etter Weight, Faster et. The experience of those-tion of the goods will prove-ading Wholesale Houses.

(Limited).

Ce Co. (Limited),

BLES J. TOMNEY SUB-AGENT.

BUILDING.

RSON'S ROSION PAINT

table for all descriptions of the uses, Churches, Water, Mills, d Other Buildings, m Houses, Fences, rming Implements, Threshing Machines, Carts and Wagons.

ces, and when adopted A SAVING PIFTY PER CENT. may in the med upon, as it lasts certainly amen paint, and can be laid on by

HORNE & CO.. ket Square.

rs Heavy Feed, BRAN, OATS,

icks SALT. VHILE LANDING.

PETERS. RD STREET.

CHEESE. w CHOICE last Season's LEESE

ALSO, A FEW ermuda Onions.

ARDINE & CO. jnel7 d Mineral Lands.

NED is prepared to Survey, Ex-on, and Market Timber, or he Maritime Provinces of Canada;

ADWARD HACK EEKLY SUN

UBLISHING COMPANY EDNESDAY MORNING. AT THER

nting Establishment. Street, St. John, N. B.,

lar per year, Liberal induc

KLY SUN, ST. JOHN.

dech



VOL. 8.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1886.

NO. 37.

CUPID'S GARDEN,

As I weer in cupit's garden, Not muoar nor heaf an hour, Tweer thear I zeed twa maydens, Zitten under Cupit's bower, A gathering of sweet jassamine, The lily and thee rose—
These he the sweetest flowers
As in the garden grows;

I roudly stepped to one o' them; These words to heer I zays; "Be you engage it arra young man? Come, tell to me, I prays." "I bean't engaged to arra young man, I solemnly declare; I aims to live a mayden And still the laurel wear.

Zays I: "My stars and garters! Zays I: "My stars and garters!
This hear's a pretty go,
Vor a nice young mayd as never vas
To sarv all mankind so!
But t'other young mayd locked sly at me
As vrom her zoat shee risen.
Zays shee: "Let thee and I go our own way,
And we'll let she go shees'n." -Harper's Magazine.

AT LAST.

Red roses in the golden land,
The river singing sweet and clear;
Again at the old place I stand.
Where we two wandered yesteryear. Again I see the sunset flame Across the distant mountains die; All in the same, yet not the same, For we are parted, you and I.

I dream of what you used to be, I think of all that once you tell, And those sweet days come back to me, And you are near me as of old.

My eyes were dim with happy tears,
My heart was beating loud and fast
For God, I know, in after years
Will bring you back to me at last. -Frederic E. Weatherly, in the Quiver.

THE BATTLE OF THE CHOIR. (From the Christian Advoca'e.) Half a bar, half a bar. Helf a bar onward! Into an awful ditch, Choir and precentor hitch: Into a mess of pitch, They lad the Old Hundred. Trebles to right of them. Tenors to left of them, Basses in front of them, Bellowed and thundered Oh, that precentor's look When the sopranos took Their own time and hook,

From the O.d Hundred. Dire the precentor's glare, Flashed his pitchfork in air, Sounding fresh keys to bear Out the Old Hundred. Swiftly he turned his back, Grabbed his hat off the rack, Then from the screaming pack Himself he suffered. Oh! the wild howle they wrought?
Quite to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not—
Not the Old Hundred.

THE GRAND OLD COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Gladstone? I, said Chamberlain, And I feel like Cain (*); I killed Gladstone. Who saw him die? I, said Goschen, Without any emotion

Who'll make his shroud? I, said Argyll, In superior style; I'd make his shrow

Who'll dig his grave? I, said Lord Randy,
For I've get the tools handy;
I'll dig his grave.

Who'll carry the link?
I, said John Bright,
With my sweetness and light;
I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner? I, said John Morley, For I miss him sorely; I'll be chief mourner. Who'll sing a pealm? I said Fow I, said Fowler,
A regular howler;
I'll sing a psalm. Who'll tall the bell? I, said Parnell,
'was for Ireland he fell;

-Pall Mall Gazette.

St. Marys and Vicinity.

Marysville presents the same lively scene.
The beautiful villa is like a bee hive, as lively as usual. The hum never ceases there. Money seems to be rather scarce just now, but there are more new buildings in course of erection than I saw for a number of years past.

W. Macfarlane's factory at St. Mary's ferry is kept very busy. So is Mr. Jeffrey's, too.

All the travelling between Fredericton and Boiestown now is by rail, the highway is deserted. The mail from the former to the latter place is despatched by a single horse team. No passengers go by mail now.

Mrs. Carafa, wife of the late Mr. Carafa, the railway man, is on a visit to Gibson and is looking after her deceased husband's property. The whole country is attending the circus today in Fredericton.

'I think the artist is mad,' he said, 'This is the first ploture anyone has wanted to buy, and he refuses to sell it. Perhaps a price sufficient will tempt him; but if I give his address the lady will remember my commission?'

The lady promised faithfully to do so.

'It is a wretched street—he is very poor,' said the dealer, and gave her the number written on a card. 'The fifth floor' with a shrug of his shoulders.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Out of the shadows of the garden two people came into the moonlight, and leaned over the little chain that encircled the small fountain, into whose basin a marble Hebe constantly emptied her ever-brimming cup. As the girl looked down into the water her flagers trifled with a lily, and she remarked that one of the leaves had been broken. It is strange how we notice such small things when we are thinking of greater ones; yes, and remember them, too. Ever after L'na Michel remembered that broken few wind-blown drops that were oust upon her neck from the cup of the Habe at the

fountain in the old garden at Musich, on the sweet midsummer night.

The young man stood very near her. He had a sweet, grave face, and eyes nat were as soft and dark as a gazelle's. They were not unlike, these two; both were spirituelle—both were dark, both were romantic. The tie of blood was between, for they were cousins, though as the Scotch folk say, 'far away cousins,' and bearing different names. They had been brought up under one roof, and Lina Michel's mother had been all the mother the little orphan Henri Kleber knew. When after a little silence, she turned her eyes toward him, she looked into his without reserve just as a sister might. 'It is cruel of grandpa,' she sald, 'It is very

cruel Henri. These old people think only of money. Why can they not let us have peace, when they could be so happy? It is such an absurd idea. You and I to marry each other! We are like brother and sister. Nothing can change that.' 'But we are not brother and sister,' said he; and even first cousins marry. I have

been thinking that—'
'Oh, don't dont,' she said—'Henri, for the rest. Be my good brother still. It would be frightful for us to marry. Besides, one should fall in love first—should not one? Thick how absurd to marry without that."
'I like you so much,' said Henri. 'Dear cousin Lina, let us talk about it.' I will not said she. 'If you desire to quarrel, you can talk about such foolish fancies, not else. Of course, you likeme; of course, I like you,

to be ashamed of himself. She paused a moment, then turned her 'Give me a kind kiss brother Henri,' she said, 'and never, never speak of this absurdity again. As for marrying I shall never marry any one. Why should I, when I de-

and that's why it can't be. Grandpa ought

test the thought? Henri gave a little sigh. he said; 'but you see we are not brother and sister. You can't make it so by saying so.'

Then he kissed her and they walked back into the house, where Grandpapa Kelber and Granduncle Michel had just aettled the matrimonial prospects of these two young than the bar of lower Canada, and at a time when silk gowns were less numerous than the bar of lower canada, and of the second state of the second state

did the lightning.

In his case the lightning had the best of it, and the end of all this was that one fine

morning Henri Kelber found himself turned ont into the world to seek his fortune; and ont into the world to seek his forcune; and long ere his cousin's black eyes were open upon the dawn, had left Munich and his furious relatives behind them.

From that day nothing was heard of him by his friends in Munich for many a long

The old people were unforgiving. Grand-father Kelber died and left all his money to Lina, who had already refused two excellent matches. Grand uncle Michel died also, and Lina became yet richer. At last her beloved mother also left her. She long remained Lina Michel, though her beauty and mained L'na Michel, though her beauty and her wealth had brought many a suitor to her door. The love that she had thought necessary to marriage—the mysterious wonderful love—had never come to her; and now she believed that it never would, for she was eight and-twenty. But, somehow, ever since the morning when she awoke and found that her cousin Henri was gone, her memories of him had grown more aweet and tender every year.

tender every year.
She travelled two years and heard nothing of her cousin Henri, and at last found her-self in Paris, at the height of its gay season,

and there rested a dove who had not found her olive branch.

There is no place to dream like a picture (FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

NASHWAAK, York Co., July 20.—This place was visited last evening with a terrific hall storm, which proved very detrimental to all kinds of vegetation. The potato tops were completely cut down, also the buckwheat, and even broke the close that a place to dream like a picture gallery; no place like Paris for pictures.

Lina Michel spent many hours with her eyes fixed on painted faces that she never saw, for the living face that haunted her; but one day she awoke to wondrous interest in a small dealer's gallery in which she found herself. were completely cut down, also the buckwheat, and even broke the glass in the windows of great many houses, and even knocked the leaves off the trees. It was one of the severett hail storms ever seen here, the hall being very large in size, and seemed to come in a line from the direction of Keswick ridge, and followed in a line down the Tay to the Nashwaak, covering in breadth about three miles.

The crop looks very well in Stanley this fell. The crop looks very well in Stanley this fell. The crop looks very well in Stanley this fell. The crop looks very well in Stanley this fell. The crop looks very well in Stanley this fell.

fell. The crop looks very well in Stanley this season.

There are eight new buildings going on in Stanley and the garden of her grandfather's old house at Munich. And this was more Stanley village at present and more than usual than chance. Was there such a thing as numbers of new buildings along the Nashwaak also. and herself on the night when she made that miserable mistake? For that was Henri, and surely that blackhaired girl was not un-

'Is this picture for sale?' she asked the He shrugged his shoulders 'I think the artist is mad,' he said. 'This

'I speak to the painter of the picture at 'Monsieur—s,' said the Fraulein Michel, 'The garden and the fountain. I desire to purchase it at any price.'
'Madame,' replied the artist, 'I regret to
say that picture is not to be sold.'

'But I must have it,' said the lady. rich—anything, any price.'
'I am poor,' said the artist, 'but it has no

'Listen, sir,' said the lady. 'It is more than a picture that I want—it is a reminiscence. It is like a—a place that I know. I beg for it. I implore you to sell it to me.'
'Madame' said the artist, 'I see you have lily leaf, and fluttering reflection in the water, and the scent of the roses, and the stood with the only woman I ever loved, beside that fountain—a fountain in an old beside that fountain—a fountain in an old garden at Manich. I was a young idlot. I did not even know my own heart; but I know it now. I have known it for years. One day the memory of the apot and of the hour returned to me as if by magic. I painted the picture in a few hours. Then again she stood before me. I saw the again she stood before me. I saw the current of the professions and to men of mind and character in other walks of life, speak eloquently of our growing importance as a country and a people, and of the nearer and more intimate relations springing up between this great colony and the great empire to which it is at once our happiness and our privilege to belong. moonlight on her face. I saw her white hand lying in mine. I saw the whole pic-ture. Never before could I put it upon canvas. I know I never can again. And, Madame, while I live I must look upon that picture. When I die I must cast my last glance upon it. I shall never see her again.

The CHANGES IN FOUR VEARS NOTES Long since she has become the wife of one she loves well, no doubt; but I-I shall never love any other. So I must keep her picture; I must. You see that, Madame.' And as he spoke Lina Michel knew Henri

> beard and all the changes of twelve long The houses clustered on the water's border, years. And as he ceased she threw back her veil and held both her hands toward 'Henri,' she sighed. 'Henri! Oh Henri!, do you not know me?' And then he had her Each nook recalls fond thoughts, and mem in his arms, and she lay sobbing on his bosom. When they stood beside the foun-

> > ROYAL FAVORS.

were man and wife.

tain in the old garden at Munich again, they

Kelber-knew him despite the flowing

Sir John Rose's Call to the Privy Council of

the Empire.

(Ottawa Citizen, 9.h July.) The announcement made by cable some days since that Her Majesty had been pleased to call Sir John Rose to the most honorable the privy council will doubtless have been read by many of his old friends in Canada with feelings of the warmest satisfaction. Although a Scotchman by birth, Sir John Rose like his distinguished fellow. The announcement made by cable some Sir John Rose, like his distinguished fellowcountryman and former political leader, Sir
John Macdonald, was in early life transplanted to our own congenial soil, and here
his youth and early manhood were spent.
For many years he held a distinguished
position at the bar of lower Canada, and at a
time when silk gowns were less numerous
than they have gives become was one of 'I shall never marry neither, Cousin Lina, John Macdonald, was in early life transmatrimonial prospects of these two young consins to their own satisfaction,

The result of the young people's rebellion was a quarrel.

Lina escaped very easily. It was only proper for a girl to be coy; but the young man was so beset with reproaches that he finally defied his relatives as much as Ajax did the lightning.

In his case the lightning had the best of the profession, without previous parliamentary experience, and made solicitor general. He continued to hold office under Sir George Cartier and Sir John Mand the peak of the profession, without previous parliamentary experience, and made solicitor general. He continued to hold office under Sir George Cartier and Sir John's method the profession and was a member of Sir John's method to the profession at distinction. In 1856 had general to the profession at distinction. In 1856 had general to the profession at distinction. In 1856 had general to the profession at distinction. In 1856 had general to the profession at distinction. In 1856 had general to the profession at distinction. In 1856 had general to the profession at the profession cabinet after the accomplishment of the great work of confederation, holding the office of minister of finance therein. In each and every position he left behind him a record of duty ably, successfully and faithfully performed. In 1869 he retired from political life in Canada for the purpose of joining an eminent London banking firm. Since then his residence has been in England, and his career there has been illustrated by a succession of triumphs, commercially, politically, socially. He has been, according to public rumor, the trusted agent and adviser of the colonial office, and as an

Wales, whom Sir John Rose, as commissioner of public works, had the honor of attending when the Prince paid his famous visit to Canada in 1860 and between whom a deep and abiding friendship would seem to have arisen, appointed him receiver-general of the ducby of Cornwall—an office in the personal gift of His Royal Highness. He is now a privy councillor—the second Canadian, if we may still so regard him, to hold the office—Sir John Macdonald having been the first. His career from the start has been marvellously successful, but not one whit more, as his friends are proud to believe, than his many merits and valuable public services would lead them to lock for. This will be the view entertained by all Canadians and indeed of everyone acquainted with the man, and who, one and all, we trust will unite with us in wishing continued success, length of years and every happiness to the right honorable gentlement. This is to be regretted, as his ripe experience and mature knowledge touching all matters affecting the interests of the Do-

ence and mature knowledge touching all matters affecting the interests of the Dominion and the colonies at large would make his presence there a source of contentment to us and of much value we have no doubt to the imperial authorities. We trust such an event is only deferred, and that before very long we may be afforded the before very long we may be afforded the further pleasure of chroniciling his election to the house of commons, or better still, his elevation to the house of lords.

Canadians, at all events, will have no reason to complain of a want of recognition in the distribution of royal favors, Her Major during recent years having been read-

terry is kept very busy. So is Mr. Jeffrey's, too.

too.

All the travelling between Fredericton and Bolestown now is by rail, the highway is deserted. The mail from the former to the latter place is despatched by a single horse team. No passengers go by mail now.

Mrs. Carafa, wife of the late Mr. Carafa, the railway man, is on a visit to Gibson and is looking after her deceased husband's property. The whole country is attending the circus today in Fredericton.

J. N. Masters, of Bye, England, having written Sir Henry Ponsonby, secretary of the Queen, for the purpose of ascertaining by whom Her Majasty was asked the question, "The door that bore the word, 'Ateller' upon life "the Bible," has received an answer from Sir Henry saying there is no truth whatever in that commonly believed story.

It is a mretched street—he is very poor, and is stowal of rewards of this character. Scarcely two years have passed since the whole country was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favors, Her Majasty was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favors, Her Majasty was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favors, Her Majasty was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favors, Her Majasty was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favors, Her Majasty was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favors, Her Majasty was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favors, Her Majasty was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favors, Her Majasty was rejoicing over the signal mark of royal favor. The word of the Bath—which the Sovereign was pleased to confer on Sir John Macdonald to on the occasion of his completing forty years in the destribution of royal favors and in the distribution of royal favors, Her Majasty was to our public men in the destribution of royal favors and her refuse to sell it. Perhaps a price sufficient will tempt him; but if I give his address the lady will remember my commission?

The lady promised faithfully to do so.

It is a wretched street—he is very poor, said the dealer, and gave her the number o

ition of a closely veiled lady attend- liberal-minded as Sir Adolphe Caron ed by her maid, with some surprise. (who by the way was a student of who by the way was a student of Sin John Rose), and to private citizens, so enthusiastic, so public-pirited, so enterprising and withal so full of plack as Sir Donald A. Smith and Sir George Stephen. Nor must we fall to netice the reward extended to the bench in the person of Sir Collis Meredith, to selected in the person of Sir Collis Meredith; to science in the person of Sir Wm. Dawson; to literature in the person of the late Dr. Alpheus Todd; to arms in the person of the late Colonel Dyde and others and to journalism in the person of that versatile and always graceful writer, M. Hector Fabre. These manifestations of the Sovereign's pleasure and regard, increasing in frequency as they have been of late, and extending from high officers of state to all branches of the public service, to the heads of the professions and to men of

> AN OVERLAND VISIT THE CHANGES IN FOUR YEARS-NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER) One pic'ure fair within my heart I carry, I Unshadowed by the weary weight of years and often, as amid strange scenes I tarry, A vision of my early youth appears:

Clear imaged in the softly flowing stream; The trees beyond it, set in gracious or ler, The bridge, the road—delicious is the dram!

My heart to those that still by them abide. *********** This picture coming in my mind's eye led me to wend my way everland to the home of my childhood. Whilst thinking upen my more youthful days, I was led to visit those with whom I had been wont to mingle, and visit accustomed nooks. Lo! what a change in four years time! In some places the woods which

had oft been frequented, had been made to en-

standing out of the water. Bushes still skirt the water's edge.

Our route to this river lay along the "post rad" from Norton station to the Narrows. This read is in rather a rough state for easy traffic, and we wonder how the mail carrier between these places makes such good time. But no doubt we will soon have good roads all eyer the province, as J. V. Ellis, M. P. P., etc., intends to have the teachers' salaries placed on the roads in our counties. Perhaps to will place it as some other noted M. P. P's have done on some roads known to the writer have done on some roads known to the writer— roads never visited by a team during the year, except the farmer's team through whose farm the road runs. If this is the kind of parlia-mentarians that New Brunswick produces, we hope that the production will soon cease. Why not hatch some who will look after the interest of the great roads as well as the paltry bye-ways? Yea, and why not have the interest of the teacher looked after as well? Is not his mission a worthy one? If not, why of course throw him overboard—but I am wandering from my text.

Of Norton station so much has been said that there is not any need of more.

"CBOMWELL'S HILL " It has a fine Presbyterian house of worship.
The old Kirk is still standing there. Here also may be seen the old Catholic chapel, There has been little change in this place for some eight years.

After crossing the line from Kings into Queens we shortly reach the settlement called MILL BROOK.

The post office here is kept by Mr. Hughes.
This settlement has a neat little school house
into which both a day and Sabbath school is
held. And ew Sommerville lives in this setneed. And we sommervine lives in this set-tlement, at A owns the saw mill.

From the top of Todd's hill we catch a glimpse of the river Washademoak, and ere long reach the NABROWS,

This place, as well as the shore of the Washademoak, has varied and picturesque scenery.
Now, the buildings look neat and trim. On
the left bank may be seen the buildings ef
Henry Todd, the pleasant and obliging postmaster of the Narrows. This office forms a
a centre for mail matter in Queens. Three
times per week mails from Wickham, Cole's
I sland, Gagetown, Chipman and Lakeview assemble here, and also the mail stage from Norton station. Mr. Todd told your reporter that
during the last year 2994 registered letters had
been handled in his office. Wednesday's mail
day is a busy one. Among his many fine
buildings is the fine and well-stocked store of

for the road, about 89,000, are now nearly all
on the ground. Eight feet is the deepest cutlight feet is the deepest cutlight feet is the deepest cutlines.

Petitcodiac Notes.

(FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PETITCODIAC, July 19.—The Methodist and
Baptist churches here are to run an excursion
train from Anagance, including all stations
and platforms as far as Salisbury, and thence
to Newcastle, Miramichi, remaining there aix
bours, and return, for the small sum of \$1.25.

Arrangements are made with Mr. Killam to

About two miles above the Narrows, on the right bank, we find the store now owned by Asa L. Bluck, formerly of the Y. M. C. A., St. Jchn. Mr. Black is an enterprising young man and deserves success. The long talked of new Fowler's road, near this store, is new open for traffic. Lakeview P. O, in charge of Thos. O'Donnell, and Lakeview school house are near this place. This school is now in charge of Miss Daggett, Grand Manan. THE CROPS

are locking very well considering the very dry weather. Bye and potatoes in most cases look excellent, especially the former. Buckwheat and oats are light looking as yet, but no doubt this rain will revive them. The hay crop is very light in most cases. Newly seeded meadows have the best oppearance. Taken on the whole the crop will not reach the average of former years. Apples, and fruit in general now promise a big yield. The long spell of dry weather will go hard with the vegetable crops.

NOTES FROM QUEENS. Several woodboats are loading with kiln wood for Rockland and other places in Maine.

The Orangemen had a fine turnout at The Range and Young's Cove, Grand Lake, on the

Heavy fires were raging on the right of the Grand Lake near Newcastle roads. The late rain has impeded its progress. Considerable damage was done.

NOTES FROM KINGS. On Thursday last George Sherwood of Norton, departed this life. He was 70 years of age, an exemplary christian and a man respected by all who knew him. The obsequies were conducted by Rev. G. W. McDonald of Sussex, who spoke from these words recorded in the 31st pealm: "Into thine hand I commit me salist." His remains were intered in the most unmistakable manner. Rev. A. B. Culden paid a visit to his home and the salist pealm: "Into thine hand I commit me salist." His remains were intered in the most unmistakable manner. Rev.

RAPID ROAD-MAKING.

A 3ketch of the Moncton-Buctouche Rail-(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SUN) The Moncton-Buctouche Railway (32 miles) was commenced a few weeks ago and will be completed this fall. Last autumn the preliminary survey was made by Messrs. Cushing and Croasdale. The first sod was turned at Buctouche in November last but active operations were commenced this spring, when the

line was located and grading commenced. The management of the read is as follows:

President-John Hutchinson, Buctouche.
Manager-A. E. Killam, M. P. P., Monc-Directors—These and John L. Harris, and Wm. J. Robinson of Monoton; P. A. Landry, M. P., Dorchester; John McKee, Little Bustouche, and Oliver LaBlanc, M. P. P.

In 1885 the local subsidy was granted, and Dominion and secured last winter through the afforts of P. A. Landry, M. P., seconded by Mr. Wood, M. P. The road is about equally divided between the two counties as to mileage, but is looked upon as a Kent county enterprise, a public work of greater importance to the Kentish seaport than to Monoton. Messrs. Wheten, Grey, Clark and Trites have contracted for the entire line, Sixteen miles of the road have been graded up to the present time, 64 miles of this forming a continuous stretch at the Buctouche end. Mr. Trites informed the writer that the line was very favorably located, the grades and curvatures easy and in no case exceeding the government standard grade. The company expect to be track-laying in about four weeks. Negotiations for rails and rolling stock are in progress. Grading will be concluded in six weeks. Before the close of the season the company anticipate the completion of the line as far as Buctouche river, three quarters of mile from the tewn. Here a large bridge requires to be built next winter before the town itself can be reached. The principal bridges on the line are Directors-These and John L. Harris, and

the tewn. Here a large bridge requires to be built next winter before the town itself can be reached. The principal bridges on the line are as follows: Waterworks bridge, 400 feet long, four miles from Moncton; Shediac river bridge, 400 feet long; bridge at McLean's, Scotch Settlement; bridge at McDougald's, 200 feet; Cocagne river bridge, 500 feet long; Little Buctouche river bridge, 450 feet; and the Buctouche bridge, which will be a Howe Truss structure, 1100 feet in length. The stations will be located at Moncton, Irishtown, Scotch Settlement, Gagnons, Cocagne, Ohio, Little Buctouche and Buctouche, Five hundred men and 150 teams are now employed along the line. The main object of the road of course is to connect Moncton and Buctouche, but the line will open up several fine lumber. of course is to connect Moncton and Buctouche, but the line will open up several fine lumber-ing and farming sections and prove of great assistance to several large mills en route, such as McKee's mill and that of Smith & Barnes at as McKee's mill and that of Smith & Barnes at Cocagne, which cuts 3,000,000 feet a year. It is expected that the road will open up an important quarry at Shediac river. Large quantities of wood and bark will be shipped to Moncton and Buctouchs. The ties required for the road, about 85,000, are now nearly all on the ground. Eight feet is the deepest cutting on the entire line.

his son, Thos. Todd. Mr. T. end his sons are five business men. He was among the first to do much work in the farming line around the Narrows. In coming from the old country (Ireland), he brought to his farm excellent farming utensils, and ever since he has striven to keep up with the times. In crossing the ferry to the right bank we find that of late W. H. White, postmaster at Cambridge, has erected a new house, which adds greatly to the appearance of the Narrows. His store still reminds one of old times. A large number of the building look. A little way from the ferry landing stands the foundation of what was once a fine house—the house of Chas. Robinson which was lately burned. The old Temperance hall and Baptist meeting-house stand there still. Here I am reminded that I did not say anything of the energy and perseverance of the F. C. Baptists of this place. Standing on the left bank is their church edifice, which has lately been considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working. This mill has done considerably renovated. Robinson's saw-mill is now working the store of the place for its secrety, etc. One of the year gentlemen in crossing over a dam for slucing logs missed his footing and hurriedly passed through the sluceway and fell a distance of ten feet or more into the water, which was tor first here of the year passed in reaching the solution of the year of the year of the y

Deer Island Notes.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.) PICNICS AND CONCERTS.-These have been held during the part two weeks by all the churchez, schools and social circles on Deer Island nearly. All were largely patronized and fully enjoyed. The proceeds of each and all were devoted to worthy objects, as they

usually are by our very generous people. House Building, etc.-Lewis Carr is putting up a fine house at the harbor opposite his old residence, which will be as creditable as comfortable to him and his family. Goldwin Smith, Lord's Cove, is improving his premises Smith, Lord's Cove, is improving his premises and enlarging them, also building a public hall over his store. Nearly every other house your correspondent meets has been improved some way quite recently, and very many have received a new coat of paint, and as if all had agreed on color, they are nearly all of a very nice cream tint. The Methodist church has received two coats of paint gratuitously from the hands of its friends, who by their generosity and labor have greatly improved the building. The Methodist parsonage has been favored in the same way only outside. The donor of the paint was Mr. McLaren, Eastport, and the artist was the pastor, to whom the work was new, yet done to the satisfaction of his friends.

Sussex, who spoke from these words recorded in the 31st pealur: "Into thine hand I commit my spirit" His remains were intered in the Midland F. C. Baptist burying ground.

Rev. W. L. Kirby of the Apohaqui circuit, preached his first sermon in the Beltisle Creek Methodist church, Sabbath, 18:h inst. His text was: "And there was no more sea."—Revelations xxi. i. The discourse was a very able and interesting one.

On Thursday, 15th inst., a strawberry festival was given at Irish Settlement in aid of the new Methodist church now being erected there. A good number were present, and a nice sum of money was realized. Rev. Wm. Maggs of Sheffield was present.

Rev. Wr. Swim and lady are growing in favorable cither to his body or mind. He was looking well, and more than his friends expected as to physique, and he proved himself by his preaching to have developed in preaching talent. Mr. C's, stay was too short for his friends. Rev. Mr. Swim and lady are growing in favorable cither to his body or mind. He was looking well, and more than his friends expected as to physique, and he proved himself by his preaching to have developed in preaching talent. Swim and lady are growing in favorable cither to his body or mind. He was looking well, and more than his friends expected as to physique, and he proved himself by his preaching to have developed in preachin

VISITORS.—These are flocking in to seek restand change. Most of the available places for and change. Most of the available places for boarding have been engaged. They come from Woodstock, Calais, St. Stephen, St. John, and many other parts. As Deer Island is getting known, it is becoming more and more a summer resort, and it ought to just as much as any of the sister isles, as it offers numerous attractions for lovers of nature and splendid health restoring facilities, in its pureair, wholesome diet and varied exercises in driving, boating, fishing and shooting. Besides, we are really about as fully civilized as our friends on the mainland, and, to blow our own trumpet, we are generally as well favored educationally and religiouly as they. We have churches and ministers, schools and teachers, doctors and lawyers, of no mean repute. Come and see us!

pute. Come and see us!

FIRES.—Like others, with whom we are in sympathy, we have had several fires, which have done considerable damage and have only been prevented completely destroying our forests and other property by the welcome rain storms of yesterday and last night.

ABSENTERS.—Our teachers have gone to their respective homes for their holidays. Miss Hanson, who has had charge of the Chocolate Cove school for several terms, and who is a commanding spirit in any neighborhood, prior to departure was made the recipient of an illuminated address. Nor was this all; with commendable appropriateness her friends in the Methodist church and congregation added to the address a handsome dressing case and a gold thimble.

Sickness and Death.—Frank Marshall is

SICKNESS AND DEATH.—Frank Marshall is suffering in his mind, the effects of an injury received two years ago from a run away horse. He was badly injured at the time about the head. We sincerely hope there will be no worse symptoms.

head. We sincerely hope there will be no worse symptoms.

James Rogerson is laid up from his employment by illness, but gives hopes of recovery.

Mrs. D. Leeman died at Lord's Cove last Thursday, resting in the merits of her Radeemer. Mrs. Leeman had been poorly for a long time. Her family have the fullest sympathy of all the community.

Miss Maria Chaffey, eldest daughter of J. W. Chaffey, died in the full triumph of faith since my last writing. She had been fading away gradually and painlessly for months and passed away without a struggle or a groan and without even the death sweat on her brow. Hers had been a blameless life, speaking after the manner of men, but she was not satisfied till she had publicly confessed her faith in Christ and entered into fellowship with a branch of the church of Ged. This she did last winter in the services conducted by Rev. W. Lawson, Methodist minister, whose communion she joined. Mr. Lawson preached her funeral sermon in Cummings Cove church, from rev. 1413. Rev. Mr. Swim assisted in the service with much acceptance. The singing on the occasion was more than usually appropriate and impressive. The whole community feel deeply for Mr. Chaffey in his sore affliction.

A skeleton, believed to be that of the late A skeleton, believed to be that of the late A. T. Stewart, the great merchant, has been found under the flagging at No. 61 Rose street; New York city. The body was stolen from the grave in 1878. At that time this part of Rose street was a headquarters for thieves. M. The New York Sunday World published the portraits of seven prominent colored citizens of Gotham. Six of them had white faces. If the portraits had been of white men every one probably would have been as black as coal. It is one of the eccentricities of illustrated daily journalism that white shall be black and black white.