Poetry.

"The Dark places of the Earth."

THERE is many a land beneath the sun,
Where the skies are soft and fair,
And the fragrant breeze may ever be won:—
But no love to God is there.

There's many a land where is music sweet
Of birds and the rushing streams,
And where flowers the delighted eye may greet:—
But never the gospel's beams.

There's many a land where the luscious fruit
Well may tempt the longing gaze;
Where are bounties rich for man and for brute;
But the Giver receives no praise.

There's many a land where the diamond's found,
Or the mine of shining gold;
Where yet the inquiry would strangely sound,
For the Pearl of price untold.

There's many a land amid frozen seas,
All barren, and dreary, and chill;
Yet the native ne'er, on his bended knees,
Seeks a Saviour from every ill.

There's many a land where the mirthful play
Oft breaks on the quiet air,
And the child as he will merrily stray;
But never is taught a prayer.

Oh, when will the nations all see the light
That shineth from heaven clear?
When will pass away the long sad night
Of darkness and sin and fear?

And the Sun of righteousness bright be seen,
Lighting the wide earth around;
And the voice be heard through the heavens serene,
Proclaiming, "The lost is found!"

LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

"I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience."—*Rev. ii. 2.*

Go, labour on! spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on! 'tis not for nought,
All earthly loss is heavenly gain!
Men heed thee not, men praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

Go, labour on! enough, enough;
If Jesus praise thee, if he deign
To accept e'en thy willing mind:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on! thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not, the prize is near,
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown.

Go, labour on! while it is day,—
The long dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work up from thy sloth;
It is not thus that souls are won.

See thousands dying at thy side,
Your Brethren, kindred, friends at home;
See millions perishing afar;
Haste, brethren; to the rescue come!

Toil on, toil on: thou soon shalt find
For labour, rest; for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come."

Miscellany.

LITTLE HARRIET.

Little Harriet M——was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When anything teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day, as her mamma was passing the nursury door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disordor, while with her feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out: "I don't love you, Mary; I don't love you; I hate you!" She stopped when she saw her mamma.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. M——to the servant.

"It is just this, ma'am," said the servant, "that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of her, to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me, and struck me as you have seen."

Mrs. M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice, told her to repeat after her the following words: "O, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it. O, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen."—Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them.

Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice: "Not quite, mamma; but it's better."

"Very well," said her mother, "until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and then as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper: Lord and Lady——were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was, in truth, a very fine little creature; very lively, and merry, and exceedingly affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful; but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you she got into transports of rage when anything vexed her, and like you, would turn at or strike whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but at the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son,—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad too, but the servent very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that pappa and mamma would not care for her now: all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. "You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me; I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will;" and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her, "Come, come, Miss; you needn't go into your mamma's room; she won't see you." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. "My dear," said this person, "you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now." She would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma then was, because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and, carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and told the servant there, as she was going away, "that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room." Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage: and then this wicked servant burst out laughing, and said: "I told you that, miss; you see mamma dosen't love you now! The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch over it was laying asleep upon her chair: and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble, struggling cry, and breathed no more?"

"Why' mamma, mamma," cried Harriet, bursting into tears, "why did it breathe no more?"

"It was dead—killed by its own sister!"

"O, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! O, mamma, I am not so wicked as her; I never killed a little baby," sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck.

"My dear child," said Mrs. M——solemnly, "how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked, and but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this momoment as miserable. Were you not in as great rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed, Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to bed."

"And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?"

"Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom."

"O, dear—O, dear mamma, was Eveline sorroy?"

"My love how can you ask such a question?"

"But, mamma, I mean how sorry was she: what way was she sorry enough?"

"All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile."

"And, mamma, was it quite a true story? it is so dreadful, mamma."

"Yes, my child, it is a quite true story; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E——!"

"My dearest mamma," said Harriet, one more ing into tears, "let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest, I too, become so miserable."

"Yes, my love, pray to Him for that, and He will hear and bless you; also thank Him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage."

The editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, in noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief of its being perfectly true.—"The unfortunate angry child," says he, "was Anna Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and in her right, her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxyism of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honors. She was most amiable and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young she was married to the unfortunate William Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive.—Notwithstanding this, his excellent unhappy lady hurried to London, and made ever possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known."

THE LAST REBUKE.

In 1831 there were nine powder-mills on the banks of the pleasant stream which flowed through the village of S——. In one of them worked a young man named Luman C——. He had enjoyed a common-school education, and his religious training had not been wholly neglected. In his new employment, exposed to recklessness, profaneness, and intemperance,—too common vices with those engaged in pursuit of unusual danger,—he soon became corrupted, and practised these evil habits; and in the end he was a proselyte to Universalism, which was advocated with extraordinary zeal by several of his companions. His profanity increased with the growth of his zeal. He boarded with a plain, pious woman, who had noticed, not without pain, the downward career of the young man. One Sabbath she kindly said to him, "Come, Luman, come to meeting with me to-day." His reply startled the good woman; "I'd sooner go to hell."

Near these powder-mills was a grist mill, tended by a pious miller known as Deacon F——. One day young C——, seeing some sweet children playing on the bank of the stream near the grist mill, commenced talking in a tone so depraved, and with words so profane, that the children ceased their play and looked at him in terror.—The miller gently remonstrated, saying "Such language is dreadful at any time, but before children it is shocking; if you have no regard for their morals, have a care lest God bring you to judgement for this thing."

"See here, Deacon F——, I want none of your preaching. You take care of yourself, and I'll take care of myself. When I want you I'll tell you." Thus enraged, young C—— returned to the powder-mill.

This was about mid-day. A few moments afterwards, a dead, dull sound went rumbling up the stream. It caught the ear of the miller, and his soul sunk within him as he beheld a dark cloud of smoke and black fragments scattered everywhere. A little spark had done the work,—the mill had exploded. Poor Luman C——! The explosion had parted the building and opened the roof, carrying the profane swearer high through the opening into the air, and throwing him some disdance into the mill-pond. The miller was the first to see the young man struggling, and ran to his aid. When the shore was gained, what a pitiful sight, and how changed the poor creature's words from what they were a few minutes before. "Oh, Mr F——, I'm a dead man. *Pray for my soul!*"

Quick as possible he was carried home, and a physician brought. On account of his distress, the suffering man could not lie down. His strength of frame and voice was unimpaired. He sat on the bedside black as a coal, the skin from his face and arms stripped away, all except two callous bunches hanging from the palms of his hands. And yet he spoke not a word of his bodily sufferings. It was the agony of the immortal spirit which absorbed his thoughts, his feelings, and his fears. Sitting there, his dark features distorted with intensity of pain, and his hands extended, he spake to his fellow-workmen, and especially those whose wrong principles had poisoned his mind.

"See me! I am going away; and oh, it is a-lie that there is no punishment after death. I know it, I see it, I feel it already! God have mercy on me! Oh, don't believe these things. I tried to believe them, and oh, they have deceived me! Don't, don't believe them; there is, oh yes, there is a hell! I was afraid they *would* prove false, and, oh, they *have* betrayed me."

Such preaching melted all; even his profane companions were awed and trembled. He then looked on the minister with such an imploring look, it went to the pastor's soul. To another present, who was weeping, he said, "Oh, Deacon F——, pray God have mercy on me. Oh, pray that God will forgive me. Oh God! Oh Jesus, have mercy, have mercy!" Thus the night-shadows fell upon the poor sufferer, and poor Luman with a groan entered the "dark valley," and set out to meet his God.

HOW TO BE HAPPIER.—Said a venerable farmer, some 80 years of age, to a relative who lately visited him: "I have lived on this farm for over half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the Sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago that if I wished to be any happier I must have more religion."

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL.—The loss of the soul duly realized, would make us anxious to save others, as well as ourselves. We are journeying with fellow-travellers to eternity. We should speak to them of the way and the end, and strive by our prayers, our counsels, and our kind efforts, to turn their feet from the broad road to destruction, into the path of life and heaven.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell on the 25th day of October next, at 2 o'clock, on the premises, his FARM, consisting of three hundred acres, more or less, situated in the Parish of Hampstead, Queen's County, West side of Long Island.—Terms made known at time of sale.
sept. 28. 4tp ELISHA CLARK.

Ink! Ink! Ink!

TAYLOR'S IMPERIAL BLACK INK is said to be the best article that is used. This is the only Ink that will stand the test of oxalic acid. Bankers, Recorders, Merchants, Teachers, and Farmers, try it for yourselves. To be had, wholesale and retail, at the Imperial Laboratory, Union street. sept. 27.

Consigned Goods.

TWO cases Printed WOOLLEN DRUGGETS; two cases FUR CAPS and COATS; one Nova Scotia Satinets; for sale wholesale or retail, at cost and charges.
FRASER, ENNIS & CO.,
sept 28 83 King street, opposite St John Hotel.

BOARDING.—A few more persons can be accommodated with board by the Subscriber at his Private Boarding House, immediately over the Religious Intelligencer Book Store, Germain Street. Enquire at this office. E. C. FREEZE.
Sept 7. 2w

GENERAL LEATHER and Finding Store, 26, North side King Street.—J. J. CHRISTIE has received a large and varied assortment of Leather and Shoe Finding of the very best description—per ships 'Themis' liner 'Middleton,' and teamers from Boston: All of which will be sold at the lowest Cash prices. Also—Doe Skins for tender feet. J. J. C.

MARLBORO HOTEL, BOSTON.—JOHN A. PARKS *Proprietor.*—This house is very pleasantly situated on Washington Street, and location very central. It has recently been refitted and furnished, and is now the best temperance house in town. There is social worship morning and evening in the parlors, where all who choose may be present. It is a house where the traveller will find a pleasant home.
Boston, Oct. 1, 1855.

CHALLENGE! CHALLENGE!!—A Challenge from one to ten thousand pounds is given to the world to produce a better healing preparation than **Taylor's Imperial Magnetic Salve.**

This salve is purely vegetable, (it contains the healing properties of over twenty different kinds of Roots and Herbs,) and second to none that has ever been offered to suffering humanity for the speedy cure of flesh cuts, wounds, bruises, burns, scalds, and chapped hands, (and by taking Taylor's Blood Purifying Pills,) it is the *best salve* for ulcers, fever sores, skin diseases of any kind, rheumatism, &c.—One roll will make a superior strengthening plaster. Where is the man, woman or child but will have a roll in their possession, in case of accidents.

Price only 7½ per roll. Any person doubting the efficacy of this salve, wants to try it, and is minus of the coppers, just step into the Imperial Laboratory and a roll will be given *gratis*. There is a line on each roll of salve to use up to.—If not liked then, return and get your money back. All agents are authorised to return the money if the Salve proves dissatisfactory.

Persons buying Wholesale will be allowed 33 1 3 per cent. discount for cash. And in all cases where persons are dissatisfied on account of so sales, the salve may be returned any time after six months, and the money will be refunded with five per cent. additional.

All orders promptly attended to by addressing to the Imperial Laboratory, Union street, St. John, N. B., where is manufactured also—
Taylor's Imperial Pain Extractor—a superior article;
" " Blood Purifying Pills;
" " Anti-dyspeptic Pills;
" " Nervous Pills;
" " Black, Blue, Red and Indelible Inks;
" " Mirror Blacking;
" " Magic Copying Paper;
Liniments, Crockery Cements, Corn and Wart Salve, Toothache Drops, Hair Wash, Freckle Lotion, Shaving Soap and Cream, Water Proof for leather, Colognes, Hair, Oils, &c., &c. Every article warranted as represented, or no sale.—For sale wholesale and retail at the Imperial Laboratory, Union near Waterloo-street, St. John N. B.

☞ Mr. WILLIAM IRVIN is travelling Agent for the above articles. He will sell at manufacturer's prices.
St. John, sept 21, 1855.

NOTICE.—All persons having any claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM FOUNDS, of St. Martins, are requested to present the same, duly attested to, within three calendar months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate, are required to make immediate payment to ELIZABETH ANN FOUNDS,
St. Martins, Aug. 28, 1855 Sole Administratrix

FOR SALE.—A Lot of Land, consisting of seven and a quarter acres, situate at Arnold's corner, in the village of Quaco, St. Martins. It has about 45 rods front, and is well suited for a Hotel or Store, being located in the centre of the village. It has now a new House upon it, not finished; also, an old one, and a small Barn. It will be sold together, or in lots to suit purchasers. Apply to the subscriber on the premises, or to the Office of the "Religious Intelligencer." ELIAS CLEAVLAND.
St. Martins, sept. 17th, 1855.—3m.pd.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against negociating two certain notes of hand, drawn by the late Jane Potters, of Sussex, for *Five Pounds* each, and dated in May, 1852, as no value was received for said notes by said Jane Potters. WILLIAM WATSON,
Administrator to Estate of late Jane Potters.
Sussex, Aug. 20, 1855.

UNION HOTEL, Union Street, between Charlotte and Sydney streets, (south side.)—The Proprietor of this Establishment, thankful for favors received during the period he occupied the New Brunswick Hotel, and convinced of the necessity of more and better accommodation for the public, has erected a large and substantial Building in Union street, capable of accommodating from 70 to 80 Boarders. This House is well ventilated, the sleeping rooms are large, and every flat is well supplied with water, and also lighted with gas. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community. Travellers arriving late at night will find the house always open, and ready to receive them; while the conveniences and moderate charges will render it emphatically the home of the stranger. The tables of the house will be supplied with the best the market affords, and the Proprietor is determined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle. ☞ Two large Stables have been erected on the premises, capable of accomodating 60 or 70 horses. Good hostlers always in attendance.
St. John Sept. 7, 1855. ELIAS S. FLAGLOR.

W. WALTON'S Leather and Shoe Finding store—at the sign of the big Shoe Hammer, next to the Religious Intelligencer Book store, Germain street, St. John, N. B.

The subscriber has just received his Spring stock of English and American Leather and Shoe Finding, of every description, comprising French Calf-skin, Patent Leather, Bindings, Linings, Rasps, Knives, Patent Peg Awls, Allerton's sewing Awls, and Claming Awls, shoe Threads of every description. Lasts, Crimps, and Boot Trees. Shoe kit of all kinds, together with every other article generally kept in the business. As the subscriber does business on the cash principle, parties requiring any of the above goods would do well to call before purchasing elsewhere, as the motto is quick sales and small profits. W. WALTON.
N. B.—Just received, 50 sides New York Sole-Leather, 56 sides from the celebrated Tannery of Charles Melick.
June 1. W. W.

NEW Brunswick Saddle, Harness, and Collar Manufactory, *Charlotte Street*, North of the Country Market, and opposite the New Brunswick Hotel.

The Subscribers begs leave to return thanks to their friends who so liberally patronized them since their commencement in business, and would inform the public that they have selected, and engaged the services of the most competent men in the city,—that they are now ready to execute all orders, which for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed in this city.

Also, on hand—A lot of superior English and Domestic manufactured Saddles, Bridles, Collars, and Whips, wholesale and retail. Terms Cash.
St. John, April 27, 1855. D. W. & J. R. ADAMS.

NEWLY IMPROVED MODEL MELODEONS. *Sold at the Cabinet Ware-rooms of the Messrs. J. & G Lawrence, at the head of King Street.*—These Instruments from their superior quality of tone have attracted the attention of the most distinguished Musicians throughout the Country. Prices vary from £16 to £48.
M. A. STEVENS, *Agent.*
[*From George Washbourne Morgan.*]
NEW YORK, June 17, 1854.
Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN,
Gents:—I have had the pleasure of trying one of your Melodeons this morning. I can strongly recommend them to parties wishing to study the Organ, and can assure you for my own use, I should select one of your make.
Most faithfully yours,
GEO. WASHBOURNE MORGAN,
Late Organist of St. Clares, Southwark, the Parish Church of South Hackney, and to the Harmonic Union, Exeter Hall, London.
ST. JOHN, N. B., March 27, 1855.
MR. STEVENS,—Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I make known to you the opinion of myself and many others, of the MELODEON purchased from you a few months ago. This instrument manufactured by MASON & HAMLIN, has given the utmost satisfaction, both in Tone, Touch, and Power, and I do freely, and cheerfully admit it is the best I have ever seen. Since the introduction of this instrument in our Choir Practice we find a great improvement, thereby sustaining the Voice, and procuring a perfect Tone to every Note I am dear Sir, yours truly,
R. D. McARTHUR,
Conductor of St. Andrews' Church Choir.

NOTICE.—All persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late Jane Potters of Sussex, deceased, are hereby requested to hand in the same duly attested to within three months from this date; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM WATSON,
Administrator.
Sussex, Dutch Valley, Aug. 20, 1855.

COUNTRY AGENCY.—The subscriber begs to inform all who may wish to employ him as Agent to transact any business whatever, in the City of St. John, that he now resides in Germain Street, immediately over the Religious Intelligencer Office. Persons wishing to see him on business of any kind can do so by calling at his residence.

All letters sent to him by *private conveyance* must henceforth be left at the above named office.

Letters sent by mail addressed C. E. Freeze, St. John, N. B. All of which will receive immediate attention.
May 25. E. C. FREEZE.

SOAP and Candle Manufactory.—The Subscriber informs the Public that he is manufacturing, and keeps constantly on hand, at his Establishment in Union Street, which has recently been fitted up expressly for the business, a large stock of Soap and Candles, of every description, *and which he disposes of on the most reasonable terms.* Parties ordering from this Establishment may rely on their orders being promptly filled, and to their entire satisfaction; the Proprietor being resolved to retain the confidence of his customers.

Those wishing to purchase are respectfully invited to call and inspect his stock. ISRAEL MERRITT.
May 26. Union Street, near Waterloo Street

GROCERIES.—The subscribers are receiving ex schr Orlando, from Boston.
30 bags Java Coffee; 10 do. Cape do.
5 brls. and 10 boxes Saleratus.
300 bags Ground Rock Salt. 2 bales soft Shell Almonds.
5 boxes Shelled, do. 4 Packets Cloves.
10 bags Castana Nuts. 1 bbl. Mason's Blacking.
5 Bbls. Ground Logwood. 1 bale Bags.
Strong Souchong, Orange Pekoe and Oolong Tea. Rice, Tobacco, Castile Soap, Citron, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, American Mustard, Saltpetre, Sulphur, &c. &c. &c.
In Store.—50 hhds. very Bright Porto Rico Sugar.
150 chests and half chests Tea. 25 brls. crushed Sugar.
30 boxes Tobacco, various brands.
15 bags Filberts and Walnuts. 10 bbls. Matthews' Cider Vinegar.
Burning Fluid, Logwood and Redwood. Colman's Starch and Mustard. Anderson's Patent Starch. Glenfield Patent Powder Starch. Preston & Merrell's Yeast Powder, and a general assortment of other Groceries, Fruit, &c. for sale Wholesale and Retail, by
HANNAH & UNDERHILL,
June 1. 46 King Street.

S. L. TILLEY, No. 14, King Street, St. John, N. B. Would call the attention of the public to his large and varied Stock of Goods, received per ships Middleton, John Barbour, and Achilles from London and Liverpool, and steamers from United States, viz:
Drugs and Chemicals of all kinds.
Patent Medicines.
Brushes and Combs of nearly every description.
Shaving and Fancy Soaps. Perfumery.
Fancy Articles. Spices of all kinds.
Dye stuffs—Logwood, Redwood, and Fustic, ground and in stick. Indigo, Alum, Copperas, Blue Vitriol, and Annatto.
Brandram's No. 1 White Lead, in 14lb., 28lb., 56lbs. and 1 cwt. kegs. Red, Yellow, Black, Blue, and Green Paints.
Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil. Spirits Turpentine and Varnish.
Olive and Porpoise Oil.
Pure E. I. Castor Oil, in tins.
Gold Leaf, Glazier's Diamonds, Glass, Putty, Lampblack, Glue, &c.
Confectionary, in great variety, from the best Scotch and American manufacturers.
Seeds—Clover, Timothy, and Garden Seeds—warranted fresh.
For sale wholesale and retail at lowest market prices.
June 1.

HENRY ROBERTSON,
Importer and Wholesale and Retail dealer in
CHINA, GLASS, And Earthen Ware.
No. 3, St. Stephens' Buildings, King's Square,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
June 29.

CARPETS AND RUGS!—Now open for sale at the 'ALBION HOUSE,' a splendid variety of 3-ply Super and Dutch Carpets, with Rugs to match.

The balance of Stock of Patent Tapestry Carpets, we are now offering at 5s. 3d. per yard, very best qualities.
March 29. BEARD & VENNING.

HATS AND CAPS.—Spring and Summer style for 1855.—Now ready for sale—the Spring and Summer style of Hats for 1856, as adopted by the Paris and New York Boards of Trade. This is a beautiful style: crown 7¾ inches high; brim, 2¼ inches wide; no binding, feather edge; band ¼ inch wide; curve of brim ¾ inch.

We have on hand a very large stock of Cloth Caps, just manufactured for spring and summer wear, to which we call particular attention.

Our prices are exceedingly low, and as most of our goods are manufactured under our own immediate inspection, we trust that we shall be able to continue to meet with public approval.

☞ Hats and Caps made to order
C. D. EVERETT & SON,
June 1. North side King street.

NEW STORE at Indiantown.—Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Findings. Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags. Groceries, &c. &c., for sale at lowest prices, Wholsale and Retail.
Indiantown, June 1, 1855. STEVENSON & IRVIN.
2 months.

THOMAS HANFORD, Nelson Street,—Agent for sale of WILLARD'S PATENT CHURNS.
June 8, 1855.

SAFETY Lamps and Cans.—We are now opening a lot of Newell's Patent safety, solar hanging, side and Table Lamps, Ship's Cabin Lamps, safety cans, &c., just received from the manufacturer.

Also,—A large assortment of Fluid Lamps, suitable for halls, shops, Public Rooms, &c. Also—Brass Tops, and Extinguishers.

Oil Lamps altered to burn Fluid.
Burning Fluid of best quality.
June 1. HANNAH & UNDERHILL.

SADDLES! SADDLES!—Ladies' and Gents' Riding SADDLES, just received per Packet ship Imperial:
1 case Ladies' SADDLES;
2 " Gents' SADDLES;
comprising 1st, 2d, and 3d quality, price at 40s. and upwards.
ALSO—2 casks of Harness Mounting, Hames, Rings, Bitts, Spurs, &c.; 1 Bale of Flock.
IN STORE—All kinds of MOUNTINGS, Chain Traces, Hames, Neats Foot Oil, and Oil Blacking, Whips and Whip Thongs.
P. S.—All kinds of HARNESS, Saddles, and Bridles made to order, and sold with the above cheap for Cash, by
HENRY HORTON,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
August 30. Union Street, St. John, N. B

MORRIS & DENNISTON,
Manufacturers of
VENETIAN BLINDS AND SASHES,
House Painters,
GRAINERS AND PAPER HANGERS,
Golden Ball, Corner Union Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
☞ Sign Boards made and painted. Old Blinds repaired
July 18.

REMOVAL.—Day's Printing Office has been Removed to the Corner of Market and Germain streets opposite D. & J. Leavitt's Grocery Store, where all orders will be punctually attended to.
May, 1855. GEORGE W. DAY.

Golden Ball Marble Establishment,
Corner of Union and Sydney Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends in St John and the Public generally throughout the British Provinces, that he has removed his MARBLE CUTTING ESTABLISHMENT on Union Street, to a building lately erected by himself on the GOLDEN BALL CORNER, where he is prepared to carry on business on a more extensive scale, in the execution of Monuments, Tomb Tables, Head stones, Centre Tables, and every description of ORNAMENTAL WORK required in his line of business.

The subscriber has also to announce that in addition to the large stock previously on hand, he has recently received a large assortment of Marble of a superior quality, which the public are respectfully invited to call and examine.

CHIMNEY PIECES of a superior style and finish can be furnished less than at former prices.

Work and Stock warranted. Ten per cent discount for Cash.

References—Rev. Wm Armstrong, James Paterson, LL.D., and Rev S. Robinson.
Aug 30 F. W. CLEAR.

NOTICE—All persons having any legal demands against the Estate of David Keirstead late of Studholm deceased, are requested to hand in the same duly attested within three months, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to.
THOMAS R. KEIRSTEAD.
Sole Administrator.
Brunswick Queen's County, July 27, 1855.