidently this certain gentleman's provincial knowledge on this point is correct. The Encyclopaedia New Brunswickiana. The old Reporter comes out with the saying as an original one, and vulgarly writes "Encyclopaedia New Brunswickiana."
On Friday last the Barrister Society met here and passed resolutions of condolence on the death of S. R. Thompson. The Attorney General made a feeling speech; and the Provincial secretary also said an eloquent tribute to the deceased. His Worship the Mayor expressed his admiration of the deceased as a lawyer and as a gentleman. Brief resolutions of condolence were passed.
Judge Stevens of St. Stephen, and two accomplices, David Main and one "Judge" Downs arrived here two or three days ago, crossed the river and interviewed Mr. Gibson on the St. Croix cotton factory. I will say for Mr. Main, to the great satisfaction of those who knew him, that while here he conducted himself in a manner that would be creditable to any citizen of St. Stephen.
The St. Andrews Society had a supper at the Barker House a few evenings ago; and a supper good enough for Bruce it was. The Attorney General sat at the head of the table and about him sat the big names, Mr. Fenwick, Prof. Rivet, Julius Innes, the Mayor, Hon. Robert Young, etc. There were the usual toasts heartily drank; and speeches by the proposer and complemented. It is my chief purpose now to give an extract or two from the *Capitalist's* report. You know how a green newspaper man feels the first time he is asked anywhere by virtue of his position as a press man. There is a sentiment, religious in its essence breathed through the Captains report for he was there himself, actually, amongst these great men, and spoke amongst them. The lowly herd who browse about the base of Olympus, know nothing of the glories of those who reach the summit. The *Capitalist's* writer tells that the Attorney General said the Princess has endeared herself to our people "by the genius interest manifested by her in the arts and sciences. No doubt Mr. Frazier ended with the "arts," but the Captain has reason to believe she is mixed up in the "sciences" as well. The "Board of Trade" brought Z-blin Everett to his feet. He announced he would be out for the mayorality, and canvassed those at the table. He was not a Scotchman but he had married a Scotchman's daughter—and was a Tara O'Shanter. He did not know how becoming a frilled night cap would be to him or he would have worn it. He hid behind the historic lands of Wallace and Bruce, and Scott and Burns;—and he had been the "welcome guest of Scotland's baronial halls." That is, he stayed with some of the noblemen over in Scotland when he went to buy his coal steamer. I wonder Mr. Everett was with the Duke of Argyll he had not. But like a great man "his Z-blin is after leaving the society of the big men in the words of the *Capitalist's* "drank buttermilk at the hospitable thatched cottages." I will guarantee Zeblin kept up the honor of his country too at the operation! Bye-and-bye when he is Lieutenant Governor, some of the friends whom he stayed with in the "baronial halls" will likely come to see his general—and his Tara O'Shanter's. He also saw Burns' relations. The Barons must have been enraptured with him.
CELESTUS.

Notes from the Capital.
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George Perks' meteors killed nobody that I have heard of.
One of Mr. Hunt's thermometers has fallen 25° below zero.
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Mr. A. G. Blair I regret to write you, has been lying ill at his house for some days. I am glad to say he is recovering somewhat.
The present City Council holds its last meeting this evening. May such a mass of communism never again rule in our City Hall.
The Methodist congregation open a lecture course here about the holidays. It is a matter for regret that we are to have no lectures here this winter.
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CELESTUS.

CANADIAN NEWS
The News misquotes Mark Anthony. The "Northern Light" is now making trips between Pictou and Georgetown.
Sleds loaded 28 vessels with deals this summer, and they carried 5,571 standards.
Two children were burned to death in Toronto, Friday, through the carelessness of a drunken mother.
The Halifax Board of Trade have framed strong Resolutions toward having Halifax made the winter port.
The News says Ross is "rather unceremonious in his manner." He is always sure however to go to the highest bidder.

Chatham Markets

Flour, best brands Spring Extra. \$ 8 10
Higher Brands. \$6 50 to 8 50
Corn Meal, per bbl. 3 40
Oat Meal (Canada) 6 00
Do (home made) 5 00
Beef, Mess, per bbl. 14 00
Prime Mess, do. 12 00
Pork, Mess, do. 20 00
Prime Mess, do. 17 00
Pork Hams (cured) per lb. 12
Home Made do. 12
Fresh Pork. 11
Salt Pork, per lb. 11
Salt Beef, do. 10
Butter (Irish), per lb. 20
Butter (in roll), do. 22
Eggs, per doz. 15
Cabbage, per doz. 60
Salmon (in case) 20
Lobster do. 12
Oysters do. 12
Oysters (Harrington's best) p. bbl. 2 00
From other sources. 1 00
Mackerel (fresh) per doz. 3 00
Mackerel (salt). 25
Codfish (dried), per lb. 24
Carrots, per bbl. 60
Potatoes, per bush. 50
Turnips. 40
Fresh Beef, per lb. 05
Lamb (per lb.) 08
Mutton (per pair). 20
Partridge, do. 50
Brant, do. 50
Geese, do. 50

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Lobster do. 12
Oysters do. 12
Oysters (Harrington's best) p. bbl. 2 00
From other sources. 1 00
Mackerel (fresh) per doz. 3 00
Mackerel (salt). 25
Codfish (dried), per lb. 24
Carrots, per bbl. 60
Potatoes, per bush. 50
Turnips. 40
Fresh Beef, per lb. 05
Lamb (per lb.) 08
Mutton (per pair). 20
Partridge, do. 50
Brant, do. 50
Geese, do. 50

Notes from the Capital.
Conductor Frank McPeake, is rapidly coming around.
George Perks' meteors killed nobody that I have heard of.
One of Mr. Hunt's thermometers has fallen 25° below zero.
Election gossip is the exciting topic. It is a pity Mr. Fenwick would not come out.
A wag here has hoaxed an ex military man, telling him Frederick is again to be the garrison town.
Mr. A. G. Blair I regret to write you, has been lying ill at his house for some days. I am glad to say he is recovering somewhat.
The present City Council holds its last meeting this evening. May such a mass of communism never again rule in our City Hall.
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Last winter, admiring the extent of a certain gentleman's provincial knowledge on this point is correct. The Encyclopaedia New Brunswickiana. The old Reporter comes out with the saying as an original one, and vulgarly writes "Encyclopaedia New Brunswickiana."
On Friday last the Barrister Society met here and passed resolutions of condolence on the death of S. R. Thompson. The Attorney General made a feeling speech; and the Provincial secretary also said an eloquent tribute to the deceased. His Worship the Mayor expressed his admiration of the deceased as a lawyer and as a gentleman. Brief resolutions of condolence were passed.
Judge Stevens of St. Stephen, and two accomplices, David Main and one "Judge" Downs arrived here two or three days ago, crossed the river and interviewed Mr. Gibson on the St. Croix cotton factory. I will say for Mr. Main, to the great satisfaction of those who knew him, that while here he conducted himself in a manner that would be creditable to any citizen of St. Stephen.
The St. Andrews Society had a supper at the Barker House a few evenings ago; and a supper good enough for Bruce it was. The Attorney General sat at the head of the table and about him sat the big names, Mr. Fenwick, Prof. Rivet, Julius Innes, the Mayor, Hon. Robert Young, etc. There were the usual toasts heartily drank; and speeches by the proposer and complemented. It is my chief purpose now to give an extract or two from the *Capitalist's* report. You know how a green newspaper man feels the first time he is asked anywhere by virtue of his position as a press man. There is a sentiment, religious in its essence breathed through the Captains report for he was there himself, actually, amongst these great men, and spoke amongst them. The lowly herd who browse about the base of Olympus, know nothing of the glories of those who reach the summit. The *Capitalist's* writer tells that the Attorney General said the Princess has endeared herself to our people "by the genius interest manifested by her in the arts and sciences. No doubt Mr. Frazier ended with the "arts," but the Captain has reason to believe she is mixed up in the "sciences" as well. The "Board of Trade" brought Z-blin Everett to his feet. He announced he would be out for the mayorality, and canvassed those at the table. He was not a Scotchman but he had married a Scotchman's daughter—and was a Tara O'Shanter. He did not know how becoming a frilled night cap would be to him or he would have worn it. He hid behind the historic lands of Wallace and Bruce, and Scott and Burns;—and he had been the "welcome guest of Scotland's baronial halls." That is, he stayed with some of the noblemen over in Scotland when he went to buy his coal steamer. I wonder Mr. Everett was with the Duke of Argyll he had not. But like a great man "his Z-blin is after leaving the society of the big men in the words of the *Capitalist's* "drank buttermilk at the hospitable thatched cottages." I will guarantee Zeblin kept up the honor of his country too at the operation! Bye-and-bye when he is Lieutenant Governor, some of the friends whom he stayed with in the "baronial halls" will likely come to see his general—and his Tara O'Shanter's. He also saw Burns' relations. The Barons must have been enraptured with him.
CELESTUS.

Chatham Markets
Flour, best brands Spring Extra. \$ 8 10
Higher Brands. \$6 50 to 8 50
Corn Meal, per bbl. 3 40
Oat Meal (Canada) 6 00
Do (home made) 5 00
Beef, Mess, per bbl. 14 00
Prime Mess, do. 12 00
Pork, Mess, do. 20 00
Prime Mess, do. 17 00
Pork Hams (cured) per lb. 12
Home Made do. 12
Fresh Pork. 11
Salt Pork, per lb. 11
Salt Beef, do. 10
Butter (Irish), per lb. 20
Butter (in roll), do. 22
Eggs, per doz. 15
Cabbage, per doz. 60
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