THE HONEST BANKRUPT.

Yes, I'm a ruined man, Kate!
Everything is gone at last!
Nothing to show for the trouble and toil
Of the weary years that are past;
Houses and lands and money and all,
Have taken wings and fled,
This very morning I signed away
The roof from over our head.

I shouldn't care for myself, Kate;
I'm used to the world's rough ways,
I've dug, and delved, and plodded along
Through all my manhood days;
But I think of you and the children,
And it almost breaks my heart,
For I thought so surely to give my boys
And girls a splendid start.

So many years on the ladder, I thought
I was getting so near the top—
Only a few years longer, and then
I fondly expected to stop.
And put the boys in good places, Kate,
With an easier life ahead,
But now I must give the prospect up—
That comforting thought is dead.

"I'm worth more than my gold," eh, Kate!
You're good to look at it so,
But a man isn't worth very much, Kate,
When his hair is turning to snow;
My poor little girls, with their soft, white hands,
And innocent eyes of blue,
Turned adrift in the cold and heartless world,
What can and what will we do?

"An honest failure?" indeed it was,
Dollar for dollar paid,
And never a creditor suffered what'er
Hard, unfeeling people have said.
Better are rags and a conscience clear
Than a palace and flushes of shame,
One thing I shall leave to my children, Kate,
And that is an honest name.

What's that? "The boys are not troubled a bit."
They are ready now to begin
And gain as another fortune, and work
And toil through the thick and thin.
The noble fellows! already I feel
I haven't so much to bear,
Their courage has lightened my heavy load
Of misery and despair.

"And the girls are so glad it was honest?
They'd rather not dress so fine,
Than think they did it with money"
That wasn't honestly mine.
They ready to show what they've made of,
Quick to earn as well as to save?"
My blessed, good little daughters,
So generous and so brave.

And you think we needn't fret, Kate,
While we have each other left,
No matter of what possessions our lives,
Have been by this stroke bereft?
You are right, Kate; with a quiet conscience,
And a wife so good and true,
I'll put hand to the plough again,
And I know that we will pull through.

(Written for the HERALD)

LA NEIGE.

A SKETCH,

BY

MRS. BEATRICE MCGOWAN.

PROLOGUE.

The faint, sweet breath of incense; the priest in his robes before the altar; the calm, holy faces of the sisters of charity behind their lattice and the grand, pealing notes of the organ swelling out in the *magnificat*.

Never shall I forget it! my first attendance at vespers in the convent chapel in Canton-bury; nor the pale, beautiful face looking down so wistfully from the little gallery above the altar. She is praying. But as the thrilling words vibrate through the vaulted dome, the glorious, dark eyes are raised from priest and sanctuary, and fixed upon some object directly opposite.

It is no spiritual conception of a Raphael, no brilliant coloring of a Titian, nor the veriest morsel of the inspired works of a Michael Angelo; neither is it the fairy sculpturing of a Canova; nothing, but a very simple, very modern painting of the Mother of Our Lord. But as the soul enwrapped gaze of the beautiful eyes are fixed upon the canvas, we know that her silent supplication drifting heaven-ward—whatever that supplication may be—is very earnest and very sincere.

It is the day of the annunciation, and may the holiness of the time and the divine prayers of her so blessed by Almighty God intercede for her.

Before vespers we had visited the hospital of the *Hotel Dieu*, in connection with the convent, and gone through its various wards, all so scrupulously neat and clean, with their double rows of white-curtained beds, and their large, pleasant windows overlooking the quaint, old town, that clustered upon the bank of one of the most beautiful rivers in America. In the women's ward, the patients—most of them aged, feeble creatures, with whom my friend, through her kind, cheery manner, seemed an especial favorite—gave us a glad, smiling welcome.

What a trifle pleases them, what a little adds to their happiness! these poor women so dependent on the tender care so nobly given them, by those who have thought all earthly ties so infinitely less than the one grand object of doing their master's work. In one little half hour, more than in all the years of a life I yearned for the posession of money, and I think the feeling comes naturally to everyone at times like these, to yearn for the power of helping—be it never so small—a cause which instantly pleads to every feeling that is good within us.

God bless the noble, devoted hearts who are laboring with it so bravely; even as those women of old were blessed who ministered unto Jesus.

Through the kind courtesy of the sisters, the time passed swiftly and pleasantly until the vesper bell summoned us to the chapel, and there I first saw the face that seemed to cast such a strange, weird spell over me, that through the entire service, and all my way home, I could not drive it from my thoughts. In such faces there are always histories of some kind, could we read them. Sad but uneventful, passionate and regretful, as the case may be. But in this one, in the intense, yearning eyes, I felt intuitively that whatever her past had held for her her prayers were not without hope and trust for the future.

Some time later, when I had come to know and love her—we women *do* love one another sometimes—I learnt all her simple, pathetic story, as I give it here; useing the author's privilege of telling it in my own way.

PART I.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong,
A word too much, or a frown too long;
There comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again."

The transport ship *Alert*, carrying troops to India, had left the Southampton docks some distance behind, when a woman's anxious voice rang half way through the grand saloon.

"Rose! Where is Rose? Gerald, I have not seen her this half hour, not since we started."

The young man addressed as Gerald and wearing the uniform of an English officer—the handsome dark blue dress of the 62nd Royal Rifles—passed his hand through the clustering locks of fair hair that surmount his handsome sun-burnt face, as he answers, half resentfully:—

"Rest easy, mother. She is all right. I saw her but five minutes ago, talking with Hammond."

"She is so thoughtless," the mother says, with a sigh; "I never feel easy when she is out of my sight."

"I should think so," her son laughs, "When you bring her all the way to India to keep her in it and, all jesting aside, what I am going to do with *two* women on my hands, I am sure I don't know."

"One is your betrothed wife, and Ward the other, is your mother—Gerald."

He is told, reproachfully.

"Of course I am prepared to remember all that, but you don't appreciate the difficulty. You see, mother, if you were an elderly lady with a false front and all that sort of thing, you'd do to *chaperone La Neige* yourself, and give a fellow a chance to look round him a bit. But you look nearly as young as she does, consequently I have got to take care of you both. See that you are introduced to the right sort of people; snub those who are sufficiently officious to make use of your Anglo-Saxon ignorance; secure a first-class bungalow—attend receptions—kettle-drums and garden parties—respond to toasts, and probably play the principal in half a dozen duels. Nice prospect, isn't it? when I could be quietly enjoying myself in my own way among the elephants."

"My son, did I not know how very thoughtlessly you speak sometimes I might feel hurt at this levity, and it may be better that you have your mother and Miss St. Arnold for whom to think. I know what an officer's life is likely to be in Calcutta, and remember that ten years of mine were spent with your father in India."

"I remember it, of course, mother, and remember with intense gratification also, that I shall have two of the prettiest women in Calcutta for which to care, and that there will be lots of fellows who'd be willing to give anything for the pleasure of stepping into my shoes. There that's better," he adds, placing a light shawl about her shoulders. "The breeze is beginning to grow cold. Are you quite comfortable now, mother? That's right, then I'm off to hunt up *La Neige*."

He turns away whistling a snatch of some popular air, while Mrs. Aylmer looks after him with the light of a proud love shining in her eyes.

Surely it is something, sometimes to be an only child.

Captain Aylmer—who through illness has been home on furlough—is going out to re-join his regiment, and his mother—not been willing to trust his entire convalescence to the habitual carelessness of all men upon such occasions—resolved to accompany him.

But there was a difficulty to be overcome first, and that difficulty lay in the pretty person of her son's ward, and her own future daughter-in-law, Miss St. Arnold.

Mrs. Aylmer's rigid sense of duty held that duty but half performed, where the slightest innovations of either pleasure or inclination might clash with its strict requirements.

Rose would be an extra anxiety, but Rose must not on any account be left behind in England. Heaven knows *what* the child might not take it into her head to do, were she left the sole arbitrator of her destiny.

True, there was her aunt, Lady Bearwarden, of Bearwarden Court, near London, but to leave a wilful, wayward girl like Rose to the gentle care of the aged mistress of the court, would be something like instructing a young lion to the care of a mouse.

No, *that* must not be thought of for a moment, and consequently—after the fashion of most elderly ladies who are chronically nervous—Mrs. Aylmer worked herself up to the firm conviction that Rose must go to India, or suffer all sorts of imaginary evils, in consequence of her own dereliction in leaving her at home.

It is needless to say that this arrangement, in spite of his laughing assertions to his mother, met with the entire approbation of Captain Aylmer.

"Rose," he says, and his voice sounds altogether different now, as he bends over a lithe, graceful figure, occupying a camp stool at the foot of the companion way, and quite regardless of the usual noise and confusion to be found on board a transport. "My mother is anxious over you as usual. I am come to relieve that anxiety by constituting myself your guardian angel. Of what are you thinking, sweetheart?"

"I was thinking," she answers, simply; looking out over the sunlit waters, "if I ever *could* grow tired of the sea—I love it so—and of a scene like this."

"You will have a pretty good chance to prove whether you can or not," he tells her. "But unfortunately it is not always like this."

"No," she says, slowly, while a shadow creeps over the lovely face.

"Oh! treacherous sea. You can smile and smile, and break into ten thousand smiles, and yet—Gerald," she interrupts herself, impulsively; "should we ever encounter a storm, you must promise never to leave me. I believe I should be even afraid to die in the midst of a storm at sea."

"I promise, *La Neige* as in duty bound, only we must have no talk about dying. You have considerable to live for *Ma Reine*."

"O! you are too modest," she cries, gaily, raising her eyes—Irish eyes, dark and sparkling—for the first time. "Why do you not tell the truth at once, and be honest over it? You know that you exact supreme monopoly. Confess now that it was the unfortunate fact of my stopping to speak with Lieutenant Hammond—I saw you looking at us as you passed—and not Mrs. Aylmer, who started you on your present expedition."

He laughs at her words, but a slight expression of annoyance clouds the fair frankness of his face, nevertheless. Miss St. Arnold does not see it, and clasping her hands over his arm, asks carelessly:—

"Gerald, why is it that you dislike him so?"

"I do not dislike him," he answers, "Only so far as you are concerned. I do not like to see you with him."

"But why?" she persists.

"This, if you will have it," he tells her, but clasping the little hands close the while. "Any man who can boast and talk of women, and forget that he ever had either mother or sisters, is not the man I should like my wife to know. Rose, he is not worthy to know you."

"He never said anything about me, Gerald, did he?"

"No, by heaven! Should he ever take your name upon his lips, as I have heard him speak of some who considered him a friend, I would shoot him quicker than I would a dog."

La Neige—the pretty pet name he has given her himself, on account of the pearly fairness of her face—shivers at the vehemence of his words; but presently, she says, with an attempt to be charitable.

"Then I am happy to say that your shot will have ample time in which to grow rusty, as he has never addressed me save with kindest respect."

"Take care, Rose," Captain Aylmer, replies, dryly; "We are told that even the tiger knows when to sheath its claws."

"But a man may be supremely ignorant, how ridiculously transparent he can be sometimes." She laughs.

"Poor Cyril Hammond, how I pity him."

"Why should you pity him." A flush rising to the fair, saxon face, "and after what I have told you."

"Because—'tis strange but true, for truth is always strange,'—and I am afraid that you are most absurdly—"

"What!" as she stops in dire confusion.

"Jealous! There you've got it at last, Gerald, and please may we say good-bye to Mr. Hammond, now; he is not over interesting just at present, I assure you."

"With all my heart," Gerald says, promptly; at once changing the subject of conversation—as we are so apt to do on similar occasions—by asking a very common-place question.

"How long have you been here, La Neige! Shall I fetch you a wrap!"

"I have been here almost since we started, and I am quiet warm, thank you. I wonder how many hours' I shall spend just like this, and if it will really grow monotonous towards the end."

"Time and the hour run through the longest day," he quotes gaily. "And the only trouble there is, is that it will prove all too short. Rose," he adds, quickly, bending low over her. "Why can't we be married in India? Then you need not go back at all. I have been thinking of it all along, and have come to the conclusion that it is the very best plan in the world. Then the mother could return to England at once, satisfied. I know, and you also, that this voyage will do her no good. She could not stand the climate before when she was younger, it will be worse now. Shall it be so *La Neige*? Can you give up St. George's and the necessary bevy of bridesmaids, and trust to my love for you to make up for all sacrifices."

For one instant the lovely, dark eyes look thoughtful; with some of the tender thoughtfulness that is to come into them in the after years. Then the very perverseness of a careless, sunny nature takes possession of her.

"What! and my presentation at the next drawing-room. You must be crazy, Gerald. No, indeed, *mon ami*, I love you, of course, but that sublime fact must not make me quite oblivious to all other considerations. There, I am morally certain that the dinner bell will ring before *Adele* is read for me. One of the disadvantages of these long voyages," she adds, with a pretty *ennuied* air of suddenly acquired importance.

"One is always in trouble about one's luggage. I dare say, the very dress I want to wear this evening, will be at the bottom of the trunk, most difficult to get at. You don't know one half the trouble and worry we women have, Gerald."

"Ah! how infinitely little she has known of the real meaning of those two words, when the mere displacement of a dress can cause her to use them so thoughtlessly.

Captain Aylmer gnaws savagely at his mustache. He is not—as a usual thing—overblessed with patience, and just now that amiable possession is at a very low ebb indeed.

"Throw a woman's love for anything else under the sun, and her love of dress into the scales at the same time, and ten to one the last comes out winner. I wonder if her mind can grasp at anything beyond it."

"My dear friend don't wonder at anything," *La Neige* says, demurely, rising at the same time. "It isn't healthy you know, to keep the mind in suspense, and I am afraid that were you once to start the problem of our tastes and possibilities, you would get most hopelessly stranded. Take the good the God's have sent you, and don't illustrate the nursery rhymes of our infancy, by crying for the moon."

(Continued in our next.)

M. MCLEOD, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobacconists Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking and Chewing Tobacco Havana Cigars, &c. His "Queen" Cigars, "three for a quarter," are the genuine article. Virginia Shag and Gold Leaf Smoking Tobaccos a specialty.

Great Bank Robbery.

On the 20th inst. a branch of the City of Glasgow Bank at Douglas, Isle of Man, was entered by thieves, and the sum of £8,750 taken from the strong room. The cashier of the bank, named Andrew William Gray, who is in custody on suspicion with two other persons named Thomas Roberts and Adam Nix, states that three men in masks met him outside the town late on Saturday night. They demanded from him the keys of the bank. He resisted, when one of them fired at him and shot him through the coat and hat. He fell down insensible, and believes that he was "chloroformed." He says he was dragged to the opposite side of the road, which is very dark, and lay there several hours. The last thing he heard as he was becoming insensible was one of the men saying, "Dead men tell no tales." On recovering his senses, on Sunday, he found that the keys of the bank had been taken from him. He made his way to the York Hotel, which is conducted by the prisoner Roberts, with whom Gray has some pecuniary relations. Nix had been a waiter at Castle Mona Hotel, but recently lodged at the York Hotel. Gray informed Roberts and Nix of the attacks on him, and at once sent one of them to alarm the bank, and the other to give information to the police. Dr. Gray, of the hospital, was brought to examine Gray to see if he was injured. It was found that there was a few shot-holes in his coat and one in his hat, and in the coat pocket a pellet was discovered. A subsequent examination by the police revealed the fact that this pellet fits a pistol belonging to Gray himself. On the alarm being given at the bank, Mr. Greig, a son of the Manager, went down to the cashier at the York Hotel, and the latter informed him of the way in which the bank keys had been taken from him. Mr. Greig hurried up to the bank, and examination of the premises resulted in the discovery that the strong room had been entered, and the sum of, at least, £8,750 in gold had been taken. It appeared also that the apartment must have been entered before midnight on Saturday. This room was supposed to be doubly secured. Mr. Gray as cashier, held the key of the door, which is of solid iron and of great strength, and Mr. J. K. Greig, as manager, had the power of fastening it by means of a thick iron bar, which slipped through into the door from his own bedroom, where it was held down by bolt and key. When Mr. Greig went to bed, which was about midnight, he shot the bolt and fastened it down, but on examining the door, after the cashier had given the alarm, it was found that the strong room door was ajar, and that consequently the bolt from Mr. Greig's bedroom, instead of being fixed into the door, had been shot into open space. Further examination of the bank premises showed that although the windows and doors were fastened with bolts, not one of these had been removed during Sunday.

At the hearing of the charge against the prisoners, Dr. Gray, surgeon to the hospital, stated that he had been called in about five o'clock on Sunday morning to see Gray, and found him in a bedroom at the York Hotel. He seemed in a great state of excitement, and there were bullet holes through his hat and coat. One of the bullets was stopped by a letter in the breast pocket of the inner coat. He examined Gray, but found no marks of injury on his person. He presented the appearance of a person who had recently been under the influence of drink or of a narcotic. Speaking as a medical man, he could not understand how a sufficient quantity of chloroform could be administered in the way described to have the desired effect, and if so administered it would probably have proved fatal. Witness said that Nix, who went with him to the bank that morning, called attention to one of the windows not been properly fastened, but upon witness examining the window its appearance and the dust showed that it was undisturbed on Saturday night. The police have made a careful examination of Milnount, one of Gray's residences, but no traces of the missing gold were discovered. Gray's and the bank keys were found yesterday lying in the garden of Dr. King, who lives in a house adjoinning the bank. The keys were rusty, and had evidently been exposed to the weather. Very large sums in gold and bank notes were left untouched.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Cartmen's slang.—Hire a haul.

Hop Merchants—Dancing masters.

The following conversation took place recently in a hotel: "Waiter." "Yes." "What's this?" "Its a bean soup." "No matter what it has been, the question is, what is it now."

She never told her love, but she roped him in for about half a ton of ice cream, all the same, and as much candy as two sugar-refineries could turn out in the course of a year, and now he says that if any worm in the bud is going to prey on her damask cheek, it would be advisable to let the contract out to a sea-serpent, and then bet on the cheek.

The wise daughter is the pride of her father, yea, her mother doth delight in her; but the foolish maiden bringeth sorrow. She hangeth on the front gate; she tippeth up her hat over her left ear. Her eye is full of the Old Nick. She glanceth over her shoulder when she promenades on Main street. Her handkerchief is also seen. Then the dry goods clerk says, "Ha! ha!" He smileth to himself; he maketh mistakes in the measure of calico.

A seafaring man, who was recently married, gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which we think will put some of the "society" papers to the blush: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left the millinery dry docks; is clipper built, and with a figure-head not often seen on a small craft. Her length of keel is five feet, eight inches, over all five feet, eleven inches; displaces twenty-seven cubit feet of air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball room; full in the waist, spars trim. At the time we were spliced she was newly rigged, fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers, mainsail part silk, with forestay of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best steel, covered with silk, with whalebone stanchions. This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of storm sails for rough weather and is rigging out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are liable to occur in this latitude sooner or later. I am told that in running down the street before the wind she answers to the helm beautifully, and can turn around in her own length if a handsomer craft passes her."

J. L. McCOSKERY,
(Late with H. Chubb & Co.,)
STATIONER, PRINTER,
—AND—
BOOKBINDER,
ENNIS & GARDNER'S BUILDING,
PRINCE WM., STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Commercial Hotel
Opposite the Depot,
BREEN'S BRICK BLOCK,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.,
GEO. W. FOSTER, Proprietor.
THE HOUSE is New and Commodious, and every attention will be given to the comfort of its guests.
☞ TERMS REASONABLE. ☜
Fine sample rooms on the premises and Eagan & McGarrity's large and spacious Livery and Boarding Stables, are also conducted in connection with the Hotel.
Baggage taken to and from the Depot free of charge. mar23

WHISKEY.
Just received ex "Hibernian," from Liverpool
8 QR-CASKS GLENLISSA WHISKEY;
25 cases Lorne Highland "
16 " Hazelburn " "
20 " " pts "
29 " Old Irish "
For sale low, by
nov16 M. A FINN.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED.
THE
WEEKLY MAIL.
Enlarged to Eight Pages
AND
No Increase in Price.
IT is nearly six years since the "MAIL" was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it second to no other newspaper in the Dominion. The Publisher takes great pleasure in announcing that he purposes to still further increase this circulation by greatly improving the WEEKLY MAIL during the ensuing year, whereby he hopes to make it
The Great Family Paper of Canada.
Special Editors have been engaged for the various Departments, and no expense will be spared to make the whole paper
INTERESTING AND RELIABLE.
The MAIL, will remain true to the principles it has always advocated, and it is intended to make it, by the aid of such additional strength as ample capital can afford, even a more potent champion of the Conservative cause.
ALL THE OLD DEPARTMENTS OF
NEWS, POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE AND EDITORIAL,
will be continued with unabated vigour.
During 1878 the following Departments will receive special attention:—
Agricultural in its various branches, made specially interesting by a series of prize articles on leading subjects. We propose that our subscribers shall make this a Mutual Improvement Club, and that each one shall add his mite to the general fund of agricultural knowledge.
Our Market Reports will be a specialty; we will use every means to secure their complete reliability.
Our Literary Department will be a leading feature. Stories both short and continued from the pens of the best authors, and in many cases illustrated.
Our Ladies Department, under charge of Ladies of experience, will, we have no doubt, prove an interesting and valuable feature. Fashions, Household, Culinary Matters, the care of Children, &c., will be included in this department.
Health in the Household, under charge of an able medical man, will add to the value of the WEEKLY MAIL.
During the year we will treat our readers to a tour through a portion of Canada, with descriptions of the Houses, Farms, Factories, Natural Scenery, &c. Arrangements are being made for illustrating the WEEKLY MAIL during the coming year. **Price as before, $1.50 Per annum.**
DAILY MAIL, $5.00 per annum. Special Agents Wanted Everywhere.
dec29 Address, THE MAIL, Toronto

BASS' ALE.
IN WAREHOUSE:—30 Packages BASS' ALE, in hhds., bbls. and kilderkins.
For sale low.
M. A. FINN,
mar23 Hazen Building

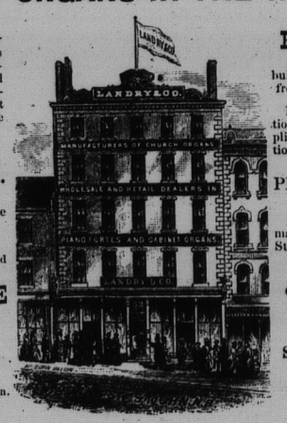
Queen Hotel,
WATER STREET,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.
☞ Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on Reasonable Terms.
Livery and Boarding Stables in connection with the House.
D. W. McCormick, Proprietor.

W. Martin & Son,
Custom Tailor and Clothier,
HAS REMOVED
TO HIS
New Building Dock Street,
(Old Stand,)
SAINT JOHN, N. B.,
WHERE WE WILL CARRY ON THE TAILORING BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

DIPTHERIA!
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Plumber & Gas-Fitter,
has removed to his shop, Hunter's Building,
NO. 86 PRINCESS STREET,
where all orders entrusted to him will receive immediate attention. mvy18

'The Faith of our Fathers'
BY BISHOP GIBBONS.
THE
Most popular Book of its kind ever published in this country
30,000 COPIES SOLD IN THREE MONTHS!
Every Catholic in the Dominion should read it.
PRICE IN PAPER COVER 50 cts., OR IN CLOTH $1.
☞ Sent postpaid on receipt of price to any part of the Dominion.
EDW. HANEY & CO., - - KING STREET
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LANDRY & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE
CELEBRATED ESTEY ORGANS
ACKNOWLEDGED THE
FINEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD
WE refer with pleasure to upwards of 600 of these Beautiful Instruments sold by us in the Lower Provinces during the past four years. They are
Favorites Everywhere.
Their prices range from $70 upwards,
A Beautiful illustrated
CATALOGUE
AND
PRICE LIST
sent free on application.


Pipe Organs
built to order, at prices from $500 to $5.000.
Plans and Specifications furnished on application. Satisfaction guaranteed.
PIANOFORTES
from the the best makers in the United States, at lowest possible prices.
CATALOGUES
sent free.
Sheet Music,
Music Books, &c.
☞ Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.
LANDRY & CO.,
No. 52 King Street, (Old Stand) St. John, N. B.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES
ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR
Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Piles!
They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:—
Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.
They RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, act promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Secular Press praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them advise their friends to use nothing else. Price 30 and 60 cents per box, and sold by druggists, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.
may23 E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B

Three Building Lots to Lease
TO lease for 14 years, with usual conditions, except that spirituous liquors are not to be sold on the premises, the following desirable Building Lots, viz:—
No. 1, on the corner of Carmarthen and Brittain street, has a frontage of 30 feet on Carmarthen street, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental $90 per annum.
No. 2—lot on Carmarthen street adjoining No. 1, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental $70 per annum.
No. 3.—Lot on Carmarthen street adjoining Lot No. 2, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in rear. Rental $70 per annum.
This whole property has a frontage of 100 feet on Carmarthen street and 80 feet on Brittain street. Total area 8,000 feet.
By order,
ROBERT MARSHALL
eb23 Treasurer Protestant Orphan Asylum.

CANDAGE BROS.,
Dealers in
Wines Liquors, Cigars, &c
14 CANTERBURY ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
B. W. Candage. C. A. Candage
feb23

HAWKES BROTHERS,
Dealers in
Ales, Wines and Liquors,
48 GERMAIN STREET,
AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
nov8

NEW HATS.
SPRING STYLES FOR 1878.
HAVING ceived our new Spring style of
SILK HAT BOCKS,
we are now prepared to finish the Broadway Style of Silk Hat, and orders for the same will be executed with despatch.
—ALSO—
Just received 4 cases of new and desirable Styles of American Soft and Stiff Fur and Felt Hats, in Black and Seal Brown Colors, fine and Medium qualities.
BARSLEY BROS.,
22 Charlotte street,
mar2 and cor. Brussels and Richmond sts

HAVANA CIGARS.
Just received from New York:
THIRTY-FIVE M. Laltcal, Lal'ncn, El Horeon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de L Reinas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.
Daily expected from New York:
45 M. Republica Espanolas and La Union CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.
The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.
M. A. FINN,
nov71 Hazen Building.

R. J RITCHIE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
LAW OFFICE:
Opp Court House, King square
mar 9

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL
WINE STORE.
M. & H. GALLAGHEIR,
No. 8 Charlotte Street,
BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.
By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
Wines, Brandies, &c.,
on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
M. & H. GALLAGHER
une2 8 and 12 Charlotte street

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,
Lograngе Yards, Little River.
LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand large Supply of
PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,
Common and Pressed
DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore
For land and other purposes.
Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.
Orers filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 539 John, N. B.

SPRING, 1878.
NEW GOODS
ex S.S. "Scandinavia" and Allen Line.
WE ask the attention of our Customers and Public to the large and varied assortment
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT,
FOR SALE LOW.
W. G. LAWTON,
42 KING ST. & 61 G EBMAIN ST.