

News of the Week

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A Hundred Years Ago.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon

Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?

The sneering tale
Of sister frail;
The plot that worked
A brother's hurt;

Where, O where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

THE BEACON LIGHT.

Yes, I was to be married the coming fall to Rollin Weatherbee, heir of the Weatherbee estate. How matters had progressed so far and I had been engaged to Rollin I scarcely knew. Did I love him I asked myself many times, without being able to answer the query. My mother had very quietly and in her determined way settled the whole affair, and I supposed I had nothing to do but quietly submit to the decree. I did not dislike Rollin, and indeed there was little about him to make one do anything but like him. I knew my young female friends envied me.

I was paying my last maiden visit with my mother, and the wedding day was drawing near. At the seaside where we were I met Brecece Rogers, and our acquaintance at once ripened into friendship. I had scarcely noted the growth of this intimacy until one evening Brecece and I were talking our accustomed walk, when he suddenly turned to me and said:

"Is this thing true your mother tells me?"

"What thing?" I almost whispered.

"You know," he answered fiercely.

"Is it true that you are to be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next October?"

"Yes," I answered almost with a gasp.

He took my hands in his and looked down upon me.

"You shall not—you shall not! I love you, you are mine, now and forever."

Before I could speak or cry out he had taken me in his arms, and was raining kisses upon my lips. This man had aroused a strange feeling in my breast, that now, as I lay in his arms, I believed must be love. I could see the reckless beauty of his face as it bent above me, and almost unconsciously I clasped my arms about his neck, sobbing wildly, and whispering: "Oh, if I had known you sooner—if it were not too late."

"It is not too late," he cried, passionately, straining me to his heart. "You are mine now and for all time. You must be my wife!"

"But I cannot," I sobbed. "I am bound to another—the wedding day draws near."

"I care nothing for that. You must wed me, and no other. I cannot give you up."

His imperious manner, his impassioned earnestness, aroused in my girlish admiration. He seemed like some knight of olden romance to me, besides whom Rollin Weatherbee, with his patrician beauty, was completely overshadowed.

For three weeks I met Rogers each day, and listened to his words of passionate devotion. At last came an afternoon late in September. I was to meet Brecece that evening, and stood looking out at the gorgeous sunset, with a heart full of contending emotions, when mamma came into the room. "Rose," she said, "you remember Brecece Rogers who came here so often some time ago?"

"Remember him! But I only said: 'Yes, mother,' in a very low voice."

"Well, Harwood tells me a painful thing in connection with him. She says her husband tells her it is the neighbor-hood talk now. It seems there is a very lovely young girl, a gardener's daughter, Cora Smith by name, whom Brecece has been very attentive to for some months. The girl's father says he is betrothed to him. At all events, he has been a most ardent lover, for a year or more, and now, without a word, or any apparent cause, he has deserted her. Has not been near her for two months, and the girl is very ill—calling for him constantly, but he does not go near her. It is thought she will die. She is a poor, frail, childish thing, and never knew what it was to suffer before. It is very sad. What a heartless villain he must be."

My heart seemed to die within me. A rush of emotion, shame, anger, grief, misplaced love and wounded pride fought together in my breast. Oh! how near the man was whom I had placed above Rollin Weatherbee in my heart's affection. How I despised him, for that moment. Then I began to think it might not be so—there might be some mistake. "I will go to him to-night," I thought, "and I shall know."

I did go, when the shadows of the gloaming settled down over the earth. I found him waiting for me. He held out his arms, but I stood aloof.

"Go to Cora Smith," I said. "She is entitled to your caresses—she wants them—I do not."

I needed no further proof of his guilt. His face turned crimson from brow to chin, and then pale as death.

"What do you know of her?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Who has been telling you that?"

"No one," I answered. "Your face is a proof of the truth of all I have heard. I will make this our last meeting. My eyes are opened in time, thank God. I do not want to set them upon you again. Do not try to see me, for it will be useless. I utterly despise you. Go back to the only person who believes you worthy of love—who is dying for you."

I turned and sped back to the house, and for two weeks scarcely stepped outside its walls. I was ill in mind and body. My unreasoning romantic folly, that I had called love, died suddenly at one blow, and I knew there was only one man in the world that I loved, or ever had loved, and that one man was Rollin Weatherbee. But my heart was filled with regrets for my past folly, and fears for what might follow. But two weeks passed by and I heard no word and saw nothing of Brecece Rogers until that chill October night, when my story opens.

I turned my face away, lest the light of those dark eyes should bring back the old delirium. For at that one glance I felt the blood leap through my veins, and a strange glow shoot through my heart. I thoroughly despised this man, yet he had a power over me still. A woman who has ever been held in a man's arms, and felt his kisses upon her lips, can never so learn to despise or forget him that the sight of his face will not sometimes move her. At length I arose and moved away from the window. A second later something struck the glass with a sharp click.

"What was that?" asked mamma.

"The wind hurled something against the window pane," I answered. A moment later and it was repeated. "Why, it sounds like something thrown against the glass," mamma said. "Tell Harwood to see what it is, Rose."

I got up and went out of the room. I knew it was useless to resist Brecece Rogers' summons longer. I must go to see what he wanted. I threw a dark cloak over my shoulders and went out. He heard the door open, and glided into the shadows again.

"What do you want?" I asked, icily.

"Why are you here? I told you never to approach me again."

"Yes, but you were angry then. You have had time to think more kindly of me since, and I came to tell you that Cora is dead. She died last night, and with her dying lips she forgave me whatever wrong I have done her. I was with her and caught her last breath. If she could forgive me, surely you ought. I know I did her wrong, but she has forgiven me; will not you do the same and come to me?"

He took a step toward me, but I retreated. "I have nothing to forgive," I answered coldly. "If she whom you so wronged has forgiven you, well and good. I owe you no ill-will, but I do not love or respect you now, and never can."

"Rose!" he cried, "you are cruel! Oh, come to me, and fly before it is too late!"

"Hush!" I said sternly. "All that wild folly is past, and forever. I shall be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next week at this time, and far from here. The wife of the only man I ever loved. That mad fancy I conceived for you died as suddenly as it sprang to life, and can never live again. Go away now and leave me. Good-night and good-bye."

I sped back into the house, and locked the door behind me, leaving him alone in the darkness. I found mamma had fallen to sleep in her chair by the stove, and was relieved that I would thus be spared answering any questions.

The wind blew colder and harsher across the moorlands. A dreary rain began to fall, and the night settled down, desolate and lonely. Merideth House was oppressive, quiet, and my heart was full of sad thoughts. What if the dreadful autumnal storms should come in just after Rollin embarked for Avondale! What if his ship went down in the waters of the lake, and he never came to me? Would it not be a just punishment for my wild folly? Had I not been untrue to him in thought, and almost broken my vows, and fled with another, and that other a basehearted, unprincipled villain? Oh! I was ashamed—ashamed; and I hid my face in my hands, praying to God to forgive me, and send Rollin to me in safety.

The days that followed were damp and chill, with mist and wet east winds. But the dreaded storm did not come on. Each night I went to rest with a heart full of anxious fear; each morning I arose, thankful to find only wet winds and somber skies. Thursday morning came gray, cold, chilly, like the ones that preceded it. Thursday night the ship Cora Bell was expected, and by that ship Rollin Weatherbee would come to me.

I was restless and uneasy all the long day. No glimmer of sunshine lighted the dull, gray skies. A dainty mist fell, and the cold east wind blew over the moor. By night I was almost hysterical, and my heart was like lead in my breast.

"A wan-faced bride ye'll be, if ye donna brighten up a bit," Harwood said to me, and I did not wonder as I caught sight of my dead white face in the mirror.

The evening came on dark and desolate. No moon, no stars, only a gray, varied here and there with dense black clouds. I could not stay in the house. It seemed like a prison to me, and seizing a cloak I threw the hood over my head, the cape over my shoulders, and walked down the avenue, and leaning on the stone pillars of the gate, looked out towards the lake. Suddenly something caught my eye; it was a bright light high up in the air.

"A lighthouse, of course," I said, mentally, "but why have I never seen it before? That is not the lighthouse that directs ships to Avondale landing, for the landing is exactly opposite Merideth House.

I have seen the light night after night from my chamber window." I turned my eyes in the direction of the landing. It was dark as pitch. But to the left, full half a mile, shone that brilliant light. Suddenly a thought struck me. "My God, it is the lighthouse on the rocks!" I cried, and my heart seemed to stand still. I remembered that I had been out there once, in my boat. An old fisherman, sitting on the rocks, and dropping his line in the water, had answered my queries concerning the lighthouse. "It is where the red light is hoisted of a very stormy night," he said. "Not often used, miss, for the beacon at Avondale guides the ships safe to the landing. But this is lighted sometimes to show where the danger lies, if the night is over dangerous."

His words all came back to me now, with dreadful distinctness. The light seemed to burn into my very eyeballs—the light that shone clear and white—not the red signal of danger—high up on the cruel rocks. Quick as lightning it all flashed through my mind. Some one had lighted the lamp to wreck the Cora Bell upon the rocks. Who could that some one be but Brecece Rogers? He knew Rollin Weatherbee was coming to me on that ship, and he was bold enough to back hundred lives for the sake of killing one man. What could be done—how could the danger be averted? Without even a glance back to the house, I opened the gate and sped toward the lake. I knew every inch of the ground.

On I went till I reached the hut of a fisherman. I gave a loud knock at the door, then sat up without waiting to be bidden. A stalwart man and his burly son sat over the grate. Both started to their feet at the sight of my deadly face and staring eyes. "Why, Miss Rose—!" I stopped them.

"For God's sake," I cried, "come with me! The beacon at Avondale landing has not been lighted, and the light on the rocks is burning a white light, and the Cora Bell will be wrecked unless something is done. One of you go to Avondale and see why the keeper has neglected his duty, and one of you come with me to the lighthouse on the rocks."

"With you, Miss Rose, why?"

"Yes, with me! I can't stay here, I must go with you in the boat and see that the light is put out. I am not afraid. The night is dark, but the lake is not rough. The danger is threatening the Cora Bell. We must be quick."

"The boat is in the landing place, and the landing the young man hastened, and up into the lighthouse, while I sprang into the boat which the old man unlocked, and scarcely waiting for him to seat himself, seized an oar and rowed with all my might. How slowly we went—how slowly! Would we never reach the rocks? And all the time that wicked, hateful light burning into my very eyes. There at last! The light made the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the boat, and I clambered up the rocks.

"Careful, miss," he continued, "these rocks are wet and slippery;" but I reached the lighthouse, and entered with a heart so wild with fears for the Cora Bell that I forgot all danger for myself. I ran like a mad up the stairs, up the ladder—up—up—till I reached the tower. I opened the door, I leaped into the loft, where the lamp gleamed and flashed its white light into my very eyes. A man, with a devil face, turned at the noise. He had been so intently gazing through a glass out upon the waters that he had not heard my approach. "Fiend!" I cried, "what would you do with me? One bound I dashed my whole force against the lamp, shattering it in pieces, and extinguished the hateful light. For one moment we were left in utter darkness and a man's voice hissed: "Girl, you shall rue this. I have you in my power now." I felt his iron grip upon my wrist and screamed outright. Then the door burst open, the light of a lantern flashed into the tower, and the burly form of the fisherman entered and stood beside us. "Seize him—bind him!" I cried. "He will kill me!"

The burly fisherman set down his lamp and caught the arms of Brecece Rogers, and quick as thought pinioned them at his back. I tore up the skirt of my dress and twisted it in a stout cord that securely fastened the villain's limbs. He scarcely moved so sudden had been the fisherman's attack, so iron-like his hold. "Now bring him down," I said, "I will lead the way with the lantern." He took Brecece Rogers' lithe, slender figure in his arms as if it had been a child's, and followed me down the ladder. It was a treacherous descent, but we landed safely upon the rocks and took our seats in the boat. Brecece was not gagged, but he said no word, and not a note of one cent came from other places and it will not do to omit frequent examination. Those fish have been so unfortunate as to allow insects to get the mastery must resort at once to parigreen. Every day of delay makes the matter worse. If the bugs are few, pick by hand, and destroy the eggs, which will be found in little orange-colored clusters on the leaves. If too many to pick, then use parigreen, observing all the precautions given relative to its use. Keep up the watch; if no bugs are found now, they are liable to come at any time during the summer, and success depends greatly on beginning in time.

If a man has got something to say, it is proper to let him say it. If he is a reasonable man he will be satisfied with the permission to speak, and not expect you to quit work and listen to him.

to him a full half hour to right them and make them burn. How they did burn at last, in time to guide the Cora Bell safely to shore, and bring Rollin and the wedding guests in season for the morrow's bridal.

"Was a pale bride and had to be supported by my husband's arm, but it was a glad bridal for all that. We left Avondale, mamma, Rollin, and some few of the wedding company, that very day, and I have never set foot there since. Brecece Rogers was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison, where he died two years later. Rollin knew the whole story of my folly before I became his wife. He did not censure me—since I had risked my life to save his, and to atone for my error.

Superstition in Kentucky.

The following story seems incredible, but it is told, apparently in entire seriousness, by the Columbus (Ky.) Messenger. There lives within a few miles of Clinton, in this county, a well-known and respected family by the name of Berry, the oldest daughter of which has been married, and lives in the edge of Ballard county. This daughter is poor health, and it seems to be at least partially deranged. This daughter told the family that a man by the name of McDonald had died near Charleston, Mo., and that he had since appeared to her in the form of an angel and made various revelations to her; that he had told her the nature of her disease, and what to do to effect a cure; and that she had followed the directions given and been relieved, thus proving the reliability of the spiritual communication. She also told them that on another occasion this spirit had informed her that certain neighboring ladies were witches, and that they would come to the house in the form of cats and do them some great injury. The family were firm believers in the power of spiritual to communicate with physical beings, and their minds were so wrought upon that they fully believed the insane story of their daughter. The Holy Scriptures were searched for confirmatory proofs to prophecies and in parallel cases of history, as well as for authority as to what should be done with the witches. Here they convinced themselves that the "witches" should be put to death. In the meantime the ladies who had been accused of witchcraft were apprised of the state of mind existing in the Berry family, and became alarmed and terror stricken all day while the two boys in the family were out getting wood a couple of cats came running and cowering near by. The boys, to use their own words, "thought the witches had them," and scampered into the house; the elder boy, aged probably fifteen or sixteen years, took a gun and went out to shoot the cats, or witches, or whatever they might be, but failing to find them, he began making threats against the ladies whom he supposed to be identical with the cats, for he firmly believed that these ladies could transform themselves into cats and again resume their human forms at will. Some reports say that he actually went to their houses in search of them, making threats by the way. Having gone thus far, other neighbors interfered and caused the arrest of the family, consisting of Mr. John Berry, his wife and two sons. Being themselves put upon oath they testified that they solemnly believed these stories of witchcraft, and that in justice and in obedience to the Scriptures the witches should be killed. One or two attorneys and some other citizens told them that such belief was insanity, and that if they persisted in it they would have to be sent to the insane asylum. After considerable reasoning they admitted that they might be mistaken, and they were released on giving bond in the sum of \$500 for good behavior.

The Potato Bug.

The Colorado potato beetle has put in its appearance, and has now reached all parts. Some of the potato growing counties of New Jersey are badly infested with them, and they are spreading to Pennsylvania, and southward. Last fall, says the *Agriculturist*, we gave warning that they were near the coast, and have this year given timely notice. Knowing that they were to be expected, the writer began to examine his potatoes as soon as they were fairly up, and in the last week of May a few bugs were found. Examination was daily made of the vines, and a few hundred in all collected, and what few eggs were found destroyed. If the first ones which come from their winter quarters in the ground are allowed to breed, then the case becomes serious, but having, while the plants were small, and the beetles easily seen, disposed of the first brood, we hope to keep them in check, though no doubt some will come in from other places and it will not do to omit frequent examination. Those who have been so unfortunate as to allow insects to get the mastery must resort at once to parigreen. Every day of delay makes the matter worse. If the bugs are few, pick by hand, and destroy the eggs, which will be found in little orange-colored clusters on the leaves. If too many to pick, then use parigreen, observing all the precautions given relative to its use. Keep up the watch; if no bugs are found now, they are liable to come at any time during the summer, and success depends greatly on beginning in time.

How He Won Her.

The reader must imagine that the following takes place in a snug little parlor before a bright fire. The speaker is a short, dark-complexioned man, who seems to enjoy life thoroughly. His companion is a younger man than himself and a bachelor.

"How did I come to get the prize? Well, now, that is a question. If you have patience enough to listen I'll tell you. As you know, I was what my family called a queer boy. I didn't drink and keep late hours, but much to the pity and possibly annoyance of my relatives who were strict Methodists, wandered in the neighborhood of W— church.

"Rather timidly I sat down in a pew on the right hand side of the church, and fixed myself so that I could have a view of every person coming in, and at the same time see the preacher. While glancing around my eye fell on what you have called my 'prize.'

"She was dressed in deep mourning, as I subsequently found out, for a near relative. This only added to her charms. Her face was a beautiful clear pale. Her eyes were blue, and of that large and loving kind which a fellow cannot help admiring. When she laughed two rows of pearly-white teeth were displayed. Her whole manner was that of a lady combined with the beautiful simplicity of a child.

"Under the left lappet of my vest all at once something began to jump. I guess it was my heart. For the life of me, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Now and then I was rewarded with a smile and a glance. For some time this was our only acquaintance. I attended that church Sunday after Sunday. At last I was introduced to her. This was what I had been looking for, and now that I had it I seemed to be in the third heaven. I was timid at first, but one evening after church I heard her say: "Oh, dear, I've no one to leave me home, my folks are all gone."

"I at once volunteered to be her escort; my offer was accepted, and from that day onward I grew into her confidence. I gave her my whole heart. I couldn't help it, she was so good and so beautiful. Four years ran on and I ventured to propose the question, although it had been mutually popped a long time before. We were sitting alone one evening in the cozy little parlor of her house. Her hand was in mine. I nervously said: "Katie, do you remember that little two story house I said I'd like to live in?"

"Yes, what of it?" she said, her large blue eyes looking into mine.

"Well, I have one of them now, and it is a very lonely place. I want some person to take care of it for me. Can you recommend any person?"

"I really don't know a single person I could trust," she replied.

"I do," said I, "and that one is yourself, Katie. Will you come and take care of it—take complete possession?"

"A gentle pressure on my hand was the answer. That evening we asked 'Pa' and 'Ma,' who both said 'yes.' "There is the whole story. You know the rest. How happy we have lived. Not a single quarrel—here she comes herself, the best little wife any man could wish for."

The Cheese Industry.

According to the *American Grocer*, the cheese industry is in danger of ruin, and the only salvation, it is said, is to abandon the manufacture of every quality except full cream cheese, which is the only kind entitled to the designation of cheese. So-called cheese is made of every gradation of quality, from the poorest skimmed to the richest full cream cheese, and sells in the market from two cents to thirteen and a half cents a pound. If the milk is all skimmed, the poorest product is the result, and this quality proves an exceedingly unprofitable manufacture, as it costs to make and sell at least three cents a pound and nets a loss of one cent a pound. The next quality above, with five per cent. of cream, and made of good texture and properly colored, brings a relatively higher price; and so on for all gradations of quality until when the cheese is made with a mixture of morning milk skimmed and evening milk unskimmed, in equal quantities, an article may be produced by proper care that will pass very well with those who are not experts for a full cream cheese. Then comes in the oleomargarine cheese, the cream all taken off and the oil called oleomargarine, from the fresh fat of the calf of an ox, substituted in equal weight for the cream. This produces an article which in many respects so closely resembles the full cream cheese as to be readily sold for it.

Last year skimmed milk cheese sold very well up to the best grades. This year they can hardly be sold at all, from which it appears that, after all, cheating does not pay. All who are interested in the export trade, and nearly every receiver is, tells us that the presence of adulterated cheese in the English market is being felt here, and that it is absolutely certain, if their manufacture and shipment is persisted in, will react disastrously upon our cheese trade, and ultimately drive us out of a market that has cost us so many years and so much labor to establish. Of the 1,905,978 cheese received here during the year ending May 31 last, 1,701,328 were exported, leaving 204,650 for home consumption, about nine per cent. of the total receipts. Figures like these show the importance of sending good cheese abroad.

The misery felt by the child who couldn't go to the picnic is nothing to that of the one who has been to it.

A Strange Superstition.

A singular case has been heard before the English courts. A laboring man was tried for the manslaughter of his son, a child two years of age, under circumstances of the most extraordinary character. This prisoner was a member of a sect called the "Peculiar People." One of the rules of this denomination is that in all cases of illness it is against the law of God, as written in the Holy Scriptures, to call upon medical men for assistance. The church provided that in all cases they should rely entirely upon "prayer and anointing the body with oil." The infant son of this laborer was attacked with pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. No doctor was summoned. The elders of the church visited the child, prayed over it, laid their hands upon it and anointed it with oil. In time it died, and the father was arrested on the charge of manslaughter, in virtually contributing to the death of his son.

On the trial one of the elders of the "Peculiar People" testified to the anointing, and quoted Scripture to prove that his action was according to the law of God. He furthermore informed the court that the father had given the child "port wine, arrow root, new milk and other nourishing things," and he gave the still further information that the sect had resolved, in the event of contagious disease breaking out among their number, to call in medical advice "for the sake of their neighbors." In response to a question of the judge this elder said that they used the same remedies for helpless infants unable to protect themselves that were employed for grown up persons, and declined to pledge himself, in response to further inquiry, or to pledge any of his people to make any alteration in the treatment of their children in cases of sickness. They would still depend upon prayer. A physician testified that the child died of pleurisy, and that it might, if properly treated, have lived. The jury found the prisoner guilty, but added that they believed he was acting for the best "according to his religious notions, and that what he did was intended for the benefit of the child." There is a further suggestion that the law should compel people to obtain medical assistance for children when they are ill. The judge postponed judgment, allowed the prisoner to go at large upon bail and submitted the case to the court of criminal appeal, saying that if his view of the law were correct it would have the effect of compelling people, whether "peculiar" or not, to procure medical treatment for their children.

The Olden Time.

Hon. Allen W. Dodge gives the following account of his first examination when making application for the position of school-teacher:

I was reading an account of Concord when I was a young man in college, over fifty years ago, I taught school there two winters—and all of a sudden I came to the picture of old Ezra Ripley, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was the very man who examined me and gave me a certificate—I have it at home—certifying that I was "a good moral character," "a worthy, trying, too, that 'I was qualified to teach school in the town of Concord," and he signed it in a sort of John Hancock style, "Ezra Ripley, minister," and the minister par excellence in the town of Concord. If you will pardon me, I will tell you how he examined me. I went there in the evening with fear and trembling, and sat down and told him that I was the man he was looking for. He looked at me, and I trembled from head to foot, and he spelled me—"spelling matches" of that kind were rare—he even made me read, and examined my writing, and then put me through a course of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, vulgar fractions, and that sort of thing; and said he: "I am satisfied with your attainments, but there is one thing before I give you a certificate, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." I said: "What is that, sir?" "You must open and close your school every day with prayer!" I said: "I am not a professor of religion; I never prayed out loud in my life, and I think it is unfair for you to require it of me." He said: "Young man, I want no arguing." I said: "What do you want, Dr. Ripley?" He said: "I want you to pray;" and I said again that I could not do it, and he said: "You cannot keep this school." Well, now, I wanted to keep the school badly; it was my first attempt, and I thought to be set aside from any cause whatever would be a lasting disgrace. I thought it over; I thought very quick, and I said: "Will you allow me, Dr. Ripley, to write out the form of prayer on a piece of paper or a slate, and pray with you a certificate, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." He said: "What is that, sir?" "Any way you can fix it, young man; I am satisfied if you are." And I said: "I will keep the school." And—well, what do you think? He had to call his daughter Hannah—Hannah was there in a moment—he said: "Hannah, draw a mug of cider." Well, we passed a very pleasant evening, the cider was very nice, and we parted good friends; and I didn't think he was so stern a man when I left, as when I came. Well, that illustrates, to a certain extent, the character of the clergy of that day—they were the "masters of the situation;" their word was law.

The reports from the various departments in the South concerning the cotton crop are highly satisfactory.

News of the Week.

PORT HAWKESBURY, N. B., AUG. 17 1876.

HARD TIMES.

The cry all over the land is "hard times." The wheels of commerce seem to be clogged by some invisible power. A feeling of depression prevails in every department of trade, and no cause seems to be assigned for it, even by that standing oracle of newspapers, "the oldest inhabitant." Merchants and mechanics dub their patrons for "the amount of that little bill," but the response is "hard times and no money." Benevolent individuals going out on charity begging expeditions, return with light purses and heavy spirits, and retire to their couches to dream of being assailed by lugubrious multitudes clamoring "hard times." Showmen bring all their powers of invention to bear upon catering to the fancies of the people; stage actors strain every nerve to win the wondering applause of pit and gallery; great singers scream and trill frantically to ravish the astonished ear; contortionists wrench bone and muscle to make every hair in the crowd stand on end with amazement at their superior art feats; flaming phreatics are posted on every wall to notify the busy passers by that the greatest wonders ever witnessed by mortal sight will shortly be exhibited; that every body's curiosity may be gratified, at the insignificant cost of twenty-five cents; but in spite of all this, the densely crowded and appreciative audience is only "conscious of its absence"; the proceeds are entered on the left hand side of the Profit and Loss account, and the "balance" is "carried forward" to "hard times."

What is all this sound that echoes back from every counting house and workshop about? When we look around us for any evidences of real distress, they are found to be few and far between. Our people are well fed, well clothed, and seem to be flourishing generally. The sounds of axe and hammer and other tokens of industry greet our ears from north to dewy eve. Land and sea and forest are yielding their treasures all over this Canada of ours as they never, perhaps, yielded them before. The fishermen around our coasts drawing their full nets to land every day, to count the numbers of their catches, have got newly to the wits' end of their arithmetic. Benignant skies pour down their fructifying showers; and from north to south, from east to west, reports are coming in of flourishing crops, the prospects in some localities being described as "simply magnificent." When we reflect that, in the West, the prairie farmers have laid waste fertile fields; and in Britain and France, floods have swept whole regions with the desolation of destruction; our situation, compared with theirs, is certainly a very enviable one.

EASTERN EXTENSION.

The Halifax correspondent of the North Sydney Herald informs that paper that the Local Government has made arrangements with the Eastern Railway Company for the building of the railway from New Glasgow to the Strait of Canso, the Federal Government having agreed to the transfer of the Treuro and Pictou road to that company. That is good news, it true, and we hope no portion of the press or people of this Island will jeopardize the prospects of the "half-a-loaf" by renewed agitation for the "whole loaf" or none at all, as such a consummation, under present circumstances, is impossible. "Home was not built in a day," nor were the railroads now in operation in Nova Scotia constructed all at once. By the time the road to the Strait will be in good working order, the people of Cape Breton may become more united in opinion as to what point further extension should be directed than they are at present; for we care not what may be affirmed to the contrary, the people of this Island are far from being unanimous in the desire to have the railway extended to Louisbourg at present or at all, and equal diversity of opinion obtains in reference to the route the road should take if ever built to that place.

We are in receipt of No. 4 of "Vick's Floral Guide" for 1876, published by James Vick, the celebrated floriculturist and gardener, Rochester, New York. The "Guide" is a quarterly of about 120 pages, beautifully printed, replete with useful information for gardeners, and teeming with engravings of flowers, vegetables and modern appliances for the culture of garden and house plants. The first number for 1876 will be ready next December and the size of the magazine doubled. Price, 25cts. a year and free to persons ordering a dollar's worth or more of seeds. We would wish to see gardening attended to more generally than it is in Cape Breton, and recommend our readers to make a beginning by subscribing for "Vick's Floral Guide" and selecting from its publisher's stock of seeds in time for next season.

Yarmouth had a monster Union Sabbath School picnic last week, 15 miles from the town. Four thousand people went by train and five thousand were on the grounds.

OUR LEISURE HOURS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

How do we employ them? "Every moment of time is a moment of mercy." What an awful responsibility rests upon us all! Every day, every hour, every minute, that we spend idly, uselessly, frivolously, or worthless, we are accountable to Him who one day will judge us according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil. All can employ their leisure hours—working men and women especially. How often, oh how often, does time hang listlessly upon many! How many bright moments might be profitably employed? We are not required to work all the time, but we are required to employ our time in such a manner that we will not regret it. Many good ways there are of working people employing their leisure moments. Farmers, mechanics, artisans, laborers—all can do so in many ways. But to those who have time at their disposal, we would earnestly ask them to seek pleasure in the realms of Literature, Science, and General Information. Read works of history, ancient and modern, biography, natural history, philosophy, geology, chemistry, botany, and a host of other branches; dive into the past and converse with those who have gone, but have left their works behind them. Farmers, above all, and their children might study a great deal, especially during the long evenings of autumn and winter. Such branches in their own line as agriculture, agricultural chemistry, and all things concerning farm work, stock, grain, fertilizers, &c., &c., might command their special attention. The extensive reading of agricultural books and papers makes a farmer "up to his business." And in connection with this we would ask every farmer: How many works on agriculture, whether scientific or practical, have you got? How many agricultural papers do you take? To every one we would say, read anything entertaining, instructive, and rational; but above all, digest it; or in other words, think well of what you read and understand it. How did the self-made men of Britain and America employ their leisure hours? Webster, Lincoln, Greeley, Franklin, MacKenzie our Premier, Hon. Joseph Howe, and ten thousand others—all these employed their leisure hours in the cultivation of the mind—the feast of reason and flow of soul. It is that that has made them great. Cannot every young man and woman do the same? While we live in this world, we must remember two things; that we have a short time to live, and that we cannot know too much. We live to live to the age of Methuselah, and storing up, what would the amount of our knowledge be at the end after all? Sir Isaac Newton who died at a ripe old age, although one of the greatest scientific luminaries that has shined in our world, compared himself during the closing hours of his life to a child amusing himself on the sea shore by gathering pebbles, while totally unconscious that the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him. In this enlightened age, when men are running to and fro, and knowledge is being increased, and when it is in the hands of every one, there is no possible excuse for any one to remain ignorant. We must "live and learn." What has made Britain and America so great in the world; is it their armies, navies, wealthy great cities, trade, or anything like that? No, but it is knowledge. "Knowledge is power," and where we see an educated people, we may rest assured that they are a great people. It is to be deeply regretted that Nova Scotia is not half up to the mark in Literature or Science as she ought to be. This should not be. Let us encourage a taste for literature among all classes. Let our newspapers do what they can to foster it. Night schools, debating clubs, literary societies, circulating libraries, mechanics, institutes, lectures, readings, &c., &c., these might easily be established in towns, villages, and country districts where there are none. In the interest of working people generally, do we put in a plea for the cultivation of the higher powers. To all we would say, do not let this matter drop here. Where there is a will, there is a way. We are quite sure that people generally are willing, but we cannot go ahead. We need more enterprise and energy in these matters. May every year add to the intellectual and moral powers of every young man and woman in our land.

A terrible story has been raised in the Halifax papers in reference to two girls, daughters of David Sutherland of Clyde River, Shelburne, who were reported to have been drowned in the cabin of the brig, "Mary E. Jones," on the occasion of that vessel being wrecked in 1873 while on the passage from Clyde River to Boston. It is now hinted that the girls were outraged and thrown overboard by some of the brigantine's company, the captain—Geo. Swaine—being either a principal or an accessory in the matter. The father of the girls is endeavoring to have an investigation instituted. Captain Swaine is now master of the scho. "Blink Bonnie," of Chatham, N. B., and is with that vessel at St. Pierre.

Jawa proposes to remove the bounty on wolves, and put it on dogs.

Editorial Items.

A whale was seen passing north through the Strait on Saturday.

Geo. B. Hatley has been appointed Port Warden for the port of Port Margrave.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer removes scurf and all impurities from the scalp.

A survey of a line of railway has been ordered between Broad Cove and the Strait of Canso.

A "limb of the law" was this place last week, making arrangements for a permanent stay. Is this a sign of progress?

Receivers.—Roderick McDonald, Glenadale, 50cts.; John McLeod, B. Cove, \$1; Daniel Tennessy, Esq., 15c. Hawkesbury, 45cts.

Mr. Crosskill, proprietor of the Halifax Reporter, has drawn a painting worth £180 stg. in the Royal Art Association of Scotland.

There are thirteen vessel building within a distance of eleven miles in Hants Co., namely, eight at Maitland and five at Selma.

A young man named Charles Fox, apprentice with Mr. S. Embree, shoemaker, had his arm broken on Monday evening of last week, by falling off one of Archibald's coaches.

The steamer "M. A. Starr" ran aground on the Gulf Shores—between here and Antigonish or between the latter place and Pictou on Thursday, and was towed into Pictou harbor. We have no reliable particulars.

We had exceedingly heavy rains on Friday and Saturday in this vicinity, which interfered with having operations, a considerable quantity of cut hay having been fine, warm and windy, haymakers were making good use of their time yesterday.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Justices of the Peace in this county: Neil McLean, Bridge End; Angus McMillan, Judique; John McMaster, River Inhabitants; Walter Laurence, Cheticamp; Daniel Tennessy, Port Hawkesbury; Murdoch McKinnon and A. C. McDougall, Whytecove; Allan McIntosh, Port Hastings; Hector McLean and Hector McKenzie, North Lake Ainslie.

We have to decline a letter on the Mabon Highland Gathering, having inserted a good account of the affair last week. The letter of "A Subscriber," Broad Cove, would make a very good obituary notice for the esteemed friend of ours of whom it treats, but such a laudatory biographical sketch of a private person, he ever so bright an ornament to the circle in which he moves, would be offensive to the general reader, and its publication a troublesome precedent.

"Plain Directions for Accidents, Emergencies and Poisons," and "Plain Directions for the Care of the Sick," are the respective titles of two neat little works, the former of £26 and the latter of 72 pages, sent us by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. The information contained in each is of the most valuable kind, written in a style so plain as to make it understood by all. They were got up for distribution to the policy holders of the above company, but any person can have them free on application.

The Baddeck Sabbath School Picnic was held last Thursday on the grounds kindly offered for the occasion by Mrs. C. J. Campbell. The pleasures of the afternoon were superintended by Mrs. C. J. Campbell and Rev. K. McKenzie and lady. Addresses, such as are usually delivered on like occasions, were wanting in this, probably owing to the absence of the S. S. Supt. The success of the day, however, must have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the good people chiefly concerned. The annual picnic of the Juvenile Lodge, which was to have been held on the same grounds during the same day and hours, was by the officers postponed to some future time in favor of the Sabbath School.—Com.

The Eastern Dramatic Company terminated their season here on the evening of Thursday last, and sailed for Arichat in the George Straiton, on Saturday, from whence they will travel towards the western part of the province. It has been freely admitted that their acting during the past week has improved very much since they left here for Newfoundland. For instance the play of Rip Van Winkle was played twice. The opening piece at North Sydney on their arrival from Boston, and it was the piece for Thursday last, but the great difference in the playing was noticeable to any person at all used to theatrical representation. We wish them success, and solicit for them large patronage, and when they make their next visit may they find the times better and money plenty.—Times.

The company referred to above are now in Hawkesbury. They played "Rip Van Winkle" last night, and are to produce several popular plays before leaving this vicinity. A letter from Arichat, for which we have no space, states that the people of that town were extremely delighted at the performances of this company. There is certainly more pleasure and profit in entertainments of this kind than in the class of shows that have recently been soliciting the patronage of our people.

This evening they play "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," the mention of which should draw a crowded house.

That awful scourge, the Army Worm, has lately been committing sad havoc in grain fields in New Brunswick, and has reached this Province. The Morning Chronicle of last Friday says: "We regret to have to record the appearance of the Army Worm in this quarter. A gentleman who arrived in town last night from Cow Bay East Halifax, informs us that during the afternoon multitudes of the worms appeared in a field of barley and were rapidly eating up the grain. They came as if they had sprung up suddenly out of the ground, and their nibbling at the barley made quite a buzz in the field. It is fourteen years since this place had a similar visitation."

Since the above was in type, the following letter, under date of yesterday, was received from our correspondent at St. Peter's, Richmond Co.:

"On Saturday last no little excitement was created here by the appearance of the Army Worm in a splendid field of oats owned by Mr. Donald Urquhart. As the worm made such sad havoc in the field, Mr. Urquhart concluded to mow it down, or at least a portion of it, to experiment, which he accordingly did. Yesterday there appeared to be no change in the worm's programme, for the oat field looked the same except the mowed portion of it which had a double share of the worm on."

"The American schooner 'Osipova' arrived last evening from Gloucester for bait."

The Casket reports the death of a colored woman named Nancy Clyde from the effects of being thrown from a cart and receiving a kick on the head from the horse attached to the vehicle, on Tracadie Road, Tuesday.

ST. PETER'S CANAL.

The contract for the new works on St. Peter's Canal is the subject of an article in the Cape Breton Times, which finds fault with the action of the Dominion Government. Our contemporary accepts as a fact the statement that S. P. Tuck, of St. John, has been awarded the contract for \$220,000, and proceeds to complain that the Government have acted unfairly in awarding it. Parties in Cape Breton, we are told, tendered for the work, offering substantial security, and fixing a lower price than Mr. Tuck's; and, further, there was a responsible tender to do the work on the large scale originally proposed for only \$40,000 more than Mr. Tuck is to receive for the work on the reduced scale.

We have seen no official announcement that Mr. Tuck has received the contract, but if it has been awarded to him under the circumstances described by our Cape Breton contemporary the transaction is a remarkable one, and should be brought to the notice of the Government by an emphatic protest from the Cape Breton members. There may be differences of opinion in regard to the utility of the canal, but it is entirely unnecessary to destroy communication between the Cape Breton and the new plans—and on this point the people directly interested need some information—but there can be no question that if responsible parties in Cape Breton sent in the lowest tender for the work the contract should have been awarded to them.

Before condemning the Government for awarding the contract to Mr. Tuck, our contemporary should be sure that the Cape Breton parties were responsible, and should give the public the fullest information in regard to them—their names, their means, their securities, etc. The country has suffered much from the awarding of contracts for large public works to parties of little or no capital, who speedily failed, leaving the work unfinished and the workmen and suppliers unpaid. The public expect the Government to guard against these evils by giving contracts only to responsible men who are able to fulfill all engagements and whose securities also are of substantial means. This is necessary not only to protect the Government, but also—as the bitter experience of many poor men has proved—to protect those who furnish labor or materials for carrying on the work. If the Cape Breton parties whose tenders were lower than Mr. Tuck's are thoroughly reliable and responsible, we presume it is not yet too late to have justice done them.—M. Chronicle.

DATES AND ANTI DATES.—A seemingly wide-awake, and no doubt full hearted, correspondent, sends to the Evangelical Messenger the following spicy observations.

1840.—A minister cannot be pious and not shave clean.

Height, ho! Is it so?

1825.—A nutcracker cannot be pious and have much beard.

Why wear Any hair?

1850.—A minister cannot be pious and wear a moustache.

Stop, stop The upper crop.

1875.—A minister can be pious and wear the full beard—moustache and all.

Dear me, Can it be?

1900.—A minister cannot be pious and use a razor.

O, ho! So we go.

Don't you know, I told you so Long ago?

A young man named Benjamin Forrest, a mason by trade and a brother of Mr. John F. Forrest, of Portland, was shot by some unknown person in Chatham on Wednesday night. Forrest was reclining on the platform in front of his boarding house about ten o'clock. The assailant is said to have approached unseen and fired from behind a fence with a pistol. The bullet lodged in the fleshy part of the leg near the thigh and passed downwards towards the knee. The guilty person has not yet been discovered, nor is any explanation given as to the motive for the outrage beyond some supposition, which it would be improper to state in the absence of further information.—Mountain Times.

Late Telegraphic News.

CANADA.

Thousands of acres of grain in Ontario were badly damaged by heavy rains last week.

At Gaitaneau, Canada, a few days ago, three children, who were picking berries were devoured by a bear.

There was a riot in the neighborhood of the Montreal City Council on Monday, on the occasion of the passage of a health by law. Sticks and stones were flying freely and several Councilors were wounded.

Twelve commercial firms in Montreal, perfectly sound so far as assets and liabilities go, have had to make special arrangements with their creditors for extension of time.

A gentleman and a lady were drowned at Niagara Falls recently while bathing near the Cave of the Winds.

The steamer "Algeria," having on board about 300 passengers, struck on Split Rock of Wednesday. All were safely landed.

EUROPE.

There was a serious riot in Glasgow, on the 7th, between Orangemen and Home Rulers, during the O'Connell celebration. Five policemen were injured and fifty arrests were made. Rioting was resumed in the suburbs on Monday, but on troops being called out the mob dispersed. It is said mobs of Catholics armed with hatchets and steel knuckles, were organized and under leaders. Sixty rioters, many of whom were badly hurt, were brought before the magistrates yesterday and remanded to jail.

Alex. Collicie, the principal of the defaulting firm in London bearing his name, has absconded, and a heavy reward is offered for his apprehension.

The Dundee Relief Committee has given assistance to over seven thousand strikers. Both masters and workmen continue firm, and all attempts at compromise have failed.

The mercantile shipping bill, drawn up by Sir Charles Adair, after Pimms' demonstration, and passed by the Commons, has finally passed the House of Lords.

Gladstone in another pamphlet takes the same strong ground against the Papacy, and predicts trouble in future in Britain and the Continent from that source. He declares the Papacy will seize the first opportunity through blockade to maintain its rule, and will, if necessary, even plunge the world in war.

The French Government has prohibited the sale in France of Gladstone's writings against the Papacy.

The Afansists claim continued successes against Carlists. The Government has ordered a levy of 100,000 additional men to finish the struggle.

The Herzegovinian revolution continues. The insurgents defeated the Turks in several encounters and wounded Sultan Pasha. Great numbers of Montenegrins have joined the insurgents, and Russia declines to forbid them doing so. Bosnia is assisting to the rebellion. Two thousand Turkish troops have been sent to the seat of war. A Turgie newspaper says bands of insurgents are burning and pillaging in all directions. About 3,000 men endeavored to destroy communication between Moslar and Hercegovina. Fifteen hundred Dalmatians and Herzegovians are marching on Bochnoche. The Dalmatians are aiding the insurgents with money and provisions.

The London Post publishes a report of a serious scuffle between Russian and frontier guards at Boka, on the boundary line between Russia and Boka Klara. The affair was provoked by Russians, who trespassed on German territory. Several guards were wounded.

The Vienna "Fruhen Blatt" reports that Count Andriassy has conferred with the Russian and German ambassadors, and they have agreed to support Austria in any recommendations she might make to Turkey, looking to the pacification of Herzegovina.

Fourteen cases of sunstroke were reported in Paris on Thursday.

The British Parliament was prorogued on Friday until the 29th of October. The Queen's speech in closing the session says her relations with all foreign powers continue cordial, and she looked forward with confidence to the maintenance of European peace. The visit of the Seyd of Zanibar has led to the conclusion of a supplementary convention, looking to the more complete suppression of the East African slave trade.

With regard to the attack on the English expedition and murder of Margary on Chinese territory, she says no effort will be spared to secure the punishment of the instigators and perpetrators of the crime. The Colonies generally are prosperous. Referring to preservation of the peace of Ireland, Her Majesty expresses gratification at the adoption of a measure which, while relaxing the stringency of the former enactments, is calculated to maintain tranquillity there.

Regarding the Shipping Bills Her Majesty rejoiced that Parliament has been able to diminish the dangers to which British seamen are exposed. She has every reason to hope that the progress of revenue which has marked recent years will be fully sustained at present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The cargo of the British vessel Laura Price, which was pursued into Haytian waters by a Spanish gunboat, has been embargoed by the Consul General of Spain in Hayti as contraband.

The Abyssinians are making preparations to invade the Egyptian frontier, which is not sufficiently guarded. The Kedive has sent a reserve of troops to guard the coast.

Mr. Vidal, American Consul at Tripoli, and his wife, have been insulted by Tripolian sailors, and the United States steamer "Hartford" has been ordered thither to demand that the offenders be punished.

A telegraphic cable is being laid between Peru and Chili.

The Government forces of the State of Magdalena defeated 600 revolutionists and their leader.

The ecclesiastical wars in Central and South America are maintained apparently without much abatement of fury.

General Gado, commander of the Colombian forces, declines to be guided by the recent treaty of peace.

Two steamers with troops, aided and abetted by friars of a convent in Arica, and a band of revolutionists, endeavored to enter the city of Arequipa and overthrow the power of President Parlo. They were defeated and Arico, their leader, captured. He subsequently died at Arequipa. Only some forty in Arica were picking them (?). They found letters with the friars from San Miguel saying that town was at the mercy of a savage Catholic mob under Priest Palaco for three days, and declaring death to heretics. The foreigners there have applied to their different Governments for redress. The city is nearly reduced to ashes. Ten assassins have been executed by order of the priests. Six of them confessed to the killing of Espeno for ten dollars each paid, provided they gave part to the church. Other Central American States are taking peace measures.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LARDISE, RICHMOND COUNTY, August 6th, 1876.

To the Editor of the News of the Week.

Sir,—Some time ago a correspondent writing from Fouchie called attention to the fact that at the sitting of the county sessions in Arichat last January, a resolution was passed to have the county accounts—receipts and disbursements—published in the "News of the Week."

Nearly six months have elapsed since the passing of said resolution, but so far the tax-paying people of this county got no explanation of how their hard-earned money is being spent and must be satisfied to know that it is in safe hands in Arichat or elsewhere. Other counties have taken the trouble to publish a full statement of their business. Why cannot the same be done in this county? Is it because the matter is in the hands of a select few who appear to treat the voice of the people with perfect indifference; or must imagine themselves living in the ante-Responsible Government period, or is the small county of Richmond getting into the ring system, now so common; or have the accounts undergone such cooking that it takes such time to make them presentable?

The collection of taxes last winter according to the Clerk of the Peace's Circular was in arrears the large sum of \$1400. This shows carelessness on the part of the officers and their subordinates and should not be allowed to continue, for there is no reason why such a sum should remain uncollected, if collectors would use diligence in the discharge of their duty. If the accounts of the county were published it would show the amount each district is in arrears and if the collector had done his duty.

It is very difficult for the Clerk of the Peace to tell whether or no a collector has discharged his duty honestly, for under the present regime a collector can be a defaulter to large amount without anyone but himself being the wiser of it.

I see by the Collector's list for 1875 that each tax payer has to pay his proportion of last year's arrears. This, to say the least, is very unjust, for a man may be taxed this year for the first time, in which case he would have to pay his share of last year's arrears when at the time he owned no property in the county.

The tax-payers of this county want a statement of the business of the county, not as a privilege from the Alichat officials but as a right and they will get it sooner or later.

USE OF THE PEOPLE.

BURN KEOSAUKE THE RIGHT WAY.—A correspondent of the New York Sun calls attention to all consumers of kerosene oil to the pernicious and unhealthy practice of using lamps filled with that article with the wicks turned down. The gas which should be consumed by the flames is by this means left heavily in the air, while the cost of the oil thus saved at present prices would secure be one dollar a year for the lamps of a household. His attention was called particularly to this custom by boarding in the country where kerosene was the only available light.

A large family of child-bearing in the same house were taken ill last night, and in going to the nursery the mother found the room nearly suffocating, with a lamp turned down, whereupon the physician forbade the use of a lamp at night, unless turned at full-head. He says he could quote many cases, one of a young girl subject to fits of faintness, which if not induced, were greatly increased by sleeping in a room with the lamp almost turned out. Besides the damage to health, it spoils the paper and curtains, soils the mirrors and windows, and gives the whole house an untidy air and an unwholesome odor.

ALPHABETICAL.—Gov. Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, while presiding at a spelling match at Newport, thus ingeniously marshalled the letters of the alphabet in regular order: A man may B were to C if he can not D feat with the greatest Ee some stupid speller who is no Fetter than an F G. What H harming sight it is, and how I enjoy seeing a man stand up as straight as a blue J, and without K lamity allow the long words L egantly, M, N, A, t, from his O pen lips. He has to find his P s and Q s which R pos S d of such a tendency to get into situations of peculiar T. U know how it is yourself. I have no V to power, but some day you will get married, and that will W; a most ludicrous species of an X nation. A word to the Y s is sufficient. And so the alphabet rattles around in one's head until it is enough to make an ass or even a Z oray.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—Bayard Taylor, one of the best poets and newspaper correspondents in America, and probably the greatest traveller on this side of the Atlantic, was in St. John on Wednesday evening and was to leave on Thursday morning for Nova Scotia. He is writing a series of "Letters from Out of the Way Places" to the New York "Tribune." Of course he must not call Nova Scotia an out of the way place, but we hope he will write some letters about our Province. What he may say is pretty certain to be just, and free from the blunders of travellers of the Charles Dudley Warner class. Mr. Taylor is accompanied by his wife and daughter.—Chronicle.

KILL YOUR FISH WHEN YOU CATCH 'EM.
Agassiz was accustomed to tell his pupils how to kill a fish as soon as taken out of the water, because the flesh of the fish that die as soon as taken from the water is much better than that of those that suffer before dying. Professor D. D. Sturtevant, in a lecture before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, says: "Various modes of killing fish are practised. The Dutch destroys life by making a slight longitudinal incision under the tail with a sharp instrument. On the other hand they kill salmon by thrusting a steel needle into their heads. Fish may be easily killed by striking them a quick, sharp blow with a small stick on the back of the head, just behind the eyes." And the Professor continues: "It has been observed that fish that have been instantly killed on being taken from the water are vastly superior in taste and solidity to those which are allowed to die." This information might be very properly and usefully circulated in our schools.

Shipping News.

PORT HAWKESBURY.
Arrived.
Aug. 10.—Str. Worcester, Hedge, Boston.
11.—Str. M. A. Starr, Smith, Halifax.
12.—Str. St. Lawrence, Evans, P. E. I.
13.—Worcester, Hedge, P. E. I.
Sailed.
Aug. 10.—Strs. Princess of Wales, Cameron, P. E. I.; Worcester, Hedge, do.
11.—Str. M. A. Starr, Smith, Pictou.
13.—Strs. St. Lawrence, Evans, P. E. I.; Worcester, Hedge, Boston.
In Port.
Aug. 13.—Schrs. Beauharriar, Seling, North Bay for Port Hood; Harriet, Henry Macdonald for Gloucester; Anna, from Bay Chaleur for Gloucester; Anna, Bella, Smith, Barbados for a northern port; Avof, Snow, Magdalenes for Port La Tour; Saml E. Babins, Beers, Portland for Bay Chaleur; Edward Albro, St. John's for Antigonish; Breeze, Parkham, Sydney, coal for m. railway; Carrie Alice, refused to give particulars.
16.—Schrs. Phoenix, Nicholson, Marble Mountain for Charlottetown; Sarah, Murray, St. Peter's for P. E. I.

New Advertisements.

Inverness, N.S.

In the Supreme Court, 1875.
Cause: Alexander Campbell, Plaintiff, vs. Alexander McIntyre and John McIntyre, absent or absconding debtors, Defendants.
To be sold at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of the County of Inverness, or his Deputy, at the Court House Square, Port Hood, on Saturday the eighteenth day of September next, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of the estate of George I. Smith, an Insolvent.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the powers vested in me as assignee of the estate of said insolvent, with full authority to the times and places hereafter named by Public Auction, all the estate, right, title and interest that the insolvent had at the date of his assignment in and to the following lots of land and appurtenances:—
At two o'clock, noon, on Saturday the twenty-fifth day of September next, at Mabon Bridge in the County of Inverness, that certain lot of land situate, lying and being on the east side of the south-east branch of Mabon River and known as Lot number 22 and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner boundary of Lot number 21 granted to Rouben Young, thence running by the magnet in 1823 north thirty-nine degrees forty-five minutes east one hundred and thirty chains more or less to a read or space three chains wide in the rear at the second range of lots, thence south fifty-one degrees east in the year 1816 twenty chains more or less to the north side line of Benjamin Smith's lot, thence south thirty-nine degrees east (in the year last aforesaid) one hundred and twenty-three chains more or less to the river, thence along the winding of the river down stream and found a point in a cove or sort of creek to the place of commencement, containing two hundred and fifty acres more or less.
ISAAC S. MURRAY, Assignee.

Happy Smiles

OF PLEASURE AND SATISFACTION
BEAM ON THE FACES OF
THOSE BUYING
THEIR
GROCERIES
and such articles as are on sale at the
New Store
Next Door South of Hawkesbury Hotel.
FLOUR & MEAL
Cheapest in the Market.
RUFUS C. COLE.
Port Hawkesbury, July 20, 1875.

WATCHMAKING

The subscriber, having rented a room in Capt. John Stapleton's new building, is prepared to attend to the repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewels in a workmanlike manner. Terms reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Hair Cutting and Shaving are also attended to satisfactorily.
W. M. MARSHALL,
P. S.—Please call early, as my stay is limited.
W. M.
Hawkesbury, July 13.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1875.

INVERNESS, S.S.
Cause: Hon. Peter Smyth, Plaintiff, vs. Malcolm McIsaac, Defendant.
Cause: Hon. Peter Smyth, Plaintiff, vs. James McIsaac, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Inverness, at the Court House Square in Port Hood, on Saturday the 4th day of September next at ten o'clock, forenoon:—All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above named defendant into, upon or out of that certain lot of land and premises situate at the rear of the late Allan McIsaac, on the north by lands of the late Angus McIsaac, on the eastward by lands in possession of Duncan McMillan, and on the south by lands of Archibald McIsaac, containing two hundred acres more or less, with all and singular the buildings, privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging, the same having been levied upon under an execution issued in the above cause duly registered more than one year.
Terms.—Ten per cent. deposit at sale, remainder on delivery of deed.
ROBERT McDUGALL, Sheriff of Inverness.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1875.

INVERNESS, S.S.
Cause: Hon. Peter Smyth, Plaintiff, vs. Donald McDonald, Defendant.
Cause: Hon. Peter Smyth, Plaintiff, vs. James McDonald, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Inverness, at the Court House Square in Port Hood on Saturday the 4th day of September next, at ten o'clock, forenoon:—
All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above named defendant into, upon or out of that certain lot of land and premises situate at the Banks of Judique in the County of Inverness and bounded as follows: On the north by lands of the late James McDonald, deceased, on the east by lands of the heirs of John Gillis and Hugh McLean, on the south by lands of Ronald McDonald and Alex. McDonald, and on the west by the waters of St. George's Bay, containing one hundred acres more or less, with all and singular the buildings, privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging, the same having been levied upon under an execution issued in the above cause duly registered more than one year.
Terms.—Ten per cent. deposit at sale, remainder on delivery of deed.
ROBERT McDUGALL, Sheriff of Inverness.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of the estate of George I. Smith, an Insolvent.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the powers vested in me as assignee of the estate of said insolvent, with full authority to the times and places hereafter named by Public Auction, all the estate, right, title and interest that the insolvent had at the date of his assignment in and to the following lots of land and appurtenances:—
At two o'clock, noon, on Saturday the twenty-fifth day of September next, at Mabon Bridge in the County of Inverness, that certain lot of land situate, lying and being on the east side of the south-east branch of Mabon River and known as Lot number 22 and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner boundary of Lot number 21 granted to Rouben Young, thence running by the magnet in 1823 north thirty-nine degrees forty-five minutes east one hundred and thirty chains more or less to a read or space three chains wide in the rear at the second range of lots, thence south fifty-one degrees east in the year 1816 twenty chains more or less to the north side line of Benjamin Smith's lot, thence south thirty-nine degrees east (in the year last aforesaid) one hundred and twenty-three chains more or less to the river, thence along the winding of the river down stream and found a point in a cove or sort of creek to the place of commencement, containing two hundred and fifty acres more or less.
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W. M. MARSHALL,
P. S.—Please call early, as my stay is limited.
W. M.
Hawkesbury, July 13.

NOTICE!

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Levi Hart, Esq., of Port Hawkesbury, are notified that all accounts unsettled by the 10th day of September next, must be handed to an Attorney for collection.
JACOB S. HART,
A. H. SUTHERLAND, Administrators,
PETER GRANT,
Port Hawkesbury, Aug. 10, 1875.

INVERNESS, S.S.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1875.
Cause: Hon. Peter Smyth, Plaintiff, vs. Roderick Gillis, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Inverness, at the Court House Square in Port Hood, on Saturday the 21st day of August next, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above named defendant into, upon or out of the following lot of land situate at Grand Judique in the County of Inverness and bounded as follows: On the west by the sea shore of St. George's Bay, on the north by lands in possession of John Graham and Ronald Graham, on the east by land formerly owned by Roderick Gillis, deceased, and on the south by land in possession of Donald Gillis, containing one hundred acres more or less, with all and singular the buildings, privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging, the same having been levied upon under an execution issued in the above cause duly registered more than one year.
Terms.—Ten per cent. deposit at sale, remainder on delivery of deed.
ROBERT McDUGALL, Sheriff of Inverness.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1875.

INVERNESS, S.S.
Cause: Hon. Peter Smyth, Plaintiff, vs. Donald Gillis, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Inverness, at the Court House Square in Port Hood, on Saturday the 21st day of August next, at ten o'clock, a. m.

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above named defendant into, upon or out of the following lot of land situate at Grand Judique in the County of Inverness and bounded as follows: On the west by the sea shore of St. George's Bay, on the north by land in possession of John Graham and Ronald Graham, on the east by land formerly owned by Roderick Gillis, deceased, and on the south by land in possession of Donald Gillis, containing one hundred acres more or less, with all and singular the buildings, privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging, the same having been levied upon under an execution issued in the above cause duly registered more than one year.
Terms.—Ten per cent. deposit at sale, remainder on delivery of deed.
ROBERT McDUGALL, Sheriff of Inverness.

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At two o'clock, noon, on Saturday the twenty-fifth day of September next, at Mabon Bridge in the County of Inverness, that certain lot of land situate, lying and being on the east side of the south-east branch of Mabon River and known as Lot number 22 and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner boundary of Lot number 21 granted to Rouben Young, thence running by the magnet in 1823 north thirty-nine degrees forty-five minutes east one hundred and thirty chains more or less to a read or space three chains wide in the rear at the second range of lots, thence south fifty-one degrees east in the year 1816 twenty chains more or less to the north side line of Benjamin Smith's lot, thence south thirty-nine degrees east (in the year last aforesaid) one hundred and twenty-three chains more or less to the river, thence along the winding of the river down stream and found a point in a cove or sort of creek to the place of commencement, containing two hundred and fifty acres more or less.
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W. M.
Hawkesbury, July 13.

CALL AND EE.

The subscribers would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Port Hawkesbury and vicinity that they have engaged the
Photograph Rooms
in the building recently erected by Capt. John Stapleton, and will commence business the first week in June. We guarantee to give satisfaction to all who favor us with their patronage.
PHOTOGRAPHS AND TINTYPES
equal to any in the Province.
THOMAS MAYO & CO.

McLean & Co.

Have received a choice lot of Flour and Corn Meal from Boston which will be sold cheap for cash or country produce.
ALSO—DAILY EXPECTED,
Another lot of Canadian Flour.
Port Hawkesbury, June 29.

FLOUR, FLOUR, FLOUR.

Have received a choice lot of Flour and Corn Meal from Boston which will be sold cheap for cash or country produce.
ALSO—DAILY EXPECTED,
Another lot of Canadian Flour.
Port Hawkesbury, June 29.

INVERNESS, S.S.

In the Supreme Court, 1875.
Cause: Hon. Peter Smyth, Plaintiff, vs. John Graham, John Graham, Jr., and Angus Graham, Defendants.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Inverness, at the Court House Square in Port Hood, on Saturday the 21st day of August next, at ten o'clock, forenoon:—

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above named defendant into, upon or out of the following lot of land situate at Grand Judique in the County of Inverness and bounded as follows: On the west by the sea shore of St. George's Bay, on the north by lands of Alex. Graham and of Alex. Graham, Esquire, on the east by land and on the south by lands in possession of Ronald Graham and Roderick Gillis, containing two hundred acres more or less, with all and singular the buildings, privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging, the same having been levied upon under an execution issued in the above cause duly registered more than one year.
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ROBERT McDUGALL, Sheriff of Inverness.

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W. M. MARSHALL,
P. S.—Please call early, as my stay is limited.
W. M.
Hawkesbury, July 13.

Mrs. Bignell, Teacher of the Pianoforte.

Agent for Mason and Hamlin's Organs.
Port Hawkesbury, Mar. 23. 6m

NOTICE!

The subscriber begs to intimate to the public, that having retired from the firm of Peter Smyth & Co. (the same having been dissolved by mutual consent), he has opened business on his own account in the store lately occupied by D. McDonald, Esquire, at Port Hood, and also in the store lately occupied by the Honorable Peter Smyth, at Judique, where he offers for sale a large assortment of such goods as are generally to be found in country stores at such moderate prices as he hopes will merit a fair share of patronage.
RAYMOND SMYTH,
Port Hood, 9th June, 1875.

STEAMER ALBERT'S ROUTES.

On and after Thursday, 8th of July, the steamer Albert will leave Pictou Landing for Port Hood on Thursdays and Saturdays after the arrival of the morning train from Halifax.
Returning will leave Port Hood on Mondays and Fridays at 4 a. m. to connect with the Pictou train for Halifax.
Also will on every alternate Monday leave for the Magdalen Islands via Pictou and Sable, P. E. I., commencing on Monday, 5th of July.
JAMES KING.

Speediest and Safest

Mode of Travel between
Sydney & Halifax
by the
Inland Route!
"NEPTUNE"
Will leave the Central Wharf, Sydney, at Six, A. M., every
MONDAY AND THURSDAY,
For West Bay, connecting with P. E. Island Steamers to Pictou, and by Rail to Halifax.
For further particulars enquire at Halifax of Messrs. John Taylor & Co., and on board of
J. H. BEATTY, JR.
Sydney, June 4th, 1875. j15 3m

PORT HAWKESBURY, P. E. ISLAND AND SHEPHERD.

The steamships ST. LAWRENCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, belonging to the P. E. Island Steamship Company, will
Leave Port Hawkesbury
EVERY
TUESDAY & FRIDAY
Morning, early, so as to connect at PICTOU with the
Mid-day Train for Halifax;
Thence on the arrival of the MORNING TRAIN, for
Charlottetown, Summerside and Shediac.
For GEORGETOWN every SATURDAY, from Pictou Landing returning Monday.
A. H. SUTHERLAND, Agent,
Hawkesbury, May 18, 1875.

Leave Port Hawkesbury

EVERY
TUESDAY & FRIDAY
Morning, early, so as to connect at PICTOU with the
Mid-day Train for Halifax;
Thence on the arrival of the MORNING TRAIN, for
Charlottetown, Summerside and Shediac.
For GEORGETOWN every SATURDAY, from Pictou Landing returning Monday.
A. H. SUTHERLAND, Agent,
Hawkesbury, May 18, 1875.

ALPHEA HALIBURTON, AGENT.

FORWARDING AND GENERAL
AGENT,
Fairbanks' Wharf (Next South Mores').
HALIFAX, N. S.
Office at Head of Wharf.
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO ALL ORDERS FROM CAPE BRETON.
Consignments Solicited.
July 13 6m

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Provincial Insurance Company of CANADA.

ASSURES against losses by FIRE at the lowest rates.
Apply to
MURDOCK McRAE, Agent.
St. Peter's, C. B., }
June 9th, '74. }

LAURENCE, MCKEEN & CO.

PORT HASTINGS, lately Plaster Cove,
Strait of Canso, Cape Breton,
Lloyds Agents, Notaries Public, and
GENERAL SHIP AGENTS.
British and American Merchandize, Groceries
Provisions, Etc.,
Chains and Anchors, Cotton Duck, Canvas
ordage, Sails, Fish Barrels, Curdwood, long
and short, Charts, Compasses, Cams, loggins,
Good Solid Ice always in Store.

DRABES TAKEN ON THE UNITED STATES.

U. S. Consular Agent, J. G. McKeen.
Administrators' Sale.
The undersigned offer for sale the whole of the Personal Property belonging to the Estate of the late Levi Hart, of Port Hawkesbury, Strait of Canso, N. S., consisting of the large, varied and valuable Stock of Goods contained in the Dominion Warehouse at Port Hawkesbury, besides a variety of other articles too numerous to mention.
They are also prepared to
RENT
to the purchaser of said Personal Property
The Dominion Warehouse!
Dominion Wharf, Freight Shed,
and other Real Estate belonging to the Estate of said late Levi Hart.
Terms Easy.
The Dominion Property is the most valuable business stand in the Strait of Canso, being the place of call of the Boston & Colonial Steamship Line and consequently the place where the greater part of the trade with the American Shipping in the Strait of Canso has been carried on for some years past. It is also the place of call of the Pictou & P. E. I. Steamers, is close to the Marine Railway, and being in the consideration of business men. The extension of the railway to the Strait of Canso will make this one of the best business stands in the Maritime Provinces.
For further information apply to
JACOB S. HART,
A. H. SUTHERLAND,
PETER GRANT,
Administrators of Estate of late Levi Hart.
Port Hawkesbury, Jan. 25, 1875.

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