

SEPT.

CHICAGO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 7.-NO. 18.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1876.

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WHOLE NO. 320.

LITERATURE.

One Summer.

CONTINUED.

"A common, coarse country girl like me who dared venture out at all to-night, cannot be injured by walking an additional mile," she thought with some vexation.

She knew where the farm was. It was nearly a mile from Miss Philp's mansion.

After leaving the village, sidewalk ceased, and their path lay through the muddy road. They walked on in silence and soon saw a light in a house they were approaching. It was the Holbrook Cottage. They reached the door. She turned to go. Then her warm heart conquered her pride and pique—"I am very sorry, I hope it will be better soon." He said: "I thank you, I imagine it will not be much. You have done me a great service. Don't think I offer this in payment, only perhaps you know of a little ribbon you may fancy, and if you will buy it you will make me still more indebted to you."

Putting her umbrella in her hand and a bank-note with a hasty "Good night," he opened the door, passed in and closed it again, before the girl had time to recover from her overpowering indignation.

Money! Had he dared to give her money? Insulting! Incredible! She turned from the hateful spot and started towards the village. Arrived at the house, she wearily ascended the stairs and shut herself in her room. She looked in the mirror with a smile that said, "Leigh Doane, you have not lived in vain. You have turned an honest penny. You have fairly earned two dollars." Her last thought as she closed her eyes, was: "Perhaps you may stumble against him somewhere"—"Of wise, prophetic Tom."

The umbrella affair secluded Mr. Ogden for a week. Served by Mrs. Holbrook and her very sentimental daughter "Sarah Maria," one morning when the latter enquired as usual if he wanted anything more, he surprised her by saying he would enjoy a call from her little brother Jim. Some time elapsed before he appeared. It was evident that the prospect of a *tele-tele* with the invalid in what he had a moment before called "that darned, poky old room," was not alluring to Jimmie. "Ah, Jimmie, is that you?" "Well enough." "Sit down won't you?" "Can't stop, ain't got time." His terse style of conversation was quite refreshing to Mr. Ogden, and he said, "Any candy shops in Edgemoor?" "Rather!" "Do you like taffy?" "You bet!" Here a little taffy occurred—Jimmie was mollified but not subdued.

Removing the cloth which he still wore upon his face, he said, "What do you think of that for a black eye, Jimmie?" "Who did you fight? Did you lick him?" "Jimmie, I always lick him!" "Do you though, honest? Let's feel your muscle." Jimmie was won—he chatted about the impending circus, and Mr. Ogden finally asked if there were many strangers in the place.

"Well, there's you an' there's my Gid, an' I guess that's all." "And who might your Gid be?" "The one I take to be," said Jimmie with dignity. "Do you know her name?" "Once it was L. L. Doane, an' twice it was Miss Doane, and the last time it was Miss Laura Leigh Doane. She's to old Miss Philp's, yer know. The folks was a coming but they ain't come yet. I showed her the old fort and she takes lots of things and goes over almost every day." "What do mean by lots of things, Jimmie?" "Well, a drawing-book, a basket for leaves and things, yer know; and a most generally an umbrella." "Ah, she carries an umbrella, does she, this Miss Doane, and what kind is it, my Jimmie?"

"It's got a shiny ball on top, and a pretty cross-piece on the handle. It's a real jolly, little umbrella."

"Very jolly," said Mr. Ogden, decisively. "Why, yer ain't seen it, have yer?" asked Jimmie in surprise.

"No, I cannot say that I have ever it. But I have a remembrance of holding in my hand once an umbrella similar, and I agree with you that it is jolly—very jolly, indeed; Jimmie, you are a fine boy, you shall go out in my wheary when you like." Jimmie withdrew and Mr. Ogden was left to his reflections.

The next day he received a note as follows:—

"My Dear Philp:—I have just learned that you were rusticated in Edgemoor, the very place I have left my fair sister, Miss Doane. Miss

Doane does not know a person in the place, and if you will call occasionally upon her Mrs. Ode will be extremely pleased.

Harry Blake will bring his yacht round there during the summer and he expects you to join him. He'll have a magnificent time on the idle Wild.

As ever, yours, etc.,
Tom G. Orris.

Saturday of the week following, Mr. Ogden ventured out. He was in a cheerful frame of mind, wearing only a black-and-blue spot of rather moderate size as a memento of Miss Doane's umbrella. In this state he drew near Miss Philp's abode. Miss Doane was out. Leaving his card with the antique maiden, he lighted a cigar and passed down the hill that led to the bridge. Changing his mind, he suddenly turned in the direction of Rounney, when he saw before him something which he needed no glass to appreciate. Leaning against a rock was an umbrella. It was a small black one, having on one end a silver cross, and on its silver handle was engraved "L. L. Doane." He was extremely amused, he inferred she must be in the vicinity. He presumed she would be an agreeable girl. Ode's wife's sister ought to be. He turned suddenly and an open sketch-book arrested his attention. He was scrupulous in trifles, yet he took the book and examined it, then threw back his head and laughed long. "She's a genius; it's the richest thing I ever saw." At the top of the page were wickedly misapplied Shelley's lines:—

"We look before and after,
And sigh for what is not."
There were two pictures, the first of which represented a peering rain in which a female figure was drawn with much spirit. Her draperies were flying in the wind, her umbrella grasped in both hands, and her resolute poise told of a contest with the storm. A man with his hat set very jauntily on the side of his head and who looked as if he had devoted an hour to his neck-tie walked carelessly towards her. In this picture collision was imminent and upon the next page its results were portrayed in "After"—a rough road with woods on both sides. Through wind and rain walked arm in arm the two figures described. The indignant smile on the girl's face was a study. The upper part of the man's face was bound by a handkerchief, and as he minced pompously along, he held an umbrella directly over his head in a position that would entail constant drippings over his companion. Below each sketch was written "Miss L. Doane." Thus had she revenged herself.

"When you have quite finished with your inspection, sir, I will trouble you for my sketch-book," said a voice behind him, dryly. In an instant he threw away his cigar, sprang to his feet, turned, took off his hat and saw what he never forgot in after years; a graceful figure, fair, wavy hair, great black eyes and a mouth set haughtily in a manner that boded no good. Politely he said, "Miss Doane?" "She was a truthful girl, but her good angel forsake her, and she told a white lie. 'You have the advantage of me, sir.' He said, 'Parson me, the advantage was yours before, is yours now and it must of necessity always remain with you.' Without replying, without indeed glancing at him, she pushed by for her umbrella preparatory to departure. 'It is my place—'Miss Doane,' not yours to withdraw." Lifting his hat with grace courtesy he walked rapidly away and disappeared among the trees.

So they met again, and so they parted.

EDGEMOOR, July 15, 18—
DEAR TOM AND DEAREST BESSIE:—Let us play at "Consequences." I'll begin. Miss Doane and Mr. Ogden met in Edgemoor—on a street corner a dark stormy night to the physical distress of one and the mental agony of the other.

He said:—
"My good woman, your umbrella has put out my majestic eye; shall I allow you the supreme honor of walking through a mile of mud with me?"
She said:—
"Yes, sir."
The world said she had only herself to blame.

The consequences were: Mr. Ogden retired from the world, and Miss Doane indulged in hatred and malice. Dear Bessie, this is all true. I did hurt him, and he thought I was nobody, and asked me to tie a bandage over his eyes and take him home. He was confined to his room for a week, so my little Jimmy boy reported. During that time my heart became quite softened. These long, quiet days here are lovely, but Jimmy is my only comfort. He is, I tell you, a rough diamond; and hereafter I shall spell his name with a G. He is not, perhaps of 'purest ray serene,' but he is precious and sparkling. He

has taken the greatest fancy to me. He left a handful of Columbian shells with Miss Philp for me one morning before I was awake and he went ever so many miles for a specimen of fern, which he heard me say I could not find here. He is bright, merry and amusing, has a loving, kind and appreciative heart. I wish Tom would let me go to you. It would be so much better than staying here. I'm afraid to stir for fear of meeting Mr. Ogden.

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of 'P. Ogden.'"
Come and let me go to you in the earnest prayer of
Your loving
LEIGH.

To be continued.

Stories of Vanderbilt.

It is conceded by all his physicians, says the New York Times, that the ability to withstand the shocks of disease evinced by Commodore Vanderbilt is due to his strong constitution and unassuming physique, aided by the open air. As an instance of how active he was in his fifty-eighth year, it is related that in 1853 he was on board the steamer Prompess of the Nicaragua line, as she was being moored to her berth at pier No. 4, North River. A single bawler had been run from the ship to the pier, but owing to the strong current the ship could not be moored. The Commodore became impatient at the delay, and throwing his cane on the deck, swung himself hand over hand on the bawler from the ship to the pier. Then picking up his stick he said, "I was not going to stay there all day," and walked slowly up the dock.

Many stories showing his strong prejudices and peculiarities in those days in regard to his business, are told of him. On one occasion, in 1852, a Mr. Loper of Philadelphia, who had built a number of propellers, and who was strongly in favor of that kind of vessel, called upon the Commodore to try to induce him to use propellers instead of side-wheel steamers on Nicaragua line. He exhibited a model to the Commodore and predicted that in ten years from that date not a single side-wheel steamer would be built, as the propellers were superior to them, both in speed and economy. After hearing all that Mr. Loper had to say, the Commodore said: "All you tell me, Mr. Loper, may be true, but I'll tell you what I'll do. You built a propeller, and I'll build one of my walking beam ships, and I'll run you a race from New York to Liverpool, ship for ship." Mr. Loper did not waver, and the Commodore never built a propeller.

One of his peculiarities is that he signs his name thus, "Van Derbilt," pronouncing it "Wanderbilt," as if written with a W, the old Dutch pronunciation of the name. Many years ago, when Wm. H. Vanderbilt was a boy, the old gentleman made arrangements to send him to a boarding school in Bedford, Westchester County. It being necessary to procure a trunk for the boy, the father and son, who lived in Madison street, went to the Bowery to purchase one. William suggested that it would be well to have it marked with his initials. The Commodore acquiesced, and turned to the storekeeper and said, "Put 'W. W.' on the ends," meaning Wm. W. W. said the storekeeper, inquiringly, "Yes," said the Commodore, "W. W." The man still not seeming to understand, the old gentleman said, "It, Bill, you tell him." William then explained what his father meant, and W. W. Fisher desired for a while, but feeling their constant and invidious approach to the rapid, he tried again to use his paddle. Bruin then raised his note of disapprobation an octave higher, and made a motion as if he intended to get down and "go for" him. The men who swim ashore, soothed however, reappeared in another can, with a loaded musket, shot the bear and ended Fisher's terrible suspense. Bruin weighed over three hundred pounds.

The title of Commodore was given him in the year 1834 by David Heywood, who was at that time captain of the steamship "Champion," running between New York and Albany. The Commodore owned her as well as the steamship "Nimrod," with which he was running a day line to Albany in opposition to other lines.

Dismissing with a Revolver.

A HUSBAND ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT HIS WIFE FOR GOING TO A BAPTIST CHURCH.

DANVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1874.—A family by the name of Whitney lives near this place. A few weeks ago Mrs. Whitney was converted at a camp meeting and joined the Baptist Church. Her husband was opposed to her becoming a member of that church, and told her that if she persisted in attending he would shoot her. On Sunday she went to the house of a brother named Clarke in order to go to church with his family. Whitney followed her and forbade her going to the Baptist Church. A quarrel ensued and Clarke ordered his brother-in-law off the premises. Whitney went out of the yard and stood in the road near the gate and when the wife and Mr. Whitney came out on their way to Church he leveled a revolver at his wife's head. Clark knocked the weapon up and received the contents of one chamber in his arm. A son of Clark's seized Whitney and disarmed him before he could get into the house. Whitney then ran. He was followed with dogs and caught and badly beaten by the Clarks. He afterwards escaped arrest and cannot be found.

JEAN PAUL:—Every body believes in a double immortality, in its own and that of the other. When it is able to fear that it ever will cease it has already ceased. It is all the same to our hearts whether the loved one disappears or his love only.

GORTHE:—"We are only really alive when we enjoy the good will of others."

George Horner:—"A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affection."

A Fearful Murder by an American.

HE THROWS HIS YOUNG WIFE DOWN AN ALPINE RAVINE.

Correspondence of the Cologne Gazette.
BORNO (Lombardy), July 17th.—The Vienna advocate, Dr. Sigismund Fessler, made this morning the ascent of the Stelvio Pass from Eysen over Spoding and Trafol. An hour above Trafol, and at the height of about 6,700 feet, at the place where the Oder, Stelvio and Madatsch-Ferper form that fearful impassable ravine in which the Adige has its source by the three sacred springs, Dr. Fessler perceived on the slope of the ravine a blue veil stained with blood. The Vienna tourist was a little horrified when he noticed that the traces of blood led down into the depth of the ravine. He suspected an accident or a crime, and although the descent into the bottom of the ravine was not free from danger, with the aid of two passing peasants he let himself down into it; and there he found the body of a young woman, about twenty-four years of age, elegantly dressed, dead, with three gaping wounds on the head. The wounds appeared to have been made with a sharp instrument. The body was lying at the bottom with the head downward. All the circumstances indicated a crime, and in particular the broken handle of a sun umbrella found by the dead body showed the struggle in defense that had taken place. Dr. Fessler left the two peasants to watch over the corpse, and crept back up the ravine on all fours, and soon after the District Magistrate of Glarus appeared on the spot and made an examination. The report of the crime spread like wildfire through the neighboring hamlet, and the crime about that its perpetrator was soon in the hands of justice. He is an American who lived in Springfield, Mass., and was married to a maid servant. Yesterday he went with his wife to Trafol and came back thence with the report that she had fallen on the road and had suffered fatally. The improbability of this statement and his lack of interest in the fate of his wife increased the suspicions. Soldiers were ordered from Gomagoi and the American, whose true name has not thus far been revealed, was handed over to the Police Court of Glarus. The man has also been taken into custody.

A BEAR STORY.—A writer in Scribner's Monthly, recalls the following bear story:
In the summer of 1816 three men living about three miles above the Falls saw a bear swimming in the river. Thinking he would be a capital prize they started for him in a large substantial log canoe or "dug-out." When they overtook him he seemed much obliged for their attention, and quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, and sat down. The men who were with him, and who were paddling, were much obliged for his attention, and quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, and sat down. The men who were with him, and who were paddling, were much obliged for his attention, and quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, and sat down.

In a breach of promise of marriage case tried at Liverpool recently, Mr. Baron Bramwell expressed an opinion that it would be a good thing in the majority of instances if actions of this kind were abolished, for men were goaded into marrying women they did not like, and then there were unhappy marriages.

A farmer the other day, if the story be true, wrote to a New York merchant, asking how the former's son was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant replied, "He sleeps in the store in the day time. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

WACO (Texas) Register:—"A wild horse, without saddle, made its appearance in this section of the State, not long ago, bearing the body of a man. The horse was at once caught and the body found strapped to the horse and had been dead for some time."

It was purely accidental, but the barrel from which the thirsty crowd drank ice-water, at the recent Connecticut State temperance picnic was an uncleaned barrel rum barrel, whose odor would have attracted a toper at a rod away.

A man who tried to drown himself by jumping from an excursion steamer in Boston harbor, on Friday, was so fat that he couldn't sink, and the boat sent for him found him floating like a cork.

When a woman comes to the door and calls after her husband, "HONEY," finishing the last syllable in capital letters—you may know that she is not in a capital humor.—Norristown Herald.

SAN FRANCISCO Chronicle:—Jessie Cleveland, a girl seventeen years of age, was sent to the County Jail yesterday by the Police Judge for seventy-five days as a common drunkard.

The Popular Science Monthly says that while oil was poured on a piece of a horse's stomach that was covered with botworms, and it made them let go their hold and die immediately.

A Baltimore lawyer killed himself because it was too hot to live. Five minutes' reflection might have convinced him that in his case it was too hot to die.—Rechester Chronicle.

"He was an able drinker," says obituary notice of a Denver citizen.

Getting Posted.

A colored man, hobbling along with the aid of a crutch, halted a policeman on Brush street yesterday and said:
"I hasn't bin in dis town long, an' I wants some advice."
"All right," was the ready reply.
"Now, if I is walking along de street an' see a fire what mus' I do about it?" asked the newly-arrived citizen.
"Why, you must shout 'fire!' as loud as you can to attract attention."
"Yes."
"And then go to the nearest box and sound the alarm."
"I see."
The steamer will speedily respond and the fire will be put out.
"Dat seems sensible an' all right," mused the man, "but dere's one deebush."
"Go ahead."
"Go ahead," says deebush pay me an' when does deebush begin to come in?" The officer made a further explanation, and the old man shook his head and responded:
"Cooldn't do it—cooldn't think of it. While I was prine from all dose motions I could make two shillings sawing wood. Ize born into dis world on a cash basis!"

EUGENIE.—A correspondent who lately saw the Empress Eugenie says she has broken sadly in the last year or two, and has lost nearly every vestige of her beauty. She has grown very stout, dyes her hair and covers her face with white powder, while the slight lameness which she used to dissimulate so skillfully has become very apparent in her gait. Her stately bearing and the noble carriage of her head and shoulders are still very remarkable. She looks like one accustomed to wear a crown. It is a significant fact that all the photographs of her now offered for sale in the Parisian shops were taken two or three years ago, so apparently she has not cared to sit for any later ones.

His MISTAKE.—After two men had shaken in front of a Woodward Av. store yesterday one of them remarked, "well I heard that your case of assault and battery felt through." "So it did," was the reply; the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, and the sounder got clear. "I thought you had a sure thing on me," "So I would have had but for my own foolishness: Do you believe that I was just fool enough to own up that I struck first? But for that little technical error the jury would have convicted him and he'd been fined at least twenty dollars.—Detroit Free Press.

THE London Times estimates the cost of building and restoring churches in the English Ecclesiastical since 1840 at \$175,000,000. The number of churches built was 1,727, and 6,114 have been restored, including 27 cathedrals. The cost of building the new churches, including the land, has been on the average about \$40,000.

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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, - - - Sackville, N. B.
The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—Over the Sackville Drug Store,
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.

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

T. W. KNAPP, M. D.
Graduate at the University of Edinburgh.
THANKS his friends and the public for the patronage they have given him during the last twenty-five years. He may be consulted at his residence, near Bridge Street, Sackville. dc17

COLONIAL BOOK STORE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Musical Instruments,
Paper Hangings, School Books, Stationery, Periodicals,
THOMAS H. HALL.

G. F. THOMPSON & SONS,
White Lead, Zinc, Paint and Color Works.
OFFICE AND SAMPLE ROOMS,
73 PRINCE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
Oils, Turpentine, &c., &c.

POSSLEY, CRAWFORD & POSSLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
80 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. S. Pugsley, Z. H. Crawford, W. Pugsley, Jr.
aug 29 '76

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands),
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary),
No. 127 WATLING 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.

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 COFFEYONERY WORKS.
Waterloo st. St. John, N. B.

We call the attention of Wholesale dealers and others to our Stock of FURNITURE. Wholesale only.

J. R. WOODBURN & Co.,
Victoria Steam Coffeyonery Works.
J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KEIR.

PETITCODIAC
Furniture Factory!
F. J. MURPHY, Proprietor.

The Subscriber is prepared to furnish Doors, Sashes, & Flooring, House, Office & School Furniture.

As he has fine Facilities for making up all descriptions of Wood-Work, he believes he can give SATISFACTION both in the QUALITY of the Work and in Prices!

Orders solicited!
Oct. 15. T. J. MURPHY

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 5000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

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

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples sent free. \$1 free. Successor & Co., Portland, Maine.

Business Cards.

MACLELLAN & Co.,
BANKERS & BROKERS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers.
June 12, '76.

ALEX. NEAL,
Merchant Tailor,
MONCTON, N. B.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF
Fashionable Cloths,
ON HAND.

PERFECT FIT in every case guaranteed.
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. Jewellery neatly repaired.
ap28 G. H. V.

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

CHABIN'S 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
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. oct30

SAWS! SAWS!
ALEXANDRA
WORKS.

Saw Factory,
Corner of North and George's Streets, St. John.
J. F. LAWTON,
Proprietor.

PIANOFORTES,
CABINET ORGANS, &c
G. FLOOD,

75 Prince William Street, St. John
KEEPS constantly on hand PIANOFORTES 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. 17-july8

MARBLE & FREESTONE
AND
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. ap17

CARD.
NORTHWESTERN
Mutual Life
Insurance Co.,
—OF—
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Assets over \$15,000,000.
EDWARD F. DUNN,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

FLEMING & MOORE,
Medical Advertisers, Sackville.

DRESS MAKING.
MISS ANNIE & LOUISA BOWSER
are thankful to the Ladies of Sackville and vicinity for their past patronage, wish to inform the public generally that they are now prepared to do
Dress Making & Millinery
At the residence of Mr. John Bowser, next door to the post office.
Sackville, May 17, 1876.

Hotels, &c.

Hamilton Terrace Hotel,
AMHERST, N. S.
W. J. HAMILTON, PROPRIETOR.

THIS HOTEL, entirely new, is pleasantly and conveniently situated near the Railway Station, Post Office, Telegraph and other public offices.
A Night Porter in attendance.

Terms Moderate.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

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 throughout 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.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
THE Subscriber has this day associated his son, JOHN MITCHELL 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.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.
THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the generous patronage he has received while proprietor of the "Brunswick House" and to intimate to his friends and the public that he has commenced a
Flour and Grocery Business
next door to C. A. Bowser, and he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
B. ESTABROOKS.
Sackville, June 21, 1876.

NEW TAILORING
ESTABLISHMENT!
THE Subscriber begs to intimate to the inhabitants of Sackville, and vicinity, that he has opened a
Custom Tailoring Establishment
Opposite the new store of Messrs. M. Wood & Sons, Crane's Corner, where he will be prepared to wait on Customers on the most LIBERAL TERMS.
Clothing, Made and Trimmed
In the Latest Styles, and at the Lowest Living Profits.
Parties furnishing their own material will be dealt with on the most liberal terms.

JOHN MEAHAN.
Sackville, May 17, 1876.

LUMBER.
THE PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO.,
manufacturing Lumber directly for the purpose of Lumber for early spring delivery.

Ship Plank, Frame Staff,
Enclosing Flooring and Finishing Boards, Scantling of all sizes, 1 1/2, 2 and 3 in. Dry Pine Plank, Hemlock Boards Plank and Timber, Spruce Pine and Cedar Shingles of any quantity.

LATHES, PALINGS & CLAPBOARD constantly on hand.
Cheap Boards in 10 ft. lengths for end fences and in 16 ft. lengths for snow sheds.
P. O. Address:—
PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO.,
Petitcodiac, N. B.

HARNESSES!
A SPLENDID STOCK OF
HARNESSES
May be seen at the Subscriber's, which will be sold
LOWER

