

The Last Rebout.

Kacety's slope still felt
The cannon's bolts and the rifle's pet;
For a last rebout up the hill remained;
By the lines yet stood, by the Turks not gained.

Mohamet All stood his head;
His lips were clinched and his look was wild;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried.
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
And the fuses were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last rebout they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stepped,
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second—a third straight filled his place:
The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a feat in the hand was crushed,
Many a throat that choked was hushed,
Found Allah's arms and sought the breast,
And Allah's arms and sought the breast.

Over their corpses the living surged,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the fumes that filled the air were hot,
And the fumes that filled the air were hot.

In the redoubt a firm rebout,
That cheered up the brave and cold the coward;
Bravely bled with a gallant air,
His head erect and his boom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them with his waving sword;
"It cannot be held," his men implored;
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then they about him, and tugged, and knelt,
And drew a pistol from his belt,
And fired a blank at the first set foot
On the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled; but
On clambered the rest till bayonets shone,
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But Allah's steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed,
Till he bled with a headless hit,
His honor fell, his life-blood split.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round,
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade—
"Bismillah!" they cried, "tis an infidel maid."

Mohamet All came and saw
The reddened breast and the tender jaw,
"Make her a bit of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead."

Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
"Against the Jew's scratch and the vulture's smell,
Did the Muscovite men their malice fling,
In their lines we had scarcely supplanted night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there,
Was dug for the form as brave as fair;
And now, all the Judgment-ramp and shout
Shall drive her out of the Last Rebout.

(—Alfred Austin in Cornhill Magazine.)

HERMIA'S HOUSE-CLEANING.

"But you see, Lena, it's something that has got to be done," said Hermia Vane, nodding her head.

Mr. Electus Vane—he had been moldering in Homesworth's churchyard these six years with the blackberry vines and wild buttercups running riot over his grave—being a great lover of Shakespear, had called his daughters Hermia and Helena. They were old names, and required an explanation for almost everybody—explanations were sometimes a little awkward.

Helena was romantically inclined, and gloried in her nonconformity. Hermia set her pretty teeth together, and wished she had been called Prudence, Naomi, or any other humdrum sort of an appellation.

Upon this sunshiny April afternoon, Helena Vane sat, with a book in her lap upon the door-step making quite unconsciously to herself, a picturesque little tableau, under the evening shadows of the great maple which was just showing down the last of its crimson blossom banners to make room for the clusters of tender young leafage; for spring had come slowly the Holmsworth way that season, and everything was late. Hermia with her sleeves rolled up, had just finished washing the dinner dishes.

"Some one must wash dishes," said Hermia, "and Helena does so late kitchen drudgery."

"I'll do 'em dear," said old grandmamma Vane, an apple-cheeked old lady. "Run along to your sewing, I hate to see your pretty white hands in the dishwater."

"You, indeed," cried Hermia. "Not as long as I am here. Why, what are you young folks made for, not to wait on old people?"

"Helena does not always reason so," said the old lady a little bitterly.

"Oh, yes," cried Helena. "Helena is intellectual and writes poetry. Now, I haven't the brains for that sort of thing, even if I cared for it—which I'm ashamed to say, I don't—and so, it stands to reason, you see, that I should be dish-washing."

Accordingly, Hermia had washed the dishes and ranged them in neat order on the whitely scoured shelves, and now had come out to have a little domestic chat with Helena.

"Got to be done?" Of course it has got to be done," retorted Helena impatiently. "And why can't we hire some one to do it?"

"Money reasons, Lena—money reasons," savagely answered Hermia Vane, "We can't afford it."

"Oh what a degradation it is to be poor!" sighed Helena, lifting her turquoise blue eyes to heaven. "Hermia, why in the name of Midas, and Croesus and all those rich heathen we read about, did not some old rich millionaire fall in love with us when we visited Alice Cope, last winter in Philadelphia. Girls in novels never go anywhere without picking up at least a half-dozen beaux."

"But we're not girls in novels," laughed Hermia.

"There was Mark Hazeltine—you remember him, don't you, Hermia? That young man with the splendid dandy eyes and white teeth."

"I remember," said Hermia, blushing in spite of herself.

"I know he fancied one of us, or both. Just think how often he used to come to Alice's. If we could have remained a little longer, I feel certain he would have become a foregone conclusion. And only think—"

"What nonsense this is!" impatiently cried out Hermia. "And what on earth has it to do with our spring house-cleaning. There are all the lower rooms to be white-washed, the cellar to be cleaned, the west bedroom to be re-papered, and—"

"And who is to do all this hard, homely sort of work?" demanded Miss Vane, with a shudder.

"We, of course, Helena, since we can't afford to have it done."

"I shan't touch it!"

"Then I must," said Hermia, with the cool independence which was a part of her nature, "with that help grandmamma can give me."

"Hermia, have you sunk so low as to be a household drudge?"

"I haven't yet sunk sufficiently low,"

Medical.

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Hermina laughingly retorted, "to lie in the dirt so long as I am physically able to purify my surroundings."

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She was dressed appropriately to her work, this enterprising young damsel, with a huge apron tied around her trim waist, and an impromptu Normandy cap made out of a pocket handkerchief, perched on her head, concealing the whole of her bright hair, except where one or two stray curls had escaped, and hung like wandering spirals of sunshine on her blue-veined brow. And if Hermia had only known it, she never looked prettier in her life.

"And now grandmamma, I believe this witch's caldron of foaming snow is ready," said Hermia gaily, "and if you'll take hold of the handles—just to steady it, you know—I'll do all the lifting. We will begin operations at once."

While old Mrs. Vane and Hermia were toiling slowly up the back garden walk with the whitewash tub between them, an elegantly dressed young gentleman, with diamond studs in his shirt, straight, cameo-like features and dark blue eyes, fringed with long lashes was advancing briskly up the path.

"I think this must be the house," said Mr. Mark Hazeltine, "as nearly as I can guess from the confused directions of that old idiot at the railway station. And—"

But the current of his soliloquy was cut short by the sudden appearance of a bright face in the door—Helena Vane herself in pale muslin, with blue fillets of ribbon in her hair, a sash prettily looped at the side, and rosetted slippers, like a dream of Cinderella.

"Miss Vane, can you pardon this intrusion?" he began, lifting his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Hazeltine, I am so glad to see you!" cried Helena, extending both her hands.

At the same moment Hermia and the pail of whitewash appeared around the corner of the house. In her surprise at the sight of an unexpected visitor—and this unexpected visitor of all others—Hermia dropped her end of the tub, coloring scarlet as a rose.

"Oh, my dear!" cried old Mrs. Vane, trying but in vain to save it. "There goes your whitewash!"

"How do you do, Mr. Hazeltine?" said Hermia, recovering herself possession, and advancing with proffered hand.

"My sister is—ahem—practicing for a masquerade," stammered the scandalized Helena, "and—"

"It's no such a thing!" retorted Hermia, blushing more vividly scarlet than ever. "I am not masquerading at all. Mr. Hazeltine, I'm in real earnest. I'm going to whitewash the back kitchen ceiling."

"But can't I help you?" said Mr. Hazeltine laughing. "I used to be a good hand at the brush in my school-boy days."

"I've no objections to your trying," said Hermia gravely. "But you'll have to borrow a white sheet from grandmamma to cover up your fine clothes."

"I'll risk the fine clothes," said Mr. Hazeltine, resolutely.

"Hermia! Hermia! are you crazy?" protested Helena, turning pink and white by turns. "Go change your dress at once and come down to the parlor."

"Not until I've done my whitewashing," insisted her obstinate twin sister. "Remember, Mr. Hazeltine, it is your own offer."

And Mr. Hazeltine, looked into the sapphirine depth of those sparkling eyes, and stood to his colors.

"My own offer!" said he. "Of course it was; and I shall feel much honored by its acceptance."

"And to Helena Vane's infinite disgust, Mr. Hazeltine spent the whole morning in the kitchen disguised in a paper cap and a piece of an old sheet helping Hermia to whitewash the ceiling."

"Hermia," cried Helena, when Mr. Hazeltine was gone, and she contrived to obtain audience of her sister, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"And why?"

"To let Mr. Hazeltine into the secret of our poverty."

Hermia's eyes flashed.

"If he despises us on account of our poverty," she said, "his friendship is not worth having. I shall not play the hypocrite to accommodate any man!"

"He will never come again!"

"I beg your pardon, Lena. He is coming to-morrow."

"And sure enough Mr. Hazeltine made his appearance the next day quite ready for another job of work, as he himself expressed it."

"But you are not in earnest Mr. Hazeltine!" Helena pleaded.

"Yes I am. I never enjoyed myself more than I did yesterday. With Miss Hermia's permission I'll see the house cleaning through."

"You'll be no use at all with the scrubbing brush and broom," said Hermia, mischievously; "but I have no objection to your helping her the little west room when we get the paste ready."

"It was nearly a week before they got to the west room, but Mr. Hazeltine came every day. And when they had put on the last strip of bright colored bordering Mr. Hazeltine laid away his paper cap."

"Hermia," said he (they had grown to be great friends during this *ad fresco* sort of life) "I've a question to ask you."

"Well?"

"Don't you think we work together nicely?"

"Pretty well, considering," laughed Hermia.

"Would you object to me as a life partner?"

"Not at all."

"Then may I consider myself accepted?" he asked eagerly.

Hotels.

TORRYBURN HOUSE,
Nearly opposite the Ferry, Chatham,
JOHN MCGOWAN, - - - Proprietor.

THE above Hotel, having been fitted up and furnished in first class style, is now open for the accommodation of Permanent and Transient Guests on Stable on the Premises.

WAVERLEY HOTEL
NEWCASTLE, - - - - - MIRAMICHI, N. B.

This House has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

38, LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD STABLES ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,
Late of Waverley House, St. John's, Proprietor.

Canada House,
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSTON, - - - PROPRIETOR.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this House to make it a first-class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence, both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within five minutes' walk of the Station, and opposite Telegraph and Post Offices. The Proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor, by courtesy and attention, to merit the same in the future.

GOOD STABLES ON THE PREMISES.

ROYAL HOTEL,
King Square.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have secured the Hotel formerly known as the "CONSTITUTIONAL," and thoroughly renovated the same, making it a "ROYAL" always had the reputation of being one of the best Hotels in the Province.

Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquor and Cigars, and Superior Accommodation.

W. B. BLACKBURN, Proprietor.

St. John, July 9, 1877.

General Business.
I. & F. Burpee & Co.,
IRON & STEEL MERCHANTS.

—SOW IN STOCK—

75 TONS PIG IRON:
500 Tons Refined Iron;
300 Tons Common Bolt Iron;
100 Tons Chain, assorted;
200 Tons S. & A. Iron;
50 Tons S. & A. Iron.

Also, a general assortment of

SPRING & CAST STEEL.

To Arrive per Lydia:
1250 tons Refined Iron;
500 tons Common Bolt Iron;
100 tons Chain, assorted;
200 tons S. & A. Iron;
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DR. M. G. CLARK, DENTIST.
Can be found in this Office on the corner of St. John and King Streets, Chatham, N. B.

MR. J. NOONAN'S STORE
CHATHAM, N. B.

where he intends to keep a full and complete stock of all the goods and articles usually found in a first-class grocery store. All operations performed in a neat and satisfactory manner.

Particular attention given to the treatment of the following diseases: Scrofula, Salt-rheum, All skin-diseases, Tumors, Enlargement of the liver and spleen, Rheumatic affections, Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs, Leucorrhoea, Catarrh, and all diseases resulting from a depraved and impure condition of the blood.

LOOK HERE!
We have just received ex S.S. "Nova Scotia" via Halifax a large stock of
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
KNITTED GOODS,
BLANKETS, SHAWLS, ETC.,
—ALSO JUST RECEIVED—
large assortment of
READY MADE CLOTHING,
Men and Boys' Suits, Overalls, &c.,
FUR, CLOTH, and IMITATION FUR CAPS,
A LARGE VARIETY OF MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS,
a superior article of
Men's American knee and long Rubber Boots,
Mits, &c.
—ALSO—
2,000 yds. American Cotton
from the best mills.
Call and examine our Stock. Bargains Guaranteed.
Honest Prices paid for all kinds of
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
—Always on hand—
Flour, Meal, Pork,
Beef, Butter, Lard,
Molasses, Tea, Sugar,
Brown and White Potatoes,
We are also prepared to sell at lowest rates all kinds of AMERICAN SUGARS AND TWINES.
A. & R. LOGGIE.
BLACK BOOK.

REMOVAL.
DR. THOMSON has removed his Office to his residence, WELLINGTON ST., where he can be consulted as usual.

FURS, NEW, CHOICE & VERY CHEAP, AT THE MANCHESTER HOUSE.
LADIES' Real South Sea Seal Muff & Box for \$2.00 per Set, good value.
LADIES' Real S. Seal Muff and Box for \$1.50 per Set, good value.
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W. W. OLIVER, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
Opposite Mr. Muirhead's Store, CHATHAM, N. B.

Desires to inform the inhabitants of this place and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute all orders for

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

Also, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, and Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c.

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DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS,
LEUCORRHOEA,
CATARRH,
AND ALL DISEASES RESULTING FROM A DEPRAVED AND IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

DR. CHANNING'S Sarsaparilla is put up in large bottles, with the name blown in glass, and sealed with a cork and a rubber cap, and is sold at 25¢ per bottle, or six bottles for \$1.50. It is sold by all Druggists, and is the only Sarsaparilla that is sold in this country.

Particular attention is given to the treatment of the following diseases: Scrofula, Salt-rheum, All skin-diseases, Tumors, Enlargement of the liver and spleen, Rheumatic affections, Diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs, Leucorrhoea, Catarrh, and all diseases resulting from a depraved and impure condition of the blood.

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Brokers, etc.

MACLELLAN & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all deposits of money and securities received, and interest paid on deposits and on securities.

LUKE STEWART, SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT
SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

WILLIAM J. FRASER, COMMISSION MERCHANT,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
TEAS, SUGARS, MOLASSES, &c.
HEAD OF TOWN'S SOUTH WHARF.
HALIFAX, N. S.
COMMISSIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CALL, General Agent
SHIP BROKER, AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

W. & R. Brodie, GENERAL
Commission Merchants
AND
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,
No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,
Next the Bank of Montreal,
QUEBEC.

Law Offices, etc.
SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 3rd day of March next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of John Ashford in and to all that piece or parcel of Land and premises, situate, lying and being on the French Cove, in the Parish of Albertville, bounded as follows:—

Eastward by the lot owned by James Brown; westward by the lot owned by John Ashford; southward by the lot owned by John Ashford; northward by the lot owned by John Ashford.

Also, all the Right, Title and Interest of the said John Ashford in and to all that piece or parcel of Land and premises, situate, lying and being on the North side of the said French Cove, bounded as follows:—

Eastward by the lot owned by James Brown; westward by the lot owned by John Ashford; southward by the lot owned by John Ashford; northward by the lot owned by John Ashford.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several Executions issued out of the Northumberland County Court, against the said John Ashford.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff of Northumberland.

21st August, 1877.

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