

## Father at Play.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,  
When father was home and helped us play!  
We made a ship and hoisted sail,  
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—  
But we hadn't sailed into London town,  
When captain and crew and vessel went down.  
Down, down in a jolly wreck,  
With the captain rolling under the deck.  
But he broke out again with a lion's roar,  
And we on two legs, he on four.  
Run out of the parlor and up the stairs,  
And frightened mamma and the baby there.  
So mamma said she'd be policeman now,  
And tried to "rest us." But she didn't know how!  
Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar,  
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;  
And then he turned to a pony gay,  
And carried us all on his back away.  
Whipcity, likety, likety, ho!  
If we hadn't fun then I don't know!  
Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,  
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.  
And I couldn't tell my more than he  
Which was Charlie and which was me,  
Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix  
You'd think three people had turned to six.  
Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door;  
He wouldn't burrah with us any more.  
And mamma came out the rumpled to quiet,  
And told us a story to break up the riot.  
—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

## The Four Calls.

The Spirit came in childhood,  
And pleaded, "Let me in!"  
But ah, the door was bolted  
And barred by childish sin.  
The child said, "I'm too little;  
There's time enough to-day  
I can not open." Sadly  
The Spirit went his way.  
Again he came and pleaded,  
In youth's bright, happy hour  
He called, but heard no answer;  
For, fettered in sin's power,  
The youth lay dreaming idly,  
And crying, "Not to-day;  
For I must have some pleasure."  
Again he turned away.  
Again he came in mercy,  
In manhood's vigorous prime;  
But still could find no welcome—  
The merchant had "no time"  
To spare for true repentance,  
No time to praise and pray;  
And thus, repulsed and saddened,  
The Spirit turned away.  
Once more he called, and waited,  
The man was old and sad;  
He scarcely heard the whisper,  
His heart was seared and bad.  
"Go, leave me. When I need thee  
I'll call for thee," he cried;  
Then, sinking on his pillow,  
Without a God he died!

—Christian at Work.

## The Lips that Touch Wine Shall

Never Touch Mine.

Alice Lee stood awaiting her lover one night,  
Her cheeks flushed and glowing, her eyes full  
of light;  
She had placed a sweet rose 'mid her wild-flow-  
ing hair;  
No flower of the forest e'er looked half so fair  
As she did that night, as she stood by the door  
Of the cot where she dwelt by the side of the  
moor.  
Her lover had promised to take her a walk,  
And she built all her hopes on a long pleasant  
talk;  
But the daylight was falling, and also, it soon,  
Her temper was falling, "was plain to be seen;  
For now she'd stand still, then a time she would  
hum,  
And impatiently mutter, "I wish she would  
come."  
"You may say what you like, 'tis not pleasant  
to wait,  
And William has oft kept me waiting of late;  
I know where he stays—'tis easy to tell—  
He spends many an hour at the sign of the bell;  
I wish he would keep from such places away;  
His rambling companions do lead him astray!"  
She heard a quick step, and her young heart  
beat fast.  
As she said, "I am glad he is coming at last!"  
But it was only a neighbor, who hastened to  
speak,  
And he marked the quick flush on the young  
maiden's cheek;  
And his aged eye twinkled with pleasure and  
grief,  
As he merrily said, "So your waiting, I see,  
"Now don't think all I'm intending to blame,  
For love oughtn't to be a subject of shame;  
But I tell you to wait, my dear, my dear,  
Young William is getting too fond of the glass;  
And oh! if you wish for the love that endures,  
Say the lips that touch liquor shall never touch  
yours."  
He went on his way; but the truth he'd impressed  
Took root and sunk deep in the fair maiden's  
breast.  
And strange things she could scarce account for  
before.  
Now appeared quite plain, as she pondered them  
o'er,  
She then said with a look of deep sorrow and  
grief,  
"I really believe that the old man is right."  
"When William next comes I will soon let him  
know  
He must give up the liquor, or else must go;  
'Twill be a good chance, no doubt, to prove  
If he is really sincere in his vows of deep love;  
He must give up at once and forever the wine,  
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch  
mine."

She heard a quick step coming over the moor,  
And a merry voice which she had oft heard be-  
fore,  
And ere she could speak a warm arm held her  
fast.  
And a manly voice whispered, "I've come, love,  
at last.  
But I know you'll forgive me, then give me a kiss;  
I'm sorry that I've kept you waiting like this."  
But she shook her bright curls on her beauti-  
ful head,  
And she drew herself up while quite proudly  
she said,  
"Now, William, I'll prove if you really are true;  
For you say that you love me—I don't think  
you do;  
If really you love me you must give up the  
wine,  
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch  
mine."

He looked quite amazed. "Why, Alice, 'tis clear  
You really are getting quite jealous, my dear,"  
"In that you are right," she replied; "for you see  
You'll soon love the liquor far better than me."

I'm jealous, I own, of the poisonous wine,  
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch  
mine."  
He then turned quite angry; "Confound it!" he  
said,  
"What nonsense you've got in your dear little  
head;  
But I'll see if I cannot remove it from hence."  
said she, "This not nonsense, 'tis plain common  
sense,  
And I mean what I say—and this you will find,  
I don't often change when I've made up my  
mind."

He stood all irresolute, angry, perplexed;  
She never before saw him look so vexed;  
But she said, "If he talks all his life I won't  
listen."  
And he talked, but he never could move her an  
inch.  
He then cried, with a look and a groan,  
"O Alice, your heart is as hard as stone!"

But though her heart beat in his favor quite loud,  
She still firmly kept to the vow she had vowed.  
And at last, without even a tear or a sigh,  
She said, "I am going, so, William, good-by."  
"Nay, stay," he then said; "I'll choose one of  
the two—  
I'll give up the liquor in favor of you."

Now William had often great cause to rejoice,  
For the hour he had made sweet Alice his choice;  
And he blessed, through the whole of a long, use-  
ful life,  
The fate that had given him his dear little wife,  
And she by her firmness won to us that night  
One who in our cause is an ornament bright.

Oh! that each fair girl in our abstinent band  
Would say, "I'll never give my heart or my hand  
Until one who I ever had reason to think  
Would taste one small drop of the vile, cursed  
drink;  
But say, when you're wooed, 'I'm a foe to the  
wine,  
And the lips that touch liquor shall never touch  
mine."

A LITTLE GOSSIP, AND  
HOW SHE WAS CURED.

Alice Porter was a bright little seven-  
years-old, and went to school in a room  
with ever so many little girls and boys  
of her own age. Besides their regular  
lessons they often learned pretty poetry to  
recite, and they sang every day. Out of  
school hours Alice played a great deal  
with some little girls, especially with  
Fannie Rice and Etta Allen. After a  
while a new family moved on the same  
street, and soon Dora Day became an  
old friend and playmate. Altogether  
Alice had a pretty good time, and really  
enjoyed herself. Her mother and her sis-  
ters noticed with pain that she had gained  
a bad habit of talking about her play-  
mates, and, in fact, about everybody.  
Mrs. Porter hardly knew how to correct  
the evil, as it was gained at school and at  
play; but an incident occurred that showed  
this habit to Alice in a strong light, and  
cured her of the evil into which she had  
unconsciously fallen.

Let me tell you the story. One after-  
noon Mrs. Porter and her older girls were  
seated, all busy with sewing and writing,  
when Alice, with Etta Allen, rushed in  
all out of breath.  
"Oh, mamma!" shouted Alice, swing-  
ing her bonnet by one string, "Dora Day  
is arrested, and is carried off to the station  
house by a policeman!"

"Mrs. Porter dropped her work and  
opened her eyes in surprise.  
"Yes," chimed in Etta eagerly, "and  
when we told Mrs. Day the news just  
came into her eyes like everything!"

"What does it mean?" gasped Mrs.  
Porter in astonishment, while the girls  
waited in anxiety to know why sweet  
little Dora Day should be arrested.  
"Well," said Alice, quite willing to  
tell the astounding news, "Dora hurt a  
girl at school, and she laid all night on  
her bed, and this morning she doesn't  
know anything, and she is going to die,  
and they are going to bury her Sunday,  
and—"

At this point her excited audience burst  
into shrieks of laughter, while Alice, un-  
able to understand the cause of this change  
in feeling, burst in eagerly and a little  
sullenly, "Well, she is, and they are  
going to get her a little white velvet  
casket."

Another burst of laughter again greet-  
ed her, and she indignantly turned away.  
"So you told her mother, did you?"  
queried Nina.

"Yes," answered Alice.  
"What did you tell her?"  
"Just what I told you," replied Alice.  
"Yes, and Mrs. Day went right after  
her 'cause she didn't come home at noon,"  
added Etta.

Soon the little girls were at play again  
in front of the house, and Nina, on going  
out, saw Alice looking a little crest-fallen,  
but paid no attention to her until Alice  
grasped her dress, and whispered, "Dora's  
come back with Mrs. Day; don't tell  
mamma!"

Nina got away without promising, and  
going into the house said, "Now, mother,  
this has got to be stopped! Dora has  
come back all right, and Alice has asked  
me not to tell you; she is evidently afraid  
of spoiling her story. She is getting to be  
a little gossip. What shall we do?"

"There, calm yourself, Nina, we must  
think about it; call Alice in."  
"Alice came in alone and very reluct-  
antly."

"Now, Alice," said Mrs. Porter, "I  
want you to tell me the whole story, just  
as it is. Where did you hear that Dora  
was arrested?"  
Alice, anxious to vindicate herself,  
answered readily, "Why, that Matthews  
girl, on Atkins street, told me." She told  
me that Dora Day must have killed a girl,  
and that a policeman took Dora away."

All this Alice said with numerous ges-  
ticulations, expressive of earnestness.  
"Well, you see Dora is at home all right,  
and you repeated that story to Mrs. Day,  
making her cry, and she very much alar-  
med. What do you suppose I should have  
done if any little girl had told me that  
Alice had been carried off by a policeman  
for most killing a girl? I believe I should  
die."

Alice began to comprehend that some-  
how she had done wrong, but exclaimed,  
"Well, I know part of it is true, and that  
Matthews girl told me the rest."

"What part do you know to be true?"  
"Why, I saw a girl crying yesterday  
afternoon and they said Dora hurt her,  
and that a policeman would take her, and  
Dora said she hurt a girl and meant to."  
"Now, very likely," said Nina, who  
was boiling over with indignation, "very  
likely Mrs. Day and Dora will always be  
angry at you, and with good cause too!  
And ma will have to bear it too, just be-  
cause you were foolish enough to repeat  
what you heard from some one else!"

Mrs. Porter silenced Nina's righteous  
outburst, and said quietly to Alice,  
"Didn't you know, Alice, that men and  
women who repeat stories like that about  
each other are put in prison or made to  
pay a large amount of money?"

"No, are they?" queried Alice in sur-  
prise.  
"Yes, my child, and the only reason  
they won't do the same by you is because  
you are a little girl, and they think you  
don't know anything, but this habit of  
repeating will grow on you, and when  
you are older you may have to be pun-  
ished that way."

Alice began to cry, "Oh mamma! I  
didn't mean to do anything! I guess they  
won't say I did; I don't believe that little  
girl will die."  
Her brother Alfred had been listening  
to the whole story, and saying, "I'll go  
and see Day about it!" with a face full of  
mischief, went out, and soon returned,  
saying, "Day says—" but was inter-  
rupted by Alice's sobs and tears. Several  
times he attempted to go on, but never  
got farther than "Day says—" To this  
day, Alice repeats a story against any  
one, all that is necessary to stop her is to  
say, "Day says—" or "She is dead, or  
most dead, and they are going to bury her  
Sunday." F. A. R.

**The Lost Diamond.**  
An elegantly dressed lady, as she  
stepped from her carriage one day in the  
city of Washington missed her valuable  
diamond ring. It had slipped from her  
finger in some way as she left the car-  
riage, and had fallen into the gutter,  
where it speedily was buried in the filth  
flowing toward the sewer. She looked  
with dismay on the foul and turbid  
stream, and offered a policeman five dol-  
lars to put his hand down into it and find  
the ring. He hesitated, but at length as-  
sented, and reached down into the filth,  
and explored the gutter, but found none-  
thing, and at length gave up the search, and  
told her that it had probably been washed  
along and gone down into the sewer. She  
paid him the five dollars, and he went his  
way while she stood looking sadly down  
at the place where her lost gem had dis-  
appeared. But she could not bear to  
abandon her treasure, and so she lingered  
and hesitated, until at length, taking off  
her glove and pushing back her silks and  
ruffles and laces, and baring her arm for  
the work, she put her hand down into the  
reeking filth, and after searching in every  
direction at last brought up the precious  
jewel and carried it away in triumph.

There are other jewels more precious  
than rubies, or diamonds, or pearls, lost in  
the deep and filthy gutters of sin and vice  
and iniquity. And persons are standing  
by and looking pitifully down and ask-  
ing: "Who will restore my jewels and  
give me back the treasure that I have lost?"  
Who will rescue the perishing, and de-  
liver those that are swiftly going down to  
death? But no money can purchase the  
needed zeal; no price can buy the tenderness  
of heart, the deep anxiety of soul  
which is needed in such an hour as this;  
and the only thing that remains for  
Christian men and women to do is to roll  
up their sleeves, and bare their arms, and  
reach down into the filth, and bring the  
jewels up. It may be disagreeable work,  
so it was an unpleasant task for that lady  
to seek for her diamond in the mire; but  
doubtless many a time as she looked upon  
that gem sparkling in its beauty upon her  
finger, she recalled with pleasure the hour  
when it was so nearly lost, and so care-  
fully regained. Truly if a woman would  
do this to win a gem that should sparkle  
for a little while upon her finger, what  
should not Christians do to win back  
from the gulf of death those who shall  
shine in the Redeemer's crown, as jewels  
of beauty and of grace forevermore! Let  
those who are faithful and who seek with  
patient hearts to rescue and win and save  
the lost, remember that not only those  
who are rescued shall sparkle like gems in  
the Saviour's diadem, but that "they that  
be wise shall shine as the brightness of the  
firmament; and they that turn many to  
righteousness as the stars forever and  
ever."—The Christian.

## Housework for Little Girls.

A number of good household magazines  
have lately done much towards stimu-  
lating the little girls to learn to cook, and  
wash, and iron neatly, and I dare say it  
has been a great help, or will be after a  
while, to busy mothers and tired house-  
keepers. I hope many more little girls  
will take their first lessons these bright  
summer mornings, and become skilful in  
all the mysteries of cakes and cookies and  
tarts and tea biscuit. Bread-making is  
rather heavy work for little girls; but be-  
cause to learn the art as soon as you are  
strong enough to mould the loaves easily.  
Do not attempt too much at once, or you  
will be likely to grow discouraged. One  
thing at a time, and do it well. Learn it  
perfectly, so that you will never forget it.  
If you know how to make even one kind  
of cake in perfection, it is more than some  
housekeepers of long standing can do.

Attend carefully to little things. When  
cutting out your cookies or biscuit see  
that you set the cutter fairly over the  
rolled dough. Do not leave a corner irregu-  
lar, but make the form perfect and sym-  
metrical. So when you place them in the  
pan, do not let the edges bend up on the  
sides of the pan. A fair round, even cake  
tastes better than an unsightly lump of  
the same baking. So when you are dish-  
ing up anything for the table, even to so

simple a dish as fried mush, lay every-  
thing smoothly and evenly on the plate,  
not jumble and break the pieces, as some  
careless people do, making the meal look  
most uninviting. See that the edge of the  
dish is neatly wiped before it goes on the  
table, and then set it evenly before the  
plate of the one who is to serve it out. A  
very plain dinner can be made to look  
very inviting, and a rich one quite the re-  
verse, just by the manner of serving it.  
Study what the cook book says about  
these "little things," so often overlooked,  
as carefully as you do the compounding  
of a cake. Just in proportion as you at-  
tend to these will your success in win-  
ning the title of a good house-keeper. It  
is on these little things that the comfort  
of the household is largely dependent, and  
the earlier you learn to observe them the  
deeper will be the lesson. It is very hard  
to unlearn careless, untidy ways, which  
we have acquired in childhood.—Presby-  
terian.

## Religious Cheerfulness.

Assuredly if there is a being in the  
universe that has a right to be joyous it  
is the Christian. He is an heir of God and  
a joint heir with Jesus Christ. His treas-  
ures are "hid up in heaven." His privileges  
and his inheritance are transcendently  
glorious. He has sources of joy that  
angels may not claim. He may call the  
Saviour his elder Brother, and approach  
the awful presence of the infinite and  
eternal God with assurance of acceptance  
and pardon and peace. The mission of  
the Comforter is to him, and the word of  
Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot  
contain, is pledged, that "neither death  
nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor  
powers, nor things present, nor things to  
come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other  
creature, shall be able to separate him  
from the love of God which is in Christ  
Jesus our Lord." His joy is an ocean  
that is boundless, that has no ebb in its  
flowing. He is to rejoice evermore. The  
arm that he leans upon is tireless; the  
fountain of love from which he draws is  
absolutely measureless in its depth.  
Though the earth shall dissolve and the  
heavens pass away, the Christian knows  
that his hope is sure, and that all things,  
pains as well as pleasure, the discipline of  
toil and privation and suffering patiently  
borne, no less than the sunshine of pros-  
perity and the stimulus of earthly joys,  
will all "work together for good to them  
that love God, to them that are the called  
according to his purpose."—Western Re-  
corder.

## Praying and Giving.

Father Sewall was asked to pray just as  
the collectors of a foreign mission  
society were resuming their seats, he  
having just entered the door. The old  
man seemed to hesitate, as if he had not  
distinctly heard the request. It was re-  
peated in a louder voice, but still there  
was no response. All this time Father  
Sewall was feeling in his pockets, and  
presently he produced a piece of money  
which he placed in the contribution box.  
The chairman, thinking he had not been  
understood, said loudly, "I didn't ask  
you to give, Father Sewall; I asked you  
to pray." "Oh yes," he replied, "I  
heard you, but I can't pray till I have  
given something." If Father Sewall's  
principles were adopted, there would be  
no giving or less praying; but as prayer  
without effort is as wrong as effort with-  
out prayer, the better way seems to be  
to put prayer and alms together, as Cor-  
nelius did, thus praying and giving, giv-  
ing and praying.—Jones.

## Words of the Wise.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should  
not have so much pleasure in discovering  
the faults of others.—Rochefoucauld.

Some people carry their hearts in their  
heads; very many carry their heads in  
their hearts. The difficulty is to keep  
them apart, and yet both actively work  
together.—Guessas at Truth.

A man's charity to those who differ  
from him upon great and difficult ques-  
tions, will be in the ratio of his own  
knowledge of them. The more knowl-  
edge, the more charity.—Norman Mc-  
Leod.

## The Great Cry with Everybody is,

"Get on!" "Get on!" just as if the world were  
travelling past. How astonished people  
will be when they arrive in heaven, to  
find the angels, who are so much wiser,  
laying no schemes to become archangels.  
Augustus Hare.

Those who get through the world with-  
out enemies, are commonly of three  
classes: the supple, the adroit, and the  
plagiarist. The leader ruler surmounts  
obstacles by yielding to them; the oiled  
wheel escapes friction; the cotton sack  
escapes damage by its impenetrable elas-  
ticity.—Whately.

Proportion thy charity to the strength  
of thy estate, lest God proportion thy  
estate to the weakness of thy charity; let  
the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy  
gift, lest, in seeking applause thou lose  
thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to  
God than an open hand, and a close  
mouth.—Quarles.

WHAT SPURGEON SAYS.—Some very  
good people occasionally express doubt  
about the real use and necessity of  
foreign missions. Mr. Spurgeon addresses  
them thus:

"Dear friends, you sometimes say,  
'Will the heathen be saved if we do not  
send the missionaries?' I will ask you  
another question, will you be saved if  
you do not send out any missionaries?  
because I have very dreadful doubts about  
whether you will. Do not smile. The man  
that does nothing for his Master, will  
be saved? The man that never cares  
about the perishing heathen, is he  
saved?—Is he like Christ?"

## Boiling a Ham.

The ham ought to be a year old. It  
should be soaked one night in cold water.  
It must then be put in a large pot of cold  
water and simmered for half an hour.  
Then pour out the water and put in fresh  
cold water, and let it simmer, not boil,  
for twenty-five minutes for every pound  
in weight. Take it out. Remove the  
skin, grate bread-crumbs over it, and set  
it in the oven for half an hour, and serve  
hot. The size of a ham for boiling should  
range from eight to twelve pounds. In  
carving a ham there is as much art as in  
cooking it. Let it be stripped just as you  
would dried beef, the slices being as thin  
as a shaving. This is done by drawing  
the carving knife backward quickly.—  
When boiled and carved as it ought to be,  
there is no human provender more ap-  
petizing, and very little equally so.

There are people who live upon excite-  
ment. The result is, they are half the  
time miserable starlings. An hour or  
two each evening, perhaps, they are feast-  
ing and rejoicing, while night and day  
they are hungering and suffering in the  
calm they cannot stir or change. They  
are the happiest who live in contented  
furness beside the still waters, waiting  
patiently upon the Lord of their salvation.

INTERCOLONIAL  
RAILWAY.

## 1877. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, 7th inst., Trains will  
leave St. John as follows—  
At 8.30 A. M., for Halifax, Riviere du Loup,  
and points North, and Way Stations, including  
Point du Chene, where connection is made with  
Stamford's and 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 9.00 A. M., from Riviere du Loup, and all  
points West, as well as from Halifax and Point  
du Chene.  
At 12.00 A. M., from Sussex and Way Stations.  
At 2.50 P. M., from Point du Chene and Way  
Stations.

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

## 1877.

## International Steamship Co'y.

## Two Trips a Week.

FOR EASTPORT, PORTLAND AND BOSTON.

ON and after Thursday, March 22nd, 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 St. John, every  
MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 8  
o'clock, for EASTPORT, PORTLAND, and  
BOSTON, connecting at Eastport with Steamer  
leaving at 6 P. M., after the noon train arrives from  
Boston, for Eastport and St. John.  
No claims for allowance after Goods leave the  
Warehouses.  
Freight received on Wednesdays and Satur-  
days only, up to 6 o'clock, P. M.  
H. W. CHISHOLM,  
Agent.

## Fire and Marine

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Over Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand  
Dollars deposited at Ottawa.

Aggregate of Cash Assets exceeds Twenty-Three  
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## Imperial Fire In. Co.

OF LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1803.

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OF BROOKLYN, ESTABLISHED 1853.

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 Ship  
Mills, Vessels on the stocks or in port, Ware-  
houses, Merchandise, and Insurable Property of  
every description covered on the lowest possible  
terms.

## THE BRITISH AMERICA

## Assurance Company,

INCORPORATED 1833.

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OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.)  
Capital One Million, with power to increase to  
Two Million Dollars.

Risks taken on vessels, cargoes and freights to  
and from any part of the Commercial World.  
Time and Voyage Policies issued on exact terms  
and conditions as customary in St. John.  
Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid in  
cash.

Apply at Insurance Rooms,  
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ROBERT MARSHALL,  
General Agent, Broker, and Notary Public.

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MANUFACTURERS of Watches, and Gold  
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## STRAW GOODS.

LADIES' Straw Hats and Bonnets; Ladies'  
French Chip Hats and Bonnets; The New  
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Latest Novelties in Straw Hats and Bonnets;  
French Flowers, in all the Newest Ties; Hand-  
some and Fashionable Trimmings, in all the  
most Fashionable styles.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON,  
May 4.

## Welland Canal Enlargement.

## Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the under-  
signed, and endorsed "Tender for the Well-  
and Canal," will be received at this Office, until  
the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on the  
THURSDAY, the 31st day of July next, for the  
formation of a new line of Canal from Markham's  
Pond, at Thorold, to Allensburgh, including the  
construction of a lock, between the canal and the  
Chippewa River, a lock between the canal and the  
River at Welland, 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, &c.  
And the enlargement of the Canal from  
Ramsay's bend to Port Colborne, including the  
construction of a guard lock, weir, and supply  
race, &c.  
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 Port Robinson, plans, &c.,  
may be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Thor-  
old.

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 signa-  
ture of the principal, or of a partner, or of a  
responsible agent, in each tender, and the signa-  
ture of each member of the same; and further  
an accepted bank cheque or other avail-  
able security, for the sum of \$10,000, in full of  
the tender, according to the extent of the work  
on the section, must accompany each tender.  
The amount required in each tender, and the  
tendering declines entering into contract for the  
works at the rates stated in the offer submitted,  
shall be returned to the contractor, and will be  
stated on the form of Tender.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be re-  
turned to the respective contractors whose Ten-  
ders are not accepted. The money so sent in will  
be held by the contractor, and will be returned  
to him in full of the tender, and will be consid-  
ered as a deposit, for the purpose of securing the  
money to the amount of five per cent. on the  
contract sum of the contract, which the sum sent  
in with the Tender will be considered as a part  
of the sum of the contract, and will be consid-  
ered as a deposit, for the purpose of securing the  
money to the amount of five per cent. on the  
contract sum of the contract, which the sum sent  
in with the Tender will be considered as a part  
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