

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW,

VOL. XIX.—No. 45.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 25, 1886.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 981

1886. FALL. 1886.

NEW DRESS GOODS AT B. FAIREY'S.
NEW METAL BUTTONS AT B. FAIREY'S.
NEW DRESS CLASPS AT B. FAIREY'S.
LADIES' CASHMERE HOSE AT B. FAIREY'S.
CHILDREN'S " AT B. FAIREY'S.
FLANNELS, ALL COLORS AT B. FAIREY'S.
Blankets, Bed Comfortables, Wincoys, Tickings, Russia Crash,
New Dark Prints, Bee Hive Yarns, (all colors.)
Black and Colored Velveteens,
Ladies' Under Vests in Grey and Scarlet.
AT
B. FAIREY'S, Newcastle.

August 24, 1886.

Law and Collection Office
M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.
CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.
Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Chatham, N. B.
OFFICE Old Bank Montreal.

JOHN MCALISTER,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Conveyancer, &c.,
Campbellton, N. B.
May 1, 1885.

WILLIAM MURRAY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.
OFFICE: MURRAY'S BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHMOND, N. B.
OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 1, 1884.

RAW FURS.
I am paying the highest prices in cash for the following Raw Furs—Otter, Beaver, Bear, Mink, Marten, Lynx, Fox, Rat.
Newcastle, December 23, '85.
JAMES BROWN.

Leather & Shoe Findings.
THE Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also, S. R. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clarke & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Toes, as well as home-made Toes to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHRISTIE & CO.
No. 60 King St., St. John, N. B.

M'INN'S MILLS,
KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY,
KENT COUNTY, N. B.
All kinds of Lumber, including HARDWOOD of every description always on hand.

SAWN CEDAR SHINGLES
—AND—
DIMENSIONED LUMBER
OUR SPECIALTY.
Parties requiring lumber of any kind will do well to write for prices, terms, etc.
Address all correspondence to
GEORGE M'INN,
Richmond, N. B.
April 27, '86.

BUY
Windsor's Delicious
RASPBERRY & STRAWBERRY
JAM!
In cases of each one dozen Pint, Quart and Gallon.
Guaranteed equal if not superior to any in the market.
Write for Particulars.
JOHN WINDSOR.
P.O. Box 100, St. John, N. B., Oct. 20, 1884.

Job Printing, plain and in color, in first class style at this Establishment.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.
OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 p.m., 7 to 10 p.m.
Feb. 1885.

DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
Corner Duke and St. John Street;
O.posite Canada House.

DR. T. W. POMROY,
29 STUYVESANT ST.,
NEW YORK CITY, U. S.
Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter.
Aug. 14, 1885. 29-lypd.

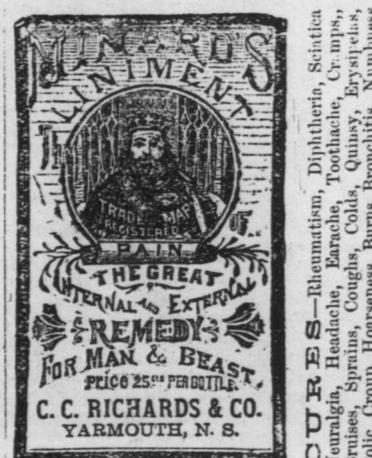
S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUT NAILS AND
CUT SPIKES,
TACKS, BRADS,
FINISHING NAILS,
SHOE NAILS,
HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.,
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory
GEORGE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
April 10, 1885. 2-lypd.

CEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission, and prompt returns made.
Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

SIMPLE'S DOMINION
Horse Liniment!
Simple, Parker & Co., Proprietors, Upper
Masquodouin, Nova Scotia.
THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY for the public for Lameness, Sprains, Soreness, Swollen and Stiff Joints, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Stings, Itch, and all other ailments of the skin. Also, it cures the Human Body; also Frost Bites, Chills and Salt Rheum.
Sold by all Druggists.
For Sale, St. John, N. B., Wholesale Agents for Halifax.
Wholesale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle.
Feb. 12, 1885. 17.

MIRAMICHI
STEAM BRICK WORKS.
The subscriber announces that he is now carrying on the business of
BRICK MANUFACTURING
on an extensive scale, and has now on hand about
150,000 BRICK
which will be disposed of at low rates. The makers are located near a siding of the Intercolonial Railway. All orders attended to promptly. Brick delivered C. O. B. cars, or at wharf.
Address all orders to
H. S. FLETT, Superintendent
GEO. A. FLETT, Proprietor,
Nelson, Miramichi, N. B., Oct. 20, '85.

GROCERIES
—AND—
DRY GOODS.
700 Half-Chests TEA.
COFFEES, SPICES.
200 Bbls. SUGAR.
STARCH, MUSTARD.
300 Boxes TOBACCO.
PICKLES, CONFECTIONERY.
100 Gross IMPERIAL BLACKING.
CANNED GOODS, BIRD SEED.
1 Ton Pure CREAM TARTAR.
1000 Pieces PRUNES, Cashewes, Dry Goods.
1000 Pieces BUTTER, Corns, Combs.
100 Pieces SHIRTINGS, Italiane, Tweeds.
500 Do. HAWKSHIPS, Tickings, Onaburg.
300 Dozen BRACES.
WHOLESALE, BOTTOM PRICES.
JOSEPH FINLEY,
Prince William Street, St. John.
April 27.



It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the Scalp of all Dandruff.
VALUABLE INFORMATION.
YARMOUTH, N. S., May 15, 1886.
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.
Having used your Minked's Liniment for several years in my stable, I attest to its being the best thing for horse flesh I know of. In the family we have used it successfully for nearly every purpose that a Liniment is adapted for, it being recommended to us by the late Dr. J. L. R. Webster. Personally I find it the best all round remedy for all the ailments of the human body, and I have ever met.
J. TITUS,
Proprietor of Yarmouth Livestock Stable.

HINARD'S LINIMENT is for sale everywhere.
PRICE 25 cents.

DR. C. WEST'S
FOR THE
LIVER BLOOD
STOMACH
KIDNEYS
DANDELION

Infalible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic, Laxative, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Scrophulous Tumor, Eczema, Psoriasis, Erysipelas, Eczema, and all Skin Diseases, French Disease, Pimples of the Face, Scurvy, Hemorrhoids, and all other ailments of the human body, and I have ever met.
J. TITUS,
Proprietor of Yarmouth Livestock Stable.

For sale by GEO. C. ALLEN, Newcastle, and G. E. FOSTER, Campbellton.

CANADA HOUSE,
Chatham, New Brunswick,
WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class hotel and travellers will find it a desirable location and residence. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing and Telegraph and Post Offices. The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises.
Oct. 12, 1885.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,
GEO. McSWENY, GEO. D. FUCHS,
PROPRIETOR. MANAGER.

Clifton House,
4 PRINCE AND 143 GERMANY STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 20, '85.

SKINNER'S
Carpet Warehouses,
55 KING STREET.
New Carpets, New Oldies, New Linoleums.
Just Received for Fall Trade:
6 bales New Brussels Carpets;
6 bales English Oilcloths; New Designs;
4 bales Best Linoleum, at \$1.30 per yard;
4 bales 4 yds wide do., " 1.10
4 bales 5 yds wide do., " 75
The above is the first installment of my FALL STOCK, and as it contains some very novel designs, intending purchasers would do well to examine them.
St. John, Oct. 5, 1885. A. O. SKINNER.

HEAT. HEAT. HEAT.
The warm weather is approaching and the cry is
Where can we get a good Cool Drink or a COOLING BEVERAGE?
YOU CAN GET IT AT
GEO. STABLES.
GINGER BEER, HOP, LEMONADE, APPLE CIDER, ICE CREAM.
Also on hand at all times a good supply of
FRUIT
—SEASON AS—
Oranges, Lemons, Bananas and Pine Apples, Pinen Haddies, and Spoked Shad.
GEO. STABLES,
Heavy Block
Newcastle, May 25, 1886.

Selected Literature.

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief; Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod, And waits to see it push away the clod, He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief; Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky, "Be patient, heart! light breaketh by and by," Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief; Whoever sees "neath winter's field of snow, The silent harvests of the future grow, His power must know.

There is no unbelief; Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep, Giving each sense to mystic slumber deep, Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief; Whoever says "to-morrow," the unknown, The future, trusts that power is given, He does not wish to disown.

There is no unbelief; The heart that looks on when the eyelids close, And dares to live when life has only woes, God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief; And day by day, and night, unconsciously, The heart lives by that faith the lips deny, God knoweth why.

A TEST OF LOVE.

It had blown a perfect hurricane all day, and early in the afternoon the snow had commenced to fall, increasing in violence until at six o'clock, when Lottie started home. Tottenham court-road and the by-streets were full of drifts, the air was a blinding haze, and the wind fiercer than ever.

"Oh, how pleasant home will look!" she said to herself, pulling her collar up about her ears, and tucking her minked securely under her arm. How happy I ought to be that I have it to go to, even if it is only a little room all by myself! What do poor girls do who have none, no work, no home—and no Robert?"

Then she laughed shyly to herself and blushed—a happy red blush down inside the collar, and walked faster than ever.

Home was quite a distance: but her feet stepped cheerily and quickly there, and the hall door had flown open in response to her latch-key, when, from somewhere in the darkness near, a voice came—a tremulous, pleading voice—"Pity, oh, for the love of God, pity me!"

"Who are you? Where are you?" asked Lottie, startled and stopping right where the hall light shone in her face and dazzled her eyes.

"Here," and from the shadow beside the door a woman's figure—a woman that the next moment also stood in the light, showing a wrinkled, aged face and snow-white hair, covered with a tattered bit of shawl. "I'm freezing, starving and will be dying. If you have any pity, give me some food and some kind of shelter!"

"What a desperate sort of famished creature—oh, I will—come in," cried Lottie, her voice quivering, and her eyes shining with the generous pity that flooded her young heart. I have no place I can take you but my room on the top floor. Can you climb the stairs?"

"For warmth and food? Yes, yes, lead the way," cried the woman, eagerly looking at the girl with a trembling delight burning in her hollow eyes. "I can follow anywhere."

But she was aged and weak, and the four long flights of stairs were slowly accomplished. Lottie assisting her companion as well as the narrow staircase would allow, and going very slowly.

"This is my room," she exclaimed at last, throwing open a door, and leading the panting woman in, "Sit down here and in two minutes my fire will be lighted. Are you very tired?"

The weary woman could only nod as she sank into the chair Lottie gave, while her young hostess flew about the room. Everything was most exquisitely neat, and the little grate, brushed and polished, was already laid for the fire, and, at a touch from Lottie's match, blazed and crackled with amazing brightness. "Is not that lovely?" she cried, turning to her strange visitor. "Now, you will soon be warm, and in a few minutes I will give you a cup of tea. Move nearer, won't you?"

Apparently speechless with grateful amazement and delight the woman did as bid, throwing off her wet, tattered shawl, and holding her wrinkled hands over the blaze, while her eager eyes still followed every move Lottie made.

"I am my own housekeeper, you see," continued the girl, gaily, as if wishing to make her visitor less timid and more at home. Here is my little kitchen, and with a merry laugh she threw open the door of a large closet, showing within neatly-papered shelves of dishes and tins. "I am just as happy and independent as can be. How do you like it?"

"Like it?" echoed the woman. "Does it not look like heaven to me? But are you all alone?"

"Yes, all alone. I have not a relative in the world that I know of," said Lottie, taking off and hanging up her things, now that she had all things started. "I would be very welcome if I had the time, but I haven't."

"Then you work—you are poor?" cried the woman, as though the surroundings were to her suggestive of wealth and ease.

"Oh, yes, I am poor, and yet I am rich, for I have health and strength and good work," said Lottie, with a world of thank-

fulness thrilling her blithe voice. "In the morning I am up early, and arrange my room and fire, and I have my little breakfast; then I am away all day as nursery governess and music teacher in a great house near South Park. I never have time to be lonesome, and I am very happy."

The woman turned her eyes to the fire again, and as she stealthily and silently watched the dancing flames Lottie seized the opportunity of looking at her closely, when the woman turned, almost sharply, "You were studying me. What do you think?"

"Oh—why—I was wondering—if you had always been so poor," stammered Lottie, honest but embarrassed.

The woman laughed, and not unkindly. "No," she said, "I was not. But you are young and I am old, therefore let us talk of you and not of me. Tell me, do you always intend to live so alone—don't you want to marry?"

A wave of color, like the warm tint to a sea-shell, covered Lottie's sweet face. "I am going to marry very soon," she said, after a moment.

"Are you? And do you mind telling me about it—and him?" questioned the woman.

"He is teaching French and Spanish to the children I am nursery governess to, and we meet there very often. I know he is good and noble, because—because I do. He shows it in every look and act."

"And you love him?"

"Ah, yes! Yes indeed!"

Something in the sweet purity and earnest expression of the girl's face made the woman turn suddenly away and wipe her eyes. And then, when more was said by either until the dinner supper of tea and toast and egg was cooked by Lottie and placed before the woman on a little tray, covered with a worn but snowy napkin. Then suddenly came the question, "What are you going to do with me to-night—turn me out?"

"Oh, no, indeed. You shall sleep on my bed, and I can make a pallet here by the fire. My bed is out of sight now," she added with a laugh, as the woman looked about inquiringly. "I like to have my room a sitting-room; so if anyone comes to see me I fold up my bed into a lounge, and put all my toilet things back of that pretty curtain, and that leaves me a little parlor, you see. Isn't it pleasant?"

The old woman's face was a mystery as she looked and listened. The thin lips continually twitched, and the eyes with all their sharpness gone, filled with tears. But she asked no more questions.

Lottie ate her own supper, then went into her closet, took down the tiny dress, poured out her water that had been heating while they ate, and then quickly cleaned up all signs of supper, working quietly, as she supposed the weary woman was dozing, when on the contrary, she was intently watching every act of the young housekeeper. Work done, apron was removed, clean cuffs were put on, the soft curls brushed, and testefully tied; then Lottie came to the fire, and seeing her visitor awake, said, with a smile and a pretty blush, "My Robert is coming this evening, and you will see if he is not good and noble-looking."

"He is coming here?—this evening?" exclaimed the woman; starting up—"Then I must go at once!"

"Indeed, no! Where would you go? You will stay here," said Lottie, with decision; and at that very instant steps sounded on the stairs, and through the hall; and she added with a quick smile, "Here he is now."

Teeming, and evidently at her wit's end, the woman sank back into her seat; and while Lottie went to the door and greeted her lover in a few low-spoken words, she sat staring into the fire, a smile gradually breaking over her face, as though consternation had given way to amusement.

Laying his hat and coat over a chair, Robert Claxton came around to the fire and looked down at the old woman, as she looked up at him; and there was a moment's silence.

"Grandmother!" he exclaimed at last, in a voice of stupefied amazement—"Grandmother, am I dreaming?"

"Well—no—I think not. You don't appear to be," answered she, as though, after all, it was a great joke.

"But you—what—I—"

"Didn't say I was going to?" asked she, shortly.

"No, you didn't say what; and I never thought—"

"No, I suppose not; but I do. See here, Lottie."

Like one doubting her senses, Lottie had stood listening to the strange dialogue, and even at this peremptory order she had not the power to move.

"This is my grandmother, Lottie," began Robert, as if at a loss how to tell his story.

But she interrupted him briskly. "I'll tell you about it, myself, Lottie," said she. "I am his grandmother, and I am not poor; and no more is he, as I have made you believe. On the contrary, he is to have all my money; and I had set my heart on his marrying Maude Dawber—yes, the very young lady where you teach—and he set his heart on finding out for himself what she was like. So I humored him, and he left off his last name, Bennett, and went to the family with a glowing letter of recommendation from me. He was engaged; he saw my pretty Maude in her home, and I need not tell you how he found

her to be a shiftless, spoiled beauty. He also saw you, and I could never repeat all his love laphodies. I was chagrined that my choice had been found at fault, and determined to discover flaws in his, and—well, I've tried, and failed."

She paused there, and rising suddenly went to amaze and bewildered Lottie, and took her hand.

"Robert, the girl you love is worthy all you have said and believed of her. She is a pure, true, noble girl, with a heart that you or any man must strive hard to be worthy of. Take her, with the warmest blessing your crusty doubting grandmother can ask or give."

Tenderly Robert clasped the hands placed in his, and drew her to his breast. "Lottie, my darling, you forgive us both?"

But from mingled astonishment and joy, Lottie was sobbing and speechless.

"I played the hungry old woman pretty well, I think," said old Mrs. Bennett, complacently, as she sat down by the fire again. "I am old and rather pale, and of course, the child never guessed I was swathed in thick flannels under all these rags. But, oh, Robert, my boy, you have found a little treasure—you have indeed. Be worthy of her."

"I will try, grandmother," he said, tenderly kissing Lottie's blushing, happy face, "every hour of my life."

Varieties.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well. A newspaper worth advertising in once is worth making a contract with.

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement; for the experience of the most enterprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more in advertising.

The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

A simple card may profitably stand years without change, but a sensational advertisement should be changed as often as you can get the printer to do it.

A heavy advertisement once is more than quadrupled in value by a card, published for a few months after, giving your address.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

Now is the time to think about advertising, and reflection should be followed by judicious action.

To make a man realize an idea as you realize it, is what is necessary to make him understand his needs. Advertisements should aim to place a matter so clearly before the public that they see it as clearly as the advertiser does.

Enterprising people are beginning to learn the value of advertising the year round. The persistency of those who are not intimidated by the cry of "dull times," but keep their names ever before the public, will surely place them on the right side in the end.

A JAM OF FISH.

In Alaska the salmon jump the estuaries and inlets so that the fish cannot move at all. A recent visitor says the outlet at Lake Loring, which is a rivulet two miles long and two rods wide, connecting the salt water with the fresh, is so choked with living salmon that if a plank were laid across their protruding backs a man could walk across dry shod. One can lift them out with his hands until he is tired. It is almost impossible to thrust a spear or a boat-hook into the mass, and of course, a fish must come out whenever it was withdrawn. Bears take their opportunity to scoop them out with their great paws, and when they have regaled themselves to satiety they retire to the adjacent thickets for a desert of berries, which grows in great abundance and variety. Of course, a great many salmon get into the lakes at eventide, but after each recession multitudes are stranded, of which the lustiest flock back to the ocean, while the maimed and hapless remain dead and stranded on the denuded rocks. —Chicago Herald.

An immense quantity of jewelry is now made from thin layers of gold alloy upon an ingot of brass, formed while it is hot. On the ingot cooling it is forced between steel rollers into a long thin ribbon, each part of which is of course still covered with the gold alloy, incalculably thin, but which wears for years, and can be moulded into any shape.

A London cable says Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian high commissioner, will shortly leave England for Canada for the purpose of urging upon his government the advisability of making the Colonial and Indian exhibition at South Kensington a permanent institution. Lady Tupper will accompany her husband.

A short time before his death the Abbe

Liszt said to one of his pupils, "I will write a song expressly for you, if you will send me the words; but let them be gay. I am too old to be serious. I leave that to the young."

Elephant Killing a Boy.
(Exchange.)
The author of "Up and Down the Irrawaddy" relates the following incident of his visit, on an elephant's back, to the caves of Gautama, and an encounter with a huge bo-constructor: "Shortly after emerging from the jungle, our liveliest curiosity was aroused by the eccentric movements of our elephant, and the sudden excitement of his mahout, or driver. The man was leaning over the head of his beast, exploring the ground before him on each side with anxious scrutiny, taking all the while to the elephant in quick, sharp ejaculations, sometimes shrill, sometimes subdued, sometimes almost whispered in his ear.

"Old Inja Kubbah" paused, as if for instructions; he received them from the mahout's boat-hook on the back of his skull. Half a dozen more rolls and rumbles, and he planted his huge foot on the drunken dragon's head. The monster wriggled and squirmed, now twisting his great girth in seemingly everlasting knots; now erecting all his length, without a kink, in the air; now thrashing the ground with resounding stripes, till at last he lay motionless, he lay dead. Then again and again the elephant tossed the serpent's dying bulk indignantly in the air, and dashed it to the earth.

"Second Wind."
(Langman's Magazine.)
The reader may not be aware that in ordinary respiration we only use a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extremity not being brought into play. This is the reason that those who are not "in training knots; now erecting all his length, without a kink, in the air; now thrashing the ground with resounding stripes, till at last he lay motionless, he lay dead. Then again and again the elephant tossed the serpent's dying bulk indignantly in the air, and dashed it to the earth.

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Moscow, Aug. 18.—The *Edmunds* says the more Russia is forced back from Eastern Europe, the more she will devote her attention to Asia where her task is far from completed. In regard to the occupation of Port Lazareff, the paper says no doubts or hesitations will prevent Russia occupying a worthy position on the Pacific.

NIAGARA FALLS, Aug. 19.—Graham successfully navigated his ship through the rapids this afternoon with his head protruding from a barrel. James Scott, a fisherman of Lewiston, attempted to swim the whirling rapids this afternoon in a cork suit. His head body was picked up at Lewiston, one hour later.

Three British schooners have been seized in Mehering Straits by a United States revenue cruiser for smuggling in Alaska water. It is now in order for organs of the monopolists of the fish of this continent to denounce the American Government as they have denounced the Canadian for protecting its own property.

MONTREAL, Aug. 18.—It is reported from Quebec that the whole of the cattle in the province is suffering from a disease which is killing the animals. The disease is a pleuro pneumonia. Herds are owned by Messrs. Andrew Allan, Dr. Crink, A. Dawes of this city, J. Senator Gochrane of Crompton and J. H. Hill of St. Paul. The cost of the herds put up to \$700,000.

BELFAST, Aug. 19.—The magistrates of Belfast are in quandary as to how to proceed in view of the verdict of a jury found guilty of nine policemen at a secret session to-day. The policemen have not as yet been arrested. The case is charged with unnecessarily firing upon citizens during the recent riots.

The manufacturers of farming implements in the Upper Provinces have formed an association, with a view to getting prices of machinery, and particularly self-hinders which are in such demand among agriculturalists. Farmers in many places are protesting against the monopoly and decline to deal with the firms who belong to the association.

GOOD BOYDING.—Mr. McDougall Snowball, of Chatham, and Mr. J. Black, of the last Saturday from Middle Sackville to Mermaid Retreat, Cape Jourdain—a distance of forty miles—in five hours. On the return trip on Monday still better time was made the journey to Port Elgin, eighteen and a half miles, being accomplished in two hours—Post.

CLAREMONT, Aug. 20.—Several masked men entered the farm house of John Wright, at Barter settlement, N. B., last night, presented revolvers at the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, and demanded Wright's money. The farmer, thoroughly frightened, complied with their demands and paid over his entire savings for years, more than \$1,000 in American and English gold. The burglars escaped in the night, but it is strongly thought that they were not strangers.

OTAWA, Aug. 17.—The detectives who have been investigating the attempted wrecking of the Canada Atlantic train on the 12th of July, are now in the hands of the law. The Canadian Canadian, who was the victim of Casselman, have been among the most active in ferreting this matter out. Some of the most prominent of them have offered prizes for the arrest of the culprits.

THE CANADIAN GUNNERS.

The Canadian Artillery detachment arrived at Shubenubee about 10 o'clock on Saturday, 21st July. They were received with wild enthusiasm by the Royal Artillery and the volunteers. The band of the former met them at the station and played them to the camp, where deafening cheers and cordial greetings awaited them. In the evening the officers and men were entertained at the messes of the volunteers and sergeants respectively of the Royal Artillery. At the officers mess Lt-Col. Armstrong in command of the Canadians, sits in the seat of honor on the right of the Earl of Limerick, the President of the Council of the National Artillery Association. The detachment is given the victrol of the line, and nothing is left undone that can afford them distinction or pleasure.

It is difficult to get the visitor to believe the Canadian team are not regulars. The uniforms are precisely the same as the Royal Artillery when on active service. At home they wear the blue hussar uniform of the white. The Canadians compare favorably as to physique with the English detachments. In the aggregate they are as powerful a lot of men as we have on the field, and march and drill with a precision that excites admiration on all sides.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The first week of the Shubenubee meeting has passed and must form the subject of much congratulation among Canadians. The great event of the week was the contest between the Canadians, except the routine of drill and exercise—the real competition for the Montreal challenge cup, which formed the nucleus of the contest and 64-pound contests during the week, secured to themselves the honor of representing the southern division, which, in its turn, represents the mother country during the first week of the camp. The Canadian detachment was under the command of Capt. Drury, of A. Battery of Canadian Artillery, Bomber and Bridgeford, of the same battery, acting as No. 1. First came the loss, and this the mother country lost and was in consequence asked to fire first. The Canadians knowing well enough how great an advantage it is to see how the fire of one's opponents tells before commencing one's self. The beneficial results of this step were apparent as soon as the 2nd Middlesex men got the 40-pound Armstrong gun to work at the distance of 1,000 yards. It was at once seen how strong a front wind prevailed. Indeed it is a question whether the number of both teams did not a little over estimate the force. The opening of the English fire was marked by the familiar call from the signal post, "Over, no score." The Canadians followed with a similar call, "Under, no score." The English again set to work and again "Over, no score." The Canadians, improving by their opponents' failures, succeeded in putting up 8 at their next shot and this was followed by a 12 for the English team. Now Bomber Bridgeford felt that he must pick up and lowered the range so much as to cause an "Under, no score." The English this stood six ahead. The English followed with a 12, making the score equal. At the next shot the English failed and added a nought to their score. The Canadians now, seemingly well on top, mark, put in a twelve; 6, 6, 6, 6, quickly followed on the English side, and 0, 6, 6, 12, 12, on the Canadian making the respective totals 36 and 66 in 10 min. 42 sec. by the English, and 12 min. 33 sec. by the Canadians. Thus the Canadians scored an excellent victory and loudly were they cheered by friends and opponents. Quickly the two number ones shot hands and the teams marched off the batteries. The camp reached and the "diminish" again, enthusiasm broke forth. Bomber Bridgeford was cheered in the tent and the whole camp joined in hearty cheers for the vic-

BAIRD'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC

Makes Pure Rich Blood, driving out all impurities that cause Poor Health, cures Dyspepsia, Debility, Palor, Palpitation of the Heart; Baird's Quinine and Iron Tonic is well adapted for Pale and delicate Females, Scrofulous Humours, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Sold by dealers. Price 25c. 6 bottles \$2.50.

The Canadians have every reason to be proud of their first week's doing. LONDON, Aug. 17.—A language was given in honor of the Canadian artillery team last night. All the members of the team were present, as were also Sir Charles Tupper and numerous other distinguished Canadians. Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Secretary of War, and the Marquis of Lansdowne sent letters regretting their unavoidable absence. The Earl of Limerick toasted the team, congratulating the members upon their success. Various other toasts were proposed and responded to. In all the replies, expression was given to the sentiment that the visit would tend to knit kindly the feelings between Canada and the Mother Country. The Earl of Limerick extended a warm invitation to English artillery men to visit Canada in 1887, and added that if there should be another gathering of Colonials in England in connection with the Queen's jubilee, Canada would not be behind in doing homage to the Sovereign they all love so well.

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A BOSTON MAN SWIMS THE RAPIDS.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Aug. 22.—Wm. J. Kendall, of Boston, Mass., is now the greatest hero of Niagara, as he successfully swam the whirlpool rapids this afternoon in a cork suit. His head body was picked up at Lewiston, one hour later.

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AT COST PRICE!

The following list comprises a few of the Goods on hand—

STONE AND CHINAWARE.

TEA SETS from \$2.50 per set; TEA PLATES from 50c. per doz.; Cups and Saucers from 70c. per doz.; Tea Pots, Cream and Water Pitchers, Coffee Pots, Preserves, sugar bowls, Wash Basins and Chamber Sets, Pie Plates, Pitchers in sets, a lot of Fancy Cups and Saucers, Cups, Saucers and Plates to match.

GLASSWARE.

Ten Sets, Butter Coolers, Eggcups, Goblets, Pitchers, Saltcellars, Molasses Pitchers, Fruit & Cake Plates, Preserves, etc., etc.

CALL EARLY AND GET B

