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Interesting Tale.

THE MINISTER'S SON.

The cold December wind was whistling down the wide-mouthed chimney, and Mistress Fairchild, shivering her candle from the draft, stopped to listen to its crooning, as she had listened during all the Decembers of fifty winters.

She was getting a little hard of hearing now and sometimes Keziah's snoring sounded vastly like the sighing of the wind. But to night it was old Boreas surely, driving cold and pitiless out of the north-west, rattling the quaint little window sash of the parsonage house, and swaying the great hickory tree in the back yard, until its knotted limbs scraped against the icy eaves.

Mistress Fairchild set down her emptyings' jug upon the ample stone hearth that would scarcely cool off the whole winter long from the glow of the sacred household fires always burning there. She was very particular about her sponge, and nobody's skill in Barstow was quite equal to Mistress Fairchild's snowy loaves.

The tall clock in the corner, with its hour glass and symbol serpent carved upon the door that concealed a closet as capacious as Master Humphrey's, now struck nine—a sharp decisive stroke, which conveyed something of a reproach at the lateness of the hour that saw its mistress stir. She nodded back at it with an air which seemed to concede intelligence to the tall mahogany case and white visage of Old Time, as much as to say, "Don't vex yourself, old comrade. It's Saturday night."

She was a spare old lady, bent a little at the shoulders, with a pale cheek, a mild eye, and an almost saintly light about her unwrinkled brow, where the smoothly landed silver hair lay. Her dress had something of the Quaker primness about it, although she did not belong to that sect. It was a petticoat of some dark serge like stuff, and a short gown of the same, crossed at the bottom by a plain mull handkerchief. There she sat, and her neat low quartered shoes, were clasped with antique buckles. The only other sign of worldliness her costume displayed was a narrow edge of real old English lace that bordered her close cap.

The kitchen was neat, modeled on the generous ideas of our forefathers, with a "mountainous" chimney that looked ready to swallow the interior. There were kettles and fire-dogs and roasty corners holding comfortable chests cupboards, filled with household gear. The little twinkling windows, curtained with dimity, were wreathed with the good mistress' scarlet runner and musk roses, in summer time, and held in season their pots of balsam and sweet marjoram. But now the snow birds came to them from out the gray branches of the orchard, and the ground looked white and was under a spectral gleam of moonlight.

It stole into a corner where stood an old-fashioned high post bed of goodly dimensions, a hillock of down, covered by a blue and white counterpane of the dame's own weaving, with spotless valances, and coarse, but lavender scented linen, still holding the ironed creases. There was the lad's red chest, with its antique padlock, standing in the same corner, and a wooden stool, deeply marked by the initials "G. F.", cut, evidently, by a boy's jack-knife.

Old Keziah, a serving woman in the family of such long standing that she imagined she had acquired a right in fee simple to her master and mistress, had already gone up to her chilly little refrigerator of a bedroom, bearing a long tallow candle that corresponded to her long person, and stopping to sneeze at every third step, with a motion of a folding machine.

The dame felt a little more at her ease, when Keziah was snug in bed; for, like the ancient manner, that rigid damsel held her to the practical rule of life, by a particularly alert eye. The old minister's wife had her pet notions she loved to indulge in secret and alone—foolish little notions, she thought in her heart, they were, yet no less dear to her fresh unwithered fancy.

She stepped softly across the painted boards of the kitchen floor, with due regard to the good pastors quiet, who must by this time have reached the twelfthly of the next day's sermon. The great oak door that opened outward to the drafty shed, was barred and braced with the same stout wood. It possessed that excellent invention of our forefathers, a flapped hole for the lazy house cat. The latch was wood, and beside it dangled a wooden peg, attached to a thong of leather, which was the only bolt or bar the dwelling afforded against house breakers and thieves.

Dame Fairchild did not even make use of this primitive device. She simply tacked the portal, and glanced with a half tender, half apologetic look up to the admonishing face of the old clock, that said as plain as words could say: "Saturday night, comrade; the door has not been barred these twenty years. Who knows but my lost boy may chance to come home on just such a night as this?"

The fire upon the hearth had sunk to a deep

sturdy glow, which she did not bury, as was her wont, under the heap of gray ashes. On the contrary, she threw an additional stick against the great red cave of the back log, that lit up the quaint, low studded room, with sunset splendor, and gleamed out of the frosty window, she thought, sighing heavily, and for his sake, shall be welcome."

The vision rose unbidden to the good dame's mind, of old Tim, the thicker and country jack-at-all-trades, who in a drunken fit, had come uninvited to the parsonage, and befouled her fair linen sheets. But she had spared the vagabond all reproach had given him a warm breakfast, and bound up his hurt head, and sent him away with a comfortable pair of woolen socks of her own knitting for his chilled feet. To the dame's eyes, softened, almost to the similitude of an angel's, this drunken Tim was one of those little ones of whom our Lord speaks.

The little chores were all done; and the kitchen, in the prime of its quietude, looked very sweet and calm. Through the collar door came a fruity smell from where the seek-no-further and golden pippins lay resting in their snug bins. The flickering light along the wall showed the knots of yarn, and strings of drying pumpkins and apples. No speck of dust, or sign of litter revealed itself anywhere. There was a Sabbath-day quiet about the abode of the old minister and his wife, as if some token of God's love had been hung upon the door-post, whereby all care and unrest were warned away.

Dame Fairchild went at last, as was her custom, to the bed corner, and touched the carved letters on the stool, lingeringly, with her old woman's hands, as if she were soothing a sick brow.

In her heart she was softly praying for her lost boy. Could it be that twenty years had slipped by since he went away from her? Yes; and still the mother's trust and tenderness did not despair. The picture of him as of boyish spirits—rose up before her in that our sacred moment.

Ah, well, she murmured, ministers' sons, they say, are likely to go astray; but it was all along of the Squire's daughter. God forgive her for playing fast and loose with my poor boy's heart.

Dame Fairchild did not lift the lid of the red chest; for she knew the faded copy books and the school-boy's kit which it contained, lay heart. Slowly she opened the passage door; and with her face calm and saintly in its, tapped at the minister's study.

Come in, Hannah. Why do you stop to knock? You are always as welcome as the clover in June.

And the aged minister rose from his heavy oaken chair, with an habitual air of gallantry. I feared to disturb some train of reasoning, if I entered abruptly, said the thoughtful wife. Luckily my reasonings for to night are all poisoned in my crabbled characters here, and he touched a pile of manuscript before him.

God grant that they may be effectual in pointing some sinner to the way and the life. I have freed my brain from the web of doctrines that held it, and now I am at liberty to enjoy the repose of Saturday night—which is hallowed to my mind, as the threshold of to-morrow.

My thoughts were busy with old fancies and people. To tell you the truth, Hannah, I was thinking of our little girl who died years back. She was a winsome thing; and if we could have reared her in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, she would have filled our house with pleasantness. But it struck me for the first time, to night, if she had lived she would have been a woman grown by this time, and perhaps married, with her own babies upon her knee. So who knows but two old birds might have been alone in the nest, all the same? We have not forgotten how to chirp and twitter still, and make sweet music in each other's ears; so we have no shadow of repining in our hearts, for God's mercies are now every morning, and fresh every evening.

The dame seated herself in her favorite high backed rocking chair, and crossed her hands upon her lap; while in the low lamp light, her face looked paler and more shadowy than ever.

God knew what was best, she said. It needs a sight clearer than mortal ken, and more than the wisdom of the serpent to rear children up righteously, so that they go not astray.

The old minister let his hand fall tenderly on the old dame's head. It was whiter than his own, perhaps, although he was the elder; but his expression shewed a spirit and energy which was wanting to the old woman's saintly face. His short clothes of soberest cut, with large shoe buckles of silver, were in the fashion of the time. The grave, sedate air of a clergyman of the old school, sat easily by him and was much softened by benevolence.

You are always thinking of our poor boy, Hannah, he said at last. Be sure that was our appointed cross. We set such high hopes on George, perhaps some of the dross of worldly ambition stole into our hearts. We loved

young life with such fervor, that God chose we should be bereft.

I have teased myself much, said the old dame, lifting her appealing face toward his, with the thought that we did not study the temper of our boy, as we ought. It was hard for us grave and serious minded folks to enter into the feelings of an ardent young nature. Perhaps we forgot that youth is the play spell of life, and made religion irksome and unlovely.

Nay, said the minister, it is difficult to do full justice by any human soul; but, surely, we kept in mind that George had a tender mouth, and could not be checked too high. It was the Squire's daughter, with her arts and wiles, that beguiled to his ruin; and yet who could be harsh even toward her, remembering her loveless life, wedded to a dissolute man, and her early, unwept grave?

He could but know, said the dame, with a quivering lip, that there are no reproaches awaiting him here, no thought of shame and ignominy, only tenderest pity. He can tell but he would leave his wail-rings to and fro in the world, and come back, and find rest in the old home.

We can trust him in God's keeping, can't we Hannah? For who knows better than we do, that there is neither leprosy, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth by which to measure our Heavenly Father's compassion?

Then the old man took down the great clasped Bible from its place on the shelf, under the psalm book and Dr. Watt's hymns; and while tears, such alone as a mother weeps dropped from the dame's cheeks, read the story of the prodigal son.

About four o'clock of the afternoon previous a man was being thrust out summarily from the red tavern at the cross roads, into the winter's cold. This was an event very likely to happen, when some poor wretch has lost his money and brains at the counter of Mr. Birch, who was never known to be troubled with a man who would not exercise common prudence.

His clothes were very poor, with numberless windows and loop holes to admit the light of day, and the pitiless cold. There was suggestion of a shirt beneath his outer garment, and a tax end of a handkerchief was twisted about his throat. Thrust out upon the road, by the strong hands of Mr. Birch, he drew his tattered coat across his chest, and buttoned it with the one button remaining. His steps wavered with a weakness that easily stimulated intoxication. He had not gone many paces from the tavern, before he came down upon a snow bank, in the angle of a snake fence, to cough, and this time, a gush of blood came to his lips.

The tavern keeper's wife had pitied him from the depths of her woman's nature; but dread of her husband had stopped the plea of mercy on her lips. Scarcely however she put on her short cloak and hood, and with meat and bread in her apron, followed him out upon the road. Her steps cracked upon the crisp snow, but he did not look up. His gaunt, unshaven face almost touched his knees so heavy was his stupor.

You must stir yourself friend, said the good wife, lightly shaking his shoulder, and checked at the sight; for it is piercing cold. Whither away are you bound now?

Might it be far to Barstow? the man inquired, half rousing himself at last from his stupid trance.

No more than a matter of two miles up the turnpike. Do your folks live at Barstow? No, no; I haven't got any folks.

Well, then go the old man's sisters; they never were known to turn a dog from the door; and if I had my way no more would I, she said with a sigh. They say the old lady is forever taking on about a wild son of hers—that cut off from home night twenty years ago and never has been heard of since. She looks for him back still, but the story goes that he was drowned at sea.

A sad len gleam shot from the tramp's filmy eyes, and a gurgle rose and died away in his throat, as he abruptly turned and set his gray, despairing face toward the long perspective of the turnpike.

Here, said the woman eagerly, is some bread and meat. Take it and eat on the road.

Taint no use, he replied, without turning round. I'm too far gone to keep any grog down. Last week there was a gnawing and burning here always, and he touched the fluttering rags on his chest; but I've got past starvation. Ha! ha! and laughed feebly with a dreadful sound. All I want is a hole to crawl into; for the cold nips my bones and makes them rattle.

Take my cloak, said the woman impulsively, the hot tears brimming her eyes; and she stripped the garment from her shoulders and laid it upon the shivering wretch with a motion of pitying love that I think must have the angel smile from out the serene heavens.

The man's "God bless you" ended in a great sob; and this time he did not turn back, but drew his languid steps away from the tavern, resting when he must, while the woman watched him with dim eyes, wondering if that

"God bless you" would lighten Mr. Birch's curse.

How he reached the parsonage, long after nightfall, who can tell? He had crawled part of the way. There were times when his reason left him, and he fancied oddly that he was a gay, careless boy. There was the willow fringed brook, where he had fished at every turn; and the gray stone walls, where squirrels whisked their tails; and the maple grove, and the cow lane; yes, and he should know it well; there was the low roof of the parsonage, with its gable end painted red, and the row of cherry trees along the garden fence, where he had often held his little sister Faith to pick the fruit in her apron. He wondered if he should see Faith's rosy face at the window. No—there was the old knot red hickory that chafed the mossy eaves. Many a night he had swung himself down from his chamber by its limbs, so secretly to dancings and junk-tings. His mother never reproached him, but looked paler and soberer every day. They would lead him to get religion; and who knows but he might have got it, but for some great trouble—it was so long ago he had almost forgotten what—that crazed him and took him off to the tavern. It might be all true what the old man preached, though Sunday was such a long and tiresome day. Eternity seemed very near now, he could almost touch it with his hand. There were some words he must have heard years back that kept sounding in his ears. They were "Lord have mercy upon me a sinner." It wasn't the first time he had haunted about the old place. He had seen his mother's shadow and heard her voice. He knew where old man kept his money laid up in the till of a chest of drawers; but, that God, he had never got so low as to touch any of it. He must steal away now to the shelter of some hay rick, where they might find him cold and stiff on the morrow. He would not burden the old folks with his carcass. He crept to the window, put his knees into the snow bank by the rose bush, and then the glow of the fire must have enticed him in for when they found him he was kneeling by the bed, with his matted locks scattered, and a wonderful look of George Fairchild's on cheek and brow, and a little dark stream showing where his life blood had ebbed away. The calm of Sunday-morning had come; and in trembling hope, with her child's head upon his said "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

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was on the high road to affluence, when a few days ago, when endeavoring to separate two fighting gamblers, a pistol shot fired by one of the belligerents struck and instantly killed Don Carlos, thus ending in a most tragic manner an eventful career.

The Suez Canal.

MR. DANIEL A. LANGE, the London representative of the Suez Canal Company, has communicated to the Times the results of some experiments recently made on the canal with the Egyptian corvette Latif, a vessel carrying 10 Armstrong guns and driven by engines of 300 nominal horse power. The object of these experiments was;—1st, To ascertain the speed required to steer a vessel of the dimensions of the Latif so as to keep her course straight, in navigating the canal. The experiments showed that this can be effected at a speed of 3 2 and 3 7 knots an hour. 2. It was further important to ascertain by practical trials the rate at which a vessel could proceed through the canal without disturbing the embankments. The result proved that a speed of 3 4 and 6 4 knots an hour no harm is done to the banks. 3. The last question to determine was the loss of speed incurred by a vessel navigating in the canal, compared with the open sea, in smooth water. It was found that the loss of speed owing to more confined water area of the canal amounted to one fourth, using of course the same power in both cases. Mr. Lange confirms the official announcements already made—viz, that the navigation of the Suez Canal would be opened on the 17th of November, to all vessels without distinction of nationality, provided they do not draw more than 24 feet 7 inches English, the canal being then (eight meters) equal to 26 1/2 English feet in depth. Messrs. Horn, also as directors of the Societes Maritimes des Messageries Impériales, have announced that the steamship "Godavery" will be despatched from Marseilles on the 10th of November to Port Said, where she was expected to arrive on the eve of the inauguration of the canal. After the opening ceremony she will pass through the canal and continue her voyage direct to Calcutta. The Godavery's extreme length is 305 feet. Her tonnage (English) is 1,380 gross and 965 register, and her draught with a full cargo is 17 feet 9 inches. [Engineering.]

ITEMS.

A shock of an earthquake, which lasted several seconds, took place at Selastopol, October 12. Tables and other articles of furniture were shaken from their places, and many people were seized with dizziness.

A recent number of Punch was not allowed to enter Paris because it had a stinging caricature in it—an imperial velocipede rider, trundling his bicycle on a tight rope, and on one end of his balance pole "repression," on the other "concession." It was called a "perilous passage."

Leitz is going to Paris in December, and is expected to appear in public.

The Paris hospitals are to be heated by electricity, instead of coal, hereafter. The experiment was successfully tried at the Hotel Dieu recently.

Sportsmen in Europe predict a severe winter, because the woodcock have arrived in their haunts unusually frequently only in November—a fortnight before time.

The Parish School

Has been re-opened.
Terms:—Juniors \$1.00 per quarter.
Advances \$1.50
Classics and Mathematical Branches also taught.
SPECIAL CLASSES in French and German, for young Ladies have been formed. A few more pupils can be taken. Hours—2.15 to 3.45. For terms, &c., apply to the teacher.
D. WHITE, Teacher.
St. Andrews, Aug. 4, 1869.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Subscriber being about to remove from this place, in order the necessity of enforcing payment of all bills and balances of accounts due to himself or the late firm of Clinch, Mc

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DID YOU EVER
See any Cheaper Dry Goods than J. S. Magee
Just think of it, good serviceable Tweeds for chil-
dren and women's wear at 8, 9, 10 and 11 cents
per yard. No. 4 never heard the like before, but
then Magee always has bargains for his cus-
tomers. I always give him a call when I go to
town. Such was a conversation that took place
between two ladies from the country the other
day, and they were right—for proof of which we
invite you to call at
OUR NEW STORE.

Here we are prepared to show you a splendid as-
ortment of Dry Goods, consisting in part as fol-
lows: Flannels in Red, White, Gray and Blue,
prices ranging from 25 cents upwards, Unbleach-
ed at 7 cents a yard, splendid quality for a York
shilling. White Tweeds at 8 cents per yard—
Printed Cotton very cheap, White Pocket Hif-
3 cents, Wonderfully cheap Boots, Women's
Balmoral Boots, Goat skin for one dollar.
A few pairs glove Kid Congress Boots \$1.25
Reeling Jackets and Overcoats at \$4 each.
A splendid lot of Rubber Overcoats.
An enumeration of all we have for sale, would
cover a page of the paper—Just come and see
them. Ladies remember our stock of new
Flowers, Ribbons, Laces and other Millinery goods
is very complete. Your orders are solicited;
and we guarantee to give satisfaction. All goods
marked in plain figures. No second price.
Country Yarn 75 cents per pound.
JOHN S. MAGEE,
Albion House New Store,
Water-street, St. Andrews.

KEROSENE.
30 E.B.S. KEROSENE—a superior article,
For sale low by
Nov. 3. C. L. O. HATHWAY
JOHN M'COULL,
GENERAL AGENT,
Commission Merchant,
AND
AUCTIONEER
St. George, N. B.

To Contractors.
NOTICE is hereby given that the Grade, Levels
and CONTRACT Number Eleven must be
maintained EXACTLY higher than shown on profile,
at least 14 feet from Missisquoi River to Saint
John Hundred and Forty, near Amherst.
A. WALSH,
ED. R. CHANDLER, Commissioners.
C. J. BRIDGEMAN,
A. W. McLELLAN,
Incorporated Railway,
Commissioners Office,
Ottawa, Oct. 1899. oct 20
New Brunswick & Canada Railway
and **St. Stephen and Woodstock**
Branch Railways.

FALL ARRANGEMENTS.
On Monday September 27th, and until further
notice, trains will run as follows:
UP TRAINS.
From St. Andrews and St. Stephens for Rich-
mond on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sat-
urday. Leaving St. Andrews at 8 a. m., St. Ste-
phens at 9 a. m.
From St. Andrews and St. Stephens for Wood-
stock on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leav-
ing St. Andrews at 8 a. m. and St. Stephens at 9
a. m.
DOWN TRAINS.
From Richmond for St. Andrews and St. Ste-
phens on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, at 8:30 a. m.
From Woodstock for St. Andrews and St. Ste-
phens on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8
a. m.
HENRY OSBURN,
St. Andrews, Sep. 25, 1899. MANAGER.

E. & N. A. Railway.
Summer Arrangement, 1899.
COMMENCING ON MONDAY, 19th May,
next, Trains will run as follows—
TRAINS GOING EAST—Leave St. John at
7 and 11.15 a. m., 2.15 and 6.15 p. m.; the 2.15 train
going to Railway, and the 6.15 p. m., to Sussex
only.
TRAINS GOING WEST—Leave Point Du
6.50 and 10.45 a. m., Sussex at 6.15
and 10.15 a. m., and 4.05 p. m., and Railway at
6.15 and 11.51 a. m., 3.15 and 6.45 p. m.
The 11.51 a. m., and the 6.45 p. m., trains from
St. John, and the 10.45 a. m., train from Point Du
Cene only will carry Freight.
The Eastern Extension Railway
Trains, to and from Dorchester, connect
daily at Pointe St. Jean.
Trains to and from Prince Edward Island
and Pictou, and to and from Quebec, Miramichi,
and the intermediate parts, will arrive and leave
Point Du Cene upon each Wednesday and Sat-
urday during the summer.
Trains connect daily at Moncton, and from
Blanchard, Hopewell, and the Albert Mines;
Pictou, and to and from Coegne, Richibucto, Mir-
amichi, and other places upon the North Shore;
and at Dorchester and from Sackville, Am-
herst, and other places in Nova Scotia.
LEWIS CARVILLE,
General Manager.
Railway Office, St. John, N. B.,
May 5, 1899.

Kerosine.
30 E.B.S. Kerosine. J. W. STREET.
Nov. 3.

NOTICE.
My wife NANCY having left my bed and board
without any provocation, I hereby forbid
persons harboring or trusting her on my ac-
count, as I will not pay any debts of her contract-
ed on Island, Sep. 28. JOHN BOYNTON.

LAND FOR SALE.
50 ACRES of land under cultivation on the
Western Side of the Digby River,
(in the Grant to Archibald, William and
others.) Apply to Gordon McKay, Digby, or
the subscriber, J. W. STREET,
St. Andrews, June 22d, 1899.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

NOVEMBER 1869.
58 BALLS AND CASHES
NOW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Imported per Steamships "Samaria," "Siberia," and "Golden Rule."
—CONSISTING OF—
FLANNELS, BLANKETS,
CLOTHS, VELVETS,
VELVETEENS, MANIFLES, Paisley and Tartan SHAWLS, Clouds, AUBS, DRESSES
Goods in Wineys, CLANTARTANS, Merino's, Laces, &c.
COTTONS & COTTON WARPS, CARPETINGS & LOBBY CLOTHS, JOSEPHS,
Gloves, Hats, Bonnets, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, Laces, Vell Fables, Fables and
RUFFLES.
A large assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, manufactured expressly for our
trade, by Messrs. R. & T. Parnell & Co., London.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Oct. 1899.
Exchange Hotel,
KING STREET,
Saint Stephen, N. B.
JAMES NEILL, Proprietor.
The Parish School
Has been re-opened.
Terms:—Juniors \$1.00 per quarter.
Advanced \$1.50
Classics and Mathematical Branches also
taught.
SPECIAL CLASSES in French and Ger-
man, for young Ladies have been formed. A
few more pupils can be taken. Houses 215 to
3.15. For terms, &c., apply to the teacher.
D. WHITE, Teacher.
St. Andrews, Aug. 4, 1899. 41

SPECIAL NOTICE.
THE Subscriber being about to remove from
this place, is under the necessity of en-
suring payment of all dues and balances of accounts
due to himself or the late firm of Clinch, McLean
and Co. All such remaining unsettled on the
First day of August next, will then be placed in
the hands of a Magistrate or an Attorney for
collection.
CHAS. F. CLINCH.
St. Andrews, July 6, 1899.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.
Thursday, 23d day of Sep, 1899.
PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL
IN COUNCIL.
ON the recommendation of the Honorable the
Minister of Customs, and under and in virtue
of the 8th section of the Act 31 Viet., Chap. 6,
intituled "An Act respecting the Customs,"
His Excellency has been pleased to order and
it is hereby ordered, that Sheet Harbour, situated
in the County of Halifax East, in the Province
of Nova Scotia, shall be and the same is hereby
declared to be an Out Port of Entry, under the
Survey of the Port of Halifax.
And it is further ordered that the Out Port of
Tongue, now under the Survey of the said Port
of Halifax, be and the same is hereby notified
WM. H. LEWIS,
Clark Privy Council.

**Notice to Fishermen, Coasters
and Pilots.**
The following sections of an Act relating to
the Coast Fisheries, &c., are hereby published for
information of Fishermen, Coasters and Pilots:
Sec. XXI.—The owner of every vessel or boat
under the burden of fifteen tons belonging to
this Province, and employed in fishing, coasting,
or piloting, shall furnish a written description of
the same, together with his own name, place of
abode, and occupation, to the chief officer of the
Provincial Treasury of the district wherein the
owner resides; such officer shall thereupon grant
to the owner a certificate, that the requisite de-
scription has been filed with him, and that a cer-
tain number has been fixed thereon; which num-
ber shall thereafter be painted conspicuously on
both bows in figures not less than nine inches in
length, and not less than three feet in height.
XXII.—Vessels or boats belonging to owners
residing within the Bay of Fundy, shall be dis-
tinguished by numbers in red on the bows and
mainsail.
XXIII.—Every vessel or boat under the burden
of fifteen tons, be on going to this Province, and
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