Board of Works

CHIGNECTO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

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LITERATURE.

THE DONATION PARTY AT WILLOWBROOK.

So many confused and contradictory rumors have been circulated about that last donation party that I (who have heard the whole story from my friend and neighbor Miss Mix) would like to give the world a plain, unvarnished account of the whole festivity.

Let me, then, introduce my informant, Miss Melissa Mix, spinster owning to forty, moderately well endowed with this world's goods, housekeeper and care-taker for her only brother Ralph, some years her senior both of them prominent members of the Willowbook church—and thus heralded, she shall tell you the story she told me.

"Of course we can't give our minister much of a salary, you know, Miss Harwood; but we've always calkilated to get a man whose heart wasn't set on filthy lucre, as the 'Postle says.

"I must own we hain't had much success, for, would you believe it? out of five candidates that preached here the year we built the church, not one was willin' to stay and do the Lord's work.

"Why, there's only about sixty families in our church, and it was settled that first winter that six dollars a family would be a fair tax, makin' nigh onto four hundred a year, you see; yet it's wonderful what trouble we've had to get a pastor.

"Brother Ralph thought that mebbe if we had a parsonage it would help us; so he and the other trustees bought that nice little cottage where Miss Gray used to live, with a whole rod of land belongin' to it; but, law! 'twa'n't of no use; none of 'em staid the year out; and I was clean discouraged.

"When Mr. Ormsby came, nigh on three year ago, he seemed more reasonable than the rest, though he asked if we couldn't furnish part of the parsonage for him, as they was only new beginners, and hadn't much housekeepin' stuff.

"Well, the ladies was so well pleased with him that they took right hold of the work (he was to come back in a fortnight) and got lots of things together.

"There was a handsome pincushion made for each of the bedrooms—there's three on 'em in the house—and half a dozen tidies for the parlor, and a case for his shavin' paper, and all sent in first week.

"You've heerd him preach, Miss Harwood, and you know how interestin' he was, and what a beautiful reader and singer too. Why, I declare I took real comfort goin' to church and sittin' under such preachin'; and so we all did, I'm sure.

"But I was tellin' you about what we gave him. Well, Deacon Stiles's daughter Sally made a drawin' of the church, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study, and the deacon he sent us a cookin' stove out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he come over and put it up himself, which I thought was uncommon kind.

"Then we took up a contribution to buy some furniture, but ready money was skurse just then, so we only raised enough to git a pair of chiny vases and an inkstand.

"But Silas Hart, that sold 'em to us, was one of our member, so he threw in a chiny dog for the baby, and a match-box for the parson's wife.

"Miss Jones and Uncle Midian sent in a new painted bedstead and a kitchen table, and so I told Ralph I'd give 'em a couple of kitchen chairs and our cradle, the one we both rocked in. So I did, and I pieced a real handsome little quilt for the cradle, a sunflower pattern, all out of spick and span new calico too.

"Well, it's 'most too bad to tell, but Mandy Jones, who went to help Miss Ormsby git to rights, told me that she did act dreadful, and not a bit becomin' a minister's wife.

"She went all round the house lookin' as if she was ready to cry, and at last she sot down in the parlor on her trunk, and began to laugh at the vases and the inkstand, and then wound up by findin' fault with the stove, which she said looked as if it came out of the ark.

"I've always thought she made her husband discontent, for Mr. Ormsby was such a meek, quiet, unselfish man that he never would have made any trouble if she hadn't been always complainin' and puttin' him up to grumble.

"But I'm wanderin' off from my story—I started to tell you about the donation party. You see the first year we got along splendid with it, and I must say I never saw a better tea-table spread than we set that night for Miss Ormsby.

"But that woman never *could* be satisfied, and she said afterward that it wouldn't take more than two such parties to ruin any family!

"It seems she found fault because we all staid to tea with 'em, jest as if we hadn't a right to our tea after sendin' in all the victuals for it.

"But I don't know as Aunt Betsy did do exac'ly right, for she took Miss Ormsby's preserves to put on the table, and they were all eat that night, and I s'pose that put her out some.

"Well, as I was sayin', the second year come round, and it was read out in meetin' that the donation party would be given the next Friday.

"Mr. Ormsby read the notice, and then he looked all around and cleared his throat two or three times, as if had somethin' pertickler to say, but after waitin' a minute he changed his mind and sat down.

"I thought he acted kinder queer, but I was quite taken up with noticin' Miss Ormsby. She got as red as could be, and when meetin' was dismissed she jest hurried out as if she didn't want any one to speak to her.

"Well, Friday came, and by three o'clock we were mostly all at the parsonage. Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more as if it was a funeral than a merry-makin', I must say; but his wife was awful. She was jest as huffy and short as she could be with every one, and she went and locked the study door and put the key in her pocket right before us all, as if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr. Ormsby's papers or books.

"Bimeby we began to think about settin' the table; so Aunt Betsy, Mandy Jones, and me went out in the kitchen to unpack the contributions. There was some pertaters and turnips (them we put in the suller), a piece of corned beef, two or three biled hams, a pot of butter, some apple sass, a big cheese, and such a lot of buscits it would have taken all night to count 'em.

"I began to be scart when we took out panful after panful of biscuit and no cake to speak of. At last we came to Miss Jones's basket, and there we found 'lection cake, as well as a great batch of molasses cookies.

"I was glad enough I'd sent pound-cake and crullers; but somehow when the table was ready, there was more biscuits on it than any thing else, though we did the best we could.

"Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from his store, besides sugar and crakers; and Amos Hull he brought a bag of nuts and some apples for the young folks after supper, he said.

"There was so many there that we had to divide 'em in three lots, the dinin'-room bein' small; and it was 'most seven o'clock when they got through eatin'.

"Aunt Betsy staid with me to clear up some; and I thought I never should get all the biscuits put away, for they 'most filled the pantry.

"For all there had been so many eaten, yet there was piles and piles left, and, as Aunt Betsy said, they wouldn't need to bake for a month to come.

"It happened so that I didn't go out much the week after the donation party, but, the second Sunday after, I started off good and early for church, and as I turned the corner by the parsonage, I saw something that 'most took my breath away. Every one of them sharp-pointed pickets round the house and garden had a good biscuit stuck right atop of it! Yes, Miss Harwood, jest as sure as you live, there was Aunt Betsy's nice raised biscuits—I could tell hern by the shape—and Miss Hull's rusks, and Miss Stiles's soda biscuit, and every one of 'em wasted in that shameful way.

"Well, I stood and looked—I hadn't the strength to move—and pretty soon some of the ladies came along and jined me; and there we all stood till the last bell began to ring talkin' the matter over, and feelin' pretty mad, I can tell you.

"Mr. Ormsby had a good sermon that day, but I could hardly hear a word, my mind was so full of the biscits.

"Miss Ormsby wasn't there, and as soon as the last hymn was sung, he got up and said that he had had a call from a church in the far West, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to accept it. He went on to say that he would like to go that same week, and then, without so much as tellin' us that he was sorry to leave us, or offerin' to wait until we could get some one else, he gave the benediction and dismissed us.

"I can tell you there was talk enough when we got out that mornin' and some of the folks thought we ought to 'p'int a committee to ask Miss Ormsby about it, but brother Ralph said, 'No; if they was goin', let 'em go peaceable;' so they all agreed to say nothin' at all.

"We heard afterward from little Johnny Hall, who was playin' near the parsonage late on Saturday after noon, that Mr. Ormsby he brought the biscuits out in a big basket, and then Miss Ormsby she helped him to stick them on the pickets, and she laughed all the time as if it was a good joke.

"I don't want to judge any body, but I never did think that woman was fit for a minister's wife, and I don't think so now.

"Well, they moved off, bag and baggage, on Wednesday of that week, and we've never heard from Mr. Ormsby since, and I don't know as we want to, seein' he hurt our feelin's so, though we've never found as good a preacher as he was, and never will."

And this was Miss Melissa's story.—MRS. E. T. CORBETT, in *Harper's Magazine for November.*

The Burial Cure.

In 1848 there lived at South Shields (England) a laboring man named Dickson, a native of the village of Coniscliffe, near Darlington. He was afflicted with paralysis, which for some years had crippled his limbs, and deprived him of the use of the left side of his body. One day, as he was slowly crawling along the street, he met with an elderly, well dressed man, who stated that he was a physician from Edinburgh, and he, on hearing of Dickson's case, advised him to return to his native village, and have himself covered up with earth, which operation would cure him. The poor fellow, nothing doubting, dragged himself on foot to Coniscliffe, where he persuaded an old acquaintance to assist him in temporarily burying himself. They proceeded to the Tees-side, where Dickson's friend, with a spade, dug a hole in the ground, in which the patient was to lie for four hours. Dickson stretched himself in the excavation, with his head only at the outside, and soil was heaped upon him to the depth of two feet. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the patient broke out into a perspiration, and an intense pain at the same time attacked his left side, loin and leg. Notwithstanding the agony he endured, he remained thus till the expiration of the allotted time. The man who buried him, seeing him turn "black in the face," and fearing he should die, would have released him sooner, but Dickson would not consent. The sick man, when the earth was taken off him, arose and walked away with an active step, cured of his disease. This remedy for sickness is an old one; and Dampier, the voyager, attacked by illness in the East Indies, was, at his own request, buried to the neck in the earth until his pain abated.

MANKIND'S BELIEF.—John Stuart Mills was of opinion "that as mankind improve, they will more and more recognize two independent provinces—the province of belief and the province of imaginative conjecture; that they will become capable of keeping these apart, and that while they limit their belief to the evidence will think it allowable to let their imaginative anticipations go forth, not carrying belief in their train, in the direction weich experience and study of human nature shows to be most improving to the charactor, and most exalting and consoling to the individual feelings."

A GIGANTIC COUPLE.—Capt. Bates and his wife, formerly Miss Anna Swan, the giants, whose marriage in London attracted much attention several years ago, have retired from show life, and built a fitting residence near Rochester, N Y. He is seven and a half feet hight, she is an inch taller and each weighs over four hundred pounds. The rooms of their house are eighteen feet and the doors twelve feet. Their bedstead is ten feet long and all the furniture is proportionately large.—*Ex.*

A LEARNED counsel once said to a witness, "Sir, did I understand you to say that you saw the defendant strike the plaintiff."—"I don't know what you may have understood," said the witness, "but if my eyes served me properly, I certainly did witness a manoeuvre that would warrant such a description.

THEY have a curious way of deciding law-suits in Siam; both parties are put under cold water, and and the one staying longest wins the suit. In this country both parties are put into hot water, and the kept there as long as possible. The result is about the same.

THE MIKADO OF Japan will visit America in the spring of '77.

To stop by Signal.

"What station is this, Wilson?" cried an old gentleman, looking out of the window.

His servant, a demure looking man in black, who had just got out of a second-class carriage, touched his hat and replied: "I don't know, sir: I'll ask the guard.—Yes, sir, Sloughton station, sir."

"There ought to be a board with the name on it," cried the old gentleman testily. "Guard, why isn't there a board to this station?"

"So there is, at the other end of the platform."

"Then, why doesn't the train stop where people can read it? How am I to know when we get to Pugboro', Wilson?"

"We sha'n't be at Pugboro', this hour, sir," cried the guard. "Come, jump in," to Wilson, who resumed his seat. The whistle sounded, the train went on.

At the very next station they came to, the old gentleman put his head out of the window again. "Hi there, Wilson, hi!"

"Wilson jumped out of his carriage and came to his master and toched his hat once more.

"Is this Pugboro', Wilson?"

"No, sir, this is Much Munkton."

"Now, take your seat," cried the guard; for only one passenger had alighted and none had entered the train.

At the next station the same scene was repeated.

"Come, sir," cried the guard, who was tired of hearing the old man's voice, "don't trouble yourself any more. I'll be sure and let you know when we come to Pugboro'."

"Will you," cried the old gentleman, apparently very much gratified. "Upon my word you're very obliging. I didn't like to ask you, for I know how much you have to do."

"It's only my dooty, sir," says the guard, slamming to the door.

"Hi, guard," cries the old man.

"Yes, sir," impatiently replies the guard, returning.

"You're quite sure, now! you're quite sure, eh! you won't forget me at Pugboro'?"

"O, no, sir," said the guard, "that 'ill be all right."

"And Wilson—where's Wilson?—Oh, here, Wilson, you won't forget my box, Wilson, when we get to Pugboro'!"

"No!" cried Wilson, scrambling into his seat once more.

"Troublesome old chap, that," the guard said, as he swung himself into his van. "I mustn't forget him at Pugboro'; there isn't any more for there."

"Now, Pugboro' was one of those mysterious places that are marked by a cross or dagger in *Bradshaw*, and if you succeed in unearthing a corresponding dagger in some very obscure corner of the page, you can find stops at Pugboro' to take up and set down first-class London passengers only."

Whether it was that the guard, in his excess of anxiety to remember, had blunted his faculties, or that some spiteful Puck had given his wits a bewildering shake, I know not, but somehow it happened that the guard had forgotten to warn the engine-driver; and when he looked up from his parcels, he found to his dismay that the train was flashing along some half-a-mile past the little Pugboro' station.

"To signal to the driver and put on the brake, was the work of an instant. The train was brought to a standstill, and then backed to the station, amid the fierce denunciations of the through-passengers.

The guard himself was much out of temper, angry with himself for his own forgetfulness, angry with the old gentleman for having caused him so much trouble.

"Now, then!" he shouted to the manservant. "Sharp, sir! look after your master's traps. Here you are, sir," he cried, opening the first-class carriage. "Here's Pugsboro'. Now, sir, if you please!"

The old gentleman was asleep and couldn't be aroused to a sense of the situation for some time. He growled and grumbled; at last, fully aroused, he stared at the guard with lack-lustre eyes.

"Pugboro', is it Pugboro'? Thank you, guard; I remember. Where's Wilson?—Wilson! Wilson! where's my box?"

"Never mind your box, sir!—I'll see to the luggage. Jump out quick, please?"

"Jump out!" cried the old gentleman; jump out? Why should I? Who has said anything about getting out?"

"What!" cried the guard, aggrieved to the very verge of wild desperation. "Haven't you beenbothering me since we left Euston about Pugboro'!"

"At your own request, guard," the old gentleman said calmly, "I intrusted you with the duty of warning me of my arrival at Pugborough. I should have preferred to leave the task to my own servant —Ah! here's the box.—Thank you, Willson," said the old gentleman, taking from his servant's hands a small pink box.

'The fact is,' said the old gentleman, calmly opening the box, and looking benignly at the excitced guard, 'that my daughter gave me the most particular injunctions. "Mind, papa," she said. "be sure you take a pill at Pugborough."

The old gentleman could never understand why the carriage door was dashed to with such terrific violence, the whistle sounded with such a fiendish yell, and Wilson whirled into his carriage without being permitted to take charge once more of his master's pill-box.

British Columbia.

Correspondence of the Globe.

On first seeing the country a visitor's attention is absorbed in contemplation of its magnificent scenery. As the eye becomes familiar with that, one's mind turns to the consideration of the mineral wealth that has been already developed, and to a speculation upon the new fields that yet remain to be discovered. On Texada Island alone, to cite one place, is enough iron to use up half the coal in the Nanaimo region opposite, and in Nanaimo is enough coal to smelt the Island of Texada. All that is wanting is a population requiring coal and iron. In the interior on the mainland gold and silver is to be seen, but how much is yet unseen is a question beyond human ken. But the riches of the Province do not consist only of that which is buried in the rock; the country towards the coast is thickly timbered, and amongst its many classes of pines produces one which has no equal of size and quality together taken into account. The Douglas pine—or fir, as I am told it is—is of immense size, and makes beautiful lumber. There is plenty of it, besides the woods of the resinous tribe. Only the Douglas pine is at present in general use, for people always prefer to use up the best while they have it. Lumbering here would strike a Canadian as being a little strange. He is accustomed to the hard biting winter with its frosty paths of snow, along which the lumber can be hauled without difficulty. Here a road has to be made to each tree as it falls, for there is no snow that can be made available for the purpose of hauling, and an artifical skid laid road, greased for the tree to pass over, becomes necessary. There are other large species of pines, particularly one red-barked tree that grows thickly up the mountains, and cedar grows to an enormous size. The huge war canoes of the Northern Indians, which carry 30 or 40 men, and are hewn out of a single cedar, the elevated bow and stern being added, testify to the size attained by this tree. There is a growth of deciduous trees in the neighbourhood of water, but pine is the staple of the British Columbian forest. Such of your readers as have read these letters from British Columbia will have understood that while there is yet ample room for agriculturists who may desire to cultivate a ranche in the neighbourhood of the Lower Fraser, or in the bunch grass hills of the upper country, the Province is not essentially an agricultural one. The nature of the country makes the transport of goods very difficult, and there is no immediate prospect of a convenient market. The island of Vancouver, and even much of the mainland, is fed from abroad. The amount of produce in the shape of mutton, flour, butter, imported into British Columbia is perfectly astounding. There is a variation in the amounts mentioned by different authorities, but in either case one sees that the great grazing lands on the hills of the interior, together with the pasturage on the Island, have not together proved sufficient to feed the small population now in Province. The explanation given for this is the difficulty of carriage. The farms on the Fraser and upper country cannot give up their riches, for they have no way of getting them to the sea. Yet this is the fertile line of the Province, and without it one does not clearly see how the Province is ever to sustain itself when population increases.

A SLOW fellow of a lover asked a young lady, to whom he was feebly paying his dilatory attentions, who form of marriage she thought mats beautiful. "Oh, never mind the *form*!" she exclaimed, "the *substance* is what I care for." The cards are now issued for that weeding.

THE thrifty Mr. Samuel Smiles who turns out books in a perfect cascade, has been making an aphorism." Those whom God has joined in matrimony," he says, "ill cooked joints and ill-boiled potatoes have very often put asunder."

ALCOHOL WAS INVENTED 950 years ago in Arabia, and was used by ladies with a powder for painting their faces. Since that time it has been used by gentlemen mostly for painting their noses, and used in a plain state as they required no powder to fire them off.

"MY dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dearest Joe, I am equally astonished that you presist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

ST. LOUIS IS SCANDALIZED over the arrest of O. L. Grant, the President's brother, for drunkenness. He was taken to the station in a wheelbarrow, "drunk as a boiled owl," as the Chicago *Times* put it.

MILWAUKEE thought she had a case wherein a young girl died of a broken heart, but it turned out that her corset strings were too tight, and one stroke of a jackknife revived her.

AN exchange says that a Nebraska man dreamed recently that his aunt was dead. The dream proved true. He tried the same dream on his mother-in-law, but it didn't work.

BELNAP PROPOSES to commence life anew in California.

Business Cards.

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

H. S. & T. W. BELL,
Soap Manufacturers, - - Shediac, 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, Etc.
OFFICE: A. L. Palmer's Building,
Dorchester, N. B.

HENRY OLDRIGHT,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office formerly occupied by Judge W. A. D. Morse,
AMHERST, N. S.

CARD.

D. C. ALLEN, M. D.
OFFICE: - - AT THE DRUG STORE,
RESIDENCE: - - AT HON. A. MCQUEEN'S.
POINT DE BUTE, 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.

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

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.

PUGSLEY, CRAWFORD & PUGSLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
90 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G.R.Pugsley. E.H.Crawford. W.Pugsley, Jr.
aug 30 '76

Dental Notice.
Dr. Anderson, Dentist,
WILL return to Sackville next week, where he expects to remain permanently, from date. ☞He guarantees satisfaction, at moderate charges.
Sackville, Sept. 28th, 1876.—tf

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

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 CONFECTIONERY WORKS.
Waterloo st. St. John, N. B.
WE call the attention of Wholesale dealers and others to our Stock of PURE CONFECTIONS. Wholesale only.
J. R. WOODBURN & CO.,
Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.
J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KERR.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & 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. aug11

G. H. VENNING,
Clock and Watch Maker.
I 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. ☞Jewelry neatly repaired.
ap26 G. H. V.

NEW BRUNSWICK
PARLOR & VESTRY
Organ Manufactory.
PETITCODIAC, 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 15

GEO. CONNERS,
Manufacturer & Builder,
Petitcodiac, N. B.
Estimates made of Buildings
Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished,
All kinds of plaining and sawing executed 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.
may26

PIANOFORTES.
CABINET ORGANS, &c
C. FLOOD,
75 Prince William Street, St. John
KEEPS constantly on hand PIANO-FORTES 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—july3

MARBLE AND FREESTONE WORKS.
H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.
PARTIES desirous of erecting Monuments or Tombs Stones, will find at our establishment, a superior Stock of
American & Italian Marbles.
We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a number of Freestone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply. sept17

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 Advisers, Sackville.

DRESS MAKING.
MISSES ANNIE & LOUISA BOWSER 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. tf

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 offices.
A Night Porter in attendance.
Terms Moderate.
aug1 3m

St. Charles' Hotel.
THE above house having been refitted and furnished at considerable expense is now ready for occupancy. It is conveniently situated on Foundry Street, one of the most busy parts of the town. Both transient and permanent boarders taken on the most reasonable terms, and furnished with every accommodation and comfort to be found in a first class hotel.
GEO. L. SHAW,
Sackville, N. B., Oct. 19, 1876. } PROPRIETOR.

WELDON HOUSE,
[Opposite the Railway Station.]
SHEDIAC, 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 it 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 his son, JOHN MILTON BAIRD, with him in his general business as Merchant.
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.
And we respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.
T. BAIRD & SONS.
Sackville, May 26th, 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 new store of Messrs. M Wood & Sons, Crane's Corner, where he will be prepared to wait on Customers on the most LIBERAL TERMS.
Clothing, Made and Trimmed
In the Latest Styles, and at the Lowest Living Profits.
☞Parties furnishing their own material will be dealt with on the most liberal terms.
JOHN MEAHAN.
Sackville, May 17, 1875.

LUMBER.
THE PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO., having unsurpassed facilities for manufacturing Lumber during the winter, is prepared to fill orders for early spring delivery.
Ship Plank, Frame Stuff,
Enclosing Flooring and Finishing Boards, Scantling of all sizes, 1½ 2 and 3 in.
Dry Pine Plank, Hemlock Boards
Plank and Timber, Spruce
Pine and Cedar Shingles
of any quantity.
LATHES, PALINGS & CLAPBOARD constantly on hand.
Cheap Boards in 10 ft. lengths for snow fences and in 16 ft. lengths for snow sheds
P. O. Address:
PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO.,
dec9 Petitcodiac, N. B.

HARNESSES!
A SPLENDID STOCK OF
HARNESSES
May be seen at the Subscriber's, which will be sold
LOWER than can be Bought Elsewhere for CASH.
☞The Subscriber is constantly manufacturing Harnesses, which for **quality** of stock used and **superiority** of work are **unsurpassed** in this vicinity. Orders promptly attended to at reasonable rates.
Sackville, Nov. 24, 1875. } STEPHEN AYER.

THE BRUCE & CHARD
CABINET ORGANS!
THE Subscriber having been appointed by Messrs. Bruce & Chard of Boston,
Their General Agent for the Maritime Provinces
FOR THESE
Beautiful Instruments,
Respectfully calls attention of intending purchasers to their superiority of tone, power and finish over any Organ yet introduced.
Persons requiring Organs for Churches, Halls, Lodges, or for Residences, are invited to correspond with the subscriber at "Lamy's Hotel," Amherst, N. S.
Second-hand Organs or Melodeons taken in exchange.
Pianos furnished direct from the best makers of Boston at prices lower than any in the market.
The subscriber is also prepared to furnish specifications of
PIPE ORGANS
From the best makers in London and the United States at prices ranging from $500 to $10,000.
GEO. G. MELICK.
Amherst, N.S., May 12, 1875.