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LITERATURE.
Dick Halliday's Wife.
BY NOVA PERCY.

"O Richard, I am so glad you have come! Where have you been?" Richard laughs a small laugh—not of pleasure, as one might suppose, at these warm words of greeting from an uncommonly pretty woman, but a queer little laugh, perfectly good natured—Richard Halliday is seldom moved from this easy good-nature of his perfectly good natured, but the kind of laugh that falls from a person's lips in involuntary recognition of a peculiarity.

"Well, you need not laugh, Richard, for I have been so nervous about you!"

"I only laughed at your question, Lizzie," where have you been? It reminded me of a similar question in Dow's Flat. "Where have you been?" But if Mr. Richard Halliday thinks to turn his wife's attention from the point—her point—by this very flimsy remark, he is mistaken.

"I did not say, 'Where have you been,' Richard; I am not so careless of my pronunciation as that, I do hope," and Mrs. Richard tosses her head a little, entirely oblivious of her husband's humor. "But where have you been, Richard?" she still persists.

"I have been to the Mountain of the Moon, my dear, as I made a call at the house of the smaller planets on my way home. I am a little late."

As Mr. Halliday delivers himself of this nonsense with great gravity, he stoops for a moment to unbutton his overshirt, that movement bringing his head on a level with Lizzie's eyes. Mrs. Halliday, who is rather of a dim-witted nature.

"Richard!"—sniff, sniff—"I smell—sniff, sniff—I smell brandy or whiskey, or some dreadful stuff. O Richard you have been with those horrid Raymonds at that hateful club!"

"I told you, my dear, I had been to the Mountains of the Moon. They are always extremely hospitable and social up there, especially on cold nights—and it's uncommonly nasty out to-night."

Mrs. Halliday remembers the story of the husband who returned one night somewhere in the small hours sufficiently inebriated to be in a fit condition to endeavor to conceal his breath, betrayed by a generous use of cloves, but he betrayed his wandering wits at the last by replying to the question of his wife concerning such an extraordinary pungency of odor, that he had been to the Spice Islands. Remembering this, Mr. Halliday, who is a quicker to take a suspicion than a joke, immediately fits the case of wandering wits to Mr. Halliday, whose wits never wandered under conditions. As this notion of a suspicion enters her mind, she starts back with the peach bloom fast fading from her cheeks, and utters one exclamation: "O Richard!"

There is such a depth of pain in this exclamation, that Dick Halliday, for the first time since he entered the room, looks at her seriously. His first impulse is to laugh, but he checks the impulse, and for a moment is silent; then, as he seats himself before the fire, he puts out his little hand, denominated them "little tunes," like those of Jack's wife in Miss Thackeray's story. And strict truth compels me to say that Dick usually went to sleep during this domestic music. They had been married about five years. In the first year or two this little domestic programme was quite closely adhered to, but since that time Dick's business-calls had become so much more absorbing that the evenings had been very often intruded upon to such an extent that both the newspaper-reading and the music had become very hurried matters. But, to return to Mrs. Tom and her different ways: She springs up, as she sees Mrs. Dick, with an outstretched hand and a cordial "How do-do!" and the young man who is not her husband turns about and discloses the face of one of those Raymonds of Lizzie's detestation. Tom rises a little less alertly than Kate, great fellow that he is, and comes forward, pipe in hand. His wife slips behind his visitors, and goes to making frantic and mysterious signs to her husband. But Tom is notoriously the dullest fellow in the world to take hints, however broad, and therefore overwhelms his wife with confusion presently, by saying:

"What are you winking at me for, Kate—is anything the matter with my clothes?"

"Stupid!" cries Kate at this, red and laughing and exasperated, as she runs up to him and seizes the great pipe that is smoking like a chimney.

And Tom, suddenly remembering, abouts on.

"Bless my soul, it is the pipe—I always forget you do not like a pipe, Lizzie. And Kate read me a lecture two hours ago on the subject."

"Mind," she said, "you put your pipe out when Lizzie comes." And I declare, I forgot all about it!"

Lizzie, of course, begs him not to put himself or his pipe out for her and other civil speeches follow—polite lies de societe, which end, of course, in the pipe's banishment.

"Does tobacco make you sick, Mrs. Halliday?" asks Jack Raymond, in his pleasant, interested way, as this crisis.

"Oh, no, not at all; it is disagreeable to me, I suppose, because I do not approve of it," Lizzie answers,

heard so many promises of lovely things for the future, which the future never fulfilled, that it is not strange, I suppose, that he should fail to encourage further demonstration of this kind.

So the "little weep" goes off in a few long drawn sighs against the waistcoat, and then waist-coat wears is left to read his paper, which is never a very long operation with him and then the game of chess follows. In the midst of this Mr. Halliday suddenly says: "I met Kate yesterday, and she wanted to know why we had not been around lately. I told her we would drop in to-morrow night, perhaps."

If Dick Halliday had been looking at his wife's face he would have seen a ripple on its smooth surface. For few days Mrs. Richard has been in the unstarbed, the unsharpened possession of her husband's society. The ripple which passes over her face says, very plainly:

"Why should Dick want other society than mine? I do not want other society than his." But after a minute she replies:

"Of course, Dick dear, if you would like to go, we will go."

It is, doubtless, impossible for Mrs. Richard to conceal the fact that she is simply acquiescing in her husband's request from a sense of duty merely; but Mr. Richard, either wise or unobservant, makes no comment, and the subject drops without any of that dangerous discussion which is so often the result of a call at the house of the smaller planets on my way home. To explain a little: the Kate of whom Dick speaks so familiarly is the wife of his cousin Tom—Tom Halliday. Before there was any Mrs. Dick, or Mrs. Tom, when it was Lizzie Harrison and Kate Lane—there had been a good deal of girlish intimacy; but since the two had become united a little closer by marriage, the intimacy, instead of becoming closer, had rather subsided. People said that Mrs. Dick was very domestic, and that Mrs. Tom was more given to the gayeties of life. Perhaps this was the reason of their seeing less of each other. Mrs. Dick had been married for several times since her marriage that she was afraid Kate was beginning wrong, that her ideas of a home were not the right ideas; which goes to show that, doubtless, there were very decided reasons on one side at least for the gradual decline of the intimacy. Going in the next evening to Mrs. Tom's parlor, Mrs. Dick's domestic sense received a fresh shock. Instead of the gas being turned on to a head in an upper burner and only the drop-light in the center of the room, the three upper burners were in full blast both in front and back parlor, and Kate and Tom were enjoying themselves in the different ways: Kate at the piano playing one of those French songs with a young gentleman who was not her husband, and the young gentleman who was her husband smoking his pipe over the newspaper.

This was not Mrs. Dick's way. Her way was to devote herself to Dick, to sit at his side with some light evening work, while he read the news—to her as well as to himself. And, afterward, it was generally her plan to play two or three pieces on the piano; Kate Halliday, who was a genius at music, denominated them "little tunes," like those of Jack's wife in Miss Thackeray's story. And strict truth compels me to say that Dick usually went to sleep during this domestic music. They had been married about five years. In the first year or two this little domestic programme was quite closely adhered to, but since that time Dick's business-calls had become so much more absorbing that the evenings had been very often intruded upon to such an extent that both the newspaper-reading and the music had become very hurried matters. But, to return to Mrs. Tom and her different ways: She springs up, as she sees Mrs. Dick, with an outstretched hand and a cordial "How do-do!" and the young man who is not her husband turns about and discloses the face of one of those Raymonds of Lizzie's detestation. Tom rises a little less alertly than Kate, great fellow that he is, and comes forward, pipe in hand. His wife slips behind his visitors, and goes to making frantic and mysterious signs to her husband. But Tom is notoriously the dullest fellow in the world to take hints, however broad, and therefore overwhelms his wife with confusion presently, by saying:

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with the air of a missionary enlightening the heathen.

Raymond looks at her a moment with puzzled expression, as if a conundrum had been proposed, and, a moment after, he moved over to Mrs. Tom, as if he gave it up.

After this, the talk gets into ill-vided channels, the gentlemen falling into politics, and the ladies soaring into the region of feminine high art—dress—which is the only region, Kate has been heard to declare, where Mrs. Dick does not carry her principles, though Mrs. Dick, without doubt, would stoutly deny this charge, and perhaps be able to prove that careless Mrs. Tom entirely mistaken. But, however it may be, the talk goes on with animation until Jack Raymond breaks up the political discussion by taking his departure. Mrs. Tom laments this going greatly, and launches forth in voluble praises of the departed as the door closes.

"Nicest fellows in the world, those Raymond boys, both of them," declares Tom heartily.

"Are not they rather—fast?" asks Mrs. Dick.

"I don't know—are they, Tom?" responds Kate—a response that shows a hardened indifference to morality, which is appalling to Mrs. Dick.

And then Tom:

"Fast! no, not what I call fast. They are bright boys, invited every where, and spend a good deal of money; but they are honorable, upright fellows, gentlemen in ways, and with a good deal of judgment to keep the balance, I should say."

"They are very nice, anyway," remarks Mrs. Tom here, with that careless optimism which distinguished her.

"Mr. Marsh used to speak of them as fast," Mrs. Dick returns, with an air of one playing a trump card.

Marsh ejaculates Tom Halliday, with great contempt. Marsh is a prig, continually setting up his notions of propriety or morality as a standard.

"You do not know the Raymonds," interposes Mrs. Tom, pleasantly; "if you did you would be sure to like them." The scale of Mrs. Tom's judgment is generally a somewhat more or less reasonable. Then, as if suddenly struck by a very bright thought—a suggestion which in the following out will settle the whole vexed question: "I will invite you to go to dinner to-morrow evening, and I will bring my husband and my wife; there's nothing like a social dinner for making people better acquainted."

"Thank you, I do not care to be better acquainted—I don't like men who belong to clubs," retorts Mrs. Richard, with calm decision. A very queer look passes over Tom Halliday's face.

Kate is beginning, lastly: "Why, Lizzie, how can you say so, when—when I am suddenly arrested from further speech by a warning glance from her husband. All this time Dick Halliday sits imperturbable, with the blandest expression of indifference to the whole subject upon his impassive countenance. And Mrs. Dick, who has caught neither the queer glance nor the warning glance pleases herself with the thought that her last remark has told. It has, indeed, but in a different direction from that which she so complacently suspects. Conversation flags at this, and, in the lull, the two visitors depart. Alone with her husband, Kate Halliday flings up her hands in expressive pantomime. Tom laughs.

"Well, Kate, that was what I call a pretty nice show. I never knew you blunder like that before."

"And I never knew myself blunder like that before; but the club-man, it did not occur to me that she was ignorant; I thought her little speech was a snap at Dick. I thought Dick would be the last person to conceal anything. I must say, Tom, it looks rather cowardly in him."

"I think any man would be just such a coward then. He does not want to be preached at by his wife."

"How she does nag him!" cries Kate, half laughing.

"Nag him! I should think so. Kate, if you were like that woman, I would get a divorce."

"I have no doubt, you would, sir; you have not the easy temper of your cousin Dick. How you did fly at her about the Raymonds!"

"Fly at her! The little canting pussy-cat quoting that fool of a Marsh."

"Pat Lizzie is very good—really, Tom. Don't you remember how kind she was to me when I was sick, and how she nursed Dick through the variolous last winter?"

"Yes, I remember; and I am very much obliged to her, but if I were in Dick's place I should not be; I should a great deal rather trust my chance in the next world than be nursed back to pass my life with her."

"But you are not Dick, sir."

"No—thank Heaven! While this talk is going on, Lizzie Halliday is quietly congratulating herself on the stand she was taken. And, as the season progresses, and she hears of deceits, parties, and music, she congratulates herself still more upon her stand. And this stand red that of avoiding all this emptiness and folly, as she calls it, and the substitution of something solid and substantial, something that is intelligent and elevating—pleasure and profit combined. In pursuance of this plan, she organizes a Shake-

peare Society and a reading society. At the latter, the subject for discussion was given out at each meeting for the coming meeting, so that each person might be prepared. Tom Halliday hears of these enjoyments, when the winter is nearly over, from one of the "members"—a young girl rather of his wife's proclivities, who has been pressed into Mrs. Dick Halliday's "evening" by an aunt who is of Mrs. Dick Halliday's mental and moral kind and kin.

"And is Dick a regular attendant at these intellectual treats?" asks Tom.

"He comes in at the latter part of the evening. His business he says, does not allow him the pleasure of coming earlier."

"His business?"

"Yes, Mrs. Halliday says he is very much devoted to his business; and little Sally McClane turns up to Tom Halliday's face a very bright pair of eyes with a keen expression in them.

"What does he do when he is there?" asks Tom.

"Do! Why, what do you suppose he does? He behaves himself like a gentleman as he is."

"Oh! Does he read in the plays—Shakespeare, you know?" prelates Tom.

"I've never heard him."

"Does he talk in that conversation-hout?"

"Well, yes, he talks a little."

"Oh, he does! What are some of the things he says?"

"The Pre-Adamite World' and 'The Mission of Man' are all I remember."

"Sally, do you mean to tell me that Dick Halliday talks to those ends?"

"Yes, he does. He only talks of 'The Pre-Adamite World' and 'The Mission of Man'."

"No, certainly not. I never said he talked to those people."

"Whom does he talk to then?"

"Well, he talks to me."

"Oh, he talks to you!" and Tom laughs so loud (he is on the street, walking with Sally) that the passers turn and look at him. "And what are your cousin Dick's views on those abstruse subjects, Miss McClane?"

Sally laughs now, and then says, "I don't know, but I have heard some of his remarks in such good imitation of Dick Halliday's quiet manner that Tom laughs another loud laugh; and, going home, he tells Kate the whole story. "All the while she has been refusing our invitations, she has been engineering these headachy talks and things, and never gave us a chance at them. Why, Tom, she must consider us as the only people who think of Dick there! Do you suppose, Tom, she is bringing him to like such things?"

"Well, I should say, my dear, that there was about as much chance of bringing me to love her, as of making me love a woman with a man. Tom winds up, in a disgusted manner.

"And about the business, Tom, which absorbs him so."

"I should say that was one of Dick's little tricks. He has an enormous amount of humor, and the way he goes on to that little McClane girl shows that he is getting better, but only to think of Dick there! Do you suppose, Tom, she is bringing him to like such things?"

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Chignecto Post.

Sackville, N. B., May 29, 1879.

More Imperial Honors.

At the Windsor Hotel on Saturday, the Queen's Birthday, the Marquis of Lorne by command of Her Majesty invested CHARLES TUPPER, SAMUEL L. TILLEY, SIR NANCY F. BELLEAU, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL and RICHARD J. CARTWRIGHT with Knighthood in the Colonial Order of St. Michael and St. George.

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EXTRAORDINARY MURDER CASE.—On Thursday last the Grand Jury of Worcester County, Maryland, found a true bill against Miss Duer for murdering Miss Ella Hearn last November. The case is so remarkable in a psychological sense as to be a strange abnormal fact existing between two members of the same sex—as to excite much attention.

Miss Duer appears to have obtained a mastery over her more womanly and weaker-minded companion. It seemed strange that Miss Hearn could love such an unsexed being as Miss Duer appears, from what is told of her, to be. For instance she smokes; her dresses are always worn short and with a little jacket with inside pockets. She wears a boy's hat, which she always tips when acknowledging a salute. The young girls with whom she associated told numerous stories of her curious idiosyncrasies. She never cared for the society of the sterner sex, and would make but love like a Romeo to her female friends. Sometimes they would laugh these strange fancies away, at others she would frighten them with her vehemence.

Miss Duer would run away from her. She was always a mystery, and a young lady who knew her well says that it was a favorite topic of hers that two women could be quite as happy and get along quite as well as a woman and a man. From the newspapers we gather that already there are signs of a revival of trade in various directions, and the indications are the bottom has been reached. And, after reading Dr. Tupper's masterly address on the Pacific Railway and his statesmanlike presentation of the whole matter of the future of this Dominion is stronger than ever. The "Cumberland Boy" never did better, and we are all proud of him.

Here, in Albert, our policy thus far has been the "Do Nothing" one and we are waiting and watching for something to turn up. There is wealth enough in the hands of our people to start various manufactures but there is a lamentable lack of enterprise. Men of means will not loan their surplus funds at high rates of interest where the benefit is all their own, than invest the same in speculations in which others will share the profits. Efforts have been made quite recently to start a shoe factory and to form a ship building company, but the men who could hold their own in industry and cooperation. We have wood, lime, coal, gypsum, stone, and soil for agricultural purposes that cannot be excelled, and yet here we are to-day like "flies on the wheel," and unless we can induce strangers to come and go ahead we might as well be without any of them. And some morning our people will wake up to find that strangers are being enriched with what once belonged to them.

Despite the dullness of the times, a number of new buildings are in progress at Riverside and Hopewell Corner. Captain Pyle's house at the former place is approaching completion, and Dr. Murray has commenced the erection of a neat residence at the latter. Our merchants are feeling the pressure of the times, and although we have no fears of their failure we readily understand they find it difficult to keep their credit good. What they need and what we all need is employment for our people. Religious matters are still receiving considerable attention, and the results of last winter's work are very encouraging. And after making a large discount for possible failures there is no doubt but that the churches have secured substantial gains.

Still the millennium has not yet been ushered in, and the age of controversy has not yet passed away. Baptism has been the theme of discussion in several of our pulpits of late, one side contending that Infant Baptism and sprinkling are relics of Popery, the other that they are of Divine authority and have been observed by the church since Apostolic times. As it is always well to hear both sides of a subject, and as up to this time very little has been said on the Pedia-baptism side, it is very likely some wrong notions will be rectified and a more intelligent understanding of the subject arrived at. Of politics we never hear a word; election matters are not named, and Rogers, McClean and Donovis are no more talked about than if they had ceased to exist.

From Petitcodiac. May Queen.—Fishing, Etc. Our milkman, who was run into a few nights ago by Brau's sporter when under headway, sued the untalented disturber of the pans and recovered his claim—\$14. The Queen's Birthday was observed here perhaps with more loyalty than has ever yet been displayed on such an occasion. Flags were hoisted in all directions at an early hour. The shops were all shut up and not even a fish-hook was "buyable" all day. The clink of the Smith's hammer was missing evidently showing that functionary was not on a strike but at rest. In fact all the mechanics took a holiday with the exception of one "son of the hod" who was dressed in his quaint white habiliment and going his oft-repeated rounds. But the most attractive scene was the children, who seemed bound to carry out the Queen's day with pomp, and in due time their May Queen dressed in silk with a crown and chains of gold was marching through the principal streets, accompanied by a large crowd of attendants and with the usual ballads. At the approach of the 6 p. m. express the group sang "God Save the Queen," also other loyal pieces. Among those who were for a good time, these little girls seemed to wade waist deep in delight and enjoyment. There were few visitors in town occasioned probably by Mr. Cready's holiday banding, which was out for a few days previous. The boys who went fishing arrived in

good time and spirits. They said the Land of Canaan offered ample fishing grounds, but either the fish refused to bite this time of year or their means of catching did not suit. One thing certain, the weather was unusually cold and disagreeable. Mr. Hiram Graves had a duck hatched out a few days ago whose head was on upside down. It soon got tired of the world, and not knowing how to eat without standing on its head it succumbed to the fate of all living creatures. Mr. W. H. Stevens has opened a new shoe shop.

Amherst Races. Winnie Tighs, Jack Tramps, and Sallor Boy the victors in three straight heats—Noonan defeats McDonald in the Foot Race.

Notwithstanding the prospect of the wind and the prospect of heavy rain, the nearly thousand people visited Amherst on Saturday to witness the park programme and do shopping, a privilege which for many years past has been prevented by the shutting down all places of business on Victoria's Birthday.

Shortly after one o'clock the people began to walk and drive to the track, continuing to do so until 3 o'clock, when about 600 men, women, and children occupied the stands and lined the driveway from the main entrance to the stables. The track was in first class condition. Among all the spectators there was very little discord and equally as much betting.

The judges were R. B. Boggs, Dr. Tupper, of Amherst, Blair Estabrooks, of Sackville, John Moffat, of River Hebert, and Charles Moffat, of Amherst, Distance Judge. In the vicinity of three o'clock the horses trot for a 500 yards—\$25 to 1st, \$15 to 2nd, and \$10 to 3rd—was called, the following horses being entered: D. McFarlane's MicMac; B. Lantieri's Tiger; D. D. Betts' Billy Hampton; Paul Wilson's Shylcock; P. S. McManis' Billy Bates; R. McKee's Swifter.

Billy Bates was protested against on the ground of being entered under a false name. McManis said he was not aware that the horse had another name. He and the assessor in this three minute company; but he was ruled out. Shylcock and Swifter failed to appear, leaving the other three to start in above recorded order.

First Heat.—Five false starts were made before they got away. Winnie, the driver, before going fifty yards took the pole from MicMac, Billy Hampton on rounding the second corner went into the air, making a break which kept him in the rear of the other two, while going the first half, but on covering the back stretch the second time he settled down to his work, drawing steadily upon the leaders until reaching the stretch where he opened one enough to nicely save his distance. MicMac followed close on Winnie's heel, driving her under the wire in 3.04.

Second Heat.—On the third scoring the stretch where he opened one before the first quarter was covered Hill drove his mare five lengths away from MicMac. Here Billy was again off his feet and acting badly, really understanding they find it difficult to keep their credit good. What they need and what we all need is employment for our people. Religious matters are still receiving considerable attention, and the results of last winter's work are very encouraging. And after making a large discount for possible failures there is no doubt but that the churches have secured substantial gains.

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New Advertisements. Special Notice! MY STOCK OF SUMMER GOODS COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT AT WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES! You should secure a lot of Cottons before this stock is exhausted. C. A. BOWSER. Insolvent Act of 1875, and Amending Act.

Insolvent Act of 1875, and Amending Act. In the Matter of R. A. CHAPMAN, An Insolvent. THERE will be sold at Public Auction at Dorchester, commencing on THURSDAY, 6th JUNE NEXT, and continuing each day until the whole is sold. The following Vessel Interests owned by the Insolvent, viz: 4-64ths Barque R. A. Chapman, 555 tons; 4-64ths " Mary E. Chapman, 700 " 4-64ths " R. A. Chapman, 700 " 4-64ths Schr. Vesta, 140 "

Seasonable Goods, In Staple and Fancy Lines, And now offer our customers a full and well Assorted Stock to select from. Prices very low for prompt payment. J. L. Black. Paint, Oil, &c. 3 CASKS BOILED OIL, 2 Casks RAW OIL; 2,000 Lbs. Best WHITE LEAD; 2,000 Lbs. ASSORTED PAINTS; TURPENTINE, JAPAN; FURNITURE VARNISH; CARRIAGE VARNISH; GOLD LEAF; PAINT DRYERS; DRY PAINTS; BRUSHES, &c. J. L. Black.

WALL PAPER I 2000 Reels Wall Paper, Full Assortment in Patterns. Price from 6 cents to 75 cents per Reel. Also large Assortment Paper Bordering. J. L. Black. SEED WHEAT, &c. 25 BUSHELS "FIFE" WHEAT, clean, for seeding; 80 Bush. TIMOTHY SEEDS; 12 Bush. RED CLOVER SEED; 200 Lbs. ALSIKE CLOVER SEED; 20 Bush. LARGE WHITE OATS; 1000 Bush. OATS. For Sale Low. J. L. Black.

Hats! Hats! JUST RECEIVED: 2 Cases Hats, Compelling Full Assortment FELT HATS, For Men, Boys and Youths. J. L. Black. NEW CLOTHING! A LARGE ASSORTMENT of good Style and Excellent Value, for Spring & Summer Wear. FOR SALE LOW. J. L. Black. IRON AND STEEL! NOW IN STORE, and for sale very low, a complete Stock of Iron and Steel, All Sizes and Shapes used by Carriage Builders. 40 Sets Half-Patent Axles, FROM 1/2 TO 1 1/2 INCH. 50 Sets Common Axles, FROM 1/4 TO 1 INCHES. 10,000 Carriage Bolts, all sizes. J. L. Black.

Sugar, Raisins, Etc. 4 CASKS Scotch, Refined, Barbed and Granulated SUGARS; 80 Boxes Layers RAISINS; 80 Boxes Valencia RAISINS; HERRING, SHAD, COD. J. L. Black.

New Advertisements. NEW Black and White Chip Hats and Bonnets; New French Flowers; Feathers and Plumes; Satins and Silks in Black and Colors; Brocaded and Waxed Silks; New Ornaments; New Bonnet and Hat Trimmings; Lace, &c., &c., at retail in the market. The above Stock is a very choice selection, and in strict inspection. may 21 GEO. E. FORD.

Fashionable Goods. I HAVE now open and on show a large Stock of New Goods, personally selected, including the Newest Goods the market affords, purchased regardless of the present value, which I offer at prices which must command a ready sale. An inspection of my Stock will convince any person of the fact. New Dress Cashmires, New Dress Goods, New Mantle Cashmires, New Trimmings, New Linen Hamburg & Fines, New Silks and Satins, New Dress Linens, New Gaiters, Stripes, Checks—trimmings to match. Parasols, Umbrellas, Ladies' and Children's Sun Hats, White and Colored Inoculated Children's Washable Sun Hats, Scarfs, White and Colored Scarfs, Spotted &c., &c. Kid Gloves, Cuffs, &c., &c. may 21 GEO. E. FORD.

Ladies' Mantles. JUST OPENED: 1 CASE FASHIONABLE MANTLES bought at a great sacrifice, will be sold at less than half price. Elegant Mantles at \$2 each. may 21 GEO. E. FORD. WOOL WANTED. 1000 LBS. WOOL wanted immediately. Highest price paid. may 21 GEO. E. FORD. MILLINERY Wholesale and Retail. NOW OPEN, all the Latest Shapes in Ladies' Summer Hats and Bonnets, In White, Black, Cream, Ivory, and all Fashionable Shades. Low Priced Trimmings for Country Trade, very cheap; Trimmings for Hats for ladies and children; Washable Sun Hats; Salor Hats for girls and boys; Lace Caps; Widows' Caps and Borders.

Flowers! Flowers! Immense variety now showing, embracing all the Novelties of the Season. Umbrellas and Sunshades, All qualities and Sizes, and the Largest Variety we have ever shown. Those in want of these articles will find every kind in our Stock from the lowest to the highest price, all good value. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. St. John, N. B. BRIDGE CONTRACT! THE BUILDING OF THE BRIDGE On the Trueman Mill Stream, near the residence of Mr. R. McLeod. Point de Bute, will be let at Public Auction on Saturday, 7th day of June Next, At 3 o'clock, p. m. Sale to be made at the site of proposed Bridge. Plans and specification may be seen at the Carriage Factory of Messrs. Trueman & Snowdon, Point de Bute, and at the Store of J. L. Black, M. P. P., Sackville.

Bridge Notice. TENDERS will be received at the Department of Public Works, Fredericton, until Tuesday, 3rd June Next, At noon, for the Reconstruction of the Tantramar Bridge, Westmorland. According to Plan and Specification to be seen at said Department, at Superintendent's Office, Moncton, and at J. L. Black, Sackville. Tenders to give the actual signatures of two responsible persons willing to become sureties for the faithful performance of the Contract. Parties tendering must be present on the day of opening Tenders, either in person or by an agent authorized to accept, or otherwise, if called upon. The Commissioner does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any Tender. F. A. LANDRY, Chief Commissioner and Superintendent of Public Works, Fredericton, May 22, 1879.

Grey Chester. AT PORT ELGIN. Monday Next, 2nd June. DAVID COATES, Gooch. Intercolonial Railway. RAILED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received until JUNE 5th, for the building of an extension to the Moncton Engine House, and for a Coal Shed and Truss at Moncton. Plans and Specifications may be seen on and after 29th May, at the Engineer's Office, Moncton. Tenders will not be noticed unless made in accordance with the form supplied, and they must be marked on the outside, "Tender for Engine House and Coal Shed, Moncton." J. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Office, Moncton, May 27th, 1879.

GAPE ENRAGE FOG ALARM. NOTICE is hereby given that the Fog Whistle at Gape Enrage, in the Chignecto Channel, Province of New Brunswick, will not be sounded from the 17th instant until necessary repairs are effected. WM. SMITH, Deputy Minister of Marine, St. John, N. B., May 27, 1879.

100 BLS. SUPERIOR FLOUR; 100 BLS. CORN MEAL; 5 BLS. WHITE BEANS; 5 BLS. DRIED APPLES. For Sale Low. may 28 BLAIR ESTABROOKS. WENT adrift from Barque "Constantia," lying in the harbor of St. John, N. B., on the night of the 19th inst. a SCOW marked H. No. 15, and having on board at the time at least about 250 or 300 pieces Spruce Deals. A suitable reward will be given for its recovery or for information leading to same, and any one holding possession of said SCOW after publication of this notice will be prosecuted according to law. C. REYNOLDS, Master. W. C. WATSON, Consignee. Norwegian Barque "Constantia." St. John, May 26, 1879. 11

Insolvent Act of 1875, and Amending Act. LEBLIS J. SKELTON, Plaintiff, FREDERICK C. SKELTON, Defendant. DAVID DICKEY, Plaintiff, IRA H. PATTERSON, Defendant. A WRIT of Attachment has been issued in this case, and the Creditors are notified to meet at my office, in the Town of Moncton, on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE next, at 10 o'clock, a. m. to receive statements of their affairs and to appoint an Assignee, if they see fit. C. A. STEEVES, Official Assignee. Moncton, May 26, 1879.—11

Mystic Rubber Goods. JUST RECEIVED AT GEO. E. FORD.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Fog Whistle at Gape Enrage, in the Chignecto Channel, Province of New Brunswick, will not be sounded from the 17th instant until necessary repairs are effected. WM. SMITH, Deputy Minister of Marine, St. John, N. B., May 27, 1879.

