Advice to Boys.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave boys;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun, and in earnest, be true, boys!

—*Henry Downtown in Leisure Hour.*

Cheer.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though the path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely, never weary—
Trust in God and do the right!

Perish policy and cunning;
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right!

Some will hate thee, some will love thee;
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee—
Trust in God, and do the right!

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Stars above our path abiding—
Trust in God, and do the right!

"Gather the Wheat into my Garner."

Where did'st thou reap to-day my soul?
My soul, where did'st thou reap?
The fields are ripe on either hand;
The needy ones above the stand;
The Christian may not sleep.

What hast thou reaped to-day my soul:
Worthy the words "Well done?"
A burden sweet of garnered sheaves,
Or but a few dry, withered leaves,
Marking thy "Harvest home?"

How hast thou reaped to-day my soul:
How hast thou reaped to-day?
The work is great, the field is wide,
The faithful few are by thy side;
Press on, and do not stay.

Would'st thou not reap, my soul, to-day?
Would'st thou not bring the best?
The day is long, the sun is high;
Would'st thou, then, lay thy burden by
And seek for ease, for rest?

Go find thy work, my soul to-day,
And finding, do it well;
Put in thy sickle, sharp and bright;
Work on through all the morning light;
When night comes you can tell?

Three Words of Strength.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of Heaven,
Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roil,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—*Schiller.*

HOW DICK WENT TO THE PIC-NIC.

"Where in the world is that boy?" Mrs. Frye took her hands from the suds and went to the barn.

"Dick, what are you doing?"

"Making a box for the cat. Going to sell her, and get money to go to the pic-nic Friday.

Thankful that he was in no worse mischief, his mother went back to her washing and sighed to think how poor they were. Dick kept busy at his work, making his box like the cattle cars he had seen on the freight trains, open at the sides and on top, with only narrow bars nailed across. Part of an old barrel-hoop served for a handle, and it was with no little satisfaction that he held it up in view.

"There, Tabitha Maria, how do you like your new quarters? Not much room to turn around, is there? But you've plenty of good air—needn't be afraid of smothering. Oh, oh!" he continued, as a head with a pair of frightened eyes was thrust through the bars, "this'll never do. You're not such a beauty that your looks will help me any." Down went the box, while another bit of a shingle was added to pussy's prison. "Le'me see," he mused, crowding back poor Tabitha's head, "you're worth about a quarter; then if those hens will lay a little extra this week I'm all right."

Dick sallied forth into the July sunshine, but found that cats were a drug in the market; everybody owned one, so he came home tired and discouraged, and let pussy out.

Mrs. Frye was washing the dinner dishes.

"I say, mother, I'm going fishing."

"Well, don't tumble overboard," she said, anxiously.

For more than an hour Dick sat on the end of the wharf patiently watching his line, but the fishes seemed to be taking an afternoon nap.

"I don't blame 'em," he muttered. "I'm most melted here in the sun. My! here comes the parson!"

"Fishing, Richard?" Mr. King never called him Dick.

"Yes, sir; but they don't bite."

"Ah? Simon Peter had that same trouble once. Out all night and caught nothing."

The minister had the queerest way of talking about men in the Bible—just as if he were acquainted with them.

"It was a little strange," he continued, "that Christ should ask him to push out into deep water; the last place to find fish, isn't it?"

"Yes sir; they keep in near the shore most always."

"It wasn't a favorable time, either. If ever you go the Sea of Galilee, I advise you not to try fishing in the forenoon. By the way, I suppose you will go to the picnic?"

"If I can earn the money. That's what I want these fish for—to sell."

"Peter found some money in a fish's mouth once."

Dick opened his eyes. "I never heard of that."

"Didn't you? Read the seventeeth chapter of Matthew when you go home. And, if I were in your place, I would ask Jesus to help me in this matter."

"Ask him how to earn money?" said Dick, aghast.

"Certainly. Why not? You don't see the way clear yourself, and He is the Sight. Just the time to go to the Lord, when we need him, and men cannot help us. Do you want a ticket given you, Richard? You know the superintendent has a few for those who cannot afford to buy."

"No, sir," replied Dick, with emphasis.

"Boys who help themselves always make the smartest men," said Mr. King. "But, Richard, don't let yourself out to Satan's service. I dare say he has plenty of odd jobs to be done this week, waiting for just such boys as you; but don't be fooled by him. If you feel that the Lord can not furnish you with the right kind of work, think of Peter. Good by, my boy."

"Hi!" thought Dick, "wish I was your boy!"

"Mother, I'm going blackberrying. Where can I find a pail? Quick, the boys are waiting!"

Dick rushes into the room where his mother stood ironing, flew to the little cupboard, and began rummaging among the dishes.

"Joe Shaw says they are thicker than hops. Hurrah for the pic-nic?" and he was off again, swinging the pail about his head.

When they reached the spot there were only a few stunted bushes by the roadside. The other boys began clambering over a stone wall, but Dick stopped short.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Over here is a place. Come on."

"But isn't this Squire Dean's place?"

"Of course, you greeny. What of that? We shant get caught, for the folks are away this afternoon."

"But it's stealing just the same, if we don't get found out."

"How long since you turned deacon?" sneered Joe Shaw; at which the others began to laugh.

"Nice little boy, so he was! Goes to Sabbath school!" mocked the boys.

Dick was so busy thinking he scarcely noticed them.

"A Satan's job, as sure's I'm alive," he said to himself, wheeling about and running swiftly down the hill, beyond the sound of his tormenters. Heated and panting he threw himself under a tree.

"There, old fellow, you didn't catch me this time!" and he shook his fist at the invisible foe.

Thursday evening came, and Dick had earned thirty-five cents selling eggs and running on errands, but fifteen more were needed before he could go to the pic-nic. It did seem too bad.

That talk Monday afternoon down on the wharf had given him some new ideas. He wondered if Jesus really did think about him except on Sundays. Somehow he had felt differently since beginning to pray every day, instead of once a week.

"Do you s'pose I should have stolen those berries if I hadn't asked him that morning to keep me from doing wicked things?" he queried. "I'd like to see Mr. King again. Guess I'll walk up that way, maybe I'll meet him."

A distant whistle announced the coming of a train. Dick always made it a point to be at the depot at such times, for people often wanted a boy to carry bundles.

A lady stepped from the cars laden with a travelling bag, shawl, umbrella, and numerous packages.

"Ah," cried Dick, following her into the ladies' room, "here's a first class job," and he chuckled with delight.

"Have a carriage, ma'am?" he asked, politely.

"Yes; is there one here?"

"No, ma'am, there never is at this station. But I'll take your things up for you. Cheap, too," he added, seeing she hesitated.

The lady smiled. "I wasn't thinking of that. I was wondering if I could walk as far as my brothers. I'm very tired. Do you know where Mr. King lives?"

"What! the minister? Guess I do—it's only up there," pointing to the house.

"Oh, well, if you will take my baggage I'll go then."

"Two—four—five—yes, that's right," she remarked, as Dick placed the bundles on the hall table. "How much is it?"

"Ten cents, if you please."

"There's twenty-five, just half what a hackman would have charged me."

Dick's face was radiant.

"Does that make you enough, Richard?" inquired Mr. King, who was standing near.

"More, sir." Something in his throat made it difficult to say much.

"Ah! yes—Bible pay—good measure—pressed down—running over. You've found him a good master this week. Better take him for life, my boy."

Dick thought he would like to, and resolved to ask his teacher about it the next Sabbath.

Friday dawned clear and beautiful, and there was no happier boy at the pic-nic than Richard Frye, because he had tried to help himself in the right way.

Story of Valentine Duval.

At the foot of the Vosges Mountains there dwelt, many years ago, a hermit named Palemon. To him there came one day a youth who was both hungry and homeless.

"My father," said he, "if you will receive me I will be your servant, and I shall be satisfied to live on bread. All that I ask is that you will teach me to read."

The good man willingly received the boy, and they lived peacefully together for some time, until a second hermit arrived at La Rochette with an order from the superior of Palemon, to receive him as a companion.

His kind friend then gave Valentine a letter, recommending him to the hermits of St. Anne, and they took him into their retreat most willingly, confiding to him the care of their cows.

There were but four aged men at St. Anne's, whose entire fortune consisted in six cows, and the produce of a few acres of land; but their wants were small, if their charities were great, and they had all that they needed.

It was among these old men that Valentine Duval began a new life. One of the hermits set copies for him to learn to write, and Valentine detached a piece of glass from his window, and placing it upon the copy, traced the letters underneath, and by this means he gained facility in writing, bad as the writing was.

In the library belonging to the hermitage, he found an old book upon arithmetic, and it was such an amusement and delight to him, that he often spent hours of the night in study. There was a wood near by where Valentine loved to sit, gazing upon the heavens and the shining stars, with his mind filled with wondering thoughts. One day he was sent to Luneville, where the fair was being held, and among a number of pictures exposed for sale he saw a planisphere in which the stars were marked with their different names. He had but four or five francs in the world, which he willingly expended upon the purchase of this planisphere, a chart of the globe, and maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; feeling rich indeed when he was the possessor of such treasures. Thus, with immense difficulty but wonderful perseverance, he gave his days to self-instruction, and tasting the sweetness of knowledge, longing for more.

He wished to possess a number of books, so he made war upon the foxes and pole-cats which haunted the forest, and sold their skins to help him in his purchases. In this way he gained forty crowns in less than a month, to his great joy.

As fast as he could go he went to the town of Nancy, and begged to be told the name of a bookseller. "Sir, I have one hundred and twenty francs to expend upon books," he said, when he found himself in the shop. "Will you kindly select for me those which are best suited to instruct me?"

The man felt a great interest in the young Duval, and put a number of volumes before him, but when the price was added up it was found to be greater than Valentine's resources. He was greatly distressed, but the bookseller only smiled.

"You shall owe the surplus," he said kindly; "I am sure you will one day repay me."

The lad hesitated, but at last consented to take his books.

"You shall never regret the confidence you have placed in me," he said; then going back to the old hermits, he arranged his new possessions in his little cell, feeling as happy as a King.

One day, while seated in the wood reading, with his cattle grazing close at hand, a young man, whose hunting dress betokened his rank, accosted Valentine, and was surprised to find that he was studying.

It was the Duke Leopold, who was so well pleased with the answers of the poor boy that he proposed to him to continue his studies at the College at Pont-a-Musson. Valentine was delighted, although it cost him some sorrow to leave the good hermits, and his progress there was so rapid, that at last his masters declared they had nothing more to teach him.

Then the Duke of Lorraine took Duval to Paris, and gave him money for the expense of travelling, making him, upon his return, his own librarian.

Now that he was prosperous, Valentine did not forget his first friends, and his generous heart could not rest until he had built a more convenient house for the hermits, buying them also a large tract of land, so that they might extend their charity to the poor.

He also purchased the little cottage at Anthenay where he was born, and here any children were received for education who were unable to pay for it.

When Francis, the son of Duke Leopold, was raised to the throne of Germany, Duval was with him, and had apartments in the royal palace; but his habits remained as simple as ever, and his time was given to study and the society of a few chosen friends. He lived to the age of eighty years, and his will contained many charitable legacies, especially for the benefit of poor children, in whom his interest was deep and true. This was the close of the life which had begun in poverty and obscurity years before. When he was a little lad following his father's coffin to the village graveyard, the good cure had bidden him trust in God's protection—he had done so, and had sought always to keep in the Divine favor, and thus a blessing upon all his efforts was given, and he remained pious, humble, and simple of heart in the midst of advancement and human esteem.—*Childs' Companion.*

Children's Help.

"It isn't worth a straw. I'd rather do a thing myself, anytime, twice over, than to see that a child does it as it should be done." A common comment on the labor of the little ones. Let us look at the matter. Some one suggests, "Children can be made very useful, if they are trained to it," which hopeful view is bluffed off with, "Yes, but it is so much trouble it hardly pays." I heard of an invalid boy who beguiled one weary day by counting his mother's steps. We are not in possession of the figures, but doubt not they reached the thousands. It might prove profitable to count for one day, the steps of our little ones take for us. Let us be laid aside with a sprained ankle, or other ailment, utterly helpless for a time, and see if the little feet and blundering ways are not to be prized after all. How did our fingers learn their cunning, and our feet their quickness? Somebody taught us, here a little and there a little.

Were I asked, what are the three great requisites to bringing up a family? I'm sure I should say first, patience, I think I should say secondly, *patience*, I fear I should say PATIENCE. Decision isn't a circumstance beside it. Having secured the presence of this helpful angel, you may find for her a most harmonious handmaid in the pretty creature Tact. Being crafty, you may catch the little ones with guile. Tell Will that if he were a little larger he could sweep and dust as well as Mr. Brown's clerk. See if he doesn't say, "I can do it now." Say to Minnie, "when you're a little older, dear, you can beat the eggs for mamma." She will be ready for them now, promising "not to spill." Children always want to be larger and older. Their future, like ours, is filled with greater good.

Children must be taught to help themselves. Teach them to dress and undress as early and quickly as possible. We pity the baby-man who depends on his wife to tie his cravat and part his hair. The true mother loves to put her children to bed. Then, if ever, their hearts are tender and trustful, and we must improve the time. But when your ten-year-old boy thinks he cannot possibly open his bed, or cover himself up, it is time occasionally to forego the poetry of the mother's hour, and let him put himself to bed. The sooner he learns to make it, and unmake it too, the better. To this end, tell him he'll have to make his bed when he goes to college; that his papa did. Perhads he'll do it before.

Is there not a higher sense in which our children may help us? Can we not recognize in their natures counterparts of our own? Whence come those lovely traits? Did they not "take them with our eyes and hair?" When we deny their desires, how often they answer, "Why?" Do not we also question the disciple of our Heavenly Parent? If thus we can see the beauty of unquestioning submission—if for the children's sake we can become more patient, more Christian-like—they may, by the grace of God, be transformed into heaven-ward helpers.

Women's Prayer Meetings.

I would like to urge upon my friends everywhere, the establishment of women's pray-meetings. I know that many ladies shrink from going to them, because they dread being asked to take part in them audibly. It is my impression that every one should be allowed the largest liberty in this regard. The person who leads should not call upon any one by name to pray or to speak, unless she is sure that her doing so will occasion no embarrassment. She can easily find out this by a question beforehand. If opportunity is afforded and hearts are kindled by the influence of the Holy Spirit, there will not be no trouble about this. Lips that have always been locked in silence, will be unloosed; gentle voices which have only been lifted in lullabies at home, will lead the choral praise.

A word of advice to those who do undertake a meeting. Begin it in somebody's parlor or sitting room. The church is apt to be too cold, in more than one sense. The school room frightens by its formally ranged benches and desks. Do not have a stiff arrangement of chairs, in regular rows, as if for a funeral. Talk; do not make addresses. Speak loud enough to be heard all round the room. Do not rely upon the presence of a gifted sister, or upon well conducted and thoroughly-planned machinery. Depend wholly upon the Lord. Implore the Holy Spirit, and believe that He is there. Take the promises, one by one, and claim them for yours, to be redeemed now and here. A present help is the Christ of your love and trust. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost look for aid, and you will receive it.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

Words to Young People.

Little girls, do you ever think about the meaning of words? This word now, *courtesy*, has something about it, which girls and women ought to care for very much indeed. You know that hundreds of years ago, in Europe, and in many heathen countries now, women are not much better than slaves. In China, for instance, when company comes to a house, the parents present the boys very proudly, but they send the girls out of sight as far as possible. They don't want anybody to know that they have little daughters in their home.

Gradually, in the Middle Ages, woman came up from a state of barbarism, and the clergy and the poets together helped her to win her proper place. The lady of the castle kept the keeps and presided at all the feasts, wore beautiful robes of stuff called samite and camelot, and gave medicine to the sick. She learned surgery too, and when the soldiers and knights came home from battle, wounded and faint, she knew how to set the broken bones and bind up the bruised part. So everybody treated her politely, and the sort of manners which then came to be popular in place of the old roughness and rudeness took the general name of *courtesy*.

The Bible bids us be *courteous*. Do you want to know the highest and loveliest style of courtesy, which you can practice at home, at school, and in the street? It is all wrapped up in one golden phrase, "In honor preferring one another." Suppose you try to live with these words for your motto, say, for a whole week to come.—*S. S. Times.*

Irritable People.

But for all irritable people there can be nothing so good as a thorough interest in somebody else. This has made a hundred homes change as by magic. Mothers who have been common scolds or else dismal fireside fretters, have been made into new creatures by sickness in the family. All their thoughts were taken up with the suffering one, and away from themselves. They had a new inflow of mental inspiration. There was something to do, and they must do it. They arose superior to themselves, and became sweet, gentle, loving, and altogether womanly. This lasted until the necessity of the time passed over, and they had a chance to lapse again into their complaining ease. What these people need is something to keep them happily absorbed in others, and some loving heart to dare tell them how much more loveable they are when so engaged. —*Temperance Ensign.*

"Dem Supposes."

Those who are so anxious about the future as to be unhappy in the present, may learn a lesson from a poor colored woman: Her name was Nancy, and she earned a moderate living by washing. She was, however, always happy. One day, one of those anxious Christians, who are constantly "taking thought" about the morrow, said to her:

"Ah, Nancy, it is well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of the future would sober you. Suppose, for instance, that you should be sick and unable to work; or, suppose that your present employers should move away and no one else give you anything to do; or suppose"—

"Stop!" cried Nancy, "I never suppose. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it's all dem supposes as is makin' you so mis'able. You' orter give dem all up an' jes' trus' in de Lord."

Loss or Gain.

Rev. John Newton had a lady member of his congregation who was possessed of a large estate, but which by some untoward turn of fortune she lost, which left her in straitened circumstances. Mr. Newton called upon her, and in a cheerful tone said, "Madam, I have called to congratulate you." "You mean," said she, "you have called to condole with me." "No," said he, "I congratulate you that you are still possessed of that good part which shall not be taken from you." To have that good part makes the possessor so rich that the gain or loss of earthly possessions can make him neither richer nor poorer. But the possession of material wealth is very apt to render us insensible of the infinite value of the good part which Christ gives. Newton was right, and acted wisely in the case of which we are speaking. Very often it is more blessed to lose than to gain.

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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,
March 28 Agent.

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; 14 tons Cheese; 80 doz. bottles Mixed Pickles, Sauces, etc.; 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; 3000 bushels Oats; 8 tons Feed; 500 boxes Window Glass; 1 pipe Olive Oil; 9 casks Brandram's Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil; 130 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 Extracts 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.

ENGLISH GOODS.

T. B. BARKER & SONS have just received, via Liverpool, per Steamship "Dominion," 1 pun. Strong Acetic Acid; cases Castile Soap; 4 casks and cases Feeding Bottles; 2 cases Looking Glasses; 2 cases Ivory and Horn Combs; 2 cases Cassia Bark; 5 cases Noble's and Hare's Varnishes; 1 cask Cox's Gelatine; 1 cask Harris' Harness Blacking; 1 case Nixey's Black Lead; 2 cases Perfuming Soaps; 2 casks Drugs and Medicines; 11 cases Drugs and Chemicals; 5 cases Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles. Wholesale and Retail, at lowest market prices by

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BASS.—Contra Basso, 16 ft.; English Horn, 8 ft.; Viola, 4 ft; Viola Dolce, 4 ft.; Sub-Base, 16 ft.; Treble—Cornet, 16 ft.; Melodia, 8 ft.; Piccoli, 4 ft.; Seraphone, 8 ft.; Voix Celeste, 8 ft. Throughout—Full Organ (*knee stop*), Vox Humana, Octave Coupler (*coupling up*), Knee Swell. I. Forte. II. Forte.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have the pleasure of announcing that specimens of this fine Organ (*for similes*, in their musical parts, of one furnished Dr. Franz Liszt) are now ready and may be seen at their ware rooms and principal agencies. The origin of this improved organ and of its name is as follows:

Having occasion to make an organ expressly for the very celebrated Dr. Franz Lisizt, in which full sonorious power was especially desired, as well as such delicacy and purity of tone as could afford satisfaction to so critical a judgement as that of the great maestro, we took the opportunity to carry out and introduce improvements which had been first presented in our organs at the U. S. Centennial Exhibition, with others which had been long in progress. The result was more than satisfactory to ourselves; the improvement greater than we had ventured to expect. In our own warerooms in Boston and New York the new instrument was seen and tested by a number of the best musicians in the country, who pronounced it a material advance on all that had before been accomplished. In the room of the Agent for the sale of our organs in Hanover, Germany, it is also greatly admired. The *Hanover Courier* declared it to be "at the very height of development of instruments of the class," evincing "extraordinary progress." After its receipt and trial, Dr. Franz Liszt wrote to the agent: "The beautiful organ of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, of Boston, receives no less praise here than in Hanover. It fully justifies the remarkable, well-founded and widespread renown of these superb instruments." It was immediately put in use in his orchestra.

We are confirmed in our judgment, then, that the tones of this new organ are the *finest that have ever been produced from reeds*, not because of mere oddity of effect, but from their true diapason-like quality and fullness, and from their excellent power and pervading and sustaining effect; and that, as a whole, it is, in proportion to its size and extent, *much in advance of anything we have before been able to produce.*

Circulars with full particulars, also catalogues illustrating and describing all the styles of the celebrated MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS, which have taken highest honors at all the World's Exhibitions of recent years, and are the only American Organs which have ever taken highest award at any such, sent free.

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June 15.—3in.

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(july26)

SPECIAL FISHERY REGULATIONS, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Counties of Westmorland, Albert, St. John, King's, Queen's, Sunbury, York, Carleton, and Victoria.

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.

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE, EXTRACT LOGWOOD, ETC.

JUST received by the subscribers: 15 brls. Spirits of Turpentine; 2 brls. Fine Salad Oil; 50 boxes Extract of Logwood; 1 brl. Fine Clean Palm Oil; 1 cask Chloride of Lime; 1 bale selected Licorice Root; 1 cask White Gum Arabic; 2 coppers Super Oil of Lemon; 26 cases Glass Bottles. Wholesale and Retail at

May 4. T. B. BARKER & SONS.

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