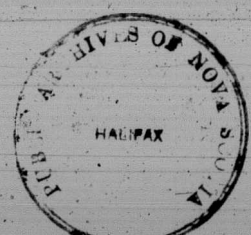


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CHIGNICTO POST.



Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

WILLIAM C. MIGNER, Editor.

Vol. 1. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1870. No. 4.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Legislative Extravagance.

to the Editor of the Chignictu Post:

Sir,—You have presented yourself to the public as independent of all parties, professing to devote your pen to educate the people, and to treat all "political subjects with a single eye to the public welfare." I now call upon you to redeem your pledge, and require you under the penalty of forfeiting your position as an independent journalist, to educate the public upon the corruptions which enter in high places, and to enable the constituency of Westmorland to stand pledges from those seeking their suffrages at the ensuing election, which may check, if not avert and destroy, the fatal disease that is in our midst.

I refer particularly to the Confidential Expenses of the House of Assembly, published in the 22nd, 24th and 25th pages of the Journals, and which contingent expenses have been examined and recommended to be paid by the Committee, of whom our member, J. L. Moore, Esq., was one. It will take too much space for me to go through the whole of the items of the extraordinary account, amounting in all to the enormous sum of your Thousand Eight Hundred and twenty-three Dollars and Sixty Cents (\$1,823.60)? but when this extravagant sum is taken from the hard earnings of the people by their representatives, it is as well for the people to understand that political corruption is not confined to the Dominion Government, but exists and is practiced here at home. I confine my remarks, at the present time, to the contingencies of the House of Assembly, calling upon you to supply the people with any additional facts connected with them, and also about the contingencies of that insignificant and useless body, the Legislative Council.

These contingencies do not refer to members' pay and travelling expenses, but simply to extra charges which could not conveniently be provided for by legislative enactment; and on investigation they present a picture which is really distressing to the eye. The person who first in position is first in political degradation is the Hon. Bliss Botsford, Speaker of the House; for there are accounts presented by several parties articles furnished Mr. Speaker Botsford, and recommended to be paid by the Committee, which are positively disgraceful. The following are the several accounts:

Hunt, soap, brushes and scents, \$ 7 31
Logan, gloves and lavender, 40 50
Pearl, collars and handkerchiefs, 2 30
Davis, soap and brushes, 7 46
Dever Bros, gloves and neckties, \$5.20,—of which for Speaker, 2 00
Purdy, for gloves, &c., \$26.36,
—of which for Speaker, 21 00
O'Connor, gloves and collars, 5 00
Magee, hat and hat case, 9 00
Part of Stationery account:
Do, 80 00
Do, 4 50
Do, 3 50
Do, 4 00
Initial paper, —17 00
Total, —7 00
—21 50

These accounts speak for themselves, and expose a system of pickpocketing and discreditable to all concerned. A Speaker of the Assembly providing himself with soap, lavender, collars, gloves, pencil cases, &c., of the public chest, to the extent of nearly a hundred dollars! Besides the following complaints, value amount, I would like you to ascertain the cost to the Province of rank in which the above 7 worth of paper, and other stationery, said to have been carried off; when you answer that, you may at the same time tell, if you know, in what part of the Province the hair of the members of the Assembly and placed in the Committee Room, can be found, whose locks are being kept in by their use. I do not charge the speaker of the Assembly with these hair brushes; I mention them to him an opportunity of denying any complicity in their abstraction, and the trunk and stationery, as reported. But I do dis-

THE QUEER CLIENT.

FROM DICKENS' PICKWICK CLUB.

"It matters little," said the old man, "where or how, I picked up this brief history. If I were to relate it in the order in which it reached me, I should commence in the middle, and go back for a beginning. It is enough for me to say that some of its circumstances passed before my own eyes; for the remainder I know them to have happened, and there are some persons yet living, who will remember them but too well."

"In the Borough High Street, near Saint George's Church, and on the same side of the way, stands, as most people know, the smallest of our debtors' prisons, the Marshalsea. Although in later times it has been a very different place from the sink of filth and dirt it once was, even its improved condition holds out but little temptation to the extravagant or consolation to the improvident. The condemned felon has as good a yard for air and exercise in Newgate, as the insolvent debtor in the Marshalsea Prison."

"It may be my fancy, or it may be that I cannot separate the place from the old recollections associated with it, but this prison of London I cannot bear. The street is broad, the shops are spacious, the noise of passing vehicles, the footstep of a perpetual stream of people—all the busy sounds of traffic, resound in it from morn to midnight, but the streets around are mean and close; poverty and debauchery lie festering in the crowded alleys, want and misery are bent up in the narrow prison; an air of gloom and dreariness seems, in my eyes at least, to hang about the scene, and to impart to it, a squalid and sickly hue."

"Many eyes that have long since been closed in the grave, have looked round upon that scene lightly enough, when entering the gate of the old Marshalsea Prison for the first time, for despair seldom comes with the first severe shock of misfortune. A man has confidence in untried friends, he remembers the many offers of service so freely made by his boon companions when he wanted them not; he has hope—the hope of happy experiences—and however he may be bent beneath the first shock, it springs up in his bosom, and droops there for a brief space, until it drouches beneath the blight of disappointment and neglect. How soon have those same eyes, deeply sunk in the head, glared from faces wasted with famine, and sorrow from confinement, in days when it was no figure of speech to say that debtors rotted in prison, with no hope of release, and no prospect of liberty! The atrocity in its full extent no longer exists, but there is enough of it left, to give rise to occurrences that make the heart bleed."

"Twenty years ago, that pavement was worn with the footsteps of a mother and child, who, day by day, as surely as the morning came, presented themselves at the prison gate; often after a night of restless misery and anxious thoughts, were they there, a full hour too soon, and then the young mother turning meekly away, would lead the child to the old bridge, and raising him in her arms to show him the glistening sun, and stirring with all the bustle of preparations for business and pleasure that the river presents at that early hour, endeavour to interest his thoughts in the objects before him. But she would quickly set him down, and hiding her face in her shawl, give vent to the tears that blinded her, for no expression of interest or amusement lighted up his thin and sickly face. His recollection were few enough, but they were all of one kind—all connected with the misery and misery of his parents. Hour after hour, had he sat on his mother's knee, and with childish sympathy watched the tears that stole down her face, and then crept quietly away into some dark corner, and sobbed himself to sleep. The hard realities of the world, with many of its worst privations—hunger and thirst, and cold and want—had all come home to him, from the first dawning of reason; and the thought of the form of childhood was there, his light heart, its merry laugh, and sparkling eyes were wanting."

"The father and mother looked upon this, and upon each other, with thoughts of agony they dared not breathe in words. The healthy, strong-made man, who could have borne almost any fatigue of active exertion, was wasting beneath the close confinement and unhealthy atmosphere of a crowded prison. The slight and delicate woman was sinking beneath the combined effects of bodily and mental illness; the child's young heart was breaking."

"Winter came, and with it weeks of cold and heavy rain. The poor girl had removed to a wretched apartment close to the spot of her husband's imprisonment; and though the change had been rendered necessary by their increasing poverty, she was happier now, for she was nearer him. For two months, she and her little companion watched the opening of the gate at the first time. Another morning arrived, and she came alone. The child was dead."

"They little knew, who coldly talk of the poor man's bereavements, as a happy release from pain to the departed, and a merciful relief from expense to the survivor—they little know, I say, what the agony of those bereavements is. A silent look of affection and regard when all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that he possesses the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us—is a hold, a stay, a comfort in the deepest affliction, which no wealth could purchase, or power bestow. The child had sat at his parents' feet for hours together, with his little hands patient in each other, and his thin face raised toward them. They had seen him pine away, from day to day; and though his brief existence had been a joyless one, and he was now removed to that peace and rest which, child as he was, he had never known in this world, they were his parents, and his loss sunk deep into their souls."

"It was plain to those who looked upon the mother's altered face that death must soon close the scene of her adversity and trial. Her husband's fellow prisoners shrunk from obtaining on his grief and misery, and left to himself alone, the small room he had previously occupied in common with two companions. She shared it with him; and lingering on without pain, but without hope, her eye closed slowly away."

"She had fainted one evening in her husband's arms, and he had borne her to the open window, to revive her with the open air, when the light of the moon, falling full upon her face, showed him a change upon her features, which made him stagger beneath her weight, like a helpless infant. He paced hurriedly, and what could he do? Set me down, George," she said, faintly. He did so, and seating himself beside her, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears."

"It is very hard to leave you, George," she said, "but it's God's will, and you must bear it for my sake. Oh! how I thank Him for having taken our boy. He is happy and in heaven now. What could he have been here, without his mother?"

"You shall not die, Mary; you shall not die," said the husband, starting up. He paced hurriedly, and what could he do? Set me down, George," she said, faintly. He did so, and seating himself beside her, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears."

"Never again, George; never again," said the dying woman. "Let them lay me by my poor boy now, but promise me, if ever you see this dear place, and should grow rich, you will have us removed to some quiet country churchyard, a long, long way off—very far from here, where we can rest in peace. Dear George, promise me you will."

"Do, I do," said the man, throwing himself passionately on his knees before her. "I will do it, Mary, another word, one look—but one!"

"He ceased to speak; for the arm that clasped his neck grew stiff and heavy. A happy and in heaven now. What could he have been here, without his mother?"

"That night, in the silence and desolation of his miserable room, the wretched man, who had been so long in the world, and called on God to witness a dreadful oath, that from that hour he devoted himself to revenge her death and that of his child; that from thenceforth to the last moment of his life, while she and he were in the world, he should be directed to this one object; that his revenge should be protracted and terrible; that his hatred should be undying and unquenched, and should hunt its object through the world."

"The deepest despair, and passion scarcely human, had made such nerve to him, that he felt in that one night, that his companions in misfortune shrunk from him as he passed by. His eyes were bloodshot and heavy, his hair was matted, and his body bent like a withered tree. He had been in the prison nearly through the violence of his mental suffering, and the blood which had flowed from the wound had trickled down his chin, and stained his shirt and neckerchief. No tear, or sound of complaint, escaped him; but the upturned look, and disordered haste with which he paced up and down the yard, and the fever which was burning within."

"It was necessary that his wife's body should be removed from the prison, with the view of recovering the communications with perfect calmness, and acquiescence in its propriety. Nearly all the inmates of the prison had assembled to witness its removal; they felt back on a bench, when the widow appeared; he walked hurriedly forward, and stationed himself, alone, in a little raised area close to the lodge gate, and waited, with his hands clasped, and feeling of delicacy, had retired. The rude coffin was borne slowly forward on men's shoulders. A dead silence pervaded the prison, and only the faint light of lanterns, and the sound of the wheels, and the rustling of the bearers on the stone pavement. They reached the spot where the bereaved husband stood, and he hid his face in his hand upon the corner, and mechanically adjusting the pall with which it was covered, motioned them onwards. The tinklers in the prison lobby took off their hats as it passed through, and in another moment the heavy gate closed behind it. He looked vacantly upon the crowd, and fell heavily on the ground."

AGRICULTURE.

Our correspondent "P." apologizes for not furnishing us an original article this week, his farming operations having unexpectedly interfered with it. He has selected extracts from the Report of the Board of Agriculture, which are very interesting and applicable at the present season.—Ed. CHIGNICTO POST.

The Manufacture of Cheese.

The establishment of Cheese Factories in this Province is of recent date. The first factory was erected at Sussex, and commenced operations on the 12th August, 1867. In a letter received from Mr. Keltie, some time since, it appears that during that year 160,753 pounds of milk, which cost \$1,512.96 was manufactured into Cheese. The factory ceased working on the 26th October. In the following year work was resumed on the first June, and ceased on the first of October. In the four months 381,258 pounds of milk were used. "Cheese Factories," says Mr. Keltie "are valuable institutions to farmers, but they will not beset to manufacturers, until they have protection against the imposition of unprincipled, dishonest persons, who consider it no crime to supply them with adulterated milk."

Mr. J. L. Harrison writes of the operations of the Dutch Valley Cheese Factory. "In the year 1868, the cheese-making commenced on the 8th of June, and closed on the 10th of October." The milk received during that time at this factory was 222,593 lbs., being the product of 130 cows. From this was manufactured 21,009 lbs. of Cheese, which realized a good price. In 1869 the operations were commenced at this factory on the 1st of June, and closed on the 30th September. Milk was received from 144 cows, amounting to 251,341 lbs., and the Cheese made was about 25,000 lbs. This is a slight increase on the quantity manufactured the year previous, and yet the cost of manufacturing the second year is shown to be considerably less than it was the first. A portion of the last year's Cheese was held over until the following Spring, and was disposed of at 14 cents per lb., while all that was made and sold during the Summer and Fall of 1868, netted about 13 3/4 cents per lb. About the same price was obtained for the product of the factory in 1869.

Cheese Factories, although largely supplemented by domestic or family cheese-making, fall far short of supplying the demands of our own Province. New Brunswick may not, in every sense of the word be considered a Dairy country, nevertheless there are many thousands of acres where good milk can be produced as cheaply as on any other part of the continent. At any rate, this Province compares very favorably with the adjoining State of Maine, where there are now over fifty Cheese Factories in operation; and in the same ratio as these have increased, so has the demand.

How to Plant Potatoes.

A correspondent in the N. S. farmer says: I planted mine in rows last season, some of which I manured heavily with stable manure, and the others with a mixture of lime (slaked) and unleached wood ashes in equal parts. This I put in the drills two inches deep, laying the sets about a foot apart immediately on top of the composition. When my potatoes began to grow—I noticed that those which were manured with barn yard manure came up strong and rank, and perfected a much larger growth above ground than the others; but on digging I found the result underground quite reversed. Those grown with lime and ashes had decidedly the advantage in the size of the tubers, and I would earnestly recommend the lime and ashes mixture to intending planters. My ground is sandy, and I feel sure it should have a much better effect on clay soil.

As a rule, however, I may remark that potato sets are planted very much too closely together, both in hills and drills. They ought to be at least eighteen inches apart, and in hills, not more than two sets in each; the sets should be cut to two eyes, and if the potatoes have few eyes in them, one is sufficient.

A Battle Between a Robin and a Squirrel.

We witnessed a battle the other day so singular in its nature as to deserve mention. On one of our principal streets, a robin had built its nest in a tree. In the nest were three or four eggs, which tempted the appetite of a squirrel who chanced to spy them. He made a raid on the nest, and was just about preparing for a sumptuous feast, when the proprietor of the invaded domicile arrived. "Seeing what was going on," the robin made a dive at the squirrel, inflicting a wound with his beak. Then ensued one of the most lively skirmishes ever witnessed. Up and down the tree with the rapidity of lightning, ran the squirrel, the robin in hot pursuit. From one limb and branch to another, they darted, both chattering and chirping in the utmost excitement. The robin would fly off a rod or so, and then dart like an arrow from a bow, for the squirrel, inflicting telling wounds. It was soon evident that the squirrel was getting the worst of it, and he thought so too, for he finally forsook the tree for the ground, and beat a hasty retreat. He didn't allow much grass to grow under his feet as he made tracks for safe quarters. The robin, apparently satisfied with having driven her antagonist from the field, did not give further pursuit, but returned to her nest in a very frustrated state. Her victory was signal, and she is doubtless now reflecting over it with self-satisfied equanimity.—Glasgow Courier.

A Polish Expedition.

The miniature steamer "City of Raguse," which is shortly to start from England to cross the Atlantic, is attracting considerable attention at Liverpool. She is only twenty feet long, and is the property of Captain Pimozet, but is sailed by Captain J. C. Buckley. Both gentlemen appear confident that with the course they have planned out for themselves, and with fair weather, they will be able to reach New York in about fifty days. The "City of Raguse" is covered over her whole length, and lined inside to the flooring, having a mahogany or cockpit amidships. "Below" is fitted up with as much comfort as the limited space would permit of. There is a patent stove for cooking the provisions—there being three months' supplies on board—on the voyage; and also a sleeping space for either skipper when he is not on "watch." The boat is rigged as a yawl, and on spread aloft seventy yards of canvas. Her tanks are capable of containing one hundred gallons of water; but should any accident occur by which it would be necessary to lighten the vessel, a tap can be undone, and the water, if necessary, allowed to escape. The "City of Raguse" is fitted up with a two-bladed auxiliary propeller, which can be worked by hand on the same principle as a ship's pump. Besides Messrs. Pimozet and Buckley, the only living thing on board will be a fine Newfoundland dog.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

Vashti's Message.

"BUT THE QUEEN VASHTI REFUSED TO COME AT THE KING'S COMMANDMENT BY HIS MANDARLANS."—Book of Esther, 1:12.

Say to the King: I will not come, his Queen. That an act, and that never yet have been.

Say to the King: I will not stand again. A beautiful life, among his princely men.

Say to the King: Cold pomp and regal state, And glittering servitude, but mock my fate.

Say to the King: I am his slave, my life Made all a splendid irony for wife.

Yet, say ye to the King: "Twice sweet to wear A sackcloth gown, and kneel before him there."

Unattended, mean, amid that rich-robed throng, So he would raise me with one true, pure kiss; This were withhood and my queenhood this!

The Fashion.

For the "Chignictu Post."

Johnny Ruskin says, "It is every woman's duty to be beautiful, to look well and to dress well." The latter is an art easily acquired, if one remembers that simplicity is the true beauty of dress. Now-a-days, in the multiplicity of pretty things, if a woman cannot fail to excite the admiration of the sterner sex.

The "getting up" of a "love of a bonnet" is semi-annually a source of anxiety. They are still worn high in front with long sprays of flowers. Ladies with scant locks, who do not patronize waterfalls, switches, wigs, &c., will be glad to hear they promise to become larger before another season.

For rather ancient dames, square shawls of worsted grenadine, either black or white, with a hem turned up about three inches on the right side, stitched by machine, a row of braid or feather, stitched with white silk, are pretty and suitable.

Suits of brown and buff linen, made with two skirts, and jacket, trimmed with flat plaques of linen, or with a short gored skirt and belted basque, trimmed with ruffles, make a "sweet" costume for the "girl of the period," or any other girl.

Many will be glad to hear China crapes are again to be worn. Sashes are made of it, tied over the shoulder, and fastened on the side of the skirt. Boots have very high heels and are much more comfortable buttoned up.

A nice kind of slipper is called the "Broadway," coming up to a point in the back, a flap in front, which, finished off with rosettes or bows, renders one's pedal appendages an adornment (unless they are very large) to the boudoir or street.

A little girl wanted to say she had a fan, but forgot the name, so she described it as a "thing to brush the heat off you with."

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Say to the King: I am his slave, my life Made all a splendid irony for wife.

Yet, say ye to the King: "Twice sweet to wear A sackcloth gown, and kneel before him there."

Unattended, mean, amid that rich-robed throng, So he would raise me with one true, pure kiss; This were withhood and my queenhood this!

The Fashion.

For the "Chignictu Post."

Johnny Ruskin says, "It is every woman's duty to be beautiful, to look well and to dress well." The latter is an art easily acquired, if one remembers that simplicity is the true beauty of dress. Now-a-days, in the multiplicity of pretty things, if a woman cannot fail to excite the admiration of the sterner sex.

The "getting up" of a "love of a bonnet" is semi-annually a source of anxiety. They are still worn high in front with long sprays of flowers. Ladies with scant locks, who do not patronize waterfalls, switches, wigs, &c., will be glad to hear they promise to become larger before another season.

For rather ancient dames, square shawls of worsted grenadine, either black or white, with a hem turned up about three inches on the right side, stitched by machine, a row of braid or feather, stitched with white silk, are pretty and suitable.

Suits of brown and buff linen, made with two skirts, and jacket, trimmed with flat plaques of linen, or with a short gored skirt and belted basque, trimmed with ruffles, make a "sweet" costume for the "girl of the period," or any other girl.

Many will be glad to hear China crapes are again to be worn. Sashes are made of it, tied over the shoulder, and fastened on the side of the skirt. Boots have very high heels and are much more comfortable buttoned up.

A nice kind of slipper is called the "Broadway," coming up to a point in the back, a flap in front, which, finished off with rosettes or bows, renders one's pedal appendages an adornment (unless they are very large) to the boudoir or street.

A little girl wanted to say she had a fan, but forgot the name, so she described it as a "thing to brush the heat off you with."

EDENCE.

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STONBLANK

NOTICE.

One Dollar, if paid within Five Weeks after the First Issue, will procure the CHIGNETO POST for One Year, and ensure participation in the Premiums offered.

St. John Country Market.

REPORTED BY W. F. WORTMAN.

June 7, 1870.

Flour—super	85.15 a 85.40
Do. extra	85.30 a 85.60
Oats, P. E. Island	44 a 45c
Do. other	41 a 42c
Yellow, best	24 a 25c
Do. other	23 a 24c
Black Kidneys, per bbl.	81.25 a 1.55
Other kinds	1.10 a 1.20
Sheepskins	1.50 a 2.00
Lamb Skins	10 a 20c
Beef, carcasses	12 a 14c
Smoked Hams	14 a 16c
Shoulders	10 a 12c
Mutton	7 a 8c
Turnips, per bbl.	1.00

Good demand for roll butter. Eggs firm at above quotation.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

BRUNSWICK HOUSE, SACKVILLE.

June 1st.—Hon. A. W. McLellan, London.

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PRINCE OF WALES' HOUSE.

Latest Arrivals by Rail.

Mon's and Boy's HATS & CAPS, Latest Styles.

For the Ladies. LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS.

General Assortment of Goods, DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING.

HATS AND CAPS, DRESS GOODS, CLOTHS.

BOOTS AND SHOES, BUCKWHEAT MEAL, CORN MEAL.

PAINTS AND BRICKS, MOLASSES, OAT MEAL.

DRY FISH, TIN WARE, SALT, &c. &c.

No. 1 FAMILY GROCERIES: Best FAMILY FLOUR and TEA always on hand, and warranted.

Persons favoring me with a call at West-cock will find Goods as cheap as can be bought in Sackville or Dorchester.

WANTED.—Oats, Barley, Feathers, Eggs, and Butter, for which the highest prices will be paid.

ANDREW FORD.

LATE ARRIVALS.

PRINCE OF WALES' HOUSE!

SACKVILLE, N. B.

Just Received:

USUAL SUPPLY.

SPRING GOODS.

Which will be found as Low as any in the Market.

AN INSPECTION INVITED.

ANDREW FORD.

NEW STORE!

THE Subscriber, having purchased the Store formerly occupied by Messrs. Lindsay & Vickery, has received a Full and Complete Stock of

Dry Goods, GROCERIES, Hardware!

CROCKERYWARE!

&c. &c. &c.

All of which will be sold at a very small advance on cost.

R. M. DIXON.

E. & N. A. Railway.

1870. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1870.

COMMENTING ON MONDAY, 18th MAY next, Trains will run daily as follows:

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Leave St. John at 7 and 11.15 a.m., and 2.15 and 5 p.m.

Leave Point du Chene at 6.50 and 10.45 a.m., 3.15 and 6.35 p.m.

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NOTICE.

WESTCOCK!

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the

inhabitants of West-cock and vicinity,

that he has fitted up the store formerly

occupied by Mr. Smith & Anderson, where

he intends keeping constantly on hand a

General Assortment of Goods,

usually found in a Country Store, viz.:

DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING,

HATS AND CAPS, DRESS GOODS,

CLOTHS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

BUCKWHEAT MEAL, CORN MEAL,

PAINTS AND BRICKS, MOLASSES,

OAT MEAL, DRY FISH,

TIN WARE, SALT, &c. &c.

No. 1 FAMILY GROCERIES: Best FAMILY FLOUR and TEA always on hand, and warranted.

Persons favoring me with a call at West-cock will find Goods as cheap as can be bought in Sackville or Dorchester.

WANTED.—Oats, Barley, Feathers, Eggs, and Butter, for which the highest prices will be paid.

ANDREW FORD.

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Leave St. John at 7 and 11.15 a

JINING and MANCHESTER

GOODS!
 Ex "Alhambra."
 2 CASES, CONTAINING
 1,000
HATS,
 TRIMMED AND PLAIN,
 FOR LADIES, MISSES, AND INFANT
 GENTLEMEN, YOUTHS, AND BOYS
 An Assortment of Every Kind—the "Sho-
 Fly" excepted.
 Prices from Twenty Cents to Five Dollars
 —ALSO:—
 ONE CASE
**BLACK AND COLORED
 DRESS SILKS!**
Kid Gloves?
SUNSHADES!
Ladies' Leather Bags!
MILLINERY!
 THREE DOZEN
 TRIMMED SEASONABLE BONNETS
 THREE DOZEN
 Plain and Partially Trimmed Ditt
 A Splendid Assortment
 FLOWERS, PLUMES, BIRRON

ORNAMENTS, &c.
SPECIAL ATTENTION INVITED.

GLASGOW HOUSE,
Sackville, N. B.
JOS. L. BLACK,
may12
1870!

John Cummins,
MONCTON, N.B.,
IMPORTER AND GENERAL DEALER IN
DRY GOODS!
Of All Kinds.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
HATS and CAPS,
Boots and Shoes
Stationery and BOOKS of all kinds
Hardware,
Earthenware and Glassware,
Groceries of all kinds
LOUR and CORN MEAL,
MOLASSES and SUGAR
PARAFFINE OIL,
Buckwheat Meal, &c. &c.
Low for cash.
JOHN CUMMINS,
Moncton.
Next McSweeney Bros.
may12

[illegible]

most obstinate of them yield to it. When the patient is unable to swallow the Cherry Pectoral they subside and disappear.

Ringers and Public Spoken and great praise.

ASTHMA is always relieved and often cured by it.

BRONCHITIS is generally cured by taking **Cherry Pectoral** in small and frequent doses.

For a **Cough and Cold**, no better remedy can be used. It soothes the inflamed membrane at the site in warm water at night, until the inflammation subsides.

For **Influenza**, when it affects the throat, take the same course.

For **Whooping Cough**, give small doses four or five times a day.

For **Croup**, give large and frequent doses several times a day.

No family should be without the **Cherry Pectoral** on hand to protect them, in case of attack. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and cures the patient a great amount of suffering, which they would incur by waiting until the disease becomes violent, and then to use the expedients that arise. **Livera** does not vary by being saved by it.

It is a **Warranted** Virtue known, that we are not to publish certificates of them here, or do so, unless we assure the public that the best quality of the medicine is used.

Prepared by **DR. J. C. AYER & CO.**, Framingham, Mass., and
Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and