

Poetry.

THE YEAR'S FAREWELL.

MRS. M. H. GOODWIN.

Autumn has lost her sunny smile,
Her brow is wet with tears,
Her sandals feel the path
Of the departed years,
Though robed right royally, she came
In purple and in gold,
Her faded garments, old and brown,
Are torn in every fold.

With bountiful, gift-laden hands
She knelt at Nature's door;
Scattering her treasures far and wide,
She's dying, old and poor.

The wild wind sweeps her vacant halls,
Her purple grapes are pressed,
Her harvest-moon in splendor morn,
Has faded in the west.

And while she shuts Time's iron gate
With fingers cold and chill,
She sees, through tears, King Winter set
His watch-fires on the hills.

Disrobed and pale, she falls asleep,
Folded to earth's cold breast,
The seal of silence on her lips—
Eternal is her rest.

For some of us the Spring has passed—
For some Summer is o'er—
While others, gathering harvest-sheaves,
Find Winter at the door.

But Winter's cold, white mystery
Will break, in loving tears,
When we have clinged where angels stand,
Above life's stormy years.

And if our ladder's golden rounds
Are preys and generous deeds;
If, never faltering, we have tried
To help the world's great needs;
If, clambering up the mountain-side,
Our guide, the Morning Star,
We've battled in Truth's sacred ranks,
We'll find heaven's "gate ajar!"

Though with her gleanings tears are found,
Or thorns, or withered leaves,
God will accept our toil-worn grain
From out the tear-stained sheaves.

And though chill fingers spread the pall,
If Love and Faith unite,
A "harvest-home" our coming waits,
Upon the "plains of glory."

The Fireside.

CELIA'S COMPOSITION.

Celia was twelve years old; a bright little girl at her lessons, anxious to be at the head of her class, and a general favorite in school. No matter how long or hard the lesson, the first little face to brighten as the teacher marked it off to the class, was sure to be Celia Brown's; hers the first voice to exclaim: "Oh, I reckon we can get it we try right hard; and I certainly will do it!"

Accordingly, Miss Nelson was prepared to receive a bright look of acquiescence from Celia, at least, when she morning announced to the little class that a composition would be expected from each one on the Friday of the following week, but she was disappointed. To her surprise, Celia's face said as plainly as words could have spoken, "I can't possibly do it, Miss Nelson, and it's of no sort of use to try."

"What are we to write a composition about, Miss Nelson?" asked one girl, whose face matched Celia's in expression. "I don't know enough to tell of any one single thing in this whole world!" Miss Nelson smiled.

"Oh, yes, you do, my dear," she replied pleasantly. "I think you will find you know something worth telling about, when you put on your thinking-cap and make up your mind to try. At any rate, that is what I expect you to do—try! And I will let you know afterward how nearly you have succeeded to my satisfaction."

Celia Brown never said a word. She just closed her lips tightly, and shook her head in utter despair. It was of no use to talk to her; a composition she could not write. Pages of spelling, half the grammar or geography, miles of arithmetic, would not have daunted her anything like the mere word composition. She could not think of anything else that afternoon, and at the tea-table looked so abstracted, and was so unusually silent, that her big brother Tom, just home from college desired to be told if her tongue had gone out to spend the evening.

"Oh sister! How you did practice your music lesson this afternoon," said little Willie; "you just banged and tore! I reckon she didn't count her one, two, three much mamma!"

"Mamma, Miss Nelson told all the girls in my class to write a composition for next Friday," said Celia, disregarding her brother's personal remarks, and looking anxiously at her mother; "and I know I can't do it, if it would save my life; I would rather undertake to recite seventeen chapters of history!"

"Nonsense," said her father laughing; "it is quite time you learned to use your mind in composition. Seventeen or even twenty-seven chapters of history will not do you half the good that six lines of carefully written composition will do. And you will not find it difficult, Celia, if you do not make up your mind against it. Did Miss Nelson give you a subject?"

"Yes, papa—salt," was the reply, in a disgusted tone. "The idea of such a subject! I can't think of how anything interesting could be written upon salt!"

"Oh, write about the 'cat,'" exclaimed Willie. "I wouldn't write upon salt, either; nasty stuff! Just write on the 'cat.' I'll tell you exactly what to say! I can write a composition. Pooh! it's easy. Wait till mamma sends me to school. Now you just write this: 'The cat is a real nice animal. It's got three white feet and one black one. It's got a spot on its breast, too. It has four dear little kittens, and it washes them with saline particles with her paws. She licks her face—this saline; but what you can expect from a poor silly cat! I don't know any better. And ours is named Thomas Matilda, after nurse's brother and sister!"

"Bravo, Willie!" exclaimed his father, joining in the hearty laughter of the others at the little boy. "So you can write a composition. I'd advise sister to call on you for help, by all means."

"That composition might do for you, Willie, dear," said Celia, still laughing; "but I think it would sound very queer to Miss Nelson."

"Why you needn't care how it sounds. Need she, papa? She just tells every bit she knows. That is the way I'm going to do when I write compositions."

"That is tolerably sound advice," said her mother, looking at her, with a smile. "Just put the thought 'how it will sound' quite out of your mind and write down all you know about salt."

The next day was Saturday. About ten o'clock Celia sat down at the little table in her bedroom, and made up her mind to try.

"Salt!" she wrote at the top of her paper, and then there came an awful pause. "Oh, dear, what shall I say about it? Salt! Salt is—? Well, I'm sure I don't know what it is exactly, unless it's salt!" and here Celia's thoughts were interrupted by a laugh. "I'll get old Webster," she continued, thinking aloud. "Let's see now, and she whistled the leaves rapidly to the 'S.' 'Um! here it is! 'Salt—element of sodium—a substance used for seasoning certain kind of food, and for the preservation of meat, etc. It is found native in the earth, or it is produced by evaporation and crystallization from water impregnated with saline particles.' Well, I do declare! If that's all Mr. Webster has to say about salt, how should I be expected to know any more? The idea. Why, I don't know any more, and I don't know what I will, I

do say Miss Nelson is unreasonable." Celia wriggled herself nearly off her chair, sighed, groaned, fanned herself, bit her pen handle, and finally, at Willie's call, jumped up and ran from the room, leaving the composition still to be written.

She and her little brother mounted the seawall in the garden, and during this pleasant pastime Celia interrogated him upon what he knew about salt. Willie didn't know much, but what he did know he generously told.

"Salt," he informed her, "is a very good to make ice-cream with. That cove liked salt," he also told her, "although he didn't."

Celia laughed so at this that she could not see any longer, and she went back to the house to take her music lesson, and afterward she drove out with her mother; and the day went, and she entered her room at night to find the big sheet of blank paper staring up at her in mute surprise as she looked down upon it, before consigning it to the table drawer.

She tried again on Monday, slightly, and on Tuesday. Wednesday she had no time, that being one of her music days, and Thursday was her very last day of grace. She made a very strong effort then, but at her very best she could think of nothing superior to what Mr. Webster's dictionary said, and in fact nothing at all beyond one simple fact, that "salt was a very exceedingly useful substance."

In despair she laid the matter before her mother. "My dear," said Mrs. Brown, "if you have honestly tried, and cannot write a composition, you may yourself write a letter to Miss Nelson asking to be excused, instead of me doing it. Tell her exactly how hard you have tried, and ask her to give you an easier subject."

Mrs. Brown's eye twinkled as she gave this advice, and her little daughter went up to her room much comforted. Here is the letter she wrote:

Dear Miss Nelson:—Mamma told me that I might write this letter, and say that I can't write a composition on salt. She says, perhaps you will be so kind as to give me an easier subject. I don't know anything about salt—at least, not much, except that it is dug out of the earth, and it is then a mineral; and sometimes we get it by letting seawater evaporate. I am very fond of salt, and for that reason I ought to be ashamed of not knowing more about it. Last week, Mary our cook, made the bread and forgot to salt it, and none of us could eat it. It certainly is a very useful article. Did you know that, to get the silver away from the rock it is buried in, they roast the pieces with salt? I read this in a lovely book called "Nelly's Silver Mine." Of course they do something else, but they do this too, and I remember, because I felt such an interest in the word. I didn't know, till I saw in the dictionary, that an old sailor is called a "salt."

I suppose because he follows the salt water. Are there not a great many different sorts of salt? I was thinking about this this morning, because I happened to see the bottle that has the salt of lemons in it; you take out iron rust from linen with that. And there is a salt-petre, and salt of tartar, and the salts you take for medicine. And mamma says we could scarcely have any food that would be fit to eat without salt. I must tell you what a funny thing Willie said when I was asking about my composition to mamma. He said, "Tell Miss Nelson that I can't do it, because I don't know anything about salt, and write what she thought and felt, without regard to 'how it might sound.'"

I am your affectionate scholar,
CELIA BROWN.

To Celia's great astonishment, Miss Nelson insisted upon considering this letter a "composition"—as, of course, it was; and she read it herself before the whole school. The secret of Celia's inability to write a letter where she could not write a "composition," lay in the fact that she unconsciously followed little Willie's advice, and wrote what she thought and felt, without regard to "how it might sound."

EARTHQUAKES.

Australian papers of recent date report destructive earthquakes in the Philippine Islands, and cable dispatches during the past few weeks have announced shocks throughout Spain, Portugal, Southern France and Austria—those in the latter country being especially severe. As calamities of this character seem to follow each other in rapid succession, it is in the nature of probabilities that we shall, before many days have passed, hear of earthquake shocks of even greater violence than other parts of the world. There is no natural calamity that terrorizes mankind as does an earthquake. It comes with little, if any warning, works its destruction, and passes away almost with the rapidity of thought. There is rarely any opportunity to escape from it, and there be time one knows not in what direction to flee.

While no country escapes earthquakes, some are more subject to their visitation than are others. Among these are Central and South America, Spain and Portugal, and Calabria. In South and Central America the inhabitants endeavor to provide against them by building their houses low, with broad foundations and substantial walls.

So frequent are slight earthquake shocks that it is said that somewhere on the surface of the earth one occurs every day. Volcanic districts are especially subject to earthquakes, and one among the earliest on record is that which resulted in the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The most disastrous earthquake of the early part of the Christian era was that of 526, during which 250,000 persons are said to have perished at Antioch alone.

During the last century and a half have occurred some of the most destructive and interesting earthquakes of all history. The best known of these, perhaps, is that which visited Lisbon, November 1, 1755. The shock threw down the main portion of the city, and in six minutes it is estimated 60,000 people perished. Thousands sought safety from the falling buildings by crowding the quay; but it is almost a moment's task with them. The sea rose, and when the waves closed over the place where had stood the people and floated many boats, not one of either was to be seen on the surface. Over the spot the water stood 600 feet deep.

It is said that earthquake covered a part of the surface of the earth in extent equal to the four times the size of Europe. It was felt on the Alps and in Sweden. In Germany the Springs of Toplitz disappeared for awhile, and on their return were so abundant that they deluged the surrounding country. Loch Lomond and other lakes in Scotland rose several feet, and then receded below their ordinary level. On the shores of the Barbadoes, Martinique and Antigua the tide suddenly rose twenty feet, and the sea was black ink. The shock was felt to some extent in the United States, especially along Lake Ontario, and in Massachusetts, but made no reply. In fact, during which time the earth in places was seen, were like the swellings of the sea and occasionally broke into fissures. The noise was so tremendous and awful. During its continuance waterpots formed and springs burst forth that continued to flow.

During an earthquake in 1772 an area of fifteen miles long by six wide, including Mt. Papandayan, then one of the highest volcanoes of Java, suddenly sank, carrying with it forty villages and destroying over 2,500 people. A somewhat similar depression of the land occurred at Jamaica, eighty years previous, when about a thousand acres of the capital city, Port Royal, sank in less than a minute, the sea pouring in and driving the vessels in the harbor over the tops of the houses.

The most notable earthquakes that ever occurred in this country was the one at New Madrid, on the Mississippi river, in 1811. The shocks lasted several months. Over a territory of about three hundred miles the ground rose and sank in marked undulations, forming lakes and again draining them. The ground burst open in fissures running from north-east to south-west, from which mud and water were thrown as high as the tops of trees. The people, noticing the direction of the fissures, felled the tall trees across that line, and escaped being engulfed by climbing upon them. The shocks continued until the destruction of the city of Caracas, March 26, 1812. That entire city became, in almost a moment of time, a heap of ruins, under which were buried twelve thousand of her inhabitants.

The most interesting earthquakes of recent times were those in the Kingdom of Naples and Mexico in 1857 and 1858. In the city of Naples frequently shocks were felt, but while the surrounding country was generally laid waste, it suffered very little injury, attributed by some scientists to its nearness to Vesuvius, which was then in a state of eruption. The provinces of Principato, Superior and Basilicata suffered severely. In the capital city of a latter, Potenza, not a single house was left in a habitable condition. A number of other cities and towns were likewise reduced to a heap of ruins. It was reported at the time that between 25,000 and 40,000 people perished.

The Mexico earthquake occurred June 19, 1858, and extended throughout the Valley of Mexico. Besides the aqueduct which supplied the city of Mexico with water, many houses were demolished and other property destroyed, aggregating in value several million dollars.

In March, 1859, the city of Quito, in Ecuador, was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake, with many thousands people perished. It is estimated that over 13,000 human beings have perished from the effects produced by earthquakes.

There are various theories as to the producing cause of earthquakes. Most theorists agree that they are caused by the same subterranean agency that produces volcanoes, and they are most frequent in the neighborhood of active volcanoes. Roger's theory is that they are caused by the pulsations in the fluid matter beneath the earth's surface.

The phenomena accompanying earthquakes vary. Frequently there is only a slight trembling of the earth's surface; but in some the trembling is followed by a severe shock or succession of shocks, and it is these which effect the damage. The subterranean noises which accompany the shocks are described as similar to that produced by chains pulled apart, increasing to loud thunder; like the rumbling of carriages moving over loose stones, until equals the loudest artillery; like heavy wagons running upon a road; like distant thunder; like the hissing produced by the quenching of masses of red-hot iron in water; or like the rush of wind under ground.

Some writers in describing earthquakes speak of irregularities in the seasons preceding or following shocks; of moderate cold, followed by unusually warm weather, and of violent rain, and of unusual seasons; and especially of a reddening of the sun's disc, and of a haziness in the air, sometimes lasting for months, evidently believing that these phenomena had some connection with earthquakes. The unquestioned results of earthquakes have been the formation of new lakes and water courses, at the same time obliterating old ones; the formation of new islands, and the destruction of old ones in the earth's surface, and the occasion of landslides.

OLD AND NEW.

BY JOSEPHINE FOLAND.

The Old Year sat beside the hearth
In thoughtful mood; the hour was late;
And ere he vanished from the earth
The past he fain would contemplate.

"I brought a wealth of joy for those
Who had o'erburdened being with grief,"
He said, "and for unnumbered woes
Furnished the cordial of relief."

"To some I gave a garden's bloom,
Sweet promise of rich increase;
To some the cypress and the tomb,
The barrenness of desert soot."

With Love I tarried for a while,
Breathing the sweet elysian air;
And hiding hope serenely slain
Across the threshold of Despair.

I entered on my natal hour
Burdened alike with bliss and bane,
Commissioned by my Lord to do
Some hearty work, and some with pain.

Where happiness had rich increase,
I shall be honored long, I know;
But those I robbed of joy and peace—
They will be glad to have me go!

I've followed many a bridal train;
Have watched by many a lonely bier;
With birth and death, with loss and gain,
Made up the record of the year.

And now beside December's bell,
Where hangs the year's alarm bell,
I pause to close the past, and wait
The sound of my own funeral knell.

"One!—How the hours slipped away!
Two!—Some will weep with sad regret;
Three!—Could I still on earth delay,
Four!—Some good I might accomplish yet."

"Five!—An angelic song awake!
Six!—Surely are the fetevers here.
Seven!—Soon shall I hear the final stroke—
Eight!—Chime sweetly with the clock of heaven!"

"Nine!—I am nearer to my goal!
Ten!—Time must eternally begin!
Eleven!—Awake, immortal soul!
Twelve!—Farewell! bid the New Year in!"

"I come his promises to keep;
To walk upon the world's highway,
And deck the grave where dear ones sleep.
Where he gave smiles I may give tears,
Life's path with good or ill bestow;
For unto him who views the years
The new is old, the old is new!"

—Sunday-School Times.

BE SOMETHING.


A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friends hearing her complain, said:
"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think He gives us something to be, just as well?"
"O dear! tell me about being." Marion looked up with pentent eyes. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

"God says,"
"Be kindly affectionate one to another."
"Be ye also patient."
"Be ye also kind."
"Be ye also meek."
"Be ye also lowly."
"Be ye also courteous."
"Be not wise in your own conceits."
"Be not overcome of evil."
Marion listened, but made no reply. Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the fire-light Elizabeth could see that she was very serious. "I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

We cannot be what God loves without doing all that He commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful.

"I think it is," returned Marion.

A distinct and peculiar combination.



FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF ALL—

Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, General Debility, Brain Exhaustion, Chronic Constipation, Chronic Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, or Loss of Nervous Power. It is unequalled in the treatment of Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Loss of Appetite, Energy or Memory.

It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtility, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Its taste is pleasant, and its effects permanent. Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It acts, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular excretions. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly effected by a copious expectoration of mucous-purulent matter. I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by ten first class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-radish essence, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonic, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalants, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed themselves. Under the microscope the mucus was found to contain but a small portion of vitelline corpuscles; the healthy action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach could not digest properly, so that fatulence and acidity was the result. Finding the symptoms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, and, if possible, to cure it. I selected the most powerful tonics and moderators, and combined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I endeavored to amalgamate them by my efforts were crowned with success. I cannot speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits derived from the composition.

My appetite increased; the expectoration became easy, digestion better; the face became more copious and less frequent; cold chills ceased; night-sweats lessened; I gained in weight; the hacking cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my spirits became buoyant, the mind active and vigorous. I continued taking the Syrup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength to the system. During which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms left denoting disease. The only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that has stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, How do you know your difficulty has proceeded from ulcerated or tubercular lung? I answer, In the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. In March last I coughed from the right lung a piece of PHOSPHATE OF LIME, half the size of a pea, which could have come from no other place, and which the highest authority in Lung Disease (Lancet) states is the result of tubercle, which has been cured. Added to this, I had the leaden-colored, purulent, blood-streaked expectoration, and the opinion of one of the best diagnosticians in the country. I believe I have experienced all the symptoms incident to the two first stages of Consumption, and have successfully combated them, so that I do not despair of any case where there is left sufficient lung tissue to build upon. I can only add that the mere monetary consideration of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but a sincere sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whose misfortune I believe it villain to trifle.

Respectfully,
JAMES I. FELLOWS,
Inventor of Fello's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

When Fello's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is required, ask for "FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP," and be sure no imitation is sold or other article cheaply upon you.

PERY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE,
Agents for the Dominion of Canada,
MONTREAL.

SUBSTITUTES!

The public are cautioned against a custom which is growing quite common of late among a certain class of medicine dealers, and which is this: When asked for a bottle of PAIN-KILLER, they suddenly discover that they are "sold out," but have another article just as good, if not better, which they will supply at the same price. The object of this deception is transparent. These substitutes are made up to sell on the great reputation of the PAIN-KILLER, and being compounded of the vilest and cheapest drugs, are bought by the dealer at about half what he pays for the genuine PAIN-KILLER, which enables him therefore to realize a few cents more profit per bottle upon the imitation article than he can on the genuine.

FOR SUDDEN COLDS
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, &c.
ALL OTHER PAINS IN ANY PART OF THE BODY,
PERY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER
IT CURES ALMOST INSTANTLY.

The PAIN-KILLER is put up in 10¢ and 50¢ bottles, retailing at 25¢ and 50¢ respectively—larger bottles are therefore cheapest.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE
MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY.
ESTABLISHED 1858. Bells for all purposes. Warranted satisfactory and durable.
MENEELY & CO., . . . WEST TROY N. Y.
oct. 3-sept. 10-17

Velvets!

SILK VELVETS: Black Mantle Velvets; Black Silk Trimming Velvets; Colored Silk Trimming Velvets; Black and Colored Embroidered Velvets; Colored Striped Velvets in Black and all Fashionable Colors.

Fancy Colored Striped Velvets; Rich Brocade Silk Velvets, in Stripes and Figures; Black and Colored Silk Velvets, at very low prices for Milliners and Dressmakers.

Wholesale and Retail by
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
nov. 5

JUST RECEIVED:

ENO'S FRUIT SALT: Newburgh's; Campbell's; Dally's; Carmichael's; British; Old; (Genuine) Singleton's Eye Opener; Howland's; Ontario; D. & H.'s; Knowledge; Moss; Bousquet's; Chamois Skin; Robinson's; Patent Parley; Cheadman's; Scotch Powders; Nursing Bottles; White Wax; Howard's; Sulphate Potash; Canard Seed; Rape Seed; Sapolio; Quinine.

For sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
35 and 37 King Street,
nov. 12

JUST RECEIVED!

2 BLS. RIDGE'S Food;
1 case Sponson's; 2 cases Colman's;
3 cases Fetter's Tea Soap; 100 case Empty Bottles;
4 cases Lemon Leaves; 3 cases Pure Strained Honey;
4 cases Pure Beer Water.

Wholesale and Retail by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
35 and 37 King Street,
nov. 5

CANSO HERRING, ETC.

NOW LANDING
100 BLS. LARGE CANSO HERRING; 50 COFFISH; 150 Quintals HAKE; SCALED HERRING in Boxes.

GILBERT BENT & SONS,
5 to 8 South Ward,
nov. 19

BAKING SODA.

RECEIVED OF S. S. "Produce," via Halifax—100 RUGS of BAKING SODA.

GILBERT BENT & SONS,
5 to 8 South Ward,
nov. 19

PARKS' COTTON YARNS!

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

No. 5's to 10's.

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.

Made of good American Cotton with great care, Correctly numbered and warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to remember that our Yarn is equal to the "Thrifty" Frames, which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, used in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being 120 yds. in 7 lbs. of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without less—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP.

Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.

WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.

All fast colors.

Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than it formerly had, and it will now stand the wear of the loom as well as can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

W. M. PARKS & SON, New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

July 12

New Millinery, Etc.

NEW FRENCH FLOWERS, New Chemise Flowers, New Jet Flowers, New Feather Flowers, New Hat and Bonnet ORNAMENTS, Jet Ornaments, New Jet Bands and Fringes; Jet Beads, Nail Heads, Sequins, etc.

New REAL and IMITATION LACES, in Maltese, Cluny and Leinster, Lace Braids, BLACK FUR TRIMMINGS, all Widths; Grey Rabbit and Fox Fur Trimmings; Black and Colored SILK FLUSHES; Navy Blue SERGES for Ladies' Suits; Black and Navy Blue JERSEYS, Ladies' and Children's; Extra Good Value.

Wholesale and Retail, MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, nov. 26

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

CALL and see our stock of CELLULOID GOODS! consisting of Celluloid Sets, Hair Brushes, Hand Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Dressing Combs, useful as well as ornamental.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, 35 and 37 King Street, dec. 17

BEANS LANDING!

1 CAR LOAD WHITE BEANS, nov. 5

SHOULDER BRACES, ETC.

WE have received a superior lot of "Ladies' and Gents'" SHOULDER BRACES which we are selling at low prices.

A large variety of SUPPORTERS, TRUSSES and SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

We particularly request Physicians and Intending Buyers to call and examine this stock.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, 35 and 37 King Street, dec. 3

Lame Horses.

FELLOWS' LEMMING'S ESSENCE will cure Spasms, Rhiphoses, Curbs, Splints, Strains, Stiff Joints on Horses. Read the following certificate:

SPASMS CURED.

River Herbert, N. S., June 19th, 1880.

Messrs. T. B. BARKER & SONS:

After Sirs—I have used Fello's Lemming's Essence for Spasms, and found it a perfect cure. It is a sure remedy if used in time. Yours truly,

T. M. FORBES.

Price 50 Cents.

For sale by all Druggists, sep. 17

GENTLEMEN'S PAIR AND WINTER UNDERWEAR.

ALL Qualities and Sizes now open. Boys' UNDERWEAR, in all Sizes; also Canadian SHIRTS and DRAWERS. Ladies' and Children's UNDERWEAR.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, nov. 5

Counting House File!

THIS file has been only a short time in the market, but it has made its way simply on its merits, with surprising rapidity, and is now considered to be the most convenient, useful and satisfactory file. THE FELLOWS' EXPENSIVE SYSTEM OF FILING, after half of THAT OF ANY OTHER, as no filing case or box is required in which to put the index effect, and the index is in the filing case. THE INDEX ITSELF IS A PERFECT FILE. HOLDING THE LETTERS SECURELY. The case for holding the indexes will last for years, and when one obtains the only expense is for indexes.

BARNES & COMPANY, Stationers, Prince William Street, jly 30 n

HARLAND'S VARNISHES.

PALE Durable Varnish; Hard Drying Body Varnish; Pale Carriage Varnish; Hard Drying Carriage Varnish; Quick Drying Carriage Varnish; Railway Body Varn