Poetry.

DISCOURAGED.

BY JEREMIAH THE SECOND.

Lord, I am weary of my life ;
The more I try, the more I fall ;
I shall be conquered in the strife,
I shall go down before the gale.

Unprofitable servant I ;
Though, heartity, as unto Thee,
It still has been my choice to try
Servant and friend to all to be.

I wiped the widow's tears away ;
The fallen ones I tried to raise ;
Toiled for the needy ; the astray
I sought and served through all my days.

The alien's babes I nursed with care ;
The sick, the prisoners, the poor,
I visited, and everywhere
I sought to make men true and pure.

I laughed with those that laughed, and wept
In kindred grief with souls distressed ;
For man, for beast, my heart has kept
Deep sympathy for all oppressed.

Yea, when the abjects cried to me,
I plead their cause ; I took their part ;
I hushed their foes—then, suddenly
They rose and stabbed me to the heart.

And some I loved ! Ah ! Thou hast seen
How for my love they hated me,
Thou knowest what it all doth mean—
To me a deadly mystery.

Thou, Love divine, didst feel the sting
Of cruel ingrates, long ago.
It broke Thy heart ! Oh, let me cling
To Thee ! Thou knowest all my woe.

Thou wilt not pour contempt on one
Whose crime is that which sealed Thy fate ;
Nor me abhor, whose part, alone,
For love, is treachery and hate.

I've failed in all I tried to do,
And failed in all I tried to win ;
My sheaves are scant, and poor, and few,
My best is stained and marred by sin.

And sin and wrong march proudly on,
While sorrow weeps along their path ;
And ruined souls in anguish groan,
And perish 'neath Thy righteous wrath.

I could not save mine own beloved !
How should I hope aught else to save ?
But emptiness my life has proved ;
Oh, let me hide me in my grave !

My toil, my prayers, my love, seem vain.
Righteous art Thou ! Lord Jesus, come !
Forgive my sins, assuage my pain,
And take Thy worn-out servant home.

Castle of Despair,
Bound in affliction and iron.

The Fireside.

LETTER TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

There is danger that, where so much pains is taken to amuse children and make them happy, they may grow selfish and exacting. Always to receive and never to give is as bad for children as for grown people. To be sure, there is not much they can do for you, and what they can do is worth very little in itself ; but just because it develops a generous thoughtfulness for others, encourage them in all their little plans for other people's pleasure. Children are naturally generous, and delight to make and give presents, until they see their gifts considered as rubbish. Probably they are ; but a great deal of love can be put into very common things. You keep their birthdays. Encourage them to remember the birthdays of the older members of the family, even if their celebrations are troublesome and their presents are useless. In the family festivals, let them have something to do for somebody else. Do not let the doing always be on your side.

I saw a birthday celebration once, and I shall never forget it. The mother's birthday had come too soon for the child's calculation, and there was no preparation made. The oldest, a sensitive, loving child of seven years, was overwhelmed with grief, and sobbed, "Mamma is always giving us something, and getting up things for us, and now we have forgotten her. Oh ! dear, dear !"

Close by stood a little basketful of stones, picked up in their afternoon ramble—just such stones as you can find in any New England pasture-lot or by any stone-wall. But the white, imperfect quartz crystals and the shining little bits of mica seemed very beautiful to the child. Suddenly she noticed the basket. There was a hurried consultation with her younger sister, a great parade of secrecy and business, a rattling of stones in the kitchen washbasin, and much dancing about and shouts of "Now, mamma, we've got something for your birthday. Don't look into the basket ! Now, don't guess—oh ! you never can guess what it is !"

The next morning at breakfast there was something on mamma's plate, heaping up the napkin so carefully spread over it.

When the napkin was lifted, there was nothing but the little heap of shining stones ; but the children were as happy as if they had been gold and diamonds. Said the youngest : "Mamma, I picked out the very prettiest, the very whitest, and shiuyest"; and the oldest added, "We washed them just as carefully last night."

The father said afteward :

"They came to me in the evening in great glee, for now they had something for mamma, and they showed me the stones, all wet and dripping in the basket—about as pitiful a thing for a present as could be imagined."

A trifle, you say, but the love and delight that went with that worthless little pile of stones could not be counted by dollars. No wonder the mother's eyes grew dim, as she looked from the stones heaped up on her plate to the glowing faces of the children, and that she carefully put the stones away. Trifles like these are the dearest of treasures to a mother's heart, if some day the bright eyes that shone with delight are forever shut from her sight, and the busy little hands are folded still and cold.

You never know how long you and your children will have each other. At best, they will not be little children always. Make the life which you live together as happy and as full of yourself as possible. If you can do but little, put plenty of love and sunshine into that little. If this habit comes—not because every wish is gratified, but because they are always busy at some cheerful or helpful work, never fear that they will grow up querulous and selfish. Children so trained are not apt to fall into fashionable listlessness, or to give themselves up to idle grief, if disappointment and sorrow come into their mature lives.

The effect of such a home atmosphere as this, is incalculable. It not only tends to strengthen and purify each separate individual in the family, but its influence is still deeper and more far-reaching. Whatever tends to make our family life more purer and stronger, is doing the best and noblest service for society. We women listen to the growl of the storm in other countries : we tremble for our own, and feel so useless and insignificant !

Brave little Holland keeps the whole mighty Atlantic at bay with her dykes of commonplace earth and stones and turf—mere every-day material. Take courage, weary mother. Your life may seem to you not much more than a dreary grind, day after day, to supply the physical wants of your children ; but if they grow up to love and honor you, because you deserve their love and honor—if they go out from you to build up other homes like the one you have made to them the purest and sweetest place on earth, you have built a few rods of dyke over against your own house, and so have built not for yourself alone, but for all society—not for to-day alone, but for all time.—*Mary Blake, in Scribner's.*

"AWFULLY LOVELY" PHILOSOPHY.

A few days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire into the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy. How do you like it ?"

"Oh ! its perfectly lovely. It is about science, you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about ?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules ?"

"Oh ! molecules ! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things ! Do you know, there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson too. They explain everything so beautifully."

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turn up the sides with a spray of foliage. Isn't it just too sweet ? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely ! Tell me some more science."

"Oh ! I almost forget about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook ! You should hear him go on about it ! I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, anyway ?"

"This is mull trimmed with Languedoc lace—"

"I don't mean that—that other."

"Oh ! differentiation ! ain't it sweet ? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things ! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own ! I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear ? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"Oh ! no ; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson, but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn anything else besides ?"

"Oh ! yes. We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common things like metaphysics, but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiations and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasms, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody besides Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly awfully mean." And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

PLAY GENTLY, BOYS!

While waiting for a lady, on whom I called the other day, to come in, I looked through a photographic album which was lying upon the table.

The face of a young lad was so bright and happy, I looked at it a long time. The eye was large and very clear, the brow very broad and smooth. It was just one of those faces that go with a cheery ring in it. When the lady came in, I turned back to it and asked if he was her son. The quick tears and the trembling on her lip gave me the sad answer before she spoke a word.

At length she told me all about it, and I will write it for you.

He was a bright and a good boy, always cheerful, pleasant and obedient, and so was very happy himself and made his parents very happy.

One bright summer day, he with some mates, were playing croquet under the trees, when the first school-bell rang. The mother was sitting by the window, and saw them quickly put away the mallets and hasten to school. Willie looked up and gave her a smile and nod as he passed the window. And she wondered within herself if it was a mother's love that made him look so handsome and noble to her, or if he really was the finest looking boy of all. And then she thought of all his glorious goodness and love, and what a blessing he was now to his parents, and what a staff and a comfort he would be in the old age that was creeping on them.

She did not see him again until he came to tea. He did not eat much—indeed, there is not much to eat in a country tea, only bread in some form, butter, some little relish, and a bit of cake. He went out after it and lay down in the hammock under a tree, and it was nearly dark before he came in. Then he said :

"Somehow I feel tired, and my head aches. I'll go to bed.

"You have played too hard this hot day, haven't you ?"

"I expect so. When I came out of school, some of the fellows were playing toss-and-pitch, and a little stone one of them threw hit my head, and it made me blind for a minute ; then it didn't hurt any, but it aches worse and worse."

The mother examined the head, but could find no bump, so bathed it all. He smiled wearily, kissed her, and went to bed. How little, rather how not at all, she dreamed it was her darling boy's last—last kiss !

She told his father, and he went up ; but Willie was asleep, and the father thought he would be "all right in the morning," and went out.

About an hour after, the mother went up. He was tossing and turning, moan, moan, moan. As she looked, a slight spasm passed over his face. She sent at once for a physician. Soon the dear child was in fearful spasms, and before midnight he was dead.

The bone back of and near the ear was fractured by that tiny stone.

I was told this more than a year ago, and last week a lady from another town told me of two brothers playing snow-ball, and one threw a bit of ice and struck the other behind the ear, and he lived but twelve hours.

So I write in warning to happy, playful boys, and close as I begin—play gently.—*Observer.*

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF FLOORS.—To clean floors from spots of grease, take equal parts of Fuller's earth and pearl ash—a quarter of a pound of each—and boil in a quart of soft water, and, while hot, lay it on the greased parts, and allow it to remain on them ten or twelve hours ; after which it must be scoured off with sand and water. A floor much spotted with grease should be completely washed over with this mixture the day before it is scoured. Fuller's earth and ox gall, boiled together, form a very powerful cleaning mixture for floors or carpets.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

[The late Dr. Chalmers is said to have been the author of the following beautiful lines, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved.]

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear ;
And over my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of sadness glide ;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones, all ;
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed him, and then she sighed ;
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played ;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers are all decayed ;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
[illegible] they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties ;
I shall roam on the banks of the river of peace
And bathe in its blissful tide ;
And one of the joys of life shall be,
The little boy that died.

[illegible] OF THE ANDERSONVILLE DOGS.

The Detroit *Free Press* tells a remarkable story of bloodhound's gratitude at Andersonville. The [illegible]oners were allowed to go out in squads, strongly [illegible]arded, to collect fire-wood. One day, it was the hero's turn to go ; and for the first time since his imprisonment, he caught sight of "Colonel Catcher," the big bloodhound. The Michigander noticed that the dog limped painfully on one of his forefeet, but gave the matter no special attention, until, after being out for half an hour, he sat down to rest near one of the guards. The dog approached the guard, as if to ask some favor, but was repulsed with an oath and a threatened blow. He then skulked around and came near the prisoner, who saw that he had an old horse-shoe nail run into his foot. With a little coaxing, he got the dog near, and finally pulled out the nail ; and the animal ran away, seemingly well pleased. Twelve days after that, one night about midnight, a tunnel was ready. The prisoner was a long time getting clear of the neighborhood ; and, weak and starved as he was, he was not more than two miles from the stockade when day broke, and "Colonel Catchem" was put on his track. When he heard the hound coming, he looked for a suitable tree to climb, but failed to find one. Armed with a club, he took his stand, and determined to make a fight for it. The dog recognized the man, and began exhibiting every sign of friendship. After a few minutes, the pursuers were heard in the distance. The dog at once trotted off in that direction, and was shortly baying and leading them over a fictitious trail. The prisoner pushed ahead for half an hour, and was then rejoined by the dog, who kept either close to his heels or just ahead of him all day, and lay beside him in the woods at night. This position of guardian or companion he maintained until toward night of the second day, when he returned to the stockade. The prisoner was then thirty miles away, but on the fifth morning he was recaptured. When he returned, the hound met and caressed him. From that hour to the close of the war, the dog would not take the trail of an escaping prisoner.—*New York Tribune.*

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL.

SOME USEFUL FACTS—"WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE ON'T."

A cubit is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A span is 10 7 8 inches.
A palm is three inches.
A great cubit is 11 feet.
A league is three miles.
Oats, 35 pounds per bushel.
Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.
Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.
Two persons die every second.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour,
A square mile contains 640 acres.
Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.
A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.
Buckwheat, 54 pounds per bushel.
The average human life is 31 years.
A barrel of rice is 600 pounds.
An acre contains 4,840 square yards.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.
Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.
A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,760 yards in length.
Corn rye and flaxseed, 26 pounds per bushel.
A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.
Wheat, beans and clover seed, 60 pounds per bushel.
The first almanac was printed by George Von Purbach in 1640.
Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning-wheel.
The first steam-engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

WORK AND PLAY.

And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a newspaper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but its because they quit at 6 P. M. and don't go home until 2 A. M. Its the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives you perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, my son ; young men who can make a living by sucking the end of a cane ; whose entire mental development is insufficient to tell them which side of a postage stamp to lick ; young men who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it ; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, but who will go to the sheriff's office to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the street commissioner for a marriage license. But the world is not proud of them, son. It does not know their name, even. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them ; the great, busy world doesn't even know they are there. Things will go on just as well without them. So find out what you want to be, and do this ; take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*The Burlington Hawkeye.*

CASUAL thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove the key to open for us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or a yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs it.

A distinct and peculiar combination.

FELLOWS'

COMPOUND SYRUP OF

HYPO-PHOS-PHITES

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE
—OF ALL—
WASTING DISEASES,
—SUCH AS—
Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, General Debility, Brain Exhaustion, Chronic Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, 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 subtlety, 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 also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. 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 muco-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-back exercise, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonics, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalents, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhœa, dyspnœa, 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 blood was found to contain but a small portion of vitalized corpuscles ; the heart's action was feeble ; the pulse intermittent ; the stomach could not digest properly, so that flatulency 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 before my efforts were crowned with success. I cannot speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits I received from the composition.

[illegible] my appetite increased ; the expectoration became easy, digestion better ; the fæces 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 for three years, 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 to have proceeded from ulcerated or tuberculated 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 Diseases (Laennec) 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 combatted 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 villany to trifle.

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

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

When **Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites** *is required, ask for*
"FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP,"
And be sure no imitation is foisted or other article thrust upon you.
SEND FOR A PAMPHLET
PERRY 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
NEURALGIC, RHEUMATIC AND
ALL OTHER PAINS IN ANY PART OF THE BODY,
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER
IS UNRIVALLED.
IT CURES ALMOST INSTANTLY.

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.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

may14—1y

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.

	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,
Chief Superintendent.

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

Lame Horses.

FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE will cure Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Stiff Joints on Horses. Read the following certificate :

SPAVINS CURED.

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

MESSRS. T. B. BARKER & SONS :

Dear Sirs—I have used Fellows' Leeming's Essence for Spavins, and found it a perfect success. It is a sure remedy if used in time. Yours, truly,
T. W. FORREST,

Price 50 Cents.

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100 BBLS. LARGE CANSO HERRING ; 50 Half-bbls. BAY HERRING ; 200 Quintals COD FISH ; 150 Quintals HAKE ; SCALED HERRING in Boxes.

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nov.19

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MENEELY & CO., - - - WEST TROY N. Y.
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For 1881.

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London House, Wholesale.

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Hats and Bonnets, in French, English and American Styles.
French and English Flowers.
Ostrich, Vulture and Fancy FEATHERS.
Birds, Breasts, Wings and Novelties in all the New Colorings and Designs.
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Nos. 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 Warp to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throstle 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 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.
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 make a more durable Carpet than 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.
WM. PARKS & SON,
july12 New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

JERSEYS !
LADIES AND GIRLS' JERSEYS ! A full assortment of the above, including some New Styles, now showing.
MANCHESTER ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
oct.8

London House, Wholesale.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.
RECEIVED per Atlantic Steamers, during the past Fortnight :—
160 Packages NEW FALL GOODS, comprising a General Assortment in every Department of BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS FOR FALL TRADE.
☞ Large Shipments coming forward weekly.
DANIEL & BOYD,
sept.3 Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

Velvets !

SILK VELVETS ; Black Mantle Velvets ;
Black Silk Trimmming Velvets ;
Colored Silk Trimming Velvets ;
Black and Colored Embossed Velvets ;
Rich Striped Velvets in Black and all Fashionable Colors ;
Fancy Colored Striped Velvets ;
Rich Brocbe 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 ; Newbery's Capsules ;
Dalby's Carminative ; British Oil—Genuine.
Singleton's Eye Ointment ; Rowland's Odonto.
D. & H.'s Rondeletia ; Mona Boquet Perfume.
Chamois Skins ; Robinson's Patent Barley.
Steadman's Soothing Powders ; Nursing Bottles.
White Wax ; Howard's Sulphate Quinine.
Canary Seed ; Rape Seed.
Sapollo ; Quince Seed.
For sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
nov 12 35 and 37 King Street.

JUST RECEIVED !
2 BBLS. Ridge's Food ;
4 cases Wyeth's Preparations ;
1 case Spermaceti ; 2 cases Cochineal ;
2 cases Puty, Cantherides ;
3 cases Packer's Tar Soap ; 100 cases Empty Bottles ;
4 bales Senna Leaves ; 3 kegs Pure Strained Honey ;
4 cases Pure Bees' Wax.
Wholesale and Retail by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
nov.5 35 and 37 King Street.

GRANULATED SUGAR.
LANDING TO-DAY :—74 bbls. GRANULATED SUGAR. 30 boxes PARIS LUMPS SUGAR.
For sale at lowest rates by
G. BENT & SONS,
oct.15 5 to 8 South Market Wharf

BLANKETS ! BLANKETS !
BLANKETS !
BLANKETS for Single Beds ; Blankets for Double Beds ; Cradle Blankets ; Crib Blankets ; Blankets in all sizes ; Blankets in all Qualities ; Very low priced Blankets ; Grey Blankets in Low and Medium Prices ; Blankets at Wholesale and Retail.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
oct 29

HARLAND'S VARNISHES.
PALE Durable Varnish ; Hard Drying Body Varnish ; Pale Carriage Varnish ; Hard Drying Carriage Varnish ; Quick Drying Carriage Varnish ; Railway Body Varnish ; Pale Rubbing Varnish ; Black Japan Varnish ; Black Lacquer ; Gold Size ; Pale Copal Varnish ; Fale Oak Varnish ; Gilders' Gold Size ; Pale Paper Varnish ; White Hard Spirit Varnish ; Brown Hard Spirit Varnish ; French Polish ; Patent Knotting Varnish ; Crafton Paint.
Wholesale and Retail by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
oct 29 35 and 37 King Street.

BAKING SODA.
RECEIVED ex S. S. "Prussian," via Halifax :—100 Kegs B. SODA.
oct 29 GILBERT BENT & SONS.

BOYS AND YOUTHS'
ULSTERS, OVERCOATS AND SUITS !
THREE CASES of the above English made just opened.
ALSO—always in stock a large assortment of BOYS' SUITS, of our own make.
Boys' Shirts, Boys' Underclothing, Boys' Gloves, Collars, Braces, Ties, Socks, &c., at the Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, No 27 King Street.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
oct 22.

MALTINE !
MALTINE with Peptones ; Maltine with Phosphates ; Malto—Yerbine ; Ridge's Food ; Tromer's Extract Malt ; Tromer's Extract Malt and Cod Liver Oil ; Allen's Antifat ; British Oil ; Mustang Liniment ; Holman's Liver Pads ; Jayne's Pills ; Kennedy's Medical Discovery ; Seabury' & Johnson's Porous Plasters
For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
oct 22 35 and 37 King Street.

HARLAND'S VARNISHES.
THE Subscribers have been appointed agents for the above Varnishes in New Brunswick.
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
oct 22 35 and 37 King Street.

TO CARRIAGE BUILDERS AND HOUSE PAINTERS.
WE have been appointed SOLE AGENTS in New Brunswick for MESSRS. HARLAND & SONS VARNISHES.
For sale at lowest rates by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
oct. 13 35 and 37 King Street.

"STAR" FLOUR !
LANDING TO-DAY :—125 Bbls. Goldie's STAR ; 125 bbls. Three Bells ; 125 bbls. Maritime Rose ; 125 bbls. White Pigeon ; 250 bbls. Amazon ; 125 bbls. Brittania (superior for family use).
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
oct 22 South Market Wharf.

POTATOES.
A Consignment of Two Carloads POTATOES, now at depot.
For sale by
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
oct 22 5 to 8 South Market Wharf

DRY FISH. HERRING.
NOW LANDING :—
200 QTLS. Codfish—Medium and Large. 150 Qtls. POLLOCK.
ALSO—Cargo Shelburne Herring.
G. BENT & SONS.
oct.22 5 to 8 South Market Wharf.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED GOODS.
WE have now a Large and Varied Stock of the above Goods, and invite the inspection of visitors during this week. FINE GOLD JEWELRY manufactured to Order by
PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON,
oct.15 43 King Street.

COD LIVER OIL !
JUST RECEIVED ;
8 BBLS. Newfoundland COD LIVER OIL ;
3 bbls. Norway Col Liver Oil.
For sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
nov.5 35 and 37 King Street.

AUGUST FLOWER !
JUST RECEIVED :—5 Gross AUGUST FLOWER ; 5 gross GERMAN SYRUP.
Wholesale and Retail by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
nov. 5 35 and 37 King Street.

GENTLEMEN'S FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR.
ALL Qualities and Sizes now open. Boys' UNDERWEAR, in all Sizes ; also Canadian SHIRTS and DRAWERS for Men and Boys.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
nov. 5

CORN MEAL ! ! !
LANDING from schr. "Osseo" :—500 Bbls. Choice Kiln-Dried Corn Meal.
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
oct. 29 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, cargoes 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

Repeat Orders !

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON have just completed opening Fifty-eight Packages new and Fashionable DRY GOODS, being Rep