...d,
...more,
...s then
...the store."
...n the world,
...n to miss;
...wo-legged friends
...regret than with this.

...s it recalls of the past,
...moments of rapturous ease;
When delicate hands that I loved
Swept over the ivory keys;
When tremulous tender and sweet,
Rose quivered, and died on the air
And life was a story in song,
Untouched by the shadow of care.

What visions of suppers it brings,
More jolly, I fancy, than wise,
When radiant bachelor swells,
Swarmed in for a merry surprise.
Then chorus and song, till at last
Wine clouded the talents of each;
And musical lunacy came
To finish it all in a search.

What dreams of the dances now fled
When, brighter to us than the stars,
We waltzed with the daintiest girls,
Who did not "object to cigars."
Rare plans for the future we laid,
We thought not of sorrow or loss,
But whirled in swift circles of bliss
To the magical measures of Straust.

You've answered to many a touch,
And sounded full many a tune;
December hath brought you its wreaths,
And summer sent roses of June;
You've witnessed the rise and the fall
Of many old friendships and new,
But out of my feeling for all,
Old friend, I've the deepest for you!

Written for the HERALD by a little girl, but 12 years of age.

ETHEL, OR WHO SHE WAS.

BY F. F. M. M.

CHAPTER I.

It was a dreary day in November, and the rain was falling fast, that a young girl of about thirteen stood by a window of a fashionable house on Madison Square. She was tall, slightly made, light hair that fell in golden ringlets to her waist, blue eyes, features well formed, and altogether a very handsome girl. She wore a light grey dress, trimmed in the fashion of to-day, blue sash around her waist, and fastened with a gold pin. Her whole costume, although simply made, betokened grace and refinement.

At last she spoke: "Well, it is decided that I cannot go to the matinee to-day, and I wished so much to see the 'Two Orphans' played. Besides, it is the greatest wonder that my aunt Myra ever consented to let me go, but I suppose it was on account of that strange lady and gentleman at dinner but," and here her face became clouded as she added: "I wonder what makes Rosine hate me so. I am sure I never did anything to hurt her and yet she calls me 'pauper,' 'foundling,' and other names. I really cannot imagine the cause," here the door opened and a young lady, of about sixteen, entered the room, exclaiming:

"Come right up stairs, this minute, Ethel; or I'll tell mother that you are not looking for the pearl cross that I lost."

"Indeed, Rosine," answered Ethel; "I am not obliged to do any thing you ask in so unmannerly a way."

At these words, Rosine's face became purple with passion as she said:

"How dare you answer me in such a manner, you young pauper, depending on me for support," and so saying, this young lady flounced out of the room, shutting the door with a bang.

Ethel burst into tears as she listened to her cousin's cruel words, but, presently hearing her aunt calling her, and drying up her tears, ran upstairs to her aunt's boudoir.

Rosine Alward was just in her sixteenth year. A middling tall, dark-haired girl; grey eyes and good complexion, she had a bad temper, and thoroughly hated her cousin (as Ethel was called) on account of her beauty and gentle ways. Ethel was only an adopted child of Mr. Alward, who on coming home on a very stormy evening, found a beautiful child of four years, sitting on the door step. She was richly dressed and a necklace of the rarest pearls were in a little ivory box which she held in her hand.

Harry Alward questioned her, but all she replied was "that she was not with her mother, and they entered a store where she purchased the string of white beads and had given them to her to hold. She went to the door and a large black dog frightened her, and she ran down streets and up streets, until she was tired." Mr. Alward took pity on her, brought her into his house and kept her, notwithstanding the hatred of his wife and daughter for the fair-haired little stranger.

Advertisements had been put in all the papers, both English and foreign, but all to no avail. No clue could be found to the child's parents. She told them her name was Ethel but nothing further did she remember.

CHAPTER II.

In an elegant apartment of Fifth Avenue, sat an elderly lady, plainly but richly dressed, in a black silk velvet, trimmed with honiton lace. The sole ornament she wore was a pair of bracelets exquisitely carved, and in the centre a cluster of pearls forming two stars. A small table of Indian workmanship inlaid with ivory was beside her and on it a cup of chocolate, hot-cross-buns, muffins, and waffles. Of all this repast not one particle had been tasted. The lady sat down and took a sup of the chocolate and pushed it away from her, impatiently walking up and down the room, and then clasped her hands together as if in agony, and at last exclaimed:

"'Tis just seven years since I lost her, and then was it by my carlessness or not? All my inquiries, all my advertisements, amount to naught; but yet, why this strange dream. Three nights in succession have I dreamt that my dear child is in England and as adopted child. But, there is no belief in dreams; nevertheless, I am going back to England."

"Well, Vivian, how are you this morning," this was addressed to a young and very handsome gentleman that had just entered the room, attired in a suit of broadcloth, and diamond studs flashing in the sunlight. He was the next heir to the vast estates of the Duke of Muirland. This lady whom he addressed as aunt is only a very distant relation, in fact, hardly anything but having been for a great part of his life with her, he always called her aunt. Vivian is just in the twentieth year, and with so brilliant a future, is, of course, the beau ideal of fashionable mothers and daughters. In return the Countesses' greetings for it was no less a personage than the Countess of Gottenburg who had addressed him, he replied:

"Very well, I assure you, my dear aunt; and also with the pleasing intelligence that my guardian has at length consented to let me go to England with you."

"Oh! Vivian, you do not know how thankful I am to have some one with me on the way, that I know. But now, Vivian, go and get your clothes in readiness for I leave in two hours, and so saying, they both quitted the apartment together."

CHAPTER III.

A great festival was to be held in Alward's mansion, on Madison Square, for the young, handsome and accomplished, Miss Ethel Alward, was to make her first appearance in the fashionable society of London. Her foster-father, Mr. Harry Alward, had promised her a fete on her sixteenth birthday. The Countess of Gottenburg and Vivian DeForest were sure to be there so the gossips said.

Ethel, whom when we saw her last was but in her thirteenth year, is now in her sixteenth and beautiful as a picture to-night. She is attired in blue silk, trimmed with costly lace, the same set of pearls that had been found with her, and bracelets on her arms given her by her foster-father.

Rosine had pink silk, trimmed with blonde lace and Indian muslin, and a beautiful set of brilliants, a present from her grandmother on last Christmas.

Mrs. Alward is exceedingly stylish in a robe of dark green silk, with her lace over dress which was of itself worth a good fortune, and the rubies that flashed in the gas-light. The guests are pouring in and at half-past nine a page announces the Countess of Gottenburg and Vivian, Duke of Muirland. Mrs. Alward hastens to meet them and after greeting them cordially, the Countess begs to be introduced. As she turns to do so, her eyes lights on Ethel, her face became ghastly pale, and she fell to the floor, murmuring "that necklace of pearls, if it is only true." A great crowd had by this time gathered around and had carried her up stairs and laid her on a sofa. When she recovered, she asked Mrs. Alward if the young lady down stairs in blue silk had a mother?

"No;" my dear, lady, "she is but my adopted child."

"Adopted child, strange indeed, and my dream, my dream," she murmured. Mrs. Alward, I beg your pardon, for my fainting, but I will tell you the cause. Twelve years ago, I had an only child, whom I named Ethel. One day I was out shopping and took her with me. I went into a jewelry store where I was getting a pearl necklace mended, and while speaking to the man, the little child disappeared. I had given her a swall ivory box, which contained the pearls to hold, while I put on my glove, but all my advertisements and everything I did, found her not for me, and the necklace that that young lady had on looked so much like the necklace I lost and your daughter like my daughter. Mrs. Alward hastened to explain, and when she finished she sent for Ethel. The Countess held out her arms to her, saying: "My dearest Ethel, let me embrace you as my long lost daughter."

Here we leave Ethel and her mother and go to Vivian and another young man.

"Don't you think, Charlie, she is handsome; I am head over heels in love with her already."

Six months later there was a wedding at this same mansion and the bride was Ethel, and the bride-groom, Vivian, Duke of Muirland. Ethel wore that set of pearls which led to the discovery of who she was.

THE END.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her; she made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, food agreeable—for pity's sake tell her you thank her if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have these ten years, but it will do her good, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Home may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its holiness. You know if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous.

Everything that pleases the eye and sense has been produced by constant work, much through great care and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things and feel a glow of gratitude for numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they don't come with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things, wife," or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for their "fits;" they thank a man on a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank a young lady who moves along in a concert room—in short, they thank everybody out doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, and pull out the newspaper; grumble if their wives ask them to take the baby, scold if the fire has gone down, or, if anything is just right, shut their mouths with a snap of satisfaction, but never say, "I thank you."

I tell you what men, young and old, if you do but show ordinary civility to those common articles of housekeeping, your wives, if you would give them the hundred-and-sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before you were married, fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are counterbalanced by your own.

ON THE BENCH.—A few days ago the Police Magistrate, finding it necessary to leave the Bench, sent for two young Aldermen to preside. They accepted, and felt enormously big, until the first case came up, when they looked at one another with an air of sore preplexity, meaning, "what in the d—l will we do with it?" Then the ready wit of one suggested that it should be adjourned, and the officiating Mogul disposed of it accordingly. The next case was a still more difficult one, and the two Aldermen attempted to handle it, but a few questions from a lawyer so confounded their legal knowledge, that they became very much flustered, and felt like committing suicide. The man of ready wit again came to the rescue; he whispered "adjourn the case—adjourn the d—n Court." Officiating Mogul: "This Court is adjourned:" and the administrators of justice left the Bench and Court in all possible haste. Can't get them up there any more.—*Montreal Herald.*

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECIPES.

PURE orris-root powder is a harmless and agreeable tooth-powder.

RAISINS are rendered quite digestible if boiled or steamed before using them in cakes or pies.

A DELICIOUS syrup is made by melting one pound of maple sugar with two pounds of white sugar.

THE smell of paint may be taken away by opening the windows and setting pans of water in the room; or burn some coffee on a red hot iron plate.

IT is asserted that common washing-soda moistened and applied to a burn or scald gives immediate relief from pain, and effects a quick and complete cure.

LIP SALVE.—Oil of sweet almonds, eight ounces; white wax, three ounces; spermaceti, three ounces; rhodium, 50 drops, and white sugar candy form an excellent lip salve.

REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.—If they are very bad apply at night a plaster of brown sugar, mixed with scrapings of common bar soap: wash the feet daily with brown bar soap and water.

A PILLOW-CASE, well saturated with water and having a small hole torn in it to look through, placed loosely over the head, will be found an admirable impromptu respirator in the densest smoke.

REMEDY FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Five cents' worth of gum camphor, the same of sweet oil, and white wax; place together in a cup until thoroughly mixed. Wash the hands clean and wipe dry; apply before retiring.

THOSE who may be subject in the night time to that excruciating pain called cramp, will be doubtless glad to learn that by tying any kind of bandage very tight around the leg, immediately above the knee, this unpleasent sensation will be instantly removed.

PEROXIDE of hydrogen is recommended to prevent the spread of scarlet fever and small-pox, as it contains a larger amount of oxygen than any other known substance, and one-half of which is loosely combined and in a highly active condition, ready to combine with any organic matter with which it may be brought in contact.

COUGH MIXTURES.—Syrup of tolu, syrup of squills, and ipecacuanna wine, twopenny-worth each; dose half a teaspoonful when cough is troublesome. Tried and found good. No. 2, compound mixture of bark, tincture of tolu, sweet spirits of nitre, and paregoric elixir, two-pennyworth of each; dose, one teaspoonful when cough is troublesome.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TEA BISCUIT.—One pint of sour milk, or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water, two teaspoonfuls melted butter, flour enough to make a soft dough, but stiff enough to handle; mix, roll, and cut out rapidly, with as little handling as possible; bake in a quick oven.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of warm water, one-half of a cup of molasses, three cups of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt, cloves, etc., one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, and two-thirds of a cup of currents and one-quarter of a pound of citron.

RAISED BISCUIT.—Make a sponge of about a pint of milk or water, with a small piece of yeast-cake or a penny's worth of baker's yeast at night; in the morning knead with a pint of milk, warmed, and half a cupful butter and lard; knead very soft; let stand until light, then knead again; when light roll out, cut with a small glass, let it stand for an hour in the pans; bake quickly.

TO HASH COLD TURKEY.—Cut the meat from the bones, put them in a saucepan and pour over them a quart of boiling water; let them simmer two hours; chop the meat very fine; remove the bones; place the meat in the saucepan and simmer a half-hour longer; add butter, salt, and pepper, and thicken slightly with flour; have ready a dish of buttered toast; pour the hash over it, and serve very hot. Other cold meats may be prepared the same way.

POTATO PIE.—I. One pound of mashed potato, rubbed through a colander; one-half pound of butter rubbed to a cream with two cupfuls of white sugar; six eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately; the juice of one lemon, squeezed into the potato while hot, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, the same of mace. Bake in shells of paste, or in dishes lined with good paste, without covers.

II. Peel and boil six good-sized potatoes; when quite soft drain and mash through a colander; stir to a cream one-fourth pound of butter and three-quarters of sugar; add the potatoes and beaten yolks of five eggs; beat the mixture until very light; flavor with one grated nutmeg, a wineglassful of brandy, and one of wine; stir in the whites of the eggs, having whipped them to a stiff froth; line the pie-pans with a rich pastry, and bake it a very light brown; then fill them with the mixture and bake until the tops are quite brown; serve cold.

An Exciting Incident of a Balloon Voyage.

(American Register.)

In 1874 Blondeau was fortunate enough to be successful in saving the life of a man who had been caught in the ropes as the balloon left the ground. This was at Oran, in Algeria. Blondeau had got his Montgolfiere, with the trapeze underneath, all in readiness; more than twenty men were at the ropes that held the swaying monster down; the order was given to let go, and the balloon dashed up; but an unfortunate man was caught by one leg and carried up by the loose cordage above the trapeze. The crowd remained silent and horror-struck in that moment of horrible suspense, the usual stereotyped occurrence—the fainting of ladies—took place. However, Blondeau did not faint, but courageously slid down to the trapeze, shouting to the man to hold on. The crowd heard no more, and soon they could distinguish nothing. The balloon sped on till from a height of 4,000 feet it commenced to descend, then Blondeau was seen standing on the trapeze, with the man still suspended by one foot, the other swinging about and the middle of his body resting on the head of the aeronaut. At first, Blondeau was on the point of climbing up to get out of the way of the man, whose fall appeared inevitable and which would have endangered him; but the poor man exclaimed, piteously: "My wife! my children!" and Blondeau stopped, and forgetting all personal danger, stood right up on the trapeze and slowly placed his head under the man's back, saying, firmly: "Now, look at the balloon or close your eyes; if you try to disengage your foot we are lost; remain still and you will be safe." And they came down to the ground in safety.

Love's Young Dream.

A bridal couple, with more style about them than a grass widow, honored the Indiana House with their presence two or three days during the past week. They gave the dining-room a mighty stony look by marching in at meal-time arrayed in their new clothes, with white gloves on, and when old man Ryman first saw them he took one square look, and then set down his coffee-pot and went out into the kitchen and laughed until his eye-balls felt pointed. In that supreme moment he felt that he was paid ten times over with compound interest for all the trials, vexations and unpaid board bills encountered in his experiences since he left the old farm.

When the dining-room girl got her face straight enough to get behind their chairs and say:

"Roast beef, roast pork, lamb, chicken or fish!" the bridegroom said, "Chicken and fish;" but the bride with the characteristic presence of mind for which her sex has ever been noted, interposed:

"O, no, ducky dear, we can't take any o' that; for don't you know, pidgy-widgy, 'twould muss our gloves up? We'll have to have something we can eat with our knives and forks."

"So we will, bonny blues; I never thought o' that. What do you say to roast beef, then, huxy-puxy? Can we go some o' that, sweety?" asked the happy man.

"No, no, darly, it's always tough, and we might splash the gravy and soil our clothes; don't you see, honey-dew? Let's take lamb, pootsie—that's always tender—I don't care much about it, but it cuts so easy, lovey, and I expect their knives are as dull as a hoe," remarked the bride

"Well, I don't care pussy; whatever you say, for I s'pose we've got to keep up appearances; but, burn my buttons sugar lump, if I hain't got a confounded big notion to peel off these mittens and wade into some o' that 'ere chicken and fish, for I'm killin' fond of it, and these blamed things sweat my hands so, doosy-poosy, and pucker and draw wors'n a stickin'-plaster, and hang me if I don't almost constate they've blistered my fingers all up."

"No, no—never, goosey, don't do that for the world, or everybody'll know we're from the country, an' maybe they'll put us in the papers, hubby dear, an' wouldn't that be awful!"

And the young wife had her own way about it, as they always do.—*Breakfast Table.*

A Man With Thirty Children.

(Mauch Chunk (Pa.) Coal Gazette.)

The Strohl family, of this country, is probably the largest family in the United States. The head of the house is Nicholas Strohl, a Pennsylvania German, now seventy-six years old. By three wives he has had thirty children, twenty-seven of whom are living. His first wife presented him with eight, his second with eleven, and his third with eleven. The youngest child is not three years old, and was born when its father was seventy-three years old. Of the twenty-seven children nineteen are married, and their families average about eight children. Mr. Joel Strohl, one of the well known farmers in the lower end, and child of his father's first wife, has seventeen children, and he is not an old man by any means. He is the father of two pairs of twins, a distinction which his father, Mr. Nicholas Strohl, never attained. If the families should gather together there would be over 200 persons. They nearly all reside in this country. Old Mr. Strohl is still hearty and bids fair to live for years.

SOCIETY IN IRELAND.—No one can go into society, as represented in the country houses of Ireland, without being struck by the absence of veneer which he will find there. We do not mean those country houses inhabited by people who spend their season regularly in London, and who differ in no way from the magnates with their houses in Yorkshire or Sussex, but the *bone fide* Irish country houses—whose owners look upon Dublin as their metropolis and great shopping town, and consider an occasional month in London as an event to be classed with the ramble in Switzerland or the tour of Italy. The visitor to one of those houses will find no sham—there is "no deception." His arrival will cause no flurry; he will not be kept waiting in the drawing-room while the lady of the house and the girls put finishing touches to their beauty. It is ten to one that before he has succeeded in evoking a sound from the bell—probably broken—one of the young ladies will herself open the door, and with welcome beaming from her honest Irish gray eyes, at once insist on his feeling himself at home. There will be no false pride, no attempt to hide defects, or to make up by brag for poverty. Rather will fun be extracted from the very deficiencies, and the stranger will at once see that here there is no danger of putting his host to confusion by demanding what is not to be had. If there is but one man-servant, the host will not complain of the illness or temporary absence of a mythical footman; if the one man-servant is tipsy (a not uncommon occurrence in the land of John Jamieson) the hostess will not be the least ashamed of being detected assisting the maid to lay the cloth and arrange the dinner table.

It is a curious fact, and one that is not generally known, that King Victor Emmanuel was by the strict law of succession, the rightful King of England. He was descended in a direct line from Charles I. The youngest daughter of that unhappy monarch the Princess Henrietta Maria married Gaston d'Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. She died leaving two daughters. The eldest became Queen of Spain and died childless. The younger married the heir to the House of Savoy, and was the ancestress of the late King of Italy. After the Revolution of 1688, when the right to succession to the British throne was settled by Act of Parliament, the House of Savoy was excluded on account of the Catholic religion professed by its members. The House of Hanover, of which Queen Victoria is the representative, was several removes farther from the direct succession, deriving, as it did, its claims from James I., through Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, and her daughter, the Electress Sophia. A striking commentary on the consequences of human actions, is afforded by this story of a royal inheritance. When Charles I espoused a Catholic princess, he could scarcely have imagined that by this act he was excluding his direct descendants from the throne of their fathers; and still less could his Queen have foreseen that any descendant of her favorite child, so carefully trained by her in the tenets of her own religion, should ever overthrow the temporal power of the Pope, and be himself installed upon the throne.

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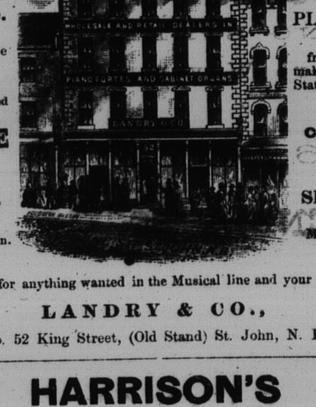

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PERISTALTIC LOZENGES
ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR
Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Piles!
They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:—
Biliousness, Dizziness, 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

J. J. MULLIN,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.,
and a large assortment of
OVERALLS always on hand.
Gents' Clothing made to order in the most Fashionable styles, and a perfect fit guaranteed.
A large stock of SEAMEN'S CLOTHING AND OUTFITS always on hand.
Intending purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere.
Portland Bridge, North Railway Track;

M'DONALD & HATFIELD,
Custom Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE REMOVED
TO
MARSHALL'S INSURANCE BLOCK,
Cor. of Market Square and Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
GENT'S GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

NEW GAS-FITTING
AND
PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT,
JAS. CAMPBELL,
for the past 15 years in the employ of Mr. Thomas Campbell,) wishes to inform the public that he has commenced business on his own account, in his Shanty,
South Side King Square,
opposite the Fountain, and, being determined to use none but the best material, is prepared to guarantee all work done by him. Orders respectfully solicited

THE BEST PLACE
TO BUY YOUR
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IS AT THE
Portland Boot & Shoe Store,
where you can get anything in the Shoe line as cheap as any house in the Trade. I have on hand a large stock of Men's Kip, Coarse and Calf Boots of our own make, hand made, which will be sold at very low prices.
dec22 H. BOWLES.

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

HAVANA CIGARS.
Just received from New York:
THIRTY-FIVE M. LaReal, LaUnion, El Horcon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de L Reinas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.
Daily expected from New York:
45 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.
The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.
M. A. FINN.
nov17 Hazen Building.

WM. MARTIN, Jr.,
Custom Tailor and Clothier
HAS REMOVED
TO
60 MILL STREET,
(Opposite Old Stand,)
SAINT JOHN, N. B.,
WHERE HE WILL CARRY ON THE BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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
nov17 M. A. FINN.

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL
WINE STORE.
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
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
june2 8 and 12 Charlotte street

C. McGOURTY,
City Contractor,
No. 201 Waterloo Street.
Estimates furnished for Excavation of all kinds. A slate will be kept at E. HANEY & CO., Booksellers, No. 49 King street, and orders left there will be promptly attended to. jan4-1y

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Coaches furnished for Wed... &c. at the very shortest notice... All orders promptly attended...

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MEALS AT ALL ...
The very best of Oysters alwa... SOUPS OF ALL KINDS serv...

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FIRST CLAS...
And workmanship guarant... stock of
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OLD ST. JOHN HOTE...
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Meals at all Hours. Dinn... served from 12 to 2. Patronag... Satisfaction guaranteed...
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During the present month, and p... Stock taking, the Goods in all dep... be sold at vastly Reduced Prices, ... less than the Wholesale quotatio...
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BLACK SILKS, DRESS GOODS, COUNTERPANES, VE... BL...
Etc., Etc., will be publis...
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New and Fashionable ...
In a splendid variety of mixtures ... ERS, will be cleared out at Cost, ... no part of our regular line.
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Painter, Glazier an...
HANGE...
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WOOD and MA...
SATISFACTION GUARA...
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