Poetry.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

'Tis Christmas-eve! the tireless clock is telling the hours away.
And my household all are sleeping dreaming of Christmas-day.
My countless varying duties are finish'd one by one,
Still, there's always something left—my work is never done;
So I sit down by the cradle, my little one to rock,
And while I sing a lullaby, I knit for him a sock.

I've filled some little stockings with candy and with toys,
And hung them by the chimney-place, to please my darling boys.
There sleeping sweetly in their cribs, I have tuck-ed the clothes in tight,
I've heard them say their evening prayer, and kiss'd them both good-night.
I know, that ere the daylight shall through the curtain peep,
Their Merry Christmas wishes will wake me from my sleep.

I've many, many thoughts to-night, and they are sad to me:
Two stockings only hang this year, where three were wont to be:
The tears are falling thickly as I think of the day
When I laid that little stocking for evermore away;
For the happy one that hung it there but one short year ago,
In yonder graveyard quietly sleepeth 'neath the snow.

How many little stockings that on last Christmas-day
Were filled by darling little ones have since been put away!
How many smiling faces that to our nursery door
Came wishing "Merry Christmas," will come again no more!
Their waxen hands are folded upon each quiet breast,
And the Shepherd God has gathered those little lambs to rest.

How many pleasant visions, and, oh what sad ones too,
With each succeeding Christmas-eve come vividly to view?
I see again my childhood's home, and every lov'd one's face;
The stockings hanging as of yore, around the chimney place,
From the wee red one of baby's to grandpa's sock of grey—
Each in its own accustomed place, not even one away.

But the pleasant vision passes, and one of darker shade
Reveals how many changes each Christmas-eve has made:
For those whose stockings hung there so closely side by side,
In happy days of childhood, are scatter'd far and wide;
A few still linger here to see this Christmas-eve pass by,
But many, many more, to-night within the church-yard lie.

The baby's sock is finish'd—'tis sprinkled o'er with tears:
Where will his tiny footsteps wander in future years?
Perhaps this innocent will live to see, as I have done,
The Christmas-eves of childhood steal onward one by one;
But whether a life of sorrow, or whether a life of joy,
I feel that I can trust with God my much-loved baby boy.

The clock has struck the hour of twelve! I've put the sock away,
And by the baby's cradle I now kneel down to pray—
To ask that loving Saviour who on Christmas morn was given
To save our souls from sin and death, and fit us all for heaven—
That He would guide our footsteps, and fill us all with love,
That we may sing together a Christmas hymn above.

The Fireside.

ROY'S ANGEL.

A PRAIRIE CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

By Ardie Owen.

Roy Gateson was watching the sun go down.

"There, gran'ma! it's half gone—there—there—it's out of sight! now it won't be long before to-morrow. I guess it's going to be nice, so we can go to Mr. Goodwin's; don't you, gran'ma?"

Gran'ma Rowe shaded her eyes with her hand and looked across the prairie, as she answered rather doubtfully, "I hope so."

"Hope so! It can't help being pleasant if it's clear when the sun sets, can it?" asked Roy, with an undertone of disappointment.

"There are clouds low down; but don't borrow trouble, dear, likely enough it'll be nice in the morning."

"If it only will! It's been over'n ever so long since we've been any where"—and the ruddy little face turned from the window to the firelight.

I'll tell you a little about Roy before we go on. He lived with his grandfather Rowe, for when he was a wee baby his father left home and went to that then far-off country—California—to get rich, and his friends never heard from him again, and his gentle blue-eyed mother failed with failing hope until, one day, she passed to that home where there are no tears. The death of their only child would have crushed Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, had it not been for their little grandson, in whom all their hopes now centered. When Roy was about a year old, Mr. Rowe decided to sell his snug home and try life on the prairies. He bought a small farm, and put up a small house—there was no other in sight then—and with his brave, cheerful wife, commenced life over again.

So Roy had lived nearly eleven years on the wide prairies, rarely playing with other children, and seldom seeing any one besides the home folks, but bright and happy, nevertheless, and contriving plenty of ways to pass time pleasantly. He had thus far been taught at home, and his greatest longing was to go to school and have plenty of books.

Roy sat by the fireplace for some time without speaking.

"Gran'ma, that's a funny verse for to-night, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' We never see any strangers except at meeting, and never any one comes here. And their being angels—do you b'lieve that? You said once there wasn't angels any more, as there used to be."

"Perhaps it is a queer verse, Roy, but when you asked me to pick one out, that came into my mind kind o' sent like. I didn't say there ain't angels now-a-days, but that folks can't see them or hear them talk as they used to in Bible times. Jesus says being good to anybody for his sake is being good to him, and if we are kind to those we don't know we shall get good from it, as folks who took in strangers without knowing they were angels, were blessed. But see how fast it grows dark! Hadn't you better help gran'pa about his chores?"

"That's so! gran'ma. I most forgot the chores, thinking about Christmas and that queer verse"—and Roy took his cap from its nail and started out in a hurry.

Daylight could hardly struggle through the thickly falling snow-flakes the next morning.

"Oh, ain't it too bad? this ain't 'merry Christmas' at all! Don't you think gran'pa will go if it does snow some—'twon't hurt anything," said Roy, looking sorrowfully out.

It's been snowing 'most all night, and the track must be filled up, and we'd stand a good chance of losing our way. The best thing will be for us to stay at home, where we're safe, I think," was gran'pa's answer.

It was a great disappointment to Roy, and the hours crept slowly along in spite of all his endeavors to amuse himself; and when after eating the nice dinner, he saw that the shadows were deepening in the corners of the room, he was glad night was coming. There were his gran'pa's chores to be done in addition to his own, for Mr. Rowe had sprained his foot in the morning, and was unable to get out; and Roy bustled about boy fashion, making a good deal of noise, but doing pretty well, after all.

He had just taken a pail to carry water to the horse when there came a strange noise at the west door, as though something were trying to get in. All were startled for an instant, but Mrs. Rowe opened the door, and a large Newfoundland dog walked in, shaking the snow from his shaggy coat.

"Oh, what a nice dog! where do you suppose he came from?" exclaimed Roy, as the noble creature went from one to another, gently pulling their clothes and looking beseechingly in their faces.

"Some one has lost him," said Mrs. Rowe.

Gran'pa watched the dog's movements for a little, and then suddenly spoke: "Some one is lost, mother. He wants us to follow him. What shall be done, and me lame?"

Mrs. Rowe turned her frightened face toward her husband: "Somebody lost in this blinding snow, do you think, John? How can we save them?"

"The dog must be followed, and it may be a long ways off. What bad luck my foot is so lame," answered Mr. Rowe, with a sober glance at the bandaged member.

"Let me go, gran'pa, I'm real strong, you know. I'll take the lantern, and can follow the dog."

"I'm afraid you'd give out if it should be far, and who'd there be to go after you?"

"I can try, at any rate, and if I'm like to give out I'll come back."

"Perhaps you'd better, there ain't any other way; gran'ma can't go. Wrap him up warm, mother, and get that bottle of spirits from the cupboard there for him to put in his pocket. If you give out drink a little, Roy, and if you find any one, rub their hands and arms and legs with all your might, and get some of the spirits down them. You may not find any one, but I feel as though you would."

Roy had put on coats and hat, his grandmother had the lantern lighted, and he was ready to start almost as soon as Mr. Rowe was done speaking.

"I hate to have you go, Roy," said his grandmother, tenderly giving his comforter an extra tuck.

"God'll take care of me, gran'ma, and maybe I'll find that angel, you know," answered Roy brightly.

"Yes, he'll take care of you, don't get so far you can't see the lights. I'll put one in each window"—and Roy was off, following the rapid strides of the dog.

The snow was deep and still falling fast, the air was bitter cold, and he plodded wearily along, stumbling through the darkness after his strange guide, until the lights in the window grew dimmer and dimmer, and it seemed as though he had gone a long way. But somehow the glow around his heart, born of the thought that he might save a life, urged on his flagging feet when it seemed as though he would fall. Once he thought he had lost the light, but peering intently he discerned a tiny spark, and when he turned again he found the dog some distance in advance.

"Who's there?" called a faint voice.

"A boy with a lantern and some spirits. Be you froze?"

"I'm cold and badly hurt, lad; do you suppose you can help me up?"

Roy hastened on, and found a man lying in the snow, a horse standing near him. "I'll try, sir, I'm more'n twelve years old," he answered hastily setting the lantern where its light would fall on them.

"Be quiet, Jack! down sir, down!" called the man to his dog, who was bounding around to express his joy; "Now, lad, lend me your hand and shoulder, perhaps I can get up on one foot, and we'll contrive what can be done. My horse stumbled and threw me, and then fell on me in such a way that I fear one leg is broken."

Roy pulled bravely with all his strength, and the man, groaning with pain, endeavored to get up. At last with a great effort, he succeeded in steadying himself with one hand on Roy's shoulder, and the other holding fast to the saddle of his horse.

"How far is it to a house, lad—will the people take me in for awhile?" said the stranger, when he had recovered a little.

"Of course they'll take you in at my gran'pa's they sent me out a purpose after you. I don't know just how far I've come, but that's the nearest place. I could see the lights there a few minutes ago. But how can you get there?"

"Perhaps I can hobble along by the side of my horse, I must get somewhere. The dog will take us there. I'll try it a ways, at any rate."

It was a long, painful trip. Roy walked on ahead, shuffling the snow with his feet the best he could to make a sort of path, but the poor sufferer was obliged to stop at almost every step, moaning with pain, and our hero grew terrified with the thought that he would never reach the house. Inch by inch, however, they gained on the weary distance, and at last drew near the door, and Mrs. Rowe came out and met them. In a few more minutes, the unfortunate man was lying on the lounge in front of the fire, almost insensible from pain.

It would take too long to tell how he was cared for, and how it was found after examination that no bones were broken, but that his bruises and injuries would keep him in close confinement for several days.

It was late in the evening, when Roy sat tired and nodding by the fire, that his grandmother called his name, and the stranger, opening his eyes, said with a faint smile, "That sounds familiar, that's my name, Roy—what is your other name my brave lad?" he continued, taking Roy's hand as he was passing by.

"Roy Gateson, sir."

The stranger started up and looked at him with eager eyes.

"And your name, my good man?"—turning to gran'pa.

"John Rowe. Roy is my grandson, my daughter's only child."

"And your daughter?" asked the man in tones of intensest interest.

"Dead, these many years," was the sorrowful answer.

The questioner fell back and covered his face with his hand, while the others silently wondered. After a few minutes he turned his face toward the old people. "Let me tell you a little of myself. I left my home almost twelve years ago for a distant country, was shipwrecked on the Pacific coast, cast away on a desolate shore, and did not reach my destination in more than a year after I started for it. Penniless, I worked ceaselessly to get money to take me back to my family, and had almost enough when I was taken sick, and for long weeks lay utterly unconscious of things around. When some months after, I was able to work, I had to begin over again, for every cent was gone. A second time I planned and labored, and again, when I had about accomplished my object, in one night I was robbed of all my precious store. For a while I thought God had forsaken me, but I plucked up courage and went to work again, for in my inmost heart I knew God did all things well. The third time I succeeded beyond my highest anticipations. I have all I need for this life, for myself and those I left behind. I see you do not know me. I do not wonder, I should not have known you, for sorrow has made you grow old, and I who left you young, am now a gray-haired man. Roy looks like his mother"—and the man wept as he clasped the boy in his arms.

"And you are Roy Gateson?" asked both the trembling old folks at once.

"Yes, I was on my way to find my wife and child."

Roy had his Christmas. He had found his father Suddenly lifting his brown head from the pillow where it nestled close beside the white one there, he exclaimed. "O, gran'ma! who'd have thought that angel would be papa?"

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Blessed old Santa Claus! king of delights,
What are you doing these long winter nights?
Filling your budgets with trinkets and toys,
Wonderful gifts for the girls and the boys?
While you are planning for everything nice,
Pray, let me give you a piece of advice.

Don't take it hard, if I say in your ear,
Santa, I think you were partial last year:
Loading the rich folks with everything gay,
Snubbing the poor ones who came in your way:
Now, of all times in the year, I am sure,
This is the time to remember the poor.

Plenty of children there are in our city
Who have no fathers or mothers to pity;
Plenty of people whose working and heeding
Scarcely can keep all their dear ones from needing:
Now, if I came every year in December,
They are the ones I would surely remember.

Little red hands, that are aching and cold,
You should have mittens your fingers to hold:
Poor little feet, with your frost-bitten toes,
You should be clothed in the warmest of hose:
On the dark hearth I would kindle a light,
Till the sad faces were happy and bright.

Don't you think, Santa, if all your life through,
Some one had always been caring for you,
Watching to guard you by night and by day,
Giving you gifts you could never repay,
Sometimes at least you would sigh to recall
How many children have nothing at all?

Safe in your own quiet chamber at night,
Cosey and warm in your blankets so white,
Wouldn't you think of the shivering forms,
Out in the cold, in the wind, and the storm?
Wouldn't you think of the babies who cry,
Pining in hunger and cold, till they die?

Once, on a beautiful Christmas, you know,
Jesus, our Saviour, was born here below;
Patiently stooping to hunger and pain,
So he might save us, His lost ones, from shame:
Now, if we love Him, He bids us to feed
All His poor brothers and sisters who need.

Blessed old Nick! I was sure if you knew it,
You would remember and certainly do it:
This year, at least, when you empty your pack,
Pray give a portion to all who may lack.
Then, if you chance to have anything over,
Bring a small gift to your friend,

IN NEED.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"What will each of you choose as a Christmas gift?" was the question of a kind Christian lady to her class of little girls at Christmas-time some years ago.

The class was soon astir, and little minds busy thinking what to choose. One little girl chose a doll, another a picture book, and so on, till all but one had expressed their wishes. This little girl looked grave and thoughtful.

"What will you have, my dear?" said the kind teacher.

After a few moments' silence, the sweet reply was gently whispered, "Please ma'am, a new heart."

Soon after this day little Mary had her wish fulfilled. The Lord gave her a new heart, so full of trust, and love, and happiness. Time rolled on, and the dolls and picture books had long since been used and cast aside, but Mary found her gift was yearly growing more precious. Time does not make the new heart decay.

A correspondent who told this story a few weeks ago in a large hall, filled with people, old and young, writes:—When the service was over, and almost all the children gone, one little girl lingered, as if something more was wanted before she went home. I spoke to her kindly, and placed my hand on her head, waiting her reply. Tears stole down her cheeks as she sobbed and replied, "I too want this new heart."

She told me how she often grieved Jesus, and how she did so want to be good. We both knelt in prayer, and told Jesus all about it. While we were praying the Lord was listening; and when we asked for the new heart I believe he gave it to little Annie the very moment she trusted him for it. I often see this dear little girl, and the bright smile on her happy face seems to say, "There is a new heart in here."

Christmas is coming. Let us who have not the new heart seek this best gift; let all who have already got the new heart, ask the Lord to fill it more and more with love to Him and to all around us. Then will this Christmas be a happy one.

ARAB HORSE MAXIMS.

Let your colt be domesticated and live with you from his tenderest age, and when a horse he will be simple, docile, faithful, and inured to hardship and fatigue.

If you have your horse to serve you on the day of your trial, if you desire him to be a horse of truth, make him sober, accustomed to hard work, and inaccessible to fear.

Do not beat your horses, nor speak to them in a loud tone of voice; do not be angry with them, but kindly reprove their faults; they will do better thereafter, for they understand the language of man, and its meaning.

If you have a long day's journey before you, spare your horse at the start; let him frequently walk to recover his wind. Continue this until he has sweated and dried three times, and you may ask him whatever you please, he will not leave you in difficulty.

Use your horse as you do your leathern bottle; if you open it gently and gradually you can easily control the water within, but if you open it suddenly the water escapes at once, and nothing remains to quench your thirst.

Observe your horse when he is drinking at a brook. If in bringing down his head he remains square, without bending his limbs, he possesses sterling qualities, and all parts of his body are built symmetrically.

Four things he must have broad—front, chest, loins, and limbs; four things long—neck, breast, fore-arm, and croup; four things short—pasterns, back, ears, and tail.

A MARVELLOUS PIECE OF MECHANISM in the way of clock's, is described in the French journals. It is an eight day instrument, with dead-beat escapement maintaining power. It chimes the quarters, sixteen times, plays three tunes every twelve hours or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows; one once a minute; one, once an hour; one, once a week; one, once a month; one, once a year. It shows the moon's age; the rising and setting of the sun; the time of high and low water, half ebb and half flood, and by a beautiful contrivance, there is a part which represents the water, which rises and falls, lifting some ships at high water tide as if they were in motion, and, as it recedes, leaves these little automaton ships dry on the sands. The clock shows the hour of the day, day of the week, day of the month, month of the y-ar, and in the day of the month there is provision made for the long and short months. It shows the signs of the zodiac; it strikes or not, chimes or not, as may be desired; and it has the equation table, showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year.

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SPRING BEDS. MATTRESSES.
LOOKING GLASSES and MIRRORS.

THE PATENT INVALID BEDSTEAD.

These Bedsteads are so constructed that one person, by the use of hand cranks, can place the patient in any desired position, i. e., to raise the head, lower the feet, elevate the whole body, so that the clothes may be removed from the bed without fatiguing the patient in the least.

HEMENWAY'S
PATENT ADJUSTABLE
School Desk and Seats,

which can be easily adjusted in height to suit the convenience and comfort of pupils, thereby obviating the necessity of having furniture of the different grades as is now used in schools, at the same time costing less than the style now in use.

Mr. E. Milliken having purchased the Patent right for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to manufacture and sell, and having appointed the subscribers Manufacturing Agents, we are prepared to execute orders on short notice.

C. E. BURNHAM & CO.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
febt2—1y—v1

HARDWARE

IN STOCK—and for sale at lowest prices: 200 Brass and Enamel Preserve Kettles; 50 joints Rubber Hose; 13 doz. cheap Bird Cages; 8 bbls. "Currier's" Lamp Black; 25 doz. Apple Parers; 25 sets cheap Lead Castors; 1 cask German Cutlery; 1 case "Crook's" Pocket Knives; 2 cases "Rodger's" Cutlery.
aug 25. W. H. THORNE, & Co.

LIQUID ANNATTO.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have just received—1 cask Improved Fluid Ex. Annatto, for imparting a pure and beautiful Color to Butter and Cheese; put up in one gallon and half-gallon jugs. For sale low. by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
aug 25 33 and 35 King street.

CHOICE PERFUMES AND SOAPS.

ATKINSON'S White Rose, Hannay's Essence of Rondeletia, Piesse & Lubin's Jockey Club, etc., etc.; Lubin's Ess. Boquet, New Mown Hay, etc., etc.; Rimmel's Wood Violet, etc., Bayley's Ess. Boquet; F. S. Cleaver's Fine Perfumes; Bridenbach's Ext. of Orange Flowers, African Lily, etc.

Also—Lubin's, Cleaver's, Rimmell's, Torr's, Breckenell's, and other fine Soaps. For sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
july 21 33 & 35 King street.

Z. G. GABEL,
NO. 90 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

RUBBER BELTING and PACKING,
RUBBER HOSE, RUBBER SHEETING,
Rubber Coats, Horse Covers and Waggon Aprons
Rubber Cloth, Rubber Leggings,
Rubber for all Mechanical Purposes.
"Hoyt's" Single and Double Leather Belting.

AGENT OF THE BOSTON BELTING CO.
Rubber Belting at Manufacturers' Prices.
LACING LEATHER, the best in the market.

FLAX, HEMP and JUTE PACKING
LARD, OLIVE, SEAL AND CRUDE OILS.
STEAM GAUGES, of the most approved description.
WHEATMAN & SMITH'S MILL SAWS and FILES
Butcher's Files, Austin & Dodson's Files.
GANG AND CIRCULAR SAWS.

ALL BELTING WARRANTED.

IN STOCK—A supply of such other Goods required for Mills, Steamboats and Railroads, which will be sold at as low rates and upon as good terms as possible.

Thankful for past favors, the subscriber solicits a continuance of the same.
feb 16 Z. G. GABEL.

ESTABLISHED 1861
Parks' Cotton Manufactures.
COTTON WARP.

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.
Nos. 5's to 10's.

Cotton Carpet Warp.

Made of No. 8 Yarn, 4-ply twisted. White, Red, Orange, Brown, Slate, Blue, Green, &c.

ALL FAST COLORS.

In manufacturing our goods, we take the greatest care to make them of such a quality as to give satisfaction to the consumer.

We warrant them to be full length and weight; stronger and better in every respect than any other yarn in the market.

All our goods have our name upon them, and are sold by us only to the wholesale trade, from whom country merchants and consumers can always obtain them by asking specially for them.

WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
aug 25—v 1 St. John, N. B.

LADIES' FASHIONABLE CLOTH JACKETS.

WE are now showing our usual large variety of the above in Black and Navy Blue, Beaver Cloth, Nap Cloth and Imitation Sealskin, all of the newest shapes and trimmed in the latest style.
oct 15 MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

THORN PLANTS, SEED
A GROWING NECESSI
TO GENTLEMEN, FARMERS
THE Subscriber having imported
THORN PLANTS, and planted
Woodstock last spring, begs to inform
ers and others that he is prepared to
THORN PLANTS, &c., for planting
superiority of Hedge Fences over any
well as the small cost, and in about
an impenetrable fence. Price per th
cents per rod—one thousand will pl
The Plants are delivered free in
Woodstock, Grand Falls, Houlton,
wards, are ordered in each place.
Also Forest and Fruit Trees, Evergreens, viz.: Hollys, Laurels, Limes, &c., &c.
GRASS and Clover Seeds of many different kinds, either mixed or separate. Turnip, Cabbage, and other Vegetable Seeds, warranted true.
CHOICE collecti Flower Seeds and Bulbs for large and small g
Agricultural Implements, viz.: Chaff-Cutting and Root-Crushing Mi ines, and Drills of any kind.
Parties requiring any of the above will please forward their or rs at once, as only 30,000 Thorn Plants are ordered and those who order first, will be the first supplied.
Full printed instructions for planting and sowing, will be given with each lot delivered. All particulars, in regard to prices, planting, &c., and terms of payment, sent free on receipt of a three cent stamp. Address
THOMAS MORGAN, Lakeville,
mar 27—1ly County Carleton, via Woodstock.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, PAINTS BRUSHES, GLASS, &c.

66 SACKS Java and Ceylon COFFEE; 89 chests and half-chests Congou and Oolong TEA; 16 boxes Motts' Brama, Cocoa and Chocolate; 14 hhds. Porto Rico and Barbados Sugar; 80 boxes Layer and Valencia Raisins; 10 brls. Currants; 80 firkins Cumberland Butter; 1¼ tons Cheese; 80 doz. bottles Mixed Pickles, Sauces, &c; &c.; 50 doz. bottles Table Salt; 3 brls. Ginger; 2 cases Preserved Ginger; 20 sacks of Rice; 20 brls. Oatmeal; 5 tons Pork; 40 quintals Codfish; 80 quintals Pollock; 400 sacks Coarse Salt; 50 Sacks Fine Salt; 5000 bushels Oats; 8 tons Feed; 500 boxes Window Glass; 1 pipe Olive Oil; 9 casks Brandram's Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil; 150 kegs Brandram's Best White Lead and Colored Paints; a large assortment of Grainers and Fancy Colours, Lakes in Scarlet, Crimson, and Purple, Carmine, &c.; 1 cask Carson's Anticorrosion Paint; 2 casks Fire Proof Paint; Paint and Wall Brushes, Sash Tools, White Wash, &c.; 25 packages Gold Leaf; London Copal Varnishes in tins and on draught; 25 boxes Extract Logwood; 1 ton Redwood; 25 brls. and casks of Lamps, Chimneys and Burners, with a general assortment of Groceries, Provisions, &c. For sale at market rates by JAMES WILLIAMS,
jan 22 Main Street, Portland.

TEA, TOBACCO, SUGAR, &c., &c.

IN STORE—DUTY PAID.

300 CHESTS and Half-Chests TEA;
5 tons TOBACCO, Solace, Navy, 12s., &c., &c;
175 bbls. Crushed and Granulated SUGARS;
45 hhds. Porto Rico and Scotch Refined SUGARS;
275 dozen CORN BROOMS;
75 dozen PAILS and HALF PAILS;
10 tons CORDAGE, from 9 thread to 5¼ inch;
Together with a large Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDIZE, which will be disposed of at lowest possible prices.
H. D. & H. A. AUSTIN.
May 1st, 1874.—1y

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D. C. WESTON, Yarmouth, N. S., Agent for Nova Scotia.

HIDES TO BE INSPECTED.

THE DOMINION INSPECTION LAW on HIDES, being now in force in the City of Saint John, the Subscriber will receive at his place of business, 135 Union Street, and attend to getting inspected, any HIDES from the Country without charge for his trouble, and pay for No. 1, Inspected HIDES, Eight (8) Cents; for No. 2, Seven (7) Cents per pound. WILLIAM PETERS,
feb 26 135 Union Street.

LACE LEATHER.

WILLIAM PETERS, is Manufacturing a Superior Oil Tanned LACE LEATHER, the best in the Market. "Pages' Patent not excepted." july 10

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WILLIAM PETERS Manufactures and has on hand a good Stock of LARRAGAN LEATHER.

Keeps on hand HIDES, OIL, LAMPBLACK, TALLOW, Farmers' and Carriers' Tools and Findings.

Is Agent for the Sale of the BANGOR BARK MILL.
july 10

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IN STORE:—200 Brls. Sugar, 30 brls. Crushed Sugar, 40 hhds. Scotch