

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIES SEMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 28, 1878.

NO. 35.

The Farmer Feeds All.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state;
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The huntsman ploughs the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars without fear,
But high or low, what's the befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castle fair and high,
Wherever river runneth by;
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand;
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers;
Great work is done, be it here or there,
But work or rest, what's the befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

AGATHA.

She was a mere child when Ralph Ayre first saw her in the weedy garden of that lonely old country house with her wrinkled, blue-eyed nurse. He paused suddenly, and coming close to the fence, he called out to her two great, ripe peaches.

"Say thank you," prompted the old nurse, dropping a courtesy to the rich master of Ayre.

The child stood silent, clutching the peaches and looking at him from under her bent brows.

"Thank the gentleman, Miss Agatha," commanded the nurse, shaking her, by way of emphasis.

Still no thanks.

"Mademoiselle will lose her play-hour if she doesn't say 'thank you' directly."

No sign of relenting. The wrinkled crone made her second courtesy to the gentleman, and poor little Miss Agatha was marched off from the garden without further ado.

Ralph Ayre resumed his walk, shrugging his shoulders with a low laugh. He wondered greatly if the little culprit was not glad to forego an hour among the weeds and nettles of the neglected place, where bird and butterfly never seemed to come. His gardener stood trailing up a vine, heavy with scarlet flowers, near by.

"Johnson," he said, "do you know anything of that family at the hall?"

"A very little, sir."

"Who are they?"

"A sick lady and a child."

"The name?"

"Stanford."

"Do they remain long?"

"The sick lady has bought the place, sir."

Ralph Ayre went on his way again. The hall had been tenantless for a long time before their coming—he had a natural curiosity to know who his neighbors might be, and that child was certainly a very odd little thing—that was all.

A pelting rain came up at twilight. The crimson sunset gleamed through it fiercely, then died out behind the dark, watery clouds. In the west wing of the hall a single lamp glimmered through the casement.

The Ayre library faced the west wing. Some one sat at the grand piano there playing waltzes of wild, mystical German melodies. It was Ralph Ayre. Presently, something clattered upon the piazza, and ran along it, with sly feet, to the window, where it crouched down in the rain.

Ayre played on—an hour or more. Every rose on the sill was trembling with rapture. There was no cessation in the weird, wonderful sweetness of the music till the last sweep crossed the polished keys.

"Pshaw!" he said, rising from the music-stool, and actually yawning.

The something at the window looked in, white and immovable. It caught his astonished eyes at once. He went up to it. It was a small, white face, pressed close to the pane, with a Quaker bonnet pushed back on loose, light hair, and two great, black eyes staring into his with the most profound admiration and awe.

Mr. Ralph Ayre recognized the black eyes. He raised the window, and held it up.

"Come in!" he commanded, dryly.

Miss Agatha stepped through, looking very sober, but in no way discomfited. She was a pretty child with those wonderful eyes, and a peculiar blackness of eyelash and purplish of skin, and her figure was exquisitely petite, though she was eleven or twelve years old, certainly.

"What in the world are you doing here?" he began.

"I never heard anybody sing like you," she said. "I had to get up and come when Nurse Bernard went away, and I dressed myself."

He did not doubt it—her clothes looked literally flung upon her.

"Give me your hand," he said, imperiously.

They stepped out on the piazza. It was quite dark and still raining. He

dropped the little hand there, and lifted her in his arms.

"I shall carry you. Now be quiet!" She clung to him as he lifted her up.

"Don't let me fall, please," said the little voice.

His arms enclosed hers, strong as iron. He crossed the grounds with long strides, leaped the fence at a bound, and went through the weedy old garden of the Hall.

"Nurse Bernard will whip you for this, Miss Agatha."

Her little head lay on his shoulder.

"Oh, no, mamma won't let her," sleepily.

He sat her down on the broad stone step. Nurse Bernard opened the door.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried out.

"I advise you to put this child to bed," said Ralph Ayre, dryly.

A soft voice called to the nurse from an inner room.

"Will monsieur come in?" said Nurse Bernard.

Agatha writhed out of her clutch.

"Come in and see my mamma—my pretty mamma! Oh, come—she wants you!" cried Agatha.

She tried to draw him in. He stepped into the wide, dark hall, almost mechanically. Nurse Bernard led the way into that inner room. A low couch was drawn up to the fire—Mrs. Stanford's.

Ralph Ayre was ill prepared for the scene. He clutched at his mantle, looking at Mrs. Stanford, as if she had been a specter from the dead. She raised her self up.

"Ralph!"

"Agatha!"

He took the hand she held out to him.

"I knew that it was you," she said, in a voice unrecognizable to him.

"And I—"

"You did not dream of another meeting of earth!"

He sat down. The child on the floor looking at him with dark, wide-opened eyes. They were silent for a long time. She turned at last among the soft cushions, a red hectic coming out like a blossom of fire, on her beautiful cheek.

"Ralph, how many years is it since you and I parted?"

His face was grave and sad, but he had thrust one hand into his vest, and a drop of blood stained the white palm where the nails had pierced it.

"Thirteen, I think."

"And in all that time have you learned to forgive a woman's falsity?"

"Long ago," said he calmly.

"And you have married, Ralph?"

"No—I shall never marry!"

Her hand shaded her face a moment; then she cried out, with a sharp pain in her voice:

"Do you see that I am dying?" I think I have hungered more for your forgiveness than for life itself."

"It was a mistake—that is all," he answered, "fifty years hence it will not matter."

She pushed back her heavy, shining hair, with a wild despairing gesture.

"You are happy?"

"Yes," gravely.

"Thank God for that, at least."

She fell back among the cushions—the woman that Ralph Ayre had once loved so madly—and that child sat watching them, so still and motionless that neither remembered she was there.

It was her first lesson—a dark, dreary lesson.

Ralph Ayre broke the painful stillness at last by rising to go. The pale lady held out her hand with piteous, imploring eyes.

"There will be an hour when I shall ask you to come to me again, Ralph."

"I will come."

She dropped her hand.

"Then good-night."

He opened the door and went out hurriedly.

She had been the one only love of his life. How the past years came back! How utterly he had loved her—how false she had been to him! Well, it did not matter now—he went on and on, through the rain, and all the old reproach went out of his heart, and some of the old love turned to pity and came in.

After that the days passed swiftly, deepening toward autumn. Ralph Ayre sat in his lonely, sumptuous home, and looked off to the shadowy blue mountain in the distance, and waited for his summons.

It came one night in early October. He crossed the garden once more, and entered that still room in the west wing.

She lay on the same low couch by the fire, propped up by pillows, the large eyes wild and glassy, the beautiful brow damp with its death-dew. He knelt down beside her.

"My little Agatha, Ralph—I leave her all alone."

And Ralph Ayre took the thin, white hand, and answered:

"No, not all alone!"

Her lips moved eagerly.

"O, for the sake of the old, dead years, will you take her—will you care for her?"

"As God hears me, yes, Agatha!"

"For the sake of the old, dead years, Ralph Ayre?"

She fell back, closing a smile up in the sad, dark eyes. A little current of blood bubbled through the white lips—she had gone with the echoes of his name.

So the old hall among the poplars was sold, and that was how little Agatha Stanford came to find a home with the grave master of Ayre.

And so six years went by.

"My dear uncle!"

The tall, grave gentleman, pacing back and forth across the library floor, paused quietly, and said:

"Well?"

"Is Miss Stanford to arrive in the next train?"

"Yes."

"Then I beg to inform you that it is due in fifteen minutes."

"I have sent Robert for the horses," said Mr. Ayre.

Barclay Ayre, nephew and heir presumptive of the speaker, and as handsome a young lawyer as "le beau monde" could boast, laid down his paper and cigar, languidly.

"Country life is a bore; I am glad she is coming—it will help to save us from complete stagnation."

Mr. Ayre drew on his gloves—his grave eyes opened a little.

"Do you know Miss Stanford?"

"A trifle."

"How do you know her?"

"I saw her at New York with the Al-fords—she spent a vacation with them."

Mr. Barclay Ayre stretched his handsome length upon the velvet sofa.

"Well?" said Mr. Ayre.

"She is handsome as a houri—the handsomest woman I ever saw, and in the matter of accomplishments, cannot be surpassed."

"Ah!" dryly.

Barclay lay back among the sofa pillows, and looked up at the ceiling.

"Poor Jack Clifford turned Zouave, because she frowned on him at the Al-fords. 'Pon my soul, good-looking young ladies, one and all, seem to be the natural enemies of the peace of mankind."

Mr. Ayre went out quietly, and taking the reins of the gray horses from Robert, leaped into his buggy and drove away to the station.

A slender figure in a gray traveling-dress came across the platform. She raised her veil—two large, dark eyes scanned him one moment from head to foot; then a little, gloved hand was held out to him.

"Mr. Ayre?"

"Agatha!"

Nothing more. He took the little hand quietly, and assisting her into the buggy, gathered up the reins, and dashed rapidly off down the village street.

Madge Lyon, a pretty little blonde, with blue eyes and pale golden hair, came running down the staircase with a rustle of pink silk and a clatter of high-heeled French slippers, and met Miss Stanford in the hall, with a rapturous school-girl embrace.

"O, you darling! I've so much to tell you—O, O—"

Barclay Ayre's handsome, envious face interposed. He took Miss Stanford's hand, looking down into her face with great, sparkling, blue eyes.

"Welcome to Ayre—a thousand times welcome!"

"And did you leave New York to say that to me?" wickedly.

"That, and more."

"How very good of you!"

He flushed.

"I left New York because after you were gone there could possibly be no attraction for one there."

Her black, dangerous eyes laughed at him.

"Unfortunate Gotham!"

"Agatha!"

She would hear no more. Ralph Ayre was coming up the steps behind her, and Agatha ran up the broad staircase with Madge Lyon, and was seen no more till tea time.

An hour or too later, when she sat on the broad piazza amid the roses and the summer moonlight, with Madge Lyon leaning over her chair, and handsome, dashing, Sydney Faxon singing with her an old Scotch melody, Barclay pushed forward a Turkish cushion from the bamboo settee under the vines and sat down at her feet. Her voice was not powerful, it was only sweet and clear.

"Made for one fireside and one ear only," Barclay said to himself.

She looked like a spirit in the moonlight. Rose Faxon, a stylish brunette, was fondling a little King Charles spaniel in the window, threw a white rose into her lap.

"Don't fly away, ma belle!"

Agatha laughed.

"Fly away from all the riding, rowing and bowling that Madge has prepared for to-morrow! Oh, no!"

And Barclay Ayre whispered over the white hand:

"And from the hearts at your mercy Agatha."

Did she understand? Rising carelessly, she took Sydney Faxon's arm, and went sauntering down the gravelled walk, with the moonlight striking in flecks on her soft bronze hair, and every fold of her dress shaking out perfume.

The ensuing weeks went by like a dream. Country life did not prove to be so much of a bore to Barclay Ayre, after all. Riding with Agatha Stanford through purple clover lanes, walking with her up the slopes of the mountains, reading "Owen Meredith" at her feet of hot noons in the dim conservatory, and listening to her low, voice among the vines in still, moonlit evenings, were rather pleasant than otherwise.

Sydney Faxon snickered, then made fierce love to Madge Lyon, and the long bright days sped on; and Ralph Ayre held aloof and went on in his quiet, sober way, watching them quietly.

One dreadful July day, the news of a bloody and disastrous defeat thrilled across the wires—the battle of Manassas.

Jack Clifford's company has deluged itself with glory," cried Sydney Faxon, who had returned from the town with the latest papers; "poor Jack's got a shot in the arm, though."

"And Gus Lyon—"

Barclay paused abruptly. Poor Madge! it was her only brother, badly wounded and not expected to survive. A sad termination to so many days of pleasure.

She must start for New York that night. Sydney Faxon would accompany her—they had been betrothed a week. Agatha stood pale and shivering, in the hall door looking out on the departure.

"O, Mr. Ayre," said Madge, piteously, what a dreary night—it is raining fast!"

He wrapped his great blanket-awl quietly about her. His grave, strong manliness made her cling to him then, in spite of Sydney Faxon. He lifted her to the carriage. A gust of wind swept through the rose thickets, a peal of thunder rattled above the mountain.

Ralph Ayre drew Agatha gently into the hall as the carriage rolled away.

One quiet afternoon, just succeeding Madge's departure, Agatha sat in the old library, leaning back in Mr. Ayre's easy chair, with half closed eyes, and her white hands listlessly crossed in her lap. The air was heavy with perfume—a languid, slumberous heaviness, and not a breath of wind stirred the scarlet creepers over the window. Rose Faxon lay asleep in her own room.

Somebody crept suddenly up to that easy chair, and dropped a spray of jasmine on the soft bronze tresses of the dreamer.

"Dolce far niente!" said the low, mellow voice of Barclay Ayre.

Her white lids flashed up.

"Was it your wrath or yourself, sir, that I saw riding from Ayre not a half hour ago?"

"It was myself."

"You returned in haste," dryly.

"Yes, I am tired of by-play."

The white fingers closed together nervously, and a dash of scarlet came and went on the peachy cheek.

"There is no reason why we should not understand each other now, Agatha!"

"Don't!" she said, warningly.

He started up, eager, desperate.

"I must—I will!"

She held up her hand, as if to ward his word away.

"Spare me—spare yourself!"

He caught her hand, covering it with his passionate kiss.

"One word of hope, Agatha!"

"I cannot. You know it—you must have known it long ago."

She pitied him so! Her eyes filled slowly up with tears.

"But I thought you would learn to love me!"

"Never, Barclay!"

Her calm voice told him how useless it was to multiply words. He looked hopelessly into that pale, exquisite face, then dropped her hand, and went out, closing the door.

She drew a long, deep breath. She had lived in dread of this for weeks. It was a relief, at least, to know that it had passed. He was wise enough to spare her another meeting. Miss Faxon and the housekeeper sat alone at the tea-table that night, and Rose greeted her with a good natured laugh.

"Two forlorn belles, with not a beau left to quarrel about—just think of it! I shan't live a week."

"There's Mr. Ayre, I'm sure," said the housekeeper, pouring Agatha's tea, "and to my taste, he's the handsomest man of them all."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" cried Rose, "the idea of calling him a beau! I should as soon think of flirting with a marble statue."

A footstep came along the piazza to the window. Agatha looked up.

The dusk was fast gathering. At first she thought it was Barclay returned, but a second glance undeceived her. Ralph Ayre stood there, holding back the honeysuckles.

"Shall I come in?" he said.

"If you haven't been eavesdropping," answered Rose.

"Won't you scream?"

He stepped through. Rose cried out, shrilly. The tall figure had a gleam of gold upon it from head to foot. There were two silver eagles fastened to the broad shoulders.

"Oh, Mr. Ayre, what have you done?"

He was deaf to her voice then. Agatha had arisen, and stood beside him, dumb, colorless—looking at him with great, dilated eyes. He held her off, as if not daring to trust himself. One of those quick, intuitive perceptions that come to all of us sometimes in our changeable lives made Ralph Ayre pause.

"My God, Agatha!"

He caught her two hands in his, searching her face one moment.

"It is true!" he cried, passionately, "speak to me—tell me you love me!"

In the very face and eyes of Rose Faxon and the housekeeper, figuratively speaking, though both were sobbing behind their handkerchiefs, Agatha Stanford raised her white arms and twined them round her guardian's neck. Then she answered:

"More than all the world beside!"

The beautiful head sank quickly on his heart. And in that one moment, as he held her there in all her youth and beauty, Ralph Ayre stood repaid for the losses of his life.

John B. Gough.

A New York correspondent, referring to the departure for Europe of Gough, the well-known lecturer, mentions some interesting facts about him, as follows:

A very surprising feature in his character is his endurance. He mentioned to me, at our last interview, that he found no difficulty in giving five lectures a week through the season. For a young man this would be something of a feat, but at the time referred to Gough was sixty-five. His earnings during the season averaged \$1,000 per week, of which a large part went in charity. As Gough expects soon to return I speak of him as still at home. He is a married man, but has no children. His wife is of American birth, and their home is at Worcester, Mass., where he has a farm of 120 acres. This is worked by a tenant, but Mrs. Gough has a great love for fancy poultry, to which she devotes much attention. Her collection includes the rarest and most beautiful as well as the most useful breeds in existence.

Gough is but little at home, except on Saturdays and Sundays. He is a member of the Congregational church, and a regular attendant at public service. During his lecturing itinerancy he is accompanied by his brother-in-law, who assists in all minor duties, and who is also a guardian against any sudden temptation. Ever since Gough fell from his rectitude he has needed such protection. The fall referred to took place in this city in 1843, and I well remember the excitement it occasioned. Had he been properly guarded this never would have occurred. In personal appearance Gough, when traveling, is a rough looking fellow, but he carries a special suit for the platform. He told me that in order to tone down his nervous system he spent an hour after lecturing in the perusal of some entertaining volume, and then found no difficulty in getting a good night's rest.

A Crow Playing Beggar.

The crows of India are quite tame. They are cunning birds, and seemingly watch a person's habits in order to get the best of him. They come on the veranda and watch until the inmates of the house leave the breakfast table. Then they fly in and pounce upon the first savory object they see, and are off in a twinkling.

A lady residing in India noticed an apparently lame crow, which visited her veranda every morning at the breakfast hour. He limped along sideways in the most pitiful manner. The lady's compassion was moved, and she regularly threw him a bone, or some other pleasing morsel. One day, however, this crow, growing careless, appeared to walk as well as crows usually do. She watched him, and discovered that though he came limping, the instant he had his morsel, he hopped off nimbly on both legs. He was playing the blind beggar.

Mayne Reid, the boys' favorite novelist, has embarked in the wild and daring occupation of sheep farming.

Items of Interest.

Rifle practice—Picking pockets.

A night witness—One who was there.

A great moral show—the hypocrite.

A perspiration proof collar has been invented.

Only one house out of seven in Paris is lit by gas.

Can you call a clerk in an oil store a servile fellow?

"Is fun to court, but oh, how sad, To court your girl 'fore 'ma and dad."

Persons on the shady side of life are just as liable to sunstroke as other people.

The Germans say that more people dig their graves with their teeth than with spades.

Centee joke—The New Orleans Picayune informs us that there are more ladies than Gentile men in Salt Lake City.

It having been stated that none of the boatmen can pull a sunstroke, it is suggested that "That depends upon the scull."

A man in Detroit has recently invented an apparatus for arresting and extinguishing sparks. Are the girls going to stand that?

The difference between the weather and a baby is simply that "One never rains but it pours, while the other never rains but it roars."

An enterprising Iowa man has named his daughters Time and Tide, so they will wait for no man, and have got a first mortgage on matrimony to begin with.

The New Haven Register says: Jennie Quigley, the dwarf, says that she makes money by being small. She hasn't a monopoly of the business by any means.

What would you say if you should see the Indians cooing right down upon you now?" asks an Oregon paper. Haven't given the question much thought, but strikes us we would say, "excuse my back."—Detroit Post.

A young man, on being affianced, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring appropriately inscribed; but, being at a loss what to have engraved upon it, he asked his father's advice. "Well," said the old gentleman, "put on 'When this you see remember me.'"

The young lady was surprised, upon the receipt of the ring, a few days later, to read this inscription: "When this you see remember father."

THE DEAD CHILD.

A lily broken by the rain, Before a single earthy stain Has on its velvet whiteness lain;

A snowy bird that close caressed By the soft, brooding mother breast, Dares yet forsake the sheltering nest,

And straight, before its silver wings Have ever stooped to loathe things, Flies up to heaven, and flying sings—

These and all other pure and mild And lovely objects undefiled, Are types of what thou wert, my child!

Apes not Man's Ancestors.

The position of science with regard to man and the anthropoid apes is, that in no case can these latter be considered our progenitors or descendants. The physical and mental characteristics are too diverse to admit of such conclusions.

The apes have evidently come down another line of descent, although the time when both the apes and man may have emerged from a common branch of the tree of animal life may not be so very long past. But, whenever the line of man and that of the anthropoid apes coincide, it is clear that now the tendency must be to diverge more and more.

The resemblance between the apes and man, however, cannot be overlooked by the thinking mind. They are so great that if we assume the theory of degeneracy to be true, and so were willing to throw the whole animal kingdom backward on its tail instead of forward on its feet, we might consider them to be degenerated and "wild" men. And it is interesting to find that this is what they were formerly held to be. The early pictures of the orang and chimpanzee exemplify this notion to great perfection human features and erect position, brutalized only by their hairy body.

LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR OTTAWA.
Hon. A. H. GILLMOR.
The St. Andrews Standard.
Saint Andrews, Aug. 28, 1878.

THE HON. MESSRS. MACKENZIE AND CARTWRIGHT, arrived at St. John on Wednesday evening last, and were met at the station by a number of gentlemen, and drove to the residence of Hon. Mr. Harpe. On Thursday morning a large number of the leading citizens and others assembled at the Skating Rink to witness the presentation of an address to the distinguished visitors. A. Chipman Smith, Esq., presided and read the address, to which the Premier and Finance Minister replied, and were loudly cheered.

In the evening a Mass Meeting was held in the Rink, at which five thousand people were present. The daily papers having published full reports of the speeches, it is not necessary at this date to do more than state that the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie's very able defence of his government, met the approval of the Liberals present. Messrs. Tilley and King, the Opposition candidates having asked permission to reply to the Ministers, the Liberal Committee courteously granted the request, and Mr. King first and Mr. Tilley afterwards replied to the Premier's speech. The Finance Minister replied to these gentlemen in a powerful speech, ably defending his management of the finances, and exposing the fallacy of the Opposition's protection and taxation policy. He also replied to Mr. Tilley's speech, and exposed the errors he committed when he was responsible for the conduct of the office of "Finance Minister." He also showed that the expenditures had increased under the Macdonald regime from \$12,500,000 to \$22,500,000, and that the Dominion was committed "to all sorts of indefinite liabilities." Mr. Cartwright made many good points—one of which was that he did not expect to find "Mr. Tilley advocating cheap rum and dear flour." Mr. Cartwright showed that he had made financial study, and that he could discuss financial matters with power and authority. The efforts of persons in the Opposition to break down Mr. Mackenzie's speech proved fruitless.

The Ministers left next morning for Montreal by special train.

"Measures not men" should be the guiding star at the election. Those who favor taxation and protection, will support the Opposition, but the Liberals who oppose taxation and protection, will vote for the Reformers. We believe the majority of the people will sustain the Mackenzie administration, as being best adapted to govern the Dominion ably, economically, and honestly.

THE MCCARTHY MURDER TRIAL was brought to a close on the 23rd inst., the jury not having agreed—having stood 11 for conviction and 1 for acquittal. The court was adjourned till the second Tuesday in November. It is reported another jury will be selected. Annie Parker is to remain in custody of the Sheriff of Westmorland. The trial lasted nearly six weeks, with no more idea of how McCarthy met his death than at first.

The Opposition Convention held at St. Stephen on Monday evening, after several ballots for Messrs. MacAdam, Grimmer and Mitchell, Opposition candidates, finally decided in favor of Mr. MacAdam. It is said Mr. Grimmer stated, that unless Mr. MacAdam withdrew, he would not be a candidate, which no doubt resulted in the choice made.

Mr. Gillmor is still actively engaged canvassing, and is meeting with determined support.

The Provincial Rifle Associations Competition at Sussex, was concluded on Saturday last. We are pleased to notice that Charlotte men carried off several prizes. Major Stickney Pt. Rollins, Sgt. Armstrong, and others from this County were among the winners. Sgt. E. A. Smith, a native of this Town, won the Prince of Wales Cup, and Medal with some smaller prizes.

DEATH IN JAIL.—A man named George Kelwin, confined in jail for the past four weeks, died this morning, a few minutes after partaking of his morning's meal. He appeared in apparent health at breakfast, retired to his room, and began smoking a pipe, while doing so he felt forward in a fit; was at once laid upon a bed and expired almost immediately. An inquest was held on the body.

THE ELECTION will take place in twenty days from this date, and the electors will bestir themselves for the fight. The reformers are still busy, their work however is nearly completed, and their standard bearer is "a head and shoulders" over the Opposition candidate—still they will not rest satisfied until their banners are planted on the ramparts of victory.

CORRESPONDENCE is unavoidably held over for another issue but will be attended to.

Letters from the People.

Mr. Editor—It has occurred to me that the present M. P. for Charlotte, must be possessed of an extraordinary degree of christian forbearance, in view of the fast amount of abuse to which he is subjected at the hands of a number of Dominion Office holders in the county. The men are endeavoring by every means in their power, not only secretly, but openly, to malign his political character in the eyes of any, and every elector, whom they can get to lend an ear to their abuse. They state that he is utterly unfit to hold the position—that he is so much "anted" towards Bidley Mackenzie that he is incompetent to exercise any ordinary independence in the way in which he votes.

Now Mr. Editor, I have reason to know that the numerous supporters of the Hon. Gentleman throughout the county, would be gratified if he would exercise a little more firmness with these gentry, and intimate to them, that they must cease their slander, and at least keep their mouths shut or else make room for others who have borne the brunt of the fight in the interests of the Liberal Reform Party.

Yours,

ELECTOR.

Mr. Editor—Being a particular friend to the cause of Temperance I cannot but feel annoyed to read, or hear of some of our prominent men such as the Hon. S. L. Tilley's advocacy of "The poor man's cheap rum" of which no doubt every voter in the Province has either heard or read, as we are quite familiar on that part of Mr. Tilley's speech I will now quote, word for word the "Canadian Post's" report of Sir John A. Macdonald's reference to "The Poor Man's Rum" and ask the friend of the "Noble Cause" in this county can you consistently with your belief that the use of intoxicants is the curse of our Dominion and the cause of all our miseries and woes, vote for the representative of such a man's party? If you are as true as you profess yourselves to be in your Club Rooms, I am sure that after you have read the following quotation from the *Post*, you will vote for the man on whom you can rely, when the hour of debate arrives, on any or all important questions relative to our Temperance cause—and that man is the Hon. A. H. Gillmor Jr.

Thanking you Mr. Editor for the space allotted in your valuable paper, I remain

A WEARER OF THE BLUE RIBBON.

From the Canadian Post, Lindsay, Ont.

A CHARACTERISTIC IDEA.

Speaking in Toronto the other night Sir John claimed that one of the beneficial results of his Protection scheme would be the enrichment of artisans and manufacturers, who would thereby be able to buy rare wines and brandies, and thereby increase the revenue from those articles and make up the loss from a lower rate upon teas and other articles.

This was a highly characteristic illustration of the benefits of "scientific" or "substantial" protection. More wine-drinking, more brandy-drinking, more drunkenness. National wealth, so spent would be a curse instead of a benefit. What will temperance men think of this strange argument? There are some "Tory" and some Protectionist temperance men, will they vote for substantial protection and national drunkenness, or a revenue tariff as at present, increasing sobriety and the Scott Act.

(New York Independent.)

THE CORRUPTIONISTS SEEKING A RETURN TO OFFICE.

Nothing in current politics of the United States exceeds in audacity the determination of Sir John A. Macdonald to his Canadian electors to reinstate him. The Canadian Pacific Railroad scandal was more atrocious in its character than anything with which we can compare it on this side of the border. The members of the Canadian Government in 1872 simply sold themselves out, and put themselves on record as bribe-takers from the company; not waiting to be bought, but offering to sell themselves. Sir Hugh Allan was at the head of the company. Sir George E. Cartier wrote him:

(Private and Confidential)

Montreal, 30th July, 1872.

Dear Sir Hugh—The Friends of the Govern-

ment will expect to be assisted with funds in the pending elections, and any amounts which you or your company shall advance for that purpose shall be repaid to you. A memorandum for immediate requirements below.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) G. E. CARTIER.

Now wanted:
Sir John A. Macdonald.....\$25,000
Hon. Mr. Langevin.....15,000
Sir Geo. E. Cartier.....20,000
Sir John A. (additional).....10,000
Hon. Mr. Langevin (additional).....10,000
Sir Geo. E. Cartier (additional).....30,000

Receipts for the payment of these sums were duly given, and there was no disputing the fact that the money went into the hands of the parties named in the memorandum. Under the date of August the 21st, Sir George E. Cartier wrote for thirty thousand dollars more, of which ten thousand were additional for the premier, Sir John A. Macdonald. The money was paid and receipts given. Five days after ward Sir John A. Macdonald telegraphed for "another ten thousand," and got it as follows:

Toronto, August 26, 1872.
To the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, St. Ann's.
Immediate, private.

I must have another ten thousand dollars. Will be the last time of calling. Do not fail me. Answer to-day.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.
Montreal, August 29, 1872.

Sir John A. Macdonald, Toronto.
Draw on me for ten thousand.

J. J. C. ABBOTT.

Sir Hugh Allan says that he paid over \$300,000 to the Government, on the understanding that it would be "recouped" by giving him the Pacific Railway Charter, and its bonus of \$30,000,000 of public money and its 150,000,000 acres of public land, together with a monopoly of its working for all time. It is but five years since the exposure, and now this infamous Macdonald comes again to the front, seeking to carry the elections and again get the power to support the public contractors. What has become of our Credit Mobilier thieves, whose guilt was innocence compared with Macdonald's?

It is not surprising that the Independent characterizes Sir John A. Macdonald's attempt to get back to power as "audacious" and his government as "bribe takers" and having "sold themselves out." And yet that party are straining every nerve and sparing no efforts to gild the people into the belief that an increase of taxation and protection will make them prosperous. It is probable they will require "another ten thousand dollars"—and even then not be successful.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

The labor question in the United States is daily assuming graver and more interesting phases. It is not simply the question of the unemployed population that has to be grappled with, but an avowed antagonism on the part of vast portions of the community to the rights of employers and the just demands of property. The Communist idea has a deeper hold and a wider influence in the community than many have supposed. Great efforts are being made for the dissemination of the crime, and many indications are to hand that a conflict may be precipitated before long. Within the last few days some startling revelations have been made concerning the growth and operations of a secret society called the Knights of Labor. The society is said to comprise 874,000 members, and to wield a tremendous influence in the matter of strikes. It is bound together by an oath. Its recent rapid growth has now made the secret efforts existence an impossibility, and its purposes and plans threaten very serious consequences. There is apparently no question as to the accuracy of the reports which have been made, and it behooves the authorities to do others to be on the alert. Repressive measures may be necessary; but an educative process is now more immediately required. The nature and evil of such organizations should be carefully and impartially exposed.

Mr. Tilley never came before the electors of St. John without some wonderful proposition in hand by which he was going to enrich the community. Sometimes or other we should like to see some of these wonderful promises realized. When Confederation was before the country the cry was that things were so bad they could be no worse—then Mr. Tilley had been in power about fifteen years—and a change was absolutely necessary. The orators of that day drew delightful pictures of what a great place St. John would be when the whole trade of the East would find its way to the markets of the world through the port of St. John. There were lots of us who believed in that kind of thing. But none of the visions have been realized; the professional politician is still at work however, as heartily as ever promising us anything we want. All that is necessary for us to do is to restore him to power.—Globe.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We learn that Mr. P. G. of Houlton was thrown out of his carriage yesterday morning and killed.

MARRIED.
On the 25th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Ketchum, Mr. Geo. W. Richardson to Sarah, daughter of Mr. Thomas Storr, of this town.

DIED.
In the Alms House, St. Andrews, on the 24th inst., Margaret Fitzsimmons, aged 63.

At Fort Burke, New South Wales, on the 20th Nov., 1877, John McKay Dunn, Sub. Inspector of Mounted Police, and only son of the late Rev. John Dunn.

THE St. Patrick's Central AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S FAIR.

The Society will hold its Annual Cattle Show and Fair
On Tuesday the 5th October,
At the SOCIETY'S HALL,
Bocabec, when the following Premiums will be offered:

HORSES.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Best Draught Horse	\$1.30	1.10	1.00
" Mare and Foal	1.30	1.10	1.00
3 year old Colt	1.00	.90	.80
" " "	.90	.80	.70
" " "	.80	.75	.65

NEAT CATTLE.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Pair of Oxen	1.30	1.10	1.00
3 Year old Steers	1.00	.90	.80
" " "	.80	.70	.60
" " "	.60	.50	.40
Steer Calves	.50	.40	.30
Bull	.90	.80	.70
2 Year old Bull	.80	.70	.60
" " "	.70	.60	.50
Bull Calf	.60	.50	.40
Milch Cow	1.10	1.00	.90
2 Year old Milch Cow	.80	.70	.60
Heifer, 2 Years old	.80	.70	.60
" 1 Year old	.70	.60	.50
Spring Calf	.50	.45	.40

JERSEYS.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Milch Cow	1.00	.90	.80
Heifer, 2 Years old	.90	.80	.70
" 1 Year old	.80	.70	.60
" Spring Calf	.60	.50	.40
Bull 2 Years old	.90	.80	.70
" 1 " "	.80	.70	.60
" Calf	.70	.60	.50

SHEEP.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Best Ram	.80	.70	.60
Ram Lamb	.70	.60	.50
Pair Ewes	.70	.60	.50
" Ewe Lambs	.70	.60	.50

SWINE.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Boar	.80	.70	.60
Brood Sow	.80	.70	.60

ROOTS & VEGETABLES.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Bus Early Rose Potatoes	50	40	30
Moss Early	50	40	30
Marbles	50	40	30
Jackson Whites	30	25	20
Prolifics	50	40	30
Early Blues	30	25	20
Scotch Drums	30	25	20
Mangold Wurzel	30	25	20
Turnips	30	25	20
Carrats	40	30	25
Beets	40	30	25
Parsnips	40	30	25
6 Heads Cabbage	40	30	25
Sample of Apples	40	30	25
Crab Apples	50	40	30

GRAIN.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Bushel Wheat	.90	.80	.70
Barley	.80	.70	.60
Whi e Oats	.40	.30	.25
Black Oats	.40	.30	.25
Buckwheat	.40	.30	.25
Pears	.40	.30	.25
Beans	.70	.60	.50
Grass Seed	.90	.80	.70

In samples not less than ten yards.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Cotton & Wool Satinett	90	80	70
Twilled	80	70	60
Plain	70	60	50
All Wool	90	80	70
Pair Blankets	90	80	70
" Cotton & Wool	70	60	50
Drawn Mitts	40	30	25
Double	30	25	20
Single	30	25	20
Gloves	30	25	20
Stocking Yarn Grey	30	25	20
" White	30	25	20
Knit Drawers	40	30	25
Domestic Hemst Rag	40	30	25
Patch Work Quilt	40	30	25
Knit Shawl	40	30	25

HONEY.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Honey in the Comb	.80	.70	.60

POWL.			
	1st	2nd	3rd
6 Game Fowl	.70	.60	.50
Young Turkeys	.70	.60	.50
" Geese	.70	.60	.50
" Brahmas	.50	.40	.30
" Black Spanish	.50	.40	.30
" Ducks	.50	.40	.30

- REGULATIONS.**
1. No entries to be made after 10 o'clock on day of Fair.
 2. All stock must be the bona fide property of the Exhibitor.
 3. All grain and roots must be the property of the Exhibitor's farm.
 4. All Horses and Oxen must be tested on the ground.
 5. A list of names and number of articles must be handed to the Secretary before 10 o'clock on the day of Show.
 6. All persons who receive two dollars and upwards, shall leave one for his subscription the following year.

HUGH MONAHAN.

Secy.

To the Electors of Charlotte County.

GENTLEMEN:

I have had the honor of representing you, in the Dominion Parliament for the past five years, and as I am anxious to serve you for another term, I shall be a Candidate for your votes at the approaching Election, and I entertain the belief that a majority of you will vote for me.

During the time I have been your representative, I was able to be in my seat every day, and have voted on every important division; I have never shirked a vote either in the Local or General Parliament, but always voted and bore the consequences.

As some of my opponents have very industriously circulated the opinion, that for want of influence, I have been unable to obtain a fair consideration for Charlotte County, you will pardon me for stating some grants which, through my influence, this County has received, and you will learn that I have obtained, in five years, more than three times as much as my predecessors got in seven years. I do not charge them with any want of effort, but the Conservative Government with their full treasury, had nothing to spare for Charlotte; the present Government has met my wishes as far as I could reasonably expect. Many of you will remember that for some years the Islands were promised a Steamer to be subsidized to run there, and previous to one or two elections a boat did make a few trips, but as soon as the election was over the boat ceased running. I did not succeed in getting a boat to run before the election, but soon after as possible, I obtained a subsidy, and the steamer has been running twice a week in summer and once in winter ever since, thereby affording an accommodation to the Islands never enjoyed before, and the merchants of St. Andrews and St. Stephen, have benefited also by three or four thousand additional customers.

I have had the following Light Houses erected, which are now in operation, viz:

A fine Light on the Sand Reef, St. Andrews, at a cost of \$7,000.

Two small Beacon Lights on the St. Croix river.

A Light House at the entrance to the harbour of Maguadavic.

Two very important Lights, one on the coast at the entrance to Levee harbor and one at Pea Point entrance to Letang harbor, all these lights except one, were recommended by the Pilots of the Bay of Fundy.

I have secured appropriations for a light at Grand Harbor, also for

A Light House at Southern Head, Grand Manan, which I expect to be completed this season.

I have had erected a comfortable dwelling for the keeper of Bliss's Island light.

I have also had a Fog Alarm placed at Head Harbour, and have secured a grant of \$1,500 for another at Green's Point, LeTete.

I have also secured a grant of \$2,500 to be expended this year in erecting a Steamboat Pier and Breakwater at Woodwards Cove.

I have secured nearly twice the amount to complete the breakwater at Wilson's beach, that my predecessors obtained.

Boys have been placed where most required around Grand Manan, Deer Island and Campo Bello; I think I am correct in saying the Government had never placed a boy around any of those Islands until I was elected.

I have endeavored to increase the Postal accommodation in all parts of the County as far as I possibly could. In addition to the above I have been successful in urging certain claims which some of my constituents have had against the Government, and succeeded to their entire satisfaction.

The sum of \$25,000 was put in the estimates and voted for two sessions after I was elected, for the purpose of dredging the St. Croix, but the United States having failed to provide a similar sum, it was dropped, with the understanding that when the United States provided their part, that amount would be forthcoming.

When you consider that in consequence of the very great depression in business, and the small revenue derived, I am sure you will admit that the Government have not been unkind of Charlotte County. I would like to have my opponents furnish you with a list of the grants provided for Charlotte during the seven years previous to my election, I fancy it will suffer by comparison.

I was elected to support the Reform Government and have done so during the term, and I still retain confidence in them, and believe they are well qualified to fill the positions they occupy. They are sufficiently intelligent and honest to govern the country.

This Dominion is a difficult country to govern—vast in its territorial extent, difficult as regards sectional views, and as regards races and creeds; and the ablest men will find it hard to harmonize these varied and conflicting interests; but the Government so far have succeeded well. Their intelligence and debating power has been quite apparent in Parliament; they have been charged with corrupt practices, but their opponents have never attempted to formulate their charges, and prove them before a committee by witnesses under oath; and Gentlemen, allow me to inform you, that when you hear a Government charged with dishonest practices, and those making the charge do not ask a committee before whom to prove them, you may conclude the charge is without foundation. I admit, that the Government, like all human institutions, may have erred in judgment, but they have been guilty of nothing politically dishonest.

They have had to govern this Dominion under very trying circumstances, and considering the enormous obligations entailed upon them by their predecessors, I am sure they have discharged the duty well.

I am in favor of the Free-trade Reform party, they are opposed to any except revenue purposes. The party are in favour of protection of that party have repeatedly favor of it, that means a tax on wheat on corn and meal, on Boots and shoes, and on all articles manufactured in the Dominion. I sidedly opposed to a tax on flour, coal and salt, for any purpose; posed to any on other articles of revenue, and I will, if elected, oppose any policy which the Government adopts a policy calculated to great body of consumers for the favored few. It would be unjust to let our Fishermen, Lumbermen, it is equally unjust to tax our people. I believe the policy of the party would work great injury in Maritime Provinces particularly.

I can understand how many men at the policy which the Government pursued for so many years, and much to see it changed, but I only injure us to imitate them, I cents a gallon on Kerosene oil—nefted to adopt a similar duty most ardent Conservatives would cate that, and think the whole people when the present Government 15 cents a gallon to 6.

The papers have been filled statements endeavoring to, pro-gance of one or the other of the; figures can be so arranged, erroneous impressions, and it is except those well skilled in the to understand these statements, some calculations that any one for instance, when the late Govern-ice in 1867, they found the Yeto be as nearly as possible \$ when they retired in 1873, they expenture to \$23,160,000, be of ten millions of dollars in a year!

The personal expenses of the each Government who went to act similar business ought not in amounts. In 1868-9 Sir J. Macdonald Government went to got a loan, his travelling \$2,481. In 1874 Mr. Cartwright went to England for a similar expenses were \$1,023. Mr. Cartwright went to England for same and his bill was \$2,540.

Mr. Cartwright (Reformer) again in 1875, and his bill was less than Mr. Tilley's. Hon. (Conservative) went to Eng. his bill was \$2,419. Mr. Mac on business and his bill was 4 per (Conservative) went over bill was \$2,481. Mr. Blake, over and his bill was \$700. I paid in six years of Conserva to England was \$22,774. The Reform rule for same purpose trip of Sir George Cartier and gill alone cost \$9,019.

This comparison gentlemen you which party are the hon men to manage the public fin

I regret that the present a bound by obligations entails the late Government to indebt so much as they have, ferred they had said, our p took obligations so extrava beyond our ability that we, the public interest we can all out.

As I may not have the opp all of you, I have taken the ing this lengthy card, as thoughts which I would have able to meet you personally, not forget to record your ve Election day,

I remain yours truly,

A. H.

Robin's Phosphoric Liver Oil with Sarsaparilla prepared with the finest Cod liver oil, the most esteemed remedy for the "Starvation Modes,"—L. Lime, which enters so largely of bone material; and other in the body.—Phosphorus, the tonic and invigorator, in a form most desirable to obtain the full of which is Luce, the great element. These are all vital elements of the human system, and the most delicate flavor, possess m z arresting the decay and supplanting going on in those who the system affected by such and invigorating, vitate the cold forces. It is highly Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Scrophulous and Syphilitic Diseases of the Bones, Joint, Debility, Emaciation, of the Blood. It is particularly cat. Pains in those low s manifest themselves inments peculiar to their sex, infirm its nourishing and it will give renewed strength, and to very young child, be found of beneficial nutritive properties, enough giving materials for structure, and thus furnish strong and healthy constitutions pleasant to the taste. Prepared solely by J. H. Campbell Chemist, St. John, 151 Argyle and General 1 per bottle; Six bottles for

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I am in favor of the Free-trade policy of the
Reform party, they are opposed to taxation for
any except revenue purposes. The conserva-
tive party are in favour of protection, the lead-
ers of that party have repeatedly declared in
favor of it, that means a tax on wheat and flour,
on corn and meal, on Boots and shoes, on coal
and salt, and on all articles manufactured to
any extent in the Dominion. I am most de-
cidedly opposed to a tax on flour and corn, on
coal and salt, for any purpose; and I am op-
posed to any on other articles except for re-
venue, and I will, if elected, oppose any govern-
ment who adopts a policy calculated to tax the
great body of consumers for the benefit of a fa-
vored few. It would be unjust to tax the mil-
lars and manufacturers of Ontario for the bene-
fit of our Fishermen, Lumbermen and farmers;
it is equally unjust to tax our people for their
benefit. I believe the policy of the Conserva-
tive party would work great injustice to the
Maritime Provinces particularly.

I can understand how many may feel annoy-
ed at the policy which the United States have
pursued for so many years, and I would like
much to see it changed, but I think it would
only injure us to imitate them, their duty is 40
cents a gallon on Kerosene oil—would we be
nefted to adopt a similar duty. I fancy our
most ardent Conservatives would hardly advo-
cate that, and think the whole people were glad
when the present Government reduced it from
15 cents a gallon to 6.

The papers have been filled with financial
statements endeavoring to prove the extra-
gance of one or the other of the political
parties; figures can be so arranged as to give
erroneous impressions, and it is difficult for any
except those well skilled in the public accounts
to understand these statements, but there are
some calculations that any one can understand,
for instance, when the late Government took
office in 1877, they found the yearly expenditure
to be as nearly as possible \$13,500,000—and
when they retired in 1878, they had run up the
expenditure to \$23,316,000 being an increase
of ten millions of dollars in a little over six
years!

The personal expenses of the 4 legates from
each Government who went to England to trans-
act similar business ought not to differ much
in amounts. In 1868-9 Sir John Rose of the
Macdonald Government went to England to ne-
gotiate a loan, his travelling expenses were
\$2,481. In 1874 Mr. Cartwright (Reformer)
went to England for a similar purpose, and his
expenses were \$1,023. Mr. Tilley (Conserva-
tive) went to England for same purpose in 1873
and his bill was \$2,540.

Mr. Cartwright (Reformer) went to England
again in 1875, and his bill was \$1,512 or \$1,500
less than Mr. Tilley's. Hon. Mr. Macdougall
(Conservative) went to England in 1863 and
his bill was \$2,419. Mr. Mackenzie went over
on business and his bill was \$1,966. Dr. Tupper
(Conservative) went over in 1867, and his
bill was \$2,481. Mr. Blake, (Reformer) went
over and his bill was \$750. The total amount
paid in six years of Conservative rule for trips
to England was \$22,774. The total paid under
Reform rule for same purpose was \$3,262. One
trip of Sir George Cartier and hon. Mr. Macdoug-
all alone cost \$3,019.

This comparison gentlemen will serve to show
you which party are the honest and prudent
men to manage the public finances.

I regret that the present administration felt
bound by obligations entailed upon them by
the late Government to increase the public
debt so much as they have, I would have pre-
ferred they had said, our predecessors under-
took obligations so extravagant and so much
beyond our ability that we do not feel that
in the public interest we can afford to carry them
out.

As I may not have the opportunity of seeing
all of you, I have taken the liberty of address-
ing this lengthy card, as it contains some
thoughts which I would have expressed were I
able to meet you personally. Trusting you will
not forget to record your votes in my favor on
Election day.

I remain yours truly,
A. H. GILLMOB, JR.

Robinson's Phosphorized Food
Liver Oil with Electro-Phospho-
line is prepared with the finest Cod Liver Oil—also
the most esteemed remedies in the catalogue of
the "Materia Medica."—Lactophosphate of
Lime, which enters so largely into the formation
of bone material and other important tissues of
the body.—Phosphorus, the great brain and nerve
tonic and invigorator, in a form of combination
most desirable to obtain its full effects, together
with other valuable remedial agents, over the years
of which is known, the great health producing el-
ement. These are all intimately combined in our
demi-lit flus of h m generous appearance and
delicate flavor, possess m2 remarkable power in
arresting the decay and supplying the waste con-
stantly going on in those abnormal conditions of
the system affected by such diseases as prevent
and impair nutrition, vitiate the blood, and exp-
the vital forces. It is highly recommended for
Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Coughs, Scrofu-
lous, Scrophulous and Syphilitic Cancers, Tumors,
Diseases of the Bones, Joints and Spine, Gene-
ral Debility, Emaciation, and all Impurities of
the Blood. It is particularly adapted to Del-
icate Females in those low states of the system
that manifest themselves in so many of the ailments
peculiar to their sex. To the aged and
infirm its nourishing and invigorating properties
will give sense and strength and buoyancy of spi-
rit; and to very young children its continued use
be found of incalculable benefit, as its tonic
nutritive properties supply the blood with
enriching materials for bone and muscle
culture, and thus furnish the foundation for
strong and healthy constitutions. It is very
pleasant to the taste.

Prepared solely by J. R. ROBINSON, Pharma-
ceutical Chemist, St. John, N. B., and for sale
by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1.00
per bottle; Six bottles for \$5.00.

ST. ANNE, OTTAWA RIVER

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Secre-
tary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender
for Grand and Lock at St. Anne," will be re-
ceived at this office until the arrival of the East-
ern and Western mails on TUESDAY THE 8TH
DAY OF OCTOBER next, for the construction
of a Lock and the formation of approaches to it
on the landward side of the present Lock at St.
Anne.

A map of the locality, together with plans and
specification of the works to be done, can be seen
at this office and at the Resident Engineer's of-
fice, St. Anne, on and after TUESDAY, the
24TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at 10 o'clock
of which places printed forms of Tender can be
obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that
tenders will not be considered unless in the strict-
ly in accordance with the printed forms, and in
the case of firms except there are attached the ac-
tual signature of the person or persons authorized
to execute the contract, and of each member of the same; and fur-
ther an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of \$200
must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be
forfeited if the party tendering declines entering
into the contract for the works, at the rates and on
the terms stated in the other submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to
the respective parties who tendered and not ac-
cepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfac-
tory security will be required by the deposit of
a sum of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk
of the contract; of which the sum sent in
with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. on y of the progress estimates
will be paid up on the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual
signatures of two responsible and solvent persons
residents of the Dominion, willing to become sure-
ties for the carrying out of these conditions, as
well as the due performance of the works em-
braced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself
to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
OTTAWA, 19th August, 1878

DR. E. LAWRENCE,
Surgeon Dentist.

Graduate of Dental Hospital, and late
Assistant Dental Surgeon of St. Bartholo-
mews Hospital, London.

Intends practicing his profession in Saint
Andrews, for a short time, and those requiring
his services, will please call as early as possi-
ble.

Office over C. E. O. Hatheway, Esq.,
St. Andrews, Aug. 13, 1878.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the un-
der-designed, and endorsed "Tender for Post
Office, &c., at Fredericton, N.B." will be re-
ceived at this office, until MONDAY, the 2nd day
of SEPTEMBER next, at noon, for the finishing
and completion of the above building.

Plans, Specifications, &c., can be seen at this
office, and at the office of the Collector of Customs,
Fredericton, N.B., on and after THURSDAY,
the 8th inst., where forms of Tender, &c.,
and all necessary information can be obtained.

Contractors are notified that Tenders will not
be considered unless made strictly in accordance
with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms
—unless there are attached the actual signature
and the nature of the occupation and place of
residence of each member of the same.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfac-
tory security will be required on real estate, or
by deposit of money, public or municipal securi-
ties, or bank stocks, to an amount of five per cent
on the bulk sum of the contract.

The Tender must be attached the actual
signature of two responsible and solvent per-
sons, residents of the Dominion, willing to be-
come sureties for the carrying out of these con-
ditions, as well as the due performance of the
works embraced in the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself
to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 2, 1878.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

To Capitalists and Contractors.

The Government of Canada will receive pro-
posals for constructing and working a line of
Railway extending from the Province of Ontario
to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the distance
being about 2000 miles.

Memorandum of information for parties pro-
posing to Tender will be forwarded on applica-
tion as underneath. Engineers' Reports, maps
of the country to be traversed, profiles of the
surveyed line, specification of preliminary work-
ings of the Act of Parliament of Canada under
which it is proposed the Railway is to be con-
structed, descriptions of the natural features of
the country and its agricultural and mineral
resources, and all other information, may be seen
on application at this department, or to the En-
gineer-in-Chief at the Canadian Government Of-
fices, 31 Queen Victoria Street, E. C. London.

Sealed Tenders, marked, "Tenders for Pacific
Railway," will be received, addressed to the un-
der-designed, until the 1st day of December next,
at 10 o'clock, at the following places:
Public Works Dept., Ottawa,
Ottawa, May 20, 1878.

MANCHESTER HOUSE,

May, 1878.

Our Departments are now well assorted for the

Season's Trade.

NEW WOOLLENS, COTTONS, LINENS, AND

Every description of British & Foreign

MANUFACTURED

DRY GOODS.

Special Lines in

DRESS MATERIALS, ALPACCA,

Cashmeres, Cloths, Prints,

CAMBRICKS, COTTONS, HOSIERY, HATS.

MILLINERS STOCK. CAPS

HABERDASHERY AND SMALL WARES.

Wholesale and Retail.

St. Andrews, N.B.
May 1, 1878. r pd

ODELL & TURNER.

E. S. POLLEYS.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE WILLIAM WHITLOCK, ESQ.

Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Saint Andrews and vicinity, that he purposes
continuing the business at the

Old Stand, Church Block, Water Street,
Near the Post Office.

Having made large additions to the varied stock heretofore kept, he trusts by attention to the wants
of the community, to merit a share of patronage.

IN STOCK.

Fresh supplies of SUGARS, English, Crush-
ed, Granulated, Scotch Refined, &c.
A very choice article of MOLASSES.

TEAS,
Oolong, and English Breakfast.
COFFEES,
Pure and Fresh Ground Java,
Macaroni, Tapioca, Sago, Spices, Starch,

Spikes, Nails, Zinc, Lead, Tinware,

CORDAGE, Lines and Twines, Pitch, TAR, RESIN Oakum. Best brands AMERICAN
Kerosene OILS. —Just received—an assortment of Chairs, BEDSTEADS, Matts.

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST Market rates.

my 1 m2

Parks' Cotton Yarns!

Awarded the Only Medal Given at the
Centennial Exhibition
For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

No. 5's to 10's.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.
Made of Good American Cotton with great care
Correctly numbered and Warranted Full
Length and Weight.

We would ask the purchasers of Cotton Warp
to remember that our Yarn is spun on Thro-
tle Frames, which make a stronger yarn than the
Ring Frames, used in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully re-
eled; each hank being tied up in 7 lbs of 120
yards each. This makes it much more easy to
wind than when it is put up without twist—as the
American is—and also saves a great deal of
waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand
the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put
up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP,
Made of 10 Yards, 4-Ply Twisted.
WHITE, RED BROWN, SLATE, &c.
All fast colors.

Each 5 lb bundle contains 10,000 yards in
length and will make a length of Carpet in pro-
portion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than it
formerly had, and it will now make a more du-
rable Carpet than can be made with any other ma-
terial. Since its introduction by us, a few years
ago, it has come into very general use throughout
the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon
them. None others are genuine.

WM. PARKS & SON.
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
June 19—3m ST. JOHN, N. B.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent
this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases
in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free
by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prescription is better
than cure. S. JOHNSON & CO. Bangor, Maine.

VISITORS to St. Andrews can obtain agree-
able and pleasant quarters at Kennedy's Hotel.
The one of the best houses in the Province. The
rooms are large, well ventilated and nicely fur-
nished, and command a view of beautiful scenery
of the surrounding country, diversified by
wood and water, and fitted with all modern
conveniences. The larder is always supplied
with the best from the town and surrounding
markets, while every thing in season may be
found at the table, with obliging and polite
waiters. The location is within a short dis-
tance of the Railway, and Steamboat landing
and near the bathing place. Connected with
the establishment, is a large, lively stable. In
a word, the house is a favorite resort for men
of business, and visitors generally. 25—lyr

NEW GOODS,

Just opened By

GEO. F. STICKNEY.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

GOLD and Silver Watches,
Chains, Rings, Brooches,

PINS, LOCKETS, Sets STUDES,
Folitaires, &c. &c.

BREGUET SEALS and KEYS.
Silver, Electroplated, Britannia
Metal.

BRITISH PLATE and GLASS WARE, &c.
Papier Machie, Parian, Wedgewood,
BOHEMIAN, JET and RUBBER GOODS,

PERFUMERY FROM LUDON OF PARIS
CLEAVER and RIGGE OF LONDON;
Genuine EAU DE COLOGNE from JOHANN
MAMA FARINA, JULIUS PLATZ No. 4
Cologne.

FANCY SOAPS, Combs and Brushes of all kinds,
Joseph Rodgers & Sons
Celebrated TABLE and Pocket CUTLERY

Hardware, Edge Tools,
House FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS,
Agent for Lazard's and Moris's Perfected
SPECTACLES.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry Repaired.
Water Street, St. Andrews, July 24.

FLOUR,

Choice SOUTHERN and MICHIGAN brands.

FISH.

Bright No. 1, COD and POLLOCK,
HAM & BACON,

Home cured. Whole or cut.

SUGAR. Bright Porto Rico and No 1
Scratch Refined.
Granulated and powdered.

TEAS.
Choice English Breakfast and Oolong.

PITCH and TAR—
OILS and PAINTS. SEEDS. LATHS.

WOOD—Dry Birch, Maple, Beech, Spruce.
The above we are selling at

Very low prices for Cash.

may 18 BECKERTON & BRUNDAGE

North British and Mercantile
Insurance Company,

OF EDINBURGH & LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

FIRE & LIFE

PRESIDENT:
His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, K. T.

VICE PRESIDENTS:
His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, K. G.
His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, K. G.
Sir John L. M. Lawrence, Bart., G. C. B. & K.

CAPITAL - - 10,000,000 Dollars
(WITH LARGE ACCUMULATIONS.)

The Subscriber having been appointed Insur-
al Agent for New Brunswick for the above Com-
pany, is now prepared to effect insurances on
reasonable terms.

HENRY JACK,
General Agent.
Aug 9, W. B. MORRIS Agent for St. Andrews and
vicinity. Jan. 20

KNOW
THYSELF

By reading and practicing
the instructions herein con-
tained in the best medical
book ever issued, entitled
"SELF-PRESERVATION"
Price only \$1. Sent by mail
on receipt of price. It
treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline,
Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless
concomitants of the same, and contains more than 100 original pre-
scriptions, any one of which is worth the price of
the book. This book was written by the most ex-
tensive and probably the most distinguished physician
in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jew-
eled medal by the National Medical Association
at Philadelphia, illustrated with the very best
Steel Engravings—a work
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HEAL
THYSELF

ORDWAY, BLODGETT & HIDDEN.
Importers and Jobbers of

DRY GOODS,
American Woollens and Cottons

52 & 54 SUMMER, 125 & 130 ARCH STREETS
BOSTON

Appeal
Fly, little swallow,
Fly, and fly over
The fields of brown
And bid my one lo
Come quickly to
I'm weary with
Some wind is belat
That blows on t
Fly quickly, O swall
I would I could fo
He knows not m
He knows not m
How all the days
I only am lonely,
I only despair.
Why lingerest, swa
When suns are so
Till sweet days are
And feet winds a
Than these on t
O, wait not, I nee
Bid swift winds t
Delay not, I pray
But bring him
O, tardy brown-wi
O, aloof and drea
Ere you can disc
And call my one l
He smiles at th
No more the drea
Though winds ar
It's safe on th
—Merry Christmas Kippin

LILIA'S TO-

Mrs. Rubens sat
her little sitting
finished piece of wor
her hands had drop
the white, weary
up the shining filig
tears stood in her
wiped them quickly
Lilia open the do
stairs with light, qu
Lilia—with the s
her hair like wave
soft eyes shining l
some half hidden
of the violet—wit
kissing her cheeks
laughing waiting o
wonder that the mo
bright again as sh
bling's bright young
"What has ha
love? Your face is
"It ought to be a
fortune has come
"Poor mamma, you
ing for it, I know."
"Tell me all ab
you have dreamed
plied, softly.
Lilia quickly div
net and shawl, and
to her mother's sid
her head against h
"I shouldn't w
gotten that it is th
day," she began,
mother's face; "I
when it comes, I
sweetest day in m
lessons were over
colors and those b
I painted white l
he hill to Fairy's
And Lilia stop
breath of delight
stooped to kiss he
"Everything
brighten, mamma
winds crept thro
murmuring caress
ing up in beautif
hollow; and over
—I do believe a
were singing. I
mamma!"
"And I shall
said Mrs. Ruben
yourself into the
"Yes, I sup
doubtfully; "br
nicer without m
the best part of
I had finished
sketched a dis
against it and
ground, half
when a shadow
and looking up
man leaning o
my work. He is
and said, just a
himself:
"I need t
young and fool
"Now you
body likes to
suppose I di
he sighed ag
fully:
"I would
for the world,
you have left
"I don't s
I said, "I
don't fall in
"That's
again, as if he
"That's just it
and gay-heart

PARIS CATACOMBS.

An American Correspondent in These Mysterious Recesses.

One hundred and fifty of us were ranged in file the other noon within a court near the city walls. The party was mostly strangers—English, Spanish, Yankees, Turks, Hayti negroes, etc. Every one had in his or her right hand a lighted candle, in the left a card stating that the bearer was authorized by the proper officials to visit the Catacombs of Paris. The left-handed persons had their cards and candles shifted into correct order, and then the file-leader, giving up his ticket and preceded by the omnipresent gendarme, dove down into a covered cellar-way, and the rest of us played tag to him.

Some unknown centuries ago the Romans, who did everything in European cities which can not now be explained in any other way, scooped miles of galleries and passages in the rocks south of the Seine. Savants say they did this in getting out stones from quarries. The guess is a good enough one, and, as Romans and passageways have now both been long under ground, Chicago readers might as well accept it as true.

Without telling anybody of the fine cellars, early Parisians slyly paved over these strange corridors and built houses thereon. A hundred years or more ago some of the houses voluntarily took a tumble. This led to investigation—the discovery of the passages, and the manufacture of the Roman quarries theory, and subsequently to dumping all the bones from the condemned cemeteries of Paris into this vast subterranean labyrinth. It was to have a blithe holiday time among these bones that induced the procession of strangers that day to string down into the Catacombs.

We coiled, hugging each other's backs, round and round a stone stairway, until at last we were at the bottom, and fifty feet under Paris. Then there was a promenade of half a mile or so through various galleries of rock, from which numerous other galleries led. We were cautioned against branching off into any of these and getting lost, and didn't wish to. This part of the tramp ended in an archway, the sides of which were amiably blazoned with pictures of black coffins. Through this we passed, and were in, at a jump, to the thickest of the natives.

It was no end of thigh-bones and skulls that we couldn't rest. Nice smooth walls of bone, enlivened by the skulls in fountains, crosses, rosettes, and other choice designs. Of all the horrible wainscoting ever arranged this was king. We could not look over the top of it, and beyond, running out into the darkness, saw it was brimming over with bones and fragments of skulls heaped in confusedly and solidly. Only such skeletons as had kept at least part of themselves in decent repair had been allowed to contribute to the front wall dress parade. All the others were jumbled—ribs, heads, arm-bones, pelvic arches and collar-bones—into one mass behind.

This array of symmetrically-disposed skulls and cross-bones, with the solid miscellaneous mixture beyond, continued for miles. We wound in and out, flaring the candles in the sockets of heads hence eyes had shone a hundred years ago. Over three million bodies, or what left of them, were beside and around us. Think what every human means! A bite from life-to-day every man begins in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, and the death harvest could not equal the ghastly total that accrued here. Paris overland has only a third as many people-grabbing, in, uneasy, living, flesh-covered skeletons as she has stripped and silent ones her Catacombs. The number is continually increasing. Old cemeteries are run time to time cleared away, the ground being needed for houses for the living, and down into the Catacombs the bones once so tenderly inurned, packed in the way they are here, there will be room for all ages hence.

In this huddle of over three million, how strange seems the individual pomp and sorrow with which each one originally went to the grave! There is no please pass down the front aisle, view remains and pass out at the side; the ends of the deceased come first; and it is scuffle along, keep your candle light, and don't wander away from the dead corridors, unless you would be starved, with 3,000,000 skulls asking you in the darkness. Remember, each of these fellows fused and fused his years of life as consequence as any of us. He was at times to self the unluckiest of mortals; nothing ever went right with him. No, no, no, fortune smiled he knew it was his own natural God-given gifts, and was a little puffed-up deity himself and family. Go to 3,000,000 ladies' chambers, and tell the husbands that to this favor must they be at last.

Parisian cemeteries many tombs vaults are rented. If additional is not paid when the first stipend is wasted, out go the bodies to make a for fresh ones. Talk about stealing the coppers from a dead man's eyes! not half as mean as shying him into the cold world again for non-payment of rent. Bones this, boned thus, rest in the Catacombs. This one honeycomb beneath Paris is held to hold the framework of every woman and child that dies within confines. Beautiful Pere-le-Chaise

will, by and by, be wanted for stores, dwellings and Mabilles. Then the ribs of Abelard may garnish a Catacomb's gallery, while miles away the skull of Heloise grins from one of its walls. The gendarmes marshaled us through in safety, and our party was at last above ground, scattering for dinner. We were all strangers, but if some of us chance to die in Paris we may meet again and lie comfortably jowl to jowl in the Catacombs.—Chicago Tribune.

Care of Dogs.

As a true lover and ardent admirer of dogs, Gordon Stables, of England, has recently written a little book on the relation of dogs to the public, in which he admits that he feels daily more and more convinced that it is high time the public received better legal protection from the chance of attack by stray and other dogs, and consequently less risk from death by that most terrible of all known maladies—hydrophobia. In addition, however, to such legal enactments as local authorities may deem desirable in the premises, Mr. Stables, deems it the bounden duty of every owner of a dog to see that the animal under his protection is treated in such a manner as shall best conduce to his health and comfort, thus keeping possible disease at bay. Many people ill-treat their dogs through ignorance, and many because they neither know nor care, and think any kind of treatment good enough for a dog. Among the things really necessary to keep a dog in health this writer mentions:

1st. Food of good quality, and in sufficient quantity. The more regularly dogs are fed the better, while the food should be cleanly and freshly made every day. Avoid giving a dog bones, butter, grease, fine bread, sugar or sweet cakes, or that residue of abomination—graves. Small dogs may be fed from the carefully selected scraps from the table; toy dogs or ladies' pets on a mixture of boiled rice and cabbage, with a tiny scrap of meat in it. For the larger breeds, a food embracing at least twenty per cent. of meat is recommended. Vary the meat diet occasionally with boiled greens and pot liquor, if not salt. Salt should be avoided, except in the case of old dogs, when a dust may be mixed with the food.

2d. Water, a continual supply of which should be placed where the dog can reach it without spilling or scratching the dirt in it, and the water should not only be changed daily, but the dish ought to be well rinsed.

3d. Exercise is most essential to the well-being of a dog. To witness the way he enjoys a good scamper would tell any one this. Without exercise the wheels of the poor animal's life seem to clank, bad humors are not excreted, dyspepsia comes on, he gets morose, dull, and sometimes even irritable and unhappy, followed by liver troubles, jaundice, and even death. A dog ought to have at least two hours' daily romping in the open air.

4th. The animal's body, his kennel or sleeping-place, and his dishes, ought to be kept scrupulously clean and sweet, while his coat should be brushed daily, and the action of the skin promoted by the free use of a good comb.

5th. Housing. Dogs should never be left out at night, and the places where they sleep should be well ventilated, without being exposed to draughts. The bed should not be too soft, but it must be dry and comfortable.

Bound to Stay at Home.

A funny chamois case has just been decided in Switzerland. Two men of Drebach, in the canton of Glaris, caught, in 1876, a young chamois, aged six months or thereabouts, on the Braunwald, took it home and made a pen for it, in which it waxed fat and jumped. Unhappily a gendarme heard of this, and laid an information, and the capture of a young chamois being interdicted, had the two hunters fined ten francs. Now arose the question what to do with the chamois. The local court could find no precedent, neither any law, concerning the animal, and referred the matter to the federal authorities, who ordered that it should be set at liberty. His sorrowful masters opened the pen, and the chamois would not go out. Depositions to this effect were duly drawn up and witnessed, and forwarded to Berne, where the federal council decided that a gendarme should remove the contumacious chamois and turn him loose in a mountain district where he would be under the protection of a game law. The official, with labor, lugged the animal away to the appointed spot and set him at liberty, and the chamois at once turned around and sped for home, jumping over a canon at each bound till he had once more reached his beloved prison. The gendarme returned and reported, and before the federal council could decide what to do the animal grew out of his minority and thus placed himself beyond its jurisdiction. Herr Wunderlich, of Zurich, has bought him for 350 francs, and has given him free range of his park.

It is dangerous to ask too many questions. A gentleman complimented a lady by telling her that she had one of the best voices in the world. So far, so good. She was not quite satisfied, however, and, hoping for still further praise, said to him coyly and mockingly, "Why do you say so, sir?" That was a fatal interrogation, for he immediately replied, "Because, madame, if you hadn't, it would have been worn out long ago."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Hereafter at the St. Louis morgue the bodies are to be placed in caskets into which air will be forced at such a low temperature that the corpses will be frozen.

Mr. King, the man who was put on trial in London for selling violet powder containing arsenic, which had caused the death of several infants, has been convicted of manslaughter.

American live cattle are arriving in London in great numbers. One thousand reached there on one day, and the London Graphic says that some of them were so "mountainous that they might be made fit subjects of decent itinerant shows."

Judge Choate, of the United States district court, has recently decided that a Chinaman cannot be naturalized. The court decided that only white persons and Africans are entitled to citizenship, and that Mongolians are neither, and therefore not entitled to citizenship.

For twenty-five years a family of eleven persons has resided on a farm of forty acres in the fairest part of Devonshire, England, in a miserable hovel containing but one room. They hold no communication with their neighbors, abuse and attack any person who ventures near them, live by robbery, and are no longer let out of jail than they take up again their formerly disorderly courses.

Levi Barker was seated on a fence near Fetterman, W. Va., when the lightning struck a tree close by him. The electricity rebounded from the tree when about half way down and struck the young man on the head, instantly killing him. There was only one mark of the electricity on him, and that was a slight burn on his hair, yet every bone in his body appeared to have been broken.

There are reported to be 25,000 flouring mills in the United States, paying to the employees annually in wages about \$20,000,000. The product of these mills is 50,000,000 barrels of flour annually, 4,000,000 barrels of which are exported. Pennsylvania has nearly 3,000 mills; New York nearly 2,000; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia have over 1,900 each.

A ferocious sow attacked a two-year-old son of George Duncan upon the farm of John L. Williams, about one mile from Salem, Indiana, and came near killing him. She first knocked him down and bit him in the face and over the right eye, then seized the right arm and bit it severely; then each of the legs. The mother rushed at her with a club, when the brute started to run with him. The mother finally succeeded in extricating the child, which was badly but not fatally injured.

If the story has not been garbled in coming through Garberville, Nev., there is a "man-eater" in the Elver river, near that place, that is described as being "like a crocodile, an alligator, a lizard, or a water-dog." From this description it must be very much like, and about the size of, a cat, a leopard, a giraffe, or a wiesel. It is between eight and nine feet long, with two black eyes, as large as silver quarters, web feet, and moves like an alligator. Its tail, for two feet from the end, is yellow, with dark rings around. Altogether, the man-eater of Elver river is just such a creature as many a man has seen before finding an ordinary kind of snake in his boot.

Opium Farming in Africa.

An exchange says: Fifty thousand acres of hitherto uncultivated land in Mozambique, a considerable Portuguese dependency, has been granted to a joint stock company, whose capital is said to be \$800,000, for the purpose of growing the poppy, making opium out of it, and obtaining vast profits by its sale. For this purpose seeds of the best kinds have been largely imported from Malwah, in Hindostan, where the best East India opium is made. Considering the evils which the use and abuse of opium have caused in Asia, particularly in China, in the Anglo-Indian traders smuggled large quantities, the declaration from Mozambique, "it is satisfactory to learn that the poppy plants are thriving, and the fruits are reported to be larger than those produced in the best opium districts of India," sounds rather roughly on the ear of humanity. About 70,000 chests of this deleterious, because intoxicating, drug are annually produced in India. Of these China consumes 60,000, and the tax thereon brings about \$50,000,000 per annum into the treasury of British India. In 1839 the Chinese authorities demanded the surrender of all the opium then in the factories at Canton, and seized 30,283 chests, then worth about \$5,000,000. The result was a desultory war which ended in the capture of Canton and other ports, the transfer of the island of Hong Kong, the payment of \$80,000,000 as indemnity to the English, and the silent connivance through the future, as in the past, at the opium trade. It is a matter of serious reproach to the Indian government that, even after \$50,000,000 per annum to its revenue, the manufacture and sale of opium should be carried on by its officers.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

Hon. Hiram Hitchcock has been induced to take an interest in the Fifth Avenue Hotel on account of the impaired health of Mr. A. B. Darling, who is now in Europe. Mr. C. W. Griswold retains his active interest in the firm. On the 1st inst. the hotel commenced its twentieth year with a reduction of price from five to four dollars per day, and all from five to four dollars in the same ratio. The incomparable situation of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and its superior accommodations throughout will continue to make it more than ever the favorite resort of travelers.

New Signals.

The systems of fan and handkerchief, and even of hat flirtation, have been fully explained to the public at large; but it is strange that the code most generally in use, and better calculated than any other to express with precision and accuracy a large variety of sentiments, has never been completely formulated for the benefit of those who wish to be a come proficient in this beautiful art. It is with pleasure that *Puck* comes forward to present to his readers the following carefully edited and entirely trustworthy CODE:

1. Pulling up the shirt sleeves and slightly moistening the palms of the hands—Step over here a minute; I wish to see you.
2. Stepping up behind a man, grasping him by the scruff of the neck, and advancing rapidly—Please follow me.
3. Putting forefinger to right eye and drawing down lower lid—Don't you (or do you) wish you had it?
4. Nonchalantly chucking a brick or other light object on top of a man's tile—Who's your hatter?
5. Taking a man's nose between your fore and second fingers, and slightly changing the position of same—I address myself to you.
6. Abruptly altering the angle of a man's coat-tails by insinuating your foot-heel under them—Do not linger.
7. Putting the point of your elbow between any two of a man's ribs, and jarring his internal economy—We are observed.
8. Doubling up your fist and placing it firmly upon the bridge of a man's nose—I love you, but not devotedly or passionately.
9. Grasping a man's ear between your upper and lower jaws, and gently working the jaws—My heart is another's.
10. Lifting another person up in your arms, and walking in any specified direction—Come with me.
11. Rapidly removing the chair on which a man is about to sit down—We are not entirely sympathetic in our objects.
12. Taking a brief observation across a kind of impromptu sextant constructed of all the fingers of one hand outspread, the thumb centering on the nose—Farewell; this parting is forever.

A Case that Puzzled the Doctors.

A recent dispatch from New Haven, Conn., to the New York Sun, says: The case of George H. Willis, aged 23 years, of Fairhaven, puzzles the physicians. He was a freight clerk in the office of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company in this city, and on Friday last went to work complaining of a severe pain in his head. He went home, and a physician was summoned. On Saturday he grew worse, but nothing serious was feared until yesterday. On arising he went for a glass of water, but while raising it to his lips was seized with a convulsion which was succeeded by another, and so he suffered until death supervened at noon to-day. Large quantities of morphia were injected into him hypodermically yesterday, and last night, and early this morning it was found necessary to chloroform him, so violent had he become. His struggles in his convulsions were frightful, and toward the end it required four men to hold him in bed. He snarped and barked at anything within reach, and narrowly escaped biting the physician when the latter approached to administer the chloroform. Between his spasms he talked very rationally, and yesterday seemed aware that death was near. He gave minute directions about his funeral, the flowers, and the services, divided his personal property among his brothers, and insisted that the physicians should hold a post mortem examination. He was a strong-minded young man, of deep religious convictions, and not at all subject to his imagination. Hence the physicians think that the effects of fear resulting from a monkey bite some twenty years ago had nothing to do with his death.

When young Willis was three years old he attempted to handle something to a monkey led by an itinerant organ grinder. The animal bit the lad in the leg. The wound was not a serious one, and was forgotten until lately. When taken ill, and after convulsions had set in, Willis insisted that he was suffering from hydrophobia, the result of that bite. The attending physicians hardly believe this, yet are compelled to accept it in the want of any other cause of the death of the young man.

When any of our readers go in bathing we advise them when they are ready to enter the water to plunge in as quickly as possible. Many people make themselves sick by creeping in an inch at the time thereby chilling the feet and extremities and causing a derangement of the circulation. When in the water, too, a person should be active so as to avoid any tendency to chill. Swimmers are most benefited because of the activity of their limbs while enjoying the luxury of their bath.—Dr. E. B. Foote's Health Monthly.

Patents at Auction.

At a recent auction sale of patent rights in New York some of the patents sold and prices realized were as follows: A portable and adjustable window garden, with flower-basket and stand, \$2,000; a portable fire-proof receiver for the lint discharged from cotton-gins, preventing the destruction of the latter, \$6,500; a folding-cradle patent, \$600; a hose nozzle patent, \$300; an improvement in glass decoration, \$100; an improvement in lid lifters, \$120; window fastener patent, \$1,100; the use of steel shackle in place of rubber shackle, \$1,050; a patent in stove-legs, whereby one person can move a heavy stove from one room to another, \$175; improvement in breast-plate for harness, \$425; a patent attachment on a steam boiler, \$1,150; a patent discharge nozzle for grain elevators, \$2,000; an improved barrel-head clamp, \$200; another improved sewing machine, \$225; an improved curvy-comb, \$475; a patent bracket, \$225; lifting jacks, \$75; peach-cutter, \$400; scoop, \$375; metallic sign, \$300. A combined burglar-alarm, paper-weight and call-bell brought \$325.

How an Injection on Disease.

By invigorating feeble constitutions, renovating a debilitated physique, and enriching a thin and insubstantial circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly sanctioned, and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence. It strengthens the stomach, remedies torpor of the liver and bowels, and gives a helpful impetus to the secretory and discharging functions of the kidneys and bladder. Not only does it arrest and prevent the recurrence of malarial fevers, but it furnishes the only adequate safeguard against them to persons who have never been afflicted with those maladies, but would be liable to incur them if medicinally unprotected. It eliminates from the blood certain impurities which the most skillful pathologists assign as the exciting causes of those agonizing complaints, rheumatism and gout, and it is, moreover, an excellent remedy for an enfeebled or overworked state of the nerves, and for mental despondency.

Gracie's Salve.

JOSEPHINE Mich., Dec. 27, 1877.—Mother, I have sent you 20 cts. or two boxes of Gracie's Salve. I have had two and have used them on an infant who was in the most wretched condition. Respectfully yours, C. J. VAN NISS.

Price 25 cents a box at all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Prepared by Wm. H. FOWLE & SONS, 845 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass.

A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND.

Gracie's Salve is now so generally used for the cure of Flesh Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Ulcers, Felons, Sprains, and all diseases of the skin, that it is one of the most useful remedies. Those who have tried it once always keep a box on hand and nothing will induce them to be without a supply.

Winter Hotel, New York.

(Since the reduction of the rate per day to \$4.00 there has been an increase in numbers, and it would appear this was a most judicious move. The Windsor was never more attractive to the traveler than now.)

OWHE

The Celebrated "Marmalade" Wood-Tag-Flag TORONCO.

THE PIONEER TORONCO COMPANY, New York, Boston, and Chicago.

It is a dangerous thing to allow the diarrhoea or dysentery to go unchecked and no need of it. A small bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure the most stubborn case that can be produced.

Fever and ague, malarious fever, bilious and typhoid fevers all originate in one producing cause and may all be easily prevented by Parsons' Purgative Pills. These pills act directly and powerfully upon the bowels.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—Farmers, Planters, and Others.

JOHNSON'S VEGETABLE LINIMENT for the cure of Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and Sore Eyes, is a most valuable remedy. It is a small bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure the most stubborn case that can be produced.

THE MARKS.

Beef Cattle—Native.....	08	09	09
Do—Foreign.....	08	09	09
Milk Cows.....	08	09	09
Do—Foreign.....	08	09	09
Sheep.....	04	07	08
Hogs—Dressed.....	04	07	08
Do—Live.....	04	07	08
Flour—Superior.....	11	11	11
Do—Extra.....	11	11	11
State—Fair to Choice.....	4	75	00
Wheat—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Barley—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Oats—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Hay—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Straw—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Feed—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Butter—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Eggs—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Wool—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Grain—No. 1.....	1	25	00
Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00
Flour—No. 1.....	1	25	00
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Do—No. 2.....	1	25	00</