Department of Public Works.

THE WATCHMAN.

VOL. II. SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1876. NO. 17.

New Advertisements.

M. D. & H. A. AUSTIN,

Importers and Dealers in

Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Meal, Pork, Fish, Lime, Nails, Cordage, PAINTS, OILS, OAKUM, TAR, PITCH, &c.

ROBERTSON'S WHARF, - - INDIANTOWN, N. B.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

June24 6m

1876.

International Steamship Company!

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRI-WEEKLY LINE.

ON and after MONDAY, June 12th, the splendid seagoing Steamer "NEW YORK," E. B. Winchester, master, and "CITY OF PORTLAND," D. S. Hall, master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning—Will leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m., or after arrival of noon train from Boston.

Connecting both ways at Eastport with steamer "Belle Brown," for Point Andrews and Calais, and at Portland and Boston with steamers and rail to all points of the United States.

No change for allowance after goods leave the warehouse.

Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, only, up to 7 o'clock, P. M.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

July 8

NEW SPRING GOODS

LADIES SILKS, In all the Leading Shades;
LADIES CLOTHS, HOSE, Ribbed,
LADIES CORSETS, ARMS, Splendid Value;
CHILDREN'S HOSE AND COMBS, Very Cheap;
GENTS' WINDSOR SCARFS, In New Styles;
GENTS' PAPER COLLARS, An Immense Variety;
ECRU NETS AND LACES, All Sizes;
KNITTING COTTONS, Expected to arrive daily;

In Slate, White and Grey.

Ladies' Night Dress and Chemise Stamped YOKES, Smallwares, etc., etc.

SCOTT & BINNING, 28 King street.

A few doors below Hannington's Drug Store.

apr 22

MONT. McDONALD,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE:—

No. 13 Princess Street, Saint John, N. B.

oct 9

THE COLDBROOK ROLLING MILLS COMP'Y

MOOSEPATH, N. B.,

are now and manufacturing all the time

MERCHANT BAR IRON,

Refined, comprising all sizes in

ROUNDS, FLATS AND SQUARES,

RAILS FOR MINES,

CUT NAILS, CLINCH RINGS,

CUT SPIKES, WROUGHT SHIP SPIKES, RAILWAY SPIKES

Galvanized Nails and Spikes.

They also manufacture to order

Patent Tampered and Parallel Bars,

for Ship's Knees, with promptness and despatch.

All the above will be sold at lowest market rates, and quality guaranteed. For terms apply to

JAMES DOMVILLE & CO., Agents

may 15 No. 9 North Wharf, St. John

M. N. POWERS,

UNDERTAKER,

No. 33 Princess Street, St John, N. B.,

KEEPS ON HAND:—Mahogany, Walnut and Covered COFFINS, HEARSES and PALLS furnished. GRAVE CLOTHES and COFFIN MOUNTING of all kinds, and every article in the line for sale at the Lowest Prices.

Orders in Town or Country executed with promptness by day or night.

Personal attention given to the Selection of Burial Lots.

Funerals attended. All articles delivered in the City and vicinity without extra charge.

Residence—Over Warerooms. may 29—1y.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

CEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S ADVERTISING AGENCIES (PARK ROW, N.Y.)

Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

KING'S SQUARE LIVERY STABLES.

HORSES, Carriages, &c., of every description, to let. Superior Coaches in attendance at all hours, careful drivers. Boarding Horses kept on reasonable terms. No business done on the Lord's day, except in cases of necessity.

J. B. HAMM,

mar 11 Proprietor.

FOR SALE.

ONE SECOND-HAND HORIZONTAL ENGINE, 90 horse-power, with 3 cylinder Boilers 3 feet diameter and 50 feet long.

One second-hand UPRIGHT ENGINE, 20 horse-power, with eight Tubular Boiler.

One second-hand UPRIGHT ENGINE, 10 horse-power, with no Locomotive Boiler.

One LW HORIZONTAL ENGINE, 12 horse-power.

ALSO,

One pr second-hand Engines, 16 horse-power, with Locomotive Boiler.

One pr Superior Wood Planer, nearly new.

One Moulding Machine.

Two Circular Saw Tables, with arbours and saws.

Shafting, Hangers, Pulleys, etc.

PRICES LOW. TERMS REASONABLE.

J. HARRIS & CO.

New Brunswick Foundry, Portland, N. B., April 11, 1876.

april 15

THOMAS H. KEOHAN,

GILDER,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

Portrait, Picture and Oval Frames,

AND DEALER IN

ENGRAVINGS, PRINTS, LOOKING-GLASS PLATES AND CORNICES.

REMOVED from old stand at No. 21, to

71 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

(next door to Messrs. Hannington's Drug store.)

The new Establishment includes an extensive FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT, under the management of Mrs. Keohan.

may 6

JUST RECEIVED

Per Railroad, from Montreal, and now opened for inspection:

478 YARDS

CHOICE CANADIAN

TWEEDS and COATINGS.

These Goods have been laid in at prices suitable to the times enabling us to offer great inducements to intending buyers.

A. & T. GILMOUR,

72 GERMAIN STREET, St. John.

New Advertisements.

FIRE and MARINE

INSURANCE AGENCY.

OVER THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS DEPOSITED AT OTTAWA.

Aggregate of Cash Assets exceeds Twenty-three Million of Dollars.

Imperial Fire Insurance Company, of London.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

The Ætna Insurance Company.

INCORPORATED 1819.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company.

INCORPORATED 1810.

Phenix Insurance Company, of Brooklyn.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Dwelling Houses, whether built or in course of construction, as well as Furniture contained therein, Insured for terms of one or three years, at lowest rates.

Steam Saw Mills, Vessels on the Stocks or in Port, Warehouses, Merchandize and Insurable Property of every description covered on the lowest possible terms.

British America Assurance Company.

INCORPORATED 1833.

The Merchants' Marine Insurance Company,

OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital One Million, with power to increase to Two Million Dollars.

Risks taken on vessels, cargoes and freights to and from any part of the Commercial World. Time and Voyage Policies issued at once, terms and conditions as customary in St. John. Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid in cash.

Apply at Insurance Rooms,

CORNER PRINCE WILLIAM ST. AND MARKET SQUARE.

ROBERT MARSHALL, Agent.

may 13

ROBINSON'S

Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime.

FOR Consumption; Bronchitis; Aphonia; Tickling Coughs; Whooping Cough; Diseases of the Nervous System; Chronic Rheumatism; Scrofula; Tabes Mesenterica; Tumours; Diseases of the Bones, Joints and Spine; Rickets; General Debility; Emaciation; Syphilitic and Scrofulous Ulcers; Anæmia; Amenorrhœa; Leucorrhœa; Chlorosis; Asthma, &c., &c.

It is prepared with the finest selected Cod Liver Oil,—one of the most esteemed remedies in the catalogue of the materia medica,—Lacto-Phosphate 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 most desirable to obtain its fullest effects—together with other valuable remedial agents. These are all intimately combined, in one denulcent fluid of homogenous appearance and delicate flavor, possessing remarkable power in arresting the decay and supplying the waste constantly going on in those abnormal conditions of the system affected by such diseases as perverts and impairs nutrition, vitiate the blood and sap the vital forces. The beneficial effects of the continued use of this compound is the first stage of PULMONARY CONSUMPTION can scarcely be estimated.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

Six Bottles for $5.00.

For sale at the Drug Stores. july 8—3m

CITY ROAD MACHINE SHOP,

(Campbell & Fowler's Building.)

Wood Working Machinery,

SHAFTING, HANGERS, PULLEYS, &C.

Machinery of all kinds Repaired at short notice.

JOHN ABRAMS.

P. S.—Patterns made to order. may13 6m

NEW BRUNSWICK PAPER CO.

JAMES HARRIS - - - - - President.

DIRECTORS:

M. LINDSAY, A. EVERITT,
D. BREEZE, E. S. FREEZE.

MILLS—PENOBSQUIS, N. B.,

Office and Warehouse:

61 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

MERCHANTS and dealers are hereby informed that the above Company are now manufacturing best quality of Leather Board, all sorts of Brown, Wrapping, Manilla, Rag and Dry Goods PAPER, and in a short time will be running on News Printing Paper. These goods, together with a large stock now on hand, are all of superior quality, and will be sold at lowest market rates. All sizes made, and goods can be shipped direct from the Mills free on board cars, if desired. Orders promptly attended to. Address all communications to NEW BRUNSWICK PAPER CO., St. John, N. B.

J. C. ROBERTSON, Sec. and Treas., pro tem.

may 20 1f

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE

12 Barrels now Landing

For sale cheap at the

WHITE LEAD FACTORY

G. F. THOMPSON & SONS.

June 3

CARD.

THE undersigned, thankful to their numerous patrons for the favors conferred during so many years in the past beg to state that they have resumed the

Retail Business,

(carried on during the last two years by A. Wilson & Co.,) and have constantly on hand, at their old established stand

No. 17 WATER STREET,

A complete assortment of Stoves, Grates and Mantle Pieces, Ship Castings and Agricultural Implements, together with all other articles in the IRON FOUNDRY LINE.

Intending purchasers would do will to examine our Stock before giving their orders elsewhere, as we are determined to sell very low for cash, and at prices defying competition.

Orders for Ship Castings, Iron Knees, or Foundry Work of any description, left at above address will receive immediate attention and despatch.

J. HARRIS & CO.,

New Brunswick Foundry,

aug 28—3m Portland, St. John, N.B.

LUMBER!

THE PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO., having unrivalled facilities for manufacturing lumber during the winter, is prepared to fill orders for early Spring delivery.

SHIP PLANK, FRAME STUFF,

Enclosing Flooring and Finishing Boards; Scantling of all sizes; 1½, 2 and 3 in. Dry Pine Plank; Hemlock Boards, Plank and Timber; Spruce, Pine and Cedar Shingles of any quantity.

LATHS, PALINGS AND CLAPBOARDS constantly on hand.

Cheap Boards in 10 ft. lengths, for snow fences, and in 16 ft. lengths, for snow sheds.

P. O. Address:

PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO.,

feb 5 Petitcodiac, N. B.

DRUGS, SNUFF, &c.

SCOTCH SNUFF, 1 BARREL;
Ayer's Medicines, 3 case;
Spirit Nitre (best), 1 carboy;
Tartaric Acid, 1 keg;
Powder Hellebore, 1 box;
Burgundy Pitch, 1 keg;
Sulphate Morphine, 30 oz.

For sale low, at

CHALONER'S DRUG STORE,

aug12 49 King street.

New Advertisements.

KITCHEN UTENSILS.

NICKEL SMOOTHING IRONS,
NICKEL TOILET IRONS,
MRS. COOK'S POLISHING IRONS,
SOLID TIN DISH PANS,
TIN'D STEAK BOILERS,
TIN FLOUR SIEVES,
ENAMELLED SAUCEPANS,
TOWEL RACKS.

N. B.—Enamelled Preserve Kettles offered very low.

W. WATERBURY,

aug 5 13 King Street.

WHOLESALE

WAREHOUSE,

CANTERBURY STREET.

NOW LANDING:—

5 CASES

NEW STYLE TWEEDS,

3 CASES

BLACK DOESKINS,

2 CASES

WORSTED COATINGS,

2 CASES

BINDINGS, BRAIDS AND BUTTONS.

T. R. JONES & CO.

aug12

Lamps, Oil, etc.

A LARGE and fine assortment of Lamps of all descriptions. ALSO.

American, Canadian and Lubricating Oils.

For sale by

J. R. CAMERON & CO., 73 Prince Wm. street.

aug12

PRESERVE JARS.

Just Received a Large Assortment of

GLASS PRESERVE JARS,

WITH AIR-TIGHT COVER,

AT

H. ROBERTSON'S,

july 22 5 King Square.

HAYING TOOLS!

C. G. BERRYMAN,

512 Charlotte Street,

(Nearly opposite Y. M. C. Association Building.)

ON HAND—A large and well assorted stock, suited to the wants of all, and selling at prices to suit the times.

SCYTHES,

"Griffin," "Red Rover," "Our Best," "Meadow King," "Mirror Blade," "Phillip Messer & Colby Clipper."

RAKES,

Two and three bowed of Canadian, Pennitentiary, Tin Socket, Iron Clasp, &c.

SNEATHS,

Ringed, Screw Heel and Iron.

STONES,

"Willoughby Lake," "Nova Scotia Blue Grit," "Red End," "Plymouth Rock," "Chocolate," "Norway Hag," Sand Stone.

FORKS,

Two and three towed "Plumpton," "Ely Balch," "Welland Vale," and other makes.

Agent for Walter A. Wood's Mower, and Taylor's Horse Rake.

SHOES AND NEWPORTS

For the Pic Nics!

JUST RECEIVED:—

1 CASE OF GENTS' BUCKLE SHOES, at $2.50.
1 case Ladies' Goat Newports, at $1.50.
Ladies' Kid Slippers, at 95 cents.
Ladies' Serge Balmorals, at 85 cents.
Ladies' Serge Congress, at 90 cents.

GEO. A. KIMBALL,

(New No. 71 King street,

Next door below Mr. Wm. Kennedy's grocery store.

july29

MOFFAT'S HOTEL,

166 Union Street, - - St. John, N. B.,

(Directly opposite Smith's Variety Store.)

Centrally situated. Has modern conveniences.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR PER DAY.

Permanent Boarders at reasonable rates.

R. J. MOFFAT, Proprietor.

CUMULATIVE EXERCISE OR HEALTH LIFT IN THE PARLOR. July 15—1y

ROCK SALT. ROCK SALT.

150 tons Rock Salt!

FOR SALE LOW BY

JAMES C. JORDAN,

SHIP BROKER,

july 22—1m LAWTON'S WHARF.

24th July, 1876.

LANDING:—

100 BARRELS FRESH GROUND OATMEAL.

150 Barrels Strong Bakers' Minnesota FLOUR.

20 Barrels Finest Scotch OATMEAL.

For sale by

july29 JARDINE & CO.

New Advertisements.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT! A FEW FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—There are but few preparations of medicines which have withstood the impartial judgment of the people for any length of time. One of these is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Read the following and be convinced:—Thos. Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes, "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and since then have had no attack of it. I would recommend it to all.—J. H. Barr, Hotel Keeper, West Shefford, P. Q., writes, "I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horses in cases of cuts, wounds, etc., and think it is equally as good for horse as for man."—A. Mayhew, Merchant, Warkworth, writes, "I have sold some hundreds of bottles of Eclectric Oil, and it is pronounced by the public one of the best medicines they have ever used;" it has done wonder in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, etc., and is worthy of the greatest confidence."—Joseph Rusan, Township Percy, writes, "I was persuaded to try Thomas' Eclectric Oil for a lame knee which troubled me for three or four years, and I never found anything like it for curing lameness. It is a great public benefit."—A. M. Hamilton, Warkworth, writes, "For weeks I was troubled with a swelled ankle, which annoyed me very much. Mr. Mayhew of this place induced me to try Eclectric Oil, and before one bottle was used I was cured. It is a most remarkable medicine.

Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents.

S. N. THOMAS, PHELPS, N. Y.,

And SOUTHEY & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for the Dominion.

NOTE—*Eclectric*—Selected and Electrified.

For sale Wholesale by T. R. BARKER & SONS and A. CHIPMAN SMITH, St. John, AVERY, BROWN & Co. and FORSYTH & Co., Halifax.

"NOTICE."

IFYO uare inwa nto fread ymal cebo thin gor ifyo uwo uldo rfert ak avel tmal ent nerle rvous nbe wyoma rte laz nas ormo nffr omwhi chtom akeyo ursel ect lona ndief itt edo utinafas hion ablest yleas datam oder atepe icefo rcash.

You can get the above at the

WOOLLEN HALL,

33 KING STREET,

JAMES McNICHOL & SON.

aug12 4i

SHIPS' STORES.

BEEF AND PORK.

In Warehouse and landing:—

100 BBLS. MESS BEEF,
100 bbls. Extra Mess Beef,
200 bbls. Philadelphia Packet Beef,
125 bbls. Extra Plate Beef,
100 bbls. Extra Prime Pork.

TO ARRIVE:—

150 bbls. Extra Family Beef,
50 bbls. Extra Prime Pork.

For sale low.

aug5 4i F. TUFTS.

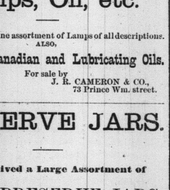
Portland Foundry.

JOSEPH McAFEE,

(Late ANGUS McAFEE,)

Warehouse, Portland Street, St. John, N. B.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.



MANUFACTURER OF

COOKING STOVES,

SHIP, PARLOR AND OFFICE STOVES,

MILL CASTINGS.

Ship Windlasses, Capstans, and Ship Castings of all kinds made to order.

PAYNE & FRAZERS PATENT SHIP PUMP, with Copper Chambers.

Lead Scuppers and Water Closets, and all Goods in my line for Ship's use.

Work done to order with quick despatch.

july29 1y

WALTER W. WELSH,

Portland Bridge.

NEW FAMILY GROCERY STORE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to call the attention of his friends and the public to his new Family Grocery Store, that he will open TO-DAY (SATURDAY), in the store lately occupied by J. D. Robertson, Esq., Portland Bridge, where he will constantly keep in stock a fresh supply of Family Groceries and Green Fruits. Ships' Stores, in bond and duty paid.

aug5 4i WALTER W. WELSH.

Public Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an Asphalt or Composition Sidewalk will be laid on the westerly side of that portion of Dorchester street, lying between Union and Carleton streets. Also, on the southerly side of that portion of Princess street, lying between Germain and Charlotte streets. Also, on the northerly side of that portion of Princess street, lying between Sydney and Carmarthen streets, under the provisions of the Act of Assembly, 39th Victoria, chap. 74.

By order of the Common Council.

HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

St. John, N. B., 10th August, 1876. aug12 4w

MRS. CRANE'S

Boarding and Day School,

For Young Ladies and Children,

Germain Street,

SAINT JOHN, - - NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE Duties of this School will be resumed on

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th.

Pupils will also be received for special studies.

Instruction given in Vocal Music, and on the Pianoforte.

Classes for Instruction in the French Language, daily from 12.30 to 1.30 p. m.

German Class,—Mondays and Thursdays, at 4 p. m.

Drawing Class,—Tuesdays and Fridays, at 4 p. m.

For circulars and further particulars, apply by letter to MRS. CRANE, P. O. Box 83, Saint John, or personally at No. 251 (old number 136) Germain street, Saint John.

aug5 4i

FLOUR AND MEAL.

LANDING:—

500 BARRELS CORNMEAL,
100 bbls. FLOUR—Valley;
100 bbls. FLOUR—Gilkisha;
100 bbls. FLOUR—Snowflake;
200 bbls. FLOUR—Extra XXX.

aug12 GILBERT BENT.

PEACHES, BARTLETT PEARS, GRAPES

Received ex "City of Portland":—

CRATES PEACHES; 3 crates BARTLETT PEARS; 18 boxes Concord Grapes; 3 boxes Tomatoes.

For sale cheap at No. 16 Water street.

aug 19 J. D. TURNER.

Apples and Cranberries.

BBLS. Orange Sweets; 5 bbls. Summer Pippins; 2 bbls. Pears; 1 bbl. Water Melons; 1 bbl. Cranberries; 1 bbl. Onions. For sale at 16 Water street.

aug 19 J. D. TURNER.

COTTONS,

At Lowest Possible Prices!

WHITE, Scoured and Grey Pillow Cottons, Sheetings, Prints.

aug19 W. W. JORDAN, 2 Market Square.

From and after this date the price of THE WATCHMAN will be TWO CENTS per copy, when sold by the newsboys and in the stores; $1 per year, in advance, when mailed to a subscriber; $1.50, in advance, when delivered by our city carriers.

We propose to give buyers and readers of the paper the best value for their money that they have ever received in the shape of newspaper literature.

To *Advertisers* we guarantee a circulation of **3,000** copies every Saturday, and as Saturday is the best day of the week for publishing advertisements, we have little doubt that THE WATCHMAN will be freely patronized on that day, and that we shall more than make up in advertising what profit we may lose on the sales of the paper. The rapid increase in our advertising patronage leads us to believe that THE WATCHMAN is likely to become a popular advertising medium. Our figures can be obtained on application at the office.

ADDRESS: JOHN LIVINGSTON, PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR St. John, N. B.

OFFICE: 52 Princess Street, directly opposite entrance to Ritchie's Building.

Correspondence.

OUR TEMPERANCE SERMON.

Of the numerous evils by which men are beset in their way through life, there are none more terrible or more prevalent than the use of alcoholic stimulants. Familiarity with danger frequently renders us indifferent to its approach, but it is not so with this almost universal terror of the times in which we live. No man can feel himself absolutely safe, for the tempter stands at almost every corner, and his allies lurk in almost every part of the human organism.

The novice paints, in imagination, the effect of a single glass of wine; he wonders if it would sharpen his wits, or add brilliancy to his fancy; he questions if it would give new strength to his arm, rest to his weary mind, sleep to his sleepless eyes or forgetfulness of ever present sorrow. And the wine sparkles in the glass,—its fragrance is grateful, its flavor delightful and its effects are all that could be desired. He has found the Elixir that under all circumstances meets his requirements:—it is a friend whose acquaintance he cultivates, a friend that becomes a necessity to his daily existence, a friend that, like many another one, at last turns and crushes heart, soul, character and life itself, as in an iron vice.

I question if one moderate drinker in a thousand realizes the danger that beets him until it is too late to escape from the toils of the adversary, except by almost superhuman effort.

It is frightful to realize the number of young men who trifle with the enemy, as the moth flutters around the candle. They meet the scorched moth daily, perhaps hourly, a shadow comes over their hearts as they observe its blackened wings, but a question with regard to their own safety seldom arises, until their own wings drop and they are enslaved for life.

I have little faith in legal enactments to restrain the sale of alcohol. Let its manufacture or importation be prohibited and doubtless its consumption will largely diminish; otherwise the young must be taught to guard against it, and it seems to me that all that is necessary to place them in antagonism to its use is a realization of the ruin which it almost invariably draws upon its victim. Some argue that the revenue derived from spirituous liquors is a necessity to the country, but that revenue is overbalanced by the cost of supporting the criminals and paupers which they make. And to think of the desolated homes, the thousands of wives and children heart-broken and disgraced through the instrumentality of the legalized traffic in damnation itself, is enough to freeze the blood of Satan.

For the man who has drunk moderately for a considerable time there is a *possibility* of escape, but little hope and much fear. For the young the way is clear,—no appetite formed and none but outward temptations to resist. Would to God that I could show to every young man in the land the vulture that tears at the heart of many a wretch whose laugh *sounds* as if his mirth were real, and whose brow is as unclouded as if no thought of opportunities lost or time misspent ever haunted his mind.

I have no whip to flourish over the head of the licensed "rum-seller" or manufacturer. The law sanctions the business and protects the man who prosecutes it. We, the people of St. John, say that the interests of the city demand that men shall sell liquor by the glass from sunrise till 10 o'clock at night, 312 days in the year. We, the people of St. John, ought to be able to measure our necessities and provide for them, and it appears to be our deliberate opinion that the virtue, health, prosperity and happiness of ourselves and families are advanced by a traffic, the magnitude of which may be inferred from the number of men engaged in it.

M. D. R.

POLITICS AND LIGHT-HOUSES IN QUEEN'S.

To the Editor of the Watchman.

SIR,—"Petersville's" last letter had a novel effect upon the member for Queen's. Rushing down Princess and through Prince William street, with his arms swinging above his head—hat in one hand and a WATCHMAN in the other—the excited M. P. threatened to run over everyone and everything that stood in his way. Some of the breathless hearing the word "*liar! liar! liar!*" so frequently repeated, and not immediately perceiving the handsome figure of the honorable member, imagined they were listening to some newly-imported mocking-bird, while those who stood near were of opinion that it was some one who for the first time was trying his hand as an auctioneer. This is about the first time that our representative has ever made a display "away from home," if indeed we except the occasion when he voted *yea* and *nay* upon the same question, as any one may see on reference to the Journals of the House. True, such a display is by no means creditable to his constituents, but it would be far better that Queen's should pay Barnum for exhibiting our member than that Queen's County's existence should remain unknown. While visiting Ottawa in 1874, when Parliament was in session, I went in to call on a certain gentleman who is one of the leading journalists in Canada as well as a distinguished leader in the House. The Speaker being out I took a seat at his side, and in the course of the conversation said, "Where is the desk of the member for Queen's, N. B.?" "You mean Mr. Domville. That is his seat," he replied, pointing to another part of the room. "No, I don't mean Mr. Domville—Mr. Domville is the M. P. for King's." "*Queen's*," said he to himself. "Oh, you mean Queen's, *Prince Edward Island*. There is no such place as Queen's, New Brunswick." "But I had the honor to be born in Queen's County, New Brunswick, and if I am not deceived in my existence there is such a place." Then turning to Sir John Macdonald he asked, "Where is the seat of the member for Queen's, N. B.?" And Sir John directed said M. P. to the place. I need not say that I have felt proud ever since—sad indeed to think that my native County was unknown, but proud that Mr. Ferris was also unknown in the House of Commons.

But Mr. Ferris should not let his angry passions rise. His little hands were never made to be so naughty and vicious. I shall not, however, call him a liar, but I must go so far as to say that he has an unfortunate way of telling the truth. There are hundreds of people who have heard Mr. Ferris more than once proclaim on the hustings that if elected that particular time he would never offer again, and yet he has several times since forced himself upon the people of Queen's County, his object evidently having been to prevent the people from organizing to secure his defeat at the next election. This accounts for Mr. Ferris's easy victory at the polls, the money and whiskey of this arch-corruptionist flowing like water through the County. Indeed, so contemptible has Mr. Ferris rendered himself in the eyes of the people that he could not now poll one vote in five, even allowing him his accustomed swing in buying up the "loose fish," if there was an election to-morrow. But we will let the Post Master at Young's Cove and the St. John *Daily News* tell the public who is the "liar." The former says:

"On Saturday, July 8th, 1876, I came from St. John to Young's Cove on the *May Queen*. Mr. John Ferris, M. P., was also on board, and in our conversation concerning a certain letter signed "Salmon River" that had then recently appeared in the St. *John News*, Mr. Ferris informed me that he had just called on the editor of that paper to enquire into its origin, when said editor promptly gave him the name of the writer."

Read the following extract from the Daily and Weekly *News* of August 2nd, 1876:—

"Observers started the report that the editor of the *News* gave to Mr. Ferris, or any one in his interest or in his behalf, the name of the writer of any letter which appeared in the *News* is *a wilful and malicious lie*."

Who now is the "liar?" Mr. Ferris calls me a liar because I stated that the Public Accounts report the light-house upon Wiggins' Point, proving to a demonstration that the Government had decided to build the light-house upon that point and not upon his sister's "Fanjoy's Point." THE WATCHMAN, however, has given chapter and verse in proof of my statement to the effect that Wiggins' Point alone is recognized till 1875-6, the name Fanjoy's Point not appearing till 1876-7, the entry being as follows:—

ESTIMATES OF CANADA, PAGE 56.

	1875-6.	1876-7.	Increase.	Decrease.
Keeper Wiggins Point,	$80			
" Fanjoy's Point (new),		$80		$80

The public will, doubtless, be curious to know why the name, Fanjoy's Point, happens to appear for the first time in the Public Accounts of 1876-77. This will be explained when it is said that Mr. V. W. Wiggins wrote in March, 1875, to the Minister of Marine, informing him that the light-house was not upon Wiggins's but Fanjoy's Point,—a point of land two miles out of the course of seamen, and owned by a sister of Mr. Ferris. It would appear, however, that our burly M. P. still assured the Ministry that the light-house was originally upon Wiggins's Point, for they persist in naming Wiggins's Point Light-house, making at the same time a grant for a new light-house on Fanjoy's Point. The word "new," applied by the Government to the Fanjoy light-house, proves conclusively that in their estimation that light began to be in 1875, when it actually began in 1872, and that the old light-house—now in some way useless—still stands on Wiggins's Point, for the Wiggins grant is still mentioned but rescinded.

The truth of the matter is, the Government and Mr. Ferris had decreed in 1872 to build the light-house on Wiggins's Point, as private letters from members of the Government at the time, and now in my possession, will show; but Mr. Wiggins having opposed Mr. Ferris, this gentleman determined to remove the light-house that he might, to use his own words, "learn Wiggins to *pose me in my election*." This I am prepared to prove. It would seem, however, that Mr. Ferris carried out his threat only through the government subordinates, the Government itself never having been aware of the change,—a piece of meanness and gambling of which no member of Parliament but John Ferris is capable, and for which he merits not only the contempt of his constituents, but ejectment from the House of Commons.

Yours truly, PETERSVILLE.

CONCERING RAILWAY EXPENDITURES.

To the Editor of the Watchman.

"*It may not be generally known.*" Such is the heading of an article in one of our best and truest local papers, the *Times*. In the case referred to I consider it my duty, not only personally but publicly, to state all that I know, so that all may come to the truth as nearly as it is possible. Denial of what I may say rests alone with those who are in the "present Government employ." That the occupation of that part of the Government Railway offices is strictly correct, not one member of the Government could therein deny, so your assertion must be and is the fact (solemn to tax-payers). That houses are being built and re-built is the case; but one might enquire,—why for one head of a department more than another? The engineer over the road, to an unbiassed mind, must have a smaller claim for a house than the resident engineer of all the large works here at Moncton. One not wanted gets a palace built, the other has to get his own built at his own expense, and with interest. This is neither fair nor just; if the country has to build, let it build for all alike, and if a profit is necessary, that profit may be placed on rental,—no one would object,—but when such specialities are made, causes are most justly raised for objection.

If Mr. Brydges requires rooms while remaining in Moncton, why not do as others do—go to the best hotel! His expenses are paid by the Government (more shame to them). Is he better than our Minister of Marine, Hon. A. J. Smith—or even Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, the Premier? When did he ever run extra trains when he visited the Provinces, extra cars, extra workingmen, extra Sunday work, and extra everything?—not thinking every extra was an extra tax on the people. I say this, my brother New Brunswickers, is not to be thought of, and don't allow our Minister and countryman to be insulted by a small nobody, who was an offshoot of the London and North Western Railway in England. As to the second and most momentous question to the country:—That the purchases by the Stores Department are delivered out at a considerable extra premium,—I am sorry to say it is only too correct, and authority, if wanted, could be given. Also, and loads in storekeeper's office are paid out of such profits. Further confirmation can be supplied if necessary.

VIDI VINCI.

Moncton, August 18th, 1876.

A COMMUNITY OF BEAUTIES.

A traveller in India gives the following interesting account of a remarkable community of women visited by him:—During the time we remained at Goa, we made an excursion along the coast to the neighboring village of Seroda, inhabited by a remarkable race of women, who are celebrated throughout the western part of India for their great beauty and unusually fair complexion. They are Hindoos of the Conkany caste, but differ in many respects from any other tribe. They are not allowed to marry, nor are any men, except the priests belonging to the pagodas—of which there are several in the village—allowed to reside within its precincts. They are, however, encouraged to become mothers; and are very particular in selecting fathers likely to perpetuate in their children the fair complexion and classical features for which they themselves are justly celebrated.

I was not able to ascertain how the male children were disposed of, but I believe they are dedicated to the temples, and become priests; while the females—or perhaps only the finer specimens, for all the children we saw were strikingly handsome—are reared with the utmost care to sustain the character of the village of houris. Their origin is shrouded in mystery. They never leave their native village—which they appear to think the most delightful spot on earth—and have a superstitious belief that if they were to ascend above the Ghauts they would immediately die. On landing near the village, we pitched our tents on the beach, and, in accordance with the etiquette of the place, we dispatched a messenger to announce our arrival.

We soon after waited upon by a deputation of smiling nymphs, who, in the most graceful manner, expressed their thanks for the honor we had done them, and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village, requesting the pleasure of our company to a nautch (dance); and after throwing a garland of flowers around each of our necks, they returned to the village. I was much struck with the grace and beauty of these young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features, and their deep-blue, melting eyes, filled with long, silken eye-lashes, were perfectly bewitching. Their figures were more stately and their limbs fuller and better rounded than those of the Indian females generally are; and their peculiar dress—a flowing robe, confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped up on side so as to expose the leg to a little above the knee—closely resembles the drapery of an ancient Greek statue.

Their hair, simply braided, was entwined with wreaths of jessamine, and secured with a golden bodkin. And the general effect of their charms was not a little heightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanor; for, notwithstanding their strange customs—shocking to our ideas of propriety, but considered perfectly proper by them—the poor things retain all the native modesty of their sex, and are not by any means meretricious in their behavior. In the cool of the evening we proceeded to the village, on the outskirts of which we were met by another deputation of the fair inhabitants, and conducted to the house of the head matron.

The village is beautifully situated in a grove of orange, citron and palm trees, through which the soft sea-breeze comes, laden with perfume; a beautiful sea-water lagoon, wooded to the edge, sweeps by in front of it, and in the background the dark-blue mountains appear to form a barrier between this enchanting spot and the remainder of the world. We were received with great ceremony by the matron and all the beauties of the village, in a large, open apartment, where we were sprinkled with rose-water and regaled with tea. We then seated ourselves round the room to witness the performance of some nautch-girls belonging to the temple; and departed at a late hour, after distributing some little presents, such as embroidered slippers, spangles, etc., among the fairest of our entertainers, and taking a sketch of a beautiful creature named Biaca.

A NATION OF BRIGANDS.

The late arrest of brigands in Sicily is a conclusive illustration of the phase of society in that island so often described and so much disputed. In three of the brigands captured at Giugenti were recognized persons of high social position, the two Cavalieri Trainiti and the Baronello Celauro. They are representatives of that species of brigandage which is alleged to have prevailed in Sicily from time immemorial, under which it has sunk by slow degrees, and which has become one of the greatest curses among the population. These brigands do not, like the Neapolitans, form bands and swarm in districts which they have made their own, but are part and parcel of the ordinary Sicilian society. When they are wanted by their chiefs to act they are ready, and meanwhile they do a large amount of robbery and murder on their own account, and with almost perfect impunity. It is only crimes of contemptible proportions that are even in danger of punishment. If they are great enough to come before a jury they are acquitted, as a matter of course. A French writer, M. Louis Lande, has collected from Italian sources many curious facts bearing on this matter. Before the arrival of Garibaldi in 1860, there was a state of thinks which had a strange outside show of order. The police were the brigands, and the brigands were the police. The public force consisted of what was termed "companies of arms," each captain undertaking to be responsible for the peace of his district. If any very great outrage were committed, or if the person injured were of influential social standing, the captain merely paid an indemnity, and repaid himself as quickly as possible by spoiling some inhabitant of a neighboring district. No one ever thought of following up the offender by any legal process. If the criminal was a stranger he was killed off at the first opportunity, and the Judge of the District—for the farce of having Judges was maintained—was merely informed that there had been a death, and no more trouble was taken. For eleven years the whole police of Sicily was under the direction of a first-class criminal. Under his administration things were pretty comfortable. Travellers paid to be safe, and they were safe. His reign was only terminated when an inferior brigand tried to assinate him in open daylight while he was walking out with his wife, and was allowed to escape with impunity. When Garibaldi arrived the brigands generally took his side, and by way of showing their enthusiasm broke open all the prisons and set their suffering brethren at liberty. But the General, while he remained the dictator, was not the sort of a man to let them follow their own devices; he made them feel that they had a master. At last, however, the Italian Government took possession of the country, and behaved as a regular government is bound to do. It introduced law and trial by jury, and many reforms in the police and magistracy, and did its best to put down brigandage by main force. But its success has been very imperfect, for the brigands gained more by having juries to try them than in having soldiers to hunt them down. The hunting down process has been surrounded with a thousand difficulties. For almost every one is a brigand or the friend of brigands, and no one would dream for a moment of doing anything so unhandsome, so dishonorable and so un-Sicilian as helping justice to catch and punish a murderer. There is, too, a strong local spirit among them, a desire for home rule after their fashion, and rebellion against that interference of strangers which prevents them from cutting each other's throats. The Palermo brigands in

Printed by McKILLOP & JOHNSTON, Canterbury St., St. John

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1876.

AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY.

[CONTINUED.]

And this is Dalhousie! Dalhousie which "Harper" has made famous, that Dalhousie wherein "Dugald Stewart laid the first street in the shade of its native alders!" Mr. Stewart died only last year, full of years and honors, esteemed by every one, a father to the town of which he was one of the original settlers. The "street" remains, but "the alders," where are they? I have enquired for them in vain. They must have perished, though I have no doubt had they received an intimation of the improbability in store for them, they would have struggled on and endeavored to live as long as "Harper's History" its term extends. But they must have perished—perished to the eye but living in history! Those blessed alders! Though not reckoned among the most graceful or beautiful of our New Brunswick shade trees, even *they* might have helped to a cool retreat this day—this intensely hot day, for even here on the Bay of Chaleur they have had a very hot season, of which this is one of the severest days. I think the thermometer is among the nineties in the shade:—I might have known to a dot, but I hated to talk "weather" to the local Clerk of the Weather whom I met, perspiring and struggling with the Hill Difficulty, carrying a quarter of lamb in a superannuated mail bag. But the heat here by the sea shore differs greatly from the prostrating heat of inland towns. The winds here are east and west, and as east lies seaward and west up-river, the breezes, though ever so slight, are pure and refreshing. The situation of the town of Dalhousie causes it to rank among the most picturesque in Canada. At the mouth of the Restigouche,—washed on one side by the waters of that noble river and on another by the waters of the Bay de Chaleur, it stands as a sort of connecting link between old ocean and the internal system of rivers on the Quebec and New Brunswick border. While the Restigouche, bearing the contributions of its great tributaries, the Escuminac, the Metapedia, the Patapedia, the Upsalquitch, and other streams more or less renowned, flows placidly by its side, Dalhousie bares its breast to the winds and waves of the Gulf and rejoices in the health and vigor which probably the purest and most bracing atmosphere in all Canada is fitted to develope. The town is on a point of land that forms the extreme eastern limit of the southern bank of the Restigouche. A light-house stands at what might be termed "the jumping off place," and this light-house marks the mouth of the Restigouche on the southern bank, Magnasha Point on the Quebec shore being the limit on the northern side. Following up the river bank from the light-house you quickly reach the Hamilton farm, the property of the Hon. William Hamilton, M. L. C., on which stands an imposing sandstone pillar, a monument erected by Mr. Hamilton to the memory of his father. Having passed the Hamilton farm, which, by the way, appears to be in a good state of cultivation and a very desirable property, you have reached the town of Dalhousie,—a town located on the side of a hill with a principal business street stretching along a level bit of ground which lies at the base of the hill and the margin of the river. The town is regularly laid out. The streets run east and west—that is, parallel with the river,—and north and south; the former having the ample width of 66 ft., the latter 100 ft. Two principal roads lead out of the town—one up the Restigouche, this thoroughfare passing "Dalhousie station" on the "Inter-Colonial," which is about 7 miles from Dalhousie town; the other leads down the Bay shore to Charlo, New Mills, etc., with other roads branching off to Dundee, Balmoral and other thriving settlements. The last named road, as it leaves the town, passes over a high hill, from the summit of which, say, from the residence of the late Dugald Stewart, a commanding view of Dalhousie and its surroundings may be had. At the foot of the road or street on which you are standing facing the river and town, are the residence, stores, saw mill, wharf and loading ground of George Moffatt, Esq., M. P., who is this year about the only shipper of lumber from Dalhousie. The usual piles of newly sawn deals, accumulations of saw-dust, masses of logs, timber, etc., that form conspicuous features in the premises of milling establishments, are to be found here. The Presbyterian Church, erected by adherents of the Established Church of Scotland, lies a block below and to the right of our stand point; the brown colored English Church, stands at about the same elevation, a block or two to our left. Rev. Mr. Crozier, of St. John, a favorite of Bishop Medley, is the pastor, and in this church prayers are read every afternoon at five o'clock, whether the attendance is large or small. Further to the left and nearly at the same elevation as the Stewart homestead, stands "the Manse,"—a building that had been unoccupied for about two years, the Presbyterian congregation having been without a resident pastor for about that length of time, until, in the present year, the Rev. Alexander Russel, of Truro, accepted their "call," and the Manse again became a centre of social and religious influences. Mr. Russel is probably better known to the masses of Protestants in New Brunswick than any other one man within its borders, having been for many years the indefatigable agent of the New Brunswick Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Still further to the left, and partially hidden by trees, is the residence of Geo. Haddow, Esq., a handsome building of the Gothic order, enjoying a noble view of town, river and bay. The cosy residence of the Roman Catholic clergyman, Father Barry, immediately to our right, with the chapel beside it, occupies one of the most prominent and pleasant sites in the place. At various points between our elevated standpoint and the river front are the residences of Honorable William Hamilton, Esq.; James S. Morse, Esq., Judge of Probates; William S. Smith, Esq., who has been engaged in commercial enterprises for many years; Mrs. Barberie (widow of the late Andrew Barberie, who was known in the House of Assembly and the Farmers' Parliament for many years); D. Sadler, Esq., one of the oldest Crown Land Surveyors and at present Trial Magistrate for Dalhousie Parish; W. Montgomery, Esq., ex-M.P.P., and at present Collector of Customs; besides the hotels of Messrs. Murphy, Phillips and Delaney, the stores of Mr. Haddow, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Morrison and others, which are located near the Post office and Telegraph office, (where our old friend, H. A. Johnson, Esq., proves himself a most efficient postmaster and telegraph operator,) on the principal business street. A pleasantly situated cottage,—not to be seen from this point of view, however—is that of Mr. E. J. Stewart, at the entrance to the town by the road from the Station. A large square wooden building in the heart of the place is the Court House, and a by no means forbidding looking building in its rear is the County Gaol, which at present contains a single prisoner charged with robbing a store. The new school house, arranged for three departments, is the neatest of the public buildings. The observer notices, moreover, that an artificial harbor has been created by a sandy point at the upper end of the town, a rocky island which lies in front of the town, and Moffatt's wharf,—the point running out to the island, which extends a considerable distance in the direction of the wharf. Within this harbor lie the logs which the steam mill's gang is cutting up at a rapid rate,—lie there secure from every wind that blows, and almost as safe and quiet as if reposing on the logging "brow" in the midst of the forest. There are other small islands lying near shore but further up river that will probably be utilized in the same way at some not distant day, when the advantages which Dalhousie offers to the lumbering and milling interests come to be appreciated as they deserve. The Restigouche at Dalhousie is a mighty river. Regarded from our present standpoint, the view along its banks is at once pleasing to the senses and stimulating to one's patriotism. As I shall have occasion to refer to the Restigouche more fully before I close these papers I shall only say at present that it is here three miles wide; its banks are highly cultivated, though the area of low land seems much greater on the Quebec than the New Brunswick side, the hills there being grander and, as a whole, more distant from the river. The view down the Bay from Dalhousie includes Nouvelle, Maria, New Richmond and other points in Quebec Province, and Eel River, Charlo and other points in New Brunswick. Up river the eye takes in both banks of the Restigouche for many miles, with its picturesque hills, which at times rise to the dignity of mountains, its noble watery expanse on which the navies of the world might float, its finely cultivated farms and peaceful homesteads. A ride of a few hours would introduce the traveller to many points worthy of notice, such as *Eel River*, at the mouth of which the road runs along a sand beach, forming a most romantic drive; *River Charlo*, where there are a railway station, a most obliging gentleman for station agent in Mr. James Reid, excellent trout fishing, many fine farms, a thriving village and several fishing "stations;" *Balmoral Settlement*, where an English Colony have grubbed and grumbled until most of those with whom farming in the wilderness disagreed have left and a tolerably prosperous body of settlers remain to improve lands which are among the finest in the Province; and other points, more or less remote, to which the people of the town will gladly direct the visitor's attention. One's inspection of the surroundings would not be complete without the ascent to the "highest top" of the hill in the rear of the town, whence you look back on more hills and valleys to the south, and down on town and river and bay. It should also include a stroll along the shore around Monument Point, and take in the Old Woman,—a solitary rock of red sandstone, a sort of leaning pillar which stands by itself, having been isolated from the adjacent rocky bank by the action of the sea, whose rough usage is gradually wearing away the base and dooming the rock to sure though slow destruction. Within a few feet of the Old Woman once stood the Old Man, a rock of similar form and proportions, but which lately fell because undermined by the waves. The light-house at the point is itself an object of interest; and near by lives a person who is still more interesting to many—a Mrs. Arseneau, who enjoys a great reputation as a natural healer, a reputation which is probably due to the fact that she is a really good nurse. Farther down the shore there are various curiously formed rocks,—rocks which form arches, under which a boat might pass; rocks which enclose curious caves; rocks full of fossils,—remains of corals and fishes and shells of various kinds, whose geological names and history puzzle the uninitiated. Fine beaches for bathing are pierced by cosy little indentations, which appear to have been specially designed to add to the privacy that modest bathers seek. Altogether, this shore, with its high banks at many points, is quite romantic, and a most desirable adjunct to a pleasant watering place.

DALHOUSIE MEN WORTH KNOWING.

Mr. Haddow has lived fourteen or fifteen years on the Restigouche, where he has been engaged in ship-building, salmon and lobster canning and general trading. He has a salmon fishing station at Old Church Point, above Campbelton, and a salmon and lobster station at Charlo, and this season he has added a temporary lobster station at Bonaventure. He has a thorough acquaintance with the people and trade of the county and is disposed to give visitors the benefit of his information when desired. The largest business in the place is done by Mr. Geo. Moffat, M. P., whom I did not meet. His shipments of deal this season will amount to eight or ten million feet, of which about six millions was held over from last year, his lumbering operations last winter having been comparatively light. With the exceptions of two vessels, loaded by Mr. W. S. Smith, all the deals exported from Dalhousie this summer have been by Mr. Moffatt, who has sent forward those cut not only by his steam mill at Dalhousie, but by his water mill at Christopher's Brook, above Campbelton, by the Morton mill at Benjamin River, down the coast, and, I think, by one other mill in the same quarter. Next to knowing Mr. Moffatt himself it is best to know his son, Robert, who is very well informed and very obliging. Judge Morse is another gentleman worth knowing: he is an authority on subjects of local interest, and his memory runs back to the early days of the town's history. Mr. Phillips, M. P. P., resides in Dalhousie, and it is well to make the acquaintance of his son, Sheriff Phillips, who has some spare time on his hands and is anxious that visitors should see all that is worth seeing in the county. Justice David Sadler knows all about the settlements and agricultural resources and peculiarities of Restigouche and much of its early history. Hon. William Hamilton has long been identified with the Legislative history of the county, and is, besides, a good authority on agriculture, stock, etc. For a square-edged Opposition politician Mr. Wallace, blacksmith, is a good man to know. He says right out what others, as well as himself, are thinking, and can give good reasons for the faith that is in him. For the statistics of the port, the acquaintance of the Collector of Customs, Mr. Montgomery, should be cultivated: and, moreover, much local information may be gathered from one who, like Mr. M., represented the county in the House of Assembly for a number of years. We dare say, however, that the gentleman whom most of our readers would best like to know is the Marquis of Breadalbane, at present, it is firmly believed, resident in Dalhousie. True, Mr. Adam Smith, of St. Andrews *Standard*, and the editors of the *St. Croix Courier*, the *St. Stephen Journal* and the *Calais Advertiser* have alleged that the missing and much sought for Marquis and heir to the Breadalbane estates is a native of St. George, in Charlotte County; and many other journals echoed the cry. Mr. Peter Campbell, a farmer of St. George, doubted his own identity for a long time, but was finally induced to believe that he was the Marquis, and so, accompanied by Dr. D. E. Berryman, of St. John, he made a trip to Scotland with the intent to convince the hard headed lawyers who are working up "the case" that he, a St. George farmer, was the true claimant. "They came, they saw," but it is evident that they did not conquer. How could they? The man from St. George could not be the man, for the rightful heir was all the time living quietly at the other end of the Province—his home was not by the raging St. Croix or rocky Magaguadavic but by the expansive and majestic Restigouche. I have seen the Marquis; I have grasped his hand and looked into his eyes and received from him more particulars and proofs of identity than it is prudent at present to reveal. The Marquis, however, is as anxious to acquire the distinction and title and estates in store for him as some of his friends are to secure them to him. He is about fifty-five years of age, and, although moderately active and energetic, is not disposed at his time of life to lay too much stress on this world's goods or to distress himself even to secure a Marquisate and the several hundred thousands of dollars of annual income which the great estates are understood to yield. He is of an amiable disposition, is a good business man, orderly in his habits, quite communicative, even talkative and fluent in speech, has had a good education, and, from all I can learn, possesses many more of the qualities which distinguish genteel descent and noble blood than the pretender from Charlotte County can boast of. He is nearly six feet in height, is straight and well formed, has good features, eyes deep set and (I should say) grey in color, an ample reddish moustache and beard, reddish or auburn hair, with complexion to correspond. Such is John U. Campbell, Esq., formerly High Sheriff of Restigouche, the grandson of Archibald Campbell, who in his day was a man of wealth, a frequent visitor at the Castle of Breadalbane and even at that date was an expectant heir to the title and estates. This Archibald Campbell, coming to America, settled in Prince Edward Island, where he founded the town of New London, laying out streets and squares and drives, at an immense expense, giving to the streets the names of the principal streets in old London, England. But the American Revolution came and a Yankee privateer one morning appeared in the harbor of New London and laid waste the town (just as some other Yankee privateer is expected to do in the harbor of St. John, unless the *Telegraph* gets a new roof put on the Martello Tower in Carleton); and the property and pride of Archibald Campbell were levelled to the dust! Letters in the possession of the family, heirlooms of one kind and another, and other evidences of heirship will be forthcoming in due course, and it is understood that a brother of Mr. Campbell, who resides on the Quebec side of the Restigouche, will shortly visit Scotland and press the family's claim to a successful issue. Under all the circumstances I can not but hope that we shall hear no more of the St. George Pretender; and I would respectfully suggest to the Press of Charlotte that an apology is due by them to a credulous public whom they have been entertaining for the last twelve months with absurd stories in reference to the Pretender, whose claim they must have known to be wholly fictitious.

PEOPLE WHO VISIT DALHOUSIE.

Strange as it may seem, (seeing that Dalhousie is seven miles from a railway station) people from all parts of the world meet at Dalhousie. Here, for instance, you meet a Montreal merchant and his lady sojourning up-town, for the benefit of their health. You enter Haddow's store and are astonished by the lingo of two Norwegian captains. The lady passing the Telegraph office is the wife of Captain Coventry, an English army or navy officer, who lives a life of pleasure,—hunting and fishing, at Nouvelle, on the Quebec side. A few miles up river you are shown the home of two young men, the sons of Lady Mary Chayter, an English lady, who brought her boys to Dalhousie, or Point in Nim, bought a farm for them and set them to work digging and hewing out an existence for themselves. Lady Mary returning occasionally from England to see how they were getting on. Yonder, near the Episcopal Church, are Bishop Medley, Rev. Mr. Brigstocke, from St. John, and Rev. Charles Medley, on a Confirmation visit; and this gentleman, with dark complexion, eyes and hair, and dressed in a blue suit, who is having a fling at the *Telegraph*, the Bay Verte Canal and other used up subjects, in a store on Main street, is Captain Fraser, formerly of the Presbyterian Missionary schooner *Dayspring*, which a few years ago rendered good service to Christian missions in the New Hebrides. Among the throng of ladies passing up street, returning from a pic-nic, is Miss Daley, of St. John, who has written some very clever tales for *Godey*, and Miss Russell, a superior teacher in the Normal School of Truro; another Miss Russell, a sister of the latter, having just finished her holiday sojourn in Dalhousie and returned, *via* Halifax, to her educational duties in Lunenburg. In this same pic-nic party is a Professor from Princeton College and a young Barrister from St. John,—the latter here for needed improvement in health, the former just returned from a fishing trip up the Metapedia. Even editors occasionally wander this way. Hamilton, of the Montreal *Gazette*, was here a few days ago; interviewed the principal inhabitant, was shown the Monument and the other lions by "Bob" Moffatt; bagged all the available trade statistics; then picked up his cane and travelled South. And Gilbraith, of the *Scottish American Journal*, the travelling successor of the Bains, is here, renewing subscriptions and picking up the bawbees; but, truth to tell, Gilbraith has a soul above buttons. Since Premier Mackenzie gave him an audience of ten minutes at his official apartments in Ottawa in this current year, these ten minutes being devoted to an exposition by Gilbraith of his wonderful scheme for revolutionizing Finance and placing the world's monetary affairs on a proper basis, Gilbraith never ceases drawing his diagram and expounding the new Gospel of Finance. His diagram is very simple. It is made on a page of a memorandum book. A lead pencil is the instrument used, and with this pencil a mark is drawn midway across the page. The upper half of the page is labelled "Personal Property," the lower half "Real Property"—thus:—

Personal Property.
Real Property.

And with this pencil and diagram Professor Gilbraith runs on "for ever and for ever," confounding pre-existent and present systems of Finance, utterly demolishing them, and thus paving the way for the practical introduction of his own theory, which elevates Real Property to the highest pinnacle in the financial synagogue and sends Personal Property and Personal Credit to the back seats. When in Dalhousie, the Professor was wrestling with the problem afforded by the case of a farmer at Point la Nim—or elsewhere—whose real estate was worth $10,000, and to whom he promised to give $5,000 in Security Bank stock, on which the Professor assured an annual income, while the farmer would retain the whole of his farm and enjoy all the profits at the same time. That is to say, he would have his bank stock, have his whole farm in possession, and enjoy an income from both. The Professor grappled manfully with this worse than Chinese puzzle, and convinced himself at least. However, there was amongst his auditors a Presbyterian minister from Nova Scotia, who had come to Dalhousie believing that the clergy were not ordained exclusively to be fishers of men, but might take a trout occasionally, if they could. This minister being Scotch, remained unconverted by Gilbraith's logic; and as I have a warm appreciation of Scotch level-headedness in all human transactions, I thought it safe to take the same side. Gilbraith, it should be said, though he spurns gold as a standard of value and as the right thing to have in "reserve," denounces with equal energy the theories of Robert Duncan Wilmot and Isaac Buchanan. He is heavy on Finance, weighty on Currency and tremendous on Banking. He is worth watching, as some day he may cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war—and then good-bye to our Loans, our Bonds, our Debentures, our Securities of all kinds, to our Banks and other financial corporations, and, indeed, to commercial society generally, as at present constituted. I feel confident that Canada stands on the verge of a financial revolution that will shake her gold basis past all recognition, and that the time is coming when a sovereign shall lie side by side with a pistereen and no mortal man shall care a pin's head more for one than the other:—for Gilbraith declares that he has made an impression on Governor Tilley and Premier Mackenzie, and now he is going straight for Sir Alexander Galt and Richard John Cartwright, and vows he will never cease the agitation while grass grows and water runs! He is one of the greatest and best natured curiosities at present travelling.

THE SENATORSHIP.—The *Telegraph* speaks of "a local committee consisting of Hon. Isaac Burpee, Mr. Deveber, M. P., and Mr. McLeod, M. P., agreeing to recommend J. D. Lewin, Esq., of the Bank of New Brunswick, for the vacant Senatorship," and it adds that the general impression is that Messrs. Burpee and Deveber waited on Mr. Lewin and tendered him the position, which he accepted. The reference to the Leaders of the *Telegraph's* Party as "a local committee" is, to say the least, disrespectful. The *Telegraph* helped to bring this Party into power and to place the patronage in the hands of original anti-confederates, and it ought not to make wry faces over the Government's selections. Since the appointment was destined to go to some anti-unionist, we do not see that the Government could have made a better choice from that section of their supporters, and the *Telegraph*, to be consistent, should congratulate the Government on their selection. It must have known all along that the Government policy was to indemnify the Anti-Union element for its exclusion from office for five or six years,—as witness the appointment of Mr. Anglin to the Speakership, Mr. Ketchum to the Penitentiary, Mr. G. F. Everett to the Money Order office, Mr. Cudlip to the Customs, Mr. Ellis to the St. John Postmastership, Mr. Weldon to be Deputy Minister of Justice, Mr. Thomson to be Counsel for the Fishery Commission, Mr. Duff to the Supreme Court Bench, etc., etc.; and it should not hesitate, as a good Reform journal, acting with the Anti-Union element, to accept the logical consequences of its acts. The appointment of Mr. Lewin will be a disappointment to some of "the workers" of "the Party," with whom, however, the public have not the slightest sympathy.

THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES ACT.

Does the Government of Canada intend to "make fish of one and flesh of another" in the matter of the Weights and Measures Act? If not, why are they enforcing the law in St. John and not in other towns of the Province? Why are the small traders, the grocer and dry goods dealer of St. John, compelled, at considerable expense and annoyance, to have their weights and scales and yard-sticks regulated under the new act, when the same classes of persons in the country districts are exempted from the operation of the law by the inaction of the Government?

The Government must know that the law is a dead letter outside of St. John; that the Inspectors have done nothing but draw their salaries for the last year. The Government has connived at this state of things in the country while insisting on carrying out the law in the city, in the face of the written protest of every merchant and trader in St. John. Has the Government reason to suppose that in St. John, where there is more competition and dealers watch each other more sharply than in the rural towns, the dealers are less honest than those of the country, or less deserving of the consideration of the Government? If not, why is this extraordinary course adopted?

The matter is plain enough. The County Inspectors in all cases act according to instructions received direct from the Government. Inspector Macfarlane set about enforcing the law in St. John and he did it in the harshest manner possible. He insisted on all sorts of impossible things, which the *Act* did not call for but which the Government must have instructed him to exact. The citizens of St. John rebelled: they would not be treated as serfs. They remonstrated with the Government against the extraordinary and most arbitrary requirements of the Government's agents and they asked for a suspension of the operation of the law with a view to its repeal. The Government called the Inspector to Ottawa to receive further instructions, and the result of the deliberations between the Government and its agent was that the Inspector returned and went to work with more determination than ever! But outside of St. John, as we have seen, a different policy has prevailed. The country merchants, the small traders, the old woman with her shelf of groceries, know nothing of this Weights and Measures Act—nothing of the arbitrary regulations that have been flaunted in the face of the traders in St. John—nothing of Inspectors who seize unstamped scales and examine the ends of yard-sticks through a microscope to ascertain whether they are the exact length or not. The official annoyances and interferences are reserved for only one portion of the people, the people of St. John. Now why is this? Will the Government Press kindly supply the information?

THE "GLENDON" ONCE MORE.—We asked the *Globe* some weeks ago to tell the public something about the steamer *Glendon*, which, it is said, was bought on the recommendation of Mr. Deveber, M. P., two years ago, for the revenue service of the Dominion Government. The *Globe* seemed to desire to write about revenue vessels, and we suggested the *Glendon* as a fit subject for the editor's pen. But the *Globe* is silent. It will say nothing about the *Glendon*. It will not enlighten the public on that subject in the least, although it has had several spare columns to devote to paltry squabbles with the *Telegraph* about copying paragraphs without credit and appropriating the high honor of directing the Government's policy. But the *Globe* ought not to overlook the *Glendon*. Its relations to the moving spirits in the *Glendon* business are so intimate that in five minutes it can obtain all necessary information in regard to that extraordinary purchase. It ought to be able, therefore, to reply promptly to the following queries:—Was the *Glendon* useless for any commercial purpose and unsaleable at the time the Government bought her from those who were interested in converting her into cash? Had she been a failure both as a sailer and a freight boat? Was it impossible to make her steer properly? Was it impossible to get more than six miles an hour out of this powerful steamship? Did the Government pay some $20,000 for this vessel which nobody would take as a gift? Did they expend an immense sum—and how much—on the extraordinary craft before venturing to commission her? In instituting official enquiry into her condition before purchasing, did they carefully avoid reference to her weak points, thus securing only partial information? After lavish expenditure was she found utterly useless for cruising purposes? Did not the Commander of last year refuse to sail her this season? Did he not report against her fitness for the service? Did not the Government excuse him from further service in her and give him another vessel? Has not the "steamer" *Glendon* been wholly unserviceable this season? Has she not been lying in Halifax all summer doing nothing? And how much has all this cost? And now, whose pocket was chiefly benefited by this delightful example of Reform management of our naval interests? We again commend the subject to the attention of the *Globe*, now that its important controversies with the *Telegraph* have terminated without bloodshed.

THE POST OFFICE PRINTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The *Toronto Mail* returns to the subject of the Post Office printing in New Brunswick, for executing which the Speaker of the House of Commons received last fiscal year $7,081. The *Mail* seems to doubt if the work was done, but we think there can be no question on that point. The prices may have been liberal, but the work was done as charged for. The *Mail* lays much stress on the "farming out" arrangement, and this would certainly be objectionable if it led to the Government paying higher than ordinary prices, but we understand that Mr. Anglin, who got others to do the work for him, and the *Citizen* Company, of Halifax, who did the work with their own material, charged precisely the same prices. The really strong point against the Government in this case is their violation of the Independence of Parliament Act, their attempt to influence a member, the official head of the House of Commons, by the profits on public printing, contrary to the Act "made and provided." Mr. Anglin was prevented by a combination of New Brunswick M. P's. in the Burpee Interest from receiving the seat and salary of a Minister of the Crown, which were given to Mr. Burpee; and Mr. Burpee in compensation for that loss gave Mr. Anglin the Post Office printing for New Brunswick and helped to make him Speaker, the net income from these two sources being about equal to a Minister's salary. Of course, to carry out this arrangement for mutual profit it was necessary to set the Independence of Parliament Act at defiance, and the point to be decided now is whether the law can really be set aside to suit the convenience and intrigues of politicians who fear while they detest each other. Too much can not be said on a subject so important to the rights of Parliament and the constituencies.

GUSTAVUS H. BEARDSLEY, Esq., who reported the proceedings in the Crown Land Investigation for the *Colonial Empire* newspaper of this city many years ago, died recently in Jackson, Michigan. Mr. Beardsley's connexion with the *Colonial Empire* gave him considerable local reputation at the time. He subsequently edited papers and practiced law in the oil region of Pennsylvania, and later removed to Michigan, where he was elected from time to time to several public offices, which he filled with credit.

REFORM JUDGES.—The *Telegraph's* Halifax correspondent says of the recent appointments of seven County Court Judges made by the *Telegraph's* Party, in Nova Scotia:—"Like the Prophet's figs, some of the new Judges are very good and some "naughty, exceedingly." We are not told who these "naughty Judges" are by this correspondent, but one of them is described in an editorial in the *Globe*, as "poor Stewart Campbell, gulled, disappointed, worn out with waiting, and now in his "decline shattered in political fortunes and with "no prospect whatever before him." Though so poor a character is given to the new made Judge we incline to the opinion that Mr. Campbell's is probably the best judicial mind of the whole seven. We have no desire to reflect on the Bench or to question the qualifications of these seven gentlemen to whom the Mackenzie Government has committed the interests of justice in the sister Province. We are content to leave that duty to the Government scribes, and to call attention to their estimate of the appointments. If the new Judges are what they are represented as being in the *Telegraph* and *Globe*, Nova Scotia is to be pitied. According to the *Telegraph*, several of the occupants of the Bench are "naughty, exceedingly," and according to the *Globe* at least one of them "had no prospect whatever before him" when the Mackenzie Government took pity on him and—made him a Judge in the land! And this is modern Reform!

THE "FREEMAN" pretends THE WATCHMAN is not hot enough in Opposition and it suggests texts for articles, etc. Not to be out done in courtesy, we have a text to offer the *Freeman* and its editor.—It is said in the Northern Counties that orders were received a few days ago from Ottawa to erect twelve or fifteen more snow sheds along the Inter-Colonial Railway in Gloucester and Restigouche. Mr. Anglin knows whether the report is correct or not. He also knows that great dissatisfaction has existed among his constituents because such public work was not put up to competition. Has he arranged for these new sheds to be competed for? Or has he contented himself with a weak telegram or two or forwarded to Ottawa the correspondence of some leading constituent, whose remonstrance against the acts of the Government and its agents would be sufficient to prevent the remonstrant from ever receiving a dollar's worth of work at the hands of the Government? Mr. Anglin's representation of Gloucester is not giving satisfaction to the more intelligent of his constituents, but there is here an opportunity (if report speaks truly) for him to obtain for his constituency a measure of fair play which has long been denied to them. Will he do anything? Or will he rest content with the exertion of drawing a large salary and securing, if possible, an extension of his printing jobs?

THE GRAND JURY, in their Presentment on Thursday last, responded to the Chief Justice's invitation to an expression of opinion on the subject of the late Orange Procession in this City. They say they "recognize the principle laid down by your "Honor as to the right of any Society to peaceably "walk in procession in the public streets," and, further on, they declare that "a repetition of the "same course"—the 12th July Procession—"might, "we believe, lead to different and more disastrous "results." But it is hard to make out whether the Jury mean that the fact of Orangemen walking or the fact of their being armed was the likely cause of bloodshed. As it stands, the Presentment resembles more a condemnation of all Orange processions than a condemnation of a march by a body of men illegally armed. However much the *propriety* of a march or walk by unarmed men, even Orangemen, may be questioned by private individuals, it cannot be said that such conduct is illegal, and as the Grand Jury have to do simply with the legality or illegality of matters referred to their consideration, they would be in excess of their duty in condemning any body in the exercise of a legal right. But supposing them to be censuring the armed character of the Procession, and that alone, their action will be endorsed by nine tenths of the citizens of St. John and Portland, who, we may be certain, never will permit another such demoralizing and unlawful exhibition as that of last 12th July, when several hundred men marched with deadly weapons on their persons, these weapons loaded and ready to be emptied on the first persons who ventured to question their owners' right to walk. In this sense the Jurymen seem to be faithful interpreters both of the law and public sentiment.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

The Boston Theatre opens for the season next Monday night, with Mr. Frank Mayo as Tom Badger in his great specialty "The Streets of New York." The "Boston" has been gorgeously refitted.

Madame Carlyle's Female Minstrel Troupe will give a couple of entertainments at the Mechanics' Institute, in this city, next week.

About sixty people went to the Academy of Music to hear Prof. Maynard's pianoforte recitals, last Monday evening. The musical part of the entertainment was good, but a worse reader than Mr. Francis Gowen, of Bangor, could hardly be got. The audience was very forbearing and Mr. Gowen was not hissed.

Mr. J. J. Sullivan married Katie Putnam, the celebrated protean artist, at Boston, on 16th inst.

Fanny Davenport, daughter of E. L., will appear in "Pique," next Monday night, at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

Dion Boucicault says that writing plays pays. He is worth two million dollars and ought to know. He expects to clear one hundred thousand dollars out of "The Shaughraun."

When are the St. John "Harmonicons" going to give that long promised concert?

Frederic Robinson, the eminent tragedian, who has been fishing in this Province during the last three weeks, will leave St. John for the United States on Monday morning next. It is a pity a decent theatre is not running in our city, so that we could have a week's good acting out of Mr. Robinson.

John H. Murray's Railroad Circus is playing to good business in the Province of Quebec.

Dollie Bidwell is playing in "The Black Crook" in Philadelphia.

Susie Cluer, Elmer Warner and Thos. N. Edwards are in Portland, Me.

Walter Lennox, Jr., who played here a couple of years ago, under the name of Walter Scott, is at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Sophie Miles is doing Aurora Floyd at Wood's Museum, New York.

Fannie Lee is in New York.

Dora Goldthwaite rendered the character of Zarina in "Sardanapalus," Lord Byron's historical tragedy, at Booth's theatre, New York, so well recently that she received high praise from the critics.

Harry L. Barcomb, Mrs. Calder, W. W. Allen and Alfy Chippendale play in Portland, Me., at the "Masonic Hall," next Monday evening.

Harry Bloodgood, the famous minstrel performer, will go on the stage this year as an actor. He is connected with the Western Theatre Company.

Oliver Doud Byron has a new infliction called "Sentenced to Death."

E. M. Hall, the banjo soloist, is in Chicago.

Callender's Georgia Minstrels, with Billy Kersands, are in Rochester, N. Y.

Barnum's great show will show in Troy, N. Y., Aug. 31st.

Harry Leslie calls his minstrel troupe "The Colored Congress and Brass Band." He took the road last week.

This is what Fred. Hamilton says in the *Montreal Gazette* about our Academy of Music: "That building on the other side of the street, a little to the south of where we are standing, is the scene of manager E. A. McDowell's many triumphs. It is the Academy of Music, not so large, certainly, but quite as attractive as the Academy of Music at home. Perhaps the decorations of the former are a trifle too elaborate; but its acoustic qualities are excellent."

Nell Warner enacted Alfred Evelyn in Bulwer's standard comedy of "Money," for his benefit, at the Academy of Music, Montreal, last evening.

THE MARSH BRIDGE remains in a shameful condition. What with ruts and sticks and other forms of danger to man and beast and wheeled vehicles, neither life nor property is safe. It is altogether too bad that nothing is done by City or County to remedy a state of things which should never have been permitted. We hope to hear of the early improvement of this thoroughfare.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE INTER-COLONIAL — A HISTORY—1832 TO 1876, by Sandford Fleming, C. E. Dawson Bros., Montreal. Jones & Morrison, St. John.

This work is nominally Mr. Fleming's closing report to the Minister of Public Works on severing his connection with the Inter-Colonial on the completion of this important national road; but having received the Minister's permission to depart from the beaten track of official routine, Mr. Fleming has succeeded in presenting a volume which will have a permanent value as long as Canada has an existence. The volume embraces Chap. 1, The Early History of the proposed work; Chap. 2, The Maine Boundary Question; Chapters 3, 4 and 5 continue the Early History; Chap. 6, Location and Construction; Chap. 7, The Engineering Character of the Line; Chap. 8, The St. Lawrence District; Chap. 9, The Restigouche District; Chap. 10, The Miramichi District; Chap. 11, The Miramichi Bridges; Chap. 12, The Nova Scotia District; Chap. 13, Concluding Remarks; Appendix, &c. The amount of information supplied in regard to efforts made during the last forty years to secure the construction of this great work, to the relation of the Maine Boundary difficulty to the work itself, to the road, the character of the road, its bridges, culverts, embankments, etc., is very detailed and interesting. The maps and drawings, showing the bridges of all the principal bridges, etc., adding greatly to the value of the report. Mr. Fleming, in describing the differences of opinion between himself and the Commissioners—of whom Mr. Brydges was the ruling spirit—and in dealing with what he regards as mistakes in location at certain points, is exceedingly frank and straightforward, and the volume as a whole impresses the reader favorably to Mr. Fleming's strength and manliness of character. The honorable man, not less than the able engineer, is seen throughout the narrative. We notice that Mr. Fleming republishes in this volume, and with the sanction of the Government, a chapter on "The Short Ocean Passage," taken from his report in 1865 on the Exploratory Survey of the Inter-Colonial, the short passage being the route from Ireland to and across Newfoundland to a point connecting with the Inter-Colonial, say, Shippegan. The argument in favor of the shortest possible route between Europe and America—London and New York or the West—is very clear and convincing. No one need doubt that we shall ultimately see a railway across Newfoundland, and the trans-oceanic travel passing through that Island to and from Shippegan or some other point in northern New Brunswick, at least during seven months of the year. Time and money alone are needed. Time we shall have, and the money will be forthcoming. Already railway surveys are being prosecuted in Newfoundland; and it needs no prophetic vision to foresee the simultaneous advent of Newfoundland into the Canadian Union and the commencement of railway operations on this great trans-continental highway. Equally certain is it that St. John, New Brunswick, will be the great freight shipping port for Canada, since it is nearer the Upper Provinces than Halifax by the Inter-Colonial Railway, besides having the added advantage over any other Maritime port of being the resort of vessels seeking cargoes. When the "short cut" *via* Lake Megantic and Sherbrooke is completed St. John will be only one half the distance from Montreal that Halifax will be by the Inter-Colonial. We would like to hear from Mr. Fleming on this subject. Meantime we commend his volume to the reading public. It will have attention from all public men and all railway engineers, but it should be read by every one, especially by every Canadian. Messrs. Dawson have sent it forth in superior type and binding, and on heavy paper. The maps and drawings are well printed and arranged.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED, by F. W. Robinson: New York, Harper & Bro.: St. John, Jones & Morrison.

A new novel by the author of "Poor Humanity," is almost sufficient announcement to send book buyers eagerly to the bookstores. "As long as she lived" is a most readable novel, fully equal to "Little Kate Kirby" any better than "True to herself," all popular novels by the same author. Robinson has the faculty of investing his stories with peculiar interest and genuine dramatic force. The book under notice is written in his best vein and in some parts it surpasses his previous efforts. The conversations are sprightly and exhibit the author's strongest characteristics. The exquisite love story which runs through the narrative, develops the progress of the old, old passion in a new light, and young ladies will find this portion of "As long as she lived" the most delicious in the book. A fine moral runs through all of Robinson's works, and in the present novel he presents a new truth in a strong aspect. This is just the book to read now, when the autumn is upon us and the leaves are turning. Robinson's books seem more enjoyable at this season than at any other time.

ROSE TURQUAND, by Ellice Hopkins: New York, Harper & Bro.: St. John, Jones & Morrison.

This is a very pretty love story, with nothing brilliant in it. There is little depth in the plot, or much point. The author possesses talent but not genius, and while the story as a story is amusing enough and pleasant to read, it is devoid of fire or power. Ellice Hopkins writes very well though, and has succeeded in telling the story without being dull or tedious, but we fail to see any art in the construction of the tale. Whatever may be its defects, "Rose Turquand" has this merit, it will not tire the reader or send him to sleep. The book is a good one to take up on a rainy afternoon or a dull day. It will amuse the reader. Messrs. Jones & Morrison have added to their already large stock an immense number of new novels by popular authors. They get all the new books as soon as published.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, AUGUST.—The contents of this number fully maintain the high character which the magazine has attained. Dr. Ryerson occupies the place of honor with the concluding paper on Queen Elizabeth. It is written in the author's usual style, and contains nothing specially new. It is, however, sufficiently interesting to repay a perusal. In Pioneer Methodism, by the Rev. Edward Eggleson, D. D., we recognize an old

the prison pla[illegible] of the scum of this great city. As our magnificent steamer passed among the numerous craft bearing their living freight in the early morning from Harlem and other adjacent points,—workmen and clerks going to their accustomed task in the ever busy hive of struggling humanity,—the scene was enlivened by constant signalling and merry waving of handkerchiefs, which latter was [illegible]ciated in by the imprisoned sisters of the sedu[illegible] Cleopatra, who were rusticating on the Isla[illegible] Passing between the great piers of the East [illegible] Bridge, which was to all appearances ready [illegible]ceiving the working ropes of the heavy sus[illegible]n cables, we rounded into North River and [illegible]d into

[illegible]ER 28.

the destination [illegible] *Bristol*. Thence to our hotel, after a fond adieu to our many travelling acquaintances; breakfast, and a stroll down town; after lunch a trip by the elevated railway up to Central Park; in the evening to see the 200th representation of "Pique" at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre; and home to our hotel to sleep, if possible, with the thermometer injuring itself at 89°; "and yet we were not happy." We sat out on the balcony and smoked a weed ere retiring, and while doing so were treated to

A FIRST-CLASS MURDER

right under our very eyes in Union Square Park—the details of which [illegible] too sickening for recital in this connection. This satisfied us and we retired.

En passant, a few words about Gilmore's Garden. This most certainly has been made a perfect success by Mr. Gilmore's untiring energy and managerial ability—aided by the natural adaptation of the place by situation to successful patronage. Located on the corner of 27th Street and 4th Avenue it is easy of access to all parties coming from down town and from Long Island,—street cars running past the entrance on 4th Avenue, the main entrance being on Broadway. Where it further west than 4th Avenue it would lose the patronage of a vast number of transient visitors; as it is, most of the hotels are within easy distance. Here one can take a quiet stroll with a friend around the gravelled pathway; through beders of magnificent tropical plants; the fine cascade at the 4th Avenue end imparting a delicious sensat[illegible] coolness, and the ceiling illuminated by fan[illegible]tically arranged variously colored lights. In the [illegible]ence of the garden is placed the grand stand for [illegible]thras band of 100 performers, led by Gilmore, [illegible]hiself, Arbuckle and [illegible]. Very alternately re[illegible]c cornet solos, vocal selections are [illegible]y talented singers to vary the performan[illegible] boxes and respectful attendants are st[illegible]neros to satisfy the immense nightly throng.

Next morning we reach in the [illegible]off for Philadelphia, which we reach in passing from Jersey City to this o[illegible]ty Love we traversed the most charming [illegible] region in the United States. The crops were [illegible] could be desired in every particular. W[illegible] immense tracts of waving yellow grain, [illegible] a very forward state and other just rea[illegible]e reapers. More especially noticeable [illegible]portion of Berks County in Pennsylvania, [illegible]ies the richest tract of land in the Sta[illegible]

Arriving at

THE [illegible] GROUNDS

we make a circ[illegible]o the Pennsylvania R. R. depot, where [illegible] coach for the "Hotel Aubrey" about [illegible] from the depot. This structure is bui[illegible]ick, has a piazza running the full length [illegible]se, some 600 feet, and is altogether one [illegible]st and best hotels for a sojourn in the [illegible]y. It is so arranged that after the Exhibi[illegible]mall have been a thing of the past this Hotel [illegible]alnut street may be converted into a terrace of [illegible]ivate dwellings, each entirely separate from the [illegible]elter. After having disposed of a substantial su[illegible]r we rode down to the Arch street Theatre in [illegible]mpany with an old friend, Col. Seaver, who [illegible] taken a run up from Cape May. Aiding and [illegible]ffenbach appeared that evening in the Frenc[illegible] Opera Bouffe, "Le Jolie Parfumeur," Offenb[illegible] leading the Orchestra. However much we sh[illegible]d have liked to have seen and heard the opera, [illegible] were compelled to retire after the first act in a [illegible]s crowded position and more wholesome atmo[illegible]ere. After enjoying a good night's rest we [illegible] an early breakfast and, in company with an old [illegible]oronto friend, arrived at the entrance to the m[illegible] building of the Exhibition. While stopping a[illegible]ermantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, one ca[illegible] obtain a very fair view of the Exhibition buil[illegible] in Fairmount Park, but the magnificence of [illegible] result of that view is made manifest upon a[illegible] being on the grounds. We commenced to[illegible] we could of the great show in [illegible]ng the main exhibit building, which is about [illegible]gth and about 500 to 600 ft. in width. As we [illegible] the main entrance, the first object that pres[illegible]self to our gaze is the long rows comprising [illegible]e "Chair Brigade," men and boys in uniform [illegible] dark grey, and panama hats, whose duty it is [illegible]heel visitors about the building, pointing out [illegible] the greater objects of interest, at so much per [illegible]a. We feel able to travel without [illegible] by a second party, and enter into [illegible]ibit, which, in point of finished workmanship [illegible] and articles of *vertu*, is [illegible]. Passing out on one cross aisle and down another [illegible] through the departments of New South Wales, [illegible] Colony, Gold Coast, Argentine Republic, Australia, etc., until we come to China, where may be seen multitudinous vases, lacquered in almost [illegible]ery conceivable style but with predominance in coloring. Here also are to be [illegible] specimens of intricate work in ivory as we [illegible]ed one to imagine himself in fairy land, [illegible] not for the continued commands and buzzing [illegible] voices from passers by. Mopping of the brows and endeavors to keep cool had already co[illegible]ced thus early, and from then until we reache[illegible]

THE [illegible]TIAN DEPARTMENT

we could hardl[illegible]mplate the exhibits from exercise in fanni[illegible]selves and freely using the handkerchief [illegible]ur perspiring brows. In this last mentioned department the object which attracted most attention was the display of garments worn by the signitories of Egypt of both sexes. Underclothing for ladies was shown here which was certainly finer manufactured for utility, being composed of so fine of thread lace embellished with gold embroidery, of vines and leaves. The largest garment [illegible] kind was labelled, "Sold to Miss Ordway [illegible]ourageous young lady of Ohio, the daughter [illegible] by parents, lovely in appearance and figu[illegible]told, and an only child. A great portion [illegible]her garments were extremely fine in textur[illegible] in coloring and very expensive. Quite a[illegible] to the Chinese department was that of J[illegible]ich had such a tidy and neat appearance. [illegible]jects of the Mikado, who represent the na[illegible]he Centennial had adopted American dre[illegible] appeared to have cultivated a taste for re[illegible] and civilization, whilst the attendants in [illegible]ce set apart for the exhibits from the Cele[illegible]uire presented a slovenly appearance, cal[illegible] to inspire disgust in visitors. We had also [illegible]

[illegible] AND SWEDEN,

which favorably sight near with specimens of their homely manufacture, [illegible] be sure, not having acquired a high degree of culture, yet well suited for the purposes [illegible] the rugged, cheerful, pious and affectionate people of the higher latitudes, who are not wanting a devotion and sympathy. Here are found scenes in the every day life of the people. On one hand we have a scene of a Laplander sitting in his lodge, drawn by a reindeer, his wife having her infant [illegible] in a sling on her back after the styl[illegible] of our Indian tribes, lighting the pipe [illegible] handing it to her goodman as he [illegible] on a lonely journey. The figures are c[illegible] in plaster and dressed in the native [illegible] faces and hands colored; and very [illegible] are they and the surroundings. Another tableau is that of a family gathered [illegible] around the hearth of a peasant's house—"The death of a child"—the grief stricken young mother clasping [illegible] dead infant in her agonizing grasp, [illegible] with unutterable sadness of heart upon the corpse [illegible] her beloved offspring, so soon to be laid away—[illegible] here already, lying close at hand, is the [illegible]ece coffin; and the aged grandsire stands apart with saddened countenance as though he would [illegible] utter words of condolence and sympathy; the young father, seated on a roughly made chair, with [illegible]owncast head, caressing his little daughter and endeavoring to extract comfort in this trying hour from the Book of Books. There are other scenes equally [illegible]pply conceived and worthy of attention, showing peasant life and costume in Lapland, Norway [illegible] Skone, the densely populated county of Swed[illegible]. Though hastily traversing the other departme[illegible], we cannot but observe the magnificent display [illegible] Furs in the Russian exhibit; the elegant workmanship evinced by the wonderful collection of Bohemian glass ware in the Austrian department; [illegible]nd the fine array of every scientific appliance necessary for transporting the wounded from the scene [illegible] action in battle and attention to the comfort of [illegible]ese defenders of the nation when confined in wards [illegible] an hospital, which one cannot pass by unnoticed [illegible] the space allotted to Germany.

THE [illegible]ANADIAN EXHIBIT

is certainly a fine [illegible] and compares favorably with any other in the [illegible]g. France and the United States have each [illegible] display. Yet the exhibit made by Great [illegible] opens up to the gaze of a visitor such a ri[illegible] incomparable variety, from the heavier pro[illegible] the loom to the tiny watch, not larger than [illegible]r cent silver piece, encrusted with diamonds, [illegible] palm is at once conceded to this display.

In the Americ[illegible]ment prominently situated we notice two li[illegible] Pipe Organs, one built by Hook of Boston [illegible]other by a New York firm name the [illegible] Machinery Hall just main building [illegible] hour at noon) of

the great Corliss Engine, which gives motion to all the machines in the large structure. So we saunter through, observing with amazement the proportions of the immense Krupp cannon, which is mounted in the German department, immediately at the left of the main entrance. Leaving this building until the reassembling of the workmen we crossed over to

THE TURKISH BAZAAR

and refreshment booth, where we reclined upon inviting couches, supped a cup of excellent coffee made up after the Turkish fashion, and smoked a *chibouk*, the while enjoying a quiet chat. Here the waiters were all dressed in Oriental costume, with manager and lady cashier seated at one side of the octagonal room. The lady's jacket was made of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, and on her head was jauntily placed a small cap to match the loose Zouave jacket. When we had sufficiently rested we retraced our steps to Machinery Hall and upon entering were attracted by the voices of a gang of negro workmen in the Virginian department, where these men were manipulating Tobacco and singing away for dear life. True, their voices were not artistic but they accorded very well and swelled out harmoniously in the strains of old time plantation melody.

Space will not permit of a description of any portion of this building.

The next point of interest appeared to be Memorial Hall, a very fine structure intended to remain permanently. In front of this building on either hand we have a collossal representation of Pegasus, and upon entering the vestibule we have before us a life-statue of Washington, and on the right hand one of Bismarck. We next proceed to inspect the Art Gallery, and as the atmosphere is getting more sultry we are obliged to hurry through into the corridor and rooms set apart for Statuary. It appears to us that in the exhibits of paintings, with few exceptions, that of Great Britain stood far in advance of France, both in choice of subjects and execution. The show of Statuary is very extensive and amongst them are prominently noticeable in the Italian department several busts whose faces are made to convey the impression of being partially hidden behind a filmy veil,—certainly works of exceeding merit. As the writer had just received a telegraphic despatch, prior to entering Memorial Hall, that his presence would be necessary in New York the following morning, we both concluded to regretfully

TAKE OUR DEPARTURE

from this scene of animation; and after having by a bath endeavored to reduce the temperature of our bodies, but discovering that the attempt was of little avail, we refreshed our parched throats with a glass of Milwaukee lager, and took car for the Pennsylvania Depot, where in about half an hour we stepped on board the train bound for the Empire City. As we left the Exhibition grounds we noticed ominous clouds gathering, and before our train had left the depot a very heavy shower, accompanied by thunder and lightning, passed over the city, and we felt correspondingly glad that we had been fortunate enough to escape its fury.

The City of Philadelphia, owing to its situation so far from sea breezes, and cool places of resort, appears in the writer's mind to be far less desirable for an exhibition of this character than New York would have been, and probably the next Centennial Commission may not be averse to making the change. However, as we do not expect to be present upon any such interesting occasion we will rest content with the thought that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." To those who can go and who have not yet gone to see this wonderful show, I would say: avail yourselves of this opportunity and you will regret neither time nor money spent in doing the Centennial Exhibition.

G. E. A.

"Enquirer."—We had not heard that "the headquarters of the Post Office Department have been removed to a wholesale establishment on Prince Wm. street;" but it may be so. You had better enquire at the Money Order Office, up stairs, or at the *Globe* newspaper office.

"Seamum, Moncton."—The Peters' Lottery came off several weeks ago. The house was drawn by a party named Fitzpatrick. Everything in connection with the drawing itself appeared to be fairly done, but it is said the managing committee (not Mr. Peters) sold the last thousand or so of the tickets at a great sacrifice, many parties getting the dollar ticket at 10 to 15 or 20 cts. each. A list of the numbers which drew prizes was published at the time in one of the city dailies.

"J. A. G."—Your lines will appear next week.

BUSINESS NOTES.

MONEY, EXCHANGE, ETC.—Exchange in New York is firmer this week. The quoted rates have been advanced about one cent per diem, and stand now at 4.88¼ for 60 days sight and 4.90 for short sight, equal to 9¼ and 10¼ premium by the old way of quoting the rates. It would be a change for the better to have the new and simpler mode of giving the quotations adopted here. The banks here have not raised their rates, which are posted as 9¼ and 10¼. Sixty day exchange can thus be bought here cheaper than in New York at present. The premium on gold has advanced again. Our latest quotation was 10¼, equal to 9⅞ discount on the greenback dollar, which is about the rate greenbacks pass at here. The banks are charging 9¾.

DEAL FREIGHTS remain firm, with very few vessels offering this week. Grain freights have advanced to 6¾ orders, and oil to 5/ in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and attract ships away from the deal ports. A further improvement is expected on grain and oil, so that shippers here may prepare to improve their figures. Our harbor is nearly bare of vessels and very few are known to be bound here. At outports the demand for tonnage continues active. Late transactions are:—

Hence Liverpool, 75/, c. d.; Cork Quay, 74/, old charter.

Miramichi to Waterford, 75/.

Shediac to Liverpool, 76/3, c. d.

Caraquet to Liverpool, 80/.

Vessels are wanted for Cuba at $8 @ $9, lumber.

BREADSTUFFS are without any quotable change, though the higher grades have advanced 5c. to 10c. in Ontario. Stocks are large and the demand light.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES continue without change, the demand being *nil*. The reports from abroad still favor the idea of a rapid and large advance as soon as any demand arises.

THE ANCHOR LINE STEAMERS.—The extent of the accommodation afforded to travellers and the business community by this fine line of steamers is fairly illustrated by the sailings advertised in our city papers this week. Thus the *Olympia* leaves Glasgow to-day and Liverpool on Wednesday (30th inst.) for Halifax and St. John direct; the *Elysia* leaves London Sep. 2nd, for the same ports. The *Dorian*, now on the passage out, will load in St. John about Sep. 5, for Glasgow direct, and the agents here, Messrs. Scammell Brothers, are prepared to arrange for the carriage of Lobsters, smoked herring and other measurement cargo on through bills of lading to London, Hamburg, etc., on favorable terms. The steamers of this line are noted for the good condition in which they deliver cargo.

A BANK FOR TRURO.—The Truro *Sun* is vigorously engaged in working up the project of a local Bank. The wonder is that Truro has been so long dependent on the outside world for its banking accommodation.

BUSINESS CHANGES.—John Murphy, brush manufacturer, Saint John; closed by execution James Dunlop, grocer, St. John, sold out to James Dunlop, Jr. Moffatt and Kerr, dry goods, St. John; selling out at auction. W. B. Hanhman, general store, Tedish; sold out by Sheriff. Writs of attachment issued against L. Jodoin & Co., dry goods, Alex. Walker, dry goods, and the Ottawa and Rideau Forwarding Co.—all of Montreal. A. Beales and Co., lumber, Middleton, N. S., dissolved; Mr. Chipman, of this firm, assumes all liabilities and continues the business. Sinclair, Jack and Co., wholesale grocers, Montreal, dissolved, David Sinclair retiring and Mr. Jack continuing the business.

INSOLVENT PROCEEDINGS, NEW BRUNSWICK.—Creditors of George S. Parker, St. John, will hold first meeting, Sept. 14; of Emma Hartt, Edmundston, Sept. 1; of James Humble, Fredericton, Sept. 23, to consider composition of 10 p.c., unsecured, in 1, 2 and 3 years, with interest.—E. B. Winslow is appointed assignee to James Humble.—Applications for discharge will be made to County Court Judges as follows:—In Charlotte, William Ewart, Sept. 16; in St. John, E. H. Lester, Sept. 21, John S. Holstead, Aug. 28; in Westmorland, James Boyce, Matthew Ferguson, Sept. 18, Samuel Hayward, Sept. 21; in Albert, William E. Stevens, Sept. 21; in York, William Calder, Sept. 18, Alfred Bartlett, Sept. 25, Thomas Dowling, Sept. 4; in Carleton, James A. Crandlemire, John Marshall, jr., Dec. 12; in Victoria, William Forbes, Sept. 12.—Dividend sheet, George Morris, Fredericton, open to objection until Sept. 16.

HEAVY TRADE SALES.—Messrs. Stewart & White advertise for Tuesday, Sept. 5, their Fall trade sale of Dry Goods, particulars of which appear in our advertising columns. They will then offer not only a large but a choice assortment of West of England Cloths, Does, Trouserings, Diagonals, Venetians, Beavers, Pilots, Canadian Tweeds and other goods for fall and winter make-up, as well as other Dry Goods, Black Lustres, Blankets, etc. The City trade will probably be out in force, and dealers at a distance will also find their interests served by attending this sale, when the several lots will be disposed of "without reserve." Stewart & White's heavy sale of manufactured Furs will commence on Friday, Sept. 8. The advertisement, showing extraordinarily complete lines of every description of ladies', gentlemen's and children's furs, has already attracted general attention. It will be found in our columns to-day, and the attention of traders who have not seen it, and who wish to lay in a winter's supply of these goods at moderate prices, is respectfully called to it. The stock as a whole represents immense value, and is in good hands when in those of Messrs. Stewart & White.

RAILWAY FREIGHT CHARGES.—A circular has been issued by the Railway authorities to Station Agents, asking them to give the reasons, as far as they can ascertain them, why the merchants in their localities do not more extensively patronize the freight business of the Inter-Colonial; and also to state what objections the merchants and others have to the general freight tariff. As a correspondent remarks: "Mr. Brydges over-rides the wishes of the patrons of the road and dictates rates of freight which virtually drive all from using the road who can secure any other means of transportation; and then he coolly asks why they don't patronize it!" We can understand that this circular foreshadows a change of tariff. We shall not be surprised to find "the cheapest tariff on this Continent" going down under the blows of the Opposition Press and the remonstrances of our "Merchants," and in spite of the championship of the *Telegraph* and all the other Government journals and railway officials combined. We have had the Freight Tariff reconstructed twice since Mr. Brydges assumed control. It is to be hoped the next change will be such as will enable the old customers of the road to return to it, and that all sections and all interests will be fairly considered.

COOKED CORNED-BEEF.—The Wilson Packing Company, of Chicago, slaughter two hundred choice beeves every working day of the year; corn the meat and pack it in tins for sale. The demand for the goods of this company is quite unprecedented. Messrs. R. E. Puddington & Co. make large sales of the "Wilson" Company's goods in this Province. We notice that *Hall's Journal of Health* devotes several pages to a friendly notice of the Company's operations and particularly to the healthful character of the food which they turn out.

AMASA E. KILLAM, Esq., has purchased Mr. MacDonald's interest in and become sole contractor of the Albert Railway.—*Post.*

QUEEN'S COUNTY ITEMS.

The letters of "Petersville" in THE WATCHMAN are creating quite a sensation. The feeling against Mr. John Perris, M. P., is intense; the people of Canning, Johnston, Waterboro and Brunswick, his strong-holds in former elections, having turned against him almost to a man.

The crops in New Canaan are excellent, but fears are entertained that they may yet be injured by the drought. Some of the finest farms in New Brunswick, owned by the Clarks, the Coreys and Alwards, are to be found in the valley of the Canaan River. Wheat is grown in large quantities, almost every farmer raising enough for home consumption. The Canaan River was never so low as during the present summer, the best having never been known so great by the oldest inhabitant.

Mr. Andrew Lipsett, the most extensive lumber merchant in Queen's County, is about to raise a raft of white oak timber that sunk in a storm while passing down the Grand Lake in the year 1796, the lighters having been parted from the timbers by the violence of the waves. The timber was owned by his grandfather, who cut and hauled it on his farm at Young's Cove. It was near this spot that a chest containing two hundred dollars in silver coin was sunken by the overturning of a boat containing Rev. Abraham Wood, Mr. Samuel Austin,—grandfather of Messrs. Austin Bros., Indiantown,—and two hired men, in the year 1823. Mr. Wood, who now lives in Charlotte Street, St. John, and one of the men were rescued, but Mr. Austin and the other hired man were drowned. The money, which belonged to Rev. Mr. Wood, was never afterwards recovered.

We saw some fine tomatoes shipped on board the steamer *Olive* at Douglas Harbor on Monday last; also potatoes and squashes at Robertson's Point; which indicate that Grand Lake has excellent farms in its vicinity somewhere.

The wood-boat *Pilgrim*, owned by Capt. John McCaw, left Upper Jemseg on Tuesday morning with a load of stones for the breakwater in this harbor, and returned the following Wednesday—in all forty hours, the shortest trip reported among the up-river boatmen.

Three strangers, who have been for some time hanging around Jemseg, have dug a large hole under a tree on the farm of Mr. Clarence Dykeman, from which some vessel appears to have been taken out, which some think contained money.

The new wood-boat *Champion*, owned by Capt. Hiram Ferris, went ashore in Wiggins' Cove, Grand Lake, on Sunday last, the wind blowing heavily from the north-west.

The gold-bearing vein of quartz rock recently discovered on Coal Creek is again attracting public attention. Some specimens were obtained a few days ago which would warrant handsome returns for investment. Any County in New Brunswick but Queen's would ere this have had up their crusher and been turning out the doubloons.

The black knot is destroying the plum trees.

The late drought has injured the potatoe and buckwheat crops, which were, till recently, so promising.—*Com.*

THOSE GRAND LAKE LIGHTS.—A correspondent (on our first page) brings out the fact that both Wiggins's Point light and Fanjoy's Point light appear in the Government estimates for the current year, 1876-7, the latter as a "NEW" light and entered for the first time! As a matter of fact, there never was a light on Wiggins' Point, and the Fanjoy's Point light has been lighted and paid for since 1873! This light-house mystery appears to deepen.

TOO BAD.—J. Q. Howard, formerly U. S. Consul at St. John, has written the life of General Hayes, the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Those who have put up money on Hayes must now feel pretty sick.

CORNED BEEF.—An extract from *Hall's Journal of Health*—first class authority—speaks very highly of the cooked Corned Beef of the Wilson Packing Company, sold by R. E. Puddington & Co. of this City. The demand for this article of food increases from day to day.

REV. R. A. MCFARLANE, A. M., B. D., will preach in the Reformed Presbyterian Church (Mr. Stavely's), to-morrow, at the usual hours,—11 and 6.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BOYS' COLLEGE will re-open on Monday next, after the summer vacation.

JAMES MCALLISTER, Esq., of Moncton, has been appointed Cashier of the Inter-Colonial Railway, on the recommendation of Hon. A. J. Smith.

MARINE EXAMINATIONS.—At St. John, on the 22nd and 23rd inst., the following gentlemen, prepared by Captain R. Connolly, Government Marine School, 53 Water street, passed most creditable and successful examinations and received certificates of competency: Jacob DeLong, Quaco, Master; Neil McCallum, Scotland, Master.

SMITH & DUNN;

ARCHITECTS,

MERRITT'S BRICK BUILDING,

Opposite Barnes' Hotel,

Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B.

june 10 1 y

CLIMO'S SPECIALTIES.—Photography in faithful portraiture, with the finest re-touched effects.—PICTURE AND MOTTO FRAMING in artistic settings, fine mouldings and lowest prices.—STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of New Brunswick, as fine as produced in any country, only $1.50 per dozen. Trade supplied low. Cheapest house for Stereoscopes, Brackets, Engravings, Chromos, &c.—60 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

The Consolidated E. & N. A. Railway's Trains are dispatched as follows:—EXPRESS—Leaves St. John at 8.15 a. m., for Bangor. FREIGHT at 1.15 p. m., and LOCAL EXPRESS for Fredericton Junction at 4.30 p. m. EXPRESS—Leaves Bangor (M. C. Depot) 7.30 a. m., for St. John. FREIGHT will leave Vanceboro' at 5.00 a. m., and LOCAL EXPRESS will leave Fredericton Junction at 8.00 for St. John. Connection is made by all Trains with those of N. B. and C. and Fredericton Railways.

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aug 19—41

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CARRY THE NEWS!

H. BROCKINGTON,

56 GERMAIN ST., - VERNON'S BRICK BUILDING,

THANKS the Public for the large amount of patronage extended to him for the last two years, and would now announce that in addition to the branches of CLEANING, REPAIRING and PRESSING of CLOTHING—which he will still follow up with his usual diligence—he has opened out a STOCK of

Superior Cloths for Spring & Summer Wear,

and will hereafter offer *Fashionably made Suits of the very Best Material* at the following remarkably moderate prices:—

Tweed Suits made up at $16.00
Diagonal Suits & Basket Coatings, 22.00
Dress Suits, ... 24.00

☞A first-class fit is guaranteed. *Orders filled to the day promised.* apr 29—1y

Births.

August 19th, the wife of the Rev. E. A. W. Hanington, D.D., the Rectory, Prince William, of a daughter.

At Bic, Province of Quebec, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, of a daughter.

Marriages.

In the Methodist Church, Annapolis, on the 17th inst., by the father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. J. L. Spenagle, the Rev. Hibert R. Baker, A. B., of Havelock, King's County, N. B., to Laura E., youngest daughter of the Rev. Richard Smith, of Annapolis, N. S.

On 23rd inst., at St. James' Church, by the Rector, the Rev. Wm. Armstrong, Henry A. Muirhead, Esq., of Chatham, Miramichi, to Clara J., daughter of Alex. Reed, Esq., of St. John. No cards.

At Boston, Mass., Aug. 16th., at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, by the Rev. P. F. Lyndon, Vicar-General of the Diocese, John J. Sullivan, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Mary ("Katie") C. Putnam, of Chicago.

On the 22nd inst., by the Rev. Howard Sprague, A. M., Mr. Angus Hamilton, of East Cambridge, Mass., to Maggie, youngest daughter of Mr. Archibald Black, of this city.

At the Wesleyan Church, Hopewell Hill, A. C., on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Isaac Howie, Gaius S. Turner, Esq., of Harvey, A. C., to Lucy E., daughter of Captain David Stiles, of Hopewell, A. C.

Deaths.

At Grand Bay, Aug. 21st, Bertha M., fifth daughter of David and the late Mary Ann Hanan, in the 9th year of her age.

In Portland, on 21st inst., Emma Jane, fourth daughter of Patrick and Catharine McGoldrick, aged 7 years and 8 months.

At New York, on the 15th inst., Jeremiah O'Leary, in the 76th year of his age, a native of Bandon, County Cork, Ireland.

On the 22nd inst., Barbara Mumford, widow of the late William Mumford, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 18th inst., Mr. Samuel Cutler, for a number of years past a resident of this city.

In this city, Aug. 22nd, Capt. Sylvanus Heney, of Deer Island, Charlotte Co., aged 64 years.

On August 22nd, Jessie Myrtle, youngest daughter of C. E. and M. A. Lyman, aged 4 months.

In this city, on the 22nd inst., Harriet Elizabeth, infant daughter of James and Elizabeth Bannister.

On 22nd inst., Mrs. Ellen Desmond, aged 48 years.

At the Alms House, Aug. 19th, Patrick Walsh, in the 57th year of his age, a native of County Cork, Ireland.

At Portland, on the 22nd inst., Annie Margaret, only child of John and Annie Murray, aged 4 years and 3 weeks.

In Portland, on Tuesday night, Jane, the beloved wife of Thomas Miller, aged 32 years.

In Carleton, on the 19th inst., Captain B. C. Longmuire, in the 77th year of his age.

In this city, on 20th inst., Alice E., aged 4 months and 29 days, only child of David and Maggie Brown.

In this city, 20th inst., Bernard, child of Bernard and Cassie Gallagher, of Lynn, Mass., aged 11 months and 22 days.

At Moncton, on the 17th inst., Walter Wilmot, aged eleven months and two days, infant son of David W. and Ada E. Jones.

At Bic, Province of Quebec, on the 16th inst., Everil Winfred, infant daughter of Collingwood Schrieber.

On August 19th, Robert J., infant child of Joseph and Alice Doherty, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 24th inst., Joseph, aged 16 months and 10 days, son of Henry and Sarah Ann Hawkins.

On the 24th inst., Grace Mary Lee, infant daughter of Arthur C. and Annie E. Fairweather.

At London, England, on 4th inst., William Aggas, Esq., for upwards of forty years Secretary to the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company limited.

NEW HATS!

FALL STYLES.

JUST RECEIVED:

THE FIRST SHIPMENT of FALL STYLES of FUR and FELT HATS, in Fine and Medium Qualities.

LATEST STYLES received as soon as issued.

Gents' LATEST STYLES SILK HATS ready in a few days.

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MANUFACTURED FUR SALE,

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COMPLETE assortment of Ladies, Gentlemen and Children's **FURS.** The only important and special sale of the season.

The Goods offered are manufactured by one of the largest first-class Fur establishments in Montreal, and by examining the Goods, purchasers will at once detect the superiority of the goods, in material, finish and style.

Terms liberal; fair discount for cash.

Sale to take place,

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1876,

AT THE AUCTION ROOMS OF

STEWART & WHITE, - - St. John, N. B.

THE STOCK COMPRISES THE FOLLOWING:—

600 Eng. Cong. Caps, Beaver band.
400 " plain do
400 Baltic Seal do do do
200 Persia Lamb do
200 Russia do do
100 Grey do do
200 R. Seal do
75 Sea Otter do
150 Natural do
100 Beaver Caps.
500 assorted Ladies and Children's Caps,
150 dozen Plush and Mohair do
600 Muffs,
300 Collars,
300 Boas of Sable, Mink, Link, Ermine, Grebe, Seal, Alaska Sable, Muskrat, French Sable, Chinchilla, Persia and Grey Lamb, Imitation Seal, Sealette, etc;
400 Sets of Children's Furs, in every variety;
150 Ladies' Sealette and Jackets, in S. Seal, plain and trimmed, loose and close fitting), Persia Lamb, Coon, Beaver, White Rabbit, Astrachan, etc;
Gentlemen's Coats, S. Sea Seal, Persia Lamb, Racoon, etc;
Gauntlets, Beaver, Real Otter, etc.
Also Bear, Wolf, White Fox, Muskox, lined and trimmed Buffalo, etc.

Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.

Particulars of terms and conditions stated in catalogue on the day of sale. aug26 2i

FALL TRADE SALE OF DRY GOODS.

At our Auction Room on TUESDAY, the 5th Sept., at 11 a. m., will be sold:—

A LARGE consignment of DRY GOODS for Fall trade, comprising:—

All-Wool Black West of England Cloth,
All-Wool Black West of England Doe,
All-Wool Blue West of England Doe,
All-Wool Blue West of England Cloth,
⅞ Trouserings, West of England,
A superior lot of Canadian Tweeds, suitable for fall;
Heavy 4-4 Coatings,
Black and Blue Diagonals,
Black and Blue Venetians,
Black and Brown and Blue All-Wool Beavers,
Blue, Black and Brown Devon Pilots,
Blue and Black superior quality of Twaddle,
A large consignment of Winceys,
A large consignment of Scotch Tartan Plaids,
BLACK LUSTRES,
A large variety of other Dry Goods,
Special lot of 50 bales Blankets.
All to be sold without reserve. Terms liberal.

aug26 2i STEWART & WHITE.

Anchor Line.

Regular and Direct Steam Communication from Glasgow and Liverpool to Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B.

THE FIRST CLASS and full powered Steamship "OLYMPIA" will be despatched as follows (unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances):—

From Glasgow.	*From Liverpool.*
SATURDAY, 26th Aug.	WEDNESDAY, 30th Aug.

FARES.

Cabin, - - - - - - 13 guineas.
Steerage, - - - - - 6 guineas.

Passengers booked to or from all parts of the United Kingdom and Dominion of Canada.

Drafts issued payable on presentation in sums from £1 upwards.

Apply to

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Anchor Line.

Regular and Direct Steam Communication from LONDON to Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B.

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From London, Saturday, 2nd September,

for Halifax only, but carrying goods on through Bills of Lading to all points on the Intercolonial Railway.

This Steamer will, after discharging cargo at Halifax (on or about the 11th of September), proceed to New York, and presents a favorable opportunity for a short sea voyage.

For Passage, apply to Messrs. THOS. A. S. DEWOLF & SON, Halifax, or here to

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Anchor Line.

THE first-class Steamship "DORIAN" (now on the passage from Liverpool to Halifax and this port) will, after discharge of inward cargo, load for Glasgow direct on or about

Tuesday, 5th Sept.

(The exact date to be announced in a future advertisement.)

The subscribers are prepared to make arrangements for the carriage of Lobsters, Smoked Herrings, and other measurement cargo, upon through Bills of Lading to London, Hamburg, etc., and upon favorable terms.

This Steamship has good accommodation for both Cabin and Steerage passengers, who can be booked through to any part of the United Kingdom.

Cabin Passage. - - - - 13 Guineas.
Steerage do. - - - - 23 Dollars.

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MAGEE BROTHERS,

Imperial Buildings!

Just received per S. S. "Hibernian":—

BLACK FRENCH MERINOS,

BLACK FRENCH TWILLS AND CRAPE CLOTHS,

BLACK PARAMETTAS AND HENRIETTAS,

BLACK ALPACCAS AND SICILLIANS,

FANCY COSTUME AND MATALAISSE CLOTHS,

FANCY, PLAIN AND TRAIL SATEEN CLOTHS.

All excellent excellent value and marked at extremely low prices.

A special lot of BLACK LUSTRES, at 20 cents per yard Extra width.

aug 26—4i

St. John, N. B., June, 1876.

THE subscribers desire to call the attention of the Public to the extensive improvements made in their

BOOK-BINDING DEPARTMENT,

enabling them to guarantee to all who may favor them with their patronage,

NEAT, HANDSOME

AND SUBSTANTIAL WORKMANSHIP,

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REDUCED PRICES for the re-binding of Music, Magazines and Old Books.

H. CHUBB & CO.

aug26

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care. Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, Itching and dandruff; and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

DR. A. A. HAYES, State Assayer of Massachusets, says of it: "I consider it *the best preparation* for its intended purposes."

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE,

FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off.

MANUFACTURED BY

R. P. HALL & Co., Nashua, N. H.

**Sold by

THE OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

On the old school-book, in its dusty nook,
With a tearful eye I gaze;
Come down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend
In talking of by-gone days.
I gaze once more, as in days of yore,
On the task that vexed the brain;
The lesson done, and victory won,
And I feel I'm a child again.

And I seem to stand with the youthful band
In the old house on the green;
I hear the fun ere the school began,
And I join the gleeksome scene.
I take my place, with a sober face,
O'er the well-carved desk I bend,
And hourly pore o'er the antique lore
Of thy wonderful page, old friend.

Then our cares were few, and our friends were true,
And our griefs were rare and light;
The world was naught (as we fondly thought)
But a region of pure delight.
But time has sped, and our path has led
Through the dark and tearful scene;
And passed away are the good and gay,
Like the old house on the green.

But we'll sing no more on the days of yore,
For the tear-drop dims the eye,
Sleep on, old book, in thy dusty nook,
As in years that have glided by.
No guilt we trace in thy honest face;
But a mine of gold within
Enriched the youth, as they sought for truth,
In the old house on the green.

THE STORY OF A TROMBONE.

[From Harper's for July.]

"It is not to be endured," I said to the proprietor of that great, gloomy lodging-house over town. "My rest is disturbed, my waking hours tortured by this rasping blast of a horn!" The blast of this trumpet over my head is worse to me than that of the angel Gabriel to a condemned soul. You may, if you please, charge me for their empty room, but either this man and his wife leave the house or I do."

"Make yourself easy, Mr. Van Tassel," said the proprietor; "they shall leave when their month is up."

I went back to my room, counting the days of the fortnight left them, as the woman in the fairy tale told over the fatal beans.

On looking from my window at the bit of blue sky visible between the high walls of the factory and the tenements close by, I found a swarm of sparrows rapidly descending upon the window-sill above mine, voraciously intent upon a supply of bread-crumbs, dealt out to them by the delicate and shapely hand of a woman. A little boy from the opposite tenement waved his crutch to the birds, and smiled his little, wan, sickly smile. I suppose in the whole of his life-time, which was not more than six seven years I had lived there, he had not, like myself, seen such a sight.

That night the man, contrary to his custom, remained at home, and, despite the closed windows and the high wind outside, there came to me note by note a quaint old hymn of Heber's, and a little French song, of which the chorus, "Jamais, jamais," sung in a clear, sweet, sonorous voice of a woman, seemed freighted with the lost hopes of the wretched creatures within the reach of her melody.

Not until the hour of midnight did the wind cease to bring me the prolonged toot of this monster of brass!

"They enjoy it, then," I said, as I went to bed; "so much the worse for them."

A week after we had one of these sudden changes of weather for which our climate is alike famous and detestable. The sun came out bright and warm, light fleecy clouds floating over a blue sky. The dingy squalor of the city shone miserably in the brilliancy of a summer solstice. My mouldy room became suffocating with fetid vapors, and as I leaned out of the window to breathe the air, a subtile perfume fell upon my nostrils. So faint, so sweet, it seemed almost dead, and, with the only warm heart I had ever known, buried out of sight. Straight down from heaven, whither that pure soul had fled, came the almost forgotten fragrance, and looking up, I was suddenly blinded by a smart shower from a watering-pot held by that same lavish hand, over a box of migonette that rested upon the broken old stones in the window-sill.

I uttered an involuntary exclamation; over popped a braided head.

"Pardon!" said the lips, smiling the free, frank, ardent smile of a woman.

I drew back and held my breath in sudden bewilderment.

For ten long years I had been dead to curiosity or care concerning my fellow-creatures. The world might have been decimated by famine and pestilence, and I would have been as impervious to pity or terror as a fossil embedded in antediluvian strata. But this word and this smile, seeming to come straight from the motive power that fed starving birds and watered fainting flowers, caused me to wonder as to the limit of this perennial fount of generosity at the top of this dingy building in the heart of the selfish city.

"How happy," thought I, "is this wretched enthusiast of a man above! With this woman for his wife and this crooked piece of brass for his foible, he can defy the wrath of the world! It is not necessary," I added, with a twinge of remonstrance for the waning days of their fortnight, "that they should remain here and distract to the verge of insanity one so much more desolate than they." So the days went by. There were but three left, when, as I sat writing at my table one morning, there came a faint rap at the door. I heard again that one word "Pardon," and had suddenly before me the braided hair, the shining eyes, the sweet full lips of that woman from the room above.

The pen dropped from my hand. I got upon my feet.

"I must speak to you," she said, "because the man below tells me it is your complaint that drives us from here. I care not for myself, but for my father, it will break his heart."

"Your father!" I stammered; "why that is different!"

"What is different?" she repeated, with a slight stamp of her foot upon the floor. "We have made the room so pretty with new paper, and the red curtains make a pleasant glow. The windows are so secured that the sun comes bravely in upon my box of migronette; it is a marvel to see. Alas, sir, I am at my wits' end. Why is it that people cannot enjoy so sweet a thing as music? We have been driven from one place to another because of our dear trombone."

"Trombone!" I repeated. "Ah, that is different!"

"Different!" she echoed; "and always different! What is it that you mean? My father must practice, or he will not keep up to the leader's exactions. I thought, indeed, that this back chamber, so high and so aloof from the rest of the world, we might call our own. How is it, sir, that you are so cruel because of the different language of my dear trombone?"

"You see it is different——" I began. A heat gradually gathered under my shaggy whiskers and mounted to my forehead. My eyes fell before the full, frank gaze of this young woman. Her summer plant touched my heart.

"Sir," she said, "three times you have said different, and only different. In the name of heaven what does that one word mean?"

"It means," I said, gaining courage to enjoy her presence, "that when I complained of your—your father's instrument, I thought it was a French horn; now I detest a French horn."

"That is wrong, sir."

"Yes, perhaps so; but, you know, some people have strange idiosyncrasies, and mine is a hatred of the French horn. All other music I adore; and as for the trombone, there is nothing in the world so delicious to me. The other night, and all the days that your good father was kind enough to play, I have listened with my soul in my ears; and that sweet refrain of 'robins of Jamais' brings the tears to my eyes."

"Then we need not go?" she said.

"No, no," I said, shuddering at the thought of such a thing. "I will see to it at once, Miss——Miss——"

"Therese; my name is Therese, and my father's name is Rigaud."

Her foot was already upon the threshold.

"Perhaps," I said, with a sort of desperation, "your father would allow me to come to you sometimes and listen to the trombone?"

"Some people like it so much better at a distance," she replied. "I myself think the room is too small."

"That is perhaps because, Miss Therese, you do not love the trombone as I do?"

"No doubt," she said; a little half smile dawned upon her lips, and she fled away through the corridor.

The room suddenly grew cold and chill. She had taken all the warmth and sunshine away with her.

I went immediately down to the proprietor and withdrew my complaint.

"You see," I said, "I thought it was a French horn, and my hatred for that instrument is of so intense a character that I cannot live under the same roof with it. Now a trombone is another thing."

"Is it?" said the proprietor, with his finger upon the page of his account book and his pen dropping with ink. "I can't tell 'em apart; but there's one thing I know when I see it, and that's a handsome face. That wheezy old Frenchman owns a blamed good-looking daughter; she's as proud and touchy as Lucifer, but that don't hurt her any. I like to see a woman's chin well up. Old Parley-vous is as fat as a porpoise, but he's game as a Spanish fighting cock. I like it; it suits my style," and he plunged his knuckles into the ink again.

When I went back to my room it seemed haunted with the ghost of a vanished happiness. I could not write because of the face of Therese upon the paper before me. Her serious but fine features had caught the imprint of a sad, sequestered life. The marble whiteness of her skin, her long eye-lashes blacker than her hair, the curves upon her well cut lips, made her expression one between tenderness and severity.

Fancy me, if you can, in a pea-jacket patched upon the right arm by my own fingers, a pair of high boots capable of carrying me through the mire and ice of the streets, and my rough and shaggy beard and my long yellow hair, like the mane of a sick lion, my sour and cynical face, my thirty-three wasted years—fancy me thus lavish with time and money, for these are synonymous with a copying clerk, in struggling to divine how the hours are spent by a young woman in the room above me.

At length I gained entrance there, and partook of the hospitality offered me by the father of Therese.

No matter how or when it began. I felt as one in a dream the subtle power of a fragrance that exhaled from a flower box in the window. I saw in bewilderment the batter walls covered with a gay paper; the spiders' festoons ruthlessly swept away; a clear, bright sunlight, streaming through windows polished like gems, falling upon the hair of Therese, making the ends of her long black braids take a tawny hue like mine, lighting up the peacocks tails in the chintz-covered furniture, and mingling itself with the red blaze of the fire, but above all, glowing and flattering upon the crooked brass lions of the big trombone, which, belching out note after note upon the palpitating air of the room, made the very walls to tremble, the rats to flee from their old quarters, their hair upon ends, and tails standing straight out with terror as they fled away through the wainscoting. I became in time, on these occasions, part and parcel of the brazen monster. Its hollow tube connected itself with the semi-circular canals of my inner ears, and wave after wave of thundering melody drowned all other senses but that of sound. The beautiful face of Therese swam before my sight; the cheeks of Monsieur Rigaud became like huge balloons; the peacocks' tails seemed to expand upon the backs of the chairs; but streams of blood mounted to my brain; my head dropped upon my hands. "Enough, enough, monsieur!" I cried, my hands trembling, my knees shaking, tears streaming from my burning eyeballs.

He dropped the accursed instrument and held out his hands to me.

"Then art after my own heart," he said; "thou lovest the music, as I do, to adoration."

"Yes," I faltered, "but I cannot stand too much of it. The ecstacy is too divine; it overpowers me."

Then he fell to talking of Therese, telling me for the hundredth time that his beloved child had promised never to marry; that while he lived she would be happy with him, of course, and at his death he had made arrangements for her entrance into a religious house, there to spend the rest of her days with the good Sisters.

"We have put by the necessary money, Mr. Van Tassel; with it we have nothing to do; it is as if we knew nothing of its existence. I can not tell you what joy it makes me to think of it; it is a weight off my heart."

And placing his pudgy hands upon his breast, he raised his eyes to heaven, while my own heart beat to desperation.

Was, then, this present dull seclusion of her's only to be changed for the gray desolation of a convent?

When I dared cast my eyes upon the drooping form of Therese, it seemed to me that her lips quivered and her long eyelashes shone with tears.

This was the price I paid for breathing the same air with Therese. We seldom spoke to each other, for when even the great head of Monsieur Rigaud nodded in slumber it seemed to her and to me that the shining maw of the monster at the side spread vindictively for every word that might fall from our lips.

One wild March night I had lain awake thinking of these things, wondering if indeed it could be that Monsieur Rigaud could always have his way; that the days should creep into months, and the months into years; that I should live for the torture of the trombone and the simple joy of sleeping under the same roof with Therese; and that at last it should all come to an end, that Therese should go to the good Sisters, and I—? I should go to the devil," I repeated to myself savagely, because the thought pained me so.

It was then I first felt a sense of suffocation, and raising myself in bed, found the room suddenly filling with smoke from the little window that led into the hall.

I sprang to my feet, hurried on my clothes, and rushed to the door to find the hall filled with a dense hot vapor, to hear a peculiar crackling sound, mingled with the rush of hurried feet and stifled voices below.

All at once the house, the street, that quarter of the city, became a pandemonium of noise, of terror, of madness and confusion. Even as I flew to the door of Therese and burst it in with the strength of despair, a terrible tongue of flame shot before my sight through the corridor below. My breath came in stinted stabs, cut as it were with fear for Therese, and the suffocating smoke.

I caught Therese from her little couch in the closet, which I had so often fancied but never seen, and tied her well up in shawls, despite her cries and remonstrances. The poor child's one thought was for her father, who, naked and trembling, paralyzed with terror, stood in the middle of the floor with one hand in the leg of his wide pantaloons, and the other waving widely in the air.

"Mother of God!" cried poor Monsieur Rigaud, "we are lost?"

"My father! save my father!" cried Therese, struggling to reach him.

How could one think, with my soul in as big a blaze of love for her as the one burning in the building below—how could she think I would risk one hair of her beautiful head for the craven body of her father?

I fled with her to the front room, from whence alone we could escape to the street. A ladder was already at the window.

"My father! oh, my father!" still cried the foolish child; and, putting my face close to hers, I said,

"My sweet Therese, I will save him if it costs me my life."

Then the frightened girl put her lips to mine, and clung sobbing there, accepting the sacrifice of my life, and own her own for the poor fat French man in the back chamber.

But a pang rent my heart when I put her into the arms of the man upon the ladder yonder, with the iron cap and the eager eyes.

How should I save Monsieur Rigaud, when the corridor below was like the yawning pit of hell itself, and the immense body of the musician like a mill-stone about my neck?

But life was sweeter to me since I had felt upon my lips the warm rapture of the first kiss of Therese, and I shoved Monsieur Rigaud before me with lusty velocity. We reached the room, the window; the ladder was still there, another iron cap; two more eager eyes.

"Shove him over," cried the brave fireman. I thought we were saved, when suddenly Monsieur Rigaud refused to go without his trombone. His two hundred pounds were immovable. "Throw him out!" cried the man from the ladder.

But I could not murder Monsieur Rigaud. He placed his foot firmly upon the floor. "I will not leave it to perish," he cried; "my dear trombone!"

"To perdition with him and his bone!" shouted the fireman, using even a stronger word. "Leave him to roast, and save yourself."

"Go! go!" I said at last, driven to frenzy, "and I pledge you my honor you shall have your trombone."

He kissed his hands to me, his fat legs already descending the ladder, while I plunged again into into that fiery crater for the demon that shone calm and serene in the midst of the holocaust of death and dismay. "Come, then," I said, catching the monster by the throat, "let us do the best we can." When I got back the ladder was gone! Tongues of fire were bursting from the second story.

"The roof! the roof!" shouted a man through his trumpet.

I scrambled up by teeth and legs and hands, dragging with me my enemy, leaped six feet across a neighboring alley, only to find the tin roof melting beneath me, and all around a sea of flame.

I had, then, to die because of this shining fiend, already warm with the reflection of the heat about us. If to save Therese my life had been given, or even to rescue her father—if my last sigh had been exhaled upon her pure young heart filled with a love born of gratitude, I should have yielded it up without a murmur; but to preserve this cruel piece of mechanism—it was too much!

I ran to the back of the building to escape the lurid light and heat, and saw the foot of an extension full thirty feet below as yet untouched by fire. A thought came to me like a revelation.

"Thou brass monster," I said to the trombone, "for the first time in thy life thou shalt do a generous action."

And as I took it in my strong hands and bent the end so that it formed a curve, I felt just one little pang for the soul of poor Monsieur Rigaud, that must have bent with the brass body so dear to him.

Then I sprang over the yawning chasm, hooking the curved end of my companion to the window-sill below; from thence another storey, and the extension was gained. Soon we reached the back-yard together, the trombone and I, and made our way into the main street, to find our old abode a mass of smoking ruins. The late tenants had taken refuge in the station house near by.

Thither I went, upon my shoulder the bent, bruised creature that had saved my life. As I thought of all—how that I was walking, strong of limb, untouched by fire or fall, to see my beautiful Therese, and the trombone, alas! to reach its master so lifeless and forlorn—my soul was melted within me.

"Trombone," I said, holding it close to my neck with a caressing movement, "I am sorry for thee my poor comrade; but one of us had to go, and then dost not know what it is to love Therese?"

I began then to feel a terror lest Monsieur Rigaud should so mourn the death of his trombone that the project would be hastened for placing Therese with the good Sisters. So, taking it in my arms, I examined it closely, and found no rent in it; its sturdy sides clung firmly together, and there was only one severe curve the more. A faint hope entered my heart as I reached Monsieur Rigaud.

"Do I see thee again?" he cried, stretching out his hands, but not to me—to the trombone upon my shoulder.

He took it in his arms, big tears falling from his eyes upon his bruised and battered side. "Miserable that I am," he cried, "my trombone is wounded, is dead!" And his great head fell upon his breast.

As for me, while I stood there I felt within my hand slip another, warm, throbbing, magnetic with life and love; a faint sob of joy fell upon my ear, but I did not dare look upon Therese, lest my heart being so full, I should fall to weeping over her, like Monsieur Rigaud over his trombone.

"Monsieur Rigaud," I cried, with desperation, "it is only bent not broken. Try it; see if its heart beats yet; perhaps it may still live!"

He looked over at me with a gleam of contempt upon his fat face, begrimed with smoke and tears. The word "imbecile" escaped his lips, and with a mocking movement, in which, nevertheless, I could discern a forlorn hope, he put the tube to his lips.

A prayer ascended from my heart, and from the lovely girl at my side. I prayed to the trombone, Therese to heaven.

"Ah, my brave trombone," I said, "wilt thou be mute now, when a blast from thy lions will give me eternal joy?"

And suddenly the firemen stopped swearing, the women wringing their hands, the children crying; each and every faculty was given over to a solemn and sublime peal that floated out from the mouth of the trombone and sought the hearts of its hearers. It spoke of hope and consolation and, to me, of a joy unspeakable. Despite its battered sides it lived, our dear trombone!

When the last peal had died away, and the firemen again commenced to swear, the women to wring their hands, and the children to cry, Monsieur Rigaud turned to me.

"Thou hast saved the life of my child and that of my dear trombone," he cried, altogether forgetting his own two hundred pounds that I had with such difficulty pushed through the corridor.

And knowing how forgetful he was, and that perhaps to-morrow he would be in a different mood, I said on the instant, bravely:—

"Monsieur Rigaud, I have the honor to ask of you the hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle Therese."

I did well, for he spread out his fat fingers with a gesture of benediction.

"Perhaps it will be best, my children," he said, "to take the money I had reserved for the good Sisters, and build for us a house, with all the doors and windows upon the ground floor. It is not wise to climb so high, when the demon of fire may at any moment be sapping the foundation. Have I reason, do you think, my children?"

"You have, indeed, reason," we replied with enthusiasm. And only this spring the house was built, a little way out of town, where all the birds of heaven can sing and the flowers of the earth may bloom for my sweet Therese.

As for the trombone, Monsieur Rigaud can not be fonder of it than I.

NIGHT ON THE FARM.

Now all clucked home to their feather beds
Are the velvety chicks of the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style with the beds above
All under the wings of hovering love,
With a few chinked in, as stump as wrens,
Around the edge of the ruffed hens!

With nose on the grass the dog keeps guard,
With bag-drawn breaths in the old farm yard
The cattle stand on the scattered straw,
And come the swing of the under jaw.

The cat's eyes shine in the currant bush,
Dew on the grass and stars in the hush,
And over the marsh the lightning-bug
Is winging his lamp to the bull-frog's chug,
And the slender chaps in the greenish tights,
That jingle and trill the sleigh-bell nights,
That shapes with the padded feet proud round,
And the crescent moon has run around,
And the inky beetles blot the night
And have blundered out the candle light!
And over where the pillows lay
Are printed with heads of tumbled hair,
Time walks the house with a clock-tick tread,
Without and within the farm's abed.

OLD SI'S BATTLE WITH HOPPERGRASSES.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

Old Si came rushing into town yesterday morning as fast as his limping gait would allow.

"Hello, Uncle Si, I hasn't seed yer in town sence Chuseday!" said Pete.

"An' yer won't see me hyar agin tell nex' Chuseday, mister, 'cepin' dar's a flood, or a fire ont dar on my place 'twixt dis and den!"

"How cum dat?"

"Kase I'se got two scres ob de liveliest bizness out dar sence de war!"

"Tell me all 'bout it, ole man!"

"Ef yer jess wants ter see sights, nigger, jes cum out dar and see dem grass oppers! Good fathers, dere's millions ob dem! An' yer nebber seed sech forrigin' an' instruchun ob truck in de feelds sence de days when de Linkum army cum 'long hyar!"

"Is dat so?" wondered the interested Pete.

"Yas, sah; dey mus' hab migrated hyar from a p'o neighborhood, too, fur dey's de mos' hungry hoppergrasses dat you cber did see. Dey jess lights down on your place like a nigger onto a watermellon an' de sez 'ting yer knows dere ain't muffin left, dere but a pasal o' stubs and nubbin cobs.'

"Jess listen at dat, will yer!" exclaimed Pete to another gaping darkey.

"Dey come onto my place yistiday mo'nin' jess as I waz gittin de cow up for de milkin'. I was down dere in de rode and I see de revance gyard ob de long leg scamps settin' on de fence inspectin' 'round onto a patch. Den I retinues ober inter de feeld, an' I cut me down a purty stout bresh, an' I lay down my ole straw hat an' lit inter 'em wid de bresh. De fust lick I hit jes dey jess hop up like dey skeered, but bresh de good Marster, dey only jump ober my ole head inter de feeld. Dat made me mad, an' I lit inter 'em stronger dan ever. An' what yer think, nigger? When I turn round to see what dey all gwine, I seed de whole army cummin in troo de fence, climin' up de co'n stalks and chompin' away jess fitten to kill, an' 'fore de angels! dey'd done chawed up dat ole hat ob mine till deer wuzn't nuff ob it ter show what kind ob straw dat it had bin made outen."

"Oom-hooh! ain't dey bad?"

"Dey? Why, I ax anginiard, will ole red-coat girruls at de hed ob de line, an' kernels wid yaller stripes down dey legs, an' captings wid colors all slash'd up an' down de body, an' de good Marster only knows how many ob de privats dere is—dey jess dar by de acre!"

"What yer gwine ter do 'bout it?"

"I'm gwine up here ter git sum Paris greens ter put on dem, and ef dat don't kyore dem ob forrigin, yer needn't speckt me at church Sunday kase dere's heaps o' tings dat a 'ligious nigger kin stand w'd-out backslidin', but dese furrin grass'oppers ain't 'mongst 'em."

A GIRLS' PIC-NIC.

The girls, says the Watertown *Despatch*, got up a hen pic-nic last week and had a glorious time of it altogether. They had lots of tea and sugar and milk (which all got sour), no matches, and plenty of pickles, sponge cake and butter, but no bread. Add to this that each of the girls got her mother to let her bring a roast turkey so as to astonish the rest of the girls and show that she could do things in style, and that they had no knives and forks, and, though lots of plates, no drinking utensils, it is not difficult to see that their commissariat was well organized and a source of such harmony, pleasure and satisfaction to all concerned in preparation. After several life long quarrels and such remarks as "I don't care," "You're just as mean as dirt," "Well, it wasn't my fault, anyway," they made a frugal repast of dismembered sponge cake, and decided to amuse themselves as best they could for the remainder of the day. One girl undertook to fish, and, having put on her gloves, introduced a hook to her worm, but the fierce animal gave a squirm and with a terrific yell she dropped the wild beast right down the back of a friend and young companion dear, who was sitting beneath. The f. and y. c. d. went into active hysterics, and the author of the tragedy impaled her thumb on the fish hook, and fainted at the sight of blood. After this, one of the girls stepped into a swamp about half way up to her ears, and another got a beetle into her ear, and a third unearthed a horrid snake seven inches long, and while a devoted member of the excursion was stooping down to collect a specimen of that rare and beautiful plant, the sorel, Mr. Kehoe's merino ram stole upon her and butted her over a seven railed fence, irretrievably damaging a $7 thing to make her dress puff out behind. Then they went home to find out what was good for sunburns, and pretended that they had had such a glorious time, until they discovered that during their absence four real ducks of fellows from town had visited their houses and found they were not at home. And now it is scarcely safe to say "pic-nic" to one of those girls.

A CONTINENTAL "DAM."—During the Revolution of 1776 the continental currency became of little value. The currency was counterfeited to such an extent that it became necessary for the Government to take some steps to ascertain which was genuine. To this end they required it should all be brought to the common treasury. Here the spurious were distinguished from the genuine notes, and such counterfeit notes had the word *dem*—an abbreviation of the Latin word *damnatus*, condemned—stamped upon their face. When the very small value of the genuine Continental notes, and the utter worthlessness of those marked *dem*, is considered, it will be easy to assign a source to this phrase. The addition of the letter n to the abbreviation requires no explanation.

FISK, MANSFIELD, BOOTH.—Among some fads recently given to the public concerning Jim Fisk's career as a theatrical manager, it appears that at one time he proposed buying, or capturing otherwise, possession of Booth's Theatre, in New York, with a view of turning Edwin Booth neck and heels out of doors. The origin of this insane desire was eminently characteristic. Fisk attended Booth's one evening with the beautiful Mansfield, gorgeous in diamonds and fine raiment. After one of the acts Fisk left her alone in the box, and she began to attract the attention of the audience. An usher remonstrated. Mansfield abused him loudly and shamefully. Macgonigle, the box office manager, sent her a request to be less demonstrative. She abused Macgonigle, and he ordered her to quit the house or be removed by the police. The irate woman left accordingly, vowing vengeance. The next day Fisk sent a messenger to Edwin Booth, demanding an apology and the discharge of Macgonigle. Booth treated the demand with impertinence, and Fisk declared that when he next entered the theatre it would be as master. He tried to purchase Robertson's shares at first, and subsequently tried to buy the mortgages. At the time of his death he was in negotiation for a controlling interest, and probably had he lived he would have succeeded.

LYNCH LAW IN MISSOURI.—The *Globe Democrat's* Leavenworth special says: Raphael Williams, a colored man, ravished a white woman, named Mrs. Davis, at her own house at Camden Point, Missouri, last Thursday night under peculiarly painful circumstances. He was arrested the next day, lodged in jail at Platte City, and this morning about 1 o'clock about 120 or 150 armed men entered Platte City, placed pickets around the jail to prevent interference by the citizen's, and fifty of the party then went to the jail door, roused the sheriff, whom they seized, obtained the cell keys from the deputy sheriff, unlocked Williams' cell, put a rope around his neck and dragged him out. He was then taken to a tree near the railroad depot and hanged, after which the mob quietly dispersed. When the body was cut down this morning by the coroner, a placard was found pinned to it bearing the statement that owing to Missouri not providing the punishment of such malefactors, the citizens, who number among them some of the ablest and most respected citizens of Platte County, had deemed it advisable to take the law into their own hands and administer the justice in this case so richly deserved. Mrs. Davis was *enciente* at the time of the outrage, and now lies at the point of death.

STORY OF A PLUM PUDDING.—The following story was told of a Yankee Captain and his mate: Whenever a plum pudding was made, by the captain's orders all the plums were put in one end of it, and that end put next the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his end of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish and turning it in his hands, as if merely examining the china, he said: "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next himself. "Is it possible!" said the mate, taking up the dish, "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

A VACANT PLACE.—As the *Jay Cooke* was about ready to start for Put-in-Bay yesterday morning a gorgeously-dressed woman came on board with a great rustle of silks and a grand display of flashy jewelry. She said she wanted a state-room, a pitcher of lemonade, and her chair must be placed in the shade where she could peruse a volume of poems. She was "bossing around" like a millionaire's wife, when a woman dressed in calico and making no pretence to style, reached the wharf at a fast walk. Catching sight of the other one on the promenade deck she called out:—

"Sarah! Sarah!"

Sarah peered over the rail and quickly drew back.

"Oh, I know you!" shouted the other going nearer, "and when I tramp all over town to get you another situation as second meal-cook you'll pay me for it! You want to come down here with my lace shawl and bracelets, and Hannah says you want to take her dress off!"

If Sarah wanted to she didn't. She sought her state-room and locked the door.—[Free Press.

A BOSTON BOY ON HERS.—The Boston *Courier* prints the following "boy's composition:" "Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swaller their wittles whole and chaw it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put inter pillers and made inter feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more potato plants than anything that aint a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Bet yer life I like plum pudding. Skinney Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it set him inter the collery. Hen's has got wings and can fly when they are scart. I cut my uncle William's hen's nock off with a hatchet and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine Spring chickens."

FARMERS WORK TOO HARD.—Geo. R. Drew, a Vermont farmer, had the following to say at a farmers' festival: "Farming can be made more pleasant by making a business of it and not attempting to run many other things at the same time. And then by not overworking. I think there has been an improvement in this respect, but there is need of more still. I have said I would not trade the gift of a farm and be obliged to work as I did when a boy. I now see the policy of giving children and young folks a great deal of recreation. I am sure that more work can be done in a long run by working ten hours a day than by being actively engaged for fourteen hours. Also, we should not be too much confined at home; we should go away occasionally, and many times we might gain enough to make up for our lost time."

A PIG IN A PULPIT.—In a Methodist meeting house in this city, on Wednesday evening last, the prayer meeting was broken up by the entrance of a small pig. The sexton tried to eject the pig, but the pig had no thought of abandoning the field, and as the sexton dashed down one aisle, the pig ran up another, occasionally running under the benches and destroying the solemnity of the occasion. Meanwhile the pastor remained his speechless gravity in the pulpit. But when the pig evinced so much audacity as to climb into the pulpit and take up a position beside the pastor, the latter fully realized the extremity to which he was at last reduced, and he and his congregation retired.—*Pittsburg, (Mo.,) Lever.*

A REMARKABLE MARRIAGE.—An extraordinary marriage took place at Jevington, England, the other day, the ceremony being performed by the Very Reverend Archdeacon Philpot, in the presence of a large congregation. The married couple both belong to the parish of Jevington, but the singular part is that the bride has no arms, and the ring had to be placed on the third toe of the left foot. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she signed the marriage register, holding the pen with her toes, in a very decent "hand."

— Our readers will thank us for the following sure preventive against hydrophobia in dogs: "Boil three tablespoonsful of salt and an ounce of carbolic powder in a pint of water, squeeze in a lemon, and then let a piece of meat simmer in the mixture to give it attractive taste. Take out the meat and put the liquor in a cool place. Then while the remedy is cooling lead the dog out behind the barn and shoot him between the eyes with a Remington rifle. One pint of the liquor will be found enough for 100 dogs.—*Rome Sentinel.*

—"Where's the bar?" asked a dirty looking stranger of the bell-boy of the hotel the other day. "What kind of a bar?" asked the latter. "Why a saloon bar, of course; what do you suppose I mean?" "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."

—A hundred years ago when you called on a girl she kissed you good bye. Now if you suggest anything of the sort her father calls you into the library and asks you what your are worth. Are a nation? And is this progress?—*Norwich Bulletin.*

—"Don't come to see me any more just yet, John; father has been having his boots half soled, with two rows of nails around the toes," wrote a guileless girl to her adorer.

RESIGNATION.

Let nothing make thee sad and fretful,
Or too ungrateful;
Be still—
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find it in thine own delight,
My will.

Why should'st thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true.
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

PAUL FLEMING, 1609.

New Advertisements.

WINDOW GLASS.

Just received ex "ALMA," from Antwerp:—

1500 Boxes German Glass.

ALSO IN STOCK:—

Ground, Muslin, Stained and Ribbed Glass,

(all sizes).

GLASS CUT TO ORDER.

GEO. NIXON,

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LONDON HOUSE,

WHOLESALE.

JULY 25TH, 1876.

Received per R. M. S. Caspian.

New Fancy Dress Goods,

Black Alpacas,
Persian Cords,
Italians,
Winseys,
White Cottons,
Oxford and Harvard Shirtings,
Muslins,
Linings,
Silesias,
Hollands,
Towels,
Corsets,
Braces,
Buttons,
Belts,
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MARSHALL AND BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD, ETC.

DANIEL & BOYD.

july29

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J. ROBERTS,
GUNSMITH,
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KEEPS FOR SALE:
GUNS of all descriptions;
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SPORTSMEN'S COMPLETE OUTFITS,
GUNS REPAIRED with expedition;
KEYS FITTED,
LOCKS REPAIRED,
HOTEL CHECKS made to order.
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BUILDING STONE.

Free Stone, for Building and Ornamental Purposes,

WILL this year be delivered in St. John, in cargoes of Sixty Tons and upwards, at

$3.00 TO $7.00 PER TON,

according to quality. For prices delivered at other ports, apply to

T. M. MACKELVIE,
CALEDONIA QUARRY, ROCKLAND, N. B.
june3 dm w tel 6m

TAILORING!

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, begs to intimate that he has taken the Shop,

No. 100 Germain Street,

where he intends carrying on the TAILORING BUSINESS, and trusts by strict attention to business and moderate charges, to call and see him.

All orders punctually attended to with promptness and despatch.

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TENNANT'S Celebrated 4-FOLD-BOSOM SHIRTS are unequalled for Fit, Wear, Material or Needlework.

The only House in the City or Provinces making an exclusive Specialty of this business.

READY MADE OR SPECIALLY TO ORDER, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00, the very best.

Shirt Patterns Cut for 50c.

All Measures taken for his Centennial Models. A Perfect Fit guaranteed, or no sale.

Gentlemen at a distance, advising by letter, can have the latest novelties in Fancy Shirtings forwarded, with instructions for Self-Measurement.

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June 10 46½ King street, St. John, N. B.

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AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

PLEASE call early to secure bargains, must dispose of the balance of our stock of Carriages to make room for other Goods.

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CUMBERLAND MINES COALS.

The above Coals are guaranteed by the Company to be equal to Sydney, for Household Purposes.

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AT LOW RATES.

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Per Railroad, from Montreal, and now open for inspection:—

478 Yards

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These Goods have been laid in at prices suitable to the time, enabling us to offer great inducements to intending purchasers.

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New Advertisements.

Overwhelming Testimony

TO THE VALUE OF

SPENCER'S

Vesuvian Liniment.

No Men of Straw are permitted to testify.

John McGillivray, of Bailey's Brook, Antigonish Co., N. S., informs me under date of March 22, 1876, that a valuable horse belonging to him has been cured of Spavin by the use of one bottle of VESUVIAN LINIMENT. D. D. MACDONALD, Esq., of the same place, says Mr. McGillivray's statement can be verified, and that, personally, he can testify to its great value as a family medicine.

James McLeod, Hampstead, Q. C., writes June 10, 1876: "The high reputation of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT induced me to purchase a bottle a few weeks since, the use of which completely cured a long standing rheumatic affection in one of my knees. With the utmost confidence I recommend this liniment to the use of the general public."

James Salmon, Esq., of Newcastle, Grand Lake, writes, May 3rd, 1876: "I have been terribly afflicted with Rheumatism, and after expending over $200 with the doctors and for patent medicines without avail, have found a cure in SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT. Accept the thanks of a poor but grateful man for your great discovery."

T. Lunrigan, Brussels street, certifies to the cure of a Bunion that had troubled him for many years, by a few applications of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT. Also that it is an excellent remedy for Rheumatic pains in the limbs, &c., &c. It is worth its weight in gold. No family should be without it.

David Chalmers, of Kouchibouguac, testifies that he has found SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT invaluable for cracked and chapped hands. Fishermen, and others who are much exposed to the weather, cannot do without it.

W. D. B. Cain, Sussex, N. B., writes, Jan 25, 1876:—"Great relief has been derived from your VESUVIAN LINIMENT, by those in this neighborhood who have used it for Rheumatism, etc. We keep a supply on hand, and find it a useful medical friend."

Charles McMann, Esq., of Little River, Q. C., writes, May 2nd, 1876: "I have been completely cured of Rheumatism, by the use of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT, and recommend it to all the afflicted, as a sure, safe and speedy remedy."

J. McKay, Esq., proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, Annapolis, N. S., states that by the use of one bottle of VESUVIAN LINIMENT, he "put new legs" under a favorite horse that was disappearing in the knee. A couple expended on delivery would not cover the benefit derived. Mr. McKay finds the VESUVIAN LINIMENT as necessary as oats in his stables, it being a certain and speedy cure for sprains, cuts