

CHIGNECTO POST.



Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

J. E. FRANKLIN & Co., Publishers.

WILLIAM C. MILNER, Editor.

Vol. 1.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JAN. 12, 1871.

No. 35.

Poetry.

DIAMONDS.

What shall I do for my beauty?
I'll be the Lady Lenore;
I'll be some terrible story
As some poetical story;
I'll be some terrible story
As some poetical story;
I'll be some terrible story
As some poetical story;

Literature.

The Jabez Morse Papers.

Again the dread south-west wind
Whistling round the Fort, filling
The Bay with dense fog, driving
The Fort, and obscuring every
Object from the sight. It is now
Four days since Major Dickson
Again was on his perilous mission,
And his perilous mission, and his
Perilous mission, and his perilous
Mission, and his perilous mission,
And his perilous mission, and his
Perilous mission, and his perilous
Mission, and his perilous mission,

male prisoners, and the cargo of the vessel carried off, and in the hands of the rebels, for the use of the force now advancing to attack us.

Colonel Graham is very much incensed, and says that treachery must have been at work, as the guard and crew could have sustained themselves against any force brought against them, until relieved by the Fort, and that an example must be made of the men who so neglected their duty. The Colonel feels the loss of the men, whom he could so rely upon, more than the military stores, as it still further weakens his too feeble garrison.

The rebels crossed the great marsh to LeLac yesterday, and were plainly visible from the ramparts, as they marched without order in straggling lines from Tantamar. The Colonel beheld dreadfully at his necessities compelling him to await the attack here, instead of meeting them on this side of the marsh, as they approached the upland, and cutting them off to a man; as their disorderly march afforded an opportunity of doing. The opportunity is gone forever, and the anxiety Papa betrays shows he does not feel over confident in the resources of the Colonel to maintain his position.

The Colonel has issued an order, that no lights be shown at night in any of the houses in the vicinity of the Fort, and gives notice that any neglect of this order will be treated as aiding the rebels. This he considers necessary, to prevent signals being given; and any violation of this order will be followed by a bombardment of the premises showing the light.

All the defences of the Fort have been seen, and Colonel Graham, by his constant supervision of everything, his care in providing protection for his men against the enemy's sharpshooters, and his perfect familiarity with the manner of training his small force to concentrate themselves against any point of attack, shows he is a skillful commander.

The rebels have encamped themselves on Camp Hill, and are levying contributions to sustain themselves; they are estimated at from eight hundred to three thousand; and a party had been examining our defences from the woods in the rear of Cotoua Charles, and we may apprehend an attack at any moment.

Last evening we were startled by the boom of a cannon discharged from the ramparts next the Bay, and soon learned that it was fired at a light set in the window of Weatherhead's tavern. We hear the light had been thoughtlessly placed on the window sill by a negro servant woman, and the cannon ball fatally wounded Mr. Weatherhead, who was sitting on the top of a barrel, little imagining the sudden fate which awaited him.

It is now nearly three weeks since Major Dickson left us the last time, since which we have heard nothing from him. Relief must reach us soon, or it will be too late to save us; and we anxiously strain our eyes towards the Bay for the appearance of the promised succour. But nothing meets our wearied gaze.

This morning the Colonel discovered that during the preceding night several timbers of the palisade enclosing the Fort had been sawed off, and could at once be removed, affording easy access to the ramparts. The Colonel and several men have been engaged in making a trap, into which whoever enters by such opening will be rendered powerless for evil, and captured.

We have passed a dreadful night. In the afternoon the southwest wind began to blow, and increased at night to a gale. Everything was quiet, and, though anxious, we apprehended no danger, when suddenly the buildings outside the Fort and between it and the Bay, were in a blaze. The object was at once observed; the rebels had fired these buildings, and hoped by the aid of the wood to burn

out the Fort; and had it not been for the discipline and resolution of the soldiers, they would have been successful. Every now and then a rocket or rifle ball whistled through the air, giving a clear intimation the enemy was on the watch, and preventing the men exposing themselves on the ramparts, where in the light of the burning houses they would have been plain objects for the rebel marksmen.

The burning embers driven by the wind into the Fort were placed where they could burn without damage to the barracks and other buildings, were covered with wet blankets; the magazine was doubly guarded, and all working as only men and women can work under the pressure of deadly peril. We spent the long dreary night.

With the dawn of the morning, weary and exhausted, we continued our labors, dreading an immediate attack from the enemy, whose numbers enabled them to keep constantly, both day and night, a force in position before the Fort, which would enable them to capture it from the utter exhaustion of its garrison; but every soul was animated with the determination to resist to the death.

All at once there was a cheer, and rushing to the ramparts, there at LeLac, with her snow white sails glistening in the rising sun, was one of Old England's proud bulwarks, with our country's meteor flag floating in the breeze; and cheer upon cheer greeted the arrival of our long-anticipated succour. Brave men took each other by the hand, and tears of joy coursed down their bronzed cheeks; fatigue and hunger were not thought of, and even the rebels were forgotten, in the excitement of the moment. An officer and three men were dispatched to the shore, and we had the pleasure of seeing a considerable body of troops landing and crossing the marshes, and in a short time a couple of companies of Marines, under the command of Major Ratt, marched into the Fort to our assistance. Our friend and preserver, Major Dickson, was in company with them; and I never shall forget the dark terrors of the night preceding the bright joy of the morning of the 26th of November, 1870.

Major Dickson informs us that he reached Halifax in eight days from the morning he had left the Fort; that on the day of his arrival arrangements were made by the Government for the relief of Fort Cumberland; and the "Vulture," Captain Fortin, was at once dispatched. The night before his arrival, he said, they had seen the blaze of burning buildings, and he thought it was the Fort which had been captured; and when in the morning, the English flag was seen still flying at the Fort, the Captain was apprehensive that it was to leave him into their power; and it was only upon Major Dickson assuring him he knew the officer sent to the Bay shore, the Captain was satisfied his fears were groundless, and he was delighted his arrival had been an opportunity.

The troops, all except those on actual duty, are resting, and preparing for the contest I see is coming. I know Colonel Goreham understands the importance of taking the initiative; and when Major Dickson intimated to us that a night attack might be made upon the rebels, and thus prove the confidence we have in our strength, I was not surprised. Heaven grant it may be successful, and without bloodshed!

Major Dickson is too much occupied to-day to speak of his journey to Halifax, and my interest in that is lost in the anxieties of the hour. A soldier walking on the parapets has paid the penalty of his rash and foolhardy conduct; he has been severely wounded in the left arm by a rifle ball from the cover near Cotoua Charles. The ball struck the bone, and glanced, slightly abraded the skin on his side. It was a most miraculous escape, and proves the skill of the marksmen opposed to us, and the necessity of the greatest caution being exercised by our soldiers.

This was done by Dick and Bill Jones, living with their mother near Trewholla's Corner.—Edmore.

Carried off by Wild Geese.

From the Montreal Globe.

Under date of November 29th Mr. Hypolite Navoy, Licensed Teacher, at Point a Bonheur, Tracadie, furnishes us with the following remarkable adventure while in search of wild geese.

An occurrence took place here a few days since, which, from its singularity, and the painful, if not fatal consequences which might have attended it, you will perhaps deem it not worthy of a place in your columns. I suppose many of your readers are already aware that flocks of wild geese in countless numbers, are in the habit every spring and fall of making us a flying visit of two or three weeks duration, the extensive lagoons all along the coast affording them a favorite and very abundant pasturage. Nor are our people idle on those occasions. Hundreds of the birds are brought down with powder and shot, but latterly some of the inhabitants have tried (with considerable success) the experiment of taking them on the Russian system, with hook and line.

To a cobbler, at intervals of a fathom or so long its whole length, several dozens of lines are attached, each furnished with a small sized mackerel hook baited with a piece of raw turpentine. This baited line is tied to a very long line sometimes consisting of three or more coils, the whole apparatus is sometimes nearly half-a-mile in length, and at high water (when the geese are away) stretched over those ditches which are known to be a favorite resort of the birds, carefully sunk, and the end of the unbaited coil is secured to a stake driven firmly in the mud. At low water all is dry, or nearly so, the geese return to their pastures and greedily swallow the treacherous turpentine, and I need not inform, that it is a fatal thing, to capture fifteen or twenty in a single haul. It appears that one Pierre Fournelle, a very intelligent Indian, accompanied by his daughter, a sickly little girl, went out a couple of weeks since in a birch canoe, to examine his lines which had been set the day before. He soon reached the stake, and casting off the coil, made it fast to the forward end of the canoe, and waded towards a bank which the receding tide left uncovered. The geese, however, rose, seized with a panic at the moment, and rising in thousands took to flight, steering unanimously for the gully, the entrance of which was not far from the canoe with fearful rapidity. The feeling of a prey they better imagined than described. He heard the screams of his poor child, but alas! she was soon out of the reach of his assistance. He became frantic. His only hope was that the canoe might be intercepted by his brother Ferdinand, who he knew, with his two sons Barnaby and Gabriel, were coasting the mouth of the gully, about two miles distant, watching for a shot. The canoe had already reached the gully, and the fate of his child appeared imminent—to be carried out to sea and lost—when bang! bang! went three muskets, and down came several geese, and, most providentially, one of the booked ones among them who was seen in the air tumbling over, although still carried along by his fellows. He was evidently a prominent and influential leader, and, as in the House of Assembly, so it is with the geese, when a "leader" comes to grief the party becomes disorganized. Confusion was evident among the flock, and it was plain that an extraordinary number of them had yielded to the fascinations of Pierre's turpentine. The canoe was soon reached by Ferdinand, and his son, and the little squaw, more dead than alive, was rescued from her perilous situation. They now hauled in the line and almost incredible to relate, it was found that *forty-eight* birds had been hooked. The canoe was quickly despatched for Pierre, who was seen still on the bank, and his joy for the miraculous rescue of his child was scarcely equalled by a survey of the heap of birds, every one of which had already perished by a sort of garrotte, in the shape of the fingers and thumbs of Ferdinand and his sons.—It is not long, Mr. Editor, since a story went the rounds of the papers, American and Colonial, about a small boy being carried up by a paper kite. That was a story quite incredible, and it is to be deeply regretted that any respectable newspaper should pollute its pages by such an absurd fiction. If editors will thus ponder to a depraved appetite for the ultra marvelous, what becomes of the dignity of the Press? The occurrence which I have now related, can, if required, be authenticated upon oath by several of the worthy inhabitants of Tracadie, whose veracity has never been questioned.

WAR NEWS.

Affairs inside Paris.

Paris journals of late date have been received in London. The News thus summarizes some of their contents:—The "Lettre Journal," a miniature journal, the size of a single sheet of newspaper, contains a list of the provisions which were to be supplied day by day to the Parisians during last week. Sunday, coal; Monday, salt pork; Tuesday, coal; Wednesday, preserved beef and mutton; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, fresh beef. The same paper states that, in addition to potatoes, there were still fresh vegetables, such as cabbages and celery, and that large quantities of preserved vegetables were to be had of the dealers. Bread was being made of flour, ground in Paris, and although not so white, was of as good quality as ever. Of chocolate and preserves there was no lack. The supply of milk was kept up by 4,217 cows, so that no scarcity was to be feared.

While a good deal of attention was necessarily being given to the subject of food, another subject, that of food for the mind, was being equally kept in view. M. Legouve had delivered a lecture upon it, and had urged the Parisians to lay in a stock of *utilitarian* literature with as much care as they displayed with regard to provisions of a material kind; and the lecturer's advice, we are told, was all the more eagerly listened to because it is in harmony with the prevailing feelings of his audience. The Lyceum and schools were well attended, lectures were being delivered, and literary entertainments were being given at theatres.

The closing of the gates of Paris to all but the military, a measure which was put in force on the 27th, has led to the discovery of a certain number of male and female spies, who being thus incumbered with had nevertheless attempted to get beyond the fortifications. There was some talk of executing two or three women of loose character who had been detected as spies.

Bismarck and Von Moltke.

The war correspondent of the N. Y. "World" tells a story about Bismarck finding fault with the other German leaders:—He is represented as being disgusted with Moltke and the military element in the King's councils, and "indignant" that he is no longer consulted when great questions are to be decided. He even ventures to deride Moltke's tactics. Bismarck himself proposed to march upon Paris after the double victory of Versaille and Worth, leaving McMahon, with his half-disciplined army, to go whether he chose, and to capture the capital while it was yet in an undefended state. Had this advice been followed, Paris would undoubtedly have been in the hands of the Germans, and the French, stricken with paralysis, might have been included to come to some sort of terms.

This statement might be believed with a liberal grain of allowance were it not corroborated by Dr. Russell, who says:—I have reason to believe that in the campaign of 1866 Count Bismarck was generally present at councils of war. During the present great contest, although he has been always with the King's headquarters, Count Bismarck has been rarely summoned to the deliberations on military questions. Indeed I have been told that since the "Grossshaupt Quartier" was established at Versailles his Excellency has been present on one occasion only at the sittings of the military cabinet.

The Scuttling of six English Vessels.

A London Despatch of the 27th ult., gives the particulars of the outrages perpetrated by the Prussian troops upon a number of English subjects. Six English vessels, which were lying at anchor at Duclair, a small town situated on the Seine, were fired upon by the Prussian troops, and the crews being unable to offer a formidable or prolonged resistance were at last compelled to surrender. The Prussians then boarded the vessels, and after securing the crews by binding them, they proceeded to ransack the ships for valuables and other plunder. What property of value was found upon the persons of the sailors was raptaciously seized by the Prussians. After their appetite for rapine was satisfied and all that could be discovered of any value had been discovered, they towed the ships out from the

wharf into the stream and scuttled them. This was done with the view of impeding the navigation of the river, which, if left undisturbed, might prove advantageous to the French forces in transporting war material and supplies to the front. This outrage was committed notwithstanding the fact that these vessels had discharged their cargoes, consisting of coal, under the protection of Prussian permits.

The Swiss President.

A Geneva letter to the Boston "Advertiser" says:—The Franco-Prussian war has already cost Switzerland—I have it on the authority of the President of the Swiss republic, M. Dubs—one million four hundred thousand francs merely to guard her frontiers, and probably before it is over she will add to this figure four millions more. By the way, a friend who has just returned from Berne tells me President Dubs is a very popular man, one of those men who you instinctively feel at the first glance has the gift of touching popular sympathies. He is a hard worker, beginning at nine o'clock, and he is very simple and republican in his manners. Recently, when a convoy of wounded soldiers passed through Berne, and a collection was served for such as could partake of it, the President put himself into a white apron and helped serve the soup. No gentleman, in the luxury of leaving, turned to a comrade and said, "I have forgotten to thank that old fellow who served soup for me and who was so very pleasant and kind," and as the sergeant indicated by familiar touches the man, he was quite touched and delighted to find how truly they lived in Switzerland the law they preached, and that it was President Dubs who served him soup, and talked so kindly to him.

German Outrages.

Bordeaux, Dec. 25.—There is great excitement here at the conduct of the German at Orleans, who subjected Bishop Dupanloup to the greatest indignities. It is reported that Monsiegnor addressed a pastoral to the clergy, invoking the vengeance of Heaven upon the barbarians, who, while the cathedral was filled with thousands of French prisoners, left without bread or fuel, caused the organ to be played in derision of their sufferings. A priest, wearing the dress of a member of the International Aid Society, was wounded while attending dying soldiers. He had his head laid open by a sabre cut. Another priest was shot for refusing to give information relative to the French army.

A despatch from Poitiers of the 20th, says 10,000 Prussians with artillery occupy Blois, and have indiscriminately pillaged both public and private houses. There are 20,000 Prussians at Orleans, which city has also been pillaged. The Prussian officers and men are all engaged in the work of plunder.

A MELTING SCENERY.

A Western Loharian thus "pours out his soul in song" to the mistress of his affections. It isn't every day one comes across such heart-rending and melting verses:—
Methought my heart a roasting lay
O'er Cupid's hot-ben spit;
Methought he stole thy heart away
And stuck it next to it;
Methought my heart began to melt,
And thine to fat and gravy run,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And melted into one;
Then melted into grease we spread,
And into gravy ran,
And Cupid ate us both with bread
Sopped up within the pan!
Let me Kiss him for his Mother.

During the late American war, a young Confederate was passing through one of the hospitals, when it was remarked that a prisoner, a lieutenant, had died that morning. "Oh, where is he? Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden.

The attendant led her into an adjoining room, when discovering Lieutenant H—, of the Fifth Kansas, lying fast asleep on his hospital couch, and thinking to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl. She sprang forward, and bending over him, said:—"Oh, you dear lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother." What was her surprise when the awakened "scourge" ardently clasped her in his arms, returned the salute, and exclaimed:—"Never mind the old lady, miss; goit on your own account. I have 'at the slightest objection."

GLEANINGS.

Tim only persons who really enjoy

A SENE WAY TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—Fall down in the mud.
A Penna. American describes ladies' lips as "the glowing gateway of pork and potatoes."
An Illinois postmaster gives notice as follows:—After this date everybody must stick their own postage stamps, for my tongue's give out.
The man who failed in his efforts to beat a drum in the "march of time," is said to be getting in readiness to try his hand on the "boom of plenty."

A Witness having once told the Lord Mayor of London that he was a penman, was asked in what branch of literature he excelled his pen, and he replied that he penned sleep in Smithfield Market.
Among the treasures in the vaults of the Treasury Department, at Washington, is a large bottle of otto roses, presented to President Van Buren by the King of Siam, and valued at \$800.
An old lady, remarkable for her refined idea of the meaning of words, described a clear evening thus:—"It was a beautiful bright night; the moon made everything as light as a cork."
SCOLDING.—Of all the disagreeable habits the world was ever formed with, scolding is the most annoying. To hear a saw-die, to hear a peacock screech, or an Indian yell, is music compared with it.
A CHARIOT, Iowa, man was hung for a while, last fall, has presented the vigilance committee who did it. That's just the way people repay kindness. If they hadn't let him down, they'd have been all right.

A New mineral fertilizer has been discovered in Edison, New Hampshire. It is a silicious rock, which, when pulverized, is said to be equal to the best guano, and only costs a quarter as much. Immense beds of it are discovered.
SELF RESPECT.—Teach a man to think meanly and contemptible of himself, to cast off all sense of character, and all consciousness of a superior nature, and moral persuasion can no more act upon such a man than if he were dead.

As old sailor, when asked how he felt during a severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity:—"Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"
MR. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS of Halifax, has prepared a scheme for introducing a supply of water into Charlottetown, P. E. I., to cost \$100,000. The City Council of Charlottetown approve of the matter and have adopted Mr. Fairbank's report.
LEARNING.—A little boy in the infant class of a Sunday School was asked by his teacher if he had learned anything during the past week.—"Oh, yes," said he—"What it is that you have learned?"—"Never to trump your partner's see," was the reply.

The editor of the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin is bothering his head over the following problem: If 4 dogs with 10 legs can catch 80 rabbits with 27, in 14 minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from 8 dogs, with 32 legs, in 17 minutes and a half—allowing 365 days in the year.

The Detroit "Free Press" tells of an Indian vagrant committed to the lock-up, slightly intoxicated, as jolly as a prosquian, who had no sooner laid him down than he commenced to warble such a song that all the other vagrants had to sit up on end and hold on by the cracks in the floor. It was high, "ho," guttural, piercing and falsetto, and as the fellow refused to stop for breath anywhere, the janitor took the poker and drove him out doors.
Divorcing in U. States.
The New York "Sun" has a regular heading for divorce-going, between marriages and deaths—"Marriages," "Divorces," "Deaths." The Dominion has not reached that state of civilization yet. We subjoin two of the notices:
DIVORCED.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, on Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1870, by Judge Joseph Cox, of the Hamilton County Common Pleas, Ann Daniels from John Daniels. Cause, neglect.
DEAR.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, on Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1870, by Judge Joseph Cox, of the Court of Common Pleas, Hamilton County, Jane Gran from Laurence Gran. Cause, failure.

Love in a Skiff.

A Distant Couple make a Voyage in a Skiff and are made Happy.
[From St. Louis Democrat.]
Yesterday morning at Justice Jocke was sitting in his office, poring over the election returns, and congratulating himself on his good luck in being shuffled out of the nomination for Sheriff, a young man from the rural districts entered and inquired timidly if the Squire was in.

Insurance Comp'y.
Established in 1851.
\$130,000 IN GOLD
Deposited at Ottawa
For the Security of Depositors
Policy Holders.

AMERICAN CLOCKS
Time-Pieces.
with and without Alarms; making the largest and best assortment in the city.

JAMES HORSEFALL.
45 King Street.
Importers of
Brussels, Tapestry, Velvet, Kidderminster, Union, Dutch and Hemp
CARPETS.
TAMMERS, REPPES, TERRY'S,
Lace and Muslin Curtains, Chandeliers,
QUILTS AND SHEETINGS.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.
1870. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1870.
ON and after MONDAY, the 5th December next, Trains will run as follows:

Blankets!
CHEAP CLEARANCE SALE!
John Armstrong & Co.
I have on hand the largest and cheapest assortment of

Thos. R. Jones,
IMPORTER OF
British and Foreign Dry Goods,
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &c.
10 KING STREET,
St. John, N. B.

Hides Wanted.
The highest price paid in cash for Green Hides and Skins at the Sackville Boot & Shoe Factory.

London & Fritz.
Just received from New York:
S. E. Jones Black "Paris" Hats,
S. E. Jones Black London Hats.

White Fleecy Merino.
A NEW ARTICLE for making Gentlemen's Ulster Garments, and not shirking in washing.

SAWS! SAWS!
ALEXANDRA WORKS'
Saw Factory,
(Corner of North and Georges Streets, St. John.)
J. F. LAWTON,
Proprietor.

AMERICAN CLOCKS
Time-Pieces.
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White Fleecy Merino.
A NEW ARTICLE for making Gentlemen's Ulster Garments, and not shirking in washing.

Atlantic Cable.
We have much pleasure in notifying our customers who have been waiting, that our additional supply of Ermine, Grebe and South Sea Seal Skins, ordered by cable message, have arrived, and we are now prepared to receive their orders.

R. M. DIXON
Has Just Received
A Large quantity of
CARPENTERS' TOOLS,
Which he offers for Sale
At Low Prices.

R. M. DIXON'S!
A Large and well selected stock of
New Goods!
An Inspection Solicited.

D. R. McELMON,
Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c.,
AMHERST, N. S.
CONSTANTLY on hand a nice assortment of
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

F. A. Barteaux,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
-DEALER IN-
Drugs, Medicines,
PATENT MEDICINES, DYE WOODS AND
DYE STUFFS, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
FRUIT JARS, &c.
Toilet Articles, Brushes, &c., &c.
24 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

J. KERR'S
Clothing, Hat and Cap Emporium.
No. 22 King Street.
Goods manufactured, and we have a large stock of the most fashionable and warranted goods, and we are prepared to receive their orders.

Thos. R. Jones,
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W. C. MILNER,
Sackville, N. B.
Attorney-at-Law, Barrister, &c.
W. W. JOHNSON,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.
INTENDS remaining in Sackville for a short time longer. Those requiring his services will do well to make an early call. Office near S. F. Black's Store, Sackville, Nov. 2nd 1870.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,
Brushes and Window Glass.
66 King St. - - - St. John, N. B.
no 21-ly

Besnard & Co.,
Real Estate and Money
BROKERS.
Pinetown street, - - - St. John, N. B.

W. B. McSWEENEY,
Barrister-at-Law,
Agent Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Office: Nos. 3 and 4 (second floor)
Bayard's Building, Prince William Street.
St. John, N. B.

WISTAR'S BALSAM
WILD CHERRY
H. L. SPENCER,
General Agent for the Maritime
Provinces.
For sale by DICKSON & BOWSER,
Sackville.

International Hotel.
(PORNERLY LAWRENCE).
Office, Prince William Street,
St. JOHN, N. B.

PERUVIAN
IRON
SYRUP
FOR
DYSPEPSIA
AND
RHEUMATISM
H. L. SPENCER,
General Agent for the Maritime
Provinces.
For sale by DICKSON & BOWSER,
Sackville.

White Lead and Paint
MANUFACTORY.
69 Prince Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK
Paper Manufacturing Company
Printing Paper.
PRINTING PAPER!

Valuable Property
For Sale.
The subscriber offers for sale that valuable House and Premises at Dorchester Corner, lately occupied by him. The buildings are all in an excellent state of repair.

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WISTAR'S BALSAM
WILD CHERRY
H. L. SPENCER,
General Agent for the Maritime
Provinces.
For sale by DICKSON & BOWSER,
Sackville.

International Hotel.
(PORNERLY LAWRENCE).
Office, Prince William Street,
St. JOHN, N. B.

PERUVIAN
IRON
SYRUP
FOR
DYSPEPSIA
AND
RHEUMATISM
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Office: Nos. 3 and 4 (second floor)
Bayard's Building, Prince William Street.
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