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- GREY COTTONS;
- TRUNKS;
- REMNANTS,

John Haslin.

away in Babylon. I suppose he was a poor young man, a young man who had not much of a chance, a young man who had his aspirations and desires, but was handicapped in the race of life by untoward circumstances. But he was loyal to his God, his church, his country. He wanted to be something, to serve his generation, to help as he could in the nation's restoration. But what could he do? And he stood there, and looked at what there was to be done, and felt how little he could do, how poor and weak he was. And yet he had his own thoughts of things, his own longings, his own passionate heart-hungerings, and he looked up to Heaven, and wondered and prayed and hoped. And the angels were near him. They are always near the young man, however poor and weak, who wants to be something good, who wants to fill a place and serve a purpose. They came and spoke to him. And then he could speak to others with an eloquence that thrilled their souls, and helped them to be what he was. How much his words did, as the Lord's prophet to the people, to make the nation what it afterwards came to be. Need I say that that young man turned out to be one of the grandest of the later prophets, and his words are still eloquent for good? We listen to them, and they help us. They breathe the spirit of the gospel. The holy fire of truth and fervor glows in them.

That young man! Years ago now there landed at Boston a poor Scotch emigrant, a lad of eighteen perhaps, tall and ungainly and unprepossessing in appearance, dressed in corduroy, brought up to rough farm-work, and without scarce a shilling in his pocket. The young Scotchman found it hard enough to earn a living, but he was willing to do what he could find to do, and he was not afraid of hard work. He was brave, truthful, hopeful, earnest. The angels are near such a boy wherever he is. Dr. Angiers, whose eloquent discourses for the last two Sunday evenings have so interested and thrilled and helped us, was at the time pastor of the South Boston Presbyterian Church, and the young Scotch emigrant found his way there. The kind-hearted doctor noticed him and took an interest in him. He became a member of his church, and gave promise of being something. He encouraged him. After a while he took so much interest in him that he sent him to college. He developed rapidly. That young man is now the brilliant pastor of what is known as the Old South Church, and a grand future awaits him.

That young man! All the world today is interested in Henry Morton Stanley the African explorer. Royalty does honor to him. Queen Victoria and the German Emperor sent him congratulatory telegrams. But who is Stanley? The story of his life is a thrilling one, and is briefly this. He was born in Wales of poor parents, parents so poor that he was brought up in an almshouse. His name was John Rowlands. At fifteen he left the almshouse, and found his way to New Orleans. There an English gentleman called Henry Morton Stanley took an interest in him, and the poor boy feeling that he was the only true father he had in the world took his name. But the boy was soon left fatherless and poor again. After a while he came to be a correspondent for the New York Herald, one of the great Dailies of the world. It was as a special correspondent of that newspaper that he was sent to Africa to seek David Livingstone. He found him, and so became famous. But best of all, from the lips of the good Livingstone Stanley heard the story of the cross, and so is a Christian, not perhaps the gentle one that Livingstone was, but still one who looks up and honors the name that is above every name. His hair is gray, but he is still a young man, and who can tell us what he may yet live to do in the way of unlocking the treasures and wonders of the dark Continent to the world? Thus out of so poor and insignificant a beginning as the almshouse Welsh boy, has developed the brilliant African explorer whom the world today feels it to be an honor to do honor to.

That young man! He is here tonight.

You may not know him; but the Lord knows him, and the angels are near him. He may be a poor boy from the country. His clothes may be ill-fitting. He may be lank and raw-boned, uncouth and rustic, green as the greenwood out of which he has come. But he has thoughts and dreams of his own. He has a soul within him of wondrous worth and capacity, a soul that the Lord of angels died to save, a soul that the Divine Spirit dwells in. Despise him not. He is poor. His parents are poor. His relations are poor. But angels are interested in him, angels are his friends, and to despise him is to despise them. Take the young man from the backwoods by the hand. Speak a good word to him. It may be all he wants to make him, save him. Your word may decide his destiny, open to him the gates of pearl, shew him the way up to the glory eternal. Speak that word. Run and speak it.

That young man! He may be your own son. We may see more than we ought to see in our own boys. We may

see a goodness that is not there, a greatness that is not there. We may flatter and spoil them. We may help them too much, do too much for them, give them too much, pamper them too much, praise them too much, and thus ruin them with our care and love. But we may also underrate their worth. We may not see much in them of any promise. They may not be what we would like to see them, and we may grow impatient and bitter with them.

You want your boy to be what you are. You want him to settle down to a farm. You want him to be a blacksmith as you are, or a carpenter. You want him to go into business with you. You want him to study law. You want him to preach. But your boy has a mind of his own, and thoughts of his own. He seems to you so empty-headed and utterly frivolous, that you are not sure that he will ever make anything. But the angels are nearer him than you think, nearer him than you perhaps, and out of that harum-scarum youth that is up to all sorts of tricks, may yet develop, in a direction altogether his own, into a grand man, that may do so much for the world.

That young man! Speak to him. Respect him. Take off your hat to him. He is to do for the world what you cannot do for it. He is to carry on its business by and by. He is to develop its resources. He is to work out its problems, unravel its mysteries, carry the gospel to its darkest corner.

Young man, the future is in your hands, the high places. Be true, young man, true to yourself, true to the truth, true to the Lord of angels, for only in so far as you are true, can you do your work. "Without me," says the wise true Christ, "ye can do nothing." AMEN.

THE CHILD SHOEMAKER.

St. Crispin has been credited with many sons in craft, but of daughters not one do we (*Shoe and Leather Record*) remember to have heard attributed to the patron saint of bootmaking. A New York paper has, however, recently published an interview with a genuine female shoe-maker of the real old school of the craft. Mrs. Gill, now grey-haired, pleasant faced, aged 50, was the daughter of a Northampton shoemaker who many years ago emigrated to New York. As a child, Mrs. Gill took a fancy to shoe-making; indeed, she herself says she "took to it as naturally as a duck takes to water." At the age of 14 she made a pair of shoes for her mother. She now has a cobbler's shop of her own in New York, finding, however, that mending pays her better than making new goods. With pride she speaks of herself as probably the only female shoemaker in the United States, and rejoices in a large clientele, who express entire satisfaction with her work. One does not often hear of heredity in the shoe trade, but this appears to be a bad case of it.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.

- To hang up their hats and respect their teacher.
- To keep their finger nails from wearing mourning.
- To hold their heads erect and button their mother's boots.
- To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.
- To take pride in having their mother and sisters for their best friends.
- To close the door quietly, especially when there is a sick person in the house.
- To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.
- If they do anything, to take their mother into their confidence, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.
- Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to their mother when she comes in to sit down.
- To make up their minds not to learn to smoke or chew, remembering these things are not easily unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men.
- Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which would otherwise take the time of some one who has more to do than themselves.—Somerville H Journal.
- The words of men are like the leaves of the trees; when there are too many they hinder the growth of the fruit.
- No man can complain that his calling takes him off from religion; his calling is a serving of God.
- If we should build on a sure foundation of friendship, we must love our friends for their sakes rather than for our own.
- As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.
- We ought not to look back, unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors, and for the purpose of profiting by dearly bought experience.

The English Breakfast.
Breakfast is a delightful hour in England, for it is informal. Servants are often dispensed with altogether; people come in when they choose, no one waiting for another, and you may select your neighbor if you are in time. The women are fresh and simple in toilet, the sportsmen in knickerbockers and shooting suits ready for the occupation of the day. In some houses the host and hostess sit at opposite ends of the long table, and one pours tea and the other coffee. In other mansions neither the host nor hostess is visible before lunch time. The table is spread up with fruit and bread, and possibly cold sweets, jellies and marmalade. Perhaps a young lady of the family sits behind an egg boiler and cooks eggs for her friends, but the substantial meats, hot and cold, are on the sideboard, and the men get up and forage for the ladies and themselves. The viands, of course, are abundant and delectable. An English breakfast is always substantial. In Scotland, oatmeal porridge is never absent.

LETTERS BY GEORGE.

How the Great Virginian Attended to the Details of His Affairs.
The New York Evening Post of a recent date printed a number of letters from General George Washington heretofore unpublished. Among them were the following:

TO CHS. LAWRENCE, TAILOR IN LONDON.
VIRGINIA, 26 April, 1763.
MR. LAWRENCE: Be pleased to send me a genteel suit of cloaths made of superfine broadcloth, handsomely chosen. I should have enclosed you my measure, but in a general way they are so badly taken here, that I am convinced it would be of very little service. I would have you, therefore, take measure of a gentleman who wares well-made cloaths of the following size: to wit, 6 feet high and proportionably made;—if any thing rather slender than thick, for a person of that height, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last, and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make, by you, and if any alteration is required, in my next it shall be pointed out.

Note, for your further government and knowledge of my size I have sent the inclosed, and you must observe that from the coat end—

- To No 1 & No 3 is the size over the breast and hips;
- No 2 over the Belly, and
- No 4 round the arm breeches end
- To No a is for waistband,
- b thick of the thigh,
- c upper button hole,
- d kneebarge—and
- e for length of Breeches—therefore if you take measure of a person about 6 feet high of this bigness I think you can't go amiss. You must take notice the inclosed is the exact size without any allowance for seams, &c.

SELLS "A ROGUE AND A RUNAWAY."
MOUNT VERNON, 2 July, 1766.

To Captain Joh. Thompson—Sir: With this letter comes a negro (Tom), which I beg the favor of you to sell in any of the islands you may go to, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return for him:

- One hhd of best molasses
- One ditto of best rum
- One barrel of lymes, if good and cheap
- One pot of tamarinds, containing about 10 lbs.
- Two small ditto of mixed sweetmeats, about 5 lbs. each.
- And the residue, much or little, in good old spirits.

That this fellow is both a rogue and a run-away (tho' he was by no means remarkable for the former, and never practiced the latter till of late) I shall not pretend to deny, but that he is exceedingly healthy, strong and good at the hoe, the whole neighborhood can testify, and particularly Mr. Johnson and his son, who have both had him under them as foreman of the gang; which gives me reason to hope he may, with your good management, sell well, if kept clean and trim'd up a little when offered for sale.

I shall very cheerfully allow you the customary commissions on this affair, and must beg the favor of you (lest he should attempt to escape) to keep him handcuffed till you get to sea, or in the bay, after which I doubt not but you may make him very useful to you.

I wish you a pleasant and prosperous passage, and a safe and speedy return.

WASHINGTON OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS CLAIM JUMPED.
[Letter to Michael Cresap.]
MOUNT VERNON, Septemr 26th 1773.

SIR, In my passage down the Ohio in the Fall of this year 1770, I made choice of a piece of Land, being the first bottom on the So East side the river above Capteening, as also a little above a place where the effects of a hurricane appear among the Trees, and opposite to a Creek on the other side near the upper end of the bottom, call'd Pipe Creek. The next Spring, when Capt: Crawford went down the Ohio to survey, I desired him to run out this Land for me, which he accordingly did, & returned me the plat of it, as you may see by the inclosed copy; intending as soon as a Patent could be obtained, to apply for me. The summer following, hearing that Doctor Brisco had taken possession of this bottom (altho' inform'd of my claim to it), I wrote him a letter of which the inclosed is a copy. And within these few days I have heard (the truth of which I know not) that you, upon the Doctor's quitting of it, have also taken possession of it. If this information be true, I own I can conceive no reason why you or any other person should attempt to disturb me in my claim to this Land, as I have not, to my knowledge, injur'd or attempted to injure, any other man in his pretensions to Land in that country; it is a little hard, therefore, upon me that I can not be allowed to hold this bottom (which is a small one) in peace and quietness, 'till a legal right can be obtained, which I always have been and still am ready to pay for, as soon as I know to what office to apply.—I would feign hope that my information respecting your taking possession of this Land, is without foundation; as I should be sorry to enter into a litigation of this matter with you or any other Gentleman; but as I conceiv'd that I had as good a right to make choice of this bottom, as any other person had; as I am sure that I am the first that did so, and have had it survey'd so as to ascertain the bounds, upwards of two years ago, I am resolv'd not to relinquish my claim to it.—But if you have made any Improvements thereon not knowing of my claim, I will very readily pay you the full value thereof being,

Sir—
Your most humble Servant—
G. WASHINGTON.