

Papa's Letter.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma must be 'stirred';
"But I'm tired of the Kitty.
Was some oyster fish to do!
Writing letters, is 'on, mamma'
Tant' I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with Kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me write letter—
Tant' I will show you how."
I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childlike, wistful grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
"Mid his waves of golden light."
Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away, and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried,
Down to Mary in his glees,
Mamma's writing lots of letters;
"I write a letter, Mary—see?"

No one heard the little prattler
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated 'er the shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door,
"I'm a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?"

"Cause this letter's 'doin' to papa;
Papa lives with 'Gin' 'on know,
Mamma sent for a letter,
Does 'ou sink at it an go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find a nigger office,
'Cause I must do it if I can."

Pain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Saw the beautiful vision there;
Then the little face by lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so very cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little face was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

—Liverpool Mercury.

The Pink Shirred Bonnet.

BY MARGARET E. SANDSTER.

Gracie Cartwright was eight years old when she first made a visit away from home all by herself. Her aunt Kitty had sent her only daughter to boarding-school, and she was very lonely in her grand house in the city. So she wrote to her sister, who was Gracie's mamma, and asked if she might not borrow a little girl for a few weeks.

The letter caused a great deal of discussion at Apple-blossom Farm. The farm house was wide and roomy, but it was not too large for the merry family of children who crowded every corner of it. And many thought there were, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright hardly liked to spare one, even for a little while. Still, as they told each other, they could not be selfish, and so, finally, blue-eyed Grace was selected as the one to go. She was the oldest daughter, and there were six brothers who had come before her, so she was very precious indeed to the mother, who began to find her dear little womanly helper.

Well, one sunny summer morning, when the laurels with their fluted clusters were draping all the hill-sides, Mr. Cartwright harnessed old Bob to the wagon, picked up Grace's little trunk, and set it in the back, and then lifted the little maid herself and placed her on the seat beside him. Mother, and all the boys and girls, and Kezia, the good woman who helped to do the work, were grouped in the doorway to see them off. "Geet up!" said the farmer, and off started Bob at a swinging trot. How lovely that ride was through the dewy morning, fragrant with scents of flowers, and sweet with songs of birds.

Grace was half happy and half sad as she started. She loved aunt Kitty and wanted to see her, but she loved home and mamma, and hated to leave them. "O!" she thought to herself, "if I could only go and stay both at once. But then I cannot, and I'll see New York, and the Museum, and Aunt Kitty's dog Fan, and Lulu's picture that took the prize, and I'll ride on the ferry-boat!" Grace had seen ferry-boats in her spelling-book. A real one would be delightful.

Mr. Cartwright put his little girl under the care of a friend who promised to deliver her safe and sound to her auntie in the city. Then he left her, feeling quite a lump in his throat, and presently the whistles sounded, and the cars were in motion. Away and away they sped, while the houses and trees and rocks and bridges seemed to be flying past them. Now and then they would slacken up a little, and stop at a station, and in would come a number of strange people,—men and women and boys and girls, with baskets and bundles, while an equal number would go out. Grace had never imagined that there were so many folks in the world that she did not know. When at noon the train glided into the great depot at

New York, and taking her friend's hand, she stepped out, to be folded in Aunt Kitty's arms, she thought she had a very pleasant journey indeed.

The weeks were perfectly charming to the little country girl, but it was not of them I mean to tell you. Shortly after her arrival Aunt Kitty observed that she must have some new clothes. "Everything you have dear, looks as if it had come out of Noah's Ark. I must get you a white dress, and a sash, and kid slippers, and a new hat before I can take you to church."

Which Aunt Kate did. Now Grace was a little surprised, for before she left Apple-blossom Farm, she had been quite proud of her pretty prints and gingham, and had thought her new morocco shoes elegant, and had been very much pleased with her gypsy hat, trimmed with blue ribbon. But when she saw herself in the glass a week after the arrival at her aunt's, something never felt by her before stirred in her heart. It was not a nice thing, and her dear mamma would have been sorry could she have seen it peeping out of her darling's eyes. It was vanity which made her tipsy and smug and white and smile at the little figure, in a white frock, with a wide sash, kid gloves on its hands, a ruffled parasol, too, in one of them, and a marvel of marvels, a pink shirred bonnet, with a white ruche and pink rosettes inside of it, on the golden, curling head.

Aunt Kitty said to her husband, "There! what do you think of her now? Do you imagine there'll be a daintier child in church to-day? Isn't she lovely?"

Uncle Clarence shook his head. "I'm afraid, Kitty," he said, "that your going to spoil the apple-blossom, in trying to make a rose."

Many a little lesson of vanity did our Grace unconsciously learn, while she saw the wonders of the city. She learned some better lessons, too,—how to enter the parlor easily, and how to leave it without confusion, how to sit quietly while older people conversed, how to use her fork instead of her knife, and how to keep her own things in good order, and put her own belongings in their proper places at once. At last the time came for her to go home, and she went with two trunks instead of one. Every mile of the homeward ride was rapture. At the station there was the big open wagon waiting, and father, mother, and the boys, and the two little sisters, and the baby, were all there to receive her.

After a day or two Mrs. Cartwright began to discover some changes in Grace. She thought a great deal more of what she was to wear than she ever had before. She spoke disdainfully of Allie Briggs, her dearest friend before, and she said she did not like girls who had coarse, red hands, and wore brown tow-cloth aprons. The boys made fun of her, and the father looked disapprovingly, for it was not like Grace to be giving herself absurd airs of this sort.

Sunday came. It was very hot; and though the sky was cloudless, Mr. Cartwright predicted heavy rain before night. "It was likely to come when father prophesied it," said the boys.

The church and Sunday school were seven miles off, so the family rode, carried their dinner and ate it between services. Grace dearly loved Sunday. It was the brightest, best day of the whole week to her, and until now, she had never been in the least distressed by thoughts of dress in that sacred time. Now, however, when mamma told her to put on her calico with the red sprig, and her gypsy hat, she frowned and looked as if she were ready to cry.

"Please, please let me wear my beautiful silk bonnet, and my kid shoes and gloves, and my white dress, mamma. Aunt Kitty said that my old things were not fit for church. I want to let Auntie May and Lucy Bennett and my teacher see my new things."

"You know papa thinks it may rain, Grace."

"Well, if it does, there is a cover to Uncle Frank's wagon, and I can come home with him. Please don't make me miserable, mamma."

Mamma sighed, but she consented. So, all in city trim, and wearing a very important look, shaking her skirts and her curls, and holding her head very high, Miss Cartwright walked down the aisle, and took her seat beside her mother in the old-fashioned pew. Nobody noticed her very much, except one disagreeable old lady, who regarded her with looks which seemed to say, "Top-knot, come down!" but when Allie Briggs, whose mother was not at church that day, came and took a seat by Grace, and Grace ostentatiously drew her white lawn away, lest it should touch her friend's gingham, and placed her parasol on the other side, lest Allie should take it in her hand for a moment, then you might have seen expressions of concern on the countenances of those sitting near.

The worship went on, praise and prayer and sermon and benediction. Then came noon, and after that the Sunday-school, and then, the sky still cloudless, those who lived at a distance started for home. Half a way there, a sudden thunder-shower gathered its forces, and there was flashing of lightning, and rolling of thunder, and dashing of rain in torrents. A furious storm and nowhere any shelter. The boys could not hold up their umbrellas easily, and they were little protection against the elements. Also for the glory of the pink shirred bonnet! Also for the dainty shoes and gloves! Just as they turned into their own lane, the sun came out in splendor, and a rainbow spanned the hills, and Apple-blossom Farm glittered as if it were hung with a million diamonds. But it was a forlorn and desolate little figure which went dripping upstairs to take off its garments. The color had run from the brilliant hat, and long stains of a dingy red obscured the white of the clinging wet dress. The shoes were ruined. The parasol was a wreck. Poor Grace threw herself down when she taken the once gay clothing off,

and cried, and cried, and cried. But her tears were not in vain, for when at last her good sense and good humor came back, to bring a rainbow of smiles, the evil genius, Vanity, had gone away, never more to return. That was over, and next day she asked Allie Briggs to tea.—S. S. Times.

Dean Stanley's Advice to Children.

Once a year Dean Stanley preaches a sermon to children in Westminster Abbey. Children everywhere will find part of it good for them to heed. Addressing himself directly to children who wished "to please their parents, to please God, and to go to heaven," he used these plain and homely words:

"Love honest work, love to get knowledge, never be ashamed of saying your prayers morning and evening. It will help you to be good all through the day. Always keep your promises; do not pick up foolish and dirty stories; never tell a woman or girl, or any one younger or weaker than yourself. Be ready even to risk your own lives to save it for a friend, or a companion, or a brother, or a sister. Be very kind to your dumb animals—never put them to pain; they are God's creatures as well as you, and if you hurt them you will become brutal and base yourselves. Remember always to be gentle and attentive to older people; listen and do not interrupt when they are talking."

"If you have an old father or grandfather, or a sick uncle or aunt, remember not to disturb them by loud talking or rough play. You cannot think what good it does them, and if it should happen that any of you have a poor father or a poor mother who has to earn up early to get their business and earn their bread—and your bread, remember—what a pleasure it will be to them to find out that their little boy or girl has been out of bed before them on a cold winter's morning, and has lighted a bright, blazing fire, so as to give them a warm cup of tea. Think what a pleasure it would be to them if they are sick, if they are deaf or blind, to find a little boy or girl to speak to them, or read to them, or to lead them about. It is not only the comfort they have in having help; it is still a greater comfort in knowing that they have a good little son, or a good little daughter, who is anxious to help them, and who they feel will surely be a joy and not a trouble to them by day and by night. No Christmas present can be so welcome to any father or mother as the belief that their children are growing up truthful, manly, courageous, courteous, unselfish and religious; and do not think that any of these things are too much for any of you. I know that many of you may have great temptations; perhaps you may have homes where it is very difficult to be tidy and clean; perhaps, as you go to school along the streets, there may be wicked people who try to lead you astray, and make you steal and swear; and yet I am sure that if you will do your best you will find such delight in doing your duty and in what is going on, that whoever doeth these good things, says the Bible, shall never fail. Let the good frighten the bad; let the light drive away darkness; let the whole world know that there are little English boys and girls who are determined to do their duty, whatever befalls them."

The Muddy Penny.

When I was a boy a circumstance happened which I shall never forget.

As I was playing in the streets of a large city where I lived, I saw a little boy, younger than myself, who seemed to be in great distress. His eyes were much swollen by crying, and his sobs first attracted my attention.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Why—why, I've lost my penny, and mother will whip me," he replied, and then burst anew into tears.

"Where did you lose it?"

"It dropped out of my hand and rolled right there into the gutter."

"Poor little fellow!" I thought, as I really sympathized with him and offered to help him find the lost treasure.

The boy brushed away the tears with his arm and his countenance brightened as he saw me roll up my coat sleeve and thrust my hand into the gutter. How intently did he watch each handful as I came out freighted with the mud, the pebbles, and pieces of rusted iron. Perhaps the next would bring out his penny. At last I found it.

"Oh, I am so glad!" I hear the little reader say. "And how glad you must have been, too! Now you could dry up the little boy's tears and make his face bright and his heart happy. And he would skip and run all the way home without the fear of his mother's displeasure."

But, dear children, listen to the end, and while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good for a lifetime. I kept the little boy's penny.

As soon as I felt it in my hand, all covered with mud as it was, I forgot all the lessons I had learned at home and in the Sabbath-school. I forgot about God, that his eyes were looking right down on me. The wicked one entered into me, as you know he once did into Judas, when for money he betrayed the blessed Saviour. I sold my honor, my good feelings, and my truthfulness, for a penny.

I searched a little longer, after I had washed it and contrived to hide it, and then putting on a sad face, told the little boy I could not find it,—that there was no use in looking any longer for it.

Oh, how the big tears ran down his face, as, with a disappointed look he turned away. How mean I felt, I felt guilty, and well I might, for I had already broken three of God's commandments. I had coveted; that led me to steal; and

then came in regular order the lie, to cover up all. Alas! what one sin leads to.

Many years have gone by since that wicked act. Since then I have asked God to pardon me for that and a good many other sins I have committed; and, though I love my Saviour, and hope in his mercy, the sins of my youth and of my after years will not be remembered against me, yet I can never blot out of memory's page the dark spot which the muddy penny has imprinted upon it.—Times of Blessing.

Not another Step.

"Come back, come back! Don't take another step, John Morton, or you will go down into the river," a strong, loud voice called out in startling tones.

I glanced to the opposite side of the river, and saw two or three boys standing upon a huge rock that extended out over the water from the steep bank. One boy was very near the edge of the rock, and it made me dizzy to look at him. He was evidently trying to see how near he could go to the edge.

"Come back, I say!" the loud voice again repeated, and then I saw a man hastily approaching. "Don't you know that it is unsafe to venture out upon that crumbling rock?" the man went on, as the venturesome boy stepped back. He was only just in time, for the rock suddenly broke in two, and more than half of it went down into the deep, rushing river. The boys were thoroughly frightened, and John Morton's face was very white, as he saw the great danger to which he had been exposed.

"I did not think that just one weight would break that old rock," he said.

"It is not a very good plan to venture into such a dangerous place," the man said, who had seen the boys just in time to save them. "There are a good many 'soft rocks' in this world, and danger where we cannot see it," he continued, as he turned away from the boys.

I witnessed all this upon the opposite side of the river, and the words "not another step" rang in my ears. I thought if the young men, standing upon the rock of intemperance, that always reaches out over the Gulf of ruin, would listen to the voices calling, "Not another step," and retreat back as quickly as did John Morton, they might be saved. But many of them are strangely blinded by their danger, and so are suddenly plunged into the gulf below, in spite of the voices, "Not a step farther."—Banner.

For Charlie's Sake.

An American judge had a son who went into the army at the time of the civil war. The old man was led by the fact to take a warm interest in schemes for the welfare of the soldiers; but by and by he thought this interfered with his business, and he resolved to give it up. The first day he sought to put this determination in force, a poor, broken-down soldier entered his office, but he waved him away, saying he had no time to attend to him. The soldier fumbled in his pocket for a letter, which he quietly laid on the judge's desk. The old man's eyes lit on the address, and, seeing it to be in the handwriting of his absent son, he snatched it up and read.

The letter told how the bearer had been his friend on the field of battle; how he was wounded and going home; "If he calls, treat him kindly, for Charlie's sake." The old judge was completely broken down. He rose from his desk, carried the soldier to his home, and kept and nursed him there, and when he was better, saw him off by the train for his own home. All this did he do for "Charlie's sake." Now let us always pray God to save souls for Jesus' sake.—D. L. Moody.

Children doing Good.

I am sure you will find out ways of showing kindness if you look for them. One strong lad I saw the other day carrying a heavy basket up a hill for a little tired girl. Another dear lad I met leading a blind man who had lost his faithful dog.

An old lady sitting in her arm chair by the fire, once said, "My dear granddaughter, there is hands, feet and eyes to me."

"How so?"

"Why she runs about so nimbly to do the work of the house, she brings me, so willing, whatever I want, and when she has done, she sits down and reads to me so nicely a chapter in the Bible."

One day a little girl came home from school quite happy to think she had been useful. For there was a school-fellow there in great trouble about the death of a baby brother.

"And I put my cheek against hers," said her companion, "and I cried, too, because I was sorry for her; and after a little while she left off crying, and said I had done her good."

The Saviour's Child can Trust.

"Charlie," said I to a little fellow of eight years who was fast sinking into the grave, "are you not afraid to die when you know that death is at the door?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply, "I am glad to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

"But how do you know that you are going to be with Christ?"

"Because," was the immediate reply, "I have sought Christ and found Him, and He says, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'"—Exchange.

Refreshing Drinks.—Fruit Drinks.

Few people have any notion of the delicious drinks that can be prepared by pouring boiling water upon sliced fruit, and allowing it to stand until cold. They should, however, be made "fresh and fresh," and not allowed to turn. A quart of boiling water poured upon four chopped Ribston pippins and then allowed to cool slowly, forms a most refreshing beverage.

Baked Apple Drink.—Bake half a dozen apples without peeling them; put them into a jug and pour half a gallon of boiling water over them; cover till cold, and then sweeten.

Barley Water.—Wash two ounces and a half of pearl barley; boil for one minute in a half a pint of water, which throw away; then pour out to the barley four pints of water; boil down to two pints, and strain. Flavour with sugar and lemon to taste. This is an excellent drink in cases of fever.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Boil down the juice of raspberries with an equal quantity of the best vinegar or white wine. Mixed with eight parts of water it makes a cooling and wholesome drink.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1877. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, 7th inst., Trains will leave St. John as follows:—

At 10.40 A.M., for Halifax, Riviere du Loup, and Pointe du Chene, with Way Stations, including Point du Chene, where connection is made with Steamboats for Prince Edward Island.

At 11.00 A.M., (Accommodation Train) for Point du Chene and Way Stations.

At 5.00 P.M., for Sussex and Way Stations.

At 10.00 P.M., for Riviere du Loup and all points West as well as for Halifax and Point du Chene.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE: At 7.25 P.M., from Halifax, Riviere du Loup, and Way Stations.

At 6.30 A.M., from Riviere du Loup, and all points West, as well as from Halifax and Point du Chene.

At 9.00 A.M., from Sussex and Way Stations.

At 2.50 P.M., from Point du Chene and Way Stations.

General Sup't. of Gov't Railways, Moncton, May 2, 1877.

1877. International Steamship Co'y. SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Two Trips a Week. FOR EASTPORT, PORTLAND AND BOSTON.

On and after Thursday, March 29th, and until further notice, the splendid sea-going Steamers "New Brunswick," D. S. Hall, Master, and "City of Portland," S. N. Pike, Master, will leave St. John, N.B., every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 6 o'clock, for EASTPORT, PORTLAND, and BOSTON, consisting of Eastport with Steamer Belle Broten for St. Andrews and Calais.

Returning, will leave Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock, a.m., and Portland at 6 p.m., after the noon train arrives from Boston, for Eastport and St. John.

No claims for allowance after Goods leave the Warehouse. Freight received on Wednesdays and Saturdays only, up to 6 o'clock p.m.

March 28. H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

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Welland Canal Enlargement. Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this Office, until the arrival of the Express of the 10th inst., on THURSDAY, the 6th day of July next, for the formation of a new line of Canal from Marietta's Pond, at Thorold, to Allandburg, including the construction of a lift lock, guard lock, several culverts, and piers and abutments, for swing bridges, etc.

Also, the enlargement of about two miles of the Canal, from the Junction of the Welland, together with the construction of an Aqueduct over the Chippewa River, a lock between the canal and the River at Welland, piers and abutments for bridges, etc.

The works will be let in sections of a length suited to circumstances and the locality.

Maps of the different localities, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after Monday, the 26th day of June next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works north of Allandburg, can be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Thorold, and for works south of Port Robinson, plans, etc., may be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms—except the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque or other available security for the sum of from one to five thousand dollars, according to the extent of work on the section, must accompany each tender. To each Tender must be attached the actual tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque or money this sum will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted.

For the full performance of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum submitted with the Tender will be considered as Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimate will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Province, to become securities for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the work contracted in the contract.

This Department, does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By ORDER, HENRY MASON, Secretary. Department of Public Works. Ottawa, 14th May, 1877. June 1.—31

Government House, Ottawa.

MONDAY, 7th day of May, 1877.

PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under provisions of the 5th Section of the Act passed in the Session of the Parliament of Canada, held in the 22nd year of Her Majesty's reign, chapter 6, and intitled "An Act respecting the Customs," 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 Fishery Regulations adopted by the Governor General in Council, May 15th, 1876, relating to the Lobster Fishery, be rescinded, and that the following be substituted therefor:

"In the Provinces of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and that part of the Province of Nova Scotia comprising the Counties of Westmorland, Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester, and Restigouche, together with the Province of Quebec, no person shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell, or possess, any Lobsters from the 1st to the 31st day of August in each year."

"And in that part of the Province of New Brunswick, comprising the Counties of Westmorland, Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester, and Restigouche, together with the Province of Quebec, no person shall fish for, catch, kill, buy,