

CHICAGO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILLNER, Proprietor.

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VOL. 7.-NO. 14.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 316.

POETRY.

All Things Perish Save Virtue.

The following truly charming lines, by the poet Lowell, touch the heart-strings so tenderly that they remind us forcibly of Pope's "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame":

Sweet morn--so cool, so calm, so bright,
To glad my senses and joy mine eye,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
And thou must die.

Sweet rose--whose fragrance now I crave,
To glad my senses and joy mine eye,
Thy root is over in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring--so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh,
To think, with thy herbs and flowers,
That thou must die.

Sweet music--'tis the lovely song
Which from my harp in window night,
Is floating on the breeze along,
Then thou must die.

And all the bright and glittering train
Of stars that stud the deep-blue sky:
Must they all perish--none remain
To glad the eye?

And vales, and fields, and rushing streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dreams?
And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair
On Nature's face--level melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
All--all must die.

And man, frail form of senseless clay,
Thou' now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon this passing day
He too may die!

But the bright soul--that, shrined within
The quiescent light in mortal form--
The dimmed by misery and sin,
Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,
And suns in their own blaze expire,
And trillions cease to stray
With wind and fire,

The soul shall ever live, nor know
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
And share--in endless joy or woe--
Eternity.

LITERATURE.

Time Tries All.

BY W. B. R.

From Danbury News.

"But, sir, I love her!" protested Alfred Ashford, speaking to his Uncle, Mr. Lionel Ashford, the rich banker.

"Love her--Mina--my daughter?" echoed the banker, in surprise. "How dare you mention the subject to me, sir?"

But Alfred, despite their incomprehensibility in station, had dared to love Mina Ashford, and, what was more, had the courage to declare the fact, and ask for the hand of his blue-eyed cousin. The result was the sharp rebuke administered by his uncle, under whose charge he had been since a child, having lost his parents through a serious railway accident at a very early age.

"Love her!" again thundered the banker.

"Ay, sir," replied Alfred, with fervor. "It is true I can offer only the affection of a warm heart, but I am prepared to fight the battle of life with a strong hand and clear conscience, and am determined to make myself worthy of her love! I am not unmindful of the obligations I am under to you from childhood, and do not forget the large sums you have spent on my education, or the high position you have given me in the bank; but I treat you to bear in mind that Mina and myself have been brought up together from our earliest years, and what is more natural than that we should love each other?"

"I will hear more!" replied the banker, trembling with passion. "Your words insult me; and since you persist in your ridiculous suit, you are from this hour discharged from my employ, and my home shall no longer afford you shelter!"

Alfred started at the announcement, though not altogether unexpected; but, bowing deferentially, he replied in a quiet, yet firm tone, "Mr. Ashford, I do not desire this harshness, but had I known before your unfeeling disposition, I would never have permitted myself to talk to you of this matter, but would have consulted my own heart and that of Mina. However, I have no alternative but to obey your commands; but before many years have reason to regret turning me from your door!"

The banker could hardly control his rage, but, waving hand, he commanded Alfred to leave the room.

The nephew, with a light but silent inclination of the head, quitted the presence of his uncle and made his way to the conservatory in search of Mina.

He found her deeply interested in a volume of Tennyson. She was not aware of his presence till he touched her lightly on the shoulder, at which she turned and exclaimed, "Why, Alfred! I declare you quite

started me! But," she added, "you look very pale! Why is it?"

"Mina," he said, struggling with emotion, "I have come to bid you good-bye!"

"To bid me good-bye?" she exclaimed, putting the book on one side and looking anxiously at her lover. "What do you mean?"

"This, Mina," he replied. "I spoke to your father respecting our union and asked his consent. He flew into a violent passion and would hardly hear me out; and when I had done he discharged me from the bank and ordered me out of his house, the only home I have ever known!"

"Oh, say not so, Alfred!" cried Mina. "You would not leave me after so many years of happiness? Surely there is some mistake! My father could not be so cruel as to separate us!"

"It is too true, Mina; and I mean to go to London and try my fortune there."

"But stay, Alfred!" said Mina. "I will see papa. Perhaps he might now be sorry for what he has said. He may have spoken hastily, and may have regretted his impetuosity. At all events, I will see him."

"No, my love, he meant it; and I will not allow you to supplicate for me; but I will try to win a name and fortune, as thousands have done before me. I have heart and hope and energy, and these must stand me instead of fortune. All my father's possessions went with Morley's bank, which you remember, failed; and Mountford Hall, at his death, was sold to pay his debts. My sole legacy is a locket that was my mother's. It contains her own and my father's portraits. Will you accept it as a souvenir? Come, let me place it around your neck. Some day, when I have won my spurs, I will return and claim my darling."

He gazed at Mina affectionately, as he placed the locket round her neck, and kissed her tenderly.

"Good-bye!" he again said. "I'll be gone. Bear up till I return. It will not be long, and then I will bring that back with me which will command your father's assent, and claim you as my own. Come," he said, "one more kiss before I go. Why, Mina, you are crying!"

"I cannot help it, Alfred!" she replied. "This parting is so sudden--so unexpected! But there--go! I will not detain you. I will try to bear up till you return."

"My brave darling!" he said, kissing the tear-stained face; and in another moment he was gone.

He went to his room, and was soon busy in preparing for his departure. In half an hour the coach was at the door. The trunks were put on top; and, after he was comfortably seated, it drove off to the railway station, where he alighted.

Alfred Ashford had little faith in any interposition on his behalf, and he therefore secured his ticket for London; and it was not until his trunks were transferred from the coach to the break-van, and himself safely seated in a first-class carriage, that he gave himself up to thought.

He began, when he had fairly started, to wonder what he was going to do when he got his destination. He knew he was journeying to London, but what he would do when he got there he was wholly unable to divine.

It was a beautiful June morning, the sun was shining brightly, the birds were melodiously singing.

Alfred lit a cigar, and enjoyed the journey to town.

When he reached the metropolis, he took rooms at a modest hotel, and the next morning strolled about the town.

While he bought a newspaper, looking over the column of wants he came on the following advertisement:

"WANTED--A confidential clerk with unexceptional references. Apply to Mr. Wrexham, Mark Lane."

Hailing a passing omnibus, he mounted the top, and was soon taken to the bank.

After some slight trouble, he found Mark Lane, and Mr. Wrexham, with whom he had a satisfactory interview.

In a few days, his references being satisfactory, he was installed in the duties of his office; and so readily did he fall into the system of business, that it was not long before he was placed in a confidential position.

Five years had flown away, and Alfred, from a mere stripling, had developed into a broad-shouldered, robust, imposing-looking young fellow. He was still in the employ of

Mr. Wrexham--every year adding to his usefulness and value, as the working head of a flourishing establishment.

Poor Mina grew pale and ill as time wore on. The loss of her lover was telling on her, and she became languid and reticent. She found no pleasure in company, and avoided all those girlish pursuits in which she formerly took so much delight. Her father saw with regret the change which had taken place in his only daughter, but he would not acknowledge the cause.

She had sat in abundance, but she rejected them all, for she cherished the hope that Alfred would yet return to make her happy.

Business with Mr. Ashford did not prosper, and after Alfred had been nearly five years away, the crisis came. There was a run on the bank, and the astute financier was brought to the brink of ruin. The bank was closed, the house was mortgaged to a London merchant, and he had to retire into private life.

Poor Mina was now compelled to earn her living as a governess, giving lessons in private to such pupils as were recommended by friends and acquaintances.

The money for which Mr. Ashford's house was mortgaged was not forthcoming at the proper time, and the holder of the mortgage desiring the place himself sent notice of foreclosure.

Clouds gathered thick about Ashford Hall, that once happy home, and the once prosperous owner, hourly expected to be tarred out of it. He now bitterly regretted his conduct to Alfred, and as the time wore on, the once hale and hearty banker began to age rapidly.

Hoary locks took the place of the erstwhile raven hair. His shoulders rounded, and he stooped considerably. In fact, his system had undergone an entire change.

Instead of only five years elapsing, it seemed, to look at him, as though he had passed through twenty years of toil and trouble, and anxiety.

With Alfred, time played lightly, and fortune prospered high. The chief of the house in which he was engaged died, and left him the entire business, which he continued to develop with assiduity and success.

But the prosperous merchant had not forgotten his first love, nor had his heart received any new impressions. Mina was his only love, and to her, in the midst of his prosperity, he turned as the dove to the ark.

About this time there came a letter to Ashford Hall. It was directed to the owner, and ran thus: "Sir--You have not obeyed my notice, and given up possession of the Hall. Under these circumstances, you may expect me by the 11.30 train to-morrow morning, to enforce my right."

"Am you sure truly?"

The signature was simply these two letters--"A. A."

"Mina," said Mr. Ashford, after perusing its contents, "the signature is 'A. A.' Can you make out the meaning of it? A thought flashes across my mind; but no, it cannot be--it cannot be!" he said at last. "Yet the writing is familiar to me."

"Perhaps," suggested Mina, "the two letters signify Alfred Ashford?"

"Perhaps you are right; but that time alone will prove. I trust it will soon; for we shall know, alas! too soon; for a few days will see us without a home."

The following morning came in with all the splendor of June, and the Ashfords waited with the greatest anxiety the advent of the stranger.

Mina had a presentiment that she would see her beloved Alfred, for it was such a day as the memorable one which her lover, broken-hearted and dejected, took his departure going to London.

But her hopes fell when she was sent for, and entered the drawing-rooms, where her father and a well-bearded man were in conversation.

"Well, Mr. Ashford," she heard say, "I will send a Sheriff's officer to-morrow, who will take an inventory of your goods, which must be sold to pay expenses, and without reservation."

"And my daughter and myself," her father said, "will have no home to shelter, no refuge!"

"You should have provided for such an event. You know the consequences of your own acts, and you cannot expect that, out of mere sympathy for you, a heavy claim like this

should be set aside."

"Have you no pity, sir, for my old age, for my gray hairs? Give me but a short time and I will try to redeem the mortgage."

"It is impossible," replied the man, "not a day, not an hour; no, or even a minute."

He did not complete the sentence. He heard the sobbing of Mina. It was enough, his courage forsook him. Hastily tearing the false whiskers from his face, he stood before father and daughter, revealed.

The mortgage was a handsome young gentleman, with a very light mustache and Auburn hair.

Mr. and Miss Ashford were unable to speak--his presence over-powered them; seeing which, he was the first to break the silence.

"Mina!" he said, "do you know me? Have you so soon forgotten Alfred?"

He needed to say no more. For recovering from her first surprise, Mina felt sobbing on his neck. The reconciliation was complete.

"Uncle," said Alfred, cheerfully, turning to the now astonished ex-banker, "say I am forgiven, and this little face is pardoned. Though fortune has forsaken you, she hasn't treated me so severely. It is now in my power to restore you once more to society, and I will, providing that you--"

"You have my consent," interrupted Mr. Ashford, "as for myself, it is you that ought to forgive me; but this luck, my lad, what does it mean?"

"It is told in a few words, uncle," replied Alfred. "I went to London after you sent me away, and got a situation in a merchant's office, where I strove with great energy to succeed, which I did. My employer took me from the first, and at his death, having no relatives or friends he left me his business. He was the same merchant to whom you mortgaged your house, which of course came into my possession, and I tried this strange way to find out how far time tries all, and ascertain if Mina was waiting still for her early love, and if my indignation was still of the same kind. I rejoice to find that I have not waited in vain, but have at last got my dearest wish fulfilled."

Little more remains to be told; Alfred had the means, and did place Mr. Ashford upon his former footing in society. And when the June roses were once more in bloom, and blue-bell and heather again adorned the hedges, there was a wedding at the old village church.

Mother said he mustn't.

SHE LAYS IT ON THICK--WITH A COVETISE.

The neighborhood of Ninth and Green streets, was thrown into a state of excitement yesterday morning by an infuriated middle-aged female, clothed in black, with short red hair, and armed with an interesting looking cowhide, which, with fending and heaving, she cut the air right and left as she bowed along at a ten-knot speed. Halting in front of a respectable looking house she attracted the attention of the inmates by throwing a brick against the door. Half a dozen heads were thrust out of as many windows, among that of a young gentleman recently married. The excited woman observed this, secreted her cowhide, and with a saintly smile said:

"Tom, come down here, I would speak with you."

Thomas complied with the request and accompanied by his blushing young bride opened the door and confronted the visitor. That ancient institution cleared the door steps of its bonds, caught Tommy's left ear in a firm grip, and began to belabor him unmercifully, saying as she did so:

"You ungrateful wretch! You puppy! You ungrateful whelp! (Whack!) Got married, did you? Run off from your mother and marries that gal, do you? (Whack, whack, whack.) Now, sir, just get your things ready (whack) and come home. I'll let you know that until you're twenty-one (whack) yer ain't going to git out of my clutches!" (Whack!)

Tom's wife rushed to his assistance at this juncture, saying:

"Tom, my darling, slap her good, and come in."

But Tom tearfully replied, as an extra sharp cut landed on his neck:

"I can't my (couch!) darling. Mother says I mustn't!"

Meekly he descended the steps, and was led off by his mamma, followed by a large crowd. The newly made bride went into the house, slammed the door, and quiet retired.

This is the way a citizen of Denver advertises for a lost calf:

"Run away--I Red and vite calf. His to behind leg was pluck, he was a sbe calf. Enpoltit put prings him back plairs 6 thurs. Jacob suddening, Clear Creek, three miles polind the pridge."

SOLICITORS by a tippler--The public always notices you when you have been drinking, and never when you are thirsty.

Love and Limburger.

THE DISTRESSING HOAX TO WHICH A SWAIN WAS SUBJECTED.

Some months ago a youth of this city on Sixth street, took a fancy to a maiden fair, and began to be polite to her. He met her when he could at parties and that sort of thing, and occasionally he called to see her at her home. She liked the young man, and smiled sweetly when his name was mentioned. His name was Augustus, and she was Mary Jane. Augustus was not worth a cent financially, but he had a capital of hope, which surpassed the treasure of a savings bank.

Mary Jane had a father, whose name was Jones. He didn't fancy Augustus, and didn't like to have his spoiling around Mary Jane. But he was a shrewd and sensible old duffer, and knew if he raised his voice in opposition that Mary Jane's liking would be strengthened into regular red-hot, diamond pin, fast-food love. So he kept still and pondered, he then laid upon a plan to smash the courtship of Augustus into smithereens.

At the boarding house where Augustus lived there lived also two youths of his age and sex, who were full of mischief as a caucus of seekers for office. So papa Jones went to them and unfolded his plans and offered them \$10 apiece to bring it to a successful end. Within a week they had the money and this is the way they carried it:

Augustus went to call on his Mary Jane that evening, so of course he put on his best clothes for the occasion. Half an hour before he went to his room to dress, his friend's went there and took his best coat from the wardrobe. They tipped the lining between the shoulders and put inside a couple of very thin slices of Limburger cheese. You know what that is if you have any familiarity with Geyman beer halls.

Augustus dressed and started for old Jones' house. He changed his coat two or three times in the street, and when he reached the door-step he turned again and again, like a dog about to lie down; but it was no use.

Augustus occupied a seat on the sofa of Mary Jane's side; but that evening she was inclined to dignity, and occupied an arm-chair opposite to dip her handkerchief in cologne, and when she brought the bottle in and offered Augustus some. After he had gone home and changed his clothes, one of the boys took him out to walk while the restored coat to its former condition.

But when three evenings later, Augustus again visited Mary Jane, the trick was repeated. Old Jones had taken the trouble to hide the cologne, so that the offense of the Limburger could not be condoned. The maiden stood in a half-an-hour, then she fainted and called the old folks. She was borne to her room, and Augustus sent home. Next morning he received a highly perfumed note, which told him that for the future they had better be friends only, and the next time she met him she hoped it would be in the open air, and she would try to keep to windward.

CUSTER was a very severe disciplinarian, and it was only by the most supernatural daring in the face of the enemy that he was able to maintain a place in the esteem of his men. In illustration this incident is related: When Rosser followed the rear-guard of the Army of the Shenandoah so pertinaciously down the valley, after the advance in 1864, Sheridan was finally irritated at Rosser's impudence, as he kept pounding away at our pickets with his cavalry in front of Strasburg, and finally ordered Custer's division out to drive him back. Rosser's cavalry were drawn up in plain sight of our lines. Custer formed the cavalry for the charge, and then rode out toward Rosser slowly, all alone. Rosser was an old friend at West Point. Custer was a very striking figure, with his long yellow hair floating over his shoulders, his red neck-tie, his dazzling hussar jacket, and a wide-brimmed bandit-looking hat thrown backward on his head. He rode slowly out, entirely clear of his command, toward Rosser, many yards to the front, then halted and lifted his salute to Rosser, dropping his hat to the horse's side. He then rode slowly back, placing himself at the head of his command, and ordered the charge. The charge was so sudden and impetuous that Rosser was swept before it like the wind, and he was followed at a run to Rood's Hill, miles distant, without ever having a chance to re-form, and with only one piece of his artillery left. Sheridan's men were laughing that that one piece of artillery went over Rood's Hill so fast that only one wheel touched the ground.

"Mrs. SPIES" observed a boarder to his land-lady, "the equal adjustment of this establishment could be more easily secured if there was a least that one piece of artillery went over Rood's Hill so fast that only one wheel touched the ground."

A person who was sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one he thought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

Business Cards.

L. B. BOTSFORD, M. D. Office: In the Store lately occupied by Wood & Sons. Residence: - - - at Mr. Robert Bell's, Sackville, July 20, 1876--6m

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

JOS. HOWE DICKSON, Attorney-at-Law, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office:--Over the Sackville Drug Store, SACKVILLE, N. B.

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

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

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

T. W. KNAPP, M. D. Graduate at the University of Edinburgh. THANKS his friends and the public for the patronage they have given him during the past twenty-five years. He may be consulted at his residence, near Bridge Street, Sackville. del7

COLONIAL BOOK STORE, ST. JOHN, N. B. Musical Instruments, Paper Hangings, School Books, Stationery, Periodicals. THOMAS H. HALL, e

G. F. THOMPSON & SONS, White Lead, Zinc, Paint, and Color Works. OFFICE AND SAMPLE ROOMS 73 Princess St. - St. John, N. B. Oils, Turpentine, &c., &c.

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

CHARLES R. SMITH, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., &c. AMHERST, - - - N. S. Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.

Dr. J. R. McLEAN, Physician & Surgeon. Gives exclusive attention to Diseases of the EYE and EAR. Can be consulted professionally at R. McLean's, Amherst, from the 7th August next to 1st September. Amherst, July 10th, 1876.

George Nixon, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN PAPER HANGING, BRUNNEN and Window Glass. KING ST. - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Marble & Freestone Works. P. HAGAN, (Successor to H. J. MacGowan) DORCHESTER, N. B. All kinds of Monumental Work, Executed at the most reasonable prices.

VICTORIA STEAM COFFEYWORKS. Waterloo st. St. John, N. B.

WE call the attention of Wholesale Dealers and others to our Stock of Fine Confections. Wholesale only. J. R. WOODBURN & Co., Victoria Steam Confectionery Works. J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KERR. - PETITODIAC

Furniture Factory! T. J. MURPHY, Proprietor. The Subscriber is prepared to furnish Doors, Sashes, & Flooring, House, Office & school Furniture.

As he has fine Facilities for making up all descriptions of Wood-Work, he believes he can give SATISFACTION both in the Quality of the Work and in the Prices! Orders solicited! Oct. 16. T. J. MURPHY

SEND \$20 to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 8000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. \$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. C. O. Quill and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples sent free. \$1 five. Express & Co., Portland, Maine.

Business Cards.

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

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

ALEX. NEAL, Merchant Tailor, MONCTON, N. B. A CHOICE SELECTION OF Fashionable Cloths, ON HAND. PERFECT FIT in every case guaranteed. G. H. VENNING, Proprietor.

Clock and Watch Maker. BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. Jewellery neatly repaired. ap28 S. H. V.

NEW BRUNSWICK PARLOR & VESTRY Organ Manufactory. PETITODIAC, N. B. CABINET ORGANS of all descriptions on hand, and manufactured to order. Piano Stools, Covers, &c., always on hand. All Instruments of my manufacture warranted to give satisfaction. A liberal discount made to churches. WM. MURPHY, Proprietor. may 18

GEO. CONNORS, Manufacturer & Builder, Petitodiac, N. B. Estimates made of Buildings, Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished, at the shortest notice. The facilities for filling orders cheaply and promptly are unsurpassed. oct20

SAWS! SAWS! ALEXANDRA WORKS. Saw Factory, Corner of North and George's Streets, St. John. J. F. LAWTON, Proprietor. PIANOFORTES. CABINET ORGANS, &c. G. FLOOD, 75 Prince William Street, St. John

KEEPS constantly on hand PIANOFORTES and ORGANS from the leading manufacturers in the United States FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Catalogues forwarded, and all other information on application. Instruments sold payable by instalments or exchanged. Orders for Tuning and Repairing attended to with despatch. tf-july8

MARBLE FREESTONE AND WORKS. H. J. McGRATH, Dorchester, N. B. PARTIES desirous of erecting Monuments or Tomb Stones, will find at our establishment, a superior Stock of American & Italian Marbles. We have also had quarried especially for us, a number of Freestone Quarries, which we will sell cheaply. split

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

DRESS MAKING. MISS ANNIE & LOUISE BOWSER, M. thankful to the Ladies of Sackville and vicinity for their past patronage, wish to inform the public generally that they are now prepared to do Dress Making & Millinery at the residence of Mr. John Bowser, next door to the post office. Sackville, May 17, 1876.

Hotels, &c.

Hamilton Terrace Hotel, AMHERST, N. S. W. J. HAMILTON, PROPRIETOR. THIS HOTEL, entirely new, is pleasantly and conveniently situated near the Railway Station, Post Office, Telegraph and other public places. A Night Porter in attendance. Terms Moderate. aug15m

WELDON HOUSE. [Opposite the Railway Station.] SHEDIA, N. B. THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he has newly furnished the above Hotel throughout in first-class style, and is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public. WM. J. WELDON, Proprietor. Coaches leave daily for North shore on arrival of trains.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE. THE Subscriber has this day associated with him, John Milton Baird, with whom he has established a Mercantile, and is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public. THOMAS BAIRD, Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD. THE Business heretofore conducted by THOMAS BAIRD will hereafter be continued under the name and firm of THOMAS BAIRD & SONS. Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD. THE Subscriber heretofore conducted by THOMAS BAIRD will hereafter be continued under the name and firm of THOMAS BAIRD & SONS. Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD. THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the generous patronage he has received while proprietor of the "Brunswick House" and to intimate to his friends and the public that he has commenced a Flour and Grocery Business next door to C. A. Bowser, and he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. B. ESTABROOKS, Sackville, June 21, 1876.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT! THE Subscriber begs to intimate to the inhabitants of Sackville, and vicinity, that he has opened a Custom Tailoring Establishment Opposite the store of Messrs.