

# CHICAGO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,  
Proprietor.

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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 333.

William M. Tweed.  
REMINISCENCES OF HIS VOYAGE FROM  
Vigo.

From N. Y. Herald, Nov. 25.  
Tweed divided yesterday about  
equally with the still unsettled ques-  
tion of the Presidential election the  
interest of most newspaper readers.  
The comprehensive Herald story of  
the fallen chief's return, his re-  
ception on board the "Catalpa," his  
trip to the city, the hurried journey  
he was compelled to make to Ludlow  
Street Jail, the appearance which he  
presented and the few remarks he  
made were all eagerly read, for people  
have always and will find a sort  
of fascination in the wanderings and  
adventures of any man who once  
wielded great wealth and power and  
dropped in the whirlwind of time below  
the humblest of them all. In the  
course of time he will be forgotten,  
and perhaps forgiven, but the striking  
contrast between Tweed the bold  
and lusty autocrat of New York, and  
Tweed the returned fugitive of the  
"Franklin," broken down in health,  
physique and courage, is so im-  
pressionable in its force as to stir even the  
indifferent, and all those who love  
to moralize have ready to their hand  
a lesson for endless expatiation. The  
imprisoned "Boss" has determined to  
close his lips and steel his heart to  
the interviewer, and perhaps to many  
more besides. He has found by the  
bitterest course of experience the  
bellowness of human gratitude and  
friendship, and, like Balzac's "Mis-  
anthrope," he concludes to live with  
himself.

ON BOARD THE PRIGATE FRANKLIN.

Showing her copper well out of  
water, having but little coal on board,  
the United States Frigate Franklin,  
which has now acquired an extra re-  
putation as a vessel of historic fame,  
lay off the Battery yesterday. She  
showed symptoms of hard weather,  
and at noon men were lowered over  
the side to perform the usual port  
duties of exercising the brush on her  
colossal ribs. The vessel has been a  
good while in commission, and de-  
velopments in reference to one of  
the candidates.

"So far as I know," replied the  
officer, "nothing could be more ab-  
surd. We received our orders and  
made the best of them. Whether Mr.  
Tweed was aboard or not we were all  
anxious to wind up  
as soon as possible."  
Mr. Tweed seem to enjoy the  
trip.  
"Well, he was certainly glad to be  
released from the Spanish prison. During  
the trip Mr. Tweed was ex-  
ceedingly quiet and reserved, and I  
must say the impression he made upon  
the officers was very favorable. His  
department was unexceptionable,  
and at times he was somewhat cheer-  
ful, though you could readily see he  
was laboring under severe mental de-  
pression."

"Did he take much exercise?"  
"At the beginning he used to take  
a short walk on the deck, and then  
he seemed to do him good, and then he  
would keep his quarters for days."  
"Was his room guarded?"  
"Oh, yes; day and night. A  
marine was always on duty there."  
"In his room?"  
"In his room?"  
"He did not seem to mind it, though,  
and took things easy enough; but his  
depression could not be mistaken. There  
was to be no communication with  
the shore—that is, people  
coming from the shore, high or low  
were not to be allowed on board. In  
the navy an order is an order, and  
the officer entrusted with it invariably  
carries it out to the letter. So the  
disconsolate boarding house naviga-  
tors were compelled to wait their  
joyous welcomes to the spar and gun  
deck from their little boats, which  
were dandied on the undulating river at a  
safe distance from her. But these  
were not the only persons that were  
disappointed. Numerous friends of  
the officers—cousins, brothers, pa-  
ternal guardians, "cousins," to say  
nothing of other young men of an  
inquiring turn of mind, were round  
out to the frigate, confident that in  
each separate case some exception  
might be made. The officer of the  
deck, who looked every inch a sailor,  
was inflexible. True, friends were  
most cordially greeted from the gang-  
way, regrets were expressed and  
even the ship's dog, a cross between  
a sick marine and the warrant offi-  
cer's cook, reluctantly closed his  
eyes, at once shutting out all hope.  
Creditors do not usually close their  
doors to enthusiastic debtors. How-  
beit a young man with a commission  
from Mr. Tweed—and a noble one to  
boot—faced the briny deep yesterday  
afternoon to pay for some "medical  
stores" which had been used by the  
ill-fated traveller while on board.  
The visitor being announced and the  
object of his coming having been set  
forth the officer of the deck repeated,  
for perhaps the ninety-ninth time,  
the positive order that had already  
been issued. The debtor returned  
ashore with the money. In this way  
were many people left in doubt as to  
how the unlucky passenger had passed  
off his time en route from Vigo to  
Ludlow Street Jail.

THE STORY OF THE VOYAGE.

The story goes that news had  
reached the Franklin at Gibraltar  
that Tweed had been arrested, and  
when orders were received to proceed  
to Vigo the situation became at once  
apparent, although it was hardly  
thought probable that the Franklin  
would be detailed for such service.  
Yet there was no other course open  
to the Government, and once anchored

at Vigo, though generally unintelli-  
gible and non-committal orders from  
the Navy Department were received,  
Tweed was in prison—he was.

NOT BADLY TREATED.

by the way—and without much ado  
he was taken off to the ship.  
"Mr. Tweed?" said the officer of  
the deck as the portly fugitive stepped  
aboard.  
"Mr. Secor," said Mr. Hunt, his  
companion, by way of reply.  
But the photograph of the friend-  
less wanderer had been indelibly  
stamped on many a mind, and in this  
instance "Secor" was good  
enough. Then and there the "old  
man," as he is affectionately termed  
by those who admire the brighter  
characteristics of his nature, was  
taken to the Captain's cabin. This  
occurred near midnight. Quarters  
were assigned to Tweed, and thence-  
forth he was under guard. Hunt  
left the ship immediately, and the  
Franklin would have proceeded to sea  
at dawn but for two reasons—  
first, one of the men had died and  
had to be buried ashore, and in the  
next place, a furious gale from east-  
southeast prevailed outside. It was  
probably thirty hours after Tweed  
had been snugly ensconced in his  
quarters that the Franklin hoisted  
anchor, nothing then preventing the  
frigate from proceeding.

"How did the 'old man,' as they  
call him, seem to feel after he got  
aboard?" asked a Herald representa-  
tive of the Franklin's officers yester-  
day afternoon.  
"He seemed to be mightily well  
pleased to get out of the Spanish  
prison and into comfortable quarters  
aboard ship. Not that he ever com-  
plained of having been treated badly;  
on the contrary, he told us that the  
authorities behaved very kindly toward  
him. He could not, however, speak  
of his language, and that, doubtless,  
made matters unpleasant."

"An impression prevailed here,  
doubtless a foolish one, that it was  
the object of the government to have  
Tweed here before the election, in  
order that he might make some de-  
velopments in reference to one of  
the candidates."

"So far as I know," replied the  
officer, "nothing could be more ab-  
surd. We received our orders and  
made the best of them. Whether Mr.  
Tweed was aboard or not we were all  
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ashore with the money. In this way  
were many people left in doubt as to  
how the unlucky passenger had passed  
off his time en route from Vigo to  
Ludlow Street Jail.

"Did he walk alone on deck?"  
"Yes, he was generally accompa-  
nied by an officer, and after a couple  
dozen of turns he went to his  
quarters."

"He did not give expression to  
any feeling of unhappiness on  
board?"  
"Not at all. I think Mr. Tweed  
will not have much reason to com-  
plain of our treatment of him."

"Did the voyage seem to revive  
him?"  
"He seemed to have pretty good  
health all the way until a week or  
so ago, when the continued rolling of  
the ship seemed to affect him. The  
doctor saw him several times."

An Old Norse Tale.

Once on a time there was a man  
so surly and cross he never thought  
his wife did anything right in the  
house. So one evening, in hay-  
making time, he came home scolding  
and swearing, and showing his teeth  
and making a dust.  
"Dear love, don't be so angry;  
there's a good man," said his good-  
wife, "to-morrow let us change work. I'll  
go out with the mowers and mow,  
and you shall mind the house at  
home." Yes! the husband thought  
that would do very well. He was  
quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning his good-  
wife took a saythe over her neck and  
went into the hay-field with the  
mowers, and began to mow; but the  
man was to mind the house and do  
the work at home.

First of all he wanted to churn the  
butter; but when he had churned a  
while he got thirsty, and went down  
to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale.  
So, just when he had knocked in the  
bung and was about putting the tap  
into the cask he heard overhead the  
pig come into the kitchen. Then off  
he ran up the cellar steps, with the  
tap in his hand, as fast as he  
could, to look after the pig lest it  
should upset the churn; but when he  
got up and saw the pig had already  
knocked the churn over, and stood  
there rooting and grunting among  
the cream which was running all over  
the floor, he got so wild with rage  
that he quite forgot the ale-barrel,  
and ran at the pig as hard as he  
could. He caught it too, just as it  
ran out of doors, and gave it such a  
kick that the piggy lay for dead on  
the kitchen floor.

Then he went into the dairy and  
found enough cream left to fill the  
churn again, and so he began to  
churn, for butter they must have at  
dinner. When he had churned a bit  
he remembered that his milking-  
cow was still shut up in the byre, and  
hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop of  
drink all the morning, though the  
sun was high. Then all at once he  
thought "twas too far to take her  
down to the meadow, so he'd just get  
her up on the house-top—for the  
house was not very high, and he  
could get her up with a ladder made  
of a rope and a few cross-boards,  
and a fine cord of grass was grow-  
ing there. Now, their house lay close  
up against a steep down, and he thought  
if he lay a plank across to the thatch at  
the back he'd easily get her up."

But still he couldn't leave the  
churn, for there was his little babe  
crawling about on the floor; "And if  
I leave it," he thought, "the child is  
safe to upset it." So he took the  
ladder on his back, and went with  
it; but then he thought he'd better  
first water the cow before he turned  
her out on the thatch; so he took up  
a bucket to draw water out of the  
well; but as he stooped down at the  
well he saw the cream run down the  
side of the churn over his shoulders  
and down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and  
he hadn't even got the butter yet; so  
he thought he'd best boil the porridge,  
and filled the pot with water and  
the lump of butter. When he had  
done that he thought the cow might  
perhaps fall off the thatch and break  
her leg or her neck; so he got up  
on the house to tie her up. One end  
of the rope he made fast to the  
cow's neck, and the other he slipped  
down the chimney and tied round  
his own thigh; and he had to make  
haste, for the water now covered his  
head in the pot, and he had still to  
boil the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but  
while he was hard at it, down fell  
the cow off the house top after all,  
and as she fell she dragged the man  
up the chimney by the rope. There he  
stuck fast; and for the cow, she  
hung half-way down the wall, swing-  
ing between heaven and earth, for  
she could neither get down or up.

And now the goodly had waited  
seven lengths and seven breadths for  
her husband to come and call them  
some to dinner; but never a call they  
heard. At last she thought she'd  
waited long enough, and went home.  
But when she got there and saw the  
cow hanging in such an ugly place,  
she ran up and out the rope to tie  
her to the chimney. "But as she did this,  
down came her husband out of the  
chimney, and so when his old dame  
came inside the kitchen there she  
found him standing on his head in the  
porridge-pot.—Christian Union.

THE MISSION OF A SIMPLE FLOWER.  
The late Joseph Brock, of Brighton  
was once riding in a horse-car, when  
he noticed a little girl in the car  
journeying with her mother, he pre-  
sented her with a flower from a  
beautiful bouquet he held in his hand  
accompanied with one of those sweet  
smiles which so often broke over his  
countenance. Some months after-  
ward he was again riding in a car,  
when he noticed a little girl looking  
intently at him. Turning to her he  
remarked: "You seem to know me,  
my little lady."

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "I  
remember you, for you once gave me a flower."  
And Brock, a smile again illumi-  
nating his countenance as he turned  
to his son-in-law, Mr. Strong, who  
sat by his side, "If a simple flower  
will thus keep one's memory green  
in the mind of a little girl, I desire  
to present many flowers."

Nor long since fifty tons of oysters  
were exported to England by one of  
the steamers of the National Line.

Bobby.

It is not wise to do or say anything  
to a child under an injunction not to  
tell. Here is a story in point, which  
was reported to me from the ladies at  
Finch, Perthshire (1853). A high-  
land family of some dignity, but not  
much means, was to receive a visit  
from some English relations for the  
first time. Great was the anxiety  
and great the efforts to make things  
pleasant, and the guests had been  
these assumedly fastidious strangers.  
The lady had contrived to get up a  
pretty good dinner; but, either from  
an indulgent disposition or from some  
defect in her set of servants, she had  
allowed her son Bobby, a little boy,  
to be present, instead of remanding  
him to the nursery. But little was  
she aware of Bobby's power of  
torture.

Bobby, who was dressed in a new  
jacket and a nice pair of buff-colored  
trousers, had previously received  
strict injunctions to "sit at the table  
quietly, and on no account to join in  
conversation. For a little while he  
carried out these instructions by  
sitting perfectly quiet till the last  
guest had been helped to soup,  
whereupon, during a slight lull in the  
general conversation, Bobby quietly  
said:—  
"I want some soup, mama."

"You can't be allowed to have any  
soup, Bobby; you must not always  
be asking for things."  
"If you don't give me some soup  
immediately, I'll tell you."

The lady seemed a little troubled,  
and instead of sending Bobby out of  
the room, quietly yielded to his de-  
mand, and the guests had been re-  
introduced there was a fresh demand.  
"Mama, I want some sea-fish" (a  
rarity in the Highlands).  
"Bobby," said the mother, "you  
are very forward. You can't get any  
sea-fish, and you must be quiet, and  
not trouble us so much."

"Well, mama, if I don't get some  
fish, mind, I'll tell you."

"Oh Bobby, you're a plague!" and  
then she gave him the fish.  
A little further on in the dinner,  
Bobby, observing his father and the  
guests taking wine, was pleased to  
break in again.  
"Papa, I would like a glass of that  
wine."

By this time, as might be supposed  
the guests were all well, and Bobby  
was pretty fully drawn to Bobby, about  
whom, in all probability, there was  
but one opinion. The father was  
irritated at the incident.  
"Bobby," said the mother, "you  
can have no wine."

"Well, papa, if I don't get some  
wine, mind, I'll tell you."

"You rascal, you shall have no  
wine!"  
"You had better do it," answered  
Bobby, firmly. "Once, twice—will  
you give me the wine? Come, now,  
mind, I'll tell you. Once, twice—  
thrice? My trousers were made out  
of mother's old window blinds!"

Still English party dissolves in  
unconstrained merriment. — From  
DR. ROBERT CHAMBER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Noah and His Ark.

THE WIDOW VAN COTT STARTLING  
HER HEARERS WITH VIVID DE-  
SCRIPTIONS.

The widow Van Cott was greeted  
by a large congregation in the  
Methodist Chapel in East Eleventh  
street last evening. She drew a  
vivid picture of Noah building the  
ark, and illustrated the manner in  
which people in pious times while he  
was at work. Personating one of  
the scoffers, Mrs. Van Cott, with a  
sneering laugh, exclaimed to an  
imaginary Noah, "Ha-ha-ha! What  
a fool you are; that ark will never  
be of any use to you, and you will  
only have your labor for your pains."  
"But," the widow added, "Noah did  
not care how much they laughed at  
him. He had been told by God to  
build the ark, and he kept right on  
building away until the last rain  
was driven in. Then the skies  
darkened, and a fearful storm came.  
There was deafening peals of thunder  
and blinding flashes of lightning."

Mrs. Van Cott averted her face  
and covered her eyes with her hand  
to shield them from the vivid flashes.  
She pictured the animals, birds, and  
creeping things going two by two  
into the ark. Said she, gazing upon  
an imaginary menagerie procession  
in one of the aisles of the church:  
"When they go. See them in pairs,  
marching towards Noah's great  
ship." Many of the people in the  
audience involuntarily turned their  
heads towards the aisle indicated.

Mrs. Van Cott's graphic word paint-  
ing sending them to sleep for the  
moment; that the scene was a real  
instead of an imaginary one.  
"The drowning of all the people  
and creatures not in the ark by the  
flood," Mrs. Van Cott continued,  
proved that Noah was right, and  
that he was wise in building an ark  
of safety. People laugh at Christians  
for getting into the ark of safety,  
but the time will come when the  
scoffers will cease their laughter."

When the invitation was given to  
the people to go forward to the altar,  
so many went that there was not  
room for them at the altar railing.  
—New York Sun.

THE FOLLY OF WEDDING TOURS.—  
A wedding tour is a foolish thing,  
and to every suffering and undergo  
every penalty which fashion may  
require. She will even sacrifice  
her beauty and comfort in dress,  
and jeopardize her dearest pros-  
pects to the enjoyment of a  
wedding tour. A wedding tour may  
have untold discomforts; it may embar-  
rass her modesty, endanger her con-  
nubial bliss, injure her health, lay the  
beginning of bickering and difference;  
it may have every known disaster  
that can befall a woman, and it will  
beget in her mind a feeling of  
society which is to beget to that  
effect. It is woman that is specially  
anxious that marriages should multi-  
ply, and yet it is women who have  
given the wedding ceremony such  
a bad name, and who have loaded  
it with costly expenditures, that mar-  
riage, with a majority of men, is  
rendered impossible. Fashion, or  
common sense, or some other power,  
should dictate that marriage cere-  
monies ought to be simple and un-  
ostentatious, and that after the cere-  
mony is performed, the calm of some  
sweet seclusion is absolutely neces-  
sary, not only for the future health  
of the wife, whose nerves are already  
overstrained with the excitement of  
what is to her a tremendous event,  
but the foundation of an intercourse  
between the newly married couple  
that shall be sweet and lasting.  
Have any of our young people  
courage to defy usage, and act ac-  
cording to their own inclinations at  
this important period?

This charming personal sketch of  
Jeffery as a domestic man is by  
Macaulay. One could hardly im-  
agine that the most dreaded of all  
the Edinburgh Reviewers was, in his  
home life, so perfectly simple and  
delightful: "In one thing, as far as  
I observed, Jeffery is always the  
same, and that is the warmth of his  
disposition. He is a man of a kind-  
ness is quite inexhaustible. Not  
five minutes pass without some fond  
expression or caressing gesture to  
his wife or his daughter. He fitted  
up a study for himself, but he never  
goes into it; law papers, reviews,  
whatever he has to write, he writes  
in the drawing-room or in his wife's  
boudoir. When he goes to other  
parts of the country on a retainer, he  
takes them in the carriage with him.  
I do not wonder that he should be a  
good husband; for his wife is a very  
amiable woman. But I was surprised  
to see a man so keen and sarcastic,  
so much of a scoffer, pouring himself  
out with such simplicity and tender-  
ness in all sorts of affectionate  
non-sensical phrases. Through our whole  
journey to Perth he kept up a sort of  
mock-quarrel with his daughter;  
attacked her about novel-reading,  
laughed her into a pet, kissed her  
out of it, and laughed her into it  
again. She and her mother abso-  
lutely idolized him, and I do not  
wonder at it."

"I've heard, captain," said an Eng-  
lish traveler, "that the captain of a  
steamer running on the Upper Mis-  
sissippi, 'that your Western steam-  
boats, in fact, the water is not more  
than two or three feet deep.'"  
"Two or three feet deep!" ex-  
claimed the captain, in tones of  
withering contempt; "why, we  
wouldn't give a pin for a boat out  
here that couldn't run on the dew on  
the grass."

Business Cards.

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

H. S. & T. W. BELL,  
Soap Manufacturers, - - - Sackville, N. B.  
The best and cheapest Soap in the  
Market.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,  
Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.  
Office: - - - in the building of H. B. Allison,  
Esq., opposite the Banking Office  
of M. Wood & Sons,  
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

CHRIS. W. COLE,  
AUCTIONEER, - - - N. B.  
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

A. E. OULTON,  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,  
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.  
Office: - - - A. L. Palmer's Building,  
Dorchester, N. B.

D. C. ALLEN, M. D.  
OFFICE: - - - AT THE DRUG STORE.

POINT DE BUTE, N. B.  
REMOVAL NOTICE.

W. D. KNAPP, M. D.  
Physician & Acoucheur.  
May be consulted at the residence situ-  
ated opposite the store of Mr. John  
Bell, Sackville.

COLONIAL BOOK STORE,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Musical Instruments,  
Paper Hangings, School Books, Station-  
ery, Periodicals.

THOMAS H. HALL,  
G. H. VENNING,  
Clock and Watch Maker.

I BEG respectfully to inform the in-  
habitants of Sackville and vicinity that  
I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert  
Bell's, - - - and will be glad to receive  
any customers in my line of business, and  
can promise strict attention and reasonable  
despatch. - - - Jewellery neatly repaired.  
ap26 G. H. V.

POGSLEY, CRAWFORD & POGSLEY,  
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,  
80 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.  
G. B. Pugsley, J. H. Crawford, W. Pugsley, Jr.  
aug 30 76

Dental Notice.  
Dr. Anderson, Dentist,  
will return to Sackville next week  
where he expects to remain perma-  
nently. From date. - - - Jewellery  
satisfaction, at moderate charges.  
ap26 G. H. V.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,  
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,  
(Consulate of the Netherlands,  
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary),  
No. 127 WALTON STREET,  
L. WESTERGAARD, Philadelphis,  
GEO. A. TOWNSEND, July 24

CHARLES R. SMITH,  
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary  
Public, &c.  
AMHERST, - - - N. S.

Prompt attention paid to the collection of  
debts and transaction of business generally.

George Nixon,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
PAPER HANGING,  
Brushes and Window Glass.  
KING ST. - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Marble & Freestone Works.  
P. HAGAN,  
(Successor to H. J. MacGowan)  
DORCHESTER, N. B.

All kinds of Monumental Work,  
Executed at the most reasonable prices.

VICTORIA  
STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS.  
Waterloo st. St. John, N. B.

Recall the attention of Wholesale deal-  
ers and others to our Stock of FINE  
CONFECTIONERY. Wholesale only.

J. B. WOODBURN & CO.,  
Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.  
J. B. WOODBURN, H. P. KEAR.

ALEX. NEAL,  
Merchant Tailor,  
MONCTON, N. B.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF  
Fashionable Cloths.  
ON HAND.

PERFECT FIT in every case  
guaranteed.

Business Cards.

PIANOFORTES.  
CABINET ORGANS, &c.  
O' FLOOD,  
(Waverly House) King st., St. John.

Constantly on hand PIANO-  
FORTES and ORGANS from the  
leading manufacturers in the United States.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
Catalogues forwarded, and all other in-  
formation on application.  
Instruments sold payable by instalments  
or exchanged.  
Orders for Tuning and Repairing attend-  
ed to with dispatch. - - - July 8

MARBLE FREESTONE  
AND WORKS.

H. J. McGRATH,  
Dorchester, N. B.

PARTIES desirous of erecting Monu-  
ments or Tomb Stones, will find at  
our establishment, a superior Stock of  
American & Italian Marbles.

We have also had quarried specially for  
us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a  
number of Freestone Monuments, which  
we will sell cheaply. - - - July 17

SAWS! SAWS!  
ALEXANDRA  
WORKS.

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

J. F. LAWTON,  
Proprietor.

GEO. CONNERS,  
Manufacturer & Builder,  
Petitcodiac, N. B.

Estimates made of Buildings,  
Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished,  
All kinds of planing and sawing executed  
at the shortest notice.

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

NEW BRUNSWICK  
PARLOR & VESTRY  
Organ Manufactory.

PETITCODIAC, N. B.  
CABINETS ORGANS of all descriptions  
on hand and manufactured to order.  
Piano Stools, Covers, &c., always on hand.  
All instruments of my manufacture war-  
ranted to give satisfaction. A liberal dis-  
count made to churches.

WM. MURPHY,  
Proprietor.

CARD.  
THE Subscriber begs to thank the public  
for the generous patronage he has re-  
ceived while proprietor of the "Brunswick  
House" and to intimate to his friends and  
the public that he has commenced a  
Flour and Grocery Business  
next door to C. A. Bower, and he hopes  
to merit a share of public patronage.

B. ESTABROOKS.  
Sackville, June 21, 1876.

CARD.  
NORTHWESTERN  
Mutual Life Ins. Co'y.  
—OR—  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Assets over \$16,000,000.  
EDWARD F. DUNN,  
General Agent for New Brunswick.

FLEMING & MOORE,  
Medical Advisers, Sackville.

Custom Tailoring Establishment.  
In the Store of Dickson & Patterson (up  
stairs) Crane's Corner, where he will be  
prepared to wait on Customers on the  
most liberal Terms.

Clothing, Made and Trimmed  
In the Latest Style, and at the Lowest  
Living Profits.

Parties furnishing their own mate-  
rial will be dealt with on the most liberal  
Terms.

JOHN MEANAN,  
Sackville, Nov. 6th, 1876.

Hotels, &c.

WELDON HOUSE.  
[Opposite the Railway Station.]  
SHEDIAK, N. B.











