

CHICAGO POST.

JEREMIAH C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

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VOL. 8.—NO. 11.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 365.

Decapitated by Dozens.

It is not surprising that the Chinese court of justice and place of execution—LASHES AND TORTURE TO INDUCE CONFESSION—TWENTY-FOUR HEADS MOWN OFF AT ONCE.

In the populous empire of the Orient is as need. Do Quincy has said in effect in a passage in the "Confessions," and in China the disregard for human life, the callousness to human suffering is notorious. This disregard and callousness have been incorporated into every section of the criminal code of the country, and not even the gaining of a foot-hold by foreign civilization has sufficed to shame the rulers of the Flowery Kingdom from their cruelty. The punishments of their native tribunals are severe. At Foochow, a man, being convicted of kidnapping a female child, was sentenced to death, having the privilege of choosing between decapitation and death by starvation. He chose the latter death, singular to say, and so was placed in a cage and publicly exhibited, that the people might watch from day to day the slow progress of his gradual extinction. How long the unhappy wretch lingered it is not stated, but the report says that this horrible scene was to be witnessed "throughout the greater part of last week." It seems that the inhabitants of the foreign settlement at Foochow are much scandalized by these public punishments, and recently protested against the flogging of a defaulting official in the open streets.

In this connection the following translation of a letter from a French or rather a Belgian gentleman at Canton to a friend may be found of interest:

"I was just ending my breakfast when L. entered suddenly and said: 'They will pass judgment to-day at Nan-hai, probably also there will be an execution. Would you like to come?'"

"Nan-hai, the larger of the prisons of Canton, is situated in the centre of the Chinese city, at a considerable distance from the European quarter. Nothing more gloomy than the surroundings of this jail can be imagined. Round it swarm ragged, haggard, sallow men, with iron rings round their necks, to padlocks in which are fastened chains riveted to iron balls or blocks of stone, which they drag painfully over the stones as they pass through the dragging begging of the visitors or offering small trinkets of their own manufacture for food."

"The prison is a heap of rude buildings grouped around a large yard or wall, the base of which the door reserved for the passage of the mandarins to the halls set apart for the administration of justice. Such justice! The court-room gives on the dungeons—cages where hundreds of prisoners, heaped together pell mell, await their fate, glowers over hunger, famine and vermin. There is no imprisonment here as a punishment, and often those who are condemned to suffer death or stripes are left to depend on the public and scanty charity for food."

"Let those who sit around the feet of the mandarins, says a man, 'the aspect of these dens is at once pitiful and repugnant. Spectral faces fit behind the bars and fleshless fingers implore an alms; you can see dimly human forms writhing upon heaps of filth; from the shadows come the clinking of chains and a color so nauseous! The women's is not different; there, too, I am told, young girls, wives and mothers are frequently held as hostages till their fathers, husbands or sons have been arrested or have given themselves up."

"In one cage, I was shown a woman of forty or thereabouts. She poisoned her husband, and is to be cut while living into thirty-four pieces," said L. "That is a common punishment. She has been waiting death for three months. He accompanied his explanations by gestures sufficiently significant, but to which the miserable wretch paid no attention. She merely threw out a skinny hand, into which we threw a few cents."

"Facing the condemned cells is a room occupied by spies, placed here to listen to the conversation of the doomed men—not to elicit information that may change a sentence (for the sentences are irrevocable), but to find clues for tracking out other criminals."

"The court room is a square hall traversed by two rows of pillars. On either side were soldiers, turnkeys and clerical attendants; behind a tapestried table four mandarins wearing poncho's plumes. Kneeling on the tiles before them, naked to the waist, was a man, by whom stood a soldier armed with a stout bamboo."

"The prisoner was undergoing execution. He had already received, we are told, forty blows, and his back was raw and bloody. He was nearly ripe for confession. I shall never forget the face of the mandarin who was conducting the examination, for never have I seen one so coldly cruel, with little oblique eyes, thin and tightly-drawn lips, a sharp chin, a lowering forehead, a devilish compound of the cat and the hyena. Looking upon him I recalled the Chinese proverb which says, 'Rather than fall into the mandarin's hands, it is better to cast yourself headlong from a tower.'"

"So," said the judge, according to my friend's interpreting, "you admit that you were present. Who

also was there at the same time? Was so-and-so not present as well? He was," said the prisoner. "And so-and-so?" "Yes." "And who else?" "I saw no one else." "There were others. Try and recollect." "I can not recollect," said he. "I saw no one else." "The mandarin took a sign and the attendant soldier seized the prisoner's pig-tail and brought the bamboo down furiously on his bleeding back. 'Kill me! kill me!' shrieked the wretch. 'I saw no one else.' You will not speak, then?" said the mandarin toly, with another gesture, in obedience to which another attendant stepped forward, bearing an array of instruments of torture, pliers to tear out teeth and fracture jaws, thumb-screws, rattans, mallets to break the fingers, I know not what. "As he approached the prisoner, this latter set himself to speak with a frightful feverish volubility, so rapidly, indeed, that L., comparatively expert interpreter though he was, could hardly follow him. The poor fellow confessed, gave names, grew incoherent, poured out a string of other names—at haphazard, and without the slightest idea of what he was saying, I think.

"Horror-stricken I was about to leave the hall when there was a great stir in the audience-chamber and I entered, smiling, a tall and stout man of some fifty years, wearing the insignia of a mandarin of the highest rank. The others left their chairs, the cat-faced inquisitor assumed an affable air, and for five minutes there was a chin chinning, a complimenting, bowing and curtsying as ceremonious as if we had been at Versailles in the time of Louis XIV. After this avalanche of politeness the mandarin, who had apparently only called in to take his leave of his colleagues, went out again by the door of honor, and they, taking on their passionate faces, returned to their work.

"He is going to preside at the execution," said L.; "make haste."

"We found the court-yard thronged with yellow-uniformed soldiers armed with halberds, muskets, locks, cutlasses or little coffee-colored ponies, parasols, banners, gongs, a rich sedan-chair carried by six coolies robed in red, all the cortege of a great mandarin, and in the middle, seated on the ground in baskets, with sullen countenances and heavily ironed, a dozen ragged men, the victims of the law. At each moment a new captive was brought up. One by one they are publicly lugged them out of the cell; each was seized and bound by the turkeys and placed in the basket to be carried, depending from a bamboo pole, by two coolies, a wooden rod round his neck gave his name and age, and a label pasted upon a stick announced the crime for which he was to die, by order of the Emperor."

"It is some distance to the scene of execution, we hurried into our chairs and set out. As we did so the bustle and horrid din of the gongs announced that the procession was forming. So great an impression had the whole affair left on my mind—this revolting justice, the horrible blow in the left eye, which caused the curtain to close for ever, and he did not turn to me any more. I went far him energetically. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that five minutes after I had gone for him, his mother, seen in the prostrate form of her son approaching the house onto a door shouter carried him to me, run out doors, carefully looked him over and said:

"Mi son, you've bin foolin' round a thrasher's washeen. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and then you got up in the thrasher's house, and the horse tread on you didn't you my son?"

You can judge by this what a disagreeable person I am when I'm angry."

How the CZAR TRAVELS.—The Emperor Alexander travels in a carriage constructed especially for his accommodation. This car, 36 feet in length, is a moving palace; there is a parlor, a bedroom and a dining-room, furnished with rare magnificence, and to it is adapted a system of wheels which enables it to pass upon any railway in Europe, whatever be the gauge. The imperial train is preceded by a pilot locomotive, on which is the Director of the line. Thirty minutes behind follows a second train, with engineers and workmen provided with everything necessary to repair the road in case of accident. Twenty minutes after this are the coaches containing the Imperial suite, and lastly, at another interval of half an hour, comes the escort of 300 men.

OPROBRIUM.—This is the old camp-leopold soap, and is an excellent preparation. It is still much used as an anodyne and gently rubefacient embrocation in sprains, bruises, and rheumatic or gouty pains. It is made as follows: Take of common white soap, sliced, three ounces; camphor one ounce; oil of rosemary and oil origanum, of each a fluid dram; alcohol, one pint. Digest the soap with the alcohol by means of a sand bath, till dissolved; then add the camphor and oil; and when they are dissolved, pour the liquor into broad-mouthed bottles. This liniment has, when used, the consistency of a soft ointment. It melts with the heat of the body, and therefore becomes liquid when rubbed on the skin.

LEVERIER, the French astronomer, is very ill.

A Plucky Woman's Feat.

AFTER TWO BURLY COWARDS JUMPED SHE STOPS A RUNAWAY TEAM.

MIDDLETON, N. Y., July 1.—On the stage route between Ellenville and Summitville is a long steep hill, known as Bald's Hill. Yesterday as the stage, containing Mrs. Jane Hollingsworth and two small children, William Bram and James Low, the driver, had just begun the descent of the hill the pole slipped through the neck-yoke and the stage ran heavily against the trees, and they at once started at a furious rate down the hill. The driver dropped the reins and jumped from the stage to the roadside. Bram, who occupied the seat with Low, sprang out at the same time. Mrs. Hollingsworth and her children occupied the rear seat in the stage, and there was no possible way for her to escape from it, if she had thought it wise to do so. Seeing herself and children left to their fate by the men, she determined to make her own fight against the horses, if possible; although with the team plunging madly down the steep declivity, without restraint or guidance of a driver, and the coach swaying from side to side threatening momentarily to be capsized down the high bank of the hill, she had but a chance for escape from death. She seemed to have a sudden inspiration, and she sprang from the driver's seat, first quivering her children, who were screaming in terror, with her arms outstretched, would save them. Reaching the driver's seat she was compelled to climb over the dash-board to the front of the coach, between the two fringed horses, to gain possession of the reins, which had apparently been flung over the side of the hill. She noticed us, approached and presenting, still smoking with blood, the two swords with which the work had been done, offered to sell them to us for \$5, as we might like to have them by way of souvenir!

A Healthy Individual.

The following is the last thing written by the late Artemus Ward: "Ount quite recent I have bin a healthy individual. I am nearly sixty, and yet I've got a muckle in my arm which don't make me feel any older than the tread of a canary bird when you fly about and hit a man. Only a few weeks ago I was exhibitin' in East Shobegan, in a bidin' which had formerly been occupied by a pugilist—one of those fellows which hits men in the eye, and makes the manly art of self-defence. Artemus and I were in the ring in consequence of previously occupying the bidin', of a large yaller dorg."

"To be sure, sir," said I, "but not with this yaller dorg."

"He said, 'O yea.'"

I said, "O yea."

He said, "Do yer want to be ground to powder?"

I said, "Yes, I do, if there is a powder grinder handy."

Then he struck me a disgusting blow in the left eye, which caused the curtain to close for ever, and he did not turn to me any more. I went far him energetically. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that five minutes after I had gone for him, his mother, seen in the prostrate form of her son approaching the house onto a door shouter carried him to me, run out doors, carefully looked him over and said:

"Mi son, you've bin foolin' round a thrasher's washeen. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and then you got up in the thrasher's house, and the horse tread on you didn't you my son?"

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Mr. Parker tells a Story.

Mr. Parker sat in Mr. Johnson's place last evening, a shade of melancholy upon his usually placid brow. At last he turned to his friend and said: "Johnson, you remember the race I had after that boy who tried to push me out of the Blecker street car?"

"Oh yes, I remember," said Mr. Johnson.

"Speaking of boys," resumed Mr. Parker, "did I ever tell you about the boy and the policeman?"

"No."

"Sad, sad story, but if policemen will let their temper rise, and if boys will annoy them—well, well, I suppose such things are intended as a lesson," said Mr. Parker with a sigh.

"Do tell us the story," urged Mr. Johnson.

"I suppose I might as well," said Mr. Parker. "It was the 15th day of last June, at exactly 3.15 o'clock in the afternoon. I know, because I looked at my watch just before the race. Mr. Parker hesitated for a moment, and then said—'affair.' 'I was going up Broadway, and had reached Broome street, when the first peculiar and unwelcome thing I observed was a small-boy, placed his thumb upon the tip of his nose, and moved his fingers in the air. He accompanied this salute with the remark, 'Blow away, ole Prussian blue.' This seemed to anger the policeman, who did blow away at a tremendous rate.

"It's time to get to work; don't yer hear ole brass foundry a-whistlin'?" screamed the small boy, derisively.

"The officer made a dash after him; the small-boy clambered down, and a chase ensued. The situation of affairs at this point of my story can be more easily comprehended by a reference to this drawing."

Here Mr. Parker executed a few rapid strokes with a piece of chalk upon a slate whereon he had been scoring points in a recent game.

"Here," said he, "is the map."

MAP

A B C

Figure A represents the policeman.

Figure B is a correct drawing of his club.

Figure C is a rough sketch of the small-boy.

"Now," continued Mr. Parker, "keep your eye on the map and you will understand what I am about to say. A dashed line B in his right hand and a dashed line C in his left hand and dashed off in pursuit of C. C ran faster than A, probably spurred to exertion by the fear of I. A swore and C tore along at a great rate. All at once C slipped on X (an unknown quantity)—perks a haunch, picks up an orange peel, a guinea, and B was raised high in air over the devoted head of C, when C arose and ran rapidly down a narrow street."

"Well?" said Mr. Johnson, excitedly.

"What?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Tell us the rest: did he kill the boy? Finish the story."

"That's all," said Mr. Parker, solemnly.

Slow but Sure.

The "slow fighter" was a tall, rawboned specimen of the Pike County breed, and when he arrived at the mining camp the boys began to have fun with him—"mill him," as they call it in the parlance of the mines.

He stood it for a long time with perfect equanimity, until finally one of the party dared him out of doors to fight.

He went. When they got all ready and squared off, Pike County stretched out his long neck and presented the tip of his big nose temptingly close to his tormentor: "I'm a little slow," he said, "and can't fight unless I'm well riled; just paste me one—good 'un—right on the end of that smeller!"

His request was complied with.

"That was a good 'un," he said, calmly, "but I don't feel quite riled yet" (turning the side of his head to his adversary); "please chuck me another lively one under the ear!"

The astonished adversary again complied, whereupon Pike County, remarking that he was "not quite as well riled as he would like to be, but would do the best he could," called to the crowd, and for the next ten days the "boys" were engaged in mending broken jaws, repairing damaged eyes, and tenderly resuscitating the noses.—New Orleans Democrat.

ROSA STEELE, a handsome daughter of the former sutler at Fort Saulling, was engaged to be married to Viscount de Turenne, of France, for many winters a resident at Washington as Secretary of the French Legation, a man of immense wealth, but unfortunate in having two infirmities, but she disappointed him and eloped Saturday with one Vincent a clerk at Washington, and married him at Baltimore. She has wealth as well as beauty.

Business Cards.

DICKSON & TRUEMAN,
Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.
Dorchester and Sackville, N. B.
OFFICES: Over the Post Office, Dorchester; Opposite M. Wood & Son's Office, Sackville.
JOS. H. DICKSON. WM. A. TRUEMAN (July 5)

MARBLE FREESTONE AND WORKS.
H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.
HAVING purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. Peter Haagan, and with his previously large Stock of ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, AND RUTLAND MARBLES, the Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stocks of Monumental Marbles to be found in the country. All Stock is guaranteed.
Price twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province. (Apr 26)

Andres' Marble Works,
Amherst and Wallace, N. S.
THE Subscriber having a large amount of superior ITALIAN and AMERICAN MARBLE on hand, prepared to sell at greatly reduced prices. He has also a large amount of MARBLE and first quality FIRESTONE at extremely low prices. Also, Italian Marble Table and Counter Tops.
Persons are cautioned against buying Southern Falls American Marble for the Italian, as an 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. 12, 1876.

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

SAINT JOHN SLATE MANTLE MARBLEIZING WORKS.
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Figure B is a correct drawing of his club.
Figure C is a rough sketch of the small-boy.
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Business Cards.

Park Hotel,
DORCHESTER, N. B.
T. W. BELL, --- Proprietor.
July 12

HANINGTON & WELLS,
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.
DORCHESTER, N. B.
D. HANINGTON. W. W. WELLS.
(May 17)

UNION HOTEL,
GEO. W. SHAW, Proprietor.
Hopewell Corner, A. C.
(May 24)

T. S. SIMMS & CO.,
Manufacturers of all kinds of Brushes and Corn Brooms.
No. 206 UNION STREET,
June 14 ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

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

BLAKLEE & WHITEHEAD,
Paper Hangings, White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.
22 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
Office: --- at Mr. Palmer's Building, Dorchester, N. B.

PUSSLEY, CRAWFORD & PUSSLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
50 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. R. Pugsley, J. E. Crawford, W. Pugsley, Jr.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands, Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 WALTON STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, Philadelphia, Geo. S. TOWNSEND, 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.

VICTORIA STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS.
Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.
WE call the attention of Wholesale dealers and buyers to our Stock of FINE CONFECTIONS. Wholesale only.
J. R. WOODBURN & Co.,
Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.
J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KEEL.

G. H. VENNING,
Clock and Watch Maker.
BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that 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.
ap26 G. H. V.

W. F. COLEMAN, M. D., M. R. C. S. ENG.
FORMERLY Surgeon to Toronto Eye and Ear Infirmary.
Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Office—32 GERMAIN STREET, corner North Market Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Hours—10 to 12, and 2 to 5. (Apr 19)

GEO. CONNORS,
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. oct20

NEW BRUNSWICK PARLOR & VESTRY Organ Manufactory.
PETITCODIAC, --- N. B.
CABINETS ORGANS of all descriptions on hand, and manufactured to order. Piano Flats, Covers, &c., always on hand. All instruments of my manufacture warranted to give satisfaction. A liberal discount made to churches.

W. M. MURPHY,
Proprietor.
May 15

Business Cards.

RESURGAM!
WORTMAN & SPENCER,
Soaps & Patent Medicines,
(Burnt out at No. 12 Church street).
HAVE leased the new building on Paradise Row, near Main street, owned by James Harris, Esq., and will resume business in a very few days. The orders of our friends will be gratefully received and attended to with all possible despatch.
W. FRETZ WORTMAN, HIRSH LAUD SPENCER.
St. John, N. B., July 5th.

The MISSES McLEOD,
Dress & Cloak Makers,
(LATE OF BOSTON).
TAKE this opportunity of thanking their friends and the public for the liberal support they have received since coming to Amherst and informing them that they have taken Rooms in
THE AMHERST WAREHOUSE CO.'S STORE, where they will be pleased to serve all who may favor them with their patronage, and where ladies intending to purchase will have the advantage of a selection from a large variety of Dress Goods, Cloths, Trimmings, &c., as they are being out. Ladies wishing to do their own Dress Making can have Suits or Garments cut and fitted, or can be furnished with Patterns.
Dresses, Cloaks, Costumes and Wedding Trousseaus made to order at short notice and in the most fashionable styles.
WANTED—Several Apprentices.
A. McLeod, J. McLeod,
May 29

Dental Notice.
C. A. ANDERSON, --- Dentist,
HAS RETURNED, and will attend to his practice as usual. For one month his prices will be ten per cent. less for cash than his former charges.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.
Sackville, June 20th, 1877. [t]

U. S. Piano Co.
\$290.
YOU ask WHY we can sell First-class 7-8 Octave Rosewood Pianos for \$290. Our answer is, that it costs less than \$300 to make and \$200 to sell through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell direct to Families at Factory price, and warrant five years. We send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains names of over 1500 Branches, Merchants and Agents that are selling our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw this notice.

ADDRESS:
U. S. PIANO CO., 310 BROADWAY, New York.
(May 3)

SAWS! SAWS!
ALEXANDRA WORKS
Saw Factory
Corner of North and George's Streets, St. John.
J. F. LAWTON, Proprietor.
CARD.

NORTHWESTERN Mutual Life Ins. Co'y
—OF—
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Assets over \$16,000,000.
EDWARD F. DUNN,
General Agent for New Brunswick.
FLEMING & MOORE,
Medical Advertisers, Sackville.

AGENCY OF THE Baie Verte Pottery.
FLOWER POTS—assorted sizes; MILK PANS, do; BREAD PANS, do; CREAM CROCKETS, &c., &c.
A general assortment of EARTHENWARE for sale at the Store of M. Wood & Sons, by apr 26 FRANK HARPER.

SEWING MACHINES.
Light Running Royal, and Wheeler and Wilson.
NEEDLES
For Wheeler & Wilson, Singer, Banner, Wilson, Lockman, Home Shuttle, Lawlor, Waver, F. Champion, and Royal Sewing Machines.
Sent per mail on receipt of price—6 cents each.
J. C. COLE,
310 Church St., Amherst, N. S.

MISPECK MILLS.
OFFICE and Warehouse Paradise Row, near Intercolonial Railway Station, J. L. WOODWORTH, St. John, N. B., June 28. Agent.

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H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.
HAVING purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. Peter Haagan, and with his previously large Stock of ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, AND RUTLAND MARBLES, the Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stocks of Monumental Marbles to be found in the country. All Stock is guaranteed.
Price twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province. (Apr 26)

Andres' Marble Works,
Amherst and Wallace, N. S.
THE Subscriber having a large amount of superior ITALIAN and AMERICAN MARBLE on hand, prepared to sell at greatly reduced prices. He has also a large amount of MARBLE and first quality FIRESTONE at extremely low prices. Also, Italian Marble Table and Counter Tops.
Persons are cautioned against buying Southern Falls American Marble for the Italian, as an 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. 12, 1876.

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

SAINT JOHN SLATE MANTLE MARBLEIZING WORKS.
Figure A represents the policeman.
Figure B is a correct drawing of his club.
Figure C is a rough sketch of the small-boy.
"Now," continued Mr. Parker, "keep your eye on the map and you will understand what I am about to say. A dashed line B in his right hand and a dashed line C in his left hand and dashed off in pursuit of C. C ran faster than A, probably spurred to exertion by the fear of I. A swore and C tore along at a great rate. All at once C slipped on X (an unknown quantity)—perks a haunch, picks up an orange peel, a guinea, and B was raised high in air over the devoted head of C, when C arose and ran rapidly down a narrow street."

"Well?" said Mr. Johnson, excitedly.

"What?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Tell us the rest: did he kill the boy? Finish the story."

"That's all," said Mr. Parker, solemnly.

Slow but Sure.

The "slow fighter" was a tall, rawboned specimen of the Pike County breed, and when he arrived at the mining camp the boys began to have fun with him—"mill him," as they call it in the parlance of the mines.

He stood it for a long time with perfect equanimity, until finally one of the party dared him out of doors to fight.

He went. When they got all ready and squared off, Pike County stretched out his long neck and presented the tip of his big nose temptingly close to his tormentor: "I'm a little slow," he said, "and can't fight unless I'm well riled; just paste me one—good 'un—right on the end of that smeller!"

His request was complied with.

"That was a good 'un," he said, calmly, "but I don't feel quite riled yet" (turning the side of his head to his adversary); "please chuck me another lively one under the ear!"

The astonished adversary again complied, whereupon Pike County, remarking that he was "not quite as well riled as he would like to be, but would do the best he could," called to the crowd, and for the next ten days the "boys" were engaged in mending broken jaws, repairing damaged eyes, and tenderly resuscitating the noses.—New Orleans Democrat.

ROSA STEELE, a handsome daughter of the former sutler at Fort Saulling, was engaged to be married to Viscount de Turenne, of France, for many winters a resident at Washington as Secretary of the French Legation, a man of immense wealth, but unfortunate in having two infirmities, but she disappointed him and eloped Saturday with one Vincent a clerk at Washington, and married him at Baltimore. She has wealth as well as beauty.