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WHOLE NO. 440.

LITERATURE.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

Wilkie Collins's New Story.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XX.

"Shall I see you again?" she asked, as she held out her hand to take leave. "It is quite understood between us, I suppose, about the play?"

Francis recalled his extraordinary experience of that evening in the remembered room. "My stay in Venice is uncertain," he replied. "If you have anything more to say about this dramatic venture of yours, it may be as well to say it now. Have you decided on a subject already? I know the public taste in England better than you do—I might save you some waste of time and trouble, if you have not chosen your subject wisely?"

"I don't care what subject I write about so long as I write," she answered, carelessly. "If you have got a subject in your head give it to me. I answer for the characters and the dialogue."

"You answer for the characters and the dialogue," Francis repeated. "That's a bold way of speaking for a beginner! I wonder if I should shake your sublime confidence in yourself if I suggested the most ticklish subject to handle which is known to the stage? What say you, Countess, to entering the lines with Shakespeare and trying a drama with a ghost in it? A true story, mind I founded on events in this very city in which you and I are interested?"

She caught him by the arm and drew him away from the crowded colonnade into the solitary middle space of the square. "Now tell me," she said eagerly. "Here, where nobody is near us. How am I interested in it? How? How?"

Still holding his arm, she shook him in her impatience to hear the coming disclosure. For a moment he hesitated. Thus far, amused by her ignorant belief in herself, he had merely spoken in jest. Now, for the first time, impressed by her irresistible earnestness, he began to consider what he was about from a more serious point of view. With her knowledge of all that had passed in the old palace, and her information into an hotel, it was surely possible that she might suggest an explanation of what had happened to his brother and sister, and himself. Or, failing to do this, she might accidentally reveal to him in her own experience which, acting as a hint to a competent dramatist, might prove to be the making of a play. The prosperity of his theatre was like a serious object in life. "I may be in the face of another Corsican Brothers," he thought. "A new piece of that sort would be £10,000 in my pocket at least."

With these motives (worthy of the single-hearted devotion to dramatic business which made Francis a successful manager) he related, without further hesitation, what his own experience had been, and what the experience of his relatives had been, in the haunted hotel. He even described the outbreak of superstitious terror which had occupied Mrs. Norbury's ignorant maid. "Sad stuff, if you look at it reasonably," he remarked. "But there is something dramatic in the notion of the ghostly influence making itself felt by the relations in succession, as they one after another enter the fatal room, until the one chosen relative comes who will see the unearthly creature and know the terrible truth. Material for a play, Countess—first-rate material for a play!"

There he paused. She neither moved nor spoke. He stopped and looked closer at her.

What impression had he produced? It was an impression which his utmost ingenuity had failed to anticipate. She stood by his side, just as she stood before Francis when he questioned about Ferrar's plain answer at last—like a woman turned to stone. Here eyes were vacant and rigid; all the life in her face had faded out of it. Francis took her by the hand. Her hand was as cold as the pavement they were standing on. He asked her if she was ill.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might well have spoken to the dead. "Surely," he said, "you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?"

Her lips moved slowly. As it seemed, she was making an effort to speak to him.

"Louder," he said; "I can't hear you."

She struggled to recover possession of herself. A faint light began to soften the dull cold stare of her eyes. In a moment more she spoke so that he could hear her.

"I never thought of the other world," she murmured, in low dull tones like a woman talking in her sleep.

Her mind had gone back to the day of her last memorable interview with Agnes; she was slowly recalling the confession that had escaped her, the warning words which she had spoken at that past time. Necessarily incapable of understanding this, Francis looked at her in perplexity. She went on in the same dull vacant tone, steadily following out her own train of thought, with her headless eyes on his face, and her wandering mind far away from him.

"I said some trifling event would bring us together the next time. I was wrong. No trifling event will bring us together. I said I might be the person who told her what had become of Ferrar, if she forced me to. Shall I feel some other influence than hers? Will she force me to it? When she sees him, shall I see him too?"

Her head sank a little; her heavy eyelids dropped slowly; she heaved a long, low, weary sigh. Francis put her arm in his, and made an attempt to rouse her.

"Come, Countess, you are weary and overwrought. We have had enough talking to-night. Let me see you safe back to your hotel. Is it far from here?"

She started when he moved and obliged her to move with him, as if he had awakened her from a very deep sleep.

"Not far," she answered faintly, "the old hotel on the quay. My mind's in a strange state; I have forgotten the name."

"Daniel's?"

"Yes!"

He led her on slowly. She accompanied him in silence as far as the end of the Piazzetta. There when the full fine view of the moonlit Lagoon revealed itself, she stopped him as he turned towards the Riva degli Schiavoni. "I have something to ask you. I want to wait and think."

She recovered her lost idea after a long pause.

"Are you going to sleep in the room to-night?" she asked.

He told her that another traveller in possession of the room that night. But the manager has reserved it for me to-morrow," he said, "if I wish to have it."

"No," she answered; "you must give it up."

"To whom?"

"To me."

He started. "After what I have told you, do you really wish to sleep in that room to-morrow night?"

"I must sleep in it."

"I am horribly afraid."

So I should have thought after what I have observed of you to-night. Why should you take the room? You are not obliged to take it unless you like."

"I was not obliged to go to Venice when I left America," she answered. "And yet I came here. I must take the room and keep the room until I can get it back."

She broke off at those words. She went on hurriedly: "Never mind the rest. It doesn't interest you."

It was useless to dispute with her. Francis changed the subject. "We can do nothing to-night," he said. "I will call on you to-morrow morning and hear what you think of it then."

They moved on again to the hotel. As they approached the door, Francis asked her if she was staying under her own name.

"She shook her head. "As your brother's wife, I am known here, as the Countess Narona, I am known here. I want to be unknown, this time, to strangers in Venice. I am travelling under a common English name."

She hesitated and stood still. She muttered to herself, "What has come over me? Some things I remember, and some I forget. I forgot Daniel's name—and now I forget even my English name."

She drew him hurriedly into the hall of the hotel, on the wall of which was a list of visitors' names. Running her finger slowly down the list, she pointed to the name she had assumed—"Mrs. James."

"Remember that when you go to-morrow," she said. "My head is heavy. Good night."

Francis went back to his own hotel wondering what the events of the day would bring forth. A new turn in his affairs had taken place during his absence. As he crossed the hall he was requested by one of the servants to walk into the private office. The manager was waiting there with a gravely preoccupied manner, as if he had been hesitating to say, "He regretted to hear that Mr. Francis Westwick had, like other members of the family, discovered mysterious sources of discomfort in the new hotel. He had been informed in the face of faded out of it. Francis took her by the hand. Her hand was as cold as the pavement they were standing on. He asked her if she was ill."

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men had left for Milan. As he crossed the hall, on his way to the restaurant, he noticed the head porter checking the numbers of the rooms on some baggage which was waiting to go upstairs. One trunk attracted his attention by the extraordinary number of old travelling labels left on it. The porter was marking it at the moment—and the number was "13 A." Francis instantly looked at the card fastened on the lid. It bore the common English name of "Mrs. James!" He at once enquired about the lady. She had arrived early that morning, and she was now in the reading room. Looking into the room he discovered a lady in it alone. Advancing a little nearer he found himself face to face with the Countess.

She was seated in a dark corner with her head down and her arms crossed over her bosom. "Yes," she said in a tone of weary impatience before Francis could speak to her. "I thought it best not to wait for you—I determined to get here before anybody else could take the room."

"Have you taken it for long?"

"You told me Miss Lockwood would be here in a week's time. I have taken it for a week."

"What has Miss Lockwood to do with it?"

"She has everything to do with it—she must sleep in the room. I shall give the room up to her when she comes here."

Francis began to understand the superstitious purpose she had in view. "Are you, an educated woman, of the same opinion as my sister's maid?" he exclaimed. "Assuming your absurd superstition to be a serious thing, you have taken the wrong means to prove it true. If I and my brother and sister have seen nothing how should Agnes Lockwood discover what was not revealed to us? She is only distantly related to the Montbarris—she is only our cousin."

"She was nearer to the heart of the Montbarris than I am than any of you," the Countess answered, with severity. "To the last day of his life my miserable husband repented his desertion of her. She will see that not one of you have seen—she shall have the room."

Francis listened, utterly at a loss to account for the motives that animated her. "I don't see what can urge you to try this extraordinary experiment," he said.

"It is my interest not to try it! It is my interest to fly from Venice and never set eyes on Agnes Lockwood or any of your family again!"

"What prevents you from doing that?"

"She started to her feet and looked at him wildly. 'I know no more what prevents me than you do!' she burst out. 'Some will say that I am stronger my own driving me on to destruction in spite of myself!' She suddenly snatched her hand from his and for him to go. 'Leave me,' she said, 'leave me to my thoughts.'"

Francis left her, firmly persuaded by this time that she was out of her senses. For the rest of the day he was wondering what her. The night, as far as he knew, passed quietly. The next morning he breakfasted early, determining to wait in the restaurant for the appearance of the Countess. She came in and ordered her breakfast quietly, looking dull and worn out and self-absorbed. As she had looked when he last saw her. He hastened to her table, and asked her if anything had happened during the night.

"Nothing," she answered.

"Have you rested as well as you usually do?"

"Quite as well as usual. Have you had any letters this morning? Have you heard when she is coming here?"

"I have had no letters. Are you really going to stay here? Has your experience of last night not altered your opinions?"

"Not in the least."

The momentary gleam of animation which had crossed her face when she questioned him about Agnes died out of it again when he answered her. She looked, she spoke, she ate her breakfast with a vacant resignation, like a woman who was done with all hopes, none with all interests, done with everything but the mechanical movements and instincts of life.

Francis went out on the customary traveller's pilgrimage to the shrines of Titian and Tintoret. After some hours of absence, he found a letter waiting for him when he got back to the hotel. It was written by his brother, and it recommended his return to Milan immediately. The proprietor of a French theatre, just arrived from Venice, was trying to induce the famous dancer, Jean Francis had engaged to break faith with him and accept a higher salary. Having made his startling announcement, Henry proceeded to inform his brother that Lord and Lady Montbarris, with Agnes and the children, would arrive in Venice in three days more. "They know nothing of our adventures at the hotel," Henry wrote; "and they have telegraphed to the manager for the purpose of seeing that they wait. There would be something absurdly superstitious in our giving them a warning which would frighten the ladies and children out of the best hotel in Venice. We shall be a strong party this time—no strong party for ghosts! I shall meet the travellers on their arrival of course, and try my luck again at what you call the haunted hotel, Arthur Barville and wife have already got as far on their way as Trent; and two of the lady's relations have arranged to accompany them on their journey to Venice."

Naturally indignant at the conduct of his Parisian colleague, Francis made his preparations for returning to Milan by the train of that day.

On his way out he asked the manager if his brother's telegram had been received. The telegram had arrived, and, to the surprise of Francis, the rooms were already reserved. "I thought you would refuse to let any more of the family in the moment," he said satirically. The manager answered (with the due dash of respect) in the same tone. "No. 13 A is safe, sir, in the occupation of a stranger. I am the servant of the company; and I date not turn money out of the hotel."

Hearing this Francis said good-by—and said nothing more. He was ashamed to acknowledge it to himself, but he felt an irresistible curiosity to know what would happen when Agnes arrived at the hotel. Besides, "Mrs. James" had repaid confidence in him. He got into his gondola, respecting the confidence of "Mrs. James."

Towards evening on the third day Lord Montbarris and his travelling companions arrived, punctual to their appointment.

"Mrs. James," sitting at the window of her room watching for them, saw the new lord land from the gondola first. He handed his wife from the steps. The three children were next committed to his care. Last of all, Agnes appeared in the little black doorway of the gondola-cabin, and, taking Lord Montbarris's hand, passed in her turn to the steps. She wore no veil. As she ascended to the door of the hotel, the Countess (eyeing her through an opera-glass) noticed that she passed to look at the outside of the building, and that her face was very pale.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What is "Tucking?"

From the Reno, Nev., Gazette.

A boisterous looking citizen came into the Gazette office the other day and respectfully asked to be let look at the dictionary. He sat down and rather anxiously thumbed Webster's while.

"What word are you looking for?" asked a reporter, seeing that the stranger had failed to strike the trail.

"Well, said the man, in a burst of confidence, "you see I've only just learned to read, and my wife's gone up to Truckee on a visit, and she's written to me to look in the bottom of her trunk for a lot of 'tucking' and send it to her. Now, what I want to know what in blazes 'tucking' is!"

"Tucking?" said the reporter briskly, "why, tucking is the stuff the girls make by poking a sort of short-turned fish-hook through a hole and catching the thread and drawing it back again."

Then the editor spoke up contentedly, and said that a man who was so ignorant as that ought to hold his tongue. What the reporter had described was crocheting. Everybody ought to know what tucking was. The ladies in making it used a little contrivance shaped like a mussel, with thread wound up inside of it. It could be purchased, he believed, for 10 or 15 cents a yard, and why intelligent girls should waste a whole day in making what they could get for a short bit was more than he could understand. In answer to a question from the admiring reporter, the editor said he had been told that tucking was used in trimming the undersides of skirts for far sex, but why things should be ornamented which a fellow would get licked for trying to look at—or perhaps shot—was beyond his comprehension.

The married stranger said the editor was mistaken; that the article was not tucking, but tucking. It was tucking. This he knew for a fact.

The editor observed that when a man came to the Gazette office for information the editor, when he gave it, didn't know he was told he had. If the stranger wanted to avoid trouble he had better get out and go to the devil. As the editor had grown red in the face and his eyes were blazing the married stranger coughed feebly and slunk down stairs.

In the mean time, what is "tucking?"

COMFORTABLE BALANCE EXHIBITION.—At the Methodist "Experience Meeting" our attention was drawn to one old farmer who seemed to be very happy under the pressure of his convictions. When his turn came he said: "Friends, perhaps there are some here that don't know me very well. My name is Mr. B., I live over in the town of X., close again the far you timber, but now I come here to live because I wanted to be near folks. I tem to this country in 1885, and I don't know but my hands, but by hard work and the grace of God, I've become quite rich." He then sat down.—Detroit News.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., recently had a kicking match between two women, one from New Haven and the other from Providence, R. I. for a strong party this time—no strong party for ghosts! I shall meet the travellers on their arrival of course, and try my luck again at what you call the haunted hotel, Arthur Barville and wife have already got as far on their way as Trent; and two of the lady's relations have arranged to accompany them on their journey to Venice."

Naturally indignant at the conduct of his Parisian colleague, Francis made his preparations for returning to Milan by the train of that day.

On his way out he asked the manager if his brother's telegram had been received. The telegram had arrived, and, to the surprise of Francis, the rooms were already reserved. "I thought you would refuse to let any more of the family in the moment," he said satirically. The manager answered (with the due dash of respect) in the same tone. "No. 13 A is safe, sir, in the occupation of a stranger. I am the servant of the company; and I date not turn money out of the hotel."

Hearing this Francis said good-by—and said nothing more. He was ashamed to acknowledge it to himself, but he felt an irresistible curiosity to know what would happen when Agnes arrived at the hotel. Besides, "Mrs. James" had repaid confidence in him. He got into his gondola, respecting the confidence of "Mrs. James."

Towards evening on the third day Lord Montbarris and his travelling companions arrived, punctual to their appointment.

"Mrs. James," sitting at the window of her room watching for them, saw the new lord land from the gondola first. He handed his wife from the steps. The three children were next committed to his care. Last of all, Agnes appeared in the little black doorway of the gondola-cabin, and, taking Lord Montbarris's hand, passed in her turn to the steps. She wore no veil. As she ascended to the door of the hotel, the Countess (eyeing her through an opera-glass) noticed that she passed to look at the outside of the building, and that her face was very pale.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Living by their Wits.

THOMAS AND LOUISA BIGELOW—A WOMAN WITH A CAREER.

From the New York Tribune.

Chignecto Post.

Sackville, N. B., October 17, 1878.

Formation of the Government.

Ottawa telegrams state that the Government will be sworn in to-day (Thursday). The personnel of it has for manifest reasons been kept from transpiring, but little doubt, however, exists that Mr. Tupper will have the office of Public Works; Mr. Tilly, that of Finance; Mr. Hope, (P. E. I.), that of Marine; and Mr. Jas. MacDonald, probably that of Justice.

The Provincial Exhibition, as we predicted two weeks ago, turned out to be merely a local affair—the great body of the farmers taking no stock in it whatever. The *Telegraph* admits that Resignee, Gloucester, Northumberland, Kent, Westmorland, Albert, Madawaska and Victoria stood almost entirely aloof. The representation from Carleton, King's, Charlotte and St. John was pitifully small. Our contemporary believes that the failure of the late exhibition was partially due to Frederick not being sufficiently central and to the difficulty involved in the trans-shipment of stock, etc., and advocates as a remedy that St. John be selected at the coming session as the place for holding the next one, and preparations be at once entered upon.

If we mistake not the grant for the late exhibition was made in consequence of the adoption of the policy of holding exhibitions in different sections of the country that could offer fair facilities, in order to stimulate the competitive spirit in all the various localities and to strengthen local societies and the way of good buildings and fair grounds. If this policy be sound, we think St. John's claims can fairly rest in abeyance for the present, particularly as it is not an agricultural County. It has had already several exhibitions. It is only a short time since it held a Manufacturers and Mechanics Exhibition, and when it recovers somewhat from the destructive effects of the fire, it could justly claim Provincial aid for another one. The claim of Northumberland, Kent, Westmorland stand preeminently higher than St. John. The North Shore has never yet had an exhibition. Formerly it was shut out from the world, but now, both Chatham and Newcastle are readily accessible from all sections, and on ground at all exists why the next exhibition should not be held there, or, if not there, in Westmorland.

We do not favor large grants of public money for exhibition purposes, when other and more important branches of agriculture are starved, but if we are to have them, let the money be fairly and equitably distributed.

S. & W. Agricultural Exhibition.

The best attended, largest and most successful Exhibition ever held by the Local Society took place on Tuesday. The day was fine and the village was unusually well patronized from the neighboring parishes. The numbers of competitors were 97; the number of entries were 576. In the

BUILDING. Messrs. commencing with domestic manufactures, the exhibit was finer than any previous year. In flannels, carpetings, horse rugs, socks and mittens there was a fair show. The patch-work quilt was there in force. A silk one exhibited by Mrs. Senator Botsford attracted attention. In crocheted work, embroidery, lace, wax flowers, etc., the display showed a very marked growth of taste within a few years. Mrs. Jas. Eiter exhibited very natural wax imitations of pond lilies. Berlin worked sofa cushions, bead-work on maroon velvet and on green velvet were handsome. The floral display was good, but badly placed for inspection. Mr. Abner Smith showed a large collection of boots and shoes from the Sackville Factory.

In horticulture, the quantity was somewhat less than the quality. Mr. Ed. Trueman and J. L. Black had some enormous mangold warts; the champion squash was exhibited this year by Mr. Eugene Bowser and weighed 80 lbs; monster turnips from the fields of Messrs. Thompson, Pickard and Ed. Trueman looked well. The show of apples was surprisingly large and fine and gave evidence that Sackville has taken a new departure in the line of fruit. Mr. Albert Parsons took first prize, and Mr. H. Sears second. Mr. J. L. Black exhibited well ripened grapes. There were about 30 specimens of butter and 25 of grain. The following were the weights of grain:

Wheat	62 lbs.
White Oats	46 "
Black do.	38 "
Rough Buckwheat	64 "
Grey do.	68 "
Timothy Seed	48 "

IMPLEMENT. A level tread single horse power machine (Hevenor's) was on show. Mr. C. Fawcett had a No. 9 Plough, of which he states he sold over 600 this season. Mr. Angus Smith, of Oxford, had a cultivator which promises to be very useful, as it is cheap (\$5 is the price), the shears are adjustable and it can be moved like a wheelbarrow. He sold 600 this season. Mr. J. B. Tingley will act as agent for their sale next season. Mr. Stevens, of the Sackville Foundry, exhibited the Patent Fire-Clamp Cook-Stove with the Tire-King Oven.

THE STOCK YARD

pens were quite crowded. The show of grades were perhaps never excelled in these Maritime Provinces. The Short Horns were in force and were superior to the Fredericton show. Amongst the Short Horns, Mr. John Fawcett exhibited a yearling bull and a three-year-old heifer that took first prize; Mr. Albert Carter, a one-year-old heifer that took first; Mr. H. Humphrey had a

whole herd, embracing a cow, three two-year-old cows, one calf and one bull, all fine stock. Mr. W. C. Fillmore had a Short Horn six-month-old heifer girling 4 feet 10 inches that won first prize. In grades, Mr. Alfred Ayer had a pair of three-year-old steers weighing 4,100 lbs.; and Mr. Edward Trueman, a pair four years old weighing 4,300 lbs. The latter exhibited a herd of 22 head, a majority of which took prizes.

Mr. Bradley Eiter had a pair of yearling steers girling 6 feet, and Mr. F. George, Esq., a pair nearly as large. The former had also a Short Horned bull that weighed some little time ago 1875 lbs. Mr. Ed. Trueman had two pair of very fine oxen, average girth 8 ft. Thomas Pickard, Esq., showed some of his Jersey stock. A half bred Jersey cow only seventeen months old, and her calf attracted notice.

IN HORSES.

The show was superior to any within three or four years both in number and quality, especially with reference to yearling colts for draught purposes of stock, etc., and advocates as a remedy that St. John be selected at the coming session as the place for holding the next one, and preparations be at once entered upon.

The Provincial Exhibition.

The weather during exhibition week was damp and chill; the sky overhead was leaden and cheerless; the earth beneath was oozy with rain; and the crowds of visitors that thronged the grounds or paraded the streets of the capital bore a disconsolate and unjoyous look that the excitement of sight-seeing could not shake off. Well, life is made endurable by contrasts—and "Spring would be but gloomy weather had not the autumn been so bright."

The contrast came on Friday afternoon during the few last hours of the show—the clouds rolled away—genial sunbeams chased each other over the landscape and the cold morose slunk away abashed, and the exhibition closed in a glow of sunshine.

The hotels were overflowing and indeed the town was crowded. The discomfort of many who attended, under the insane delusion they were on a pleasure excursion, must have been intense. A hospitable acquaintance volunteered to give your correspondent quarters. Said he, "I have a fine large room and two beds. I have only six boarders with me at present. I want another to make room. I am the eighth—four in a bed. Crowded, hey? Not a bit. Only a matter of packing. We lay close. It's against the rules to kick. To prevent confusion, we all turn over together. I give the word of command—right wheel!—quick turn!—an' over we go."

From the opening to the close, the exhibition was well-attended, and often crowded and the receipts were large. The two concerns given were parties failures, the acoustic properties of the building being such that no human voice could penetrate far beyond the platform. The building itself is a high rectangular one, with open arched roof, large windows behind the eaves, below which large rectangular wings sprang out on either side extending the whole length. It encloses a space of 200 by 75 feet. Galleries, lit by side windows, run the length of the wings and are connected across the main portion. The building is only yet in the rough boarded state, not being completed, but the design is good, and when the cornices, gables, minarets, etc., are added, it will be very handsome, and besides will no doubt prove a great advantage. On either side of the main aisle were a number of carriages and sleighs. The left side or wing was chiefly filled with monster beets, carrots, cabbages, pumpkins, fruits, together with a lot of ploughs and other implements. The right side or wing was filled up with a large assortment of agricultural implements from MacFarlane, Anderson & Thompson, Cassel Bros., and others, stoves and other goods of a heavy character. The main stand at the end of the main aisle was surrounded with flowers on stands, shedding their rich perfume, and relieving by their foliage the rough barn-like impression of the place. The galleries were well filled with wares of various kinds.

IN FURS.

Messrs. C. & E. Everett made a magnificent exhibit. Coats, caps and gloves in the fashionable fur of the day and cut and trimmed *a la mode*; robes in all styles and devices gave the visitor a very good impression of the resources of Messrs. Everett's establishment.

THE MILL SAWS

of Mr. J. F. Lawton, of the Alexandria Works, St. John, brightly burnished and well arranged formed a highly creditable show.

THE TURNS

for Berlin work, from Mr. J. L. Woodworth's mills, at Mispick, evoked many expressions of delight from the ladies. The softness and texture of these make them a formidable rival to the English and German article, which has

hitherto monopolized our markets. Success to home enterprise!

IN THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

An unusual display of quilts dangled over the sides of the gallery and starting out from the jacket was good as a solemn protest on the part of the proud house-wives of York against the jibes and jokes of the average critic at an article, I venture to say was found of prime importance to every visitor during exhibition week. The collection of needle-work and fancy work and woollen work and knit goods was simply beyond a catalogue less brief than one of the British Museum.

THE SINGER MACHINE

was there in force presided over by Mr. D. Miller, of St. John, with a corps of assistants.

THE TIN GOODS

of Mr. John Mealey, Portland, attracted general notice for their quality—their design and admirable workmanship.

COTTON WARPS AND COTTONS

from the extensive works of Messrs. Wm. Park & Co., St. John—the largest and most important manufacturing interest represented at the Exhibition. This firm had a carpet loom in operation, showing the *modus operandi* of working up their colored carpet warps. Their carpet warps are becoming extensively used in families that weave domestic fabrics.

NAILS AND TACKS

from the factory of Messrs. S. R. Foster & Son, St. John, made a good exhibit. Messrs. Foster, though burned out at the great fire, have rebuilt, and their establishment is now larger and more complete than before, and no doubt will be equally as successful.

THE PENMANSHIP

of Mr. S. E. Whiston, of the Commercial College, Halifax, attracted a good deal of attention, as the display was large and some of the specimens as pure works of art were deserving of notice. Texts, etc., executed in highly ornamental old English or German and surrounded by wreaths in beautiful designs of flowers, birds, foliage, etc., seemed to be the very perfection of art.

On the whole the exhibit in the building, while interesting for manu-

facturers, was infinitely below the M. & M. Exhibition, at St. John, three years ago. While it might be considered, agriculturally creditable for York Co., it was no representation of any of the industries of a single one of the other counties. Outside of the places directly accessible to Fredericton, the exhibit was simply nothing; a glance at the entries made shows that the farmers of the Province generally "took no stock" in it at all. Considered in respect to the variety and extent of its agricultural exhibits, it was fifty per cent. inferior to the exhibition held there fourteen years ago; the only noticeable improvement being the marked increase of agricultural implements, of Provincial make, which is certainly worthy of mention. Messrs. Thompson, Anderson & Thompson, and other manufacturers in that line, deserve public approval for their efforts to supply the home market with the product of native skill and enterprise.

HORSES.

There was a large share of horses and some very fine animals, amongst them, a good many that ought not to have been there unless it were as a contrast to show off the good ones. The Percherons were well represented, the Government importation of 1875 were all on the ground. Disappointment was expressed by some who were at the sale of these horses that these animals had not developed to meet their expectations. I do not know whether they really had not improved, or whether Dobson's horse imported by the Sussex and Stoddard Agricultural Society threw them into the shade so much, that it was necessary to find some excuse for their inferiority. Certain it is that the Dobson horse which was given the first prize is a splendid animal, much superior in appearance to any the Government imported. The show of Brood Mares was no credit to the Province. There were some fine young horses in the Roadster class, and some good Percheron colts. S. H. Home of St. John had a magnificent team of draught horses weighing 36 hundred, and they knew how to draw. There were two or three other teams that were very much admired and gave good trial for the money how to do their work when required. I saw but few spans of matched horses.

CATTLE.

The different standard breeds were well represented. In Ayrshires, Monongie and Beldon, of King's, showed some fine animals. I saw but one of the Government's importations in this class, and it was but a fair specimen of the breed, but as a whole this class was well represented. New Brunswick is the most profitable. There was also two or three fine specimens of Short Horns. The Slipp Brothers had on the ground a two year old bull on the ground, a descendant of the cow so often admired in our Sackville show grounds, and exhibited by W. F. George, Esq. The Attorney-General had a fine two year old bull on exhibition, that attracted much attention. If Sackville and Westmorland had sent up their Short Horns and grade stock, it would have added very much to the exhibition, and they must have carried off prizes. The prize for the grade stock as a whole was very inferior indeed. Mr. Todd, of Charlotte, exhibited a very fine herd of Herefords. The cows were very large and fat, and the young were very pretty, but neither try and or symmetry can they equal the Short Horns, and they will supplant them. Smith, of Smithtown, King's Co., showed a splendid lot of Devons. His Devon bull was perfect. Colonel Laurie, from Oakland, N. S., was on the ground with 19 Devons, which made the show of Devons the largest class present.

(We are pleased to publish John Bliss' denial, but have taken the liberty of striking out a personal reference.—Ed.)

Messrs. SATTER and JOHNSON visited Fredericton last week to urge the Government to renew the Richibucto Branch Subsidy. The Government promised to look into matter. If the Government looks into it, it will not doubt secure the support of Kent.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

The only Sackville Candidate announced in to-day's issue is Mr. Wm. McConnell. Mr. Black, who was an active member of the last Council, is in the field for Westmorland. He is considered a strong man and may not, perhaps be opposed. Mr. W. W. Irvine, also announces himself a Candidate. Mr. Irvine is a new man. In Dorchester, there is a prospect of two tickets, S. W. Palmer and P. McGowan, Esquires, forming one ticket and John Hickman and P. McGinley, Esquires, the other. There will also be a contest in Salisbury, probably between the old Candidates, although we understand A. L. Wright, Esq., Ex-Councillor does not wish to run again.

Political.

The Quebec Chronicle sets down Mr. Costigan as Speaker.

Mr. ADAM TAIT, has been appointed Assignee for Smith & Barnes, insolvents, Shediac.

Mr. MASON was expected yesterday from Europe. Hon. Mr. Tilly, Jas. Donville, Jas. MacDonald, Mackenzie, Bowell, Senator Allard and other prospective Ministers were at Montreal on Tuesday.

On the occasion of Lord Dufferin's departure, next Saturday from Quebec, the steamer "St. Lawrence" will accompany the steamship down the river, to accommodate a large number of citizens who desire in this manner to bid his Excellency farewell.

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Business News.

The Dominion Telegraph Line, started in opposition to the Montreal Line, is about to be amalgamated with it. Both lines have apparently been prosperous.

Is England retrograding? Since 1872, her exports, and on Tuesday last, as a candidate in the Reform interest for Centre Huron, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Horace Horton, M. P., appointed by Messrs. Cartwright, Mackenzie & Co., to a position in the Finance Department of the Government.

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