Poetry.

CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

Oh! Refuge of men worn and weary,
With suffering and sin oft distressed,
Could'st Thou leave 'mid surroundings so dreary
Thy peace as a dying bequest?

To Thine ear comes the cry of sharp sorrow
That rings through this pitiless world;
And know'st Thou how oft for the morrow
To a deeper despair we are hurled?

For the dawn brings no light that can lead us,
The birds sing no songs that can cheer,
Nor does the harvest give food that can feed us,
And the winter's gloom reigns through the year.

We've felt strange 'mid our kindred and neighbours,
Been lonely in thick haunts of men,
Had to rest on a stone from our labours,
And no visions to comfort us then.

We've been lured by the voice of the siren
And caught to her cruel embrace,
Have found that the heart may be iron,
Tho' beauty may shine in the face.

We are weary with chasing the shadows,
And bearing our burdens of care,
For our way has not lain through the meadows,
We have chosen the dust and the glare.

Yet, Saviour, on Thee in our anguish
We'll pillow our sore stricken head,
For in sorrow of soul Thou did'st vanquish
The foes that fill life with such dread.

We have lived for ourselves 'stead of others,
Sought in temples of pleasure to shine,
Held no cups to the lips of our brothers,
Or with gall often mingled our wine.

We bless thee who cam'st down in glory
To suffer, to succour, to save,
By Thy cross to make brighter life's story
And triumph o'er death and the grave.

We'll fret with the world then no longer;
It can bring to us nothing but bliss,
Were love in our heart only stronger
To God and to man than it is.

—*Good Words.*

The Fireside.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

"Tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw aside the evening paper, and faced the little group in the parlor. "I am fast growing out of patience with this text—'A woman at the bottom of it.' It would be strange in this world, made up, as far as we are aware, of nothing but two sexes, if a woman would not occasionally be found at the bottom of anything good. It is the injustice of the thing that makes me angry. Now there are a hundred of us poor fellows who owe all we are, all we have, and all we hope to become in this world or the next, to the unselfish love of woman."

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly, so much so that his wife, rocking her baby to sleep in the farther corner of the room, inquired:

"But why should you care, John? It has always been, and always will be so. We do not think much about it now, because we have been taught to expect it."

"But you should care! And you should fight for each other more than you do. There is one chapter in my life's history that I have always kept locked in my heart, but to-night I feel as if it were my duty to open it for your inspection.; and I do it for the love of woman—for the love of woman who made me what I am worthy to be, the husband of a good woman."

"Why, John!" said Mrs. Haviland, softly approaching—babe still held tight to her bosom—"you absolutely frighten me."

"Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be anticipated; and John commenced, at first a little timid, but gaining confidence as he proceeded.

"When I first came to New York, at the age of twelve years, to seek my fortune, I can call myself a precocious chap without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-appreciation. I was quick to learn anything, the bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oaths that he dropped with a naturalness that surprised even myself. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted, but, after two weeks of nausea and indescribable stomach-wrenchings, I came off victorious, and could get away with my paper a day with the best of them.

"True, every word of it," said the speaker.

"One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to read, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by and by a lady said very softly and pleasantly, 'Would you please, little boy, be more careful. I am going to a party this afternoon, and I should hate to have my dress spoiled.'

"I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw. Pale, earnest, and loving; to my boyish heart it was the countenance of an angel."

"What in the world did you say?" interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears, as she saw how the memory of this beautiful woman affected her husband.

"Say! There was very little I could say. I think all I did for some time was to look."

"I managed to dispose of the tobacco, however and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and mentally commented upon.

"'Have you a mother, little boy?' she asked, in the same low tone.

"'No ma'am.' I answered, and I felt my throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"'You have a father, then, I suppose?' she kept on.

"'No ma'am; no father.'

"'Brothers and sisters?'

"'Neither, ma'am.'

"'Then the little boy is alone in the world?'

"'All alone, ma'am.'

"'How long has his mother been dead?' and the dear woman looked away from my face, and waited till I could speak.

"'Two years,' I answered.

"'And you loved her?' came next.

"'Dearly,' was all I could say.

"She was silent for a moment, and then she said so sweetly—oh! I shall never forget it—

"'And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?' pointing to my cheek, where the tell-tale quid had vainly tried to stand its ground.

"'I must leave now,' she continued, "'but here is my card, and if you come to me most any evening, I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of some service to each other.'

"She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her. Without her I felt that I could do nothing; with her I could grow to a man's estate—a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never passed my lips.

"As soon as I could summon courage I called upon the lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down, and how awkward I followed my guide to her private sitting-room. She got at every point of my life, and before I bid her good by it was arranged that I should spend two evenings of each week at her house, and study on the occasion just what she thought best.

"No lover looked forward to meetings with the mistress of his heart any more ardently than I did to these meetings with my friend.

"I grew careful of my personal appearance, careful of my conversation strove in every way to be worthy of the noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of hers, where I remain to this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe this woman. During the last three months of these two years I noticed that she grew constantly pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes, when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would reply.

"'Oh, no, I am a little tired—that is all.'

"One evening she kept me by her sofa much longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons, and laid out work enough it seemed to me, for months.

"'Why so much to night?' I inquired, conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

"'Because, dear,' she answered, 'I do not want you to come for the next week, and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John?'

"'I think you can, ma'am,' I answered, almost sobbing.

"'If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?'

"Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after; and when I hear folks saying, 'There's a woman at the bottom of it,' I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me."—*Interior.*

THE WIFE'S REPROOF.

A great many people seem to delight in finding fault, especially in their own homes. It is next to impossible to suit them. Their food is always too salt or too fresh, too rich or too plain, burned or underdone. The house is invariably too cold or too hot; their clothes either fit too tightly or too loosely. They either have corns on their feet or have shoes "a mile too large." The atmosphere is stifling, or rather too breezy, and there is nothing on earth worth living for. Such people must be most miserable; they never know what will suit them, nor is any one able to anticipate their needs—they are slaves to the deplorable habit, from which they find it almost impossible to ever break away. Occasionally, some one succeeds in breaking up their selfish, disagreeable habit which threatens to destroy all domestic peace. Such an occasion is long remembered in the family, though the fact is seldom chronicled for the benefit of others. Here, however, is a story concerning fault-finding that was written in the olden time:

One day, as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a find large codfish, and sent it home to his wife, with directions to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was described, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She, also, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed upon the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet you anything you have spoiled it for my eating." (Taking off the cover.) "I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better. I never loved fried fish. Why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying she lifted the cover, and lo! the shoulders of a cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would make an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder."

His patient wife with a smile immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," she said, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish indeed! I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a bull-frog of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length.

Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little astonished at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and he was wrong, and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him another such lesson—and he was as good as his word.

AGATHA'S HOPE.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

Agatha had been one of my pupils She was a flaxen-haired German girl, whom I always looked upon with pleasure, for she was ever gentle and reasonable. She never saw my face, for she was blind. Some years after she left the institution I found myself spending a quiet Sabbath in one of the loveliest towns in Michigan. Agatha had heard that I was coming, and sent a message to me by a friend. Would I call on her? Of course I would.

I found her in a humble home, changed indeed, but glad to see me, for the blind always speak of *seeing* the friends who come to see them. She was in failing health, with little prospect of a very long life. On the shelf of her little room was a copy of the Bible in the large raised print that conveys the light of divine truth to the blind through their sensitive fingers. It was a gift from kind friends. Charles Dickens made a noble present to the blind of this country, when, at his own expense, he had an edition of his "Old Curiosity Shop" struck off in raised print, giving several copies to each institution for the blind in the whole United States. Agatha's fingers had traced the words of Dickens in this beautiful story years ago; but now there was only one story that had any charms for her, and that was the story of One who gave sight to the blind, and who, she trusted would in her heavenly home give it to her. When I first entered the room I asked myself, what has this poor girl to think of that can bring her any thing but added darkness? How little I knew of the sunshine of the soul that may come to one who has learned the lesson of perfect trust. And so, for one precious hour, my pupil taught me a deeper lesson of faith and hope and trust than I had ever taught her. We are wont to wish that we may "walk by faith and and not by sight," but never before had I seen such an illustration of that text.

Day by day Agatha's hope grows brighter, and day after day she teaches those who come to see her the value of a Christian's hope. She has walked through life in darkness, and she does not see the shadow of death; but she seems to await the summons to her eternal home, "soothed by an unfaltering trust," and her approach to her last resting place is like that of

"One who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

THE PRAYER ANSWERED.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

"What service can I render Thee, O Lord?"
I ask on bended knee;
"By all the universe art Thou adored,
Yet heed my humble plea."

The answer came in accents soft and sweet:
"Thy prayer is heard, dear child;
Henceforth to walk with me I'll guide thy feet
In pathways undefiled.

"So, by thy holy life to Me thou'lt bring
What service most I prize.
No mighty deed of thine shall mortals sing;
No lettered shaft arise

To tell thy worth when 'dust to dust' is given;
But, chronicled by Me,
Thy lowly deeds shall bring thee joy in heaven
To all eternity."

I rose to live a life unspotted, pure;
To do my dear Lord's will;
In meek submission every ill to endure,
To suffer and be still.

I rose to follow where His pierced hand
Should show to me the way,
Sure it would lead at last to glory-land,
Where reigneth endless day.

AUSTRALIAN SPIDERS AND FLIES.

Australia is the land of contrariety in regard to animal and vegetable life—such as black swans, the duck-mole, fish which climb trees, cherries with the stone outside, and veritable wooden pears—but one fact regarding spiders and flies is equally strange, for here there is a fly which catches spiders. He is a wiry, energetic, hard-looking customer, body longish and narrow; color, literally half-mourning, and about three-quarters of an inch long; he builds a clay nest for his larvæ generally inside locks, under verandah eaves, or even in cracks of woodwork, and sometimes in the folds of curtain or clothes. In one case, while staying at a friend's house about twenty miles from Sydney, I left my waterproof coat untouched for about four days, and on taking it down there was a nest nearly built in one of the folds, about the size of one's little finger, and three or four inches in length. On replacing the coat and leaving it for another few days, and then examining it, the nest was finished, had three compartments, one little white grub in each, and for its food several small green spiders, not then quite dead, but apparantly in a state of coma. These spiders were evidently taken out of the orange orchard, as there were plenty of the same kind alive about the trees; but last week, whilst up in the mountains, I watched one of the flies carrying off a black house spider quite as big as itself; and during the course of the day saw him three separate times, and on each occasion with a large spider. I could not find the nest; but the farmer tells me that he has occasionally done so, and found as many as twenty good-sized spiders of various kinds, all apparently dead, but not decayed, and generally five or six larvæ of the fly.

There is also a large spider which actually catches small birds occasionally, and kills and devours them. He is like a wasp in color; body, shape and size of a small hazel-nut; legs, long and wiry; and he also looks a hard-skinned customer. The web is always double, one about half as large again as the other, and made of such a strong, yellowish fibre that if, accidently walking into it, you feel a sensible stoppage of your way for the moment. One bird—the wreck of which I myself saw left in the web—was rather smaller than the English wren, and the web was strong enough to stand all its struggles, although a little broken here and there.

As regards size of some spiders, we have a flat-bodied, grey-coloured one here which builds no web, but lives under bark of dead trees, behind boards, &c., the body of which is about the size of a shilling and not much thicker, but the legs of which are quite as long as the fingers of an ordinary-sized hand, and the whole spread is about a hand's breadth. This is for the fullest sized ones; but the common run of them are five or six inches across.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A BAD GIRL TO MARRY.

A bad daughter, says the writer, seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at her brothers and sisters, and "shirks" her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched. There are girls who fancy themselves so far superior to their parents that the mere privilege of enjoying their society in the house ought to be all the old people should have the assurance to ask. While their mothers are busy with domestic duties they sit in the easiest chair or lie on the softest sofas, feeding on cheap and trashy novels, and cherish the notion that they are very literary individuals.

The household drudgery is too coarse for such ladies as they. Girls of this sort are generally very anxious to be married, that they may escape the disagreeableness of a home where they are held more or less under subject. A caller, who doesn't have a chance to see how they behave as daughters, may be excused for fancying them lovely and lovable beings; but one who does see it is foolish if he commits himself by offering marriage to a girl of this sort. If she will not assist her mother in the domestic labors, is she not likely to be equally slothful and ill-tempered when she marries? If she now thinks herself too fine to work, is it safe to expect that her views as to that matter would radically change if she became a wife?

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—Rev. Mr. Christopher once called on an aged class-leader, and after having prayed with the family, said:

"Brother, how is it you have been a church member so long, and yet are not a converted man?"

"Are you my judge?"

"I know you by your fruits. You have no family worship?"

"Do you know that I have no family worship?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Well, it is true, but I would like to know who told you?"

"No one told me, but I know that had you been in the habit of having family worship that cat would not have jumped out of the window, frightened, as it did, when we knelt to pray."

The test was true in that case. The brother confessed that he had omitted family worship because he did not wish to hinder his workmen. He was touched with the reproof and immediately set up an altar, and years afterward testified that he had found it profitable, even financially, to acknowledge God in his house. Since he had made his religion real in his daily life his workmen had become more industrious and faithful.

So we come back to the truth of the old statement, "Prayer and provender kinder no man's journey."—*Selected.*

A LITTLE ADVICE.—I want to give you three or four rules:

One is always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, speak your words pleainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Another is do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh! children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once!

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen. Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do the thing you don't like to do first; and then with a clear conscience do the rest.

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PAIN-KILLER

HAS ACTED THE

GOOD PHYSICIAN

In curing Cholera
and all Summer Complaints,
Cramps and Pains in the Stomach,
Sudden Colds, also for Scalds, Burns,
Bruises, Sprains, Chilblains, Boils, Rheumatic
Affections, Neuralgia, Toothache, Pains
in the Joints or Limbs, Stings
of Insects, &c., &c., &c.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The **Pain-Killer** is recommended by Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Workshops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals,—in short, by *everybody everywhere* who has ever given it a trial.

The **Pain-Killer** is prepared from the best and purest material, with the most approved appliances that can be had for money, and with a care that insures the most perfect uniformity. No expense is spared to make it what it is, superior to all would-be competitors, a thoroughly reliable killer of pain. Instantaneous in action, harmless and safe in the most unskilful hands.

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.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

FOR CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS,

As well as all Summer Complaints of a similar nature, the Pain-Killer acts with *wonderful rapidity* and *never fails* when taken at the commencement of an attack, and often cures after every other remedy has failed. If you reside in a country place far from a physician, the Pain-Killer can be relied upon; it never fails.

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The proverb "A stitch in time saves nine," is never so well illustrated as in the treatment of these complaints. A teaspoonful of Pain-Killer taken at the beginning of an attack will prove a certain cure and save much suffering.

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The Pain-Killer is put up in 2 oz. and 5 oz. bottles, retailing at 25 and 50 cents respectively,—large bottles are therefore cheapest.

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may—14 1y

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ON and after MONDAY, the 14th June, the Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:—

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

	RAILWAY TIME.	ST. JOHN TIME.
Express for Halifax, connecting at Moncton with accommodation for North	7.55 A. M.	8.00 A. M.
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.45 A. M.	11.50 A. M.
Express for Sussex	5.10 P. M.	5.15 P. M.
Express for Halifax and Quebec	10.25 P. M.	10.30 P. M.

A Pullman Car runs daily on the latter Train to Halifax, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Pullman Car for Montreal is attached. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Pullman Car for Montreal is attached at Moncton.

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

	RAILWAY TIME.	ST. JOHN TIME.
Express from Quebec and Halifax	6.00 A. M.	6.05 A. M.
Express from Sussex	9.05 A. M.	9.10 A. M.
Accommodation from Point du Chene	1.55 P. M.	2.00 P. M.
Express from Halifax and points south of Campbellton	7.35 P. M.	7.40 P. M.

D. POTTINGER,
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Railway Office, Moncton, N.B.
9th June, 1880. jun 18

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LANDING:—125 bbls. Buda Flour.
ALSO,—Three Bells, Gilt Edge, White Pigeon and White Buns.
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VASELINE COLD CREAM, Vasseline Pomade;
Sacket Powders, extra quality, Mona Bouquet Perfume;
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It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without leas—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

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London House, Wholesale.

NEW GOODS!

RECEIVED DURING THE PAST WEEK:

3 CASES Worsted Coatings.
11 cases Tweeds and Melons.
2 cases Black Broads and Doeskins.
5 " Black Lustres and Brilliantines.
1 " Black Satins and Velveteens.
5 " Black Cashmeres, Merinos, Italians.
4 " Oxford Shirtings, Silesias, Canvas.
7 " Prints, Pompadours, Ferets.
3 " Saxony Winces.
3 " Frillings, Muslins, Crapes.
2 " Hosiery and Gloves.
3 " Towellings, Tablings, Tickings.
28 " General Haberdashery in Braids, Sewings in Silk, Linen, Cotton, Twines, Twists, Yarns, Buttons, Needles, etc., etc.
12 " White Cottons.
25 bales Grey Cottons.
6 " Striped Hessians.
5 " Brown Ducks.

DANIEL & BOYD.
jy 16 Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

NEW MESS SHAD!

Now Landing:
80 BBLS. Economy Mess Shad; 50 Half-Bbls. Economy Mess Shad. We will be constantly applied with above Choice Shad through the Season.
G. BENT & SONS,
jly 23 South Market Wharf.

IMPORTATION OF

FALL DRY GOODS

Per Parthia, Nestoria, Trinacria, &c.
AUGUST.

1 CASE BLACK SILK VELVETS;
1 case Colored Silk Velvets;
1 case Black and Colored French Silks;
1 case Colored Satins, Lace Mits and Ribbons;
1 case Straw Hats; 1 case Hat and Bonnet Shapes;
1 case Dress Trimmings and Ornaments;
2 cases Dress and Ulster Buttons;
2 cases Fashionable Dress Materials;
1 case French Wove Corsets; 1 case Ladies' Belts;
1 case Book Muslins; 1 case I. R. Braces;
1 case Scotch Tweeds; 1 case Waterproof Coats;
2 cases Lining Cottons;
1 case Ginghams and Dark Galateas;
1 case Oxford Shirtings;
1 case Table Damasks and Towels; 1 case Towelings;
1 case Pillow Cottons, all Widths;
2 cases Bleached Sheetings;
1 case English White Cotton; 8 cases Prints;
1 case Gentlemen's Scarfs and Ties;
3 cases Knitting Yarns;
14 cases Cotton Swansdown Flannels;
1 bale Fine American Unbleached Cotton.
Wholesale and Retail.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
aug. 13

Counting House File!

THIS file has been only a short time in the market, but has made its way SIMPLY ON ITS MERITS, with surprising rapidity, and is acknowledged to be the most convenient, useful and satisfactory file made. THE WORKING EXPENSES OF THIS SYSTEM OF FILING ARE ONLY HALF OF THAT OF ANY OTHER, as no filing case or box is required in which to put the index after it is filed and removed from 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 once obtained the only expense is for indexes.
For sale by
BARNES & COMPANY,
jly 30.n Stationers, Prince William Street.

BATH SPONGES.

JUST RECEIVED:—1 Case Bath Sponges;
1 Case Carriage Sponges.
For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
jy 16 35 and 37 King Street.

SULPHATE QUININE

JUST RECEIVED:—200 Ounces Sulphate Quinine.
For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
jy 16 35 and 37 King Street.

JUST RECEIVED:

1 BALE GUM ARABIC—Sorts;
1 Case GUM ARABIC—Best;
8 Cases SCOTT'S EMULSION;
1 Bbl. Litharge—Dry; 4 Bbls. Lump Pumice Stone;
1 Tub Swedish Leeches; 15 Carboys Acid—Muriatic;
15 Carboys ACID—Sulphuric;
6 Carboys Liquor Ammonia; 1 Sack Cubeb Berries;
1 Case VIRGIN WHITE WAX;
60 Cases Campbell's QUININE WINE;
6 Cases " GRAPE JUICE;
1 Case " CHARCOAL BISCUITS;
1 Case " Arca Nut Tooth Paste;
24 Cases Hop Bitters; 5 Bbls. Poland Water;
4 Cases Acid—Carbolic; 6 Boxes Black Smalts;
5 Bbls. Borax—Lump; 2 Cases Borax—Powdered;
7 Casks Blue Vitrol; 2 Bbls. Sugar Lead;
10 Bbls. Paris Whiting; 10 Bags Hemp Seed;
7 Bags CANARY SEED.
For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
aug.6 35 and 37 King Street.

Ladies' Black Lace Mitts,

COLORED Lace Mitts, Mayfair Lace Mitts,
Duchess of Connaught Lace Mitts, Black Ice Wool Squares.
Gentlemen's Scarfs and Neck Ties. New Black Silk Girdles.
Hamburg Edgings, narrow. Bond's Venetian Blind Tapes,
India Tapes. Bullion Fringes (Worsted).
Colored Llama Braids, Homespun Braids.
Linen Threads. Clark's Reels.
Cloak Fasteners; Winceys. Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves.
Braces; Austrian Blankets. Black Lisle Thread Hosiery.
MANCHESTER, ROBERSTON & ALLISON.
jy 23

SALT LANDING.

Ex "Thomas Perry" and "Gettysburg":
12,000 SACKS COMMON SALT; 1,400 Sacks Factory Filled Butter Salt.
GILBERT BENT & SONS.
july 9.

White Cotton Terry

(OR TURKISH TOWELING.)

COLORED Cotton Terry,
White Cotton Huck Towels,
White Cotton Honey Comb Towels,
Unbleached Cotton Huck and Honey Comb Towels,
Brown Linen Turkish Toweling.
Oxford Shirtings, Checks and Stripes.
Indigo Blue Serge Suitings, for Gentlemen's Summer Suits and Boys' Wear.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
jy 16

CLOCKS AND SILVER-PLATED GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED—4 cases containing American Clocks and Nickle Alarms.
4 cases Silver Plated Goods, consisting of Epergnes, Tea Sets and Urns, Cake Baskets, Butter Coolers, Castors, Salvers, Vases, Cups, Spoons, Forks, &c.
☞ Prices to suit the times at
PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON'S,
jy 9 43 King street, St. John.

NEW GOODS!

Now in Stock:
3 CASES Shirtings; 2 Cases Cashmeres;
1 Case RUSSELL CORDS;
1 Case French Merinos; 2 Cases Black Lustres;
1 Case Black Coburgs; 1 Case Ladies' Mantles;
1 Case I. R. COATS;
1 Case MARSHALL'S MACHINE THREADS;
1 Case MOHAIR and PARAMATTA BUTTONS;
8 Cases BLACK and BROWN SUN HATS.
Also: Colored Cambrics, in Seal Brown, Navy Blue, Dark Green, and Cardinal.
COLORED COTTON DAMASKS.
TABLE LINENS, LINEN TOWELS, &c.
DANIEL & BOYD,
jly 30.n Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

REFINED SUGAR.

Ex "Austrian" from Glasgow, and to arrive by next Steamer.
28 CASKS REFINED SUGAR, Various grades.
For sale by
G. BENT & SONS,
aug.6 South Market Wharf.

FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
General Agent, Notary Public and Broker

OFFICES:
INSURANCE BLOCK, PRINCE WM. STREET
ST. JOHN, N. B.

ADEQUATE RATES AND CLAIMS PROMPTLY PAID AT MATURITY IN CASH.

Losses paid at this Agency since May, 1866, including disastrous fire of 20th June, 1877, One Million, Nine Hundred and Sixty Thousand Dollars.

CAPITAL OVER TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

And Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars deposited at Ottawa.

Imperial Fire Insurance Co.
OF LONDON, ESTABLISHED 1803.

THE ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
INCORPORATED 1819.

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
ORGANIZED 1810.

THE MERCHANTS' MARINE
Assurance Company.
OF CANADA.
(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.)
Capital One Million, with power to increase to Two Million Dollars.

THE BRITISH AMERICA
INSURANCE COMPANY,
INCORPORATED 1833.

In order to avoid misunderstanding, Fire Premiums should be paid, either by cash or check, at the time Insurance is ordered or renewed; otherwise the Underwriters cannot be deemed liable.

This Agency offers protection against loss and damage by fire, on terms as favorable as the character of the risks will justify.

Marine Insurance effected on vessels, cargoe and freights to and from any part of the Commercial World.

Time and Voyage Policies issued at once, on terms and conditions as customary.

Apply at Office,
INSURANCE BUILDING, PRINCE WM. STREET
ST. JOHN, N. B.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
General Agent, Broker, and Notary Public and Broker
aug 31

23 CASES

Rubber Goods

JUST RECEIVED AT

LOTTIMER'S

SHOE STORE,

INCLUDING
LADIES' LONG RUBBER BOOTS,
GENTS' LONG RUBBER BOOTS,
MISSES' LONG RUBBER BOOTS,
CHILD'S LONG RUBBER BOOTS.
And a full line of

Rubber Shoes

FOR
Ladies,' Gents,' Boys,' Youth's, Misses' and Children's Wear.

P. S.—Don't forget to go to Lottimer's for your RUBBERS.
apr16.—McL.

Agents Wanted for the Pictorial
BIBLE COMMENTATOR
Embodies best results of latest research. Bright and readable. 475 illustrations. Many new features. Sells to all classes. Low in price (Only $8.75.) Extra terms.
BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO., Brantford, Ontario.
oct.17—1y june 4

MENEELY & COMPANY,
Bell Founders, West Troy, N. Y.
Fifty years established. CHURCH BELLS and CHIMES ACADEMY, FACTORY BELLS, &c. Improved Patent Mountings. Catalogues free. No agencies. july 9—1y.

J. & W. A. VANWART,
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
☞ Accounts collected and loans negotiated on good ecurities. mar 31—1y

Clifton House,
74 Princess Street & 143 Germain Street
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS HOUSE is centrally located, furnished with all the modern improvements, and is within two minutes walk of the principal business places of the City.

All the rooms are light and airy, with a fine view of the Harbour.

☞ Travellers and Tourists will find this a First-Class Hotel.

A. N. PETERS,
june 11—1y Proprietor.

DR. B. R. SOMERVILLE,
HARTLAND, N. B.
aug 22 tf

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Established in 1837.
Superior Bells of Copper and Tin, mounted with the best Rotary Hangings, for CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, FARMS, FACTORIES, COURT HOUS