

## Poetry.

## ONE WORD FROM JESUS.

THE SERVANT'S WORDS.  
Sometimes my Master puts me  
In a thirsty, barren place,  
Where his name is never mentioned  
Nor his wondrous love and grace;  
Where around me and about me  
I might not darkness see,  
And the enemy is waiting  
To deceive and blindfold me.

When dwelling in the sunlight  
I thought that I could hear  
A light, into the darkness  
That would shine most clearly there;  
I thought I could be steadfast,  
Leaning on his might alone,  
And I asked him for an opening  
His glorious name to own.  
I thought that I could tell  
In burning words of love—  
The joy of knowing Jesus  
As Saviour, King above;  
The joy he has in saving  
His people from their sin,  
His readiness, his power,  
The heart's first love to win.  
But, ah! with shame I tell him,  
With shame and sorrow too—  
I wish that I could speak it  
As I thought and meant to do—  
But the precious name of Jesus,  
To me so very dear,  
To those who do not love him  
Falls coldly to the ear.  
And I dread to tell my secret,  
Though I know my light is dim,  
And I thus continue silent  
When I ought to speak for him.

## THE MASTER'S WORDS.

"I will put my words in his mouth," Deut. xviii. 18.  
This is the Master's message,  
In a thirsty, barren place;  
I will feed on this green pasture,  
His word of power and grace;  
And I, abiding in him,  
Will be so very near,  
That his words are a whisper  
Will be to me most clear.  
And oh! one word from Jesus,  
Put in my mouth, will be  
Worth more than all the hundreds  
Prepared and planned by me.  
"Speak, for thy servant heareth,"  
Is listening for thy voice;  
Thy word can make the wilderness  
To blossom and rejoice.

—London Christian.

## The Fireside.

## "MISS HANNAH'S BOY."

It was a cold, dark afternoon, and Miss Hannah Reed drew her shawl more closely around her as she came down the school-house steps. She was a teacher in the public school, and since her father's death had found urgent need for all that she could earn. Miss Hannah's strength was not great, and her work pressed heavily, so that often when night came she was too tired to read.

The day had been a trying one, and Miss Reed felt unusually weary; the Sunday before she had as yet given up her Sunday-school class because her head ached thinking generally under a severe headache. Thinking over this fact, Miss Reed gave an audible sigh, and said half aloud:

"Well, well; there is no use in my trying to do anything but earn a living; I have time and strength for nothing else."

At this moment she found herself opposite a locksmith's shop, and remembering that she wanted a key altered, entered the shop. The master was out, but a pale, not very attractive looking boy sat at work, and he said that she could have the key by the next day. As Miss Hannah turned to leave, a weary look in the boy's face caught her eye, and she said in a kindly way:

"Do you like this work, my lad?"

The boy looked up surprised, but seeing a look of interest in her face, said timidly:

"I like it pretty well, ma'am, but I get very tired; I'm not used to it."

"What have you been used to do?" said Miss Reed.

"I lived on a farm," said the boy; "but father didn't need us all to help him, so he said I had better come to the city, and I found this place."

"Do you earn enough to live on?"

"I only get enough to pay my board, and have very little left."

"Where do you board?"

"Not far from here; there are six other fellows that board in the house."

"What do you do in the evening? Do you sit with your landlady?"

"She don't often sit anywhere, I think, for she's working most of the time, and we don't say much to her except when we pay our bills. When I can earn a little extra, I go to the minstreis; it's right lively there."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"No, ma'am; I don't know much about the churches, and my clothes are not good enough to go."

"Do you ever read?"

"Not much; there are not many books at our house; one fellow takes a newspaper, and he lends me that sometimes."

It was getting late, and Miss Reed, after learning that the boy's name was Joseph Steele, said pleasantly, "Well, Joseph, we have had a talk, haven't we?"

When she went home, two voices seemed to be speaking to her; one voice said, "There is a friendless boy with no good influences around him, can you not help him a little?" The other said, "I wouldn't trouble myself about him; you have enough to do."

The first voice must have been the strongest, for the next day, when Miss Reed called for the key, she said to Joe:

"Wouldn't you like to go to Sunday-school with me next Sunday?"

"I don't care much about it, but if you want me to go, I will."

"I would wish you to go once and see how you like it," said Miss Reed; "and if you call on me at two o'clock next Sunday, we will go together."

When Sunday came, Miss Reed had a headache, and almost hoped that Joe would not appear; but as the clock struck he came, looking clean and neat, and they soon reached the school. The room was a very attractive place, and Joe gazed curiously around. The superintendent shook hands with him very kindly, and then placed him in the class of a very earnest, faithful teacher. After school, Miss Reed found a chance to tell Joe's teacher a few facts about his new scholar, and then she walked some distance with Joe, and was delighted to hear him say that he liked that teacher first-rate, and he meant to come next Sunday.

This was the beginning of new things for Joe. Miss Reed never did anything by halves, and her interest in the boy did not wane. In a few weeks she was rejoiced to discover Joe Steele dressed in a new coat, sitting in the church gallery. He smiled as he caught her eye, and after church he told her that his teacher had helped him to get the coat, and to please him he had come to church. Before long the good teacher invited his whole class to spend the evening with him. Joe told Miss Reed that he was the best evening he had ever spent; he said that they had "nuts and oranges, and the teacher's sister played on the piano, and the boys hardly wanted to go home when the time came."

A good many times Miss Reed purposely passed the little shop so that she might give a kindly word to Joe as he worked, and it always seemed to Joe that he could work better after she had passed by. Another ill-fitting key took Miss Reed again to the shop. And this time she invited Joe to come and see her some evening; and Joe ventured to call, a little shamed at first, but greatly pleased. Miss Reed showed him the pretty things in her parlor, and was exerted all her tact to draw him out. She was pleased to hear him speak quite intelligently of his farm life, and showing him her stereoscope, and treating him to fruit, it was time to go. Joe remarked that he had enjoyed himself wonderfully, and then Miss Reed lent him an interesting book, and after promising to come again, Joe took his departure.

Miss Reed felt very tired when her guest had gone, but to the boy the evening had been worth more than gold. The thought that any one in the great city cared anything about him was a great stimulant to his better nature. The contact with a refined, educated lady had given him a glimpse of a different life from that which he had known. Henceforth, Miss Reed became a synonym for all that was good and wise in the eyes of Joe.

The Reed household began to be interested in Joe, and they fell into the fashion of calling him "Hannah's boy." Even Mrs. Simmons, the old lady in the next house, became interested in him, and when he passed her window, she would nod at him and say, "There comes 'Hannah's boy'; what a deal of pains she would take for that lad; well, well, it may do him good," and then her thoughts would wander to her own boy far away, and she hoped somebody might care for him.

One day Miss Reed met Joe coming out of a beer-shop, and as she came up, he looked a little confused. "Why Joe," she said, "do you need to drink beer?" Joe said that he generally got very thirsty by noon, and liked to take one glass, and did not see any harm in that. "I don't know as there is," said Miss Reed, "but, Joe, many a boy who begins by going to a beer-house and by taking something stronger, and I would be glad if you never went again." Joe looked very grave as she passed on; but he told her afterwards that he wasn't going any more.

As the time passed on a gradual change became visible in the locksmith's boy, Joe's coat was nearly brushed; his hair was smooth, and both language and manner changed for the better. Potent influences were at work, and there came a look of intelligence into his face which it did one good to see. Some time after this the locksmith had to give up his shop, and Joe was without work; but his Sunday-school teacher succeeded in finding a situation for him in the large house in which he himself was employed, and Miss Reed was delighted at this good fortune, for though she saw Joe much less frequently after this, she knew that he was going steadily on, winning the good opinion of his employers. Whenever she met Joe, the pleased look in his face showed that she was still a dearly valued friend.

Two years have slipped away; and if you had been in Dr. G.'s church last Sunday, you would have seen a pleasant sight. Six young men walked into the church and took their stand as true servants of God. Among them, with gentlemanly bearing and reverent face, stood "Miss Hannah's boy." Could that young Christian soldier be indeed the same boy? Yes, for in her parlor was Miss Reed, and as she looked at him, sacred joy shone in her face. The good teacher was also there, and as he and Miss Reed shook hands with Joseph Steele after church, there was a light on their faces akin to that which the angels wear when a soul is delivered from sin.

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Miss Hannah Reed is still teaching, and is often weary; but in the better country her rest will be sweet, and to her the Master will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto me, ye did it unto me." Are there not many in our great cities who, like Miss Hannah Reed, might help one boy or girl to a better life?

## THE LOST WELL.

In the Sahara desert only a few wells are found; they are looked upon with reverence as the gift of God. It is not, as some suppose, a vast flat region, but interspersed with mountains; rocks of vast size are as common as sand. No country is so difficult to traverse, for there are no landmarks; the only trace a caravan leaves is the bones of the horses or camels that die by the way. Those who travel the desert carry water and food enough to last them from well to well; and, if they lose the route, they all usually perish.

An old legend tells of a certain tribe that had found a well among the mountains, and around it they lived in perfect happiness. The summer months they passed on the banks of the Nile. It was so seriously hidden that it was impossible to find it except in this way: One of the tribe stayed all summer there, and on a certain day watched for the return of the others; they having arrived at a certain white, camel-shaped mountain, made a fire, and the water seeing this built one on the mountain; thus were they guided to the oasis.

At one time the tribe returned and built a fire, but no response was elicited; they waited, they sought for the path, but all in vain, and they were obliged to return to Egypt, losing from hunger and thirst a very large portion of the tribe; the secret of the approach to the well had disappeared; it existed only in tradition.

Nearly 100 years passed, and a young man having escaped from the oppression of the chief, made his way into the mountains. He travelled three days in search of a well, wandering among the valleys; finally he was obliged to ascend a mountain of dazzling whiteness. He remembered the tradition—it was shaped like a camel. Looking like the green tops of some palm trees. Toward these he pressed, almost overcome with heat, thirst and weariness. It was a beautiful spot; the palm trees had grown luxuriantly and tall; only an aged man resided here, surrounded with a species of antelope. He was the water carrier of the oasis. He had been unable to build the fire, having fallen from the rocks. Nor could he find the way out. Since then stones have been set up to mark the way.—Scholar's Companion.

## CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness is a necessity in successful poultry keeping, and the neglect of it results in speedy loss. One farmer's chickens die with cholera, and have every other chicken that chicken feed is heir to, while the chicken of his near neighbor are always healthy. This is not infrequently the case in a neighborhood, and the poultry raiser is unable to discern the cause of his bad luck. Let us look on upon the cause of it was built. And he has not even been cleaned out for a couple of years. The roosting-poles are covered with dirt, and it will be a marvel if they are not covered with vermin. Perhaps the house is poorly ventilated, and the fowls are compelled to take in disease every time they draw breath. The water furnished them to drink is foul, and perhaps their food is thrown into the filth of a yard or house. Now, would it not be miraculous if any living thing except vermin could live or preserve health amidst surroundings like these?

All this is different with the neighbor whose chickens are healthy and vigorous. His poultry house is neatly whitewashed. The cracks which serve as lurking places for vermin are filled. Quite likely that the smell of carbolic acid assures you that that man strives to have everything about his poultry house clean and pure. There is nothing so easy as to get sick or small about the premises, and that is the reason that his poultry is healthy.

Now for the sake of the poultry and for the sake of appearance, suppose we try the cleaning process, the danger arising from it. People generally pay no attention to what they eat and drink, and seldom regard what goes into their lungs, though the latter process often the more fatal of the two. The one great safeguard is ventilation at all times.

SILVER WHITING.—A very pretty mixture that young folks will like for writing with, is made by mixing one ounce finest powder or block tin, and two ounces of pulverized silver. People generally pay no attention to what they eat and drink, and seldom regard what goes into their lungs, though the latter process often the more fatal of the two. The one great safeguard is ventilation at all times.

POTATOES A L'ALLEMANDE.—Professor Blot says that a nice way to cook potatoes, is to steam, peel, and then slice them. Next, cut some bread in butter, and turn the whole in a bowl, dust well with sugar, pour a little milk all over, and bake for about fifteen minutes; serve warm.

VENTILATION.—Unwholesome air is a very common cause of disease. Few persons are aware of the danger arising from it. People generally pay no attention to what they eat and drink, and seldom regard what goes into their lungs, though the latter process often the more fatal of the two. The one great safeguard is ventilation at all times.

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permit us to help him to dispel it at once. Poul try, when it is rightly kept, and the way to keep it right is to keep it clean.

## ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!  
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!  
Though clever at ruses  
And sharp at excuses,  
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!  
Whatever you are, be frank, boys!  
Tis better than money and rank, boys;  
Still cleave to the right,  
Be lovers of light,  
Be open, aboveboard, and frank, boys!  
Whatever you are, be kind, boys!  
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;  
The man gentle in mind,  
Words, and temper, I ween,  
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!  
But whatever you are, be true, boys!  
Be visible through and through, boys;  
Leave to others the shamming,  
The "preening" and "crumming";  
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

## NO USE.

There is no use in putting up the motto, "God bless our house," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by the parents to the children, and by the elder to the younger. There is no use in putting up a motto, "The Lord will provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is selfish, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gossaws and finery. There is no use in putting up the motto, "The greatest of these is Charity," while the tongue of the backbiters in the family, and the silly gossip is dispensed at the tea table. There is no use in placing up conspicuously the motto, "The liberal man deviate liberal things," while the house chinks in the pockets of "the head of the house," groaning to get out to see the light of day, and there are dollars and dimes for wines and tobacco and other luxuries, but positively not one cent for the Church. In how many homes are these mottoes standing—let us say hanging—sarcasms, which serve only to point a jest or adorn a satire? The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful, hopeful, free-handed, free-hearted, charitable lives is one of surpassing loveliness, and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they shall remain fresh and fadeless when the colors of the pigment and the worst of the fashions have faded, and the very fancies have rotted away in their joints.—Exchange.

## POLITENESS AT HOME.

Politeness, a due and proper regard, that is, for the feelings, wishes and pleasures of other people, is the thing that, perhaps of all others, renders life the easiest and pleasantest; it is the oil that lubricates the wheels of the complex machinery of human life, and secures that feeling of satisfaction, it is, then, that it should be disregarded. It is, in fact, it is, in domestic life, the place where of all others, its softening influence is the most required! Many of the bitterest and most irreparable disagreements in married life have arisen, not from any want of absolute affection, but from a carelessness on one side or the other, frequently on both, as to the manner in which subjects on which there may be a difference of opinion are remarked upon. It is almost impossible that people can, even though they be husband and wife, think alike on every subject; the probabilities are that on many their opinions will be widely different. Why, however, should they not be as politely tolerant of each other's views in private as conventionality would force them to be in public? Men are the worst offenders, perhaps because they care less, and consequently think less, of the small courtesies of life than do women. Still, this reflection hardly comes to a woman when she first finds her husband punctilious in helping other women over the raised stile, while he leaves her to climb a fire escape unassisted, nor is she free from a certain feeling of mortification when she finds he considers it too much trouble to dress for dinner with her alone, or to vouchsafe an answer to a question should he have a newspaper in his hand.

## WOMAN'S PATIENCE.

How strange that the patience of Job should be considered so remarkable, when there are so many mothers in the world whose patience equals it if it does not exceed his! What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house and sew, and knit, and nurse the children, and see that the needs of different things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, and fret, and complain? Or how would he have stood it, if like some poor woman, he had been obliged to rear a family of ten or twelve children without help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, nursing children; fastened to the house and his offspring from morning till night, and from night till morning; sick or well, in storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children? How could he have stood all this, and in addition to all other troubles, the curses and even violence of a drunken companion? How could he have held out wearing out his very existence for his tender offspring, and a worthless companion, to be abused and blamed? Job endured his boils and losses very well for a short time, but they did not endure long enough to test the length of his patience. Women test their patience by a whole life of trials, and she does not grudge at the end of her life, when she is honestly of the opinion that woman has more patience than Job; and instead of saying, "The patience of Job," we should say, "The patience of woman."

SOME OF MISS CORSON'S TEACHINGS.—Potatoes, any time of the year, can be made meaty if boiled in salt and water and drained and then covered with a thick towel and left in a bowl of the range five minutes.

To retain the color of any vegetable plunge it into cold water after boiling.

Cooks make the mistake of boiling things too much. After reaching the boiling point, meats should simmer. The toughest meats can be made tender by so doing.

It is always best to underseason rather than to overseason food.

When anything is accidentally made too salt it can be counteracted by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar.

Meats of any kind should not be washed, but wiped with a towel to preserve the juices and quality.

## HOME HINTS.

TO CLEANSE GLASS FRAMES.—Take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to one and one half pints of water; boil in this water four onions, strain, and when cold wash with a soft brush any stain that requires restoring; when dry it will come out as good as new.

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FOR OVER  
**40 YEARS**  
PERRY DAVIS'  
**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, Chills, 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 unskillful 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.

## FOR SUDDEN COLDS, SORE THROAT, &amp;c.

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.

## TOOTHACHE, BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS, BRUISES, &amp;c.

The Pain-Killer will be found a willing physician, ready and able to relieve your suffering without delay, and at a very insignificant cost.

## GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For Colic, Cramps and Dysentery in horses, the Pain-Killer has no equal, and it has never been known to fail to effect a cure in a single instance. It is used in some of the largest veterinary and horse infirmaries of the world. To resuscitate young lambs or other stock chilled and dying very quickly, a little Pain-Killer mixed with milk will restore them to health very quickly.

The Pain-Killer is for sale by Druggists, Apothecaries, Grocers and Medicine Dealers throughout the world. 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.

**PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE,**  
PROPRIETORS,  
MONTREAL AND PROVIDENCE, R. I.

may-14 ly

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1880. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1880.  
ON and after MONDAY, the 14th June, the Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:—

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN, N.B. ST. JOHN  
Express for Halifax, connecting  
at Moncton with accommodation  
for North. 7.55 A.M. 8.00 A.M.  
Accommodation for Pointe-de-la-  
Croix. 11.45 A.M. 11.50 A.M.  
Express from St. John, N.B. 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.  
Express from Quebec and Halifax. 6.00 A.M. 6.05 A.M.  
Express from St. John, N.B. 9.05 A.M. 9.10 A.M.  
Accommodation from Pointe-de-la-Croix. 1.05 P.M. 2.00 P.M.  
Express from Halifax and Quebec. 7.55 P.M. 7.40 P.M.  
D. TOTTENGER, Chief Superintendent.

may-14 ly

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED AND IN STOCK—A large assortment of SILVER PLATED GOODS, consisting of Tea Sets, for Sets, Cutlery, Cake Baskets, Card Receivers, Pickle Stands, Cups, Communion Ware, &c. Also—a good stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, in Keyless and Keywinding, Open Face and Hunting Cases. Fine Gold Jewellery of every description, Silver Jewellery, &c.

WE ARE continuing adding NEW GOODS to our Stock and shall endeavor to meet the wants of any who may favor us with a call. PRICE 20 CENTS.

JEWELLERY of all kinds made to order on the premises.

PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON, 43 King Street.

may-7

EX "HIBERNIAN" 50 Sacks RANGGON RICE. For sale by GILBERT BENT & SONS, 5 to 8 South Market Wharf.

may-4

COMMON SALT now landing from above vessel—3,312 Sacks! For sale by GILBERT BENT & SONS, 5 to 8 South Market Wharf.

may-11

**PARKS' COTTON YARNS!**  
AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OF 1876.  
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