Good Night, My Child.

Good night, my child! good night!
May angels bright
With golden wings outspread,
Surround thy bed,
And gently seal thy closed eyes
Till morn arise,
With all its sweet refreshing beams of light,
Good night, my child! good night!

Good night, my child! good night!
May He whose sight
Extends from pole to pole,
Watch over thy soul,
And keep thee guileless all thy days
From evil ways,
And learn to walk his holy ways upright,
Good night, my child! good night!

Good night, my child! good night!
Let thy delight
Be in the constant love
Of Him above!
And always in thy daily prayer,
Implore Him there
That He would still uphold thee in his might,
Good night, my child! good night!

Selected Serial.

ONE COMMONPLACE DAY.

BY PARNY.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

PARALLELS.

"The other day I heard a woman telling, that down in Watervale, where Mr. Durant was working last spring, there had been more liquor drunk this summer than ever before; she said the saloon-keepers were as angry about the temperance excitement, that they had gone away their liquors for weeks, treating everybody who came in, and started some young men to drinking who had been sober before. And she gave it as her opinion that an excitement which produced such results did more harm than good."

It was Miss Hunter's clear, firm voice that made this statement. Mr. Morrow looked over at her with a sudden gleam of interest. This sounded like an ally for his side, from an unexpected quarter.

"I should think there could not be two opinions about that," he said quickly.

Mr. Cleveland laughed.

"I like to hear such arguments," he said; "it would seem as though their utter absurdity would give us recruits from the other side. Imagine the soldiers in the Revolution folding their hands and letting the enemy alone, because every attempt on their part aroused a volley of shot from the other side, and killed and wounded some of ours! What an independence our country would have achieved had the war been managed on such principles!"

"Then the Bible is mistaken when it says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' I am sure, from Miss Hunter's statement, the fruits of that temperance effort were anything but cheering."

Mr. Cleveland's opponent was evidently growing cross. But Mr. Cleveland himself was perfectly at ease.

"I think the verse holds true, Mr. Morrow; it applies to Satan's kingdom as well as to the Master's. You would hardly mean to be understood that you think these were the fruits of the temperance effort, would you? I understand them to be the fruits of Satan's rage against the work. The heathen rage still, and will doubtless continue to do so for years to come; unless, indeed, God's people fall into line, and accept him as their leader, instead of trying to find a more expedient way."

Mr. Morrow moved restlessly in his chair; he was a younger man than Mr. Cleveland; in fact, had but just begun to vote at all, and of course he was of the opinion that wisdom would die with him.

"But do you mean to be understood that expediency has nothing to do with the affairs of this country? I beg your pardon, but I think that thing is nonsense; of course, one must determine whether, all things considered, this is the wise way to take for the country's good. Why, the Bible says that even God winked at the times of men's ignorance. We must use common sense in these matters, and go no farther than the people will go with us. What is the use in leading where people will not follow?"

Then he had the benefit of a pair of searching eyes fixed fully on him for at least a minute before Mr. Cleveland spoke with deliberation:

"Do you really mean to use God's forbearance as a ruler, his infinite patience with ignorance, to prove that a man who is not ignorant may do what is just a little wrong, in order to avert what he conceives to be a greater wrong?"

"But I say it is not wrong; I tell you I deny the premises."

Mr. Cleveland smiled; he began to realize that he was arguing with a man who was dancing around in a peck measure, and forever coming back to the same point.

"Very well," he said, "then there is no argument between us, I suppose. If it is honest ignorance on your part, you having done all you could for enlightenment, God will forgive you. Of course, I fail to see how you can pray that intemperance may be banished from our land, because your actions say that you consider that question of minor importance; there are others before which it must give way."

To all this talk Lloyd McLean had been an amused listener. He had not reached the point where he considered his own convictions very strong in any direction; but he offered the next suggestion.

"I am not very well posted in biblical literature, I confess, but isn't there such a thing recognized, even by Christians, as expediency?"

He was looking directly at Mr. Cleveland, and that gentleman answered him:

"Undoubtedly, there is; but it is where there is no moral question involved. I think you will fail to find an instance in the Bible which can be made to say: 'This thing is right, but then there are difficulties involved. It will open the way for things which are not right, therefore I will do what is wrong in order that this other wrong may be avoided.' How would this method of reasoning have worked in the old days? Imagine those three Hebrews being interrogated for certain of their friends after the image had been set up, the whole of Dura. 'Now, Shadrach,' says one, 'I sympathize with you in this matter; you know I do. I don't believe in bowing down before that detestable image any more than you do; but, don't you see the time has not yet come for us to assert ourselves? We have enemies, and they are in league with the king; so surely as you insist on defying that command, you will be thrown into that fiery furnace. Nor will that be all; the whole affair will increase the king against our people, and any effort that we might make towards religious freedom would be set back for years. Don't you see you would do no good, but incalculable harm?' Can not you hear the discussion? I can seem to see the whole thing. 'But,' says Shadrach, 'this thing is a sin; it is forbidden by our God.' 'Oh, we know it is a sin; we are not apologizing for it for a moment; we are just trying to show you that the time has not come to touch it, and that an effort to do so would result only in harm. What we advise is, that you drop down on your knees at the sound of the music, and appear to worship with the rest. Our God looks on the heart, you know, and he will understand that it is just a matter of expediency.'"

Mr. Morrow at this point interrupted the speaker.

"Do you really profess, Mr. Cleveland, that you think you have drawn a case parallel to the issues of which we were speaking?"

"Sufficiently parallel for any purpose in illustration," Mr. Cleveland said, pleasantly. "I am not holding any argument with the honest heathen, who believe it is right to bow before the image; it is only with those who are in sympathy with Shadrach and his friends, but who think the time has not yet come to act. Can I am arguing. Oh, there are points that do not match the figure, of course; you do not need to be reminded that such illustrations are not perfect."

"If one could be as sure of results as the old Hebrews were, it might do," Lloyd McLean said, musingly.

Mr. Cleveland turned to him.

"They were not points, my friend."

"But I told you I was not very well posted, but I thought they were."

"Not at all; one of the grandest reaches of human faith shines forth in their 'but if not.' 'Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, . . . but if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.' We know that our God is able; our faith takes in that fact, but if this is not his will, and we are to glorify him by defeat, so be it; we will not do wrong to save ourselves or our nation."

Whereunto this argument would have tended will not be known, for at this point Miss Wainwright, who had been called from the room some moments before, returned, and following her, was John Hartzell.

There was almost consternation on some faces when the man who shambled in after their hostess was recognized. For what purpose had he come? Mr. Cleveland was the first to recover himself, and to announce that it was the hour for opening the meeting, and Lloyd McLean, having an open hymn-book passed promptly to him, with a finger pointing to the number, at once began to sing.

It was a meeting to remember, yet the thing which made it especially memorable was what seemed to the listeners a mistake.

"I think," said Mr. Morrow, when the conversation as to ways of working for temperance had become somewhat general, "I think that our hope rests with the young. We have spent a great deal of time and money on hopeless cases. We ought to turn our attention almost exclusively to our young men, and save them; save them before they are in apparent danger. It is only occasionally that a man who has become an habitual drunkard reforms."

Everybody instantly thought of John Hartzell, and everybody wished that Mr. Morrow would not speak such words as these. They might be sadly true; they were certainly sadly out of place. Why couldn't the man think that perhaps he was stabbing a lately formed resolve in the breast of one of these "hopeless ones?"

Mr. Cleveland glanced in John's direction. His head was drooping, and his whole attitude said: "Yes, I am one of them; I know that my case is hopeless."

"Brother Morrow"—it was Mr. Cleveland's voice—"I beg your pardon for interrupting, but I want to challenge what that seems to say. I know you do not mean to limit the power of God, yet we must be careful how we seem to do it. There have been many cases, which men call hopeless, whom God has saved. We should not have had a John B. Gough if somebody had not worked, and prayed, and waited, and tried again and again. Look at Durant, the temperance worker. He was one of the hopeless drunkards. He heard a man say of him: 'That fellow would be hardly worth saving, if it could be done, and it can't.' I tell you, we talk too much about hard cases, and hopeless cases, unless we mean on the human side. God is supreme in power, and the man who is willing to be saved, can be, no matter how low he has fallen."

He spoke rapidly, growing eager as he talked. He wanted John Hartzell, and John Hartzell's wife, and John Hartzell's sister, to take in the strength of this thought: "No man can fall so low that I can not pray and work hopefully for him; because he may be one who is to show us the power of God in the world, mighty to save, as mighty to-day as it ever was."

He looked over at Kate as he spoke. She had grasped the thought in its fulness; it could be seen in her face. Her eyes were shining like stars.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE OF THE HOPELESS CASES.

She came over to him the moment the meeting closed, her eyes still shining, her voice tremulous with suppressed feeling.

"Mr. Cleveland, do you mean all that you seemed to say? Do you think no one is hopeless utterly?"

"I believe it from my soul—all that I said, and all that I seemed to say. I believe that we have no right to single out any human being, and say to him; 'This is a hopeless case.' We recognize the folly of such judgments even while we speak, and are apt to qualify our words by adding 'humanly speaking, it is hopeless.' Humanly speaking, all cases are hopeless; but in the sight of God those may be, near the Rock who seem to us the most hopeless. So, Miss Hartzell, don't you allow yourself for one moment to limit the power and the grace of a Saviour. Remember he is 'mighty to save.'"

He was thinking all the time of John Hartzell. He had been thinking of him all the evening, praying for him, planning for him. That man hopeless, with his shapely head, which told of dormant brain power! Young still, and strong physically; what folly to think of him as hopeless!

"Well, then," said Kate, her voice eager, "I claim you; I ask you to pray in faith and in hope for my father. Will you?"

For her father? Old Joe Hartzell, broken in body and in mind, shattered beyond hope of recovery, apparently. He had not thought of the father. All his plans had been centred on the son. Would his logic fit that weak, gray-haired old man who had been drinking steadily for so many years? The daughter was watching him.

"Yes," he said firmly, "I will pray for him."

He did not say with what degree of faith.

"When you said, 'No man can fall so low that I cannot pray, and work, hopefully for him, because he may be one who is to show us the power of God in the world,' I thought at once of father, and it seemed to me you must mean him. He has fallen very low. I want to make a confession, Mr. Cleveland; he has seemed hopeless to me. In all my recent plans and efforts, I find I have meant John, and not father. I have looked upon him as one who was impossible even for God to save. It looks dreadful to me, to-night, that I ever could have thought so. I thank you for your words, more than I can express; they have opened my eyes; I will never put him aside as hopeless again. But I said to myself that it must be such as you, who had always honored God with strong faith, whose prayers he would hear. I want you to pray for my father."

As she turned away, Mr. Cleveland said to himself that he would go home and go on his knees, and ask God for faith enough to bring old Joe Hartzell to the One who was mighty to save. He would not say to the daughter, now, that he, too, it seemed, was limiting that mighty power.

Kate laid her arm on Miss Wainwright's arm:

"Will you pray for my father?"

This was all she said.

"For your father?" said Miss Wainwright, startled; "I thought it was for your brother."

"It is both of them. You will not leave father out? Say you will not, Miss Wainwright, because I have done it; I have felt until to-night that he was almost hopeless."

"Well," said Miss Wainwright, "I will try. I don't know your father. I shall have to find him out, and do for him, if I take him. I can't pray for a person at arm's length—never could—unless something beyond my reach kept us apart. We will do our best. Working and praying go together. And remind me, did you mean you had gone down there to live altogether? How do you manage it? There can't be much money coming in."

"I have a trade," said Kate, with faltering lips. She was being brought back suddenly to the hard realities of the life she had assumed. "I have been taught the dressmakers's trade. I thought if, after awhile, I could get some work to do, it would help."

Miss Wainwright nodded, a gleam of light in her gray eyes.

"Just so," she said; "things are bound to match in this world a great deal better than you have any idea of, when you begin to bungle at them. I was thinking of that poor mother and the children she has left. They need clothes of all sorts—dresses, and everything else—and I dare say there are plenty of others who do. I'm not much much at sewing; never was; I can't sit still long enough to accomplish anything. But I'll tell you what I can do—pay other people for their work. We'll have a partnership; I'll furnish material, and pay for the work; you do the work, and some of those poor things will do the sewing. I begin to see daylight."

Kate could only smile in answer. She would not have trusted her voice just then. Miss Wainwright's ways of working were peculiar, certainly.

Meantime, the other workers in this drama of life were in the usual state of unconsciousness as to how they were to fit in. To Holly Copeland the evening began in disappointment. You will possibly remember that he was to have accompanied Mildred to the temperance prayer meeting. He came to her with troubled face a little before the hour of meeting. So sorry he was—and face and voice showed this as well as words—father had been sent for to go out of town, and there were two packages of medicine, with directions, both of which must be delivered at once, and the people lived as far away from Miss Wainwright's as they well could, and he must be the messenger.

Mildred was sympathetic. Sorry not to have his company, but he must not mind, since he had so important a duty calling him in another direction. She might see some of her friends passing, and join them; but if not, it was all right. Miss Wainwright would see that it was an excellent excuse for them both.

"What is that?" said Doctor Copeland, from his office. "Were you going to Miss Wainwright's? I shall drive past her place in about twenty minutes. I can drop you there, and call for you on my return. I shall not be latter than nine o'clock."

So Mildred and the doctor rode away in comfort, the latter well pleased with his cheery companion. And Holly had trudged away, whisteling to keep back his disappointment. He was fond of Mildred; he had liked the idea of being her escort; and he had liked the idea of meeting Kate Hartzell, who would be sure to be at the prayer meeting. But there was no help for it now. This long walk alone must be taken.

His errands were faithfully done, and he was returning from them, whisteling still. He had just settled in his mind that it would not be polite to walk down to Miss Wainwright's for Mildred, when his father had promised to call for her, since it was quite too late to think of making attendance at the meeting an excuse for coming. Probably Mildred would rather ride than walk with a little boy like him. He was just passing Jim Mozer's saloon. It was brightly lighted, and behind the closely-drawn curtains came sounds of loud voices and coarse laughter.

"I think they need to pray," said Holly, to himself, in indignation. "I wonder if John Hartzell is there? That is the saloon he goes to most. Awful place! I don't know what poor Kate can do. I wish I were a man; I know that I'd find a way to help, seems to me."

What was that?

The door opened suddenly, a flood of light streamed out on the dark alley, a dark object seemed for a moment to swing in the air, and then land heavily on the side-walk. At the same instant a heavy boot was drawn within the saloon, and the door was closed again. Holly stopped whisteling. Something, or somebody had been kicked out, and lay there in the gutter. Could it be a man? He came, all trembling with indignation and excitement, and bent over the thing. He touched it, and it moved and groaned slightly. Yes, it was a man. A very dim light from a street lamp on the corner below, revealed so much to his urgent gaze. Whoever it was, he had hit his head on the sharp stones of the side-walk, and blood was trickling down his face. Holly uttered an exclamation of horror. What if the poor fellow should die out there in the ditch? The street was usually quiet. He was surrounded by saloons. Should he dare to appeal to any of them for help? A wagon rattled by. He knew the whistle of the driver.

(To be continued.)

An Evening Scene in the Holy Land.

Late in the afternoon we came to the marshy lakes, "the waters of Merom," where Joshua smote the kings of the north, who made a final stand here with their united armies, "like the sands of the sea in number." We should have been glad to find one of their royal palaces in tolerable repair, for we were tired, and wanted to stop for the night.

The sun had gone down, and our horses shivered in the night air. The prospect was gloomy, and grew no brighter as we went on. At last we saw some long black tents across the plain sheltered by the hills; and while we were wondering what the chances might be of escaping robbery by the Bedouin at this late hour of the night, the Kurd turned his horse out of the bridle-path and headed for the largest tent. The probabilities seemed now about equal that the Kurd was in league with these wild, wandering tribes, and that they would pluck us, and torture us, and bury us, without aid of undertaker or parson, or, on the other hand, that they might welcome us to the few comforts within their command. The sheik was standing, with a half dozen of his leading men, at the door of his tent, and as we dismounted, he came forward with much grace and dignity and embraced my friend, kissing him on each cheek. He only waved his hand at me, as a younger and less important personage, and led us into his tent. Cushions were thrown down for us on the bare earth, and we were told to be seated. A little fire was burning just in front of the tent, and around that the privileged persons of the tribe squatted, only the chief and some of his great warriors being under the tent with ourselves. They were as curious as civilized people to know where we were going, and why; and they concealed with difficulty their surprise and suspicion when they were told that our only object was to see the country. No Oriental, much less a Bedouin, ranks that among possible reasons for passing from one place to another.

After more conversation than we thought necessary before supper, a dish of rice was brought in, and with it two wooden spoons, but now these came to be in the sheik's tent we thought it wise not to ask. They looked on while we ate, refusing all our entreaties to join with us; but when we had finished, they thrust their hands into the bowl, and, with a deft movement, made round balls as large as a lemon, and shot them with great skill into their mouths.

While they ate, my friend asked if he might read them a story. They consented eagerly; and taking out his Arabic Testament, he read them the parable of the Prodigal Son. A more appreciative company never listened to it. At each crisis of the narrative the sheik looked around and said, "*Tayib kaiir*"—"Very good," and the men, as if devoutly making the response, they all said, "*Tayib kaiir*." I thought I saw one or three brush away a tear at the story was finished; perhaps he was a father with a prodigal son, or something in his heart may have told him that he was a prodigal himself.

They all rose at a signal, and left us to our slumbers. We were to share the tent with the sheik; and when we had laid ourselves down on the cushions, and covered ourselves with our overcoats, the sheik came anxiously to my friend and asked "if we would not be very cold with nothing over our heads." The Oriental lets his feet take care of themselves if only his head is warm. The flap of the tent was not lowered, and we could look from where we were lying on the Eastern hills and on the stars above them.—*Charles Wood in Lippincott's.*

Hornford's Acid Phosphate.

MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

DR. A. L. HALL, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "I have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary troubles."

—A seaman who had escaped from shipwreck was asked by a lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. "Wet ma'am—very wet," was the reply.

—"Jennie, do you know what a miracle is?" "Yes'm. Ma says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

—A disciple of Blockstone at Albany, Ga., was met carrying home a possum. He was asked: "Hello, J., what is that?" "Possum!" "What are you going to do with him?" "I'm going to have a big possum supper." "How many will be there?" "Two; me and the possum!"

—"Have you license in Pennsylvania?" asked a Buffalo young lady, deeply interested in temperance work, of a Pittsburg visitor. "License replied the latter, "I should just think we had. Why, you can't even get married without one."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—While Judge Walton was at work in his chamber at Portland, one day many years ago, drawing an opinion in a knotty case a certain lawyer came in. This lawyer (he is now deceased) was a thin, loothpick, dudish sort of man, whom the Judge did not like very well, and than whom he had rather see Daniel Pratt himself walking into his chamber. "Well, Brother Lightweight, what can I do for you this morning?" asked Judge Walton, hoping to get rid of the fellow. "Nothing," he replied; "I only came in to make you a call." After a disagreeable silence the Judge looked up again and asked: "Brother Lightweight, why don't you get married?" "Because I can't afford it; how much do you suppose it costs me to live now?" The Judge said he would guess, "Well it costs me $6,000 a year for just my own living." An expression of surprise came on the Judge's face. "Lightweight," said he, "I wouldn't pay it if it won't kill you." —*Lewiston Journal.*

—Forbes has a boy and a girl, aged 8 and 9 respectively, and has romped and played with them a great deal. The boy has often wished they were brothers, so as to be always together, but the other day the girl climbed into his lap and said: "Papa, I love you; and I tell you what, if you hadn't been enough I'd had you."

—The railway companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the New Haven ministers says that his congregation has material enough to set up a whole parallel road.

An Alarming Disease Affecting a Numerous Class.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted: Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pains in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly coloured, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 77, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Pocklington, York,
October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise any one suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so. Yours respectfully,
(Signed)

For sale by Geo. E. Frost, Druggist, St. John, N. B., and by A. J. White, Limited, branch office 67 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 14th May for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, twice per week each way, between Chance Harbor and Lepreaux, and six times per week each way between Lepreaux and Little Lepreaux, from the 1st July next. The conveyance to be made in a suitable reliable covered hack, by one or more horses. The Mails to leave Little Lepreaux daily (Sundays excepted) in time to connect at Lepreaux with mail train from St. John for St. Stephen, reaching Lepreaux fifty minutes from time of dispatch. Returning, to leave Lepreaux on the same days immediately after arrival of said train, reaching Little Lepreaux in fifty minutes from time of dispatch.

To leave Lepreaux on Tuesday and Friday of each week immediately after arrival of mail train from St. John, reaching Chance Harbor in four hours from time of dispatch, returning to Lepreaux on Wednesday and Saturday of each week in time to connect with mail train for St. John on those days.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Lepreaux, Little Lepreaux, Chance Harbor and at this office.

J. McMILLAN,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John April 2, 1886.

HERBERT W. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES:
MAIN ST., PORTLAND; and
107 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN.

LONDON HOUSE
Wholesale.

Received since 1st June, 21 packages British, Foreign, and Canadian Manufactures.

DRY GOODS.

All orders by our Travellers, or by Letter, will have the usual prompt and careful attention.

DANIEL & BOYD.

Chandliers Bracket Lamps,
FOR CHURCHES & DWELLINGS.

A LIGHT CHANDELIERS, BRACKET LAMPS, TABLE LAMPS

In great Variety, at Lowest Prices.

J. R. CAMERON,
98 Prince Wm. Street

Machinery for Sale.

	Price
1 Stanley Lathe, length 8 ft., swing 16 in, Cull, P. Blaisdell, maker	$225 00
Pair of Engine Lathes, P. Blaisdell, maker, complete excepting belts	75 00
1 Bolt Cutter, will cut from ¼ to ¾, for hand or power, cost $90, without dies or clutch	45 00
1 Stationary Engine, new, 6 h. p.	175 00
1 Steam Engine, new, 7 h. p.	90 00
Small Engine Castings, ½ h. p. per set	5 00

C. BARTELL, - - - 43 DOCK STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

(LIMITED)

WATERLOO STREET,

Having purchased all the Stock, Tools, Machinery, &c., of the late firm of A. Christie & Co., are now prepared to carry on the manufacture of

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Sash Blinds, Panels, Mouldings, and all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIALS.

Planing, Matching, Sawing and Jig Sawing Turning, &c., Band Ball Sash, Door & Chair Orders have and all kinds of Wood Turning.

CALL AND SEE US.

A. CHRISTIE, Manager.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

THE authorized agent for the sale of Waltham Watches in this City, can sell ALL GRADES AND STYLES, at the lowest possible prices.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
New, Neat.

It is the BEST MAKERS. For sale at low prices as at any establishment in the City.

New Goods Received Monthly.

New Main Mainspring always in Stock.

Jan D. O. L. WARLOCK.

OFFICE OF

New Dominion Paper Bag Co.

WE are happy to inform the Public and our Patrons in particular that we have no connection or intercourse with the Mill destroyed at Fredericton, our business continues without interruption.

All orders will receive prompt attention as heretofore.

BROWN & LEETCH.

St. John, N. B., August 2 1885.

ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Incorporated 1861.

DIRECTORS:

HON. C. N. BECKWITH, Judge Probate, President.
JAMES CHESHIRE, Esq., M.P., Vice-President.
ALEXANDER DUFF, Esq., Manager Merchant Bank, Director.
GILBERT McMURDO, Esq., D. C.
WILLIAM CARVILL, Esq., M. D.
DAVID A. SINCLAIR, Esq., M. D.

Office: Odd Fellows' Building, Union St.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Money loaned on Freehold and Leasehold Securities, at reasonable rates.

Mortgages, City and Water Robert, purchased.

Money received on Deposit at five per cent per annum. Interest paid or compounded half yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, running to five years, interest five per centum per annum, payable half yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from five to ten years, interest six per centum per annum, payable half yearly.

FOR SALE: Capital Stock, and four years stock, divisible on or in payable half yearly. 10 per cent. pa. on Capital Stock for the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1885, was four years stock, on four-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS DAVIDSON,
apl13 tf Secretary-Treasurer.

FOR SALE or TO LET.

That desirable property in

WOLFVILLE VILLAGE,

lately occupied by R. J. Fraser, M. A., consisting of a Dwelling, having seven rooms, and frost proof cellar; a Stable, Carriage-house, &c., Garden, and Well of good water.

Price moderate. Immediate possession.

Apply to

E. R. CHIPMAN,
Treasurer Acadia College.

Wolfville Aug. 19, 1885. 8-6

Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

1885. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1886.

Miles.	TRAINS GOING WEST.	Exp. dy. A.M.	Acc. M.W.F. A.M.	Acc. dy. P.M.
	Halifax—leave,	7 00		3 20
1	Richmond,		7 15	3 35
14	Windsor Junction,	7 40	7 15	3 39
40	Newport,	8 43	9 13	4 55
46	Winsloe,	9 00	10 03	5 32
53	Hantsport,	9 22	10 37	5 56
62	Wolfville,	9 54	11 32	6 45
66	Port Williams,	10 00	11 35	6 55
71	Kentville—Arrive,	10 15	11 55	7 10
	do—Depart,	10 20	12 05	
82	Berwick,	11 03	1 17	
88	Aylesford,	11 18	1 40	
95	Kingston,	11 36	2 10	
102	Middleton,	11 57	2 50	
116	Bridgetown,	12 40	4 00	
136	Annapolis—arrive,	1 20	4 55	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Acc. dy. TT.S. A.M.	Acc. MWF. A.M.	Exp dy. dy.
	Annapolis—leave		6 15	2 35
14	Bridgetown,		7 10	3 40
26	Middleton,		8 00	4 35
36	Kingston,		8 45	5 18
43	Aylesford,		9 05	5 40
47	Berwick,		9 25	6 00
59	Kentville—arrive	8.35	10 35	7 10
	do—depart,	8 40	10 45	7 17
61	Port Williams,	8 50	11 5	7 27
66	Wolfville,	8 59	11 20	7 36
77	Hantsport,	9 26	11 59	8 05
84	Windsor,	9 50	12 40	8 35
90	Newport,	9 59	12 44	8 39
106	Windsor Junction,	10 50	2 45	9 28
110	Richmond,	10 60	2 57	9 35
120	Halifax—arrive,	10 45	4 00	9 00

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis the same day.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday for Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 5.30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

Through tickets by various routes can be had at all stations.

Kentville, 13th Nov, 1885. General Manager.

UNDERTAKING.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I am now prepared to furnish at the shortest possible notice all kinds of work in this line by day or night. Having been engaged for the last seven years as assistant foreman, and having a complete knowledge of the business in all its branches, I would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the public in general, and will guarantee complete satisfaction. All orders entrusted to me will receive careful and personal attention from assistant and dispatch. Furniture and wall-paper repaired on reasonable terms.

John Chase-Ivers, Undertaker,
Coffin and Casket Warerooms
Portland Bridge N. B.

AGENTS with small capital. We have something entirely new. Address, BRIDGE MFG. CO., 355 Broadway, New York City.