

THE COATICOKE

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS NEUTRAL IN NOTHING

VOL. I.

W. BOWDEN, Publisher.

COATICOKE, N. B., JUNE 11, 1870.

The Family Circle.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT.

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress and fine array,
More than domes or lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway—
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty swelling titles,
More than fashion's luring glare,
More than Mammon's gilded honors,
More than thoughts can well compare—
See that home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright;

Trees, arranged with taste and order,
Flowers, with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely—
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.

Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Aldo wishing far to roam.
Or, if roaming, still we cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.

Such a home makes man the better;
Pure and lasting is the joy,
Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

From the "Saturday Night."

THE QUEEN OF NIGHT; OR, THE DOUBLE PLOT.

A Story of the Lights and Shades of American Life.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY JOHN B. WILLIAMS, M.D.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

CHAPTER VII.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. MARSTON'S DIARY.

March 22, The City.

"This morning I was seated at breakfast when the servant informed me that the same clergyman who had been here often before was in the hall, and wished to speak to me. I ordered him to be shown into my boudoir, to wait there until I had finished my breakfast.

"I supposed that it was the Preacher, come to tell me that he had executed the orders of the Society respecting that girl, Zoe Clifton.

"I did not think it necessary to hurry through my breakfast, but finished it leisurely. When I entered my boudoir, I was surprised to find the Preacher walking up and down impatiently, and seemingly very uneasy in his mind, for his face wore a most anxious expression.

"'O, Nelly,' I said, 'I am glad to see you at last. I thought you were never coming.'

"'I was at breakfast,' I returned, and did not suppose that your business was of a specially important character. I shut the door, and you only come to tell me that the sentence of the Brothers of Night with respect to that young girl has been carried into execution.'

"'I wish to heavens I had only that to tell you,' he returned, 'but I am constrained to walk upstairs and down the room.'

"'Sit down, and don't keep moving about like a Chinese mandarin. There is evidently something the matter—what is it? You need not be afraid to speak.'

"'Last night, you ordered me, in your official position of Queen of Night, to see that the sentence pronounced by the Society against Zoe Clifton should be carried into effect.'

"'I did, and I trust you obeyed my order.'

"'I left here and proceeded by boat to the wood, in which Bill's hut is situated, and where Zoe Clifton has been held a prisoner since her abduction from her father's garden, which I reached in safety.'

"'Well, go on.'

"'I informed Bill and his comrade that the Society had passed sentence of death on their prisoner, and that this sentence was to be carried into execution that very night.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that they objected to carry the sentence of the Brothers of Night into execution? I asked.

"'On the contrary, they both seemed delighted at the idea of getting rid of her, and expressed themselves ready at that moment to carry the sentence into effect. Bill even drew his knife and was going up the ladder, when I called him back, and told him that he had better give the prisoner a chance of going to sleep.'

"'Quite right! Go on.'

"'He agreed to wait a quarter of an hour. When that time had elapsed, he again drew his knife, and ran up to the loft which served as a prison for Miss Clifton, and found—

"It is only too true. The room was empty, with the exception of old mad Molly.

"'But how could it be possible—none of you left the room below, did you?'

"'None.'

"'Then how could she have escaped? It is an impossibility.'

"'We all thought the same thing, at first—but found out afterwards that she must have escaped through one of the apertures serving for windows.'

"'But that would have been equally impossible, unless she had assistance.'

"'It was this that puzzled us—but I am sorry to have to tell you, Nelly, that she had assistance, for after searching all through the woods for her, we saw her being rowed toward the city, in company with two rowers and a gentleman.'

"'Have you any idea who her rescuer is?'

"'We were too far off to see his face—but he is young.'

"'You think then that he must have assisted her through the aperture?'

"'There can be no doubt about it. There is a large tree growing close by the side of the house. He must have ascended that tree and thrown her out of the aperture on to the bough—anyhow, they got safely away.'

"'Do you know, Preacher, this is very bad news you bring me.'

"'I know it is, Nelly—but no one is to blame in the matter that I know of. The question now is—what is best to be done?'

"'Yes, that is a question that must be decided at once.'

"'I suppose we must get this girl in our power again?'

"'I do not agree with you, Preacher. It would be very dangerous to interfere with that girl. It would be much better that we change our place of meeting. However, call a meeting of the Brothers of Night for this evening, and I will bring the matter before them.'

"'That will be the best plan. I would rather trust to your judgment, Nelly, than any one else.'

"'Thank you for the compliment, Preacher. But let us change the subject, and see you ready to carry out my wishes respecting Herbert Fane?'

"'It is my intention to apply this very day at Mrs. Tilbrook's for board. I have been making inquiries, and find that she has a vacancy. If I do not apply at once it will be filled.'

"'You had better lose no time, then.'

"'I will call on her leaving here.'

"'The Preacher then took his leave.

"'This is bad news the Preacher brings me; but I do not see how he is to blame. This girl's escape was one of those unavoidable circumstances for which no one is responsible. It will never do for us to make any further attempt to get her into our power again. We shall simply have to change our place of meeting.'

"'Will the Preacher succeed in what he has undertaken with respect to Herbert Fane? I feel certain he will, for he is very determined.'

March 23.

"Attended a meeting of the Brothers of Night last night. I proposed that we change our place of meeting, and not meet Miss Clifton any further. This proposition was agreed to without a single dissenting voice.

"The Preacher called on me in the middle of the day, and brought me great news. He administered the preparation to Herbert Fane last night, and this morning the young lawyer was found dead in his bed.

"There was, of course, great excitement in the house. A physician was summoned, who stated that the deceased had died of congestion of the lungs, or apoplexy, or some other disease doctors use to disguise their ignorance. He declined to make a post mortem examination, which is so much the better, although I believe that nothing would be revealed by it. Poor young man! perhaps it is a pity that he should die so young—but it is his own fault. I offered him a means of escape, but he would not accept it.

"Received a visit from Oliver Hollice in the afternoon. He stated that the news of Herbert Fane's death had reached Greenlands, and has caused the greatest consternation there. Miss Zoe Clifton has been seized with a relapse, and her life is despaired of. Should she die, it will be really killing two birds with one stone.

"There does not appear to be the slightest suspicion that the young lawyer met his death by foul means. So much the better.

"Hollice, in his hypocritical manner, congratulated me on having removed Fane, and Marston from my path. He was evidently in the best of spirits at having his thirty thousand dollars rendered safe, although he would not move a finger to help me, except providing me with the chemical preparation.

"Heard some unpleasant news to-day, namely, that a particular friend of Herbert Fane, one Ernest Franklin, a young man I have never seen, has gone to Washington on business. Can this mean anything? Could it be possible that Herbert Fane, just before he died, discovered anything respecting his parentage?

"Pshaw! what a fool I am. Even supposing he did, what then? He is dead, and can never stand in my path again, no matter what may be discovered!

March 24th.

"The funeral took place to-day. Herbert Fane was conveyed to his last resting place. I saw the coffin pass through the street. And this is the end of this young man! What a pity it is that he came across my path! Or if he would only have consented to make me his wife, all would have been well—but he decided differently, and his blood be upon his own head!

"The thirty thousand dollars a year are mine! mine!

"Saw the Preacher again to-day. He is in high spirits at his success, and well he may be, for he managed things admirably. I paid him the sum I had promised him. I advised him to leave the boarding-house to-morrow, without fail. It is much better that he should be away from there as soon as possible, in case he might meet some one there who recognized him.

March 25th.

"The Preacher called again to-day, and informed me that he had left Mrs. Tilbrook's boarding-house. There is one thing, however, that annoys me very much, and that is, he (the Preacher) has left behind him the preparation, he thinks on the mantel-piece, in his room.

"How could he be so stupid? I thought I do not expect the slightest ill consequence from his oversight. The most curious fact is that when he discovered his loss, he went back again, but the viol had been removed, and he dared not ask for it. In this, perhaps, he was right.

"Received a telegram from Mr. Edmund Marston, of Washington, informing me that he would be in New York to-morrow. Let him come! Let him find out, if he pleases, that Herbert Fane is Ernest Franklin. He cannot deprive me now of my thirty thousand dollars a year. They are mine—mine forever!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VIAL OF CRYSTALS.

Doctor Ernest Franklin could not realize the information conveyed to him by Mrs. Tilbrook. He stared wildly about him, and every vestige of color deserted his face.

"Dead and buried!" he repeated. "Who is dead and buried?'

"Why, Mr. Herbert Fane," said Mrs. Tilbrook. "He was buried yesterday."

"Impossible! Herbert died? He was perfectly well when I left him four days ago. There must be some mistake. You cannot be so sure."

"I wish, Doctor Franklin, that I had made a mistake, or that I did not know what I was saying. But alas! it is too true! Mr. Herbert Fane is really and truly dead!"

"Great God of Heaven!" exclaimed Ernest, still scarcely believing his ears; "Herbert Fane dead! When and of what did he die?'

"The night you went away," said Mrs. Tilbrook, "he went to bed at an early hour, seemingly in his usual state of health, excepting that he seemed very tired. Nothing unusual was heard during the night in his chamber, but in the morning he was found dead in his bed."

"Do you mean that he died suddenly during the night?" asked Ernest.

"Yes; and he must have died quite early, too, for when he was found, he was lying calmly in bed, and looked just as if he were in a quiet sleep," returned Mrs. Tilbrook.

"Was a physician called in?'

"Certainly. Dr. Kilfast was immediately summoned."

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Ernest, speaking quickly, and interrupting Mrs. Tilbrook; "You did not trust to Kilfast's decision?'

"Yes, sir; he was the only physician available at the time, and I suppose it did not require any great professional skill to decide whether the poor young man was living or dead."

"And what did Kilfast say?" asked Ernest.

"He stated that the poor young man had died of apoplexy during the night."

"Is it possible," said Mr. Edmund Marston, who had listened to this conversation with feelings impossible to describe, "that it is possible that I find my long lost nephew only to lose him again? This is terrible!"

"And I say," said Ernest, speaking in a tone of firm conviction, "that it is my opinion my dear friend came to his death by foul means!"

"What is it you are saying, doctor?" exclaimed Mrs. Marston, scarcely believing his ears.

Ernest Franklin drew Mr. Edmund Marston on one side, out of Mrs. Tilbrook's hearing.

"Repeat," said he, "that it is my firm conviction that Herbert Fane came to his death by foul means!"

"But who is there in the world that would be wicked and cruel enough to rob him of his existence?" asked Mr. Edmund Marston. "He came here having been murdered without a motive?"

"Very true. But I know a person who had that motive. Nay, more, I know that she attempted to take his life in the same way that she did her late husband's; and I also know that it is not the first crime she has committed by a great number."

"Of whom, in Heaven's name, do you speak?" asked Mr. Edmund Marston.

"I speak of Mrs. Marston, your late brother's widow."

"Doctor Franklin, you cannot know what you are saying! My brother's wife a murderess!"

"It is too true, Mr. Marston! Nay, more, when you hear who Mrs. Marston really is you will not be surprised."

"Who is she?'

"She is none other than Mrs. Evelyn, alias Nelly Trehern, who created such a scandal some four years ago."

"Are you certain of the truth of what you state?'

"I have positive proof of it," said Ernest.

"Even now, since she has been in this city, she has joined a band of burglars known as the 'Brothers of Night,' and acts as their head or chief."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Edmund Marston, in a tone of bewilderment. "Can all this be true?'

"I will give you my proofs by-and-by; but, first of all, I must inquire into Herbert Fane's death, for I feel a conviction that he met his death at her hands."

He then rejoined Mrs. Tilbrook, who had remained talking to Miss Millikin, who had joined her while the preceding conversation was going on between the young physician and Mr. Edmund Marston.

"Was any strange staying in the house that night, Mrs. Tilbrook?" he asked.

"None, only my usual boarders."

"Was Herbert's chamber-door fastened on the inside on the morning when he was discovered dead?'

"It was."

"Then it was impossible that any one could have entered his chamber during the night?"

"Utterly impossible."

Ernest Franklin knitted his brows, and remained very thoughtful for a few moments.

"Then you had to seek into his chamber to get into his room?" said he, at last.

"No. It was not necessary," returned Mrs. Tilbrook, "there is a door communicating with the adjoining chamber; and we asked the Rev. Mr. Softly's permission to pass through that."

"Whose permission?" exclaimed Ernest, in a voice of thunder, his face revealing the greatest excitement.

Mrs. Tilbrook glanced at the young physician, and could not understand the extraordinary emotion he displayed.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" said she. "On the very day I went away a clergyman engaged board of mine. He is from the South, and expected to be appointed pastor to one of the churches. He occupied the room adjoining Mr. Herbert Fane's."

"And where is he now?" asked Ernest, quickly, involuntarily pulling his fists.

"He left this morning. Some clergyman in the city is now making his house his headquarters for the night, and he has just left."

"And he occupied the room adjoining that of Herbert?'

"Yes."

"And there is a door of communication between his room and that of my friend, the gentleman of which are on the side of the former?'

"Yes."

"And the Rev. Mr. Softly is a tall, spare man, angularly built, with a smooth face; his hair black, but thin and scanty, and very short; his complexion very dark; and he has his teeth loose."

"I see you know him, doctor, for you have described him exactly," returned Mrs. Tilbrook.

"My God! my God!" exclaimed Ernest, raising his hands, "why was I not here to prevent the perpetration of this crime?'

"What is that you are saying?" exclaimed Mrs. Tilbrook, who thought that the young physician must be losing his senses.

"Nothing! nothing! Be good enough to show me the room so that I may recollect by the way, Mr. Softly's remarks were sufficient to make her weep—weep!"

"Show me to this man's room without a moment's delay!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Certainly, doctor. Walk this way, if you please."

And wondering why Doctor Franklin should wish to see the room lately occupied by the Rev. Mr. Softly, she led the way up stairs.

Mr. Edmund Marston followed Mrs. Tilbrook and Mr. Franklin.

The moment he entered the room Ernest ran to the door communicating between the two chambers, and began to examine minutely its fastenings.

"Mr. Marston, be good enough to come here," said he.

Mr. Edmund Marston advanced to his side.

"Do you notice anything peculiar about these bolts?" asked the young doctor.

"I notice that they appear to have been freshly oiled."

"Exactly. Evidently done that he might enter poor Herbert's chamber without making any noise."

"Who oiled Herbert's chamber?" asked Mr. Edmund Marston, not understanding what Ernest meant.

"Why, the Rev. Mr. Softly, to be sure," returned the young physician.

"But what should he want to enter this young man's chamber for?'

"White of face, let me see it this moment!" said Ernest.

Mrs. Tilbrook left the room, and returned almost immediately with a small vial containing some white crystals, which Ernest immediately recognized as a portion of the preparation of cannibals he had given Mrs. Clifton.

"God grant that I may not be too late!" he exclaimed. "Where is Herbert Fane buried?'

"He is placed in Mr. Clifton's vault, in Greenwood," said Mrs. Tilbrook.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Ernest, and then drawing Mr. Marston again on one side, he whispered to him:

"Go to Mrs. Marston's, question and cross-examine her, but do not let her know that you suspect her. I must leave you on a matter of life or death."

So saying he rushed from the house, leaving the persons he quitted so unconsciously under the impression that the sudden loss of his friend had affected his brain.

To be continued.

SOCIETY.—Society is a word in constant use, but there is a degree of vagueness in its meaning. We talk of the interests of society; the good opinion of society; a good position in society; of going into society. It is a general term for social relations and intercourse. We have fashionable society, or the gay world, *le beau monde*; intellectual society, made up of people who think, or at least think they think; artistic society, composed of persons having a talent or taste for the culture of art; and general society, including all interests.

In the wilds, in sparsely settled countries and frontier regions, we find the most hearty hospitality. In cities, though men are constantly brought together, there grows up a strange selfishness and indifference to the needs of others.

In the country, a man knows all the affairs of the city, he does not even know the name of the family living next door, from whom he is separated by only a wall of eight inches thickness.

Still constant rounds off the rough angles of character, and renders men polished in manners. Meeting daily in business and amusements, men grow polite.

In a large sense, every person is considered a member of society; but we speak of a solitary person, as one who goes into society—meaning one who neither visits or is visited. A respectable person is not admitted into society. A morose person shuns society. A person of loose habits and associations mingles in low society.

What is this low society? In one sense it is immoral, made up of persons who disregard the observances and moralities of the social standard. Again, it is applied to people who are poor; who dress badly; who live in unfashionable neighborhoods, or follow unfashionable employments, who lack cultivation, manner, taste, birth, or whatsoever is held to be necessary to good society.

Food for Smiles.

There is a perceptible improvement in a caterpillar when he turns over a new leaf.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbor. Six per cent. will do.

What "bus" has found room for the greatest number of people?—Columbus.

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush."

"The fact is, husband, I was born to blush seldom."

The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in russia, has returned with a terrier in his pocket.

The difference between a fish and the husband of a vixen is, that one lives always in cold water, and the other in hot.

A woman's tears are generally more effective than her words. In such cases, wind is a less powerful element than water.

"I say, Pat, what are you about; sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

A gentleman who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for his private study, showed it to a friend, remarking: "Here I sit reading from morning till night, and nobody a bit the wiser."

"Ahem! So here I am between two tailors," said a dandy at a public table, where a couple of young ladies were seated, who had just begun business. "Very true," said one of them; "we are but new beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow, how he did like a good fire! I hope he's gone where they keep good fires."

The following is told of the late Bishop Moore: He was dining on one occasion with a celebrated lawyer, when a country attorney, who was one of the guests, thought proper to treat the company with an anecdote. He said that on one occasion, after crossing a river, he saw a man sitting on the bank, fishing. He asked him what he was fishing for. He replied: "The devil; but that he had failed to get a bite at first, because he had baited his hook with a lawyer; but as soon as he had baited his hook with a clergyman he was successful."

Bishop Moore remarked that he was reminded of an anecdote he heard told by Dr. Clark, of Richmond. The doctor having been called to attend a poor physician, and a fee being offered him, the doctor replied: "No; that would be dog eat dog;" and upon this principle it would have been devil eat devil, had the devil snatched at the lawyer.

Selections.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

The following extract from a letter received by one of our friends describes the operation of a pneumatic tube between Glasgow and London. Probably few of our readers are aware of the existence of the process by which messages and packages are almost instantaneously transmitted between these two cities:—

"I had occasion to send a telegram to London the other day, and in a few minutes received a reply which led me to suppose that a serious error had been committed by my agents, involving many thousands of pounds. I immediately went to the telegraph office and asked to see my message. The clerk said, 'We can't show it to you, as we have sent it to London.'

"But," I replied, "you must have my original paper here; I wish to see that." He again said, 'No, we have not got it; it is in the Post office at London.' 'What do you mean,' I asked. 'Pray let me see the paper I left here half an hour ago.'

"Well," said he, "if you must see it, we will get it back in a few minutes, but it is now in London." He rang a bell, and in a few minutes or so produced my message, rolled up in pasteboard.

"It seems for some months there has existed a pneumatic telegraph between Glasgow and London and between London and the other principal cities of the kingdom, which consists of an iron tube, into which the messages are thrown and sent to their destination. I inquired if I might see a message sent. 'Oh yes; come round here. He slipped a number of messages into the pasteboard, and handed it into the tube, and heard a slight rumbling noise for seventeen seconds, when a bell rang beside me, indicating that the scroll had arrived at the General Post Office, four hundred miles off. It almost took my breath away to think of it. If I could only go to Boston with the same relative speed, you might count on my passing an evening every week at 124 Beacon street, and returning home to sleep. Who knows but we may be conveyed in this marvellous manner before many years?'

"Perhaps you are aware that there has been a large tube between the General Post Office in London and the station in Eustace Square in operation for a number of years. The mail bags for the Northern all sent by this conveyance, so that the Post Office receives letters up to a few minutes before the train leaves, three miles off. The transit takes less than two seconds. Surely this is an age of wonders."

—Boston Transcript.

THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY WITH THE POOR.

One sometimes hears it said that the head of a constitutional monarchy, such as England, has really but very little work to do, all the hard labor of governing being performed by ministers; but the truth is that there is more work than influence attached to the Queen's position—that is, influence on the decision of important questions or the fluctuations of public opinion. The Queen is the head of all the departments of the state, and although much of the work connected with these is merely of routine and is performed by subordinates, yet anything of importance in them has to be laid before and be considered by her. A sovereign's natural bias, of course, leads him to pay more attention to some matters than to others; and the Queen's well-known sympathy for the poor has led her to examine closely the operations of the poor laws, and this, in addition to the constant supervision of the minutiae of business, makes the amount of labor performed by her something from which any one might well shrink, and which any one less conscientious than she would be inclined to shirk. In such a position as hers there is little ease. "A queen," says the *Saturday Review*, commenting on such matters—"a queen is only a crowned woman, and the strength of women is limited by nature. An hereditary monarchy is to be taken with all its advantages and disadvantages; and if the sovereign has delicate health, as the Queen often has, then the work belonging to her office must exercise its natural physical effects. The nation takes its sovereign much as husbands and wives take each other, for better and worse."

THE DESTINY OF CANADA.

The destiny of the North American Province is independence. They are separated from the United States by the

P. M. TIME TABLE FOR COATICOOKE

PASSENGER TRAINS.	
MONTREAL TO PORTLAND.	
Morning Mail due	4-45 a.m.
Mixed due	5-45 a.m.
Night Mail due	8-30 p.m.
PORTLAND TO MONTREAL.	
Morning Mail due	5-20 a.m.
Mixed due	9-45 a.m.
Express due	3-05 p.m.
Night Mail due	11-10 p.m.

POST OFFICE MAILS CLOSE.

For Montreal, Quebec, &c.	7 a.m., 9 p.m.
For United States	8 p.m.
Arrive—Montreal &c.	8-30 p.m. 6 a.m.
U. S.	7-30 a.m. 11-30 p.m.

DIVINE SERVICE ON SUNDAYS.

Episcopal	11 a.m.
Roman Catholic	10 a.m. 2-30 p.m.
Baptist	10-11 a.m.
Methodist	11-12 p.m.

Coaticooke Observer.

SATURDAY JUNE 4, 1870.

We have given a prominent place in this week's issue to a communication from one of our prominent citizens, Geo. O. Doak, Esq., in contradiction of the oft repeated assertion of Mr. W. S. Williams, of this place, in his somewhat scurrilous, and at the same time foolish, attacks on the OBSERVER, that he spoke the sentiments of the "inhabitants of Coaticooke." With reference to this gentleman's last "bubble," we have nothing to say.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON THE FENIAN RAID.

Below we give a long extract from an article in the London "Times" of the 26th ult. Up to that time, of course, full particulars of the raid had not been received in England, and the comments are therefore somewhat one-sided. At the same time they serve to show the British opinion of these villainous incursions of the American brigands, and we therefore present it to our readers, together with an extract from the

(From the London Times, May 26th.)

Another attempt at the invasion of Canada is threatened by the Fenians of the United States. Not the memory of former disaster, the malignant reputation of all sympathy by every party in Canada, the prohibition of the United States Government, and the complete apathy of Ireland itself, can prevent the infernal who crowd the streets of New York and Philadelphia from conspiring once more to disturb the peace of the Canadian Dominion. We cannot tell as yet whether they will carry their nefarious enterprise into effect. The leaders have long been talking of a combined invasion by all the Fenian forces, and they have thus been able to keep up the agitation and extract considerable sums from the Irish immigrants. They now think, no doubt, that something must be done to please their supporters and paymasters, and consequently we hear of an advance from several points on the Canadian frontier. If they see an undefended point they will probably cross. It will be an achievement if they are able to encamp for even a night or two on Canadian soil. The cause lives so much by vanity and impudence that it will be a great thing for them to boast that they have given the Canadians a "scare," and have only retreated before the full power of the British Empire. On the other hand, they will take care to avoid meeting the Canadian Militia if the latter be in force. For this reason we hope that the Dominion Government is exercising due vigilance. It has been forewarned and ought to be forewarned. The people are loyal to the Crown, and furious against the desperadoes who have given them so much trouble and cost them so much money during the last five years. The Militia is numerous, sufficient, well armed and ready to do its duty. The men know the history of the former attack, and are conscious that the temporary success of the invaders would mean the plunder of their property and their humiliation in the eyes of their neighbours. We may trust the Canadian levies to give the Fenian "General" O'Neill a lesson if only they can be brought to the frontier in time to receive him.

The United States Government has at former times shown its willingness to perform its international duties. The Canadians had at first somewhat to complain of, for the Fenians openly invited subscriptions, collected arms, and moved to the frontier without molestation. But when the invasion really became imminent President Johnson acted with energy, sending troops to the frontier and turning back the bands who were making their way towards Canada. President Grant seems equally disposed to check the present outrage. On Tuesday a proclamation was issued at Washington against the illegal military enterprises and expeditions which were being set on foot against the Dominion of Canada; all persons were warned against taking part in them, and the President enjoined all officers in the service of the United States to employ all their authority and power to prevent and defeat unlawful proceedings, and

to arrest and bring to justice all persons who may be engaged therein." This is eminently satisfactory; but in such a case, a proclamation does not satisfy the demands of justice, and it ought to be at once followed by stringent measures for its enforcement. Our correspondent telegraphs that there are no United States troops in the neighborhood of Malone and St. Albans. This is not surprising. American soldiers are not generally quartered along the Canadian frontier, and, indeed, the Canadians would look with suspicion on such an arrangement. But under the present circumstances the absence of a regular American force is unfortunate. The best that can be done is to send such a force as speedily as possible. By the use of the telegraph and the railway a number of troops sufficient to maintain order can be soon brought to any point of the Union, and the United States army, small as it is, is sufficient to furnish men for the duty.

Whether the American Government be prompt in fulfilling its obligations or not, the course of the Canadian authorities is plain. There must be no tenderness to the marauders this time. It is now four years since this man O'Neill first invaded Canadian territory. At the end of May, 1866, he crossed the Niagara River at Fort Erie. The prospect of an invasion had been a joy and an enthusiasm to the Canadians. Volunteers had been enrolled by thousands, and the Fenians were encountered three days after they had crossed the frontier. They were compelled to retreat, and a number of them were captured. The American Government acted in good faith, and many of the returned Fenians were arrested by General Grant and Meade, sent on the service by President Johnson. At the same time another attack was directed against the Canadians from the Vermont frontier. The result of these movements was that a Colonel Lynch and a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. John McMahon, were tried and sentenced to be hanged, but subsequently reprieved. This is, therefore, not the first offence of the Fenians and their leader. If, in spite of the warnings they have received, in spite of the prohibition of the Government to which they have transferred their allegiance, they persist in carrying war into a peaceable community, which has given them on offence at all, they must expect to be dealt with as robbers and murderers. Nothing, indeed, more abominable can be imagined than that these ruffians, in their insane hatred of England, should conspire to ravage the territory of a neighbouring and cognate people whose only fault, in their eyes, is that they are under allegiance to the British Crown.

(From the London Daily News, 25th May.)

A telegraphic despatch informs us that the Fenians have commenced to make a raid upon the herds and homes of Canadian farmers, instead of confining their depredations to the pockets of credulous servants. News of this kind has been repeated so often, only to be contradicted, that we receive it with reservation. Indeed, it is difficult to resist feelings of incredulity. The New York journals feel about Californian earthquakes. The latter have begun to protest against the extravagance of paying for a telegraphic despatch to the effect that another earthquake has taken place at San Francisco, but that no damage has been done and no lives have been lost. In like manner we are tired of Fenian raids which end in telegrams. It is possible, however, that on the present occasion the Fenians may have resolved upon committing as much mischief and as many murders as possible, and to demonstrate their loyalty to Ireland by cutting the throats of Canadians. Should they prosecute their wicked enterprise they will prove that brigandage can flourish on American as well as on Italian and Athenian soil. That the Canadians will give them a warm reception is quite certain. The engagement at Milverdy in 1866, which ended in the flight of the Fenians, with the loss of several Canadian volunteers, has left behind it a desire to be revenged on the body which is said to be in arms again. Judging from the places named in the telegram it would seem the intention of the marauders to march simultaneously upon Toronto and Montreal. Before these objects are attained it is necessary to cross the frontier, and there the Canadian forces will be concentrated. In the event of the movement being a real one, we must look to the Government of the United States to do its duty. Happily there is no doubt but that in this as in other matters, President Grant will act towards this country with a good faith, which his predecessor did not uniformly display.

CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY.

The future greatness and prosperity of this New Dominion, every one qualified to express an intelligent opinion upon the subject will admit, are intimately associated with the opening up and settlement of the great North-West, and the speedy utilization of the advantages it affords. This is the question now before the country, and its successful solution is the one thing to be desired. It must be confessed that the policy of the existing Cabinet in relation to it, hitherto has not been such as to entitle their future action to much public confidence; still, we trust that, admonished by their past errors, and inspired, if possible, by a patriotism superior to all party and personal interests, they may yet, in the spirit of true statesmanship, assist in the accomplishment of this great and truly national object. We assume that the expedition now on its way to the Red River country will be completely successful; that neither Fenians, Indians, nor half-breeds, will interrupt its progress; and that its mission may, in very truth, prove what it purports to be, one of peace and good-will, and not of war, with all its accompanying barbarities. We will suppose that Her Imperial Majesty's troops and our own brave volunteers reach their destination unmolested, that Lieutenant Governor Archibald is duly installed in office, and that the proposed Government has peacefully entered upon the discharge of its lawful duties. We will suppose all this, we say, for we presume both the Government and people of Canada sincerely

desire it—but granted that all we have specified be accomplished, does the task of the Dominion Government end there? Clearly not, but begins rather. There is a great work still before it—a work pregnant with the most important interests of every man, woman and child in British North America—the speedy and friendly union of all our fellow-colonists from ocean to ocean. This, in view of the spirit of territorial aggrandizement which animates our neighbors along the southern border, involves and becomes a necessity of our very existence as British Colonies. The scheme is feasible as well as necessary, but in order to render it complete we must have a railway from British Columbia to the North-western limits of Lake Superior. We must have intercourse—Canadian intercourse, untrammelled and undisturbed by foreign intervention—and we must have it speedily too.

It will not do to let our enterprising American friends build their projected Northern Pacific Railroad before we move in the matter. We have a better route than they, through a more fertile territory, and British capitalists, the proper inducement being offered, we have no doubt, would guarantee the necessary amount for its construction at once. If we wish to make Canada one of the great highways of commerce, this is our opportunity. To the north-west of us lies a region of almost boundless extent and of unsurpassed fertility. The climate, which the voracious Joseph Howe pronounced "excellent," better informed and more reliable men declare not to exceed in average severity that of Western Canada. If we can place any dependence on the report of Professor Hind and those of his subordinates, especially Mr. Snodgrass Fleming's, the valleys of the Red River, the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan abound in all the elements of wealth. Viscount Milton and Mr. Cheade inform us that the "fertile belt" extends to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, while on American territory a vast barren tract, hundreds of miles broad, skirts their eastern slopes. The soil, the richest alluvial formation, is admirably adapted for the growth of all the cereals produced in Canada, but especially of wheat, the most important and valuable staple of this class. Vegetables grow with great luxuriance. All this "fertile belt," composing the valleys above mentioned, consists alternately of wooded heights and rolling prairies diversified by numberless lakes, many of them of great extent, connected by rivers, and having other large rivers flowing into them, thus facilitating the means of transit. Herds of buffaloes cover the plains to the far West. Nor is there deficiency of mineral wealth—coal, of which we have not, and never can have any in Canada, Prof. Hind tells us, is abundant in the valley of the Saskatchewan. Gold, iron, salt, and bitumen are also found. The engineering difficulties to be encountered in constructing a railway through the Rocky Mountains, it is asserted by those who are well informed on the subject, are less than at any point further south. Since the road would pass through a country so rich as soon as the country became settled it would pay better than any other road across the continent. The mineral wealth, especially the gold of British Columbia, would find speedy transit in this direction. The surplus agricultural products of the rich central territory would find a ready market in the cities that will spring up on the Pacific as well as in Ontario and Quebec, and the Red River and other farmers would no longer be obliged to resort to St. Paul, a distance of six hundred miles, a journey occupying about twenty days. Our merchants and manufacturers would find in this vast region room for all their enterprise. The towns which would start up along the line of railway would afford a home market for the farmers, and thus putting an end to the necessity for a wandering life, would have a tendency to produce settled habits in the present nomadic population. Railway communication between Fort William and Fort Garry should be begun and completed as speedily as may be. It should not, however, be allowed to stop there, but be continued across the Continent. If our Government is sincere in the encouragement given to emigration, now is the time to show that sincerity. More European emigrants, probably, will arrive in Canada this season than during any previous year, and unless we wish to see ninety-nine hundredths of them passing over to Uncle Sam's dominion, some great enterprise of the kind mentioned is necessary. Immigration would follow the track of the new Railway, and the wilderness of the North West would soon become one of the fairest and most prosperous portions of America. This is Canada's opportunity, and it should not be allowed to pass unimproved.—Hamilton Times.

THE LAST OF THE FENIAN INVASION.

The latest infliction of that pestilent nuisance, a Fenian raid, has just come to an inglorious end. Dupers and duped are now seeking their homes, some of the latter under many privations. Deserted by their military leaders, who are also the treasurers of the organization, thousands of these marauders are now involuntarily lingering round the northern extremities of New York and Vermont unable to return. In the meantime they appear to be picking up a subsistence either by begging or robbing, adopting either mode according to the degree of its safety and remuneration, though the latter doubtless comes most natural to them. One might suppose that the cowardly behaviour of the leaders on the battle-field, followed by their no less cruel desertion of the ranks and file after the total failure of the expedition had become manifest, would open the eyes of the most obtuse, and, by stopping the flow of any further contributions, put an end to the organization altogether. It is far from certain, however, that this result will follow. The ignorance which would permit the belief that an unlawful raffle could make any successful military stand against an established government such as ours shows that there must still exist easy subjects for any further imposture that may be attempted upon them. We shall, therefore, most probably find that contributions will continue to flow,

though perhaps in a lessened stream, into the Fenian money-box. Mock generals, and colonels, and head-quarters may continue to live in luxurious ease at the expense of the credulous ignorance of their countrymen and countrywomen, and blazing manifestos may from time to time appear. But it is scarce within the limits of credence that any future invasion of Canada will extend beyond the region of empty talk and vain menace. Degraded in understanding as are the Fenian soldiery, and as reckless as the rest, the former is neither so hopelessly imbecile nor the latter so suitably rash as any longer to be unaware of the dangers of the task they lately assumed. It is, therefore, we apprehend, in the highest degree improbable that we shall again be called upon to repulse another attack of the nature of that just now driven back. There will be a good deal of bluster in that direction, but the funds collected will for the most part administer to the dissipation and debauchery of the chiefs. Some amounts may from time to time be set aside for the purpose of satisfying the expenses of private assassination, but as the Fenians furnish the ready-made cash, that service would not be a costly one. When the labor market is so glutted, and wages become so generally depressed, it is not surprising that Fenians will find no stop at this point. The dead and maimed wretches that have just met their fate on our eastern frontier, coupled with the more ignominious one which awaits any prisoners that may have been captured, have taught the marauders that the invasion of Canada is more wholesome to them to talk about than to attempt. They will therefore brag and bluster more, perhaps, but there is little probability that the present decade will see a repetition of these Quixotic essays against the integrity of our soil.—London Herald.

ADDRESS OF HON. COL. KING.

To the Editors of the "Observer,"
BRADDE O'FFICE,
Sherbrooke, June 4, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Being at the Front when part of the volunteers of my Division were relieved from active service, and not having had an opportunity of addressing them previous to their departure, allow me, through the medium of your paper, to return thanks to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of these several corps, for the quick and efficient manner in which they answered the call to active service. The earnest desire of all to measure their strength with the would-be invaders, is proof that short work would have been made of them if they had crossed the border.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to say that have never in my experience seen a more efficient and brave body of volunteers forming this command.

My thanks are also due to the gentlemen who gallantly enrolled themselves in patrols and home guards for the protection of the frontier.

Allow me, also to thank those ladies who so kindly provided the haversacks, which were of such good service in protecting the men from the burning sun.

From the highest to the lowest—from municipal corporations as well as from private individuals—sympathy and aid were freely afforded to the volunteers, and I desire, in their name, to express their warm thanks for the same.

CHAS. KING, Lt.-Col.,
Comdg. Brigade.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Observer."

DEAR SIR:—I notice in last week's Stander "Journal" a communication from Mr. Williams, of this place, referring to the late Fenian raid, the steps taken here to protect ourselves, and your comments thereon. Mr. Williams' proceedings are, perhaps, well enough, though not strictly correct, but as he goes out of his way to slur the OBSERVER, you will allow me, as a citizen of Coaticooke, a short space for reply. Mr. Williams attributes the Fenian raid to the Fenians, and he is well known here, and appreciated at their true value; but people outside may not be so well acquainted with the circumstances, and may be imposed upon by the repeated assertions of the dissatisfaction of our people with the OBSERVER, which have from time to time appeared in the "Journal," and especially when those assertions are strengthened made over a "bona fide" signature.

If Mr. Williams thinks to meet the approbation of our right-minded citizens by his attempts to injure the only local organ we have, at the outset of his career, when struggling for existence against many opposing influences, I am glad to think he will find himself woefully mistaken. I am not at all surprised that the rival journal in the County should gladly publish these malicious attacks, but I am surprised that they should be made by one of our own citizens, who effects to have the interests of our village at heart. Even if the OBSERVER does not come up to Mr. Williams' exalted ideas of journalism, it would be much more manly in him to let it severely alone, to stand or fall upon its own merits, without giving his assistance to injure it in the interests of a rival journal published at the other end of the county. Not that I think Mr. Williams' attacks will cause serious injury to the "Observer," still, they have their effect, coming as they do,

from a citizen of the place. Every one knows how very difficult it is to start a newspaper in a country place, particularly when the ground is so well occupied as it was in this part of the country. And every one in Coaticooke felt how important it was to have a local organ to advocate our interests whenever occasion required; hence the aid given by our leading citizens to the "Observer" at the start. Instead, therefore, of doing our utmost, to injure the sheet brought into existence by our efforts, we should give it every assistance in our power, and even if we do not approve of all its utterances, should maintain a discreet silence, unless they offend morality. Least of all should we make attacks on our home journal in a rival sheet, published abroad.

Such a course is equally in bad taste and opposed to the best interests of our growing village. The attacks on the "Observer" which have appeared in the "Journal," apparently from the same pen, profess to be inspired by our leading citizens, whose mouthpieces the writer pretends to be. I think I am in a position to contradict this assumption, and to state positively that these attacks are not only without the sanction, but have the unqualified disapproval of the great majority of our leading men, who, although they may not agree entirely with the "Observer's" course, are anxious to see it established on a permanent footing, and would do all in their power to assist it, in its struggle for existence, rather than do ought to its injury. They are fully aware of the difficulties the "Observer" has had to contend with, and would be the last to add to those difficulties in any way, directly or indirectly.

Fully appreciating the value of a good paper, they think the way to obtain it is by supporting and fostering the only one we have; and I think I may say they consider the "Observer" equal to most country papers, with the prospect of taking the first rank if properly supported.

In reference to the statements in the "Observer" which have given occasion to Mr. Williams' sinning remarks, I may say that, being present at the meeting for organizing the Home Guard, I can vouch for the "Observer's" account being strictly correct. I was not present at the meeting of the Guard in the evening, but understood from reliable parties, who were present, that the "Observer's" statements in regard to it were equally so; of course, every one who bears a brain understood the facts, and, to be sport.

If it is absolutely necessary to Mr. Williams' comfort that he should throw a stone at the "Observer" on every possible occasion, I hope he will in future do it through the columns of that sheet, which I am sure will be open to him, when the attack and reply may appear at the same time, and go before the same readers. I remain your obt. servt.

GEO. O. DOAK,
Coaticooke, June 9th, 1870.

MUNICIPAL.

An adjourned session of the Council was held on Wednesday, June 8th. Present, Mayor Adams and Councilors Sleeper, Fox, Lowell, Shurtliff, and Randall; Mayor Adams in the chair.

The petition of C. P. Carr and others was received and laid over for further consideration.

The report of superintendent Merrill on road, prayed for by J. Snott, was received and homologated with amendments.

Wm. Bowden bill \$15, and Chas. Merrill bill \$9, was accepted, and the Sec. Treas. ordered to settle the same.

Wright Sleeper was appointed Fire Marshal, and Stephen Davis Deputy Fire Marshal for this Municipality.

The Council then adjourned until the first Monday in July, at 2 o'clock P. M.

OSIS SHURTLEFF, Sec. Treas.

COLLINGWOOD NEWS.

THE FORT GARRY EXPEDITION.

(From the Globe's Special Correspondent.)

COLLINGWOOD, May 31, 1870

A LIVELY PLACE.

Not many a day has Collingwood exhibited such a scene of bustle and activity as today. The wharves crowded with steamers, the arrival of the military, and the influx of people from the country to see the show, made the place a hive of activity. The Prince Alfred was the first to leave the wharf, and steamed out of harbour for about two miles as was supposed, to wait for the *Chicora* and *Frances Smith*, and make a trial of their relative speed. This supposition was borne out by the fact, that it was well known a spirit of emulation existed between the officers of the different boats, and that several bets, in regard to the difference in time made by the *Chicora* and *Prince Alfred* between this and the *Sault*, had been made by outsiders—figuring prominently amongst whom was a genial looking Toronto Alderman of somewhat Falstaffian proportions. Like a good many other popular notions, however, this one turned out to be wrong, for the *Prince Alfred* was only waiting for a boat she had left ashore, and also because strict orders had been received from headquarters that the two steamers should keep each other company as closely as possible throughout the voyage.

SONGS AND CHIEFS.

The *Chicora* was delayed in leaving by a large raft of timber, which was being towed in, and lay across her course, and while her steam pulse was throbbing with excitement to be gone on her watery way, the sight-seers on the wharf struck up the popular air of "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." "We'll hang Old Red on a Sour Apple Tree," "We'll gather at the River, &c.," and as the noble vessel moved gracefully and slowly from the dock a number of people on the American propeller *Brooklyn* sang "God Save the Queen." The men of the 2nd Battalion on the *Chicora* responded by singing in chorus, "Farewell Mother, dearest Mother," and then three mighty cheers for the success of the Expedition rang out from those on board and

ashore, and the *Chicora* started like a greyhound from the slips. By this time the *Prince Alfred* could only be discerned by a black trail of coal smoke left in her wake. The *Frances Smith*, however, had backed out into the harbor and was curvetting like a high mettled racer until the *Chicora* got alongside, and they started together. A great many people watched them until huddled down in the harbor, and it was hard to say which was then ahead. The *Chicora* was very deeply loaded, almost too much so for Lake Superior in any other than this season of the year.

Both officers and men appeared in excellent spirits, and expressed themselves satisfied with the arrangements made for their accommodation on the *Chicora* and *Prince Alfred*.

The *Rescue* will leave to-morrow with what stores she can carry; a schooner load of hay and some small loads.

The *Algonia* will also commence loading to-morrow.

THE EXPEDITION.

has undoubtedly a harder road to travel than some of their leaders imagine, even if no collision with half-breeds or Fenians occurs. At the present rate of going, they cannot possibly get through for many weeks, possibly for many months. It is always a difficult matter to move large masses of men and material through a new country; but the nature of the country to be traversed between Fort William and Red River is so comparatively unknown, except to a few Hudson Bay Company's men, and the difficulties to be encountered so little realized, that it is only fair to give our rulers a note of warning.

New Publications.

Musical Independent.—The music in the June number is Annie of Thauru; Offertoire; Sing to me, Brother; All Around in Slumber Lacs. Published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago.

The International Railway and Steam Navigation Guide for June is received. With its "Miscellaneous Reading," and complete and authentic time tables, this is a most excellent Railway Guide. Published by C. R. Chisholm & Co. Montreal.

Canadian Illustrated News.—No. 31 contains several fine illustrations in connection with recent events. Among these is an illustration of the "Great Fire at Quebec," "Engagement at Cook's Corners," "Skirmishes Opening Fire," "Grave of the First Fenian Killed at Cook's Corners," and "Red River Expedition—Engineers Leaving Camp at Levis." In addition to these are several other fine illustrations.

Hitchcock's New Monthly Magazine.—The June number has come to hand containing excellent Portraits of Adeline Patti and James Gordon Bennett, Jr. The music in this number is Damon and Clara; Beautiful Bird; Lulu Polka; and Helen Galop. Terms, \$3 per annum. Published by Benj. W. Hitchcock, 24 Beekman St. New York.

Good Health.—The articles in the June number of this magazine seem to be even more instructive and entertaining than its predecessors. Every body should subscribe to it. Terms \$2 per year. Published by Alex. Moore, 11 Broomfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Wood's Household Magazine.—This is a spiky little magazine and fills the great want of a fireside. It has a department for every branch of the family, which are filled with articles of the best choice. Terms, \$1 per year. Published by S. S. Wood, Newburgh, N. Y.

The North British Review for April has the following contents: The church Policy of Constantine; Earl Godwin and Earl Harold; The Early Authorship of Shakespeare; The Will and Freewill; Jane Austen; Parties and Politics of Modern Russia; The Home Policy of the Session; Contemporary Literature. If you would be up in the best current literature of the day, by all means subscribe to one of these reviews. For terms, etc., see advertisement on fourth page.

Whitney's Musical Guest.—The June number contains a Comic Song, So near Sighted, by Donore; The Little White Cot in the Lane, a Song and Chorus, by Shattuck, and a beautiful Serenade, by Frank Howard, entitled Are you coming Love to-night? The last is a gem and worth the price of the *Guest* for a year could it not otherwise be obtained. The reading department also contains much to interest and instruct. The terms are only \$1.00 per annum. Specimen copies can be obtained by enclosing ten cents to the publisher, W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio. We advise all our readers to send for a sample copy and examine for themselves. Canada subscribers must send 14 cents extra to prepay postage. Address Whitney's, 100 N. 3rd St., Toledo, Ohio.

Toronto, June 2.—It is still further ascertained that Riel and his Government are not satisfied with the Manitoba bill, because it does not contain a general pardon clause, and he will oppose the entrance of the British troops. It is said they will begin fighting with troops near the Lake of the Woods.

Forty Fenians are said to be already in Winnipeg, and more expected. The feeling between the half-breeds and Fenians is not very friendly. The people of the settlement are about equally divided for and against Riel.

No local demonstration was expected until the troops were near at hand. An excitement, amounting to a panic, is said to prevail in the settlement. Furs were plenty but business there is very cautious. Real estate was selling for almost nothing; a prolonged and bloody fight being expected.

The rebels are said to have been somewhat dependent as to the ultimate result, but they think they can defeat the troops now on their way.

The Fenians are still arriving daily at St. Cloud by twos and threes, and they seem to be in active communication with the Brotherhood at Chicago and other points.

Earl Russell is about to bring forward the whole of the Colonial question in the House of Lords and move for the appointment of a commission to decide upon the best means for guaranteeing the security of every part of Her Majesty's Dominions.

New York, June 8.—Mayor Hall announces his intention to approve no further privileges for constructing telegraph post lines through the city, and is preparing a special message urging all existing lines to be taken down, and run in cables under ground.

THE UNITED STATES DEBT.—The American Treasury reports a diminution in the public debt during the month of \$11,000,000.

Table-Talk.

Homee Greeley is seriously ill with a fever.

It is likely the Gov. General will visit Manitoba next month.

The first instalment of the newly coined small Canadian silver is expected to arrive on the 15th inst.

On Monday next the Summer Express will commence running from Portland to Montreal. It will be due Coaticooke 3.05.

It is expected that the Governor General will invest Prince Arthur with the K. C. M. G. at St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, to-day.

SHEEP SHEARING.—Mr. Stephen Migeault sheared 126 sheep for A. A. Adams and H. Cutting Esqs. in 17 hours. Who can beat that?

The Sherbrooke Gazette has this week changed hands. Mr. J. S. Walton retiring, the Gazette will hereafter be published by Bradford & Morehouse.

On Saturday last, the Coaticooke Company of Volunteers were relieved from active service, and returned to their several occupations.

The volunteers will be pleased to see, in another column, the address of their highly-esteemed Colonel, Lt.-Col. Chas. King, of Sherbrooke.

We see by the General Militia order that Lieut.-Col. Geo. F. Bowen, of the 53 Sherbrooke Battalion of Infantry, has been permitted to retire, retaining his rank.

Scott, the delegate to our Government from Red River, is safe and hearty. His headquarters are Burlington. His business there,—Fenianism. "Birds of a feather flock together."

The Fenians of New York state that the official list of accidents during the late rail is 11 killed outright, 3 mortally wounded, and 17 wounded, but will likely recover.

The Finance Minister will bring about a uniform system of copper currency by making coppers rates and pennies as two cents, the bad class of coppers being bought up by the Government.

All the reports from the Indian country represent the savages as making general preparations for war. They are not planting any corn this year, which is regarded as significant.

A company of Highlanders, organized about the district of Lake Megantic, left their farm work half done, and marched sixty-five miles on foot to Sherbrooke, on learning of the Fenian invasion.

The dwelling house of Mr. Gardner Day, on "Horse Hill," Stanstead, was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of Wednesday last. The fire originated from a spark on the roof. Insured in the Mutual.—Journal.

ROMISH RULE IN CANADA.—The Rev. Mr. Charbon, Curé of this village, has been appointed Emigration Agent for the Eastern Townships. The reverend gentleman will continue at the same time to perform his duties as a Roman Catholic priest.

The Ottawa Times of Saturday last says "that Sir John A. Macdonald is not yet in the slightest degree aware of what is going on in the outside world, everything being carefully concealed from him, lest it should retard his recovery."

Our thanks are due to Mr. W. F. James, Express Agent at this station, for the corrections according to the new time on the trains due here from Montreal and Portland. The new time goes into operation on Monday next.

On Monday last five young men, Messrs Davis, Baldwin, S. Lamoine, J. Shields, and J. Naylor, members of the Coaticooke Volunteer Company, immediately on being relieved from active service on our frontier, left this village to join in the Red River Expedition. Good for Coaticooke.

The work of building a Convent in this village has progressed with great rapidity. Already its shape and size can be seen, as the work is just nearing completion. It is a large, grey stone structure, situated on a prominent site near the Roman Catholic Church, and commanding an excellent view of the place. When completed it will be an ornament to the village.

TORN BANK NOTES.—Now that bank notes have taken the place of silver as a circulating medium, it would be advisable for parties receiving them to see that the signatures are not torn off, as we are informed that a good many bills of this description are in circulation, and of course without the signatures they are merely so much waste paper. Gold and silver coin with holes in it is now very generally affloat.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Shurtliff "raised" the frame of Messrs Cleveland & Doak's Factory-building, at the Falls. Between fifty and sixty men assisted at the "raising." The timbers being very heavy, the job was a tough one; but was successfully accomplished, and without an accident. The frame is very substantial, and well put together, and capable of sustaining any machinery that may be used in it.

Farm and Household.

FRUIT GARDEN.

Blackberries and Raspberries.—The up the new growth to stakes or the trellis. Keep down superfluous shoots, saving only the strongest. Currants.—By rubbing out straggling shoots much pruning may be avoided. Give the bushes frequent hoeing, and an occasional watering with slops or liquid manure will improve the size of the fruit. I often pay better to market the green fruit than to wait until it is ripe.

Gosberries.—Give the same treatment as currants. If mildew appears try Mr. Hite's remedy: a quart of good ashes in a gailful of water as hot as the hand can bear, the mixture thrown with a syringe so as to wet both sides of the foliage.

Grapes.—The new growth whether of young or old vines, cuttings or layers, is to be kept carefully tied up. Young vines should not be allowed to overbear, one or two bunches to the shoot will be enough. Look out for rose-bugs and caterpillars and hand-pick them.

Pears.—Shorten branches tending to make too much wood. Rub out superfluous shoots. Thin the fruit, especially the large varieties. When ripe, sprinkle air slaked lime upon them, and fasten to a pole. Dwarfs should be kept in good order if they are all to be used.

Strawberries.—If it is desired to multiply a variety, let the runners go, but remove them from beds planted for fruiting. Keep clear of weeds. If the winter's mulch is not left on it will be well to cover the beds with something to keep the fruit clean. Straw run through a cutting machine answers a good purpose, but tan or saw dust may be used. If fruit is sent to market, have the boxes of the same quality at top and bottom. It is well to assort the fruit and make two qualities.

LABORS IN THE HAY FIELD.

Every year changes the character of our labors in the hay field. Still the majority of farmers follow very nearly the old customs, and mow before the dew is off, or after it begins to fall, for several reasons. The severe labor of mowing is less fatiguing if done in the cool part of the day; during the heat of the day hands are needed in curing, or hauling the hay; the labor is more easily performed when the grass is softened by the dew. These reasons are sufficient to settle the question of the time of day when mowing shall be done, with most farmers, and it is immaterial whether the grass be cut mornings or evenings. In fact during rainy or moist weather as much grass may be "got down" as can be taken care of when it clears, and it may lie in the swath some days without damage, if the weather continues wet.

Various kinds of grass mature sufficiently to cut at successive periods on land of the same quality. The crop may be diminished by too early cutting, and its quality hurt by cutting late. Grass ought to be cut when the greater part of it has attained its full size, and is well in blossom. Where many kinds grow together it requires no little experience to judge well, exactly when to put in the scythe. Grass cut ripe, is not only more tough and woody, and in danger of drying so as to be brittle, and waste when handled, but the hay is not so sweet or nutritious.—When cut with the scythe, the grass is left in swaths, which hold most of the dew so that a very little sun dries the ground. Guided by the dryness of the ground, the swaths are generally spread very soon after cutting, when this is done after 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning. It is much better, in our experience, to wait until the ground is not only dry and warm, before spreading. It is as important to know when to stop "curing" hay, or rather when to stop sunning it, as to know when to begin to cut. Hay cures better in the cock than it does in the sun. The juices of the grass if dried slowly become inspissated, that is, thick or gummy, without undergoing any perceptible change except a loss of water. If after the drying has commenced the grass becomes wet, a change takes place very soon, and this is seen in its bleaching if exposed, or heating if covered. This condition of inspissation, or gumminess of the juices, is attained much more easily in grass cut before it is ripe than afterward, and the liability of such hay to heating or damaging by either rain or lying in close heaps is less. While the grass is still fresh, it will bear the hot sun and wilt rapidly, but after it has parted with most of its water it ought to be dried more slowly. This is effected in cocks which lie up loose, so as to permit a free circulation of air, and if hay-caps be used, the curing process goes on during the night or even during rainy days. It may be that the heaps do not really dry much after the heat of the sun is out of them, nights and rainy days, but the moisture in the greenest cock distributes itself through the rest of the hay and the whole mass becomes evenly cured. Hay-caps ought not to cover more than the upper third of the cock—otherwise the ventilation is interfered with. If made of good unbleached cotton, a yard and a quarter square, they will afford sufficient protection.

In bright weather hay ought never to be spread thin or stirred much on the second day, but after getting heated through both by the sun and the action of the warmed ground upon which the cocks are opened, it should be thrown together in loose heaps to finish, and as soon as a lock wrung in the hands exhibits no moisture, and it has a good, sweet, hay smell, it may be considered cured enough to be put up in cocks as large as can conveniently be made, capped and left thus one or several days to "sweet" before getting into the barn. This we think is the surest way to get sweet green hay. Yet hay may often be cut and made in a single day, and housed before night, which if well salted in the mow will be good and sweet. It is more important to cure clover in cocks, than any other kind.

THE HOW AND HOW TO USE IT.

No implement upon the farm will be more useful than the hoe, during the present month. Much may be done with the cultivator, and wherever the crop and the nature of the ground will admit of it, horse labor should be substituted for hand labor. In many places however the presence of stones or other obstructions, and rows of growing plants standing near together, require the use of this old-fashioned implement. Much labor can be saved by having the hoe of proper construction. It should be made of good steel properly tempered, that the edge may neither turn nor break, and not be too heavy to be handled with facility. Any one who has attempted to work with the weighty, cumbersome contrivance commonly used upon southern plantations, will prize the sharp light implement of northern manufacture. The handle

should be just large enough to grasp readily, and inserted into the blade at a convenient angle for working, or so that it may be easily used for cutting weeds near the surface, and for drawing earth around a hill. It should always be kept bright, and to do this, care must be taken to wipe it clean and dry after working in wet soil.

Every one knows the importance of using the hoe to keep weeds in subjection, but in too many cases this knowledge is not made practical. Other things being equal, clean culture will give at the least twenty per cent better returns than when weeds are left to draw the nourishment which should go to the crop; with corn this would make a difference of eight to ten bushels per acre—enough to pay well for several hoeings. Let this fact stimulate the neglected to keep the hoe busy during this weekly month. Another less obvious but equally important benefit conferred by frequent use of the hoe, is keeping the surface of the ground loose. This is needed for growing plants either in wet or dry weather. In the former case, the surplus moisture evaporates more rapidly; in the latter, the moisture from below is attracted upward, and also the warm atmosphere being allowed to penetrate the cooler soil, deposits the vapor contained in it. If culture be needed after the roots have extended over most of the ground, the hoe should be used very lightly so as not to disturb them, or more harm than good may be done.

BREEDING HORSES.

The tempting market which is at present open for all kinds of horse flesh has led we fear to the sale of the farms, of mares valuable for breeding, the loss of which will be seriously felt by and by. European governments who from experience of numerous wars and the necessity of always being able to obtain horses for war purposes at short notice, take care that those which, being in use by the military, are withdrawn from productive labor, are not mares. These are left upon the farms. We are satisfied that no kinds of stock will pay to raise better than horses at present prices, and we have many inquiries on the subject.

The horse breeder should be guided by the fundamental principle that *like produces like*. That is, good colts will come of good, sound, healthy mares and sires. The judgement of a small farmer or of any one who has not a large stud of breeding horses is first exercised in the selection of mares from which to breed. In very large establishments the selections of stallions, suitable to the purposes for which the horses are bred, is of the first importance. Constitutional unsoundness is apt to be hereditary. Broken winded mares seldom breed, and when they do, the foals show a predisposition to the same difficulty. Of course no animal suffering from chronic disease should be allowed to breed. There are many defects which are the results of accidents, and these do not interfere necessarily with a mare being a good breeder. Spavin, ring-bone and all enlargements and diseases of the bones are considered constitutional. Curb, bad feet, and "break downs," though less likely to recur in the progeny, would lead a careful breeder to reject a mare at once. Roaring is also liable to be reproduced; and defective sight and hearing unless from obviously accidental causes, ought to cause mares or stallions to be rejected as breeding animals.

The mare therefore should be sound, deep in girth, "roomy," without being "pot-bellied," with a wide deep pelvis, the back straight and strong, the ribs set well out, giving the barrel strength and rotundity, and the tail ought not to be set too high, which though handsome is apt to be associated with a contracted pelvis. Further than this, the more style and beauty she has the better. "Spirit and quality from the sire; size, beauty and constitution from the dam," is the horse breeder's motto, and it rests upon established physiological principles.

The Stallion ought to be of less size than the mare, of good temper, courageous, willing, docile, sound, well knit as to muscles and sinews, of quick and sound perceptive faculties, (hearing sight and smell particularly). He should have a bony head, clear eyes, and broad open nostrils, a straight short back and straight rump, high withers with a broad chest and loins. The shoulders should be sloping, the barrel round and well ribbed back. The legs muscular to the hocks and knees, but bony, flat, hard and smooth below. When possible we advise breeding from a thoroughbred stallion, and otherwise from those showing most "blood." As a general rule it will be found true that the sire especially influences the nervous energy, perceptive faculties, endurance, spirit, muscular and motive power, and the coat of the progeny—in short those parts most intimately connected with the brain, spinal-marrow and the nerves of sensation and motion—while the influence of the dam upon the constitution, vital force, the digestive functions, and all those parts governed chiefly by the involuntary nerves, or located near them, is so frequently observed that she should be selected with this distinctly in view.

TRAINING THE TOMATO.—Some gardeners think that the best way is to let them alone, allowing them to spread over the ground. They maintain that the heat of the soil hastens the maturity of the fruit. In field culture this must be done, but where there are but few plants it is well to train them on small twigs or pieces of brush stuck in the ground around each plant. This exposes the foliage and fruit to the light and air better than when sprawling in a dense mass on the ground. And the fruit is kept clean. Some make a cheap frame, say two feet high, about each plant or extending along on two sides of a row of plants, over which the branches may be trained as they grow. Drive in crooked stakes two feet high and about six feet apart, on each side of the row, and then lay poles (old bean-poles will answer,) from crotch to crotch. While the plants are small, prop them up with small twigs, and when they reach the poles draw the vines over them. This plan exposes the vines to the sun and makes convenient picking, and keeps the fruit clean.—Persons who have time and patience may make frames like ordinary grape trellises, and tie the vines to the bars. This makes a handsome show from August to October. The plant if pinched in when young and made to grow compact will be more self-sustaining, and fruit earlier and better than if allowed to grow at will in the usual way.

A heifer belonging to Mr. John Smith, of Pilkington, lost a portion of her tongue on the 19th inst., in a singular manner. An open board partition divided her stall from that of a horse, and while the milky cow was licking through the crevice, the horse bit two inches of her tongue clean off.

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