Poetry.

Thoughts of Heaven.

No sickness there—
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air—
No dread of Summer's bright fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song;
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies—
Its wailing blend not with the voice of Spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies!

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! The night that fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know;
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatter destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread;
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread.

Let us depart,
If home like this awaits the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one!
Shalt bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day!

The Old Man's Story.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me their child. Wine was often on the table and both my father and my mother gave it to me in the bottom of my morning glass.

One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of it purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address on the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the subject of the meeting, and could not say what course would be the best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to know the strange thing. My father said it was merely some scheme to unite Church and State.

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed across the green to the church. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In one corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house-full. All were curiously watching at the door, wondering what would next appear. The pastor stole in and took a seat behind the pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Two men finally came in, and went to the alter and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, a general stillness prevailed througout the room.

The men were unlike in appearance, one, being short and thick set in his build; the other tall and well-formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman; a full, round face, and good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around over the audience.

But my childish interest was in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like as he strode slowly up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply scarred with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the right elbow, and there was a wide scar above his eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open it with a prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then a short address, at the conclusion calling on any one present to make remarks. The pastor rose under the gallery, and attacking the position of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usage of good society, and injure the busines of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eyes upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man rose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his dilated nostrils. To me, at this time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full eyes upon the audience, his teeth shut close, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low and tremelous tone, he commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which rivetted every heart in the house before the first period had been rounded. My fathers attention had become fixed upon the eye of the speaker with an interest which I never before had seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, thengh the scene is as vivid before me as any I ever witnessed:

"My friends—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker locked his hands together, and continued:—"Oh, God! thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honour and Heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured; but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my own hand, followed by other like drops.

The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

"Men and Christians! You have just heard that I am a vagrant fanatic, I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came to do good. Hear me and be still.

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow on my heart, and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over the dark and beaconless ocean, and life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred on earth, and look with longing to the rest of death. Without friends, kindred, or home! it was once not so."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No, friends, it was not once so. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now no more."

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision; his lips apart and his fingers extended,

I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreaming to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—a fair angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer's sky, and a heart as faithful and true as ever guarded a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy; but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know it if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it, and it liveth with one who loveth children!

"Do not be startled, friends. I am not a murderer in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The angel child visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for treatment which drove him into the world and the blow that maimed him for life God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light that led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply.

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I left her alone and in her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread

"On New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, and tears fell all over her cheeks. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke, and sent up a famishing wail startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sing.

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?

"That sad pleading face and streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a blow in the face, and she fell forward on the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity, as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state, and I clenched both my hands in her hair.

"'God of mercy, James! exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, 'you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie,' as she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With a yell like a fiend I dragged her on, and hurried her out into the darkness and storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of the babe. But my work was not yet complete.

"I turned to the bed where lay my older son, and snatched him from his slumbers and against his half awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers into my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, I sent the door upon the arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist!

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was upon his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her for the first time a shadowy scene of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outer door with a shuddering dread. As the outer door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, and scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp hard sound. My blood shot through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. I was—O God! how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over her child, and wrapped all her clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father wept like a child. In tones of heart broken pathos the old man concluded:

"I was arrested and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. O God, no!—I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no man. But while I live let me strive to warn others not to enter the path that has been so dark and fearful to me. I would see my wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell, as deep and strong as wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. Then he asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the prayer.

"Sign it—sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote "Mortimore Hudson."

My father trembled, and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, but the old man reeled and gasped—

"My own injured boy!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks, until it seemed that their souls would mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt burdened soul!" exclaimed the old man; and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most touching prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on his knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
No 51 Prince William Street.

THE subscriber begs to announce to his City and Country friends generally, that he has selected in the American market the best assorted stock of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES, that has ever been offered to the Public. Also, received per packet ship John Duncan, a general supply of English and French Boots and Shoes, &c., which will be sold at the usual low price, having made no advance on last year's prices. I am determined to sell at a small profit for Cash.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Silk Gaiter Boots, Black,	6s 0d to 6s 0d
" " " Drab,	5s 6d to 6s 6d
" " " Heeled,	10s 0d to 11s 3d
Bronze Congress Shoes,	5s 0d to 6s 0d
Congress silk Lasting,	6s 3d to 7s 6d
" " Enam.	7s 6d to 8s 0d
" " Kid,	6s 6d to 9s 0d
Silk Top Gaiter Shoes,	6s 6d to 7s 6d
Drab, Purple, Brown, J. Lind Buskins,	5s 0d to 5s 6d
Slippers of every description,	2s 9d to 6s 0d

MISSES' DEPARTMENT.

Black silk Gaiter Boots,	4s 6d to 6s 0d
" " Congress "	5s 6d to 7s 0d
Fancy Marseille Ties,	4s 0d to 5s 0d
Drab Gaiter Boots,	4s 6d to 6s 0d
Kid,	4s 6d to 5s 0d
Fancy Jenny Lind,	3s 0d to 3s 6d

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Fancy Colors, of every description, from	1s 0d to 2s 6d

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Congress Boots and Shoes, of various styles.	
Calf, Kip, and Enam Brogans,	6s 9d to 9s 6d
Slippers of every description,	3s 6d to 4s 6d

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Enam. Congress Boots and Brogans.
Cloth Top Congress Boots, Kipp Brogans, &c.
Constantly on hand, an assortment of Ladies' Domestic Prunella and Cashmere Boots and Shoes, to order, if required. jun26 R. GOLDING.

HATS AND CAPS.—The Subscriber has received per "Adelaide" from Boston—A large assortment of FUR CAPS, latest styles; together with a large Stock of HATS and CAPS on hand, of his own manufacture, he will dispose of at very low prices.
A. MAGEE
27, North Side, and 58 South Side King-st.
N. B.—HATS and Caps made to order. Cash and the highest price paid for Shipping Furs.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 29, 1856.

JOHN J. WRIGHT,
General Commission Merchant,
AND
FLOUR DEALER,
No. 21, South Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.
REFERENCES:
Messrs. G. & J. Salter, St. John, N. B.;
T. A. S. DeWolf, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Messrs. P. L. Neaus & Sons, New York,
J. S. Parlow, Esq., Boston,
Messrs. J. W. Gaskill & Co., Philadelphia
Consignments respectfully solicited. may15

M. N. POWERS, UNDERTAKER
Respectfully gives notice that he will attend to all the duties connected with the management of Funerals at the shortest notice; also keeps at his Wareroom a large assortment of Coffins, of every size and description, consisting of Mahogany Walnut, and covered, at all prices.
Coffin Mounting of all descriptions—English and American—Japanned and Plated. Plates Engraved and Lettered. Grave Clothes of all sizes and Qualities.
Orders left at Wareroom or Residence over Wareroom, thankfully received and promptly attended to, day or night. M. N. P.
P. S.—Two superior Hearses, with quiet horse, and careful driver. Palls, &c., furnished.

Above we present you with a likeness of DR. MORSE—the inventor of Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS. This philanthropist has spent the greater part of his life in traveling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as North America—has spent three years among the Indians of our Western country—it was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arose from impurity of the blood—that our strength, health, and life depended upon this vital fluid.

When the various passages become clogged and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its motion, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains, sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely, Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of the diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudorific, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectorant, that opens and unclogs the passage to the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs, by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys; this encouraged, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out beautifully by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way. The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

From the above, it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only enter the stomach, but become united with the blood, for they find way to every part, and completely root out and cleanse the system from all impurity, and the life of the body, which is the blood, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently all sickness and pain is driven from the system for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clear.

The reason why people are so distressed when sick, and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the afflicted parts, and which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of foul and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, causing the mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Morse's PILLS have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring million of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have been racked or tormented with sickness, pain and suffering, and whose feeble frames have been scorched by the burning elements of fever, fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised, in witnessing their ever charming effects. Not only do give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish, but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown especially by those who use these Pills, that they, will as cleansed and purify, that disease—that deadly enemy—will take the flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again revery, and the prospect of a long happy life will cheer and brighten your days.

Get life of Dr. Morse's Father at Drug Stores, showing how this medicine was introduced.

JAS. F. SPROUL, sole Agent for St. John. Also sold by J. Coleman, G. S. Read, J. Chalmer, and Druggists generally

62, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET
St. John, N. B.

Per John Barbour, and Athenais, we have received the following Goods, which will be sold cheap:

SILVER and Electro Plated Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Fish Carvers, Butter Knives, Pickle Forks, Sugar Spoons, Cruet Stands, Cake Baskets, Butter Coolers, Toast Racks, Children's Mugs, Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays; Albata, Spoons, Forks, Ladles, etc; Britannia Metal—Urns, Tea and Coffee Pots, Kettles, Castors, Candlesticks, Spoons, &c.; Block Tin and Japanned Goods, Bedroom Toilet Sets, Tea Trays, Knife and Bread Trays; Cutlery, Joseph Rogers & Sons, and other good manufacture of Pocket Cutlery, Scissors, Razors, etc., Ivory handle, dinner, desert, bread, and carving Knives, self lip. bone, and stag handle Knives and Forks, butchers and shoe knives, guns, pistols, percussion caps, shot belts, Powder Flasks, Gun Locks, Cornice Poles, Rings, Curtain Bands and Hooks, Cash Boxes, Toasting Forks, Whip Lashes, Sad Irons, Chain Traces, Bellar Chains, Sparrowbills, Awls, Iron Spoons, Carriage Bolts, Scales and Weights, Locks, Knobs, Hinges, Screws, Castors, Dish Covers, Table Matts, Shovels, Spades, Manure Forks, Hoes, Scythes, Sickles, Door Handles, Brushes of all kinds, Horse, Ox, Mot, Clasp, Cut Nails and Spikes; Saws and Files of all kinds, and from the best manufactures; Planes, Joiners Tools and Edge Tools of every description; Enameled and Tinned, Preserving Kettles, Sauce Pans, Kettles, Bowles, etc.

Just received per John Duncan:
Combs of all kinds, Tablbles, Card Cases, Portemonais, Pocket Books, Button Hooks, Stillatos, Lac-Scissors, Silver Fruit Knives, Sugar Spoons, Napkin Rings, Reetiers'es, Draftmen, Cribbage Boards, Fancy Baskets, Feather Brooms, Plate Baskets, Chamois Skins, Apple Scoops, Plate Powder, Pearl and Steel Slides, Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Fancy Table Bells, etc. etc.
Wholesale and Retail.
may15 I. & F. BURPEE.

VICTORIA HOUSE

WE have received per steamers, and black-ball packets, the greater portion of our NEW SPRING STOCK, to which we invite the attention of purchasers. The Goods having been *personally* selected in the best markets, and laid in on the most advantageous terms, we are prepared to compete with any house in the Province, as well in point of *value* as in *novelty* and *variety* of style. Our supply of LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, comprises almost every new texture and design. Our Stock of

Parasols, Bonnets, and Ribbons,

is unusually large. In connexion with our Shawl and Mantle room, we have added a department for
Infant's Cloaks, Cashmere Hoods and Hats,
Children's Dresses in Sardinian Plaids,
Holland Pinafores and Jackets,
Jean Pelisses, Merino Frocks,
Ladies' Morn'g Wrappers,
Muslin Robes,
Waists,

In Linings, Woollens, Cottons, Flannels, Gloves, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Trimmings, Muslins, Laces, Sewed Work, Veils, etc., we have our usual supplies; with a large assortment of Carpetings, Moreens, Damasks, Fringes, Gimps, Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, and Floor Oil Cloths, all of which are marked in *plain figures*, and offered WHOLESALE and RETAIL.
may6 FRAZER, ENNIS & CO.

Just Received
AT THE
New-Brunswick Saddle, Harness, and Collar Manufactory,
No. 12 Charlotte Street, Saint John, N. B.

A LARGE assortment of Driving and Riding WHIPS, Four-horse Stalks, and Lashes of all descriptions, of the best quality, will be sold Wholesale and Retail.

—ON HAND—

A lot of Double and Single Silver Plated, Brass, and Japan Mounted Harness; Fancy Saddle Cloths; Curry Combs, Brushes, and various other articles in our line.
ALSO—A lot of SADDLES, of our own manufacture.
DAILY EXPECTED FROM NEW YORK:
A quantity of Oak-Tanned LEATHER, which will be made to order in any style required.
D. W. ADAMS.

REQUIRED at this Establishment, a smart, intelligent BOY, of about 15 or 16 years, to learn the Business. Application need not be made unless a good recommendation can be given
may 1 D. W. A.

THOMAS D. GARD,
Watchmaker,
SILVERSMITH AND JEWELER,
No. 25 Germain Street.

HAS received a new stock of JEWELERY, CLOCKS, which he offers to the public at reasonable prices. Silver Spoons, Forks, Wedding Rings, Temperance and other Emblems manufactured at the shortest notice.
Jewelery &c., neatly repaired.
☞ Cash paid for old Silver mar29

ENGLISH PERFUMERY, &c.
Received per "Peter Maxwell":—

SPRING STOCK of Rondeletia. Vegetable Essence, Lubin's genuine PERFUMERY & Pomatum Fixature, Gosnell's FRUIT, Scented; World's Choice Ladies Toilet, Peach Blossom; Brown Windsor and Honey Cleavors Honey, and Burtons SAND SOAPS.
Whitehads Essence of MUSTARD, Cockle's Holloway's & Morrisons PILLS; Keatings Cough Lozenges; with a full supply of DRUGS, Medicines, Chemicals, &c., &c. For sale Wholesale and Retail by G. S. READ,
may28 Fellow's Building, 8 Germain st.

PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.
IT HAS WORKED MIRACLES!

THAT ALL THE BALD AND GRAY CAN BE RESTORED PERFECTLY to original growth, and color so far as their locks are concerned does not admit of doubt; besides it will cure every possible disease of the scalp, whether developed as dandruff itching or in the shape of cutaneous eruptions—even scald-head—and in no possible case will it fail in curing as if by magic, nervous or periodical head-ache, and if used twice a week by the young regularly, it will preserve the color, and keep the hair from falling, to any imaginable age. Read and judge.

Milford, Worchester Co., Mass., Nov. 1855.
PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir; I take pleasure in bearing voluntary testimony to the magic effects of your wonderful Hair Restorative. As far back as 1836, my hair commenced falling off, and the top of my scalp became bald and smooth as glass, and it has continued to fall for a great many years, notwithstanding I have used many celebrated preparations for restoration. Seeing your advertisement I was induced to give your article a trial, and to my utter astonishment, found, after a few applications, that my hair became firmly set, and assumed a glossy and beautiful appearance; and by the time I had used a quart bottle, my bald head was covered over with a young and vigorous growth of hair, which is now from one to two inches in length, and growing fast.
Yours, truly, HENRY GOODRICH.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass., Aug. 9, 1855.
Gents:—Nothing but a duty and sympathy that I feel to communicate to others that are afflicted as I have been, would induce me to give this public acknowledgement of the benefit I have received from Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative. When I first commenced using it, my hair was quite gray, and in spots entirely bald. I have now used the Restorative about five months, and my hair is entirely changed to its original color, brown, and the new hair is over three inches long on the spots where it was bald. I have also been much gratified at the healthy moisture and vigor of the hair, which before was dry, and it has ceased to come out as formerly. Respectfully yours, &c., SIR. R. A. STODDARD.

From Mrs. Ingalls, a well known nurse in Boston
BOSTON Oct. 19th, 1855
GENTS:—At your request, and being so highly pleased with the effects of the Restorative, I am free to state that my hair has become quite thin, and entirely white. I have for the last five years been in the habit of using dye, but hearing of the extraordinary effects of this article, I was induced to try it. My hair has been restored to its original thickness, and also to its former color, which is light brown.
Yours respectfully, MRS. INGALLS.

The following is from the Pastor of the Orthodox Church, Brookfield.
BROOKFIELD, Mass., Jan. 12, 1855.
Prof. WOOD—Dear Sir—Having made trial as your Hair Restorative, it gives me pleasure to say, that its effects have been excellent in removing inflammation, dandruff, and a constant tendency to itching, with which I have been troubled from my childhood, and has also restored the hair, which was becoming gray, to its original color. I have tried no other article, with anything like the same pleasure and profit. Yours, truly, J. S. GRANT.

[From the Jersey City Telegraph.]
WHAT IS IT FOR—THE WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE?—is a question asked daily by hundreds. We answer without hesitation or fear of contradiction, that it is the only article known which will do all it promises for the human hair. It will renew its growth—it will stop its falling—it will restore its natural color! It is not a Hair Dye, but a speedy and efficacious Restorative.
O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo.
AGENTS for New Brunswick—C. HADDEN & HOYT, Kingstreet, St. John, and Chatham, Northumberland Co.; Rodgers & Bell, Market-square, St. John.
Recent, Asthma, and is particularly calculated to relieve the Whooping Cough, and all complaints tending to Consumption.

LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS.
By the "John Barbour":—

A CHOICE selection of SHOE THREADS; French CALF SKINS; English KIPS, Fronts and Grafts; Enamelled Leather, Lining and Binding Skins, with an assortment of small articles in the trade.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND—A good supply of Domestic Sole and Upper LEATHER, Calf Skins, Lasts, &c.
CHARLES CLERKE,
jan 30 80, King-street.

Leather and Shoe Findings.
Just received per ship *John Owens*—

A VERY superior stock of English Kips; French Fronts and Grafts, heavy and light; Linings, Bindings, and Shoe Findings; all of the best quality that can be purchased for cash, and offered to the trade wholesale and retail, at the lowest cash prices, by J. J. CHRISTIE,
april 16 56, King-street.

Cabinet Makers and Undertakers.

The subscriber returns thanks for the patronage received while in business with Mr. Dunn, and informs the public that he has entered into a Co-partnership with William C. Ellis, under the firm of FARNHAM & ELLS. They are carrying on the business of CABINET MAKING, UPHOLSTERY and UNDERTAKING, at the same place formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn, and solicit a share of public patronage.
Having on their premises a Steam Mill they are prepared to furnish Ship's Planking Wedges, and Trunnel Wedges.
TURNING also executed at shortest notice.
They respectfully give notice that they will attend as Undertakers to the duties connected with Funerals and will furnish COFFINS of Rosewood, Mahogany, or Covered, at shortest notice. They keep a superior Hearse, with quiet horse and careful driver. Palls also furnished.
REUBEN FARNHAM
WILLIAM C. ELLS,
St. John, Dec. 23, 1856. (coffins)

London Printing and Publishing Co'y.

FAMILY DEVOTIONAL BIBLE, illustrated, with references. Rev. Matthew Henry's Commentaries, etc.
FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, Illustrated.
STERNE'S FAMILY DEVOTIONS, do.
WORKS OF BUNYAN, do.
FOX'S MARTYROLOGY, do.
SCRIPTURE HISTORY—for youth, do.
Scripture Gallery of Engravings, do.
WORKS OF JOSEPHUS, do.
A choice of Four large Steel Plate ENGRAVINGS presented GRATIS, to purchasers of any of the above Books.
ROGER HUNTER, *Agent*,
apr3. 9 Market Square.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
No. 79 KING STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE OLD SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the public, that he has taken the store recently occupied by R. & A. Grier, 79 King-street, and now offers for sale, at that establishment, a good assortment of English, American, and Domestic Hardware. His goods have all been personally selected, are fresh and new, and will be sold at the lowest possible rates
may 30 E. H. BABBITT,
79 King-street.

BEARD & VENNING,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

HAVE received per royal mail steamer "Niagara:"—Blond QUILLINGS;
Black Silk LACES; Stiff NETTS; Fancy and Black Bonnett Ribbons; White Kid GLOVES;
An assortment of new *BROCADE DRESSES*, and a choice selection of Paisley Long and Square *SHAWLS*. Also—per "Franklin" and "Catharine Brown," from Boston:
White and Unbleached Cotton FLANNELS, and fine American Grey Cottons, etc. etc. to which they beg to call the attention of purchasers.
march6 BEARD & VENNING.

FLOUR.
STATE SUPERFINE,
STATE EXTRA SUPERFINE,
PHILADELPHIA SUPERFINE,
ALEXANDRIA SUPERFINE,
CORN MEAL; RICE;
TEA, TOBACCO;
BURNING FLUID; SALERATUS.
For sale at lowest market rates, by
HAMILTON & UNDERHILL,
may22 nws,car,sen 15, South Wharf.

CARD.
WILLIAM WEDDERBURN
Attorney at Law, Conveyancer, etc
OFFICE:
No. 13, NORTH SIDE OF PRINCESS STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
may 28. vi n

Sure Cure, or the Money Re-funded
GIVE IT A TRIAL.

COLEMAN'S Compound Cherry Syrup is a little the best article now offered for sale in this city. If you don't believe it, step in and take one Bottle. Should it not give satisfaction the money will be refunded. Call and give it a trial. For sale by JAMES COLEMAN,
Druggist and Apothecary,
13 No. 85 King-street.

Dr. McLANE'S
CELEBRATED
VERMIFUGE
AND
LIVER PILLS
Two of the best Preparations

They are not mended as Universal Cure-alls, but simply what their name ports.

The VERMIFUGE expelling Worms the human system also been admin with the most satisf results to various a subject to Worms.

The LIVER PILLS the cure of LIVER PLAINT, all BILIOUS RANGEMENTS, SICK ACHE, &c.

Purchasers will be particular to a Dr. C. McLane's brated VERMIFUGE LIVER PILLS, prepa

Fleming Bro

SOLE PROPRIETORS, burgh, Pa., and ta other, as there are other preparations before the public, porting to be Verm and Liver Pills. others, in comp with Dr. McLANE' worthless.

The GENUINE McL Vermifuge and Pills can now be h all respectable Stores.

FLEMING BRO
60 WOOD ST., PITTSBUR
Sole Prop

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

DR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, Mass., discovered in one of our common pastures a root that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOUR, from the Scrofula down to a common Pimple. He has cured eleven hundred cases and never failed in one case (both blood and skin humours). He has now in his hands two hundred certificates of its virtue, all within the vicinity of Boston.
Two bottles are warranted to cure a worst case of Scrofula.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of a Tetter on the face.
Two to three bottles will clear the system of Pimples.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Ringworm.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of a case of Erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Sore Eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running Ulcers and blotches among the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of a case of Rheumatism.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Ringworm.
Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Erysipelas.
Three to four bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Tetter.
Five to six bottles will cure the worst case of Scrofula.
A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the above quantity is taken.
Reader, I peddled over a thousand bottles of this Medicine in the vicinity of Boston. I know the effect of it to be sure as water will extinguish fire so sure will it cure. I never sold a bottle of it but that sold a third and always speaks for itself. There is something about this herb that appears to me surprising. It grows in our pastures, in some places quite plentifully, and its value has never been known until I discovered it.
My second, that it should cure all kinds of humors, I do not pretend to give some idea of the sudden popularity of the discovery, I will state that I peddled it, and sold about six bottles per day for a year, and I sold over one thousand bottles per day of it.
Some of the wholesale Druggists who have been in business twenty and thirty years, say that nothing of a patent medicine was ever like it. They speak in praise of it from all quarters.
In my own practice I always kept it strictly to myself, but since its introduction as a general family medicine, its wonderful virtues have been found in all cases perfected.
Several cases of epileptic fits—a disease which is considered incurable, have been cured by a few bottles, what a mercy if it will prove effectual in so awful a malady—there are but few who have not some friend that has fits.
I know of several cases of Dropsy, all of which were cured by it. For the various diseases of the Liver, Headache, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Fever and Ague, Pain in the Side, Diseases of the Spine, and particularly of the Kidneys, &c., this discovery has done more than any medicine ever accomplished.
No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adults, one table spoonful. Children according to age, from a dessert spoonful to a teaspoonful. As a cathartic, one to eight years, a tea spoonful. As no other cathartic is applicable to all constitutions, take sufficient to keep the bowels twice a day.
The PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the STATE OF MAINE is at the Drug and Medicine Establishment of H. H. HAY, Island 17 Market square, Portland, to whom all orders should be addressed. Sold by Druggists throughout the United States and Canada.
Thomas Walker & Son, Wholesale Agents, St. John; Chubucer & Hunt, Fellows & Co., G. C. Gerrish, F. Secord, R. B. McArthur, O. R. Arnold, Charles Esterbrooks, Canning, Burpee & Co., P. Yeomans, Canning, Daniel Briggs, Salmon & C. Burpee, Chipman, H. & B. Babbit, Cobb, Tho. Davis, Chipman, John Wiggins, Jr., S. V. White, Cambridge, S.