

# The Religious Intelligence.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD.]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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THOMAS LOGAN

The Intelligencer.

DAILY WORK NO HINDERANCE.

BY REV. WAYLAND HOYT.

Let us get out of the idea that, because we are intensely occupied in daily life, we are therefore shut away from the sight of God. It is a frequent notion that the dusty and dragging work of life is a hindrance from God from communion with him—from enjoyment of him. It is the Scripture notion and the real truth, that the common work of life may be, rather, a pathway opening toward spiritual power and delight. We are not out of the way of the divine visits when we are employed in an honest calling.

The reason of the thing ought to teach us that we are not. The duty of life is work. Work is no curse, blighting humanity, as a result of the fall of man. Heaven is not a place for an easy-going listlessness. Angels are no idlers. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" The idea of toil was once divinely incorporated into the organization of the world—before sin entered. God did not fill Adam's innocent hands with a vast amount of leisure. In his primeval purity man was not suffered to yawn away empty hours. Eden was a great garden, and God gave it into Adam's hands to dress it and to keep it. Work was in the world before sin was in it. Work is the law of life of all life—for even God is no idler. Nothing to do is a worse curse than nothing to wear. The idle man is the steam engine that is not worked. Set it to working the engine and there is safety. Man full of motive and energy must do something; if righteous toil be denied him, the power in him will burst forth in evil deeds. Do you not remember the nursery rhyme just as true as gospel: "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Work is the law and blessing of life; not the abnormal condition into which the curse has thrust it. Work is the highest duty. Now, forevermore, God honors duty. The light of God shines around duty. It is the man who accepts the laws of life and conforms himself to them who brings the presence of God into his heart. "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of him whose heart is perfect toward him"—that is, who holds his heart in pure intent, doing the work of life with right good will because God appoints it. "He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine," said the Saviour.

"I count this thing to be grandly true, that a noble deed is a step toward God; Lifting the soul from the common soil To a clearer air and a broader view."

Since, then, work is the divine law for life, obedience to it must bring us nearer God. The reason of the thing must show us that. The shepherds tending sheep upon the plains of Bethlehem were ten thousand times more likely to be flashed upon by the heavenly vision, there about their duty, than they would have been had they been lounging around Jerusalem.

And what the reason of the thing should teach us the Scriptures abundantly substantiate. The busy labor of the hands need not prevent a man from being favored with special communion. Moses was keeping sheep when God called him. Gideon was threshing wheat when God called him. Elisha was ploughing when God called him. Peter and Andrew were fishing when Christ spoke to them, and said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matthew was busy at the receipt of custom when the Master called him into his apostleship. Paul was not the less apostle, though his hands were seamed and hardened with the work of making tents. The shepherds of Bethlehem saw the angelic vision and heard such melody as mortal ears have never heard while they were at their lowly duty. O toilers! honest toil need be no hindrance keeping you from God.

Listen to the legend of St. Anthony, who as the legend runs, meant to get as near to God as possible, to dwell as completely as he might in the radiance of God's presence. And so, as the best way of doing it, he became a poor hermit in the desert, withdrawing himself from daily duty, that he might fill the hours of all the days with thoughts of God. But one day, as he sat by the side of his hole in the rocks absorbed in meditation, a voice spoke to him out of the breeze that was blowing by, and said, "Anthony, thou art not so holy a man as the poor cobbler in Alexandria." Amazed, Anthony took his staff and started, his long white beard blowing against his breast as he tottered toward the shore of the Mediterranean. After many days he came to Alexandria, and after long search he found the cobbler's stall—mean, narrow place, and the cobbler, a little weathered man but with the light of God's presence manifestly shining on his face. But when the poor cobbler saw the venerable form of the holy Anthony standing at his humble door he bowed himself and trembled.

"Then, said Anthony, 'tell me how you live, how you spend your time.'"

"Verily, sir," replied the little man. "I have no good works; I am a poor, humble, hard-working cobbler, with little time to think, and no ability to do any great thing. I just live from day to day as God helps me. I am up at the dawn. I pray for the city, my neighbors, my family, myself, I set me down to my hard labor all the day, and when the dusk shuts down, I eat the little I have earned, and thank God and pray, and sleep. I keep me ever by God's help from all falseness, and if I make any man a promise I try to perform it honestly. And so I live, trading along my narrow path day by day, how dark soever my times may be, never fearing that it will not bring me at last into the everlasting light."

And then the monk, white-bearded and venerable, turned away, and the voice out of the breeze sighed, "Ah me! that one life of man should be so humbly full, and another so proudly empty."

Make not the mistake of the hermit—hold to the truth of the cobbler.

Right work may be the way to God, if we

will have it so. It need never be a barrier from God. Work may be transfigured into worship. Work is in the line of duty, and upon duty God's blessing shines. Quaint George Herbert put it truly when he sang:

Teach me, my Lord and King,  
In all things thee to see,  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for thee.  
All may of thee partake,  
Nothing can be so mean  
But, for thy tincture, (for thy sake,)  
Will not grow bright and clean.  
A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine:  
Who sweeps a room—as for thy laws,  
Makes that and the action fine.  
This is the famous stone  
That turns all to gold,  
For that which God doth touch and own,  
Cannot for less be told.

"YOU'RE ASHAMED OF CHRIST."

Oh, how hard it was for me to find Christ, said an aged Christian. I knew I was a lost sinner, and felt it too; I knew there was no other way to be saved than by faith in Jesus; but somehow I could not find peace. Day after day I prayed and struggled, but 'twas no use; I was getting deeper in the dark. My business was neglected; I could not eat, nor could I sleep; I felt that the great thing with me was to find Christ, yet could not Christians read and prayed with me; they talked to me and tried to show me how to go to Jesus. I went to see my pastor again and again; he told me the way to be saved; he tried to make it plain, but still all was dark. At last I grew desperate; and one day said to my wife, "I have sought Christ so long without any light, that I believe I am lost." But I did not, could not give up; to go back would seal my doom.

One day a godly old man came into my store, and said to me, in his blunt, but kind way, "J—, have you found Jesus yet?" "No," said I, "tis all dark; I cannot find the way." He sat down by me and said, "I'll tell you what's the trouble, you're ashamed of Christ!" "No," said I, "I am not ashamed of him." "Yes you are," he replied. "Are you willing to do anything, or be anything that Jesus may wish of you?" "Yes," I told him, "I am willing to give up anything—everything, if I may find peace, and feel that Jesus is my Saviour." "Yes," said he, "you would give up your business, become poor and despised, if he called you to be so. Nothing is so great, if in your power, that you would refuse to undertake, if you might but find Jesus; and yet there is one simple thing that you may do, and do it easily, too, yet you refuse to do it, and by refusing, prove that you are ashamed of Jesus. J—, you never confessed Christ in public. You are willing to tell men know that you want to be a Christian, but are you willing to confess Jesus before men by praying to him?" "I don't know," I said; "it does not seem to be my duty to do that." Then you are ashamed to own Christ. He is a leading man here, and do not hesitate to talk in public for anything you believe in; you say you believe in Jesus Christ, who alone can save you, yet you won't own him enough even to pray a single word to him before others."

"Is it so?" I asked myself. "Have I really been ashamed to own Jesus before men?" The more I thought of it, the more it seemed to me that my aged friend was right. Yes, I had been willing to do anything, but make a confession that I was seeking Christ, by publicly praying to him.

At length I told the good man, "I am afraid that you are right; I have been unwilling to own Jesus as you say I must; what shall I do?"

"Why, begin right away in the prayer-meeting this very night."

The cross was heavy, but God enabled me to bear it. I was at the meeting, and when called or offered my prayer before others. How it was I cannot say, but peace filled my soul, and I saw Jesus as my Saviour—mine!

Yes, it had been shame that kept me away from Christ. My sinful, proud heart, how deceitful it was. Had not the mercy of God sent that old Christian friend into my store to talk to me in his blunt way, my pride might have destroyed my soul. How can it be that I was unwilling to own such a Saviour as mine? It's a mystery to me. How Jesus loves us! Who ever loves like him?—*American Messenger.*

RELIGION AMONG THE ENGLISH LAWYERS.

A correspondent of the *Presbyterian* communicates some information regarding the high tone of religion among prominent men in the legal profession. The writer says:

I know the lord-chancellor under the late conservative government (Lord Cairns), and I may say through him the men of the opposite party. Both the former and Sir Roundell Palmer (who has just been made lord-chancellor) are not only great lawyers, and men of splendid abilities, but I am glad to say, are both decidedly religious men. In reference to Sabbath-keeping, for instance, Sir Roundell Palmer is so strict that, as Miss Palmer told me, when, in connection with the late Alabama arbitration, he received some papers from the Foreign Office on Saturday afternoon, which had to be sent off on Monday forenoon, he sat up until twelve on Saturday night and began again before break of day on Monday morning. He has never, during all his life, done any work on the Sabbath, and certainly if a man with his enormous practice, when he is in Great Britain, yielding him, when he is an attorney-general, something like £25,000, or £125,000, per annum, could dispense with Sunday-work, so might many lesser men, who say that at times they find it absolutely necessary. And certainly, though even he might have taken a too rigid view of the matter, he yet erred on the safe side; and such conduct was quite in keeping with what he did when he retired, some three years ago, from the Gladstone government. At that time he was an attorney-general, but on his government bringing in a bill to disestablish the Irish church, he, not approving this measure, but supporting the Irish church, resigned his position, thereby sacrificing something like £12,000 a year.

Lord Cairns, again, when in the Highlands, preaches to his servants and visitors every Sunday; and, in order that all may be able to attend, there is no meat cooked in the house on Sunday. In fact, the British bench, at the present moment, is in a very healthy state, both as regards perfect integrity, morality, and religion.

We submit the foregoing facts to the careful consideration of our readers, as showing that the legal profession of Great Britain are reverencing the Sabbath's sanctity, and with the hope that the voice speaking from the Old World may awaken in the New a loftier conception and holier observance of the Christian Sabbath.

A MODEL MANUFACTURING TOWN.

WHAT TOTAL PROHIBITION EFFECTS IN IRELAND.

The traveller in Ireland who has gone from Dublin to Belfast, or vice versa, will remember the picturesque situated town of Newry. Above this seaport town at about three miles distant, on the side of one of the hills, stands the handsome town of Bessbrook, which no tourist ought to pass without stopping to become thoroughly acquainted with, and with its origin and progress.

Bessbrook is well worthy of being designated a model manufacturing town. It was wholly built within the last 30 years, by Mr. John Grubb Richardson, an enterprising Quaker and ardent temperance reformer, now residing at Moyallen, County Down, Ireland. Mr. Richardson is engaged in the linen manufacture, the great staple trade of Ulster Province.

Some thirty years ago, Mr. Richardson took the site of a manufactory in the open fields where Bessbrook now stands. A large spinning-mill and weaving-factory were soon erected on the ground. The machinery was got into its place, and all was ready to begin the process of spinning flax into yarn and weaving this yarn into linen.

Human brains and human hands were wanted to tend the machines. These needed to be housed—to be provided with homes. Newry was three miles distant—too far to go to and from work. Mr. Richardson determined to build houses for his workers. In this resolve the town of Bessbrook had its origin.

Had the proprietor of these spinning mills been other than the humane and kind-hearted Quaker that Mr. Richardson is, the operatives might have been left to shift for themselves as best they could, or to find "homes," in hovels and cabins around, and live in misery and degradation. Mr. Richardson knew that his factory operatives were human beings like himself, and he felt that providing them with comfortable houses to dwell in, their whole nature, and social habits and spiritual being would be elevated, and that he would have all the better and homelier workers at the same time.

If a village or town was to be built for their accommodation, Mr. Richardson resolved that it should be on the best sanitary principles, and that his operatives should be provided with really comfortable houses—that he would have a model town. Such a town was then planned out, in the fields adjoining the factory; and to-day, after the growth of thirty years, the town of Bessbrook is the result. It consists of a neat and handsome square in the center, on the top of one of those fertile and beautiful hills with which the County Armagh is dotted over. From this square, streets run down the sides of the hill. The square and streets are well laid out, thoroughly sewered, paved and lighted with gas manufactured at the factory.

At present the town contains about 3,500 inhabitants, composed entirely of the operatives and their families. No two families live in the same dwelling. The houses are all brick built and slated, two or three stories high, with accommodation ranging from four to eight apartments. Each family has a house suited to its number. The town belongs wholly to Mr. Richardson. The operatives have the houses let to them at rents ranging from 75 cents to \$1.25 a week, according to the size of the house. This rent is stopped from their wages on "pay-day."

The stores in Bessbrook are all owned by the workers, and are conducted on the co-operative principle. The factory hands hold the shares and capital of the stores, and the profits of the business are divided between the shareholders and consumers. Each customer on purchasing, receives a tin ticket, with the amount of the cash paid stamped on it. Once a quarter these tickets are brought back, and, according to the amount of them, so does each receive a portion of the quarterly dividend payable out of the profits of the concern. This mode of dividing profits with the customers has given rise to the saying, "The more you eat the more you make."

There are no retailers, or "hucksters," allowed to carry on business in the town. All this is confined to the workers' own co-operative stores. In every village in Ireland, and at every five miles along every public road, there is a barrack of the Royal Irish Constabulary, with from five men upward quartered in each. But Mr. Richardson has refused to allow any Constabulary to be stationed in Bessbrook. He would not let the Government authorities any house for a barrack, and has persisted that his workers need no police surveillance. During the thirty years that the factory has now been at work there has scarcely been a case of petty larceny perpetrated, though yards and linen pieces are easily stolen from such premises, and it is very emptying about.

There is not a town of any size in the United Kingdom without a pauper-office. There is none in Bessbrook. Such an institution has never been felt as any want by the inhabitants. Every foot of Ireland is in some dispensary district, under the Poor Law act, where the poorer classes can obtain medical attendance and medicine at the expense of the poor-rates. Mr. Richardson has objected to his employees being thus pauperized, and he has never allowed a public poor law dispensary in the town. But he has a dispensary for the workers, with a doctor to attend to themselves only. To support this dispensary each worker contri-

butes a fixed trifling sum each week, and when ill, they have medical attendance, with medicine, and half their ordinary wages, as if working.

There are admirable day and night schools in the town for the education of the workers' children. These are under the Irish National Board of Education; but practically it is so directly compulsory; but practically it is so. Every head of a family, employed at the factory, has to pay 1d. (2 cents) a week for each child at the school, whether the child attends or not. As a rule, the children are, therefore, sent to the schools "to get the value of their money."

There are public dining rooms near the factory, where young men and young women, who have no other members of their families resident there, can obtain good food at the most moderate rates. Coffee and tea can be had at one cent a cup; bread and butter at the current prices of the day; soup at one or two cents a bowl, and other provisions at equally cheap rates. Many of the workers, situated as we have indicated, procure their food at these cheap dining rooms.

Throughout all these thirty years past, there has not been row or riot in Bessbrook. There are over 3,000 of the Irish working classes drawn together by constant employment and good wages, from the different counties around, and yet they live together free from those brawls and squabbles that perpetually disturb the peace of much smaller populations.

Nothing like Bessbrook can be found in any other part of the country. It is a marked exception to the state of other towns. To what is its condition to be chiefly attributed? Simply to the total absence of all licensed liquor stores. This is one institution from which the town of Bessbrook is perfectly free; and to this is solely due the fact of its being a model manufacturing town.

Mr. Richardson, knowing the evils everywhere spreading from the common sale of intoxicating drinks, refused to allow any house in Bessbrook to be occupied as a licensed liquor store. He has totally prohibited the sale of alcoholic drinks in Bessbrook.

As a consequence of this, there has been no pawn shop needed, no police force required, no rowdiness prevalent, no larceny perpetrated, no poverty, pauperism, nor crime present in the town; very little sickness, and scarcely an accident of any kind. To the absence of the liquor stores is due all these blessings which the town enjoys. Mr. Richardson says, that even after thirty years of training in the paths of sobriety, cleanliness, and home comforts, the presence of one licensed liquor store would turn Bessbrook into the same wretched state as every other crowded manufacturing town in the United Kingdom. By keeping out the grog-shops, he succeeds in banishing all the ills that follow in their wake.

Bessbrook is really well worth a visit from any tourist in Ireland. It is a perfect model of what any town ought to be for cleanliness, regularity, and good order. It presents a noble proof of what can be effected by the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The population rejoices in this prohibition; and although Newry is only three miles distant, yet they hardly ever procure intoxicants from even the dealers there. The results produced in the town of Bessbrook, in making a population of operatives comfortable, contented and happy, ought to be a pointed example to other places to seek to become like this model manufacturing town.—*James Alexander Mowatt, in N. Y. Witness.*

RANDOM READINGS.

NEVER MIND where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves.—*Spurgeon.*

WHEN WE ARE ALONE, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

LET THERE be in necessary things unity, in everything charity; and then there need not be in everything uniformity.—*Philip Henry.*

THOSE WHO SINK under persecution, or are impatient in a sad accident, put out the fires which the Spirit of the Lord hath kindled, and lose those glories which stand behind the cloud.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

He that will work for others' good Must be himself renewed; So, before all things, thou must try Thyself to purity.—*Tholuck.*

YOU MAY HAVE SEEN the children of some family walking to church, all clothed in a different color. Yet are they all children of one parent, all brothers and sisters. So the various denominations of God's believing people.—*Zephaniah.*

WHEN CHRISTIANS grow cold and neglectful of their own duties, they grow censorious toward each other. As love declines, the critical temper increases. All along the caves of a cold church hang the sharp, piercing icicles of criticism and censoriousness.

THE GOOD OLD BIBLE.—An old lady in London said, when asked if she had a Bible, "Did ye ask me if I had a Bible? Thank God, I have a Bible! What should I do without my Bible? It was the guide of my youth, and it is the staff of my old age. It wounded me, and it healed me. It condemned me, and it acquitted me. It showed me I was a sinner, and it led me to the Saviour. It has given me comfort through life, and I trust it will give me hope in death."

WHEN ANY PROPOSITION is clearly demonstrated to be true, it ought not to disturb us that there be perhaps perplexing difficulties on the other side, which merely, for want of adequate ideas of the manner of the existence of things demonstrated, are not easy to be cleared.—*Clarke.*

NEVER ENOUGH.—Will you not stop calling for more laborers? Will you not stop saying, "Go work." No, so long as the presence of God Almighty goes with His words. As long as he adds, "Lo, I am with you always," so long will re-echo the tones, "Go work."

Never enough of life given, while His life is given for us; never enough of prayer, while He intercedes for us; never enough of thought, while He thinks of us; never enough of treasure given, while the best treasure is given us.

Shall we give that which costs us nothing? Is this the sacrifice he demands,—is this all He looks for?

Give till you feel it. Labor till the body is tired. Pray till the soul finds rest in the received promise, and then ask, "Do I owe nothing more?"

TO SPEAK AND ACT TRUTH with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who could hold it at the cost of a little daily trouble.—*Ruskin.*

UNION IN THE CHURCH.—The father of a family, at the outbreak of the war, felt it his duty to enlist. The boys agreed to take care of the farm, the girls to help their mother, while the father fought for the flag. Each did his part well. The boys' farming elicited the attention of a passing gentleman, to whom one of them said, "Father is fighting, we are digging, sisters are dairying, and mother is praying." "Fighting, digging, dairying, and praying," replied the gentleman, "that is the patriotism that will bring the country out of its distress."

Let all Christian brethren thus work to each other's advantage, and wonderful will be the result. All need not necessarily do or teach the same things. Only let each do his part well. The commendations of the world would soon be heaped upon the great working harmonious family of God.

DAILY PRAYER.—An aged minister once gave some advice to a young Christian. It was this: "Never neglect, never forget secret daily prayer. It is here that the Christian always loses ground. Neglect this, and you cannot fail to grow cold and indifferent. Never let a day pass over your head without earnest prayer."

The good old man is dead; but the words he uttered may serve as a warning to more than one, especially to the young. "Never neglect secret prayer. Are you busy? Do you excuse yourself because you are so hurried every day? Remember who gives you time. Are you well and strong? Thank God for health. Are you sick? Surely your heart must frame petitions to him who holds life and death in his hand. Are you exposed to temptations? There is no safeguard like prayer. Have you neglected this duty? Take up again the broken threads. Have you ever begun? 'Life is short, and time is fleeting.' Do not neglect secret prayer.—*Methodist Magazine.*

KEEPING THE COMMANDMENTS.—A king is made glorious by the obedience of the subjects throughout his realm. One is honored in that way. The parent is honored by the child. How? Not by his running around the neighborhood, and saying, "Oh! what a great man my father is!" or, "What a beautiful woman my mother is!" or, "What a splendid house my father has to live in!" For a child to do that, would be ridiculous. We like to see a child manifest warmth and affection toward his parents; but publishing such things in the streets about one's parents, is not glorifying those parents. If a child loves and honors his parents, he shows it by studiously fulfilling their known wishes. An affectionate and loving child does honor his parents in the eyes of all the neighborhood. The teacher is honored, not by what the pupil says, but by what he does. Find out what they want who are put over you, and do that; and then you honor them. And we honor, or what is the same thing, we glorify God, by fulfilling his known commands.

OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.—I had a man in my parish, in Indiana, who was a very ugly fellow. He had a wife and daughter who were awakened during the revival which was then working, and while visiting others who needed instruction, I went to see and talk with them. He heard that I had been in his house, and shortly afterward I passed down the street in which he lived. He was sitting on the fence, and of all the filth that was ever emptied on a young minister's head, I received my share. He threw it out, right and left, up and down, and every thing that was calculated to harrow my pride. I was very unwholesomely indignant for a young man. I said to myself, "Look here, I will be revenged on you yet." He told me I should never darken his door again; to which I responded, that I never could, until I had his invitation to do so. Things went on for some time. I met him on the street, and went to him, and spoke well of him, and never repeated his treatment of me to any one. We constantly crossed each other's paths, and often visited the same people. I always spoke kindly of him. Very soon he ran for the office of sheriff, and then I went out into the field and worked for him. I canvassed for votes; I used my personal influence. It was a pretty close election, but he was elected. When he knew I was working for him, I never saw a man so utterly perplexed as he was. He did not know what to make of it. He came to me one day, awkward and stumbling, and undertook to "make up," as the saying is. He said he would be very glad to have me call and see him. I congratulated him on his election, and of course, accepted his overtures; and from that time forth I never had a faster friend in the world than he was. Now, I might have thrown stones at him from the topmost cliffs of Mount Sinai, and hit him every time, but they would not have done him any good. Kindness killed him. I won his confidence.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

DISAPPEARANCE OF A SEA.—Bovs St. Vincent states that the time is coming when the Mediterranean will be nothing more than a chain of lakes, and then a mighty river. The sea of Azof is already being converted into a stream—its shores constantly approaching nearly together. Tracts of water which extend from the mouth of the Don to the straits of the Dardanelles, may now be compared to Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan. When the great Island of Atlantis went down, as Plato relates, covered with cities, it must have changed the sea boundaries exceedingly. Rivers are forever in the process of changing their channels and shallowing, by the debris they spread along their bottoms.

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