### The World for Christ.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Ride on, O King of Glory!
Christ Jesus, all victorious,
With strength begirt, thy right assert,
Set up thy kingdom glorious!
Reign on thy throne millennial!
Thy ransomed world deliver;
O Christ come down and wear thy crown,
Our God and King forever!

Beneath thy red-cross banner,
Brightened with heaven's own lustre,
Earth's millions meet; bowed at thy feet
Thy faithful soldiers muster.
Their war-cry fills creation,
A sleeping world awaking;
They wait thy word, Almighty Lord,
The power of Satan shaking.

On in thy Gospel chariot,
The rebel world subduing,
That men may prove thy reign of love
All-beginning, all-renewing,
Smite the strongholds of error,
And pagan gods o'erturning,
For heathen night give Gospel light,
For death the spirit of burning.

Mohammed's strong delusion,
Which groaning millions cherish—
O Christ, reverse the withering curse,
And let it die and perish!
All o'er Japan and China
Ride on, new victories gaining;
Through India, waste and wide, O haste
Thy conquests and thy reigning.

O'er continent and ocean,
See, Lord, thy soldiers going,
Waving thy flag o'er peak and crag,
The bread of life bestowing.
From conquering to conquer,
Great Captain of salvation,
Still go with them till love's pure flame
Is lit in every nation.

O Jesus, King of Glory!
Omnipotent Redeemer!
Scatter thy foes till none oppose,
And silence the blasphemer,
Sway, sway, the royal sceptre
Till all, thy name confessing,
Shall bow and share the answered prayer
In Pentecostal blessing.

### Work and Wait.

A husbandman who many years
Had plown his field and sown in tears
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds upon its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain,
The heavens are brass, they yield no rain;
The earth is iron—I toil in vain."

While yet he spake a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery
Yet none can toil in vain for Me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than mine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine
And make the fields with harvests shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work and watch and wait
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thine ear;
And answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flame afar,
Was rushing from a distant star.

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was raising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain;

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with his rainbow pen:

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

### ROB'S PROMISES.

BY ESTHER WARREN.

"Rob, it's Wednesday, do get me some violets and those lovely ferns after school."

"All right."

"Now, you won't forget, because I promised to paint a group for the fair, and to-morrow is all the time I shall have," added Cicely.

"No, I promise," hastily snatching up a pile of tightly strapped books and in another moment was half across the pretty vine-shaded piazza, when his mother's voice called him back.

"Rob" said she, from the doorway, "will you tell the gardener, as you go by the cottage, that I want him to go for the roses to-day?"

"Mike is going to town—I heard father give him the orders," answered Bob.

"O dear, I am so sorry," and Mrs. Temple looked much disappointed.

Rob did not like to see that, so he said promptly:

"I tell you what—I'll run over myself and get them."

"Will you?" her face brightening into a pleased smile, partly at gaining her wish, more at the readiness of her boy to gratify her. "Then it will be all right. But don't hurry, dear," and then she stood on the piazza, watching the figure in gray, with the curly brown head, and quick, merry step, till it was out of sight.

As for Rob, it was not long before he reached the old brown school-house and had joined one of the groups standing before it.

"Rob, Rob Temple," said one of the boys, "we're going down to old Mattock's to-night. "Come with us, won't you?"

"Old Mattock" was a sailor who lived in a charming cottage, built as much after the fashion of a man-of-war as was possible, and around whose abode were cliffs on which sea-birds laid their eggs in places difficult, sometimes dangerous of access, which I think may have added somewhat to the charm of gathering them.

Rob was, like the others, at once eager for the proposed expedition, and gave his promise to go with them immediately after school. Pretty soon the bell struck and in a few minutes the only ones outside the gates were loiterers, whose hasty steps told that they were behind time and were uncomfortably aware of the fact.

School was over and Rob was half way on the round home to change his clothes for the cliff-climbing expedition, when he espied his father approaching in a buggy. Away went all thoughts of old Mattock, of cliffs and eggs, and throwing up his cap, with a loud shout, his father brought the horse to a standstill and smilingly waited for his son to speak.

"Let me go with you," said Rob, breathlessly. "Please do."

"Mr. Temple nodded assent, and the next minute Kate was again trotting briskly along the broad, pleasant road. Rob disposed of his books and settled himself back to enjoy his ride. It proved to be even longer and more charming than he had anticipated, when he had begged his father to let him accompany him.

Mr. Temple was so delightful to drive with. He always let Rob take the reins himself, and did not play at it either by keeping an eye on him and one on the horse, but really and truly gave him all the responsibility. And then, too, he liked to go fast and did not check Rob's frequent chirrups more than two or three times. Altogether, he was a delightful companion, and his son liked to talk to him and tell him all his plans, quite as well as he did any of his boy friends, and that is something not many boys can say, is it not?

Mr. Temple was going to the town a few miles off on business. It was not a very large town, but it was larger than the village where Rob lived, and he found plenty of amusement in sauntering about the place till his father was at last ready to return. It was dark before they reached home, and Mrs. Temple had begun to worry a little about Rob, but her doubts were soon set at rest by his arrival and immediate request for supper.

"Rob," said Cicely, suddenly, that evening, "where are the ferns and violets you promised to get me? I want to begin on them early to-morrow morning."

Rob looked at his sister in dismay.

"I forgot all about it," said he, slowly.

"Rob Temple, how could you! You promised me the last thing that you would remember."

"Won't to-morrow do?"

"I'm afraid not. I shall be so busy and there would not be time either.

"I'm awfully sorry."

"And did you forget my roses, too?" questioned his mother.

"Why, mother, I never thought of them. How *could* I have been so stupid!" and Rob thumped the arm of his chair in disgust at his own carelessness.

"My dear, I am very sorry; I wanted them particularly to-morrow, for Mike says he shall not have any time after then to set them out till next week."

"I'm so sorry, mamma," began Rob, penitently, when she interrupted him with:

"Never mind now, dear, I shall have to let it go."

But Rob could not let it go so easily—at least in his own mind, and though he did not say anything more about it, several times during the remainder of the evening the thought arose within him, "How horrid selfish it was of me to go off with father and get Cicely and mamma into a fix by forgetting;" but it wasn't Rob's way to put his penitence into words, only his good-night hug was a little more vigorous than usual, and he kissed her several times more than commonly.

"Why, Rob, what is the matter?" said Mr. Temple, as his son came slowly up the garden path with a cloud on his face that very seldom rested there. Rob let his books fall on the piazza, and turned to his father.

"O, you went and got the roses yourself!" he exclaimed, seeing the occupation in which he was engaged.

Mr. Temple nodded and asked him to lend his help for a few minutes.

"Well, Rob, and what was the trouble?" he asked, after a short silence, in which they industriously nailed the vines to the pillars.

"It was at school," returned Rob, slowly. "The fellows got mad with me because I didn't meet them yesterday to go to old Mattock's, as I agreed. And they said I was forever promising to go somewhere, or do something, and then not going or doing."

"And do you think it was true?" asked Mr. Temple, pleasantly.

Rob colored.

"I don't know—I was thinking."

"Didn't you promise Cicely yesterday to bring her some wild flowers?"

"Yes, sir. Some ferns and violets."

"And I think you said you would go for those roses?"

"Yes, sir, I did. But I met you, you know—"

"Yes, I know. And the other day, I believe, I heard you promise your mother not to go on the cliffs after eggs. When she said it always made her so anxious, you said at once you would not go any more if it troubled her so. I thought then it was very generous and kind of you to give up your own gratification even without being asked."

Rob colored again; this time with pleasure.

"Let me see. Four promises broken in one day. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, sir," dejectedly.

"How is that?"

"I forgot, and about going with the fellows, I did not think it would make any difference."

"None to them, perhaps, but a vast difference to you."

"But I supposed you thought I shouldn't have gone because I'd told mamma I would not," returned Rob, in a surprised tone.

"You should not have given your promise to go at all."

"Oh—h, I see."

They both worked on for a few minutes, then Mr. Temple spoke again, this time very gravely.

"Rob," said he, "I'm afraid you do not realize what a sacred thing a promise is. You make one without reflecting, and break it carelessly or wilfully. Very often you promise out of a desire to oblige some one, and it is very kind and right of you, but you should keep it at all hazards."

"I can't always," began Rob.

"Then do not make it," interrupted his father. "When you do give your word, you should reflect just what it will cost you to keep it and then do so, in spite of time or trouble. I know it would have been something for you yesterday to have given up your ride, but it was your duty to have done so so. Four promises broken in one day. Why Rob!"

Rob made no answer.

"They may seem to you trifling matters, but it is the principle and not what was actually lost that I care for. My dear boy, I want you to set as much value on your word as on your life. Do not promise lightly, but once given, keep your promise to the letter. Will you remember, Rob?"

Yes, sir, I will," returned Rob, manfully, for he knew his father lived up to the principles he was trying to teach him, and that was worth more than all his words.

"And now we have finished the vines. Mike brought Cicely her flowers early this morning, and if you will only remember what I have been saying, I do not know as I shall regret your broken promises of yesterday," said Mr. Temple, as he gathered up his tools and finished the little lecture beneath the roses with an encouraging smile.—*Watchman.*

### Boys, Don't You Do It.

Don't run in debt for it is the beginning of sorrow. Such was the advice I had for the boy who said, "I'll owe you a penny." Well he might laugh at me, it was such a little thing, only a penny. But if that boy could but realize what misery I have witnessed, ay, and suffered too, from this foolish habit of getting trusted, his laughter would cease. The facility with which even boys can obtain credit for the most unnecessary articles, is astonishing, and ought to be checked. I doubt if you can find a fruit-seller anywhere that is not glad to trust any of the store-boys in the neighborhood. They know the boys are honest enough to keep their credit good by paying such debts, as the appetite for fruits, candy, and pastry seldom fails to be tolerably active in any growing boy. And they might also know, if they choose, that some of the boys could not be in the honest receipt of so much spare change as passes from their hands into the dealer's pocket.

There are tailors also, and boot-makers as well, who will readily trust even quite young men for clothing and shoe-leather. They know that the young gentlemen desire to dress as well as the clerks and neighbors, and while they sometimes have furnished them by parents or guardians sufficient for the purpose, yet it often turns out that the extra suit, or a nicer overcoat, or a stunning pair of boots, has to be paid for by a systematic pilfering, which inevitably results in disgrace, and generally in utter ruin.

Knowing something of that whereof I speak, and believing that a suit of clothes feels better and lasts longer if paid for with money gained by honest toil, even if accompanied with some sacrifice, than when obtained on credit; and also believing that the faculty of procuring credit is a positive injury to a young man by leading him into extravagance and often useless habits and outlay. I utter this word of warning to all young men, to pause while consciences are still free from stain.

Parents ought to know how much money their sons spend, and where it goes to, and a few practical home-lectures on saving and having would not come amiss in these days of temptation.

Employers ought also to keep a vigilant eye over the youth in their charge, and check at once any extravagance of attire or habit. Many whose souls are deeply stained, might have been saved to a useful and honorable career, instead of being ruined outcasts, if the employer had but evinced the same interest in the welfare of his help as he did in the results of their abor.

### "I Don't Care."

"I am sorry to see my son give away to anger," said the patient mother.

"I don't care," replied the passionate child.

"You will become an ignorant man, unless you study better," said the faithful teacher.

"I don't care," he muttered under his breath.

"Those boys are not the right sort of companions for you," said the pastor.

"I don't care," he answered, turning on his heel.

"It is dangerous to taste wine," said his friend, warningly.

"I don't care," was still his obstinate reply.

A few years after he was a worthless drunkard, plunging into every sort of excess, and finally ending a miserable life of crime without hope.

"I don't car ," was his ruin, as it is the ruin of thousands. Look out for it, boys and girls. Keep away from it.—Don't let it find a place in your heart, or pass your lips. Always care. Care to do right, and care when you have done wrong."

### Meat Pie with Potato Crust.

Cut beef or mutton into large pieces; season with salt and a finely shred onion; boil and mash potatoes with milk so as to line a buttered dish; put in the meat with a teacupful of water; lay the crust thickly over the meat and bake about an hour and a half.

### Saturday Night.

Among the multitude of suggestions for spending Sunday in a profitable way, we say that Saturday has a close connection with it. Saturday night is one of the resting places in the journey of life, when it becomes every man to settle his accounts.

1. *Settle with the world.*—The business of a single week is easily reviewed—its mistakes may be easily rectified, its experiences turned to good account. The man of business should some time on Saturday look over his books, examine his outstanding debts, and see that all is straight and safe. This is all the more important if his accounts are numerous. Great watchfulness is required, if he would escape embarrassment and trouble. He who knows exactly how he stands every Saturday night will not be likely to live a poor man; or if he does, he will hardly ever be found in debt or in want.

2. *Settle with conscience.*—Let him review his words and his actions, his motives and feelings during the past week. If anything is seen to be wrong or defective (and who is he that is without faults?) let the remembrance of it be carried into the next week, that a repetition of it may be avoided. Let him in prayer seek not only forgiveness for what has been amiss in the past, but grace to do better the coming week.

3. *Settle with the Lord's treasury.*—Every man owes constant returns of gratitude to the Giver of all good. It is not meet to finish the settlement of Saturday night by reviewing all the mercies of the week, and setting apart a portion of its profits to serve some good cause that will promote the glory of Him "who gave Himself for us?" How much better and happier might life be with a downright honest *settlement* every Saturday night! How much brighter would Sunday morning be! how much more profitable the whole day!

### A Word to Boys.

What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No? Of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is sure to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; it cannot fail; and I think it is worth knowing. *Never touch liquor in any form.* That's the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to me as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way:

You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and, very likely, they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do, eh? What will you do? Will you say, "Boy, none of that stuff for me! I know better than to drink that!" Or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that once begins to make apologies for itself—just as the soul of Colonel Backus does and will keep doing during all his life?

### A Murderous Sea Flower.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave away in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you called them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into a huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water.—*Selected.*

### Noodle Soup.

Three hours before dinner, take three eggs and a teaspoonful of salt; mix with enough flour to make a stiff dough; beat well with a rolling-pin, the more the better: cut into four pieces and roll each as thin as possible; keep on rolling till the dough is thin as paper; spread on a paper to dry, but do not leave until so dry as to break when rolled into long rolls to cut. With a sharp knife, slice into rings no thicker than a broom splint; spread out to dry, shaking them out well. Fifteen minutes before dinner, shake them lightly into five quarts of liquor in which a chicken or a piece of nice, fresh beef has been cooked the broth having been well skimmed, salt to taste, and add a cup of sweet milk or cream, and a pinch of parsley or saffron if liked; boil up two or three times and serve.

### Half of the Widow's Mite.

A gentleman called upon a rich friend for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite?" said the solicitor.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend. "How much are you worth?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Give me then your check for say ten thousand; that will be half as much as the widow gave, for she, you know, gave her *all.*"

The rich man was baffled. Covetous people often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and under cover of her contributions give meanly to the Redeemer's cause. Her example, indeed rightly interpreted, would pluck selfishness out of the soul, and fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.

### Keeping Poultry.

Our domestic animals, derived as they are from wild ancestors, require a certain amount of exercise to keep them in sound and vigorous health. Poultry can not be kept in large numbers in confined areas without detriment to their constitution. Col. Taggart, of Pennsylvania, provides food and exercise for his fowls at the same time. In his poultry yards are several beds about thirty feet square each, in which Col. Taggart buries oats, several bushels to the bed. The grains begin, of course, at once to swell and germinate and the fowls have free access, scratching and eating the tender sprouts to their hearts' content. While the fowls are thus busy on one bed, a new one is prepared, which is in readiness for them by the time it is required. The idea is a good one.

As rotten apples corrupt those sound ones that do touch them and lie close to them, even so the evil manners and bad conditions of the ungodly do infect those that keep them company.


## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

### 1877. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, 7th inst., Trains will leave St. John as follows:—

At 8.10 A.M., for Halifax, Riviere du Loup, and points North, and Way Stations, including Point du Chene, where connection is made with Steamboats for Prince Edward Island.

At 11.00 A.M., (Accommodation Train) for Point du Chene and Way Stations.

At 5.00 P.M., for Sussex and Way Stations.

At 10.00 P.M., for Riviere du Loup and all points West as well as for Halifax and Point du Chene.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE:

At 7.25 P.M., from Halifax, Riviere du Loup, and way Stations.

At 6.20 A.M., from Riviere du Loup, and all points West, as well as from Halifax and Point du Chene.

At 9.00 A.M., from Sussex and Way Stations.

At 2.50 P.M., from Point du Chene and Way Stations.

C. J. BRYDGES,
General Sup't. of Gov't Railways.
Moncton, May 2, 1877. may 4

### 1877.

## International Steamship Co'y.

*SPRING ARRANGEMENT.*

**Two Trips a Week,**

FOR EASTPORT, PORTLAND AND BOSTON.

ON and after Thursday, March 29th, and until further notice, the splendid sea-going Steamers "NEW BRUNSWICK," D. S. Hall, Master, and "CITY OF PORTLAND," S. N. Pike, Master, will leave Reid's Point Wharf, every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 8 o'clock, for EASTPORT, PORTLAND, and BOSTON, connecting at Eastport with Steamer *Belle Brown* for St. Andrews and Calais.

Returning, will leave Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock, a. m., and Portland at 6 p. m., after the noon train arrives from Boston, for Eastport and St. John.

No claims for allowance after Goods leave the Warehouse.

Freight received on Wednesdays and Saturdays only, up to 6 o'clock, p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
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Dwelling Houses, whether built or in course of construction, and Farm Property, as well as Furniture contained therein, Insured for terms of one or three years, at lowest rates, Steam Saw Mills, Vessels on the stocks or in port, Warehouses, Merchandise, and Insurable Property of every description covered on the lowest possible terms.

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Risks taken on vessels, cargoes and freights to and from any part of the Commercial World.

Time and Voyage Policies issued at once, terms and conditions as customary in St. John.

Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid in cash.

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ROBERT MARSHALL,
*General Agent, Broker, and Notary Public.*
nov 1

## Welland Canal Enlargement.

***Notice to Contractors.***

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and indorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this Office, until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on THURSDAY, the 5th day of July next, for the formation of a new line of Canal from Marlatt's Pond, at Thorold, to Allenburgh, including the construction of a lift lock, guard lock, several culverts, and piers and abutments, for swing bridges, &c.

Also, the enlargement of about two miles of the Canal, from the Junction downward, together with the construction of an Aqueduct over the Chippewa River, a lock between the canal and the River at Welland, piers and abutments for bridges, etc.

And the enlargement of the Canal from Ramey's Bend to Port Colborne, including the construction of a guard lock, weir, and supply race, etc.

The works will be let in sections of a length suited to circumstances and the locality.

Maps of the different localities, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after Monday, the 25th day of June next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works north of Allanburgh, can be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works south of Port Robinson, plans, &c. may be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and —in the case of firms—except the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque or other available security, for the sum of from one to five thousand dollars, according to the extent of work on the section, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of Tender.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become securities for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the contract.

This Department, does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 14th May, 1877. June 1.—3i

## Government House, Ottawa.

MONDAY, 7th day of May, 1877.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under provisions of the 8th Section of the Act passed in the Session of the Parliament for Canada, held in the 31st year of Her Majesty's Reign, chaptered 6, and intituled "An Act respecting the Customs."—

His Excellency, by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Belle River, in the Province of Ontario, shall be and the same is hereby declared to be an Out Port of Entry, under the survey of the Port of Windsor, to take effect from the 1st of May, instant.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,
may 25 3i Clerk Privy Council.

## Groceries, Provisions, Paints, Brushes, Glass, etc.

66 SACKS Java and Ceylon COFFEE; 89 chests and half-chests Congou and Oolong TEA; 16 boxes Mott's Broma, Cocoa and Chocolate; 14 hhds. Porto Rico and Barbadoes Sugar; 80 boxes Layer and Valencia Raisins; 10 barrels Currants; 80 firkins Cumberland Butter; 1½ tons Cheese; 80 doz. bottles Mixed Pickles, Sauces, etc.; 50 doz. bottles Table Salt; 5 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; 3000 bushels Oats; 8 tons Feed; 500 boxes Window Glass; 1 pipe Olive Oil; 9 casks Brandram's Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil; 120 kegs Brandram's Best White Lead and Colored Paints; a large assortment of Grainers' and Fancy Colors, Lakes in Scarlet, Crimson and Purple, Carmine, etc.; 1 cask Carson's Anticorosion Paint; 2 casks Fire Proof Paint; Paint and Wall Brushes, Sash Tools, White Wash, etc.; 25 packages Gold Leaf; London Copal Varnishes in tins and on draught; 25 boxes Extract Logwood; 1 ton Redwood; 25 brls. and casks Lamps, Chimneys, and Burners, with a general assortment of Groceries, Provisions, etc. For sale at market rates by

JAMES WILLIAMS,
jan22 Main street, Portland.

## Ladies' Linen Costumes.

HANDSOMELY Trimmed, and made up in the latest styles, at the following prices:—

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| $2.25 | $4.50 | $6.50 | $2.50 | $5.00 | $7.50 |
| 3.50 | 5.75 | 8.25 | 3.00 | 6.00 | 9.75 |

These Goods are well made, and are the best value we have ever shown.

MANCHESTER. ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
May 11.

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(july26)


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SALMON FISHING.

SECTIONS 2, 3, and 4, are repealed and replaced by the following:—

2. "Before any Salmon net shall be used, the owner or person interested in such net shall cause a memorandum in writing, setting forth the name of the owner or person interested, to be filed with the local Fishery overseer, who, if no objection exists, may, in accordance with instructions from the Department of Marine and Fisheries, issue a Fishery License for the same; and any net used before such a License has been obtained, and any net used in excess or evasion of the description contained in such License, shall be deemed to be illegal and liable to forfeiture, together with the fish caught therein, and the owner or person using the same shall be also subject to fines and costs under the *Fisheries Act.*

3. The owner or owners of any net or nets used for the purpose of taking Salmon, shall, on receiving such License, pay an annual License fee on each net so legally used, which License fee shall be paid to the Local Fishery Overseer, for transmission to the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

4. All Salmon nets shall have the name of the owner or owners legibly marked, on two pieces of wood or metal attached to the same, and such mark shall be preserved on such nets during the fishing, in such manner as to be visible without taking up the net or nets; and any net used without such mark shall be liable to forfeiture.

June 1.—3i.


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