

CHICHESTER POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 338.

LITERATURE.

A Story of the Supernatural.

From Good Words.

"In Cornwall, about one hundred years ago, there lived a gentleman, of good position, called John Carlyn. His place was near the river Tamar, and about twelve miles from Launceston. One night he happened to be at a town called Lostwithiel, one of these little Cornish towns, and had to dine and sleep at the inn—too late to get home, or a bad night, or something of that sort. There was only one other guest in the house, a commercial kind of a gentleman, the landlord said, who had also ordered dinner; and he (the landlord) could serve them both better if the diners were combined, if Mr. Carlyn did not object.

"Mr. Carlyn had no objection whatever. The diners were combined, and the commercial gentleman proved most talkative and agreeable, so much so that Carlyn, who knew the house, insisted on standing a bottle or two of a very special claret, which the landlord was not in the habit of producing for commercial guests. The wine was paid for by Carlyn, though entered in the bill, the rest of which they paid equally. The conversation was something like ours to-night, only of a more serious cast, embracing the general question of a spiritual world, the possibility of supernatural manifestations. Carlyn was disposed to scepticism on this head; the other was a steady believer, and argued his side of the question so well, that Carlyn afterwards noted down some of his points in a note book which he carried in his pocket, to think them over at leisure.

"Some months after this the assizes were held at Launceston. He rode over to see the court opened, but did not remain long. People were talking about a case of murder; but he had not heard much about it, and did not care to stay, so went home and dined. It was, I think, in October—at any rate when the evenings are shortening. He had gone to his study, and was sitting there, about nine o'clock or so, when he heard the noise of a horse being led under the window, and then up and down on the gravel before the door. He threw open the window and cried 'Who's there?' The voice of his own groom replied, 'It's me, sir, with the mare.' 'The mare! Who wants the mare?' 'Why, sir, didn't you send to tell me to bring her round?' 'Not I. I never sent to tell you to bring her round.' 'Well, sir, I know it is somebody tapped at my window five minutes ago, and said I was to make haste and bring round the mare, for you were going back to the 'sides at Launceston.' 'Who was it?' 'I didn't see sir.' 'Well, you would know the voice.' 'Well, sir, now that you speak of it, I did not. It seemed to me a kind of foreigner's voice.' In Cornwall they call a man who doesn't belong to that country a 'foreigner.'

"Well, the upshot of the colloquy was that Carlyn ordered the groom to take the mare back to the stable, as somebody had been playing him a trick; and he shut the window. As he turned from it to sit down his eye fell on his pocket-book, which lay on the table, and in it he saw the notes of his conversation with the 'commercial gentleman, at Lostwithiel. The words his eyes caught were to this effect:—'The spiritual may communicate itself visibly or audibly.' A connection between this idea and the arrival of the mare flashed into his mind. He sprang back, threw open the window again, and hallooed to the groom to bring her round. 'I shall go to Launceston, after all,' he said. And he mounted and set off at a round pace. 'It's a fool's errand, I suspect,' he said to himself; 'but we shall see.'

"Now, a few miles from his house he had to get across the Tamar by a ferry, and the boatman lived on the farther side; and at night it was often a difficult and slow business to rouse him out and get him over, and generally involved a good deal of shouting. Well, when Carlyn rode up to the river, there was the boat on the right side and the man waiting. 'I got your message just in time, Mr. Carlyn,' said the man. 'What message?' 'Why, the message that you were coming, and that I was to cross to meet you.' 'Who told you that?' asked Carlyn. 'He must have crossed the river too.' Well, if he did, it wasn't in my boat, said the ferryman; 'but somebody tapped at my window about a quarter of an hour since, and said you were coming to Launceston, and I was to cross

for you.' 'Did you know the voice?' 'No. It was a kind of foreign voice,' said the man.

"Carlyn rode off from the ferry faster than before—so fast, in fact, that nobody, unless unusually well mounted, could have kept up with him. He knew that before he entered Launceston he should have to pass a toll-bar kept by surly old 'pike,' who was slow to open his gate or fumble out his change at night. 'I'll be kept waiting here,' he thought as he came to it. But no: the old fellow was standing at the gate, holding it open, 'Is that you, Mr. Carlyn?' he said. 'I hope I may shut up for the night now.' 'Were you expecting me?' asked Carlyn. 'To be sure I was, after your message.' And the followed the same explanation—the 'foreign' voice and so on.

The same thing on riding into Launceston. 'In those days, I believe, they had to sit till they finished a criminal case at the assizes, and as the murder trial was still dragging on, there was a bit of a crowd round the door of the courthouse. But a man stepped forward and said, 'All right, sir, I'm here for the mare.' He was a groom from the inn, and he too had got the message. 'Mr. Carlyn was coming; he was to go over to the courthouse for his horse; and he too quoted the 'foreign' voice again.

"All this is very queer," thought Carlyn; 'but I shall see if I can find a clue to it in the courthouse.' He went in and was at once accosted by the clerk of the court (or whoever it is that looks after the witnesses) with 'Come away, Mr. Carlyn, unless you can do something for him, the case is pretty high over now. He says he depends on your evidence. My evidence,' said Carlyn. 'I know nothing about it; and he was proceeding to protest against being implicated in any way, when he was cut short by being summarily ushered into the witness-box and sworn. There was a haggard prisoner at the bar, dimly seen by the smoky candle-lights, amidst the crowded court. 'Be so good as look at the prisoner at the bar,' said the prisoner's counsel, 'and tell me if you know him.' Carlyn looked, 'I do not,' he said. 'Look again,' said the prisoner himself. Carlyn started. He seemed to know the voice. He looked again. A candle was held close to the prisoner's face. It was the 'commercial gentleman' he had dined with at Lostwithiel. 'I remember him now, perfectly,' said the juror who saw him last. 'At the inn at Lostwithiel. When Carlyn could not recall the date. He was asked if he could in any way identify the time. He could not; his notes of the conversation bore no date. 'Do you recognize that?' said the counsel, handing up a paper. It was the bill for the dinner and the claret. Of course he identified it; and swore that on the day on which that bill was dated, he had dined with the prisoner at the bar, in the inn at Lostwithiel. It was the date of the murder with which the prisoner was charged. 'Let me see the bill,' said the judge; and it was handed to the bench. 'Nothing more is needed,' said the judge. The evidence of *alibi* is complete. Let the prisoner be discharged."

"THE O'KEEFE FORTUNE.—The London Times relates a romantic story of one Michael O'Keefe, who died in Ireland last February, leaving an estate of \$24,000,000. \$2,500,000 was bequeathed to Mr. Dunn, whom he supposed to be living in Halifax. Mr. Dunn is not living, but has five children, who inherit their father's good luck. Two of them, daughters, reside in this city, one of them being the wife of Mr. George L. Warren, a carpenter, who lives on Green Street, and the other the wife of Mr. James Wilson. The third son, is living in Kentucky, and is unmarried. The fourth is a Mr. E. H. Homer, who resides in Halifax, N. S., and is already very wealthy. The fifth also a daughter, is married and living in Windsor, N. S.—Halifax Recorder.

"HERMA ORT, of Omaha, could not get a living as a carpenter, and consequently became a grave digger. This employment made him mean and churlish, and he says that he was unable to repel the idea that he ought to bury himself. So he dug a grave shot himself at the brink of it and fell in. He had arranged several bushels of dirt to fall on him when his body knocked out a prop, but the contrivance did not work, nor did the bullet kill him. His physician advises a change of employment.

A newspaper biographer trying to say his subject "was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife," was made by the inexorable printer to say, "wear the chemise of his wife."

Selecting a Trosny.

One day last week a powerfully built young man, to whose right arm was linked a tall, thin girl of eighteen, with a sharp nose, pale blue eyes, and hair the color of a gold knife handle, entered a Sixth Avenue store with eyes full of business. As the pair took seats a clerk intimated that he was ready to make bottom price on any goods in the store, from the finest silk to the glaziest calico.

"This is kinder delicate business for us," replied the young man, casting sheep eyes at the girl. "That is to say—this yes—yes, ahem! I guessed the clerk. 'But I guess we'll live through it, Molly, and so here goes. What we want is a trosny for this girl—a bride trosny, believe they call it.' 'That's exactly what they call it,' replied the clerk, 'and now tell me what articles you want and I'll give you our lowest figures.' The pair looked at each other in a foolish way for a minute, and then the girl hid her face behind a stack of goods.

"A leetle skeery, but she'll get over it," mused the lover. "The first thing, I suppose, is a dress?" "From one to sixteen dresses, as you like. You'll take black silk, perhaps?" "And perhaps I won't. There's no style about us, Mister. We marry for love, and we've got to make a leetle money go a long ways. Is calico party low?" "Oh! Zeke!" gasped the girl, suddenly showing her face. "Well, we'll go a leetle better, then, though calico is my motto. Hand us down something about 20c per yard. Give us dove color, for doves are creek and lovely, and so is Molly."

Twelve yards of dove-colored goods were cut off, and Zeke looked around and said—'Less see? I suppose a back comb, two yards of blue ribbon, a bunch of hair pins and two or three collars ought to figure in some where.' The clerk agreed, and they were figured in. "Less see? She'll wear her sister's hat to stand up in, and her shoes won't show if she has a long dress on. I guess that's about all, isn't it, Molly?" The girl blushed very red, beckoned him closer, and after a minute he turned to the clerk and said:— "It's kinder throwing money away, but she's purty good and gentle, and I don't mind. She thinks she ought to have a fifty cent corsage and two pairs of stockings." The articles were bought, inspected, and placed with the 'trosny,' and after the lovers had held another whispered consultation, Zeke observed:— "Well, that's all. Figger 'er up and here's your cash. We've got to go and get some hair oil, and a dollar gold chain with a locket to it, a pair of sleeve buttons and some shoe strings, and you see the outfit is going to squeeze me hard."

"When does the marriage come off?" "In about ten days. She's a good girl and loves me, and I am trying to do the fair thing by her. 'Tain't many young men who would put up with seven or eight dollars for a bride trosny for his girl; but when I make up my mind to marry any one I am almost reckless as to wealth. She didn't need that corset any more than I need suspenders, but she had a sister married with a corset on and she didn't want to be behind her."

"I hope you'll be happy." "We shall be—can't help it. This 'ere girl can sling more enthusiasm into a mess of taters than any quene in Europe, and as for her fried pork—yum! She can compose poetry, chop wood, draw pictures, milk a cow, build a nest of clothes or spill down any body that stands on legs, and when winter howls around our little home we'll sit with our feet in the oven, chew apples and remember that I had to take her old dad by the collar and jerk his heels to the ceiling before he'd consent to this marriage. Well, goodbye, come gal!" N. Y. Telegram.

"THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Ten years hence, temperance legislation will be the most pressing subject of the day. Every week it becomes more prominent. A year ago the London Times would never have thought of giving, as it did lately, a column and a half headed, 'The Temperance question,' with speeches by four prominent men—Mr. Chamberlain, the Bishop of Manchester, the Archbishop of York, and Bardsley. Two years ago we should not have had those speeches; for men are now ceasing to lament over the evils of drunkenness—they have got beyond that stage; the evils are so great and so universally admitted that there is no need to dwell upon them. The third stage will be legislation.

A Western editor, thinking to stock his depleted larder, advertised 'Poultry taken in exchange for advertising.' The villainous compositor, seeing his opportunity to pay up a long standing grudge, set it up—'Poultry taken.' &c.—and since that time the office boy has been clearing fifty cents a day from the waste paper man.

Two oysters in a gallon of lukewarm fluid at a church fair are no longer called stews, but aquariums; and some people think there are too many to the water.

In Her Bridal Robes.

SUICIDE OF A DESERTED WIFE—HER TOUCHING LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

From the Globe-Democrat.

SEADALA, Mo., Dec. 12.—Last August Edith Rhin left her home, her parents at Gibson Station, I. T., and fled to Denison, Texas, where she married a telegraph operator named T. G. Small against the wish of her father. She lived happily with him for two months, when he left her there and came to this city in search of employment. About the latter part of September he secured the position of night operator on the Missouri Pacific Railroad at Washington. She heard where he was and went there last week to meet him, when you thought he much of here and came to this city and ran off. She returned to this city heart-broken, and put up at the Hagen House on Friday night. Last night she arrayed herself in her bridal robes, took poison, and lay down and died with the last letter clasped in her hand. In a large blank book was the following, directed to her husband:

The last net of my life, I say, George, I am for you. George, darling, why did your heart freeze against me, when you thought so much of me a short time since? We were so happy together, and now so miserable. Why do you deny me, George? You can deny me to the ears of men, but you cannot deny me to God. When death takes charge of your body, where will your soul be, George? Only think of this, my forgotten deed I commit for you. Keep the ring on your hand, where I placed it. Let it never be removed from the hand I have kissed so many times. When the lightning shines, think of Edith, when you meet a happy man, think of Edith, when you see one in distress, think of Edith; when you ever love another, think of Edith; and as long as you live, think of Edith and when you come to die, then think of Edith. Never take another girl from her home and bring her to this city, as I did. I would have forgiven you for your cold neglect of me, but you would not stand and see my face. George, my heart was true to you, and my affection for you as true as the snow that falls, and will be until the angel said death to my lips, which is but these moments away. You will never forget me, George, dear, and never have reason to flee again. I am no more. I die with your last letter in my hand, and don't want to take it away from me. I give this letter to go to the grave with me. Farewell, George, darling, I love you now! You have murdered Edith, and yet I love you! George, you are my husband; you know you are. I go to the grave that you may live. Will you drop one loving tear for me?

George, keep my trunk and clothing; that is all I have to leave you. Take out all, and take care of them for the love you had for me; and in the blank book read the many words composed by my own lips and hands—your Edith. George, it is a hard battle, and I don't want to die; I willingly prefer death rather than to live without you. I am done with life, and now go down in prayer, and beg God to love you after I am dead. I now take my last drink. It is a glass of poison.

"The Power of Conscience." A touching incident illustrating the power of conscience, even in the most hardened criminal, recently occurred in a New York prison. A well-dressed stranger, apparel at the door of one of the houses, and on being admitted said to the proprietor: "You do not, sir, recognize my face. This well. Listen. Your pocket was picked about twelve months since?" "It was, and I lost \$15.62."

"I was the thief. Nay, sir, spare your reproaches. For seventeen days I had not tasted food, and my wife and eleven small children lay at home on their miserable pallets, crying with hunger and cold. The money I stole from you then, sir, saved them, with part of it I bought coal, with part of it I bread, the remaining portion of it I played upon the eight, coppering the king, and called the turn till it ran up to \$30; but pardon me for intruding the details of my humble business upon your attention. I became an altered man, and determined to reform and lead another life. I am now well employed, and night and morning my wife and children bless your name, though they, innocent ones, do not know that I stole the money. I have long since sought you, but was unable to find you, but fortunately my friend and benefactor, I recognized you on the street corner yesterday; I followed you home and learned your name, and to night I have come to return to you the money of which I robbed you."

So saying, the penitent gave the kind gentleman a \$20 bill, received \$7.35 change, blessed his benefactor warmly and left the house. Next morning the old man found that the bill was counterfeit, and the thief, on leaving the house, had taken the old man's hat and umbrella.

A young printer, having occasion, the other day, to set up the well-known line, "Slave, I have set my life upon a cast," astonished the proof-reader with the following remark: "Slave, I have set my life upon a cast!"

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Heroism at Sartory.

The Paris Correspondent of the World writes:—Not long ago I was told the story of a young Swiss doctor who had charge of one of the Communist hospitals, and who was greatly aided in his labors by a woman of the people, who, young, strong-armed and vigorous, assisted him to the best of her ability, and who was at the most untiring and faithful of nurses to the sick and wounded. After the entry of the Versailles the physician was arrested. As he was being conducted before the tribunal he met his aid and companion coming forth, escorted by a detachment of soldiers. "Ah, my poor Adele," he said to her, are you here? We have both been on our feet, it seems. "She looked him full in the face. "Monsieur, je ne vous connais pas," she said ("I do not know you sir"). He was hurried away. The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Evidently I am a doomed man," he said to himself, "since that woman will not recognize me for fear of compromising herself." He was brought before the tribunal, but by the intervention of a wounded Versaillais whom he had attended he was released. He learned later the story of Adele's failure to recognize him. She was being led forth to instant execution when they had met. Even in that terrible hour the brave girl had turned away from the last visage that would ever be bent upon her in sympathy or kindness. The last hand that would ever be professed to her in friendly greeting, least such recognition might involve her former comrade in her own doom.

"THE GREAT SHOSHONOS REMEDY AND PILLS.—The success that these medicines have met with since their introduction to the public some years ago, proves plainly to the most skeptical that they are medicines that perform what they are advertised to. The virtues of these medicines have been well tested, and have not only cured a trial in a most satisfactory manner. For disease of the Blood, Liver, Lungs, &c., they are unsurpassed. We have testimonials of miraculous cures of these diseases of many others. If any one is afflicted, let him try a bottle of the Remedy and Pills. No injurious effects will follow their use to the most delicate person, as they are purely vegetable; there being no mineral matter in them. The cost is small, while the advantages derived from their use will doubly repay you for their expense and trouble. The medicines are widely known throughout the Dominion and are for sale by the principal medicine dealers. Try them, and be convinced of their efficacy. No humbug. No one who has tried the Shoshonos Pills has ever pronounced an unfavorable opinion. No family where they have been used will be without them. Full information may be had on all particulars of the use, and experience of these medicines, by securing the Treatise or Circular from any druggist in the Dominion free. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles \$1; Pills 25 cents a box.

VERY NATURAL.—When a person has proved an article and found it good, and answering the purpose for which it is intended, he will not readily believe in the use of doubtful reputation, or concerning which he knew nothing. We are led to make these remarks owing to the course pursued by those who have used that celebrated and valuable horse-medicine known as "Parley's Condition Remedy." The Remedy is sold by all druggists, and is a condition medicine, or for any complaint affecting the wind of horses. Remember the name, and see the signature of Hurd & Co. on each package. Northern & Lyman, Toronto, Ont., proprietors of Canada. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

Is health worth having? If it is protect it as a jewel as easily lost as virtue, and in many cases as difficult to recover. In this climate, and more particularly at this season of the year, people are very apt to take cold and suffer from sore throat, coughs, spitting of blood and other pulmonary troubles, which if not checked in their early stages, will become the quickest and most effectual remedy? Bryan's Pulmonic Valves have been before the public for twenty years, and have always given perfect satisfaction, and invariably effect permanent cures. Sold in season. Sold by all medicine dealers and country stores generally throughout the Province at 25c per box.

"ON THE DEATH OF ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST eminent physicians, all his efforts were sold by auction, and among other things was a medical package, marked 'Advice to Physicians,' which brought a great price. The purchaser on opening the package read as follows: 'Keep the head cool, the bowels open and the feet warm. If any phlegm is necessary, use Parson's Purifying Pills; they are the most scientifically-prepared pill that has appeared in the last hundred years.'

JAR. McLEOD, Hampstead, Q. C., writes Jan. 10, 1877.—"The high reputation of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LAXATIVE 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 fully recommend this liniment to use of the general public."

OF GEORGE DAWSON it is said that he hated theology and botany, but loved religion and flowers.

Business Cards.

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

H. S. & T. W. BELL,
Soap Manufacturers, --- Shediac, N. B.
The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,
Attorney at Law, Conveyancer, &c.
Office:—In the building of H. B. Allison, Esq., opposite the Banking Office of M. Wood & Sons.
SACKVILLE, --- N. B.

CHRIS. W. COLE,
AUCTIONEER,
SACKVILLE, --- N. B.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office: A. L. Palmer's Building,
Dorchester, N. B.

BLAKESLEE & WHITEHEAD,
DEALERS IN
Paper Hangings, White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.
22 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL NOTICE.
W. D. KNAPP, M. D.
Physician & Accoucheur.
May be consulted at the residence situated opposite the store of Mr. John Bell, Sackville.

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

G. H. VENNING,
Clock and Watch Maker.

I BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. My jewelry neatly repaired.
ap26 G. H. V.

POUGLEY, CRAWFORD & PUGLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
90 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. B. Pougley, J. H. Crawford, W. Pougley, Jr.
aug 29 '76

Dental Notice.
DR. Anderson, Dentist,
Will return to Sackville next week where he expects to remain permanently. From date, \$5 fee guarantees satisfaction, at moderate charges.
Sackville, Sept. 28th, 1876.—4f

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers.
(Consulate of the Netherlands, and Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, Philadelphia, O. B. TOWNSEND, July 24

CHARLES R. SMITH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.
AMHERST, --- N. S.
Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGING,
Brushes and Window Glass.
King St. --- St. John, N. B.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.—To take orders for the magnificent new ILLUSTRATED DOMINION DIRECTORY OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, for so much an order CARD. Agents can make \$10 a day. A magnificent work, prepared expressly for Canadian readers, and published in Canada. Don't fail to send for descriptive circular and private terms—New Book—New Plan. Address H. B. BIGNNEY & BRO., 28 & 30 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Marble & Freestone Works.
P. HAGAN,
(Successor to H. J. MacGowan)
DORCHESTER, N. B.

All kinds of Monumental Work, Executed at the most reasonable prices.
VICTORIA
STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS.
Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

WE call the attention of Wholesale dealers and others to our Stock of FINE CONFECTIONS. Wholesale only.
J. R. WOODBURN & CO.,
Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.
J. R. WOODBURN, H. P. KERR.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples sent by mail. \$1 free. Send for Circular. Geo. Portland, Maine.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., 3 New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

Business Cards.

PIANOFORTES,
CABINET ORGANS, &c
C. FLOOD,
(Waverly House) King st., St. John.

KEEPS constantly on hand PIANO-FORTES and ORGANS from the leading manufacturers in the United States FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Catalogues forwarded, and all other information on application. Instruments sold payable by instalments or exchanged. Orders for Tuning and Repairing attended to with despatch. 4f-july8

MARBLE AND FREESTONE WORKS.
H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.
PARTIES desirous of erecting Monuments or Tomb Stones, will find at our establishment, a superior Stock of American & Italian Marbles. We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a number of Freestone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply. 4p17

SAWS! SAWS!
ALEXANDRA WORKS.
Saw Factory,
Corner of North and George's Streets, St. John.

J. F. LAWTON,
Proprietor.
GEO. CONNERS,
Manufacturer & Builder,
Petitcodiac, N. B.

Estimates made of Buildings
Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished.
All kinds of planing and sawing executed at the shortest notice.
The facilities for filling orders cheaply and promptly are unsurpassed. oct20

NEW BRUNSWICK PARLOR & VESTRY
Organ Manufactory,
PETITCODIAC, N. B.

CABINETS ORGANS of all descriptions on hand, and manufactured to order. Piano Stools, Covers, &c., always on hand. All instruments of my manufacture warranted to give satisfaction. A liberal discount made to churches.

WM. MURPHY,
Proprietor.
THOMPSON'S
Steam Power Paint and Color Works,
MANUFACTURERS OF
White Lead, Zinc, Paint, and Colors of all Shades.
Factory, 69—Office and Sample Rooms, 78 Prince Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. F. THOMPSON & SONS.
Price Lists on Application.

Custom Tailoring Establishment.
In the Store of Dickson & Patterson (up stairs) Crane's Corner, where he will be pleased to wait on Customers on the most liberal terms.

Clothing, Made and Trimmed
In the Latest Styles, and at the Lowest Living Prices.
Parties furnishing their own material will be dealt with on the most liberal terms.
JOHN MEAHAN.
Sackville, Nov. 8th, 1876.

Andres' Marble Works,
Amherst and Wallace, N. S.

The Subscriber having a large amount of superior ITALIAN and AMERICAN MARBLE on hand, is prepared to sell CAN MARBLE on hand, is prepared to sell

Gravestones and Monuments
Of Either Quality,
At greatly reduced prices. He has also a large amount of MARBLE and first quality FREESTONE at extremely low prices. Also, Italian Marble Table and Counter Tops.

Persons are cautioned against buying Southern Falls American Marble for the Italian, as on account of their resemblance, it is frequently sold for the latter. Persons wishing to purchase will find it decidedly to their advantage to call and examine for themselves, before buying elsewhere.

All orders promptly attended to, and finished in a workmanlike manner. Designs sent free when required.
S. B. ANDRES.
Amherst, N. S., Dec. 12, 1876.

D. D. LUND, Agent for taking orders in Sackville and vicinity.

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

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., 3 New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

Hotels, &c.

WELDON HOUSE.
[Opposite the Railway Station.]
SHEDIAK, N. B.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he has newly furnished the above Hotel through-out in first-class style, and it is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public.
WM. J. WELDON, Proprietor.
Coaches leave daily for North shore on arrival of trains.

HARNESSES!
A SPLENDID STOCK OF
HARNESSES
May be seen at the Subscriber's, which will be sold
LOWER than can be Bought Elsewhere for CASH.

The Subscriber is constantly manufacturing Harnesses, which for quality of stock used and superiority of work are unsurpassed in this vicinity. Orders promptly attended to at reasonable rates.
Sackville, Nov. 24, 1876. } **STEPHEN AYER.**
CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
THE Subscriber has this day associated his son, JOHN MILTON BAIRD, with him in his general business as Merchant.
THOMAS BAIRD.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.
THE Business heretofore conducted by THOMAS BAIRD will hereafter be continued under the name and firm of
THOMAS BAIRD & SONS.
And we respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.
T. BAIRD & SONS.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.
NORTHWESTERN Mutual Life Ins. Co'y.
—OF—
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Assets over \$16,000,000.
EDWARD F. DUNN,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

FLEMING & MOORE,
Medical Advisers, Sackville.

THE BRUCE & CHARD CABINET ORGANS!
THE Subscriber having been appointed by Messrs. Bruce & Chard of Boston, Their General Agent for the Maritime Provinces FOR THESE
Beautiful Instruments,
Respectfully calls attention of intending purchasers to their superiority of tone, power and finish over any Organ yet introduced.

Persons requiring Organs for Churches, Halls, Lodges, or for Residence, are invited to correspond with the subscriber at "Lamy's Hotel," Amherst, N. S. Second-hand Organs or Melodions taken in exchange.
Pianos furnished direct from the best makers of Boston at prices lower than any in the market.
The subscriber is also prepared to furnish specifications of
PIPE ORGANS
From the best makers in London and the United States at prices ranging from \$500 to \$10,000.

GEO. G. MELICK.
Amherst, N. S., May 12, 1876.

EX "HIBERNIAN,"
VIA HALIFAX.
17 PACKAGES,
CONTAINING:
Blk and Blue Broad.
BLACK, BLUE & BROWN
BEAVERS.
WORSTED COATINGS.
Italians, Hessians, &c.
FANCY DRESS GOODS, &c.

T. R. JONES & CO.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

NOTICE.
SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Department of Public Works, at Fredericton, until SATURDAY, 20th JANUARY, 1877, at noon, for

