

CHICAGO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILLER,
Proprietor.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum, Postage
prepaid. If paid in advance \$1.25.

VOL. 9.-NO. 25.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 441.

LITERATURE.

(From Rose-Bell Magazine.)

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

WILKIE COLLINS'S New Story.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lord and Lady Montbarr were received by the housekeeper, the manager being absent for a day or two on business connected with the affairs of the hotel.

The rooms reserved for the travellers on the first floor were three in number, consisting of two bedrooms opening into each other, and communicating on the left, with a drawing room. Complete so far, the arrangements proved to be less satisfactory in reference to the third bedroom required for Agnes and for the eldest daughter of Lord Montbarr, who usually slept with her on their travels. The bedchamber on the right of the drawing-room was already occupied by an English widow lady. Other bedchambers at the other end of the corridor were also let in every case. There was accordingly no alternative but to place at the disposal of Agnes a comfortable room on the second floor. Lady Montbarr vainly complained of this separation of one of the members of her travelling party from the rest. The housekeeper politely hinted that it was impossible for her to ask other travellers to give up their rooms. She could only express her regret, and assure Miss Lockwood that her bedchamber on the second floor was one of the best rooms in that part of the hotel.

On the retirement of the housekeeper Lady Montbarr noticed that Agnes had seated herself apart, feeling apparently no interest in the question of the bedrooms. Was she ill? No; she felt a little nervous by the railway journey, and that was all. Hearing this, Lord Montbarr proposed that she should go out with him and try the experiment of half an hour's walk in the cool evening air. Agnes gladly accepted the suggestion. They directed their steps towards the square of St. Mark, so as to enjoy the breeze blowing over the lagoon. It was the first visit of Agnes to Venice. The fascinations of the wonderful city and the sea, and the full influence over her sensitive nature. The proposed half hour of the walk had passed away and was fast expanding to half an hour more before Lord Montbarr could persuade his companion to re-enter the hotel. She had not left the hotel more than ten minutes before a little note in pencil was brought to Lady Montbarr by the housekeeper. The writer proved to be no less a person than the widow lady who occupied the room on the other side of the drawing-room which her ladyship had vainly hoped to secure for Agnes. Writing under the name of Mrs. James, the polite widow explained that she had heard from the housekeeper of the disappointment experienced by Lady Montbarr in the matter of the rooms. Mrs. James was quite alone, and as long as her bedchamber was airy and comfortable it mattered nothing to her whether she slept on the first or second floor of the house. She had accordingly much pleasure in proposing to change rooms with Miss Lockwood. Her luggage had already been removed, and Miss Lockwood had only to take possession of the room (Number 15, A), which was now entirely at her disposal.

"I immediately proposed to see Mrs. James," Lady Montbarr continued, "and to thank her personally for her extreme kindness. But I was informed that she had gone out, without leaving word at what hour she might be expected to return. I have written a little note of thanks, saying that we hope to have the pleasure of personally expressing our sense of Mrs. James' courtesy to-morrow. In the mean time, Agnes, I have ordered your boxes to be removed down stairs. Go, and judge for yourself, my dear, if that good lady has not given up to you the prettiest room in the house."

With these words Lady Montbarr left Miss Lockwood to make a hasty toilet for dinner. The new room at once produced a favorable impression on Agnes. The large window, opening into the balcony, commanded an admirable view of the canal. Decorations on the walls and ceilings were skillfully copied from the exquisitely graceful designs of Raphael in the Vatican. The massive wardrobe possessed compartments of unusual size, in which double the number of dresses that Agnes possessed might have conveniently hung at full length. In the inner corner of the room, near the head of the bedstead, there was a recess which had been turned into a little dressing-room, and which opened by a second door on the inferior staircase of the hotel, commonly used by the servants. Noticing these aspects of the room at a glance Agnes made the necessary change

in her dress as quickly as possible. On her way back to the drawing-room she was addressed by a chambermaid in the corridor, who asked for her key. "I will put your room tidy for the night, miss," the woman said, "and I will then bring the key back to you in the drawing-room."

While the chambermaid was at her work a solitary lady, loitering about the corridor of the second story, was watching her over. The lady, who was the Countess herself, ran down the stairs, entered the bedchamber by the principal door and hid herself in the empty side compartment of the wardrobe. The chambermaid returned, completed her work, looked at her watch, and then, as the Countess herself had not returned, she entered the bedchamber by the principal door and hid herself in the empty side compartment of the wardrobe. The chambermaid returned, completed her work, looked at her watch, and then, as the Countess herself had not returned, she entered the bedchamber by the principal door and hid herself in the empty side compartment of the wardrobe.

The travellers were just sitting down to their late dinner when one of the children noticed that Agnes was not wearing her watch. Had she left it in her bedchamber in the hurry of changing her dress? She rose from the table at once in search of her watch. Lady Montbarr advised her to wait, as the security of her bedchamber in the event of her being thieves in the house. Agnes found her watch, forgotten on the toilet-table, as she had anticipated. Before leaving the room again she acted on Lady Montbarr's advice, and tried the key in the lock of the dressing-room door. It was properly secured. She left the bedchamber, locking the main door behind her.

Immediately on her departure the Countess, oppressed by the heat of the day, and the nervousness of the railway journey, ventured on stepping out her hiding place into the empty room. Entering the dressing-room, she listened at the door until the silence outside informed her that the corridor was empty. She then unlocked the door and, passing out, closed it again softly, leaving it to all appearances, when viewed on the inner side, as carefully secured as Agnes had seen it when she tried the key in the lock with her own hand.

While the Montbarrs were still at dinner, Henry Westwick joined them, arriving from Milan. When he entered the room, and again when he advanced to meet her, Agnes was conscious of a latent feeling which secretly reciprocated Henry's unconcealed pleasure on meeting her again. For a moment only she returned his look; and in that one moment her own observation told her that she had silently encouraged him to hope. She saw it in the sudden glow of happiness which came into his face; and she confusedly took refuge in the usual conventional inquiries relating to the relatives he had left at Milan.

Taking his place at the table Henry gave a most amusing account of the position of his brother Francis between the mercenary opera dancer on one side and the unscrupulous manager of the French theatre on the other. Matters had proceeded to the point where the French theatre manager had called on to interfere, and had decided the dispute in favor of Francis. On winning the victory the English manager had at once left Milan, recalled to London by the affairs of his theatre. He was accompanied on the journey back, as he had been accompanied on the journey out, by his sister. Resolved, after passing two nights of terror in the Venetian hotel, never to enter it again, Mrs. Norbury asked to be excused from appearing at the festival on the ground of ill-health. At her age travelling fatigued her, and she was glad to take advantage of her brother's escort to return to England.

While the talk at the dinner-table advanced to night, and it became necessary to think of sending the children to bed.

As Agnes arose to leave the room, accompanied by the eldest girl, she observed with surprise that Henry's manner suddenly changed. He was serious and preoccupied, and when his niece wished him good night he abruptly said to her, "Marian, what part of the hotel do you sleep in?" Marian, puzzled by the question, answered that she was going to sleep as usual with "Aunt Agnes." Not satisfied with that reply, Henry next inquired whether the bedroom was near the rooms occupied by the other members of their travelling party. Answering for the child and wondering what Henry's object could be, Agnes mentioned the polite sacrifice made for her convenience by Mrs. James. "Thanks to that lady's kindness," she said, "Marian and I are only on the other side of the drawing-room." He looked unconcerningly disinterested as he opened the door for Agnes and her companion to pass out. After wishing them good night he waited in the corridor until he saw the other two enter. Then he turned to the door of the drawing-room, and called to his brother, "Come out, Stephen, and let us smoke!"

As soon as the two brothers were at liberty to speak privately Henry explained the motive which led to his inquiries about the bedroom. Francis had informed him of the meeting with the Countess at Venice, and of all that had followed it; and Henry now carefully repeated the narrative

to his brother with all its details. "I am not satisfied," he added, "about that woman's purpose in giving up her room. Without alarming the ladies by telling them what I have just told you, can you not warn Agnes to be careful in securing her room?" Lord Montbarr replied that the warning had already been given by his wife, and that Agnes might be trusted to take care of herself and her little bedchamber. For the rest, he looked upon the wonderful story of the Countess and her superstitious as a piece of theatrical exaggeration, amusing enough in itself, but quite unworthy of a moment's serious attention.

Little Marian had been got ready for bed as usual, and had (so far) taken heed of her mother's warning. As she knelt down to say her prayers, she happened to look up at that part of the ceiling above her which was just over the head of her bed. The next instant she started up, her eyes fixed on the ceiling, and her hands outstretched. She had seen a small brown spot on one of the white paneled spaces of the carved ceiling. "It's a spot of blood!" the child exclaimed. "Take me away! I won't sleep here!"

Sitting plainly that it would be useless to reason with her while she was in the room, Agnes hurriedly wrapped Marian in a dressing-gown and carried her back to her mother in the drawing-room. Here all the ladies did their best to reassure the trembling girl. The effort was useless; the impression that had been produced on the young and sensitive mind was not to be removed by persuasion. Marian could give no explanation of the panic of terror that had seized her. She was quite unable to say why the spot on the ceiling looked like the color of a spot of blood. She only knew that she should die of terror if she saw it again. Under these circumstances, but one alternative was left. It was arranged that the child should pass the night in the room occupied by her two younger sisters and the nurse.

In half an hour more Marian was peacefully asleep with her arm round her sister's neck. Lady Montbarr went back with Agnes to her room, and to see the spot on the ceiling which had so frightened the child. It was so small as to be only perceptible, and it had in all probability been caused by the carelessness of a workman or by a dripping of water upon the floor of the room above.

"I really cannot understand why Marian should place such a terrible interpretation on such a trifling thing," Lady Montbarr remarked. "I suspect the nurse is exaggerating the danger of exciting a child's imagination. You had better caution the nurse to-morrow."

Lady Montbarr looked around the room admiringly. "It is not nicely decorated," she said. "I suppose, Agnes, you don't mind sleeping here by yourself?"

"I feel so tired," she replied, "that I was thinking of bidding you good night, instead of going back to the drawing-room."

Lady Montbarr turned toward the door. "I see your jewel case on the table," she resumed. "Don't forget to lock the door after you, in the dressing-room."

"I have already seen to it, and tried the key myself," said Agnes. "Can I be of any use to you before I go to bed?"

"No, my dear, thank you; I feel sleepy enough to follow your example and go to bed. Good night, Agnes, and pleasant dreams on your first night in Venice."

CHAPTER XXII.

Having closed and secured the door on Lady Montbarr's departure, Agnes put on her dressing-gown, and, turning to her open boxes, she began the business of unpacking. In the hurry of making her toilet for dinner, she had taken the first dress that lay uppermost in the trunk and had thrown her travelling costume on the bed. She now opened the wardrobe for the first time and began to hang her dresses on the hooks in the large compartment on one side.

After a few minutes only of this occupation, she grew weary of it and decided on leaving the trunks as they were until the next morning. The oppressive south wind which had blown throughout the day prevailed at night. The atmosphere of the room felt close; Agnes threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and, opening the window, stepped into the balcony to look at the view. The night was heavy and overcast; nothing could be distinctly seen. The canal beneath the window looked like a black gulf, the opposite houses were barely visible as a row of dark shadows, dimly relieved against the starless and moonless sky. At long intervals the warning cry of a belated gondolier was just audible as he turned the corner of a distant canal and as he called to invisible boats which might be approaching him in the darkness. Now and then the nearer dip of an oar in the water told of the viewless passage of other gondolas bringing guests back to the hotel. Except these rare sounds the mysterious night silence of Venice was literally the silence of the grave.

Leaning on the parapet of the balcony Agnes looked vacantly at the black void beneath. Her thoughts reverted to the miserable man who had broken his faith to her and had

died in that house. Some change seemed to have come over her since her arrival in Venice; some new influence appeared to be at work. For the first time in her experience of herself compassion and regret were not the only emotions aroused in her by the remembrance of the dead Montbarr. A keen sense for the wrong that she had suffered, never yet felt by that gentle and forgiving nature, was felt by it now. She found herself thinking of the bygone days of her humiliation almost as harshly as Henry Westwick had thought of them—she who had reaped the fruit of the last time he had spoken slightly of his brother-in-law's presence! A sudden fear and doubt of herself and her play-acted color rose to her face as she thought of the shadowy abyss of the dark water as if the mystery and the gloom of it had been answerable for the emotions which had taken her by surprise. Abruptly closing the window, she turned to her shawl and lit the candles on the mantelpiece, impelled by a sudden craving for light in the solitude of her room.

The cheering brightness around her, contrasting with the black gloom outside, reassured her spirits. She felt herself enjoying the light like a child!

Would it be well (she asked herself) to get ready for bed? No! The sense of drowsy fatigue that she had felt half an hour since was gone. She returned to the duty of unpacking her boxes. After a few minutes only the occupation became irksome to her once more. She sat down by the table and took up a guide-book. "Suppose I read a chapter," she thought, "on the subject of Venice!"

Her attention wandered from the book before she had turned the first page of it. The image of Henry Westwick was the present image in her memory now. Recalling the minutes of the employment of unpacking her boxes. After a few minutes only the occupation became irksome to her once more. She sat down by the table and took up a guide-book. "Suppose I read a chapter," she thought, "on the subject of Venice!"

The experience of Dr. B. O. Kinneer, was indeed wonderful. He was a passenger in the fourth car, with his friend, Mr. Kimball. This car was tipped up to an angle of forty-five degrees. Dr. Kinneer was buried from his seat and shot through the roof into the marsh, where he landed fifteen feet away. The hole through the roof was just large enough to admit the passage of his body, and was formed in some unexplained manner at the instant of the collision. Dr. Kinneer's injuries are not serious, being confined to a bruise on the head.

THE DEATH OF REAGAN. Mr. James F. Ormond, who occupied the front compartment of the palace car, together with Mr. Reagan and three other guests, and the only one unhurt in the compartment, gives the following particulars: When the train started, as helped Mr. Reagan into the car shielding him from the crowd. The carsman was feeling very downhearted over his defeat, crying continually. Mr. Ormond had, on the behalf of several gentlemen, just presented him with a purse, and sat down in the seat with him. Reagan seemed cheered up for a minute, then began crying again, and said: "What will my friends say?" Just then the crash came and every man in the compartment was hurled out. Reagan was the last to be thrown from his seat. The latter jumped from the open side of the car and ran to the place where Reagan was thrown. Reagan's brother got there first, and lifting the dying man's head, he cried, "Oh, my God! Pat, is this you?" Together they carried him away from the track, where he died without regaining consciousness.—Boston Journal, 10th inst.

In San Augustine County, Texas, when a gentleman desires to court a lady to church he writes her as follows: "Compliments of Mr. — to Miss —. I respectfully solicit your corporal system across the alluvial landscape that lies between your father's hospitable domicile and the sanctuary of God, there to bear the expounding of the Scriptures." The maiden replies: "I will with pleasure allow you the exquisite beatitude of escorting my corporal system over the space of ground intervening between my parental domicile and the edifice of divine worship when the diurnal orb of the day shall have sought his last resting-place behind the occidental hills."

A CORRESPONDENT, who prudently conceals his identity, sends the following:—How was Peter Mitchell unfairly treated on the day of the election? He was struck down by a snowball, and left out in the cold. Not a nice operation he thought. Why is Sir John's reign likely to be prosperous for the Dominion? Because he represents a favourable market. Why should there be no change of superintendent of the International railway? Because expensive Brylcrems ought to be permanent.—Mail.

In the Napier correspondence is a letter from Lord Brougham, in which he writes of his "hated rival" Macaulay: "He is absolutely renowned in society as the greatest bore that ever yet appeared. I have seen people come in from Holland House, breathless and knocked up, and unable to say nothing but 'Oh, dear, Oh, dear!' 'What's the matter?' being asked: 'Oh, Macaulay!' and then everyone said, 'That accounts for it—you're lucky to be alive,' etc."

never knew. She could only remember in the afternoon that she awoke instantly. Every faculty and perception in her passed the boundary line between insensibility and consciousness, so to speak, at a leap. Without knowing why, she sat up suddenly in the bed, listening for she knew not what. Her head was in a whirl; her heart beat furiously but without any assignable cause. But one trivial event had happened during the interval while she had been asleep. The lamp had gone out, and the room, as a matter of course, was in total darkness. She felt for the match-box, and paused after finding it. A sense of confusion was still in her mind. She was in no hurry to light the lamp. The pause in the darkness, as strange as it may seem, agreeable to her.

In the quieter flow of her thoughts during this interval, she could ask herself the natural question: What had she awakened her so suddenly and had so strangely shaken her nerves? Had it been the influence of a dream? She had not dreamed at all—or, to speak more correctly, had no waking remembrance of having dreamed. The mystery was beyond her fathoming; the darkness began to oppress her. She struck the match on the box and lit her candle.

As the welcome light diffused itself over the room, she turned from the table and looked towards the other end of the bed. In the moment when she turned the chill of a sudden terror gripped her round the heart, as with the clasp of an icy hand.

She was not alone in her room! There, seated in the chair at her bedside—there, suddenly revealed under the flow of light from the candle, was the figure of a woman, reclining. Her head lay back over the chair. Her face turned up to the ceiling, the eyes closed, as if she was wrapped in deep sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Old Colony Railway Disaster.

The experience of Dr. B. O. Kinneer, was indeed wonderful. He was a passenger in the fourth car, with his friend, Mr. Kimball. This car was tipped up to an angle of forty-five degrees. Dr. Kinneer was buried from his seat and shot through the roof into the marsh, where he landed fifteen feet away. The hole through the roof was just large enough to admit the passage of his body, and was formed in some unexplained manner at the instant of the collision. Dr. Kinneer's injuries are not serious, being confined to a bruise on the head.

THE DEATH OF REAGAN. Mr. James F. Ormond, who occupied the front compartment of the palace car, together with Mr. Reagan and three other guests, and the only one unhurt in the compartment, gives the following particulars: When the train started, as helped Mr. Reagan into the car shielding him from the crowd. The carsman was feeling very downhearted over his defeat, crying continually. Mr. Ormond had, on the behalf of several gentlemen, just presented him with a purse, and sat down in the seat with him. Reagan seemed cheered up for a minute, then began crying again, and said: "What will my friends say?" Just then the crash came and every man in the compartment was hurled out. Reagan was the last to be thrown from his seat. The latter jumped from the open side of the car and ran to the place where Reagan was thrown. Reagan's brother got there first, and lifting the dying man's head, he cried, "Oh, my God! Pat, is this you?" Together they carried him away from the track, where he died without regaining consciousness.—Boston Journal, 10th inst.

In San Augustine County, Texas, when a gentleman desires to court a lady to church he writes her as follows: "Compliments of Mr. — to Miss —. I respectfully solicit your corporal system across the alluvial landscape that lies between your father's hospitable domicile and the sanctuary of God, there to bear the expounding of the Scriptures." The maiden replies: "I will with pleasure allow you the exquisite beatitude of escorting my corporal system over the space of ground intervening between my parental domicile and the edifice of divine worship when the diurnal orb of the day shall have sought his last resting-place behind the occidental hills."

A CORRESPONDENT, who prudently conceals his identity, sends the following:—How was Peter Mitchell unfairly treated on the day of the election? He was struck down by a snowball, and left out in the cold. Not a nice operation he thought. Why is Sir John's reign likely to be prosperous for the Dominion? Because he represents a favourable market. Why should there be no change of superintendent of the International railway? Because expensive Brylcrems ought to be permanent.—Mail.

In the Napier correspondence is a letter from Lord Brougham, in which he writes of his "hated rival" Macaulay: "He is absolutely renowned in society as the greatest bore that ever yet appeared. I have seen people come in from Holland House, breathless and knocked up, and unable to say nothing but 'Oh, dear, Oh, dear!' 'What's the matter?' being asked: 'Oh, Macaulay!' and then everyone said, 'That accounts for it—you're lucky to be alive,' etc."

never knew. She could only remember in the afternoon that she awoke instantly. Every faculty and perception in her passed the boundary line between insensibility and consciousness, so to speak, at a leap. Without knowing why, she sat up suddenly in the bed, listening for she knew not what. Her head was in a whirl; her heart beat furiously but without any assignable cause. But one trivial event had happened during the interval while she had been asleep. The lamp had gone out, and the room, as a matter of course, was in total darkness. She felt for the match-box, and paused after finding it. A sense of confusion was still in her mind. She was in no hurry to light the lamp. The pause in the darkness, as strange as it may seem, agreeable to her.

Business Cards.

HANINGTON & WELLS,
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.
DORCHESTER, N. B.

HICKMAN & ENMERSON,
Attorneys-at-Law, &c.,
DORCHESTER, N. B.

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

T. S. SIMMS & CO.,
Manufacturers of all kinds of Brushes and Corn Brooms,
No. 208 UNION STREET,
June 14 ST. JOHN, N. B.

DICKSON & TRUEMAN,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.
Dorchester and Sackville, N. B.

OFFICE: Over the Post Office, Dorchester; Opposite M. Wood & Sons' Office, Sackville.
JOS. H. DICKSON. WM. A. TRUEMAN

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

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

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.

W. F. COLEMAN, M. D., N. B. C. S. ENG.
Oculist and Oculist to St. John General Public Hospital.

Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Office:—32 GERMAIN STREET, corner North Market Street,
SAINT JOHN, - - - N. B.
Hours: 11 to 1, and 2 to 5.

STIMPSON, WALLACE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
Improved New Dominion
ORGANS.

ST. JOHN, - - - - - N. B.
This is the most popular Organ manufactured in Canada.

Sales have doubled in six months. Manufacture six per week.
Send for Circular and Price List.

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

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

ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, AND RUTLAND MARBLES,

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

Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province.

AMHERST FOUNDRY
—AND—
MACHINE SHOP,
MANUFACTORY OF
Mill & other Machinery.

Ship's Castings, Stoves,
HOLLOW WARE, TIN WARE,
PLOUGHS, &c.

AMHERST, - - - NOVA SCOTIA.

Andres' Marble Works,
Amherst and Wallace, N. S.

THE Subscriber having a large amount of superior ITALIAN and AMERICAN MARBLE on hand, is prepared to sell

Gravestones and Monuments of Either Quality,
At greatly reduced prices. He has also a large amount of MARBLE and first quality FREESTONE at extremely low prices. Also, Italian Marble Table and Sundry Tops.

Persons are cautioned against buying Southern Falls American Marble for the Italian, as on account of their resemblance, it is frequently sold for the latter.

Persons wishing to purchase will find it decidedly to their advantage to call and examine for themselves before buying elsewhere.

All orders promptly attended to, and finished in a workmanlike manner. Designs sent free when required.

S. B. ANDRES.
Amherst, N. S., Dec. 19, 1876.

D. LUND, Agent for taking orders in Sackville and vicinity.

Business Cards.

Park Hotel,
King Square, - - St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES,
(Of the late Barnes Hotel,) PROPRIETOR.

UNION HOTEL,
Hopewell Corner, A. C.

S. B. OULTON, Proprietor.

Park Hotel,
DORCHESTER, N. B.

T. W. BELL, - - - Proprietor.

T. W. BELL & Co.,
Sole Manufacturers, - - - Sackville, N. B.

The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

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

22 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

George Nixon,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
PAPER HANGING,
Brushes and Window Glass.

KING ST. - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

55 for 15 Cents!
INSTRUCTIONS which will enable any one to paint in oil PORTRAITS of self or friends sent for 15c. Don't pay Agents 95.

J. HUTCHINSON,
PAINTER, N. B.

JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c.

WEDDING RINGS, made to order at W. TREMAINE GARD'S.

FINE GOLD and Silver Watches and Jewelry at W. TREMAINE GARD'S.

Orders from the Country solicited. Jewelry Made and Repaired and Satisfaction Guaranteed, at

W. TREMAINE GARD'S,
78 King Street, St. John, N. B.
A few doors South of King St.

EXCELSIOR
Roofing felt Manufacturing Co.

J. W. PATTERSON, - - MANAGER.

Pitch, Tar, Asphalt, Dry and Tanned Paper

Always on Hand in Large Quantities at Lowest Market Prices.

A. P. McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents for Maritime Provinces,

No. 17 Alexandra Building, North Ward,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

BEFORE buying or renting a Cabinet or Parlor Organ, be sure to send for our latest Catalogue and Circulars with new Styles and reduced prices. It contains most interesting and free. MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., Boston, New York, and Chicago; or, G. C. FLETCHER, Upper Sackville, N. B., sole and exclusive Agent for Western Canada.

NOTICE.
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS which existed between the Subscriber and his late father, THOMAS BAIRD, Esq., is now continued by the Subscriber JOHN MILTON BAIRD alone under the old style of Firm of

THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,
Pursuant to the provision of his father's will.
JOHN MILTON BAIRD,
Sackville, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

LONGER AGENT.—Our Agreement with W. H. Ours, of St. John, N. B., has this day terminated by mutual consent. In the meantime, parties desiring Machinery can obtain information from

AMOS FISHER, Turo, N. S., or JOHN WELSH, St. Martins, N. B.

Both practical men whose judgment and advice can be relied on.

Prices Reduced!
Great Improvements in our SAW LOGS, PORTLAND CEMENT MILLS, PORTLAND SAW MILLS. Address

WATERLOO ENGINE WORKS CO.,
Brantford, Canada,
February 1st, 1878. P. E. P.

NEW HARNESS SHOP

I HAVE OPENED, in connection with the old stand, a

Retail and Repair Shop.

IN CHICAGO HALL, Lower Sackville, where all my customers will be attended to promptly and at cheap rates.—Mr. O. H. Estabrook in charge.

STEPHEN AYER.

HARNESSES at either establishment will be sold for prompt pay or cash at three months, cheaper than at any other establishment in the Province. Call and obtain prices.

S. A.

Business Cards.

SACKVILLE
BOOK STORE.

OPPOSITE THE
"Brunswick House,"
augst R. C. CHAPMAN.

W. H. OLIVE,
I. C. R. TICKET AGENT,

Forwarding Agent and Custom House Broker,
67 Prince Wm. St.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,

(Consulate of the Netherlands, Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, } Philadelphia.
Geo. A. TOWNSHEND, } July 24

New Harness Shop.

THE Subscriber has opened a Harness Shop opposite the Lawrence House, where he