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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 334.

LITERATURE.

The Phantom Light.

An Exceedingly Thrilling but True
Ghost Story.

Christmas Number of the London Society.

It was about 11 o'clock at night. Nellie and I were sitting by the bow-window in our drawing-room, which she threw wide open. The day had been most oppressively hot, but now a faint breeze was coming in from the sea, most refreshingly welcome, after the sultry heat of the day.

It was quite dark—that soft, velvety darkness that belongs only to a perfectly moonless, starless night.

Just below our window lay the yard or two of garden, then the long, straight line of the promenade, with its asphalt walk and drive dimly defined by a shadowy row of white posts connected by ornamental chains. Beyond the embankment lay the wide, desolate waste of sands, stretching away for miles and miles on either hand.

The tide was far out, so far out that only a sort of pale-gray gleam on the horizon showed where the sea was just beginning to creep over the shoals and sand-banks off the Southport coast. Seven miles away to the right, across the estuary of the little Ribble, the steady light from the Lytham Light-House kept watch and ward over the dangerous Horse Bank, that treacherous, dangerous shoal on which many a good ship has gone to its doom of shipwreck and death.

Nellie was leaning out of the window, her elbow on the sill, her eyes fixed on the misty, soft darkness outside. It was as dark inside as out; we had no thought of lighting the gas that long summer evening.

"How still is it!" she said dreamily. "What a spell of solemn silence the night lays on everything!"

As if to contradict her words, a faint sound like a far off voice seemed suddenly to rise from the sands below, and swept by with a prolonged, mournful cry.

"What is that?" she asked, much startled.

Some one calling down on the sands," I said. "The intense stillness carries the sound a great distance at night."

"I heard such a wild legend this morning," she went on presently, "connected with those great deserts of sand that stretch over towards Lytham. Old Joe, the boatman, says that they are haunted by a phantom voice."

"How thrilling!" I said sceptically. "What does it say?"

"Don't scoff, Jean," said Nellie, a little vexedly. "It is a most pathetic, dreadful legend. Years ago before there was a town here at all, people used to cross the sands between here and Lytham on horseback. One stormy evening a traveller had crossed as usual, and had almost reached the shore, when suddenly a bright light appeared, hovered for a moment over a spot a few yards away, and then vanished. At the same moment a piteous, unearthly cry echoed all around. The horse became wild with terror, and broke loose, throwing his rider to the ground. When he recovered himself he found, lying on the ground at his feet, the body of a beautiful young girl. She was quite dead with a ghastly wound in her side, from which the blood had flowed all over her white dress."

"That night an awful storm arose. A ship was wrecked on the Horse Bank, and only one man, the captain, was saved. He was taken to the same house where the traveller had already found shelter, and by some mistake was put into the room where the murdered girl was lying. At the sight of her he gave an appalling shriek, and fell down senseless. As soon as he revived he was questioned, and confessed that the young person was his wife, whom, in a moment of rage and jealousy, he had stabbed to the heart and flung into the sea. And she had given up her dead, and the waves had cast him on shore, and the murderer and his victim were face to face. And now they say the voice of the murdered girl haunts the place where she was first found. It seems to rise from the sand and goes echoing and waiting along, calling, calling, as if in mortal agony. The old boatman says that people have followed it, believing some one in peril, and have been lured on and on, till the tide has overtaken them and they would be drowned."

"What a horrible tale!" I said with a shudder. "I wish you had not told it to me."

"And he says," went on Nellie, unheeding my remark, "that whoever hears the voice is in risk of great peril or danger, or some kind of sorrow, or trouble is about to happen to him."

Nellie's voice had unconsciously taken a tone of awe. The still and sombre darkness, the midnight hour, and the weird melancholy legend had infected us both with an undefined sensation of oppression and fear, a presentiment of dread and evil.

We kept our places by the window looking into the deep velvety darkness, with the far-away, solitary light from the light-house gleaming like a red spark.

Suddenly, while we sat, the sound of a voice rose up again from those lonely sands, a moaning, piteous voice, wailing and imploring as if in unutterable anguish. It seemed to mingle with the boom of the distant sea, now rising, now falling, a lonely, desolate wail, thrilling through the darkness like a lost soul in mortal agony. It was dying away in the distance in a faint low sob, when Nellie suddenly sprang back into the room.

"Oh Jean, look!" she cried, "the phantom light!"

I leant out of the window, gazing out along the promenade. Flashing through the sombre darkness like a great star was brilliant and beautiful light. It came rapidly towards us from the right, apparently floating in the air, and illuminating the space before it for several yards. It advanced very swiftly, with a steady forward motion, floating along about a yard from the ground. As it came nearer we perceived, looming dimly behind it, a giant shadow, weird and grotesque, with outspread wings, and misty, undefined form, while a sharp, rustling, whirling sound accompanied its progress.

As the phantom approached the desolate moaning rose again from the sands, and swept along in low, shuddering cries, dying away as sad and piteous as before. With the last faint sound, the light leaped up for one second into intense brilliancy and disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Nellie fearfully, "what is it, Jean?"

"I don't know," I replied, a feeling of unaccountable dread and horror taking hold of me. The very demon of fear seemed to possess my senses, and an icy grasp of terror laid hold of my heart.

The air outside seemed to have become suddenly clammy and cold, a chill, eerie wind crept in at the window. The very darkness seemed filled with shaps, at which I dared not look, lest they should take form before my eyes.

"There it is again!" cried Nellie, shudderingly.

And with unutterable dread we saw the brilliant star-like light again floating towards us, this time from the right hand.

It came on swiftly, with the impenetrable fantastic shadow in the air above it, and when exactly opposite vanished.

We sat paralyzed with terror, not daring to move, a horrible benumbing terror seizing our hearts.

This phenomenon happened several times, the light alternately appearing from the right and left, and always vanishing when exactly opposite to us, and always accompanied by the moaning voice.

Again the low, wailing sound from the sands, profoundly melancholy, inexpressibly mournful, like nothing akin to humanity. No words were uttered, but the agony of the tones was like a voice from the grave.

"Oh, Jean, Jean, here it is again!" cried Nellie, cowering back into my arms.

And once more the brilliant phantom light appeared. This time it came on more slowly, glancing to and fro unsteadily, while the shadowy form behind it seemed more grotesque and misty than ever.

"On, Jean, if this is true! If it comes to foretell some loss, or some trouble!" sobbed Nellie, weeping softly.

"Hush, hush, dear!" I tried to say reassuredly. "It cannot be. Sorrow may come to us if God wills, but not through—"

"I say, old fellow," shouted a voice down below in the darkness. "You will frighten somebody into fits with that lantern dodge of yours. You and your confounded bicycle look like some horrible ghostly spectre, sitting along in the dark. You gave me a precious start I can just tell you now."

Both Nellie and myself jumped to our feet, and gazed incredulously out of the window.

Down below in the road, a yard or two to the right, the phantom stood, stationary at last. In the glare before it a young man was standing, while behind loomed the great mysterious shadow, robbed of all its terrors in a moment.

"Isn't it a stunning dodge?" said the shadow, in the mostly unheeding slant. "You see, Jack the asphalt's splendid to practise on; but a fellow has no chance in the daytime for those confounded carriages; so I rigged out this dark lantern and fastened it to my bicycle, and I can spin along in peace now."

"Take care you don't spin away the wits of all the old maids on the promenade," returned the other. "You look most horribly like some goblin from the lower regions, with your dark lantern flashing in front, those noiseless wheels and your long legs and arms spread out like great wings behind."

"The old maids are all fast asleep long ago, bless their old eyes!" he returned irreverently, but I say, Jack, the match for the four oars will be going to be put off tomorrow; we are going to have an awful storm. Listen! How the wind sighs and moans in the girders of the pier! It sounds for all the world like some one calling out in distress, and it's a sure sign of rough weather. What a rage Gregory will be in!"

The two old maids had heard quite enough. Nellie and I looked at each other rather sheepishly, it must be confessed, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

Women From a Colorado Standpoint.

Colorado Springs Gazette.

We were surprised to hear one of our young men utter these words a few days ago: "I have recently given up all ideas of the woman folk, and can back her perfectly. I am more at home in this line than hostess in the fair sects. Angels in petticoats and kiss-me-quickies are pretty to look at, I give in, but they are as slippery as eels; when you fish for 'em and get a bite, you find yourself at the wrong end of the line—you're ketching yourself; and when you've stuffed 'em with fruits, pastry, doggerel, and lots of jewelry, they will throw you away as they would a cold potato. Leastwise that has been my experience. But I've done 'em 'em now. The Queen of Sheba, Pompey's Pillar and Lot's wife, with a steam engine to hold 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

Boston Girls.

Anna H. Husted in Burlington Hawk-Eye.

The school-girl, too, has her individuality that is remarkable. She knows the name of Boston girls is already an honor to the last; you will not catch her "making eyes" or being "gunning handkerchief flirtations." She is too demure for that, but for all that she is the most bewitching flirt in creation. She wears eye-glasses upon her nose, and generally she carries a music roll or a strap full of books well covered, but the Boston maiden knoweth well all the feminine allurement, and woe betide the youth who dare encounter them. Oh! these Boston girls! I defy you to find in any other city such troops of glowing cheeks, such armies of snowy temples and broad foreheads shaded by such lovely tresses! I rejoice in their beauty, and exult in New England with its rare genius for training such wits and mothers as those whose influence has made our land peculiarly a land of happy homes!

An Unfortunate Wise Man.

New England Journal of Education.

A gentleman made application for a school in Maine, presenting himself to the board for examination as to his qualifications. Arithmetical questions were proposed. The teacher stumbled and halted, but finally made out to cipher out the answers. Said the gentleman: "Can you locate Boston?" He answered: "I know all about it, probably just as well as you do; have heard of the place several times, but can't somehow or other seem to locate it."

With a view to helping him out, the committee said: "It is the capital of a State, is it not?" "Yes, I believe so." "What State?" "Well I know, probably as well as you do, what State Boston is the Capital of, but, you see, I haven't got the flow of language to express it."

A very modest young lady who wanted a pair of garters addressed Bangs thusly: "It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillating burnished steel appliances that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with Alaska diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention."

This income of the Czar is \$25,000 a day; the Sultan, \$18,000; Emperor of Germany, \$8,200, and Victoria, \$6,270.

Up Among the Bones.

Midnight in a Dissecting Room.

From Philadelphia Times.

Away up several flights of stairs that wind silently past mysterious doorways and creak a little, as though in solemn protest against the belief that they too are dead and far removed from any of the scenes suggestive of life; just beneath the roof of a sombre edifice that spreads at night a mantle of gloom upon the streets and alley-ways below, converting shadows into ghastly shapes and making dancing monsters of the huge telegraph poles that pierce the clouds thereabouts, is the dissecting room of Jefferson's Medical College.

The building itself is an old one, and though familiar to the great mass of Philadelphians, has been frequently the source of speculation among the Centennial sojourners in the city. Its deep cellars, wherein are spacious vaults for the pickling of the remains of deceased men and women, are rarely penetrated, even by the most enthusiastic searchers for the marvelous, and few of the thousands who have graduated from the old school can do so without conjecture at the weird secrets its greasy walls have hidden all these years. There is one old fellow to whom has been entrusted, these thirty years, the custody of the dead, but he has grown so misanthropic by long continued intercourse with the speechless tenants of the vaults that he has become as one who lived and moved in another world than this. The name of this extraordinary individual is "Jimmy."

It is probable that at some remote period of his life he was "Jimmy" Jones, or possibly "Jimmy" Smith, but by "Jimmy" alone and unadorned, he has been known and called for so very many years that all recollection of ever having any other distinguishing title seems to have escaped his mind. Whatever the lifeless lot which has been his, he has faced, with his melancholy, every trace of animated expression from his countenance. His sunken eyes suggest the coffin and the ice box; and his bald, bumpy head recalls the weather-beaten tomb-stone among which the festive "Durdles" was wont to star-gaze. To him also are assigned the bones of the bodies after dissection, and between their articulation and the hoisting from the pits below of new subjects for the student's knife the round of his daily pleasure is made complete.

CRONIES.

Old Jimmy has but one companion of the living sort, and his name is "Tony." He is a little, greasy old soul, resembling somewhat a small-sized soap-boiler on legs. Like his superior in office, he rarely speaks, and then only when he addresses "Jimmy." The conversations of these two are never lengthy, certainly never of a remarkably humorous turn. They talk to each other, when they talk at all, on business subjects. "Jimmy" will say "business, Tony," in a tone which suggests that his own stock is diminishing, and Tony, in reply, says, "business it is, Jimmy," and shuffles off to the dissecting tables for a fresh invoice. And thus the monotony of old Jimmy's life remains undisturbed by discussion just as long as the bones hold out, and little is his concern about the action of the Returning Boards, if he knows anything about them at all, which is doubtful.

Last night was the eve of "Jimmy's" birth day. How many years before Providence had presented him to the cold embrace of the world it is not supposed he knew. Whether he did or not, he certainly didn't communicate his knowledge to anybody, and all they could do who watched the old man as he sat in his accustomed place in the corner, scripping away at the joints that lay before him, was to marvel at his origin and guess at the causes which had made of him so queer and silent a bald-headed mope. As 10 o'clock approached the students laid away their instruments, covered the butchered bodies at which they had been hunking and left the room. They departed in a body, for such is the custom. It is not thought healthy to remain long in a dissecting room after the lights are out—all but one—and the sickly rays that came from it scarcely penetrated the heavy atmosphere beyond the outlines of the table behind which Jimmy sat and picked his bones. No sound save the struggling of some stray rat in the plastering and the occasional drip, drip of the water from the slaps whereon the bodies lay, interrupted the monotony of the

old man's scratching at the bones. The hours dragged slowly along. The rat had found a foot-hold and was silent, and the scraping of Jimmy's knife was growing fainter and fainter and at length died away altogether, leaving nothing but the splash of the water to break the awful silence.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

A neighboring clock had just ceased tolling the hour of midnight when there was a noticeable movement on slab No. 4. Jimmy raised his head quickly, rubbed his eyes and stared, and the hair on his head, had there been any there, would have stood straight up at the terrible sight he was about to see. At first there was a creaking noise as if the stretching of bones that had long been inactive, followed by the dragging from a lacerated body of the white sheet that concealed it from view. The head that was thrown back over the top of the slab began slowly to rise, and the body itself, impelled by some force within, sat upright. It was the body of a man—a very old man—and the matted locks that fell about its fleshless face, and the horrible condition of its knee-joints and the scraggy muscles that fell from its neck and arms made it fearful to look upon. It turned face about until the sockets began to drink in the light of old Jimmy's lamp, and then the wheeled arm fell upon the paralyzed junior. Its legs dangled from the slab, and when Jimmy came to tremble a hollow chuckle came up from the depths of its bottomless stomach, and then, folding its arms akimbo, the dead man said:

THE GHOST'S SPEECH.

"In me you behold all that remains of one who was once courted by fashionable society. I was once beautiful to look upon—prettier than Adonis and more graceful than Beau Hickman. Ladies sought my society because I was learned, a conversationalist, and had traveled round the world. In an evil hour I was tempted to take a glass of wine. The momentous occasion was at one of the monthly meetings of the Alms-house Board. From that moment I was a drunkard. When my capital began to grow small I took to brandy, then to whisky, and at last to beer. I used to drink a keg of beer a day—sometimes two. Then I began to 'see things,' and one rainy night, while trying to extricate myself from a nest of rattlesnakes, I cut my throat with a razor. Not having a friend in the world I was taken to the Morgue, and while there Coroner Goddard held an inquest on me. 'I'll never forget it. The verdict was 'no guilty, but don't do it again.' The night I died I became heir to \$6,000,000, but being unable to go to Vigo I had to bear with the loss of the money silently. Then Taylor carried me afterwards to the Morgue, and they thrust me in the Potter's Field like a dead dog. They said they would leave me there for a while to see whether my rich relations would call for me. I suppose I had been buried about ten minutes when Taylor came after me, threw me into a wagon and drove me to the cellar of this dreadful place."

DOWN IN THE CELLAR.

It was there, two weeks ago to-night, you old bald-headed wretch, that first I beheld you! [Jimmy drew back into the corner.] Aye! don't shrink, for I mean that you shall bear your fate like a man. You have been fooling around the lead and scraping bones just thirty years too long, my fresh old cove, and now your last hour has come. Jimmy ventured to give expression to his thoughts, but all he could say was: "Business, Tony."

"I'll bones Tony you, said the subject, of the same time sticking his forefinger and thumb into his fifth rib, just at the top of the viscera (you know), and drawing forth a little silver whistle. He put the instrument to his lips and blew a little blast. In a moment there was a creaking that was ear splitting. Winding-sheets flew around in wild confusion, and an army of mutilated bodies sprang from the tables and rushed to the side of their ghastly chief. "We would know, you old vivified wretch, how old you are."

"Speak! for every moment is your last!"

The perspiration poured down the old man's face and ran in great rivers into his boots. There was a short interval of silence, and then the ghastly army cried aloud, speak!"

"I'm ninety seven," said "Jimmy." And then he felt a strong hand upon his shoulder, and looking up, beheld old "Tony" standing over him, with a dinner-knife in his hand, and pointing to the morning rain clouds without. "I've been dreamin', Tony," said "Jimmy." "No," said "Tony." "Yes, I had a awful dream. 'How was it?' asked "Tony." "But it's just the stuff to-night, and I'll tell you." Certain.

The look a man gives his wife when he suddenly awakes in the morning and finds her going through his vest pockets, is not a studied expression, but it is excellent in its way.—Dunbury News.

A Chinese official named Man-Hap was found to be a defaulter to the government and fifteen minutes after the figures were balanced he had no head on him.

A man's reputation for sobriety often hangs upon a breath.

Business Cards.

L. B. SOTSFORD, M. D.
Office: In the store lately occupied by M. Wood & Sons.
Residence: - - - at Mr. Robert Bell's.
Sackville, July 20, 1876.—6m

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Soap Manufacturers. - - - Sackville, N. B.
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Musical Instruments,
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THOMAS H. HALL,

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I BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. All instruments neatly repaired. ap26

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80 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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aug 30 76

Dental Notice.

Dr. Anderson, Dentist,

Will return to Sackville next week where he expects to remain permanently, from date. He guarantees satisfaction, at moderate charges. Sackville, Sept. 26th, 1876.—4f

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Parties desirous of erecting Monuments or Tomb Stones, will find at our establishment, a superior Stock of

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We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a number of Freestone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply. sp17

SAWS! SAWS!

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Corner of North and George's Streets, St. John.

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may 28

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Estimates made of Buildings

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All kinds of planing and sawing executed at the shortest notice.

The facilities for filling orders cheaply and promptly are unsurpassed. oct20

Chignecto Post.

SACKVILLE, N. B., DEC. 14, 1876.

The Sessions—Economy Wanted.

The evils resulting from the present form of county government are so patent and have been so often repeated it seems almost a work of supererogation to recapitulate them. The Sessions are a totally irresponsible body, and from this cause alone a whole train of evils; mismanagement, waste, extravagance results. Justices can do all kinds of log rolling and price pulling; form rings and pass iniquitous accounts; lend themselves to pettifoggery schemes, and yet enjoy a perfect immunity from being called to account for their acts. Power and irresponsibility coupled together form a most pernicious element in civil government. Justices can attend the Sessions or not as it pleases them, and there is no power to compel them to attend to their duties, or to arrange them for their non-performance. Hence it is too often the case that Justices attend only when they have a little hatchet for themselves or their friends to grind, and then getting their personal ends served, they feel at perfect liberty to let the public business take care of itself. As a consequence much of the county business is done with a bare quorum, notwithstanding the magistracy of this County numbers over 150 members. As a matter of fact nine-tenths of the county business is done by Justices J. L. Black (auditor) Ogden and Cahill of Sackville and S. G. Gilbert and Jno. Hickman Dorchester and one or two other gentlemen, whose efforts to secure economy are sometimes over-ridden by an influx of outside Goths and Vandals, specially mustered up by some lobbyist to put through some special job. These things are known to everybody and it is absurd to suppose that economy and good management will result from such a system of Government. Under the County expenses will year by year increase, and every year the tax payers will be obliged to pay more and more to liquidate liabilities incurred by an irresponsible Sessions. The County expenditure has about doubled within a short time, and how long may it before it may double again?

What is the remedy? Other Counties situated like Westmorland have found a remedy—may not this County also?

Other Counties finding the evils of the Sessions rule to much to be borne have become municipalities. Victoria, Carleton, York and Northumberland have each taken a step forward and assumed the duties of responsible self-government, and they experience the benefits of the new system. The credit of these Counties formerly stood no higher than Westmorland; now they are the most prompt in meeting their obligations, and the credit of York County at present stands A. 1. in the money market. Westmorland County Bonds stand at 10 per cent discount; York County Bonds are well nigh at par. In other words, Westmorland Sessions pay about 10 per cent more for money than the municipality of York.

The Earl of Dufferin in a speech a few months ago declared the municipal system to be the glory of Ontario. Such an expression could not be won from so acute an observer had he not seen and realized the advantage of the municipal system.

How Halifax Became the Winter Port.

The politicians and newspapers of Halifax have been working up to a distracting state of agitation on the interminable Winter Port Question. Singular to say, the merchants of Halifax don't appear to take much interest in it one way or the other; probably it is given to them by the press, but they are not certainly eager or anxious for it, and the press has all the fun of the thing to itself, aided, of course, by Mr. Jones, M. P., known as the GREAT JONES. The business men of Halifax don't care very much for business or new markets, or new industries, or enterprises of any kind; the rum, fish and molasses trade bequeathed to them by their fathers is good enough for them, and they are content to allow that wild cat, poker-playing state, St. John to open her mines, build her railways, supplant her in her own markets, render ships and build up an astonishing large manufacturing business—all at the expense of Halifax. Well, Jones, the GREAT JONES, intended making up Halifax by making it the Winter Port of the Dominion; not that this idea was original with Jones for Halifax as the winter port has for years and years been held as a necessary sequence to the business of the I. C. R., but Jones, intended making use of his immense influence with the Dominion Government to his immense power in Parliament to make Halifax the Winter Port, and magnify his (Jones) greatness, and make his name like sweet incense delight the nostrils of the generations yet to be. The scheme worked marvellously well. Every body favored it. After a brief season

of becoming coyness and hesitancy, Mr. McKenzie was finally persuaded to agree to it, as he intended at first. Sir Hugh Allan was ordered to take the mails from Halifax. Sir Hugh grumbled, but obeyed. Jones, the GREAT JONES, was in ecstasies. The Chronicle was in raptures. Already they saw in their mind's eye, train after train bearing the wealth of the far west arriving at Halifax, making her docks and quays busy with a new commerce, and suddenly, as if with Aladdin's wand, building up the city and making it one of the world's great metropolises! Alas that a dream so fair should be so readily broken. Sir HUGH ALLAN, the marplot, appears on the scene, and shatters the vision. Coolly, without a word of intimation to Jones—the GREAT JONES, Sir Hugh directs the mails to be carried out of the harbor in a tender to his steamships which lay off to receive them, and he refuses to accept Halifax freight. Shades of immortal Caesar! Will the GREAT JONES stand that sort of thing? Will not Jones arise in his indignation and resist the affront? The Halifax merchants, not wanting anything, having no expectations, no hopes, no desires, are not disappointed. They smile pensively at the discomfiture of the GREAT JONES, and still confine their aspirations to profits from rum, fish and molasses.

PRESIDENTIAL.—The Republicans have been badly out-maneuvred by the Governor of Oregon. The Republicans relied for success on getting by hook or crook, right or wrong, the electoral votes of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, thus completing the 185 required votes, and then by refusing to go back of the electoral certificates into the election frauds, they hoped to get Hayes in. The Governor of Oregon has "jerked" them and completely spoiled their game. One of the three Republican electors of Oregon was an office-holder and therefore ineligible. It then became the duty of the Governor to appoint a successor. The Governor appointed the candidate who had the next lower number of votes and who is a Democrat. Thus the Republicans cannot possibly get their 185 votes, and if they attempt to go behind the certificates in order to save the Oregon Democrats, they stand a remarkably good chance of losing some of the votes they now possess.

Tilden has thus secured the 185 electoral votes. The anger of the Republican politicians knows no bounds. The Oregon Governor, Grover, is a traitor and villain and he has committed the greatest crime of the century.

The Returning Board in Florida disregarding the injunction of the Court has announced the election of the Republican Governor by a small majority. Both parties await the Congressional Committee.

In Louisiana, the Democrats intend to inaugurate General Nichols, thus ignoring the Returning Board. There is likely to be two Governors and two Legislatures.

In South Carolina the Court has granted an injunction restraining the Banks from paying State deposits and proceeds of taxation to the next year's session. Deprived thus of the "sinews of war," it looks as though the Chamberlain reign must come to a speedy end.

EASTERN TROUBLES.—Chances for peace are daily improving. The negotiations between the Marquis of Salisbury and the other representatives are progressing satisfactorily. In the meantime the feeling in England is strengthening against war. Mr. John Bright has spoken out strongly, and on the 8th, Gladstone, in a powerful anti-Turkish speech at the national convention charged Lord Beaconsfield with being personally responsible for the Government's policy. He declared the Ottoman supremacy should be abolished throughout the insurgent provinces, and foreign intervention be regarded as inadvisable. He eulogized the Czar and Russian people. England in accordance with her duty and tradition, he said, ought to loyally participate in the liberation of the East.

BIO PUSH.—George Brown pleaded his own case before the Judges at great length and with much ability. His defence was in substance that the article in the Globe in which Judge Wilson was so severely handled was not libel, but that he (Mr. Brown) was the person injured inasmuch as Mr. Brown was not before the court in any capacity as plaintiff, defendant or witness, did make a most violent and unjustifiable attack upon him, assuming that his letter—now known as the Big Push letter—had a meaning which it really had not, and which there was no evidence whatever to show it had. Judgment will be delivered on 29th.

RUM-SELLING AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELFORD.—Through Mr. Luttrell, Supt. I. C. Railway, we have received the denial of Mr. Buckenhill, Agent Welford, that liquor has ever been sold in it. The Agent states that liquor is sold in a building about 200 ft. from the Station and rows are of frequent occurrence.

THE OTTAWA Free Press of 10th recommends the Government to place an armed vessel at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy this winter, to prevent such injuries as were last season inflicted on Canadian fishermen by the crews of United States fishing vessels.

THE EXTRADITION TREATY has been revised. Will Bush receive any attention from the Dominion Government?

The Marshal-Election Petition is signed by William Shaw and T. O'Leary Crookshank.

The Sessions.

On 6th a petition from Botsford to make body of marsh a district to elect Commissioners of Sewers, complied with. Orders made to erect a pound in Jolicoeur; to amend the regulations in Westmorland Parish; to declare a part of the river at Salisbury a lawful fence for the enclosure of certain interval lands; Joseph L. Black, Esq., appointed County Auditor; Justices Cahill, Deacon and McSweeney were appointed a Committee to apportion the amount collected for assessment among the Valuers, Assessors and Collectors.

On 7th, twenty-four Justices were in attendance. Martin Treman appointed Commissioner of Jolicoeur Parish by Justice Cahill to a motion to be made on Saturday next to amend regulations enclosing Great Marsh, Sackville; and by Justice Davidson that he will on Saturday make a report to the Court about Tavern Licenses on Tuesday.

On 8th, twenty-one Justices present. Order that amount assessed on Parish of Moncton for the account of the late John Cummins against the Overseers of the Poor be paid to the order of said Overseer when paid into Treasury Committee appointed to ascertain the amounts in the hands of Collectors and the amount of unpaid taxes up to December, 1875, and the amounts paid, retained for fees, and the amounts returned for taxes unpaid. Committee appointed, Justices Black, McKenzie, Chapman, Harper, Herriot, Casey and Duncan. Ordered that the Clerk notify Collectors to attend before said Committee on Thursday next with statements, &c., or that the County Treasurer be directed to collect from lessees of County land, back rent. Order made amending Great Marsh regulations, Sackville. Committee appointed to apportion amount collected for assessment report. Minority report that costs incurred for printing by Valuers be paid out of the seven per cent paid on the said assessments. Ordered that Patrick Hebert, Esq., be notified that a complaint has been made against him by Sylvan Hebert, Esq., of retaining the money collected by him for fines, &c., and that he be requested to attend Sessions.

On motion of Justice Davidson, seconded by Justice Tait, it was ordered that the hotels at Point du Chene have license for \$20 per annum.

On 9th, sixteen Justices present. Ordered that Justice Herriot, Ogden and Black be a Committee to report on the accounts of the Sheriff and the Clerk of the Peace, report that owing to the absence of the Sheriff, they are unable to investigate these accounts, also that they have examined the accounts of the Clerk of the Peace and find a balance due him from the County of \$46.44, and in consideration of claims made by said Clerk against the County recommended that \$50 be given him for his last year's service, and also that \$50 be added to his next year's salary. Ordered that no supplies be obtained for Court House and Jail in future without order from the Committee. Ordered that no sliding-rod be allowed on Dorchester Hill; penalty, \$2, and seal forfeited. Ordered that W. A. Wheaton be put on building committee of lock-up-house, Petition, instead of Robert McKay who has not acted. Ordered that the order made last December about land in possession of J. L. Black be not acted on.

Westmorland County Court.

Court met on Tuesday, and is as yet occupied with a number of petty criminal cases. As we have time and again published the schedule of tenants, we omit that to-day and publish the

NEW DOCKET.

McLachey vs. Harrington—M. B. Palmer. Stewart vs. Bulmer—P. A. Landry. Smith vs. Forskade—Holstead and Borden. Lewis et. ux. vs. Weldon et. al.—R. A. Smith. Thompson vs. Estabrooks—Dickson. White vs. Teakles—Holstead and Borden. Travis vs. Robinson—R. Russell. Borden vs. Lewis—Holstead and Borden. Doherty vs. Landry—P. A. Landry. Murphy vs. Tracy—R. A. Smith. Record vs. Armstrong—H. Atkinson. Brownell vs. Cormier—P. A. Landry. Horseman vs. White—R. A. Smith. Wetmore vs. —Insurance Co.—A. A. & R. A. Stockton. Cormier vs. Fitzsaman—W. J. Gilbert. White vs. Whooton—R. A. Smith. SPECIAL DOCKET. Estabrooks et. ux. vs. Sears—C. Milner. Hallet vs. Estabrooks—A. E. Oulton. Horseman vs. White—R. A. Smith. DIPHTHERIA.—This fatal disease is making its appearance in various sections of the county. Some deaths have occurred from it at Shinnikins. At Oxford eleven children have died. The most afflicted family is that of Mr. Geo. L. Purdy, from which three loved ones have been taken, and Mr. Purdy is now ill with the disease himself. The other deaths there are those of Wm. McIntosh's two children, and children of Messrs. George King, L. Hansen, and R. Paton.—Amherst Gazette.

SOME NEW DISEASE is destroying cattle in Queens' Co. The cattle live only a few hours after they are affected. The only thing visible is a red ring around the neck of the animal, which looks like jelly.

A NEW METHODIST CHURCH has been commenced at Chatham.

Mr. Brown.—The entertainment of the Esbatorian last week revealed a rich lead—a "big bonanza" in the way of literary treasures. After sitting for an evening at the feet of the feet of the erudite young men who poured out their logic and learning for our edification, it must be admitted that the originality of an Aristotle and the genius of a Plato have come to dwell in the "cloistered shades" of Mount Allison. The readings and debate were the two most admirable parts of the performance, and in the renditions one hardly knows which to praise the most, the good taste displayed in the selections, or the dramatic power with which they were rendered. In the whole range of English literature from Chaucer to Owen Meredith nothing could be found that suited either the capacity of a Sackville audience or the taste of the Society; nothing could be selected of a more dignified and elevated character than the "Spectral Fig." The jokes were new and good, and accompanied with winks more expressive than Dan Bryant ever favored his audience with in his most happy moments on the boards of the old Olympic; winks that brought down the house, made the audience at once feel completely at home. After such a triumph the Society may proudly wear the motto, "We call perennial flowers." The debate was most instructive. The question selected was not one of the many vain and foolish ones so noisily disturbing the religious world, or scientific men or politicians; they avoided any attempt to bias the public mind on such trivial questions as Free Trade and Protection, the Pacific Railway, Prohibition, or Taxation of Church Property, etc., now agitating Canada, but they rather aimed to embrace the wide, wide field of dispute. It was, if I remember rightly, "Were the Old Times better than the Present." Now it is of the most vital and practical importance that the people should be enlightened on this subject, and I am sure I pay a high compliment to the orators of the Society, when I say it took two of its disputants the short space of fifteen minutes each to completely satisfy the intellect and craving of the audience. One of the disputants, after hurling at his opponent that fine old temperance story of the brainless Gudgeon, marched proudly up and down the platform as much in command of the situation as Hector on the walls of Troy. His voice was of a calibre calculated to reach and reaching alarm the far off Grecian tents. I trust we will soon again have an opportunity of culling "perennial flowers."

Yours, etc., SPINX.

Esbatorian.

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Yours, etc., SPINX.

Our Philadelphia Letter.

Dec. 8th, 1876. DEAR SIR.—We beg to give you information regarding our Freight Market, which may be of interest to your shipowners. Our freight market has been very active for the past two weeks, particularly for petroleum and coal. We give partial list of vessels fixed for past three days to land here, Baltimore and New York. We have collected grain tonnage at \$5.43d. to 6.5c. Orders, U. R. according to port. We quote market strong and tonnage secured at this port, and some demand to arrive. West India business so far quiet, but later we look for fair average charterers:—

Albermarle, 3800, R. continent excluding Dutch, 5s. 3d. Genda, 3000, C. Palma, 5s. 6d. 27c. if Fr Spain, 5s. 4d. Adams, 3000, R. Bremen, 5s. 3d. Samuel West, 3000, R. Bremen, 5s. 3d. Adeline, 2900, R. Bremen, 5s. 3d. London, 5s. 4d. 3d. Sunbeam, 2900, R. continent excluding Dutch, 5s. 6d. Sila, 2900, R. " " " " 5s. 6d. Mercury, 2900, R. continent excluding Dutch, 5s. 6d. Francis Hilliard, (to arrive) 6500, R. Bremen, 5s. 3d. Bremen, 5s. 3d. Ed Leone, (to arrive) 5000, R. continent. Private terms. Hamburg, (to arrive) 8700, R. Bremen, 5s. 4d. Marguerite, 2800, R. continent ex. Dutch, 5s. 6d. Amelia, 4500, R. Bremen, 5s. 6d. Mary A. Nelson, 2500, R. London, 5s. 4d. Annie Burr, 4000, R. Bremen, 5s. 3d. Werra, 5s. 6d. Hamburg, 5s. 3d. Whitehall, 2800, R. Gibraltar, f. o. 5s. 6d. John Johnson, 4000, R. continent excluding Dutch, 5s. 6d. New Era, 3000, R. Barcelona, 5s. 9d. Spirit, 2900, R. Bremen, 5s. 3d. Gendreau, 5000, R. Antwerp or Bremen, 5s. 3d. Lizzie Curry, 3070, R. " " " " 5s. 6d. Sophia Cook, 3000, R. Bremen, Antwerp, or Hamburg, 5s. 3d. Felicia, (to arrive) 11000, Gls. f. o. Med. Adriatic. Gesteununde, 7500, R. Antwerp or Bremen, 5s. 3d. E. A. Duval, (to arrive) 4700, R. continent excluding Dutch, P. T. L. WESTERGAARD & CO.

THE EXPORTS OF LUMBER from Kent County in 1876, were over 24,000,000 superficial feet, being in excess of the shipments for the preceding year about 3,000,000 superficial feet. These shipments were entirely to the United Kingdom, and do not show the total exports in this line from the County, as a considerable business is done in the export of lumber to the United States, chiefly by boats and ship planks to P. E. Island.—In the manufacture and exporting of canned fish, the trade for 1876 was larger than that of 1875; \$55,000 representing the value of the exports for the former year against \$46,430 in 1875. Mr. O'Leary, M. P., was the principal shipper for both these years. His shipments for this year were over \$35,000 worth; the larger portion being sent in the new bark "Unity" to London. The cargo of this vessel was represented by the exporters to be worth \$44,000, being the most valuable cargo ever shipped from any port in the northern part of the Province.

At a York Point fire on 8th a girl jumped 35ft. to avoid suffocation. Seriously injured.

BATHURST has shipped five millions superficial against two millions last season.

A COMMISSIONER is appointed to investigate the charges against Judge McQueen of Oxford.

A MARBLE PROPERTY in Newfoundland has been sold in England for \$100,000.

Those opposed to expensive funerals will be pleased to learn they can be cremated for \$1.60.

Prof. J. F. Tufts has declined the History Chair in Bowdoin Latin School and a salary of \$2,500.

Three brothers named Knowlan went to the City Prison Halifax on 7th in same van. Cause—Rum.

READ, Stevenson & Co., shipped from Bathurst this season 2,189 tons of grindstone against 1,396 last year. —St. L. Advance.

The Suffolk (England) Medical Society recommends that funerals of those who have died of diphtheria be private to avoid the dissemination of disease.

THE FURNITURE FACTORY of H. E. Taylor & Co., at Fall River, near Halifax, was burned yesterday morning. Loss \$5,000. Insured for \$3,000.

The brig, "Elizabeth Ann," from Hillsboro, N. B., with coal for Boston went ashore at Dipper Harbor on Saturday evening. The vessel is a total wreck. The crew are saved. If the weather moderates part of the cargo may be saved.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Special to Chignecto Post.

Dec. 14. Very heavy gale Tuesday night. Brig. "L. J. Westaway" total wreck on Panmure Island, at entrance to Georgetown. Several schooners ashore. Bark "Minerva" went ashore outside Ch'town, but was got into the harbor. Harbor still clear of ice.

Steamer "Carroll" left for Boston yesterday with potatoes. Steamer "Flamboro" leaves to-day for Baltimore. Steamer "Princess" just leaving for Pictou.

New Methodist Church.

At the Second Quarterly Official Meeting of the Methodist Church on the Sackville Circuit, held on the 30th of November, in the class room of the new Church recently dedicated to the worship of God, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Since the last meeting of this Board, we have been permitted by the good providence of God, to bring to completion and occupy under most auspicious circumstances this commodious and beautiful sanctuary, and

Whereas, The gratifying success which has crowned the enterprising and liberal efforts of the friends of Methodism in Sackville in the erection of a building so well adapted in every respect to the purposes for which it is intended, has been largely due, under the blessing of God, to the patient and wisely-directed supervision of the Building Committee;

Therefore resolved, That the cordial thanks of this Board are hereby presented to James D. Dixon, Joseph L. Black and Josiah Wood, Esqrs., for their self-denying and indefatigable labors so cheerfully bestowed in conducting to a successful issue so important an enterprise of the Church and congregation.

General.

WINDSOR has a Literary Club. The Penitentiary has 155 visitors. HORTON Examination on 20th and 21st. DALHOUSIE College has 98 students. TRAINS run to St. Andrews three times per week. A LICENSE to sell liquor at Moncton costs \$100.00. REV. DR. BAYNE of Pictou, is dead. GRAY MILLS burned at Antigonish. Loss \$2400. THIRTEEN New Barristers made on Tuesday at Halifax. AMHERST Boot & Shoe Co., sells \$350 worth per day. PRINCE, a Democrat, has been elected Mayor of Boston. ELECTION at Cardwell to-day. The contest will be lively. PHILADELPHIA has entered into the beef cattle trade to England. The Centennial Buildings cost \$2,500,000 and sold for \$286,160. TWO-HUNDRED ships in Portland against unlicensed owners of dogs. GOLD ore has been found on Wm. Carstairs farm, South Bay. NEW BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE at Nashuak is to be dedicated on 24th. CHARLOTTETOWN shipped week before last 350,000 bushels of oats. ENGLAND is to have a 200 ton gun to carry a 2-1 ton shot 12 miles. A Grand-niece of Oliver Goldsmith died at Halifax Home for the Aged on Thursday. HALIFAX has shipped this fall 50,000 bushels of potatoes to United States. The failure of the North Pole Expedition is charged to want of lime juice. NEW VESSEL registered at Ch'town during Oct. and Nov. measured 6,877 tons. DALHOUSIE shipped 9,461,000 superficial this season; an increase of over three millions. THE GRAVE of Agamemnon has been discovered on the site of Mycenae by Dr. Schliemann. At a York Point fire on 8th a girl jumped 35ft. to avoid suffocation. Seriously injured. BATHURST has shipped five millions superficial against two millions last season. A COMMISSIONER is appointed to investigate the charges against Judge McQueen of Oxford. A MARBLE PROPERTY in Newfoundland has been sold in England for \$100,000. Those opposed to expensive funerals will be pleased to learn they can be cremated for \$1.60. Prof. J. F. Tufts has declined the History Chair in Bowdoin Latin School and a salary of \$2,500. Three brothers named Knowlan went to the City Prison Halifax on 7th in same van. Cause—Rum. READ, Stevenson & Co., shipped from Bathurst this season 2,189 tons of grindstone against 1,396 last year. —St. L. Advance. The Suffolk (England) Medical Society recommends that funerals of those who have died of diphtheria be private to avoid the dissemination of disease. THE FURNITURE FACTORY of H. E. Taylor & Co., at Fall River, near Halifax, was burned yesterday morning. Loss \$5,000. Insured for \$3,000. The brig, "Elizabeth Ann," from Hillsboro, N. B., with coal for Boston went ashore at Dipper Harbor on Saturday evening. The vessel is a total wreck. The crew are saved. If the weather moderates part of the cargo may be saved.

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