

Poetry.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. N. L. PRICE.

Sadly comes the tidings to
That death's desolating hand
Has borne from the "Master's vineyard"
Another to the "spirit land."

One beloved, whose life was early
To the Master's service given;
In the midst of life and labor,
Has been called away to heaven.

Many hearts are filled with sorrow,
Many deeply mourn to-day,
That a life so bright with promise,
Is so early called away.

He has laid aside his armor
In the busy world of life;
Angels whisper, "Come up higher,"
Away from labor, toil and strife.

"He has gone to be with Jesus,"
In a holier, happier sphere;
Not for him who is safe in heaven
Should we shed one bitter tear.

He has gained the life immortal,
The white robe, the palm, the crown,
Gained the freedom from earth's sorrows,
From the sins that weigh us down.

Ours the loss, we feel it deeply,
Faithful laborers are so few;
God is calling home the ransomed,
While there's yet so much to do.

Yet 'tis well, God's hand has done it,
"His 'good' to be unkind,"
Heavenly wisdom is unerring,
Yet how hard to be resigned!

Brother, thou hast fulfilled thy mission,
All thy working days are o'er;
There is the unending Sabbath,
Thine "sweet rest" forevermore.

Thine a place among the ransomed,
The "new song" of praise to swell;
Yet our hearts are filled with sorrow,
And we sadly say, Farewell.

GOD KNOWS.

M. N. HARVEY.
The world with chilling smile of scorn,
Passes us coldly by;
Failing to see through blindness, quite,
The good for which we try;
They judge our outward acts and words,
Their hearts to reason close.
Oh! then it makes me very glad
To think "the dear Lord knows;"—
Knows all our motives, all our thoughts,
Sees what we strive to do;
We shall not be condemned in haste,
One judge is kind and true.
Though blame or censure undeserved
From criss life may fall;
We may not speak, but gladly think
The dear Lord knows it all.

No good that has been truly meant,
Though mist mistaken be,
Shall in the end be wholly lost.
Some eyes the fruit shall see.
The angels in good time shall come
To pluck the tares from wheat,
And lay each sheaf, or poor or tall,
Down at the Master's feet.

He will accept the offering,
If each has done his best;
If we have faithful tried to be,
He'll care for all the rest.
And so I think a little care
For what the world may say;
For clinging tightly to His hand,
I shall not lose my way.

The Fireside.

THE EXPRESS TRAIN ON THE BRIDGE.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"I've got new people now—a-days to trust
him in danger," said Freddie Allen, his blue eyes
looking like big-gigged giants in October as he
asked the question.

"Yes," said his mother, who had been telling
him a Bible story of God's deliverance of his people
from perils. "But," added Mrs. Allen, remembering
that the element of the dangerous attracted the
daring Fred somewhat as an "opened cage door in-
terests an imprisoned robin," "but"—and Mrs.
Allen stopped. Then she went on: "You must
not go into danger needlessly. God wants us to
keep out of needless danger all we can." Twenty-
four hours passed. It was Monday noon.

"That boy! Fred-erick!"
It was Mrs. Allen's cheery voice that called the
name of her irrepressible boy, and with each syllable
rose higher and higher, like a crow-biddy,
mounting a ladder till it got to the top round, and
then fairly broke out into a crow!

"Fred-erick!"
Fred was going out of the garden into the road,
his hands in his pockets, his hat on one side, his
mouth puckered up in a whistle. It relieved his
mother to hear his whistle. Silence was ominous.
It was likely to mean mischief. "What does mother
want?" he asked, suddenly bringing his musical
performance to a halt. He turned and looked
up to his mother's open chamber window.

"Be at home by six," called out Mrs. Allen.
"I will, mother, sure," shouted Fred promptly,
for he was ready with his promises as some people
in business are with their assurances.

"And don't come home over the bridge, Fred!"
Fred caught the last injunction as he was turning
into the street, but he had not heard it at all, he
knew well enough what his mother's opinion was
about crossing "the bridge." That bridge was a
bad place, and I will tell about it further along.
Fred puffed up his mouth again for a fresh
whistle, and in the thought of a nutting-party that
was coming off, forgot the bridge and mother's
command also.

And if there were not the boys of the nutting-
party waiting for him at the store, just ahead!
"Hurrah! Here is Fred!" shouted Tom Brown.
"Now let's be off! Nuts, boys, nuts!"

"Come on!" said Charlie Thomas, throwing his
cap into the air while Tom Dwight offered to stand
on his head with any other boy. This proposed
celebration of Fred's arrival was very wisely not
seconded, and Tim remained standing on his feet,
which every boy should be content to be.

They all dashed down upon the "town bridge,"
crossing "Deep River." Beyond this stream were
the roomy fields, where the nut-tree stood. There
they were in their yellow foliage, like big Chinese
mandarins in their shining silk dresses. At every
gust of wind they would rattle their robes as if
shaking out a kind of laughing welcome, and saying,
"Come on, boys! You see we're waiting."
Lots of fun here. We were all in a moment of
shaking, stinging, clucking, pointing. Only leave
us a stump apiece to begin life with next spring!

Tim Dwight, that humor-scarum chap, was ready to
accept all invitations, and with legs nimble as a
squirrel's spring into a tree. Shaking the branches,
he said he would give them a specimen of infantry
fire in battle. Pop! pop! pop! came the nuts,
fatter, thicker, then thinner, faster again, till from
the "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "My's" and "Me's" we
must have said there were a thousand wounded men
under the tree. The boys visited one tree after
another, remembering their mothers, it should be
said, and not venturing far up into the trees, when
at last the village clock was heard calling away,
"One—two—three—four!"

"Four o'clock," said Charlie Thomas, "and I
said I would start for home at four. Must go now,"
and off he started. Some of the others thought
they would join him, and Fred stood at last alone.
Fred scratched his head, and began to wonder
what he should do, as his leave of absence was a
longer one. He started up a whistle. He could
do that at least in the want of farther business. It
was a never-failing resource.

A happy thought came to him. He would call
up the road and see his cousin, George Amaden.
George was standing at the kitchen door, enjoy-
ing one of the doughnuts his mother had just
cooked. He heard the well-known whistle.

"Fred is coming, mother," said George. "I
hear his whistle."
Fred quickly appeared, his cheeks puffed out
with whistling, about as large as his pockets stuffed
with nuts.

"O Fred!" exclaimed George, "Glad you've
come. I have the nicest nut-trees to show you in
the hollow, back of the barn."

"Nuts! My pockets are full of them, George."
"Nonsense, Fred. Mine will beat those all out
of sight. Come behind the barn."

So away they went, scampering up the open
barn door, past the great hay-mows and the big-
eyed oxen in the stalls, and out again by a door in
the rear. There were the trees! What big ones!
They were taller than the others that Fred had
visited, and with such prim, stately robes of
yellow!

"My!" exclaimed Fred. "Those do beat ours."
"Let's try a shake!"

And the previous programme was repeated, the
shaking, stinging, clucking, infanter firing, and so on.

"George, I mean to empty my pockets and fill
up with your nice nuts."
"All right, Fred. I'll help you."

But all this took time, and to Fred's surprise,
when at last he looked toward the west, he saw that
the sun was so far down behind Mount Tom that
only a bit of that bright body was left, the last red
ember of a smouldering fire.

"Why, George!" exclaimed Fred, "I am late,
sure! Good night," and he hurriedly as if he had been
sent out of a school, off he went.

"Which bridge?" was the important question
now.

There was the "town-bridge," a safe old structure,
with its stout brown beams and its broad cover like
an old-fashioned sun-bonnet. Underneath, the cool
waters from the slopes of Mount Tom ran, rushed,
leaped, and tumbled, making a frightful noise; but
nobody crossing the bridge was frightened. The old
bridge would hold, they knew that. The other
bridge was the one by which the railroad crossed
Deep River. If Fred took this, he could reach
home twenty minutes sooner. This bridge was
about three hundred feet long. It spanned a deep,
dark ravine, eighty feet down. At the bottom of
the ravine was Deep River, its voice hoarse and
harsh like that of a man who has shouted himself
hoarse trying to call some one to help him out of a
bad place. It did make you dizzy to look down
from the bridge at the white foaming waters. It
seems to me, while I write, that I am looking down
over the edge of the bridge, down, and I am so
fearfully afraid that I shall tumble somewhere
that I find I am closing my eyes. But I couldn't
tumble very far where I am, only from the chair to
the floor, so I guess I won't try it. Besides, if I
tumble with my eyes shut, what will become of my
story? We will return to the bridge.

The rails were laid on ties that were about four-
teen inches apart, and one could cross the bridge
by stepping from tie to tie. This was sometimes
done, but it was not an agreeable trip. For any
timorous mortal, the gaps between the ties afforded
unpleasant glimpses of the ravine below. Then there
was no railing at either side of the track to suggest
security from a fall. There were sign-posts at
either end of the bridge, with the word "Danger!"
pointed on them in staring letters and a very warn-
ing sort of a finger lifted up. Added to these, was
a threat to prosecute the person attempting the pas-
sage of the bridge. This, however, did not deter
pedestrians from daily crossing this interesting
structure. Fred was on the list of those who had
crossed the bridge, and the element of the danger
in such a venture strongly attracted him. He
had now reached this place, and why not go over?
True, his mother meant this bridge when she gave
that final injunction, but would she not rather have
him accomplish the passage, if he could get home
twenty minutes earlier by it?

He stood meditating, and in his indecision whis-
tled. He could do that any way.

"I'll go across," he said.
"Fred, don't!"

Was that his mother calling? He turned un-
tensely about. Phew! it was nothing. Nobody was
there. He stepped toward the bridge, and was
about putting his foot on the first tie, when it
seemed to come to him again, mother's voice clear
and sharp—Fred-erick, don't! There it was
his mother's voice, so natural, going up, up to the
"risk," and then coming down, bang, "Nonsense!"
said Fred. "What a fool I am! I'm only my fears.
Of course she wants me to get home as early as I
can. I'll go over." He started ahead. After that, mother did not call again.

On went Fred carefully stepping from tie to tie.
As he went, he looked up and down the valley of
Deep River. In the rapidly thickening shadows of
twilight—ah! he looked back! He did not dare
to look directly down, under his feet. He went on
with a thumping heart. He had moved about half
way across the bridge, when thump went his heart
harder than ever. The express train was coming!
There it was driving around the curve, tearing
away as if mad, a big eyeball of red fire in the
center of its head.

What could Fred do? He could not get back,
there was no time for it. He could not risk the
passage, and so get out of it. He could not stop
one side; there was not room to stand outside
of the track in safety, and of course he couldn't
stand inside. And there was the train coming
nearer, crashing now down upon the bridge, mad-
der than ever, its eye of fire wider and fiercer than
before! Why hadn't he had his ears opened, or
listened for coming, instead of noticing the river,
whose rattle and roar had fascinated him, and ab-
sorbed his attention? It was no use to think of
what might have been. What should Fred do
then? His thoughts travelled faster than the ex-
press train. "I will trust God and swing from the
ties," he said. So down he dropped between the
ties, and over the great yawning abyss he hung,
his legs dangling in the air. On crashed the express
train. It thundered heavily along. He shook
every shaken bone as if they had been dandelion
stems. It roared and roared across the rails, and
now it was just above Fred. A coal from the lo-
comotive fell upon his hand. A tiny cinder drifted
into his eye. Another coal fell, blinding his
hand. Then the locomotive shot ahead, and the
other parts of the train succeeded it. Fred counted
them off in his mind, baggage car, Adam's express,
mail car, smoking car, Pullman car, passenger car
—when would they get up! It seemed to Fred it was
the longest train that ever went over a bridge, and
actually it was a train longer than usual. Besides,
it ran over the bridge at a slower rate than usual.
An embankment. At last, at last, all the train had
passed, and Fred took a long breath! He raised
himself between the ties and looked round. Ahead
of him rushed the train, a red lantern winking
urgently at the rear of the last car; the train, rounding
the curve beyond the bridge, seeming like a great
smoke, with spots of gold where the lights flashed
out of the windows.

In a little while our adventurer was "safe in the
road leading to his mother's house. Fred made a
confession to the mother when he reached home.
Naturally, he wanted to get all credit for himself,
especially as he felt at fault, and that disbeliever
had exposed him to the great risk he had incurred.
As he lay in his cot-bed warming up his feet for
the night, and watching his mother passing to and
fro, a lamp in her hand, he called out, "Mother!"

"What, Fred?"
"Don't you think I did well to trust God and
swing!"

"It is right to trust God always; but I think
God would be better pleased if you would trust him
and go where you wouldn't need to do any swing-
ing!"

That was her opinion. What do the boys and
girls think?—S. S. Times.

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

"I must not forget those stockings; there's a
basket full this week."
Jennie's mother said this in a weary way. The
little girl was playing in her room and began to
think about helping her.

"When will they?" she asked.
"In the room," the mother answered, and
thought no more about it.

And hour later she went down stairs.
There sat Jennie in the large arm chair by the
open window, the basket on the table before her,
and her little fingers very busy.

"Mother," said she, looking up with a bright
smile, "you have twelve pairs of stockings, and I
have done half of them."

Jennie had given up a whole hour's play to help
and relieve her mother; but she was a very little
girl, and she had made a mistake. She sewed the
holes over and over. And as she meant to do her
best, the stitches were very close and tight. Her
mother knew it would be at least half an hour's
work to rip them out; but she would not disap-
point the loving help by letting her know she had
not fully succeeded. She said only, "Well, you're
a dear good little girl, and now you may run out
and play."

Away went Jennie, very happy in the thought
that she had helped and pleased her mother. And
she had; for the kindness she had shown her was
more precious to the mother's heart than gold, and
lightened her care. Pleasant thoughts kept her
company and made her needle move faster. She
all of us little folks, and grown folks, are liable
to make mistakes, even when we really try to do
right. But the love of Christ is only shadowed
forth faintly by that mother's love. He, too, takes
the will for the deed; counts whatever is done to
him, and sees that no true effort is lost, but makes
it to do good some way, whether we see it or not.
—Christian Weekly.

HOME AND FARM HINTS.

A cheap vinegar consists of 25 gallons of warm
rain water with 4 gallons of molasses and one gal-
lon of yeast. The mixture can be used after it has
been allowed to ferment.

In boiling lent and vegetables, if you put a tea-
cup of vinegar into the pot, the best will be more
tender and the cabbage will give out no odor, and
the beets will be nicer.

POY OVERS.—One cup of sweet milk, two eggs,
one and one-half cups of flour, and a pinch of salt.
Pour into gum pans when they are very hot. No
soda or cream of tartar. Eat with sauce made from
the whites of two eggs, with four tablespoonfuls of
white sugar beaten well together.

HEALTHFULNESS OF APPLES.—The frequent use
of apples, either before or after meals, has a most
beneficial effect upon digestion, but it is not
meat and more fruit. An eminent French physi-
cian thinks that the decrease of dyspepsia and bi-
lious affections in Paris is owing to the consumption
of apples, which fruit, he maintains, is an article of
food easily digested.

TO DRESS SALT MACARONI.—Take macaroni from
the salt, and lay them inside downward in a pan of
cold water for two or three days; change the wa-
ter once or twice and scrape the fish clean without
breaking it. When fresh, enough, wipe one dry,
and hang it in a cool place; then fry or broil;
lay one in a shallow pan, the inside of the fish down;
over it with hot water, and set it over a gentle fire,
or in an oven for twelve or fifteen minutes; then
pour off the water, turn the fish, put bits of butter
in the pan, and over the fish, sprinkle with pepper,
and let it fry for five minutes, then dish it.

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.—A correspondent of an
English medical journal furnishes the following re-
cipe as a new cure for constipation:—Put a dozen
whole lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not
too soft), and squeeze until the juice is all ex-
tracted, sweeten enough to be palatable, then drink
Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels,
lessen the number, and use five or six a day until
better, then began to use a dozen again. By the
time you have used five or six dozen you will begin
to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course
as you get better you need not use so many. Fol-
low these directions and we know you will never
regret it if there is any help for you.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH, BOX 147, BOSTON, MASS.
Contributions and answers respectfully solicited.

XXXI.—STAR DIAMOND.

First star is a vowel; first row of three stars,
names an implement; centre row, to enforce; next
row, 100 between two vowels; last star, a com-
mon noun.

ARCHIE.
Observation; plenty; a hole; page; two vowels;
a mineral.

XXXII.—HALF WORD SQUARE.

First row of stars, an ode; second row, an ap-
erture; third row, a mineral vein; fourth row, a
common prefix; last star, a vowel.

MINNIE R.
First star is a vowel; first row of three stars,
names an implement; centre row, to enforce; next
row, 100 between two vowels; last star, a com-
mon noun.

ARCHIE.
Observation; plenty; a hole; page; two vowels;
a mineral.

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First star is a vowel; first row of three stars,
names an implement; centre row, to enforce; next
row, 100 between two vowels; last star, a com-
mon noun.

ARCHIE.
Observation; plenty; a hole; page; two vowels;
a mineral.

XXXIV.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.
My first is in rack, and also in lack;
My second is in lad, and also in lack;
My third is in lat, and also in lack;
My fourth is in lake, and also in lack;
My fifth is in can, and also in lack;
My sixth is in cry, and also in lack;
My whole is an American city.

XXXV.—CHARADE.
My first is the name of a patriarch;
My second is a country in England;
My whole is the name of a man of whom
every human being should be proud.

XIPHIA.
(Answers in two weeks.)
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOV. 30.

11.—A. T. E. 12.—J. D. G. E.
A. T. E. 12.—J. D. G. E.
A. T. E. 12.—J. D. G. E.

13.—Woodstock. 14.—Epitaph.
15.—NET. 16.—CANOE.
17.—NET. 18.—CANOE.

19.—Charlock. 20.—Soldierly. 21.—Char-
locktown.

22.—Coronet. 23.—Lytham, Lower-y. 24.—Plan-
k. 25.—Plan-k. 26.—Gage.

CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.
JAMES LEWIS.—Thanks for answer received. It
was correct. Hope you will continue to send solu-
tions, and also become a contributor.

FITS!

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!
CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS
Persons suffering from this distressing malady
may be cured by the use of the "FITS"
Pills. It is a simple, safe, and reliable
remedy. It is in every respect
superior to all other remedies.
It is a cure for all cases of
Epilepsy, whether it be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Falling Fits, whether they be
of the simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
St. Vitus's Dance, whether they be
of the simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Tetanus, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Trismus, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Bite, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Convulsions, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Hysteria, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Neurosis, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Insanity, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Melancholia, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Mania, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Dementia, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Paranoia, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Schizophrenia, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Psychosis, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Neurosis, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Insanity, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
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Melancholia, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
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simple or the complicated form.
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Paranoia, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Schizophrenia, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.
It is a cure for all cases of
Psychosis, whether they be of the
simple or the complicated form.

HERRING.—Now landing, 30 bbls. No. 1 Split HER-
RING, 200 half-bbls. Split Herring.
GILBERT, BENT, South Wharf.

LEATHER.
HAVE in store, sole, upper, harness, poligrain, buff,
bitting, and lace leather. Call early, while stock
lasts. W. M. FETTER,
14 Brick Building, 240 Union street.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE.
SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR
LAZARUS & MORRIS
PERFECT SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES.
A FULL Assortment of above Colored Glasses new
in stock, in Concave and Convex Spectacles and
Eye-Glasses, Riding Boots, Canteens, &c.
Also, Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, in other qualities,
always on hand. Wholesale and Retail.
CITY MARKET BUILDING,
Germantown street.

PAINT, PUTTY, ZINC, &c.
THE subscribers are now receiving and have in stock:
144 quarts putty, 20 casks zinc, 40 barrels paint oil,
1 cask Irish rosin, 500 boxes window glass. Wholesale
and retail. Market square and Germantown street.
CLARKE, KERR & THORNE.

FAT LABRADOR HERRING.
JUST RECEIVED.—240 bbls. Choice No. 1 Labrador
Herring. For sale by
BARBOUR LABOR,
9 South Wharf and 2 West street.

RAISINS AND NUTS IN STORE.
125 bbls. Layer Raisins; 300 quarter boxes Layer
Raisins; 100 casks Nuts; 100 casks Walnuts. Will be
sold very low, wholesale.
M. D. & A. A. AUSTIN.

VIA HALIFAX.
NOW opening by the above Steamers—55 PACKAGES
comprising—Hosiery, Linens, Prints, Coffee,
Lard, and other goods. For freight or passage,
apply to Messrs. G. & W. H. B. Smith, 100
Queen Street, Halifax, N. S.

NEW COATINGS, NEW TROUSERS, NEW VESTINGS,
In all the Newest and Best make of Goods.
Gentlemen may rely on getting perfect fitting Gar-
ments, thoroughly made, and best trimmings only used.
Imported Ready Made Clothing very cheap.
Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods.
P. McPEAKE,
Fredericton, July 1877.

JOSEPHINE KID GLOVES.
FRESH STOCK just opened in all the new shades.
Also, Black, one and two buttons.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
21 King Street, St. John, N. B.

PAGE SMALLEY & FERGUSON,
(Successors to PAGE BROTHERS.)
MANUFACTURERS of Watches and Gold Jewelry,
and Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewels, Silver,
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R. B. PAGE, 21 Charter House Square, London, E.C.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.
Established in 1827.
Superior Bell of Copper and
Iron, and other castings.
For freight or passage, apply to Messrs. G. & W. H. B. Smith, 100
Queen Street, Halifax, N. S.

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and Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewels, Silver,
Plated Goods, &c.
W. C. P. 21, 43 King Street, St. John, N. B.
R. B. PAGE, 21 Charter House Square, London, E.C.

ENGLISH, SWISS, AND AMERICAN
WATCHES.
WE have in Stock and constantly receiving, all kinds
of watches, in Gold and Silver Cases.
We invite intending purchasers to call and examine our
stock.
PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON,
21 King Street, St. John, N. B.

GILBERT BENT
HAS REMOVED TO NEW STORE at the Old Store,
South Market Wharf.

McShane Bell Foundry
Manufacture those celebrated Bells for Churches, Acad-
emies, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free.
NEXUS McSHANE & CO.,
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Established in 1827.
Superior Bell of Copper and
Iron, and other castings.
For freight or passage, apply to Messrs. G. & W. H. B. Smith, 100
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