

THE TALL MAN.

The next day two children, a little boy and girl of eleven and twelve, were at play in the barracks-yard.

"Lena," said the boy, "have you seen the new recruit? He is sitting by the stove in the guard-room. He is as tall as the stove, but not quite so big."

"I was up there," said Lena. "I had to go up there with my father's tobacco-pouch. Poor man, he was crying bitterly."

"He was crying?" said the boy, in astonishment. "That must have looked silly, didn't it?"

"He was not a tall man to my left hand was short off in battle."

"He did not wish it to be seen," said Lena, "and was hiding his eyes with his hands, but I saw plainly the tears were running through his fingers. Perhaps he has a wife and children, and if he has been forced to leave them, it is quite as bad as losing his left hand."

"How," replied the boy. "If the new man behaves well, the colonel will perhaps allow him to send for his wife and children."

"Ah, if he could do that," rejoined Lena. "But my father said that there are strange circumstances about that tall man, and that here he can have nothing to do with his wife and children. They must not even know where he is, and that is no joke, Wilhelm."

"Has he taken the oaths?" asked Wilhelm.

"Not he," replied Lena. "He does all he can to avoid it, but it will be of no use. My father says that such a bird will not be allowed to fly away again. Poor man; I had to get a bundle of dried herrings and a pitcher of brine from the shop. No one has ever resisted that. Hunger is hard to bear, and thirst is worse. And then the great earthenware stove which sends out flames like Vesuvius, it would wear out a giant at last."

"The recruit must come from a distance," said Wilhelm; he does not speak the Berlin dialect."

"From an immense distance," said Lena. "I think all the way from France."

"Then he would speak French," replied Wilhelm, "and the king can not bear Frenchmen."

"I am sure I heard some thing about France or Frankfort," answered Lena, "when my father was telling mother about the new recruit. Do you know Wilhelm, that the men in the guard-room have had half a cask of beer given them? That must have been the new recruit's mouth water, and the life-guards understand that sort of thing thoroughly. Go with me. Let us see the fun; perhaps they will give us a little beer. Your father used to be a soldier, and mine is one still."

The children made their way into the spacious guard-room of the life-guards. The recruit was sitting near the glowing stove with his head resting on his hands, gazing towards the table, around which the guards were drinking, and carrying on a lively and even a dissolute conversation. His face, red and swollen, was streaming with perspiration; and there could be no doubt that he was in a state of great suffering.

"Come, comrade," said Corporal Wimmer, and turning to the recruit, "be reasonable, and submit to what can not be helped. You are now a Prussian soldier, and so you must remain, even if an angel were to come from heaven to try and release you. Are you better than all of us? we all belong to the same cups. Look and see if we can not make ourselves merry in our regiment, merrier perhaps than many of those who command us. I must remind you, 'Happy is he who forgets that which can not be altered,' (Glücklich ist wer vergisst das was nicht zu ändern ist.)"

"How can I forget my wife and children?" sighed the recruit.

"What wife! what children?" said Wimmer. "Your wife will have another husband, and you will have another wife—the musket! That wife does not *seid*; she certainly requires to be taken care of, but that costs nothing. She obeys every order, and never takes to drinking. She only speaks when her husband desires her and is firm and faithful. Trust confidently to her, then, and say yes without any more delay. She will bring you fifteen dollars as her dowry, and will procure you in your old age a situation as searcher, provost, waiter, or night-waitman. Strike the bargain, comrade!"

"I am thirsty," said the recruit, turning away.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Wimmer, "is that it? People get an appetite here, but you must eat before you drink. Turn to, comrade, and eat your fill, then you will enjoy what you drink."

The recruit cast a look of dismay at the dish of herrings which stood before him. For some seconds he struggled within himself, then he began to divide a herring with the handle of a pewter spoon, as they would not trust him with a knife, and he began to eat. A little bit of black commissariat bread was all that was allowed him with it. When he had eaten about half the fish, he asked for some thing to drink. Wimmer, with a strange smile, passed the full earthen pitcher across the table, and the recruit, without examining the contents, put his lips to the rim to take a long draught. A strong shudder of disgust made him put it down again. A peal of laughter broke forth, amidst which the pitcher with the brine, aimed by the recruit at Wimmer's head, flew past him fell to the ground, broke, and it was emptied. The recruit had already laid his hand on the dish containing the herrings, with the intention of sending it after the pitcher, when suddenly a feeling of shame came over him, paralyzed his hand, and caused him to relapse into his previous state of torpor.

In the meantime the guards continued to enjoy their beer which they poured high and foaming into their glasses. The tortured recruit cast a look of intense despair at the revellers, and with difficulty moved his dry stiffened tongue in his parched mouth.

"Water, give me some water," the poor man moaned out at last, in a hoarse voice.

"You shall have any thing you wish for," my friend," replied Wimmer, "only take the oath to the colors. Why should you resist any longer! It will do you no good. We have all been like

and we have been obliged to give way at last. We have all sorts of ways of keeping you with us, to sicken you of escaping, such as strong casemates, chains, and ironings, fortresses, rods, cudgels, and even musket-balls and galloos. But if you submit, you will find that a soldier's life is not without its pleasures. We have all been brought together from every part of Germany, and we all and each of us tried to stand out as you do, but we join heartily in shouting, "Long live the king!" — and "Long may he live!" cried the guards, and again their faces were buried in the pots of foaming beer, and the jingling of glasses and the clatter of pewter-pots added to the torture of him who was dying with thirst.

He gave in at last, and swore fidelity to the king, and then he was allowed to drink as much as he desired.

"Do you know I was very unhappy about that poor recruit," said Wilhelm to his fellow-lads; "a great weight has been removed from my heart now that he has given in and taken the oath."

"He'nearly killed me with that pitcher which he hurled at my father," said Lena. "If he had been in the service he would have had to suffer for that throw. I could see my father was in fine rage, and had difficulty in keeping it down. I would not be the private who offends his corporal."

"He will be drilled and put into the regiment," said Wilhelm, "and then the life-guard will be complete."

CHAPTER V.—BARRACK LIFE.

In the barrack-yard a row of very tall men were standing one behind the other on one leg like ganders. Their other leg was stretched out behind them in such a way that it was raised horizontally in the air from the knee. It often happened that the tall men lost their balance after a time, swayed to one side or the other, and at last, to save themselves from falling, were obliged to put down the raised foot which had been extended out. This gave the drill-master Wimmer the opportunity of giving them a sound rating. He called the recruits lubbers and blockheads, stupid apes, idiotic fellows, cattle and simpletons. He told them that geese could stand on one leg better than they could, and that the street boys of Berlin would be more teachable. He ordered them how to turn their eyes, their heads, their arms, their legs. "Heads up!" he shouted, and chuckled the recruit Lane under the chin with a thump that made his teeth chatter. "Stand at ease," he cried to another, while he gave him a dig behind the knees which made them double up. "Stomach in!" and "Chest out!" he said to others, giving to one a blow on the body, to another a thrust in the back, and to a third cause a fillip on the nose that the tears came into the poor fellow's eyes. Children of all ages stood round, attentive spectators, convulsed with laughter when the drill-master treated his subordinates so harshly. The latter were obliged to bear ill-usage patiently, without moving a muscle or uttering an impatient word.

"Halt!" — "Attention!" Wimmer shouted to his recruits, who were marching to his loud counting. They stood silent, and like an immovable wall.

"Eyes right! — right!" ordered Wimmer. "Right foot forward! I order straight—march! Twenty-one Twenty-two! Twenty-one! Twenty-two! — Halt! Now tell me, Lane, you nine and ninety times blockhead! where are you turning your eyes to? Instead of looking straight before you, as I ordered you, are you squinting out towards the forge. Were you originally a sweep and are you longing for the soot and chimney? Mind what you are at; must I thrash your long back? As sure as that I shall some day be lieutenant-general of the infantry, in all my life I never saw a recruit hop-pole than you are! You seem as though you were always dreaming. You ought to be at home with your mummy. Lane, Lane, my patience is at an end!"

Lane had become perfectly pale. The muscles of his face worked convulsively, and his eyebrows were contracted threateningly. Soon he turned dead red, indicating stormy gusts of resentment.

Wimmer observed the change.

"You mean to be disagreeable in performing your drill!" he said spitefully. "You had better try! You think that because I passed over your throwing the pitcher at me, that I shall put up with still more from you? You do not know me yet, Lane!"

"My name is Hiebendahl, not Lane," replied the merchant, with suppressed rage.

"Do not excite yourself, my friend," said Wimmer, "here you are Lane, and you will remain Lane, and that is enough! Stand at ease!"

The recruits stood at ease for a short time—that is to say, they were so far masters of their own bodies that they might move them naturally. But they remained quiet, sometimes looking at their drill-master, sometimes at each other, or at the children who were standing round, with a sorrowful expression, occasionally uttering a few words in an undertone.

Wimmer had brought out his pocket-handkerchief and was applying it to his nose.

"I would rather be a village school-master, and teach the pleasant children their *A B C*," he growled, "than drill such great stupid louts. What is that I hear? Fleche, are you talking French again? And have I not told you a million times, Lane, that you are not to answer the French rascal? He must learn to speak German if he wishes to open his mouth here. Am I to stand quiet while you two scoundrels abuse me in French! It is enough to make me jump out of one's skin. Is it not enough that this German doll wears me to death, but they give me a French idiot, who does not understand a word of German! — Fleche! attention! Say after me: *Links und rechts, rechts und links*." (Left and right, and right and left.) "Lefft und rechts, rechts und linghs," stammered Fleche.

"Look here, Fleche," said Wimmer, again, touching his sword, "this is a *saigen-geruch* (sawdust). What is it called?" "Zeiten-geruch!" said Fleche, with a strange contortion of the face.

"Now I have to be master of languages," growled Wimmer, "and I get no extra pay for it—but that will do for to-day. A snow-storm is coming on

one must drill again to-morrow. Say *Schnitz-gescheber* (snow-storm), *Fleche*!"

"*Suege—Suege—Stapp!*"—*c'est impossible*," said the tall recruit, in a tone of vexation.

"You are a Wendish hogpiggie!" said Wimmer, and dismissed them.

"How have I deserved this?" said Lane, the former Hienbendahl. "Can I bear such a fate much longer?"

When he returned to the barracks and the room which he occupied, he looked with sadness at the dirty gray walls, his floor, its coarse furniture, hard bed not over-clean, and then gazed with a sigh at the accoutrements hanging on the clothes-peggs—like so many badges of slavery.

"Can it be true? Is it not a bad dream?" he asked himself. "A miserable man that I am! Oh, my dear Agnes! My darling children! Are you really dead to me, and I to you?"

The recruit had not hitherto been allowed to leave the barracks; moreover, the promised bounty of fifteen dollars had not been given him, on the pretense that he was not at present in want of it. As, besides this, the recruiting party had taken away from him with the handsome clothes which he was wearing, all the money which he had about him, the once rich merchant could not possess a single penny. Of that great value a few pennies would have been to him now, those only can judge who have been in a similar position. Librecht Hienbendahl was not ashamed of the silent tears which he moistened the hard black bread which he ate in a corner of the large room. His comrades were either on guard, or in the gallery, cleaning their accoutrements.

The entrance of Wilhelm Baumann, whose invalid father was servant in the barracks, interrupted Hienbendahl's sad reflections. The boy filled the two little tin bowls on the long table with fresh salt, at the same time glancing at the gigantic guardsman in the corner, and at last asked him whether he had any commissariat bread to sell. There were then, as there are now, soldiers who, by extra services or other means of obtaining money, were able to produce for themselves better food than the usual rations, and looked up on the hard, coarse, black bread with disgust, and sold it at a moderate price to the poor people in Berlin. Librecht Hienbendahl, strange and disgusting as the soldier's fare was to him, was unfortunately obliged to eat it, and to keep his commissariat bread.

But a thought suddenly struck him as he looked into the open pleasant face of the questioner.

"My boy!" he said imploringly, "I have no bread to sell, but if you will take it and do me a little favor, you shall have my best thanks as well. I want half a sheet of white paper and the loan of pen and ink for a quarter of an hour. I suppose you go to school, and therefore you will be able to fulfill my request?"

"I do certainly go to school," replied Wilhelm, "but I dare not give you pen, ink and paper. Do you not know that they are strictly forbidden?—that no guardsman is allowed to write?—that I should be turned out of the barracks instantly, and my father would lose his situation as servant, if I were to do that you wish?"

"Is this possible," said the recruit, with astonishment. "What cruelty!"

"If I might advise you," continued Wilhelm, "you would not let it be known that you desire to write, or that you can write. If your corporal or any one else were to know, it might do you harm."

"This, too?" sighed Hienbendahl, and sank into deep thoughts.

"If I can but get out of the barracks and into the town," he thought, "I shall be sure to find way and means of writing to my dear wife and informing her of my dreadful fate. But I can not remain long among the soldiers, come what may. They kidnapped me; they forced me to take the oath; but I therefore had that sworn fidelity to my dear wife before God's holy altar, and that vow is of more value than a forced oath."

From this moment the merchant took the greatest pains to learn the drill, and to master the other duties of military service as quickly as possible. In hopes of the sooner obtaining his aim, he complainingly bore all the privations of his new position, submitted to the wearisome and unwonted labor, and endeavored to gain the favor of his superiors—as in old times the tenderly-reared Joseph learned to obey as a slave, and even when an innocent prisoner did more than was required of him. Librecht took pains in brightening his arms and the buttons of his regimentals; in pipe-cleaning the leather, and cleaning; in washing, drying and mangleing his linen. He even learned to knit his stockings and to mend them, and in spite of his troubles he could not help smiling as he thought, "If my dear wife and mother could but see me, what would they say! What grief they must be in about me!"

When the day came for the newly-drilled recruits to take the solemn oath upon the regimental colors, in presence of the officers, Lane determined to protest against his unjust detention, and to urge his immediate liberation. The soldiers who had to take the oath were formed in a circle round the regimental colors in the barrack-yard, and in the midst of them stood the colonel and other officers. The regimental advocate began reading the oath aloud; the recruits were ordered to repeat it after him. "I swear," commenced the advocate. Here the gigantic Librecht stepped forward and said, "I beg for a favored hearing!"

"How! What!" exclaimed the colonel. "A hearing! Nothing of the kind! You must repeat the oath after the sacramentarian, and hold your tongue as to every thing else!"

"I protest against this!" said Librecht.

"I have been taken from my family contrary to all the rights of nations. I am a rich citizen and merchant of the free city of Frankfurt; I am a husband and a father; and therefore I—"

"Protest!" shouted the colonel, angrily. "Take this fellow away and imprisonment him! Shut him up securely with bread and water for three days—do you understand? Has the fellow no idea of subordination? Have not you already taken the oath? You deserve to run the gauntlet for your obstinacy. If you do not choose to swear upon the

"Follow me," he said, roughly.
 "Be reasonable, comrade!" he said, in a lower tone, "speak civilly to the colonel, and take the oath. Now be quick!" he said aloud. "I will do you good, my poor fellow," he added, lowering his voice again, "to resist. Forwards!"
 Hiebandahl seemed quite stupefied and incapable of uttering a syllable.
 The merchant followed the provost into a dark room in the barracks which with its grated window served as a prison. Here the provost commanded Hiebandahl in such a way that the merchant lay on his back on the floor, the left hand on the right side of his body; his feet were crossed and bound in the same manner—a painful and even terrible situation for a free man.
 "Now," said the provost, "I will ask Hiebandahl of his 'my release.' I am a rich man. If my friends know where I was and in what a position, they would give thousands of pounds for my release."
 "My poor comrade," replied the provost, compassionately, "you must try and give up that thought; sooner would the devil give up a soul, than our regiment part with so tall a man as you. You must know that our gracious king is very fond of tall people, and that it gives him more pleasure to possess them than money—granadiers cost him thousands of pounds. Recruiting parties certainly do not employ the most honorable methods to obtain their tall men, but this does not much trouble our king or us. The recruiting parties have to settle that with their own consciences. It is therefore to be expected that complaints of every recruit, the whole regiment and its tall soldiers would come to nothing, and that would never do. For there is not another regiment in the world that would do as we do. I assure you, comrade, that you will be glad at heart when you see the tall upright ranks of your regiment marching all exactly alike—one step, one movement, one cry, one handling of their weapons. I hope, by-and-by, you will sing another song."
 "But why do you call me Lane, instead of my own name, Librecht Hiebandahl?"
 "Hum!" replied the provost. "Hiebandahl's too long a name, and can not be pronounced so quickly as Lane. Besides, the merchant Hiebandahl as the regiment is called, and the guardsman Lane has taken the name of his tall body. I may not tell the colonel you see and regret your insubordination? Perhaps he will shorten your time of punishment. It would really give me pleasure to see you in the favorable position for seventy-two hours."
 The guardsman made no reply to these words, so the provost took his silence for consent. Lane now had leisure to meditate upon his wretched condition.
 "How ingenious men are in tormenting their brethren," he said, sighing.
 "How have I suffered already! and they must not let me stand, rods, the gallows, or market-balls. Why have I to suffer so much? Because I happen to possess a large and healthy body. If I had a crooked or lame shoulder, a squinting or weak eye, imperfect teeth, I should be free and happy. If I had but one of these little troubles, how thankful I should be!"
 To be continued.

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Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.
2-47

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

Government House, Ottawa,
Thursday, 17th day of July, 1877.
PRESENT:
HIS HONOR THE DEPUTY OF THE GOVERN-
OR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the
Minister of Customs and Finance, and the provisions
of the 9th and 10th sections of the Act passed in
the Session of the Parliament of Canada, held in
the 40th year of Her Majesty's reign, chapter 10,
and intitled "An Act to amend and consolidate
the Acts respecting the Customs."
His Honor, by and with the advice of the Queen's
Privy Council of Canada, has been pleased to order,
and it is hereby ordered, that Kentville, if the
Province of Nova Scotia, be and it is hereby con-
stituted and appointed to be an Out Port of Entry
and Customs and a Warehousing Port; also, that the
said Out Port of Kentville be and it is hereby plac-
ed under the survey of the Collector of Customs at
the Port of Cornwallis, in the said Province of
Nova Scotia.

W. A. HIMSWORD,
Clerk Privy Council.

Traveler's Column.

INTERLACQUAN RAILWAY.

St. John, Miramichi, Campbellton, &c

1877.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—1877.

O N SUNDAY MONDAY, MAY 7th, until further notice THAINS will run as follows :—

ST. JOHN STATIONS.

Express leaves St. John 8.10 A.M., arriving at Wellford at 2.15 P.M.; at Campbellton at 4.20 P.M., (at Chatham about 35 minutes later); Miramichi at 4.40 P.M.; Wellford at 7.10 P.M. and Campbellton at 11.35 P.M.

(The Accommodation Train from Moncton.)
NIGHT EXPRESS leaves St. John at 10 P.M., and arrives at Miramichi at 11.10 P.M., at Chatham at 4.55 A.M., (Chatham about 35 minutes later), Miramichi at 4.40 A.M., Bathurst at 6.08 A.M., and Campbellton at 9.10 P.M. train.

FROM HALIFAX.

Express Passengers, who leave Halifax by 7.15 P.M. train, reach Wellford at 7.10 P.M. and Campbellton and other points North at same time as those leaving St. John by 10 P.M. train.

MOST POINTS NORTH.

Passengers taking the Accommodation (for day train) at Campbellton at 2 A.M.; at Bathurst at 6.1 A.M.; at Miramichi at 11 P.M.; at Chatham at 5.05 P.M.; at Wellford at 11.35 P.M., reach St. John at 2.55 P.M. same evening.

Passengers taking the Express train at Campbellton at 7.45 P.M.; at Bathurst at 9.01 P.M.; at Miramichi at 11.10 P.M.; at Chatham at 11.51 P.M.; at Wellford at 12.40 A.M., reach St. John at 6.25 next morning (about 10 minutes earlier than the Accommodation Train).
Moncton North (Quebec train), which is 20 minutes late, reaches St. John at 4.40 P.M. and is 20 minutes early being accepted, the train on the Branch Railway running on St. John time.

C. J. BRYDGES,
General Superintendent of Gov't Railways

CHATHAM BRANCH RAILWAY.

O N SATURDAY MONDAY, MAY 7th, until further notice, Trains will run on this Railway daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows:

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Chatham,	Depart, 11.00 p.m.,	Accommodation,
Chatham Junction,	Arrive, 1.10 p.m.,	9.55 "
"	"	11.00 "
Chatham,	Arrive, 5.30 "	10.20 "

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Chatham,	Depart, 4.00 P.M.,	Express,
Chatham Junction,	Arrive, 4.15 P.M.,	11.00 P.M.
"	"	11.00 "
Chatham,	Arrive, 8.25 "	5.00 A.M.

These connections are made with both DAY AND NIGHT Trains on the Intercolonial.
The above Table is made up on St. John's time, which is 20 Minutes FASTER than I. C. R. time on the Northern Division.

STEAMERS.

"New Era" and "Andover."

D URING the obstruction of the Navigation of the South West River, and until further notice, the above steamers will run as follows:—

	Newcastle.	"NEW ERA."	Leith Chatham.
11		9.50 a.m.	12 noon.
8		11.00 a.m.	1.00 p.m.
2		3.15 p.m.	5.00 p.m.

C. J. BRYDGES.

O N SATURDAY EVENINGS the "New Era" will leave Newcastle at 6.30 P.M., instead of 6; and Chatham at 8 P.M., instead of 7.30.

STEINER, "ANDOVER,"

WILL, on and after THURSDAY, July 12th, run as follows:—

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays—

Will leave John Jarling at Chatham at 9.00 a.m. and Chatham for John Jarling's at . . . 2.00 p.m.

ON MONDAY AND FRIDAY—

Will leave Newcastle for J. Jarling's at . . . 6.00 a.m.

AND ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY—

Will leave Jarling's for Newcastle, at 6.00 p.m. This will allow the steamer to go out to London, when the tide suits, and always have John Jarling's at the wharf.

THURSDAY—

WILL LEAVE Newcastle for Redbank, at 6.00 a.m.
Redbank for Chatham, . . . 8.00
Chatham for Newcastle, . . . 11.00
Redbank for New Castle, . . . 4.00

CALL AT MILLER, Owners

Newcastle, July 19th, 1877.

International Steamship Company.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

T R I - W E E K L Y L I N E .

O N and after MONDAY, July 3, and smaller "Fleur de Mar," the splendid Sea-going Mail Steamer "Plover," E. B. Winchester, master, and "City of Montreal," J. H. Macdonald, master, will sail for the Plover's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, touching at Antwerp, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning will leave Boston every MONDAY, Wednesday and Friday, touching at Portland, Eastport, and Antwerp, and returning to Boston via Portland and Eastport with Steamers and Sail to all parts of the Atlantic.

No claims for allowance after goods leave the Warehouse.

Freight received Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, only, up to 7 o'clock p.m.

Cargo loaded exclusively to Royal Transient Agents, which are received up to the hour of sailing.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

HOTELS.

TORNBURN 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 reception of guests, and is situated in the best of locations.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

EARLE'S HOTEL,

Corner Canal and Centre Streets, near Broadway.

NEW YORK.

First Class Accommodations for Four Hundred Guests.

ROOM AND BOARD REASONED TO \$2.50 PER DAY.

Newly and Handsomely Furnished and Decorated. Contains a Grand Exchange, Gentlemen's Parlor, Billiard Room, and Smoking Saloon, Telephone Office, First-class Billiard Room, and Places of Amusement.

EARLE BROTHERS,

PROPRIETORS.

WAVERLEY HOTEL

NEW CASTLE, ----- MIRAMICHI, N B

TWO Houses has lately been constructed, and every possible arrangement has been made to ensure the comfort of travelers.

ES. LIVERY STABLE, COACHES, GIGS, GOFFITS ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX STEWART.

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

Canada House,

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

WM. JOHNSTON, -- -- PROPRIETOR.

C ONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this House to make it a first-class Hotel, and travelers will find it a desirable temporary residence both for business and pleasure. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing, and opposite Telegraph Post Office. The Proprietor extends thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor to give satisfaction and merit the same in the future.

GOOD STABLING ON THE PREMISES.

2-62

ROYAL HOTEL,

King Street.

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

Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and superior accommodation.

S. Blackhall's Livery Stable attached.

(THOS. F. RAYMOND)

St. John, July 19th, 1877.

Law Notices, etc.

[illegible]

Law, etc.

M. A. AMES.
Barrister and Attorney - at - Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, & C.
SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,
Agent for "Scottish Annuity Life Assurance Society,"
Agent for "Imperial," "Ethna," "Hartford" Fire Insurance Companies.
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
BATHURST OFFICE: - - - - -
store of K. F. Burns, Esq.

WM. A. PARK,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, & C.
OFFICE: - - - - -
CASTLE STREET,
NEW CASTLE, N. B.

E. P. Williston,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
OFFICE: - - - - -
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.
OFFICE: - - - - -
CHATHAM.

A. H. JOHNSON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC.
Chatham, N. B.
July 17, 77.

Manufr's., Builders, etc.

Saws! Saws!!
MR. THOMAS B. PEACE, a Practical SAW MANUFACTURER, has opened a SAW MANUFACTORY in Chatham, and is now prepared to execute all kinds of work in that line of business. Satisfaction guaranteed.
THOS. B. PEACE,
March 25-47
WATER ST., CHATHAM.

THRESHING MACHINES AND WOOD CUTTERS
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
SMALL & FISHER
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

I. MATHESON & Co.
Engineers & Boiler Makers
New Glasgow, N. S.,
Estimates Furnished for Engines and Boilers, Mill and other Machinery.
99

Patronize Home MANUFACTURE
I am now prepared to supply the Public with Superior Quality of
Doors, Windows, Blinds
HOUSE FINISHING,
For Inside or Outside. First Quality Pine or Cedar Shingles, and all
Plans and Match Lumber, and Plans and Set and Dutch Clayboards.
Scroll Sawing to any Pattern
TURNING, &c.
Having a Moulding Machine I am prepared to supply mouldings of different patterns, and to do finer work generally, at reasonable rates, guaranteeing satisfaction.
ALL ORDERS SOLICITED AND ATTENDED TO. CALL AT THE
Sash and Door Factory.
PUBLIC WHARF, - - - - CHATHAM.
PETER LOGGIE.
Liberal Prices will be given for Pine and Cedar wood suitable for making Sash, Shingles, &c.
40-4

PARKS'
COTTON YARNS.
A WARDED THE ONLY MEDAL given for COTTON YARNS of Canadian Manufacture, at the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.
Nos. 5's to 10's.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE & GREEN,
Warranted full length and weight.
Stronger and Better than any other Yarn in the Market.
Cotton Carpet Warp.
No. 12's 4 ply in all Colors.
WARRANTED FAST.
WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

CARD!
THE UNDERSIGNED would beg leave to inform his Patrons and the Public generally that he is now prepared to furnish
PLANS, DESIGNS
-AND-
SPECIFICATIONS
For any description of Building required.
at PRICES REASONABLE!
GEORGE CAISAIDY,
Architect
Chatham, N. B. 4th April, 1876

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.
THURSDAY, 20th day of July, 1877.
PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL
ERAL IN COUNCIL.
ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and under the provisions of that section of the Act passed in the session of the Parliament of Canada, held in the 23rd year of Her Majesty's reign, chapter 69, and known as "The Fisheries Act,"
His Excellency, by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following Fishery Regulation be for the same is hereby made and adopted:
"In the Province of New Brunswick, means shall not be used for, caught or killed, by means of any kind of Bag nets having meshes of a less size than one inch and a quarter, extending more than."
W. A. HIMSWORD.