THE BROKEN HEART.

Pale as the white rose withering she lay—
Lovely, though dying—and her eyes divine
Gleamed o'er the deepening shadows of decay,
Like a stray sunbeam on a ruined shrine.
She seemed too beautiful for death's embrace,
And holiness engirt her as a zone;
Language had fled, but music's pictured grace
Hung on those lips that late had breathed its tone.

Oh, thou! the perjured, cruel, faithless, blind!
How couldst thou bow such sweetness to the dust,
How break the heart where thy loved image shrined,
Dwelt in the beauty of undoubting trust?
But thou didst break it. Nature could not cope
With love neglected, whose undying power,
E'en from the very sepulchre of Hope,
Gushed forth like perfume from a trampled flower.

Tears for thine absence, sighs at thy neglect,
Prayers for thy safety, smiles at thy return,
And a fond blindness to thy worst defect—
Thou didst repay with undissembled scorn,
Yet there she lay, and on her dying bed
She bless'd thy name—then kiss'd the lock of hair
That from thy brow in happier days she shred—
Then looked to heaven, and pray'd to meet thee there;

And with a holy look of hope and peace
She bow'd her head—the parting pang was o'er—
Yet no convulsion marked the soul's release,
The pallid lip a smile of rapture wore;
Her fleeting soul one radiant beam had caught,
Warm from the fountain of Eternal Day,
And left the image of the breathing thought
Impressed in beauty on the breathless clay.

I saw her buried with patrician state—
The sable plumes waved proudly o'er her bier,
With all the pomp that riches arrogate,
To deck the dust to which they yield no tear;
And as I gaze upon the formal scene,
Where all was cold collectedness and art,
I thought one tear of sincere grief had been
A fitter tribute to a broken heart.

A DUEL.

It is some years ago now—more than I care to remember—that I began life as a clerk in the house of Crew & Hardaway, bankers. Not by any means a bad berth was it, either; and I thought myself very lucky in having sufficient family interest to gain it for me.

There were plenty of good fellows there too, and, as I was not a very bad looking youth, and was, besides, endowed with a fair amount of animal spirits, and a very fair share of self-confidence, I speedily found myself a favorite among them.

The bank still goes under the old name, the legend on the swing-glass door remains unaltered, but I—Godfrey Sapworth—am not the sole representative of that ancient house—a portly gray-haired bachelor, looked up to, and respected in the city, with a reputation for wealth that has much more than one fair damsel willing and eager to share my lot, "for richer, for poorer," being well assured that the last condition is a very unlikely contingency indeed. Possessed of comfortable chambers in town, and a pretty estate in the country, I yet never contemplate my early clerkship days without a sigh of regret over the good times that are past.

We were all very happy and comfortable together at the bank till there came to disturb our peace an unwelcome addition to our number in the shape of a new clerk, Lewis Howard by name. Somehow or other we did not take to him from the first; but, however intuigible in the beginning our reason for dislike may have been, ere soon had more definite ground of complaint against him. He was a terrible out-and-out bargeee, the worst specimen of the kind I have ever met.

With him bragging appeared to be a necessity, not a choice—as much a part of his existence as eating, drinking, or even breathing. Faugh! How he could and did boast! His name was a never tailing peg on which to hang a grandiloquent parable. His precise relationship to the Norfolk Howards was at first rather remote, but, as most things have the propensity of increasing the more we look at them, so in this instance he ended by assuring us that the Duke of Norfolk was his first cousin once removed.

His parents, he gave us to understand, were people of large means, keeping a grand establishment at the West End—indeed, their consent to his occupying a stool in Messrs. Crew & Hardaway's counting-house had been most difficult to obtain, and had at last been wrung from their unwilling lips by the philanthropic consideration of the benefit and *prestige* which he would confer on his employers and companions (for the time being of course—in after-life we would not expect to claim friendship with a scion of such blue-blood nobility) by the light of his aristocratic countenance.

This was rather too much for our equanimity; so we set to work to find out who his friends really were, and soon made the welcome discovery that his father kept a small general shop in a narrow street leading into a large thoroughfare, which in its turn opened into Oxford street.

To this day it brings a broad smile to my face as I recall the crest-fallen expression his countenance wore when I, in the presence of the assembled employes—not one of whom would have missed the treat for a consideration—apprised him of our knowledge of his antecedents.

For a while the soap and candles stopped his mouth when he opened it with a boast; but in time the old complaint broke out again—worse, I do believe, for the restraint in which it had been held. This time it showed forth in a different form, taking the shape of bombastic vauntings of courage and valor.

"Wait till Howard leaves—I have something to say to you," whispered young Morley respectively in our ears one afternoon. So, complying with his request, we lingered, on one pretext or another, till the obnoxious individual had taken his hat and his leave.

"Now look here, you fellows," sputtered forth Tom Morley, as we gathered round him—Mary Tom was in a hurry his words always came out in a rush—"I can't and won't stand that contemptible snob's nonsense any more! I've hit upon a plan to silence him, if you'll help me."

A chorus of "Hanged if I won't, and glad to do it!" "Reckon me, my boy!" "Anything to put the confounded upstart down!" and a host of similar affirmatives answered him, followed by questions as to his purpose, and how and when and where it was to be carried out.

"Why, you see," continued Tom, lowering his voice and speaking with an air of mystery and importance, "I've been thinking that the place will soon be unbearable if he is allowed to cock it much longer; so the best way to stop his crow is to"—a further depression of tone and a closer crowding together—"challenge him to a duel."

"Whew, man, but isn't that rather a dangerous plan, and the game not worth the candle either?" hastily remarked Sandy McInter, who had the character of being very prudent and cautious in all matters where the safety of his person was concerned.

"Not a bit of it—not a bit of it!" cried Tom. "I don't mean a bona fide duel, but"—here his voice sank so low that I must let after-events unfold his laughable scheme.

The next morning, when Howard—who generally managed to be late—came rushing in as usual, he nearly knocked over Tom Morley, who was standing just inside the door.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" exclaimed Tom, in a passion.

"You should get out of the way then," retorted Howard, sullenly.

"Get out of the way! Whose way, pray? You are talking to a gentleman, and not to a tallow-seller, have the goodness to remember. Take that"—and an open-handed smack resounded through the office—"and I——"

"What is all this noise about?" inquired Mr. Grew, looking out from his private room. "Mr. Morley, have you seen to that French letter yet? If so, bring the translation to me."

That evening Jack Ramsay was the bearer of a message to Mr. Howard, the purport of which message was to the effect that Mr. Morley considered himself so grossly insulted by Mr. Howard's conduct, that he begged the favor of a hostile meeting on the next morning but one—weapons and place of encounter to be chosen by Mr. Morley.

I and one or two others happened—accidentally, of course—to be at Howard's lodgings at the time.

He turned as white as his shirt—it was not a very clean one, but the color of it exactly matched the sort of dull pallor which overspread his face on hearing Jack's errand.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" he ejaculated, hurriedly. "Mr. Morley must know that I meant no offence—it was pure accident."

"But, my dear fellow," we all exclaimed with one voice, "you couldn't think of refusing! Remember the way in which Tom behaved to you. Why, he deserves to lose a limb, at the very least!"

At this last observation Howard's face assumed a still more ghastly hue, and he returned, quaveringly,

"But—but I'm of a very forgiving turn of mind, and I can assure you that—that I don't bear Mr. Morley any malice for his little outburst of temper, and I——"

"Fish, man," interrupted Sandy, "ye wouldna be such a white-livered coward as to refuse to fight when a gentleman asks you, would ye?"

"No, no; of course not, of course not! Only I thought, don't you see, that a little apology, or something of that sort, you know——"

"My principal particularly instructed me to say that no apology would be either given or received," answered Jack, winking solemnly at us over Howard's shoulder.

"Then, my boy, you see you have no chance left, even if such a brave fellow as you could have sneaked out of it."

"Sneaked out! Certainly not. I should not think of doing such a thing. It was only that I don't like to be too hasty about such little matters."

"Well, then, Mr. Howard, what weapons do you prefer? Mr. Morley suggested pistols, on account of getting over the affair sooner, but you were to take your choice."

"Pistols, certainly!" cried I. "You're sure of your man, too—knock him over with one shot."

Lewis furtively wiped his forehead, on which, though a chilly evening in April, great drops of perspiration were quickly gathering.

"It seems rather wicked, though, to throw away life in this reckless manner, don't you think so?" he faltered, anxiously scanning our countenances in the hope of finding some one responsive to his pathetic inquiry.

But we were all too much "on war intent" for any peaceful proposition to have due weight. So, before we separated, it was arranged that six o'clock on Thursday morning was to be the time, and a little suburb not five miles from London the rendezvous, Sandy McInter offering himself as second, and a whole bevy of us declaring our intention of being on the ground, in order, as we averred, "to see fair play."

The next day Howard sent an excuse to the office, saying that he was not well enough to come to his work. So after dinner, getting half a day's leave, I ran round, fearful lest he should decamp, and determined to stay with him until the eventful moment arrived.

"What! Seedy, Lewis? We must get you well somehow. It will never do to have you ill to-morrow."

"I think I'm very ill," he answered, with a dismal shake of the head. "I hope it's nothing serious; but I am very much afraid it's fever."

"Not a bit of it," I responded cheerfully. "Let's have a look at your tongue. No, I thought not—set your mind easy on that score—there's not an atom of fever about you. I'm going to keep you company now, and some of the fellows are coming by and by, and we'll have a jolly evening, in case it may be the last we shall spend together."

Keep him company, indeed! I did—by entertaining him with all the horrible tales of duels that I could remember or invent, in order, as I informed him, to raise his spirits—relating how one man had lost a limb, another had had his beauty spoiled forever, while a third had been compelled reluctantly to deliver up "the vital spark," till at last I firmly believe the unhappy wretch would gladly have licked the dust off his adversary's shoes, if by so doing he could have put a stop to the next day's proceeding.

According to promise, we made a convivial evening of it, and by dint of frequent doses of strong liquors, managed to raise Howard's bubble of self-opinion far beyond even its usual dimensions of inordinate conceit.

Dawn was breaking before we even thought of separating, and then, making Howard lie down for an hour or so, I ran home to change my clothes, and was back in time to rouse and help him in his preparations. All the terror of the preceding night increased and multiplied ten-fold, had returned, and it was almost by force that Sandy and I conveyed him to the place of meeting. Our opponents were first on the ground, so, when we, followed by a numerous escort, arrived, there were only a few preliminaries to be gone through.

As the principals shook hands, Lewis endeavored to speak, intending to apologize, and so amicably end the meeting; but his second interfered, and drew him off.

The distance having been measured, we all took our places, I standing well behind Lewis, who was trembling to such an extent that he could hardly hold himself up.

At the appointed signal there was a double report—loud but harmless—and at the same time a good-sized pebble winged its way from my hand and came in violent contact with Howard's back, just between the shoulder-blades—I was always considered the best shot with a stone at school.

"I'm dead!" squeaked Howard, tumbling over from sheer fright.

"To be sure you are. Come, lend us a hand, some of you, and we'll take him to the doctors, for a post-mortem!" cried Sandy.

"Oh, oh! Don't touch me, you villains! I knew you'd kill me some day!" yelled the sprawling victim, not attempting to rise or move.

"Come, now, don't excite yourself!" I urged. "Here, all, lend me your handkerchiefs to bind up his wound—see how the blood is spurting out!"

There was a simultaneous proffer of the required articles, and, knotting them together, I wound them tightly round his back and chest, the great booby meanwhile giving vent to most unearthly moans and groans. Then, hoisting him up, Sandy and I carried him along, bumping and jolting him in, I'm bound to confess, most merciless fashion, and he all the time ejaculating helplessly—

"Oh, lor! Oh, lor! I'm dying!"

After ten minutes' walk we arrived at the edge of a shallow running stream, and, with a "One, two, three!" and in spite of cries and protestations, we flung him from off the bank right out into the middle.

When he rose up, floundering and dripping, the water pouring from his hair and clothes, we burst into such shouts of laughter that some of us rolled over and over on the sward, nearly choked with convulsive merriment. Panting and fuming, the unlucky wight raved and stamped, dashing water and pebbles at us, while the more he raged the more we laughed, till, almost frantic, he sprang on to the bank and fled out of sight, casting back a last threat of fetching the police.

"Do, my boy," I called in answer, "and we'll amuse them by describing how bravely you fought and got wounded."

Another roar drowned his reply.

We barely compled at "winging" that morning, for the clock was on the strike as we filled our places. No Lewis Howard appeared that day, nor the next, nor the day after, and, when interrogated as to our knowledge of his whereabouts, it was with truth that we affirmed our ignorance, for on inquiry at his lodgings we learned that Mr. Howard had decamped, leaving a month's rent unpaid.

Six months afterward, happening to be in Oxford street, with an odd half-hour to spare, I thought I would walk down Tripe street. I soon found out No. 35; and there, sure enough, was our handsome aristocrat serving a hideous and shoeless maiden of tender years with half-a-pound of sixpenny dips.

A FEW REFLECTIONS UPON THE OYSTER.

If the first name of the Emperor Augustus had been Henry, we might have been enjoying oysters a month ago; or if he had considered the influence exercised by the letter r upon these molluscs, and had spelled the name of the last month "Orgust," every man now sixty years of age might have had five years more of oysters than he has had. Thus does the lack of foresight on the part of a single individual sometimes mar the happiness of subsequent generations. We can congratulate ourselves, however, that there are so many r months; there might have been none, and then we should have had no oysters. It is a beautiful instinct which teaches the oyster to know the months which have the r and informs it when the time has come to get ready for market. Rarely, indeed, does mere animal intelligence approach so nearly to the operation of the human mind. It is so long ago as 1599 that a writer observed of this wonderful influence of the letter r upon the oyster, that it is unwholesome in all months that have not an r to eat an oyster."

The origin of the oyster is unknown. Accepting the atomic theory as true, however, we may conclude that it sprang from the same stray dust from which man derived his existence. One atom of dust acted upon by certain influences, developed into the oyster; another, controlled by certain other circumstances, grew to the stature of a man. The single bond of sympathy remaining between the two creatures and indicating, perhaps, with distinctness their common origin, is that both of them yawn when they are tired. It is probable that in beginning its growth from the atom, the oyster committed a fatal mistake by starting wrongly. It commenced by putting its skeleton on the outside, and the consequence was that it had not such generous opportunities for development as the human atom, which, luckily, got its embryonic framework upon its interior. How small an accident may change the destinies of a race! The lesson for the young involved in this painful mistake made by the incipient oyster refers to the necessity that infant feet shall be trained to walk in the right path. It might have been that the oyster, under other conditions, would have had wings. And we are not sure, indeed, that it may not have had them at some time in the remote past. Its Latin name, *ostrea*, suggests kinship with the ostrich, which, just as likely as not, is a result of a split in the oyster family at a certain stage of its development, one portion expressing its idiosyncracies by running to legs and feathers and getting outside its bones, and the other continuing in its old family ways. But we rejoice that the oyster does not have wings. It would be a disagreeable game for the gunner, and it is likely that it might even attempt to sing. Probably then it would be less an object of admiration than it is at present.—*Toronto Telegram.*

The other day when a Vicksburg boy had trouble with a neighbor's boy and came out first best, he realized that something must be done at home, and he slid into the house and said: "Mother, you know how good and kind you have been to Mrs. B——, next door?" "Yes, I have tried to be a good neighbor to her." "Well, do you know that she says you clean your teeth with a white-wash brush, and that father ought to have a pension for living with you?" He slid out, and when Mrs. B—— reached the gate, on her way to the house to ask why her boy must be pounded up in that way, she heard a shrill voice calling out: "Vile wretch, don't you enter that gate or you'll get scalded!" She returned home, and the young statesman dropped down under a shady tree, kicked up his heels, and softly chuckled: "That settles her, and now I want to catch her Tom again for just fourteen seconds."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

—Hard to beat—boiled eggs.—*Hartford Times.*

—When ought mariners to have fruit at sea?—When they stem the currents.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

When a gray-haired farmer living on the Cass farm came down town yesterday and reported that he had seen a robin flying among the trees, and added that spring must be near, he told the solemn truth. He wouldn't have lied about it for ten thousand dollars; and yet, what was his reward? As he entered a cigar store, he said:

"Well, I'm ahead of you folks. I saw a robin as I came down."

The four men seated around the stove smiled fiendish smiles, and stuck up their noses and turned their heads away.

"Don't you believe it?" asked the good man.

"You are insane!" they shouted in chorus. "Do you think we are fools or infants?"

"But I did see one."

And then they felt his head, asked him to run out his tongue, tried to count his pulse, and he went away with a heavy heart. He went into a lawyer's office, and the lawyer's greeting was so kind that the honest-hearted citizen said:

"Well, I saw a robin this morning."

The lawyer's countenance fell. He tried to occupy all the chairs in the office with his feet, and after a long time he inquired:

"You have never fully recovered from that fall, have you?"

"But I really saw a robin," persisted the citizen.

"The lawyer sighed, lit his cigar; and as he took up his pen he said to himself:

"Sorry for it—used to be a brilliant fellow—probably have a guardian appointed!"

The citizen felt discouraged, and was on his way to the post-office when he met a merchant, who slapped him on the back and exclaimed:

"Rah for spring."

"It's only a few days away," replied the citizen.

"Only a few days—it's coming right along."

There was a man who had perhaps seen the same identical bird, and the truthful citizen was encouraged to say:

"Coming down this morning I saw my first robin."

The merchant took him by the arm, led him into a doorway and earnestly said:

"See here, John, we've been friends for fifteen years."

"Yes."

"And I've lent you money and always spoken well of you, haven't I?"

"You have."

"Well, now, for Heaven's sake don't go into lying for a regular thing! It's well enough to lie once in a while, but don't make a practice of it."

"But I did see a robin!" exclaimed the distressed citizen.

"Oh, come now!"

"But I did!"

"Then farewell, John," sighed the merchant. "I've got my family to care for, my store to run, and I can't be seen talking to any such person."

The citizen saw a robin. It was a live robin—an early bird. And yet he didn't dare tell another of it. In fact, when asked if he hadn't seen a robin around he denied it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LOOKING FOR SIMPSON.

[From the Jersey City Journal.]

She was a tall, gaunt woman, and from the country, for she carried a large cotton umbrella in one hand, and a well-worn, bulky carpet bag in the other. She was marching in and out and around the Erie depot at Long Dock in a way that caused Officer Biggs to wonder who or what she was looking for.

"Were you looking for some one?" he asked.

"It's none of your affairs, mister, who I'm looking for. Who be you that you must know other folks' business?"

"I'm an officer on this road, ma'am."

"Oh, you be. Well, then, I'm from Parsippany, in Morris County, and I've come down here just to put my hands onto a man by the name of Simpson. Do you know Simpson? He's slick-looking, and talks the nicest you ever heard. He was a Baptist up there; as like as not he ain't nothing down here. Do you know Simpson?"

"No ma'am, I don't know any such man."

"That's just what I expected to hear. The next thing will be that he is a married man, or mebbe that he isn't Simpson at all. But if I get my hands onto that Simpson once, I'll Simpson him."

"What has he been doing?"

"He's been doing lots that's mean for a man to do. He pretended like he wanted to marry me, and kept it up till everything was ready, and then at the last minute Simpson wan't ready. I'm mad, mister, and if I had him I'd Simpson him."

"Do you think he's here at this depot?"

"That's what I'd like to know, for he's a man that travels. If I lay my hands onto him, he'll travel back to Parsippany, or I'll know the reason why."

"I hope you'll find him, then."

"Find him, mister? I'm obleged to find him. Didn't I sell a cow and calf and the only decent shoat on the place just to buy a nice dress and button shoes so as I could look as fine as any woman in York when she's agoing to be married? Do you think I'm going back home now without him, me a widder and everybody laughing? No, sir; I'm agoing to find out Simpson." And she marched on through the depot, giving every convenient plank in the floor a sharp punch with her umbrella as she muttered, "That Simpson."

USES FOR DRY BREAD.—We are always glad to have an old loaf of dry bread on hand when cooking, for there are so many economical little ways of using stale or second rate bread. Children like sweet milk boiled and dry bread broken into it; a slice or two of it is nice to taste and lay in the bottom of the deep dish into which you take up thickened milk; it is good to break up and fry and steam in the buttered spider, for grandpa's quiet, enjoyable little breakfast; and good to use for dressing when you roast a fowl; good to make toast, or to dry and brown and lay away for future emergencies. Puddings made of dry bread are excellent; and it is also available in a little way for those who are fond of gravies. White gravy, made of cream and butter and flour, seasoned with pepper and salt; or a brown gravy, made in the spider after frying beef, veal or chicken, with flour and boiling water. Let the slices of bread be steamed, laid on a large plate and the hot gravy poured over. This is good for little children. We cook a fat chicken until is is done; save the legs and wings to fry for breakfast; pick the meat off the fowl and put it back in the broth; cook and season it well and pour it over slices of stale bread in a pan or deep dish; press it down compactly, and then the next day cut it out in slices and fry in a hot spider in which is some melted butter. It makes a very good dinner, and is so much like our grandmother's chicken pot-pie that she used to warm it over on washing day.—*Home Magazine.*

—To remove foreign substances from the eye, such as specks of dirt, eye-winkers in fact, or any thing from a mote to a beam, you have only to lift the lid and introduce a flax seed beneath it. The seed will make the circuit of the eye, and fetch out the offending substance.

THOMAS HOOD, the wit and poet, speaks thus of his wife: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, and excellence from my pen."

A BAD MISTAKE.—One of the Detroit philantropists saw a poor old man seated on a salt barrel in front of a grocery store, the other day, and the white locks and age touched a tender chord. Laying his hand on the old man's shoulder he asked:

"And so you are waiting to be gathered home, are you?"

"No, sir, I hain't," promptly replied the man. "I am waiting for the bank to open so that I can gather in $3,200 on this check!"

—It consoles the New Orleans *Republican* that Charley Ross will soon be big enough to find himself.

—"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

—A lad from the Ridge was in town Saturday to enquire when the Fall term opened at the cemetery.—*Rome Sentinel.*

—The penalve mule is not usually regarded as susceptible to pathetic emotions. And yet he occasionally drops a mule-teer.

—Call the next baby Elaine, after Tennyson's heroine. Then, when she is cross, call her the Madelaine.—*Globe Democrat.*

—The Buffalo *Express* seriously asseverates that the papers read before the Scientific Convention in that city have an average weight of a pound to the square inch.

—A Reading man has written an essay on "Bustles." And some bustles project sufficiently to enable a man to write an essay on 'em very easily.—*Norristown Herald.*

—At an auction of miscellaneous articles out-of-doors it began to sprinkle, when a bystander advised the auctioneer that he had better put up an umbrella as the next article.

—Ah Jams is the name of a Chinaman in Nevada. He is addicted to the flowing bowl, and some days it is impossible to recognize him from his brother Jim Jams.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A Saratoga letter writer asks, in despairing tones, "Where are the men?" We don't know, dear, just where all of them are, but from our sanctum window we just now saw six of them file around behind the screen of a sample-room over the way.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

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Remnants of White and Grey Cottons;
Remnants of Dress Trimmings;
Remnants of Shirtings;
Remnants of Black and Colored Silks, &c.

J. M. in calling attention to the above lot of Remnants begs to state that the whole lot has gone through the process of re-marking, and will be laid out on MONDAY MORNING, on the CENTRE COUNTER of the PALACE for Sale. The reductions thereon are EXACTLY ONE HALF THE ORIGINAL PRICE. The majority of these Remnants are comparatively fresh, many of the Goods they are offering having been imported this season. This is a rare opportunity, during these dull times, to buy first-class Goods at prices within the reach of all.

N. B.—A job lot of **Ladies' White Underskirts,** at NEXT COST PRICE to clear.

JAMES MANSON,
THE PALACE,
12 KING STREET.
sep9

NEW FALL COATINGS
AND TROWSERINGS.
Per Hibernia. I am now opening:—
4 Cases New Fall Goods, in
FANCY TROWSERINGS,
SHETLAND COATINGS,
BASKET COATINGS,
MATELESSE COATINGS,
ELYSIAN COATINGS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
ENGLISH PILOTS AND MELTONS.
The above Goods will be made up to order in the best, latest and most fashionable styles, at the lowest possible prices. Will also sell to the trade lower than can be bought at any house in this market.
W. W. McFETERS,
GRANITE HALL,
Old No. 10 Market Square.
sept2 4i

PHOTOGRAPHS!
AT PRICES
REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.
Work Guaranteed Equal to any anywhere.
AT
24 KING ST. (Old No. 16.)
TERMS CASH.
sept2 4i J. McCLURE.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR
To its natural Vitality and Color.

Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment and hereditary predisposition all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely.
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often restores the growth, and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brashy, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair regrows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and stablished; thin hair thickens; and faded or gray hair resume their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.
As a dressing for ladies' hair, the VIGOR is praised for its grateful, lasting perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.
Sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine
A. CHIPMAN SMITH,
Wholesale Agent,
ST. JOHN.
july29

THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE
FURNITURE WAREROOMS in the City.
In Smith's Hall, over our Auction Room, Prince Wm. st.
New and handsome Furniture of every design and finish, imported and domestic.
THE SUBSCRIBERS would draw the attention of the Public to the large and magnificent collection of new Household Furniture, at their extensive Warerooms,
Smith's Building, Prince William street,
consisting of Parlor Suites, in Silk, Cotoline, Reps, Hair Cloth and Leather Covering, in Mediæval, Gothic, Grecian, Turkish, Eastlake and other styles; Bedroom Suites, in Walnut, Ash, Pine and otherwoods, with or without Marble Tops; Side Boards, of the latest style and finish; ELEGANT BOOK CASES, WRITING DESKS and WHAT-NOTS; Rich Dining Room Furniture, and Dining, Rocking and Easy Chairs, in great variety; Hairacks of all kinds; Flower Stands, Centre and Card Tables, Sofas, Lounges Cribs, Couches, English Plate Mirrors, &c., &c., of all the newest patterns.
Parties requiring Furniture will find it to their advantage to call and examine this Stock before purchasing elsewhere
☞Fall Stock just received.
aug12 3m STEWART & WHITE.

WHOLESALE
WAREHOUSE,
CANTERBURY STREET.
We have received per Hibernian, via Halifax:
20 packages, containing:
New Tweeds, Black Lustres,
WORSTED COATINGS,
PRINTS, BRAIDS AND BINDINGS,
CRETONNES,
REELS, BUTTONS.
For sale at Lowest Prices.
T. R. JONES & CO.
A large assortment of New Fall Goods will be ready for inspection, ex Dorian, now due. sept1

TENDERS.
TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, until the FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER next, for
$6000.00
of County of Gloucester Debentures, or any portion thereof, not less than Fifty Dollars, redeemable in ten years, and bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, payable half yearly, on the first day of July and January, in each year.
This Loan is raised under the authority of Act of Assembly, passed in the 39th year of Queen Victoria: "An Act to authorize the municipality of the County of Gloucester, to raise money by way of loan, to pay off the County Debt."
Tenders to be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, Bathurst, and marked "Tender for Loan."
The Committee of Council do not bind themselves to accept the highest tender.
By order of the County Council,
JOHN E. BALDWIN,
JOSEPH M. HACHEY,
JOSEPH POIRIER,
ONESIPHORE TURGEON,
THEOD. DESBRISAY, Sec.-Treas.
Committee to negotiate Loan.
Bathurst, 1876. aug1 tocti

FRENCH AND GERMAN
GOODS.
Now ready for inspection:—
CATERPILLAR WOOL DRESS FRINGES,
Priley Wool Fringe,
Black Silk and Wool Fringes,
German and Tasmanian Yarns,
Black French Merinos,
First Choice KID GLOVES, in Black Tints, and Streets, every size from children's No. 1 to ladies' No. 8½.
MACKENZIE BROTHERS,
New No. 47 Kingstreet.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF
TENNANT'S
CELEBRATED FOUR-FOLD BOSOM SHIRTS.
OVER 2,000 Gentlemen in the City of Saint John and vicinity can testify that these Shirts will wear twice as long as any other Shirt in the market. All measures taken by his Centennial models, he can faithfully and honestly guarantee a perfect fit. The only House in the City making a specialty of Shirts, and Shirts only.
At Retail or specially to order.
$1.25, $1.50, $1.85, and $2.00,
THE VERY BEST.
Made from New York Mills Cotton, and the best Irish Linen imported. Shirt Patterns cut for 50 cts. Open until 9 p. m. to suit the business public.
sep 2 46½ King street, above Hall's.
☞ SIGN OF THE ☜
HATS AND CAPS!
W. J. McGOVERN
IS NOW SHOWING
BLACK SILK HATS (Christy's),
Drab Kersey Hats, do
Black and Brown English and American Hats.
Black Cloth Caps,
Black Silk Caps,
I. C. Railway Caps.
ALSO,
THE ELECTROMOTOR SUSPENDER!
THE BEST EVER INVENTED.
aug12 4i No. 40 King Street.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
PLEASE call early to secure bargains, must dispose of the balance of our stock of Carriages to make room for other Goods.
C. E. BURNHAM & CO.,
94 Germain street, St. John,
Near Trinity Church.
july29

JUST RECEIVED
Per Railroad, from Montreal, and now open for inspection:—
478 Yards
Choice Canadian Tweed
AND COATINGS.
These Goods have been laid in at prices suitable to the times, enabling us to offer great inducements to intending purchasers.
A. & T. GILMOUR,
72 Germain street,
St. John, N.B.
july29

LONDON HOUSE,
WHOLESALE.
JULY 25TH, 1876.
Received per R. M. S. Caspian.
New Fancy Dress Goods,
Black Alpacas,
Persian Cords,
Italians,
Winseys,
White Cottons,
Oxford and Harvard Shirtings,
Muslins,
Linings,
Silesias,
Hollands,
Towels,
Corsets,
Braces,
Buttons,
Belts,
Combs,
MARSHALL AND BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD, ETC.
DANIEL & BOYD.
july29

CUMBERLAND MINES COALS.
The above Coals are guaranteed by the Company
Equal to Sydney, for Household Purposes.
FOR SALE FROM THEIR WAREHOUSE,
MAIN STREET, LOWER COVE,
AND FROM VESSELS LANDING,
AT LOW RATES.
JAMES G. JORDAN,
SEC'Y AND TREAS.
aug5 6m

BUILDING STONE.
Free Stone, for Building and Ornamental Purposes.
WILL this year be delivered in St. John, in cargoes of Sixty Tons and upwards, at
$3.00 TO $7.00 PER TON,
according to quality. For prices delivered at other ports, apply to
T. M. MACKELVIE,
CALEDONIA QUARRY, ROCKLAND, N. B.
june8 6m w tel 4m

TAILORING!
THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, begs to intimate that he has left the shop
No. 100 Germain Street,
where he intends carrying on the TAILORING BUSINESS, and would like all his old Customers, and as many new ones as can, to call and see him.
All orders punctually attended to with promptness and despatch.
JAMES REID,
June 10—6m No. 100 Germain street.

Overwhelming Testimony
TO THE VALUE OF
SPENCER'S

Vesuvian
Liniment
No Men of Straw are permitted to testify.
John McGillivray, of Bailey's Brook, Antigonish Co., N. S., informs us on the date of March 22, 1876, that a valuable horse belonging to him has been cured of Spavin by the use of one bottle of VESUVIAN LINIMENT. D. D. MACDONALD, Esq., of the same place, says Mr. McGillivray's statement can be verified, and that, personally, he can testify to its great value as a far ally medicine.
James McLeod, Hampstead, Q.C., writes June 10, 1876: "The high reputation of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT induced me to purchase a bottle a few weeks since, the use of which completely cured a long standing rheumatic affection in one of my knees. With the utmost confidence I recommend this liniment to the use of the general public."
James Salmon, Esq., of Newcastle, Grand Lake, writes, May 3rd, 1876: "I have been terribly afflicted with Rheumatism, and after expending over $200 with the doctors and for patent medicines without avail, have found a cure in SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT. Accept the thanks of a poor but grateful man for your great discovery."
T. Lunrigan, Bonsale street, certifies to the cure of a Bunion that had troubled him for many years, by a few applications of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT. Also that it is an excellent remedy for Rheumatic pains in the limbs, &c., &c. It is worth its weight in gold. No family should be without it.
David Chalmers, of Kouchibouguac, testifies that he has found SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT invaluable for cracked and chapped hands. Fishermen, and others who are much exposed