

Poetry.

On Imported Spirits.

Such a batch of exiled princes  
In McClellan's staff evinces  
That our General is quite a man of rank, sir;  
And, though democrats may laugh  
At the thought of such a staff  
Ever popping up our democratic shanks, sir,  
Yet, egad! it looks quite gay,  
As so gallant display  
May excuse, perhaps, a draft upon our Banks, sir,  
To be sure, Napoleon's jealous,  
And may shortly cry out "Bellus!"  
But at present that's a question for the Sorbonne;  
So, as princes have their merits,  
Let us keep our boys in spirits,  
By allowing them some samples of good Bourbon!

Miscellaneous.

The Pearl of Orr's Island:  
A Story of the Coast of Maine.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXII.  
(Continued.)

Now and then, through some sailing ship, came missives which seemed to Mara altogether colder and more unsatisfactory than they would have done could she have appreciated the difference between a boy and a girl in power of epistolary expression; for the power of really representing one's heart on paper, which is one of the first spring flowers of early womanhood, is the latest blossom on the slow growing tree of manhood. To do Moses justice, these seeming cold letters were often written with a choking lump in his throat, caused by thinking over his many sins against his little good angel; but then that past account was so long, and had so much that it pained him to think of, that he dashed it all off in the shortest fashion, and said to himself, "One of these days when I see her I'll make it all up."

No man—especially one that is living a rough, busy, out-of-doors life—can form the slightest conception of that veiled and secluded life which exists in the heart of a sensitive woman, whose sphere is narrow, whose external diversions are few, and whose mind, therefore, acts by a continual introversion upon itself. They know nothing how their careless words and actions are pondered and turned again in weary, quiet hours of fruitless questioning. What did he mean by this? and what did he intend by that?—while he, the careless buffoon, meant nothing, or has forgotten what it was, if he did.

Man's utter ignorance of woman's nature is a cause of a great deal of unsuspected cruelty which he practises toward her.

Mara found one or two opportunities of writing to Moses; but her letters were timed and constrained by a sort of frosty, discouraged sense of loneliness; and Moses, though he knew he had no earthly right to expect this to be otherwise, took upon him to feel as an abused individual, whom nobody loved—whose way in the world was destined to be lonely and desolate. So when, at the end of three years, he arrived suddenly at Brunswick in the beginning of winter, and came all burning with impatience to the house at Orr's Island, and found that Mara had gone to Boston on a visit, he resented it as a personal slight.

He might have inquired why she should expect him, and whether her whole life was to be spent in looking out of the window to watch for him. He might have remembered that he had warned her of his approach by no letter. But no. "Mara did not care for him—she had forgotten all about him—she was having a good time in Boston, just as likely as not with some train of admirers, and he had been tossing on the stormy ocean, and she had thought nothing of it."

How many things he had meant to say! He had never felt so good and so affectionate. He would have confessed all the sins of his life to her, and asked her pardon—and she was not there!

Mrs. Pennel suggested that he might go to Boston after her.

No, he was not going to do that. He would not intrude on her pleasures with the memory of a rough, hard-working sailor. He was alone in the world, and had his own way to make, and so best go at once up among lumbermen, and cut the timber for the ship that was to carry Caesar and his fortunes.

When Mara was informed by a letter from Mrs. Pennel, expressed in the few brief words in which that good woman generally embodied her epistolary communications, that Moses had been home, and gone to Umbagog without seeing her, she felt at her heart only a little closer stricture of a cold, quiet pain, which had become a habit of her inner life.

"He did not love her—he was cold and selfish," said the inner voice. And faintly she pleaded, in answer, "He is a man—he has seen the world—and has so much to do and think of, no wonder."

In fact, during the last three years that had parted them, the great change of life had been consummated in both. They had parted boy and girl; they would meet man and woman. The time of this meeting had been announced.

And all this is the history of that sigh—so very quiet that Sally Kittridge never checked the rattling flow of her conversation to observe it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

We have in the last three chapters brought up the history of our characters to the time when our story opens, when Mara and Sally Kittridge were discussing the unexpected return of Moses.

Sally was persuaded by Mara to stay and spend the night with her, and did so without much fear of what her mother would say when she returned; for though Mrs. Kittridge still made bustling demonstrations of authority, it was quite evident to every one that the handsome grown-up girl had got the sceptre into her own hands and was reigning in the full confidence of being, in one way or another, able to bring her mother into all her views.

So Sally stayed—to have one of those long night-talks in which girls delight, in the course of which all sorts of intimacies and confidences, that shun the daylight, open like the night-blooming cereus in strange successions.

One often wonders by daylight at the things one says very naturally in the dark.

So the two girls talked about Moses, and Sally dilated upon his handsome, manly air the one Sunday that he had appeared in Harpswell meeting-house.

"He did not know me at all, if you'll believe it," said Sally. "I was standing with father when he came out, and he shook hands with him, and looked at me as if I'd been an entire stranger."

"I'm not in the least surprised," said Mara; "you're grown so and altered."

"Well, now, you'd hardly know him, Mara," said Sally. "He is a man—a real man; everything about him is different; he holds up his head in such a proud way. Well, he always did that when he was a boy; but when he speaks, he has such a deep voice! How boys do alter in a year or two!"

"Do you think I have altered much, Sally?" said Mara; "at least, do you think he would think so?"

"Why, Mara, you and I have been together so much, I can't tell. We don't notice what goes on before us every day. I really should like to see what Moses Pennel will think when he sees you. At any rate, he can't order you about with such a grand air as he used to when you were younger."

"I sometimes think he has quite forgotten about me," said Mara.

"Well, if I were you, I should put him in mind of myself by one or two little ways," said Sally. "I'd plague him and tease him. I'd lead him such a life that he couldn't forget me,—that's what I would."

"I don't doubt you would Sally; and he might like you all the better for it. But you know that sort of thing is not my way. People must act in character."

"Do you know, Mara," said Sally, "always thought Moses was hateful in his treatment of you? Now I'd no more marry that fellow than I'd walk into the fire, but it would be a just punishment for his sins to have to marry me! Would it serve him out, though?"

With which threat of vengeance on her mind Sally Kittridge fell asleep, while Mara lay awake pondering,—wondering if Moses would come to-morrow, and what he would be like if he did come.

The next morning, as the two girls were wiping breakfast dishes in a room adjoining the kitchen, and the first that Mara knew she found herself lifted from the floor in the arms of a tall dark-eyed young man, who was kissing her just as if he had a right to. She knew it must be Moses, but it seemed strange as a dream, for all she had tried to imagine it beforehand.

He kissed her over and over, and then holding her off at arm's length, said "Why Mara, you have grown to be a beauty!"

"And what was she, I'd like to know, when you went away, Mr. Moses?" said Sally, who could not long keep out of a conversation. "She was handsome when you were only a great ugly boy."

"Thank you, Miss Sally!" said Moses, making a profound bow.

"Thank me for what?" said Sally, with a toss.

"For your intimation that I am a handsome young man now," said Moses, sitting with his arm around Mara, and her hand in his.

And in truth he was as handsome now for a man as he was in the promise of his early childhood.

All the oddness and surly awkwardness of the half-boy period was gone. His great black eyes were clear and confident; his dark hair clustering in short curls round his well-shaped head; his black lashes, and fine form, and a certain confident ease of manner, set him off to the greatest advantage.

Mara felt a peculiar dreamy sense of strangeness at this brother who was not a brother,—this Moses so different from the one she had known. The very tone of his voice, which when he left had the uncertain cracked notes which indicate the unformed man, were now mellowed and settled.

Mara regarded him shyly as he talked, blushed uneasily, and daunt away from his arm around her, as if this handsome, self-confident young man were being too familiar. In fact, she made an apology to go out into the other room to call Mrs. Pennel.

Moses looked after her as she went, with admiration.

"What a little woman she has grown!" he said, naively.

"And what did you expect she would grow?" said Sally. "You did not expect to find her a girl in short clothes, did you?"

"Not exactly, Miss Sally," said Moses, turning his attention to her; "and some other people are changed too."

"Like enough," said Sally, carelessly. "I should think so, since somebody never spoke a word to one the Sunday he was at meeting."

"Oh, you remember that, do you? On my word, Sally!"

"Miss Kittridge, if you please, sir," said Sally, turning round with the air of an empress.

"Well, then, Miss Kittridge," said Moses, making a bow; "now let me finish my sentence. I never dreamed who you were."

"Complimentary," said Sally, pouting.

"Well, hear me through," said Moses; "you had grown so handsome, Miss Kittridge."

"Oh! that indeed! I suppose you mean to say I was a fright when you left?"

"Not at all—not at all," said Moses; "but handsome things may grow handsomer, you know."

"I don't like flattery," said Sally.

"I never flatter, Miss Kittridge," said Moses.

Our young gentleman and young lady of Orr's Island went through this customary little lie of civilized society with as much gravity as if they were practising in the court of Versailles,—she looking out from the corner of her eye to watch the effect of her words, and he laying his hand on his heart in the most edifying gravity. They perfectly understood one another.

But, says our reader, seems to me Sally Kittridge does all the talking! So she does,—so she always will,—for it is her nature to be bright, noisy, and restless; one of these girls always overflows a timid and thoughtful one, and makes her for the time, seem dim and faded, as does rose color when put beside scarlet.

Sally was born a coquette. It was as natural for her to want to flirt with every man she saw, as for a kitten to scamper after a pin-ball. Does the kitten care a fig for the pin-ball, or the dry leaves, which she whisks, and frisks, and boxes, and pats, and races round and round after? No, its nothing but kittenhood; every hair of her fur is alive with it. Her sleepy green eyes, when she pretends to be dozing, are full of it, and though she looks wise a moment, and seems resolved to be a discreet young cat, let but a leaf sway—off she goes again, with a frisk and a rap. So, though Sally had scolded and flounced about Moses' inattention to Mara in advance, she contrived even in this first interview to keep him talking with nobody but herself;—not because she wanted to draw him from Mara, or meant to; not because she cared a pin for him; but because it was her nature as a frisky young cat.

And Moses let himself be drawn, between bantering and contradicting, and jest and earnest, at some moments almost to forget that Mara was in the room.

She took her sewing and sat with a pleased smile, sometimes breaking into the lively flow of conversation, or eagerly appealed to by both parties to settle some rising quarrel.

Once, as they were talking, Moses looked up and saw Mara's head, as a stray sunbeam falling upon the golden hair seemed to make a halo around her face.

Her large eyes were fixed upon him with an expression so intense and penetrating, that he felt a sort of wincing uneasiness.

"What makes you look at me so, Mara?" he said, suddenly.

A bright flush came in her cheek as she answered, "I did not know I was looking. It all seems so strange to me. I am trying to make out who and what you are."

"It's not best to look too deep," said Moses, laughing, but with a slight shade of uneasiness.

When Sally, late in the afternoon, declared that she must go home, she could not stay another minute, Moses rose to go with her.

"What are you getting up for?" she said to Moses, as he took his hat.

"To go home with you, to be sure."

"Nobody asked you to," said Sally.

"I'm accustomed to asking myself," said Moses.

"Well, I suppose I must have you along," said Sally. "Father will be glad to see you, of course."

"You'll be back to tea, Moses," said Mara, "will you not? Grandfather will be home, and want to see you."

"Oh, I shall be right back," said Moses, "I have a little business to settle with Captain Kittridge."

But Moses, however, did stay at tea with Mrs. Kittridge, who looked graciously at him through the bows of her black horn spectacles, having heard her liege lord observe that Moses was a smart chap, and had done pretty well in a money way.

How came he to stay? Sally told him every other minute to go; and then when he had got fairly out of the door, called him back to tell him that there was something she had heard about him.

And Moses of course came back; wanted to know what it was, and could not be told, it was a secret; and then he would be ordered off, and reminded that he promised to go straight home, and then when he got a little farther off she called after him a second time, to tell him that he would be very much surprised if he knew now she found it out, etc., etc.—till at last tea being ready, there was no reason why he should not have a cup. And so it was sober moonrise before Moses found himself going home.

"Hang that girl!" he said to himself, "don't she know what she's about, though?"

There our hero was mistaken. Sally never did know what she was about,—had no plan or purpose more than a blackbird, and when Moses was gone laughed to think how many times she had made him come back.

"Now, confound it all," said Moses, "I care more for our little Mara than a dozen

of her; and what have I been fooling all this time for?—now Mara will think I don't love her."

And, in fact, our young gentleman rather set his heart upon the sensation he was going to make when he got home.

It is flattering, after all, to feel one's power over a susceptible nature; and Moses, remembering how entirely and devotedly Mara had loved him all through childhood, never doubted but he was the sole possessor of undoubted treasure in her heart, which he could develop at his leisure and use as he pleased.

He did not calculate for one force which had grown up in the mean while between them,—and that was the power of womanhood. He did not know the intensity of that kind of pride, which is the very life of the female nature, and which is most vivid and vigorous in the most timid and retiring.

To be continued.

Agricultural.

The Value of Straw for Fodder.

In the last "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England," Dr. Voelcker gives the results of investigations on the "Composition and Nutritive Value of Straw." Like all Dr. Voelcker's productions, it is a paper abounding with practical suggestions and scientific facts. It is the most interesting contribution to agricultural science that has appeared for some time. Many farmers, Dr. V. thinks, "form much too low an estimate of the feeding value of every kind of straw except peahaulm." Perhaps this is true, but in this country we have thought that some farmers estimate it too highly, as they feed little else!

The value of straw as a fertilizing substance is certainly over estimated by most American farmers. In itself, it contains a very small proportion of fertilizing constituents. "Its chief value," Dr. V. remarks, "are as an absorbent of the most valuable portions of the excrements of animals, and as the best fixer of the ammonia which is always generated when excrementitious matters in contact with porous materials and a sufficient quantity of moisture enter into active fermentation. The action of straw in fixing ammonia may be thus explained. During the fermentation of dung the woody fibre of straw is converted by degrees into ulmic, humic, and similar organic acids, which impart to liquid manure or to the drainings of dung-heaps a more or less dark brown color. The gradual resolution of the nitrogenized part of the excrements into ammoniacal compounds proceeds simultaneously with the formation of organic acids belonging to the humic acid series. All the acids of that series possess great affinity for ammonia, which, without the addition of a proper quantity of litter, would evaporate from a heap of fermenting excrements. Straw thus furnishes the raw material for the production of a number of organic acids, which, by laying hold of ammonia, preserve that most valuable constituent in our manure." In other words, straw does not contain much fertilizing matter itself, but it affords the means of preserving the ammonia produced by feeding out grain, oil-cake, clover hay, etc. Those who do not feed out these rich foods fail to avail themselves of the chief use of straw on the farm, so far as the manure heap is concerned.

The quantity of water in well harvested straw at the time it is stacked varies from 25 to 36 per cent. After stacking, a good deal of water evaporates, and soon sinks to 16 or 18 per cent. Straw is such a hygroscopic substance that the quantity of water it contains varies greatly according to the state of the atmosphere. Dr. V. found as little as 8 per cent. and as much as 19 per cent. of water in straw taken at different times from the outside of the same stack! He thinks that on an average, straw contains about 16 per cent. of water.

WHEAT STRAW.

Water.	Ripe.	Over-ripe.
Substances soluble in water,	8.14	9.17
Substances insoluble in water	8.77	4.81
	83.09	86.02
	100.00	100.00

The ripe straw contained 1.10 per cent. of oil, while the over-ripe contained only 0.65; of gum, sugar, and extractive matter, the ripe contained 6.28; the over-ripe only 3.46; of soluble protein compounds, ripe 0.50, over-ripe only 0.06—that is to say, the ripe straw contained more than eight times as much as the over-ripe straw. From these results it would appear that the ripe straw is worth twice as much as that which is over-ripe.

BARLEY STRAW.

In this case two samples were also taken, one "not too ripe," the other "dead ripe." The former contained of substances soluble in water, 12.40, and the latter only 5.80 per cent. Here again, the early cut straw is worth double that which is dead ripe. The barley straw on the whole is more nutritious than the wheat. Dr. V. thinks that "barley straw not too ripe, is nearly equal to oat straw, out in the same state of maturity." It is of softer texture and contains more albuminous matter than wheat straw.

OAT STRAW.

Three samples of oat straw were examined, one "green," another "fairly ripe," and the third "over ripe." In this case as in the others, the degree of ripeness greatly affected the composition and nutritive value of the straw. Of soluble protein compounds, the green straw contained when dry, 6.56, the ripe 3.13, and the over-ripe 1.54 per cent; of sugar, gum,

and mucilage and extractive matters, the green contained 19.08, the ripe 12.59, and the over-ripe 3.79 per cent. The total percentage of nitrogen in the dry state was; green 1.62, ripe 0.76, over-ripe 0.68.

These are very remarkable results. The amount of protein or flesh forming compounds in green oat straw is as large as in ordinary meadow hay. The greater portion of this matter, too, is found in a soluble condition and would therefore be easily digested. As the straw approaches maturity this nitrogenized matter dwindles down to less than one-half. "The question arises," says Dr. V., "what becomes of all the nitrogenized matter, which disappears with extreme rapidity when our cereal crops arrive at maturity? Although I have not made any special experiments with a view of ascertaining this point, it does not appear to me likely that this matter is all stored up in the grain; and I have not much doubt that, as observed by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, a considerable loss of nitrogen takes place in the growth of corn crops, which loss is particularly noticeable when the crop arrives at maturity."

Of sugar, gum, and other matters soluble in water, not less than 19 per cent. are found in the green straw, against less than 4 per cent. in the over-ripe straw. These are the most valuable nutritive constituents, and the results show that the straw of oats cut green is four times as nutritious as that allowed to get over-ripe. The sugar, etc., of the straw is turned into indigestible woody fibre. The green straw contains only 25 per cent. of this substance, while the fairly ripe straw contains 32, and the over-ripe 42 per cent. of this indigestible matter.

Dr. V. suggests that where oats are raised for use on the farm, it would be well to cut them in the green state and feed them out without thrashing. This is often done in England, and we have known a number of working horses kept in good condition all winter on this chopped green fodder, without any hay or grain.

PEA STRAW.

Pea-haulm is considered by English farmers the most nutritious of all straw, and the analysis of Dr. V. confirm this opinion. It contains 14 per cent. of soluble matter, 1 1/2 per cent. of nitrogen, and over 2 1/2 per cent. of oil. It approximates more closely to hay than any other straw. Assuming that all are harvested in like degrees of maturity and condition, Dr. V. thinks pea straw best, oat straw next, then barley, and wheat last.

TRANSPLANTING CABBAGE.—The Gardener's Monthly says—that if the plants are put in a bucket of water, and then set out as soon as taken from the water, they will seldom wither, or require any protection from the sun.

Miscellaneous.

"There is a Choir of Infant Songsters,  
White-robed around the Saviour's Throne."

MUSIC

HYMN BOOKS!

SABBATH SCHOOLS!!

- Price per Hundred Copies.
- The Oriole, \$28.00
  - The Golden Chain, cloth bound, 25.00
  - " " " half do., 17.00
  - " " " paper, 12.00
  - The Sabbath School Bell, No. 1, cloth, 20.00
  - " " " " half-bound, 15.00
  - " " " " paper, 10.00
  - " " " " No. 2, half-bd., 17.00
  - " " " " paper, 12.00
  - The Children's Choir, paper, 8.00
  - Songs for S. School and Vestry, cloth, 23.00
  - " " " " half-bound, 15.00
  - " " " " paper, 10.00
  - Sabbath School Pearl, paper, 3.50
  - Cornhill Harp, half-bound, 6.00
  - " " " " paper, 4.00
  - Anniversary Hymns, 2, 3 and 4, 1.00

SHEET MUSIC.

- "Marching Along," 1.00
- "Star Spangled Banner," 1.00
- "Shall we know each other there?" (new), 2.00
- "Where Liberty dwells there is my Country," (new), 2.00

All orders will receive prompt attention.

N. P. KEMP,  
Sabbath School Bookstore,  
No. 40, CORNHILL,  
BOSTON  
may 29—vison

Lawrence's Brick Building,  
79 KING STREET.

THE Subscribers have in store and will sell reasonable—20 boxes Cloth Pins; 20 tubes Prime Butter; 6 brs Clear Pork; 20,000 Paper Bags; 10 dozen Pails; 20 quintals Codfish; 5 cases best Jamaica Arrow-root; 15 dozen Wash Boards; 2 dozen Fruit Boxes; 5 boxes Vermicelli; 5 boxes Macaroni; 10 brs Rice; 5 brs Pickles, in Vinegar and Spice; 50 drums best Elmer Figs; 1 cts Lard; 200 lbs Hung Beef—(together with a large stock of Goods too numerous to mention.)  
June 30 LESTER & BROTHER.

A LARGE ADDITION  
TO OUR STOCK OF  
SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Having purchased of  
N. P. KEMP  
His entire stock of the Publications of the  
American Baptist Publication Society,  
consisting of Miscellaneous Sabbath School Books,  
Libraries of 50 Volumes for \$5.00  
" " " Half Morocco, 6.00  
" " " (New Books) 9.00  
" " " 10.00

QUESTION BOOKS, etc., etc.  
And having also made large additions of the  
publications of the  
American Sabbath School Union,  
Mass. Sabbath School Society,  
Methodist Book Concern,  
Henry Hoyt,  
Robert Carter & Bro.,  
Gould & Lincoln,  
Sheldon & Co.,

As well as those from other Publishing Houses,  
which are suitable for  
BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOLS.

I am prepared to supply Libraries with any amount of books adapted to all ages. Those coming from doubtful sources are carefully examined before recommending them to BAPTIST SCHOOLS.  
Persons buying them may be sure of getting good books.  
Those unable to visit Boston can have a selection made for them by sending a list of the books they have on hand, and have the privilege of exchanging any.

Question Books, Reward Cards, Singing Books, &c., &c.

Are constantly on hand. All orders will be promptly attended to.  
A. F. GRAVES,  
24 Cornhill, Boston.

Mr. Graves is Agent for the "YOUNG REAPER," the only Baptist Child's Paper published in this country. Every School should introduce it. Sample copies sent on application.  
may 22—vis. eow3m

NOTICE.

Any Sabbath School not able to purchase New Papers and will accept second hand ones, will be supplied by applying to the subscriber.  
Corresponding Secretary: BRUCE ST. Baptist Juvenile Missionary Society.

Colonial Book Store.

THE Subscriber, thankful for the past liberal patronage, begs leave to invite the attention of Sabbath School and Library Committees to his new and extensive stock of SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES, ranging from \$1.00 to \$20.00 per Set, suitable for either infant or advanced classes. Also HYMN and other BOOKS, REWARD and GIFT CARDS of every description. Intending purchasers would do well to give his stock an inspection, as it embraces in addition to the above, over 8000 volumes, from which judicious selections can be made for libraries.  
may 29 T. H. HALL.

Colonial Book Store.

JUST received per steamer "Forest City," a very large and choice selection of BOOKS and STATIONERY, among which may be found a large assortment of PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.  
Sunday School Libraries;  
Sunday School Diaries;  
Sunday School Reward Cards;  
Patent Hammer Sewing Machine;  
New Sheet Music;  
Shower of Pearls;  
Home Circle;  
Amateur at Home;  
Machine Silt and Thread  
With every variety of School Books.  
apr 24—vis T. H. HALL.

STARTLING NEWS AT THE  
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,  
NO. 37, PRINCESS STREET.

UNDER the management of Mrs. Lee. Gentlemen and Ladies can always obtain servants of any description with satisfactory references.  
Mrs. Lee's Straw Bonnet and Dying Establishment. Dressing, Millinery, and Mourning. Straw, Felt, Tulle, Lace, and Ribbon. Bonnets, and Silk Hats and Bonnets turned, dyed, cleaned, and altered. All Colors dyed on Silk or Woolen.  
Gentlemen's garments cleaned, dyed, and pressed if required. Wedding and Mourning Bonnets on hand. Also a handsome stock of Ribbons, borders, and French Flowers cheap. Orders filled with despatch, and everything done in the latest style. Samples to be seen at the Establishment. Don't forget the number—37 Princess Street. may 7

M. FRANCIS,  
Boot & Shoe Manufactory

FOR WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
No. 88, Prince William Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
M. FRANCIS, having secured the services of Mrs. J. H. VALLEY, (who has had long experience in Manufacturing Boots and Shoes in the United States,) is now prepared to furnish BOOTS & SHOES of DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE, equal in quality to any imported; and at as CHEAP RATES as any other Establishment in this City or Province. Purchasers, at Wholesale or Retail, are invited to call and examine M. Francis' stock and Manufactures before purchasing elsewhere.  
All Goods from this Establishment are made of the best material and warranted.  
M. FRANCIS Terms being Cash in all cases, Wholesale or Retail, he can afford to sell at a very small profit, giving purchasers the advantage of his Cash System. (ly mar 19)

Notice.

ALL persons having any claims against the Estate of GEORGE HENRY McDONALD, late of the Parish of Cambridge, in Queen's County, (deceased) are requested to present the same, duly attested, within three months for payment, and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers.  
Dated the 26th day of February, A. D., 1862.  
REBECCA E. McDONALD, Administratrix.  
JAMES H. McDONALD,  
DONALD McDONALD, Administrators.  
mar 29 vis

Jet. Jet. Jet.  
A SPLENDID variety of Patent Jet BRACE-LETS, BROOCHES, DROPS, NECKLACES, &c., just opened at 48 Prince William Street,  
may 15 P. A. COSGROVE.

To Mill Owners.  
LEATHER BANDING.—A complete assortment of all sizes, on sale at 90, Prince William Street, by  
may 7 u p Z. G. GABEL.

LIVE OIL.—Just received, 2 casks Olive Oil For sale by  
July 31 J. F. SEORUD,  
48, King Square.

79 King Street.  
OYSTERS.—OYSTERS.—Just received per trail from Shedd's. A bris Prime Shedd's Oysters, 4 do Fresh Eggs.  
In Store—1 do Split Peas. On sale low at Lawrence's Brick-building,  
July 2 u p LESTER & BROTHER.