

Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

(The following poem was found in the desk of Charles Dickens after his death.)

When lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed,
Oh the little arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face.
And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh my heart grows weak as a woman's
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging over them,
Of the tempests of life blowing wild—
Oh there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are angels of hearts and of household,
They are angels of God in disguise—
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams from their eyes—
Oh those trunks from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant as others have done,
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun,
I would pray God, that from evil,
My prayer would bound back to myself,
Ah! a sinner may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bent,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My love is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

The Fireside.

A NOONDAY GHOST.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

Quarter past twelve, and Tom was eating his dinner. The jar and roar of machinery had ceased with the whistle; the operatives had gone home for a brief hour, and he was left alone in the great square "cutting-room." The hiss of escaping steam came up from the engine room with drowsy faintness. Two Irishmen—"down-stairs hands"—sat in the shadow of the great building talking monotonously. It seemed as if a deep sleep had suddenly fallen upon the place; the very air was full of somnolent warmth.

Tom had little appetite; the squares of buttered bread, fitted so neatly into the tin dinner box, the cold steamed, the triangle of pie nestled in one corner, or even the bottle of coffee, tempted him but little. He ate mechanically, and before half of his generous lunch was finished, raising, he threw the remaining bread and butter into the "dirt box," and, leaning the hinged side of his lunch box, stowed it away in a side pocket of his coat which hung on the opposite wall. The "dirt box" was an institution in the cutting room. It stood in the centre of the room beneath a steep stairway that led to the attic, and was the receptacle of sweepings, dustings, apple-cores and rubbish generally. The "sweepers" emptied it each night, but by the following noon it was half full.

Overcome by the prevalent drowsiness, Tom lay down upon a pile of wrapping cloth, and throwing one thickness over his face to keep off the flies, composed himself for a nap. When just on the borders of dreamland, a peculiar sound, faint, yet quite distinct, broke the silence. Yes, there it was again—an unmistakable footstep in the room above. Somebody was up tip-toeing around the attic. The boy, wide awake in an instant, with acute faculties, listened intently. Soon there came a creak on the stairs, then the door at the foot of the flight swung slowly open. Holding his breath with excitement, he peered through the flimsy cloth and saw the small bent figure of a man in black. The stranger, looking keenly about the room, crossed swiftly to the water-tank and drank as if very thirsty. Making a half circuit of the room, he took two apples that lay on one of the tables, and thrust them into his pocket. Returning to the stairway, he was about to descend, when, with an eagerness that the watcher noted with surprise, he stooped, and picking up the bread and butter began to devour it ravenously. Then, mounting the stairs, the tip-toeing steps sounded across the floor to the right-hand side of the attic, and there was the creaking of an opening door, a latch click and all was still. The hiss of the steam, the monotonous conversation, the drowsy warmth continued, and Tom almost imagined that he had been dreaming.

Although Tom's scrutiny of the intruder had been brief, it had not been fruitless. He recognized him. Any boy in town would have discerned in the dapper figure with carefully trimmed beard, pale face, and quick keen eyes, the defaulting cashier of the Maynard Paper Mill. His flight had been town talk for a week past. Only the day before, Tom had heard that the detectives were on his track. It explained the hunted, apprehensive look, the bent figure, and the ravenous hunger. Tom lived not far from the defaulting cashier, and knew the family well. How many times he had got their milk, captured their one tolling runaway, and returned him home to the homely mother. But now—the boy's eyes grew misty, and rising, he stole softly across the floor, mounted the stairs, and stood in the attic. Three parallel rooms occupied its length and breadth. The principal one in which he stood was large and well lighted; the other two, almost too small to be called rooms, windowless as they were, occupied the eaves and were used only for storage. In the one on the right Tom knew the cashier was hidden. Avoiding all creaking planks of flooring, he advanced cautiously and suddenly opened the door, letting a flood of light into the dusty apartment. No figure met his eager gaze, but far down near the lower end of the narrow partition he heard a slight rustle. Fastening the door open, he entered with beating heart. Everything seemed as usual. The old-fashioned stamping machine, leather cutters and broken dies, piled in hopeless confusion, were undisturbed. Account books, used by "piece hands" of a former generation, lay dust-bound as ever; last, bits of leather belting and eyelet boxes lined the passage toward the further end. Stopping to avoid the cobwebbed rats, almost choked by the thick close air, Tom walked steadily into the darkness. How

long the room seemed! He reached the end without encountering anything unusual, and then, turning, looked toward the far-off light that streamed through the doorway. The whole length of the room opened before him as if by magic. The sharp slant of the roof beams and the familiar confusion attracted him but little, as he looked searching for the well-remembered figure. For under the eaves, crouched on a pile of "waste," he caught the dim outlines of a human form. Trembling for the first time, the boy said:

"It's me, Mr. Saunders—Tom Wilson."

A low wailing groan came from the eaves' shadow; then the man crept forward, rose, and came toward him.

"Don't betray me, Tom! They are after me. You won't tell, will you? I was always a good friend to you, Tom. I can't go to jail. You will keep quiet about this, will you, Tom?"

The trembling criminal had fallen on his knees, and was clasping the boy's in an ecstasy of fear. His incoherent and distressed manner frightened his listener.

"I won't tell a word," said Tom sturdily, "but you must get out of this place; 'tain't safe."

"I'm all ready to go west any minute. The detectives almost caught me day before yesterday, and I hid here, to throw them off the track."

"I should think you'd want to see"—Tom stopped suddenly, but the defaulter understood.

"How does she bear it, Tom? Have you seen her?"

"The man burst into a passion of tears. Great sobs of anguish convulsed the slight frame. Tom, frightened and weeping from sympathy, tried vainly to comfort him."

"Tom," said the defaulter when he became calm, "I would willingly die this minute to have my son as honest man. 'What God I could go back and commence again! I thought I loved my wife and child more than anything else, but when this temptation seized me, I forgot everything but money. And I love it now, Tom; 'twas born in me."

"If I were you," said the boy, "I would give 'em back every dollar. Then if they sent me to jail all right. Perhaps they wouldn't."

"They would, Tom. I know the firm thoroughly. They believe in the sternest justice. I couldn't do it."

"Not even for little Hal!" said Tom. "I saw him this morning peeping out of the window. He looked as if he had been crying. I tell you, a fellow understands these things pretty young."

At that moment the whistle blew, Tom, making the defaulter promise not to leave his hiding-place until the evening of the next day, and hiding his vow of silence, hurried downstairs.

It seemed as if every soul in the cutting room had been summoned to his post as he stepped into the hall. No one, however, questioned him, and he decided it was his imagination.

The afternoon dragged wearily away. Tom was absent and uneasy. When the evening whistle blew, he longed to have another stolen interview, but knew that it was impossible. The next morning, as soon as the building was open, he entered and went upstairs, but the foreman was there before him working over a pattern, and Tom did not dare to ascend to the attic while he was in sight. At last noon came; and the operatives having dispersed, he crept warily up the steep stairs, and standing once more in the shadows of the store-room, softly called the well-known name. No answer came. Louder and louder he spoke, but there was no reply. Going once more to the further end and looking toward the light, he saw that the place was empty. He could scarcely believe it, but carefully explored the cobwebbed recesses, hoping each moment to be successful. During this search he came to the pile of waste on which the defaulter had crouched on the previous noon. Under its edge he discovered a small value, and tied to the handle was a note written on pasteboard. It read thus:

"I can't give myself up, but here is the money. Please find some way to return it. Don't get yourself into trouble on account of this. God bless you! Give the letter under the value to my wife."

Tom read the note several times; then, taking the value, he hurried down stairs, unlocked the door, and walked boldly through the office, gained the street. He had gone but a little way when he met the foreman returning from dinner.

"Going West, Tom?" he inquired facetiously.

"Yes, sir!" said the boy with a guilty flush, quickening his steps.

Reaching the office of the Paper Mill, he found the president just about to leave for the day. The latter, earnest manner induced him to return, and seated in an elegant waiting-room, Tom told the whole story.

The gentleman listened attentively without so much as a question; then opening the value, he took package after package of notes and counted them rapidly. When he had finished he sat for a moment in deep thought.

"Is the money all there?" asked Tom.

"Every dollar," was the reply. "There is a meeting of the board to-morrow. You may be assured that you will lose nothing by my honesty."

"What about Mr. Saunders?" inquired Tom.

"Aren't you going to call off the detectives?"

"I cannot promise as to that," was the stern reply.

"Well," said Tom growing excited, "you're a deacon in a church, and if you won't forgive a weak little man like Saunders when he repents, how can you expect to be forgiven when you repent for all the things that you've done? I think it's a shame to be just killing himself with grief, and the little boy will always be twisted about it."

"What would you have us do?" inquired the president uneasily.

"Just tell every one that the money was returned, and you are not going to prosecute Saunders. Then let his wife and child join him, and they can start fresh out West."

And have another opportunity to default?"

"Course he won't!" was the indignant answer. "He's had money enough to try, and he's tried it. Well, we'll see. You shall be rewarded, at all events. I must go now. Come in to-morrow, and you shall know our decision."

Six weeks after this, Tom received a letter from the West from Mr. Saunders. It was full of hope and gratitude. He had started a small store and was doing well.

"God bless you, Tom! the letter said; 'you saved me.'"

With that benediction ringing in his ears, Tom went on with his every-day work, firmly convinced that honesty, although old-fashioned, is about as valuable a trait as can be possessed.

running out on its horizontal branches, and dropping to the ground only to gain access to the room, and accomplish the same feat of dexterity. On the contrary, he felt a little like giving up, as he knew his mother never would, and admitted to himself that he should be glad of that bowl of bread and milk; and when he went home at night, and the bowl was lifted down from the high shelf, without a word of threatening or reproach, he pretty well understood the force of calm and persistent authority, feeling well assured that he would not get anything else until he had eaten that offered and refused bread and milk, he just took it as quietly as it was offered, and ate it. After that, he never set his will in defiance of his mother's. I saw the tears of fond and appreciative love gather in his eyes, as he said, "My mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think now how she made me cheer."

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I will go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hand;
That which He wills for me commands,
That which He wills for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfill;
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I will resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;
Before He leads me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God's will is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads I onward go;
Oft amid thorns and briars seen,
God does not yet His guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me still.
—Lampertus, 1825.

HONEY-SUCKLE HALL.

Little Patty was eight years old. She lived in the "Sunny South." Her father was a planter, and great farmers were called at the South. He lived in a grand house where there was a great many good and kind people.

A poor man who lived near Patty lost his life on the railroad. He had three little children. Patty used to play with Mary, the oldest child. Mary's mamma was not strong, and could not earn money enough to feed and clothe her little ones.

One day Patty found her little friend, Mary, crying. Mary was hungry. She had had no breakfast or dinner. Her mother was sick abed. Patty cried, too, when Mary told her the matter was so.

But she did something more than cry. She came home and told her mother about it. Then she carried ever so much food to the poor woman and her hungry children.

Patty wanted to do still more. She called to gether five of her little friends to help her. It was in the early spring, and the woods were full of honeysuckle all in blossom.

Patty's two big brothers helped too. Before night they had carried the inside of an old shop, near the house, with honeysuckle vines and blossoms. They borrowed pictures and other pretty things to put in the shop.

But the honeysuckle was the prettiest thing there, except Patty; and they called the shop "Honey-Suckle Hall." Then the little ones asked the good people to come and see it. They charged five cents to go in; and before night nearly all the people in the village had been into Honey-Suckle Hall.

One of the big boys stood at the door and took the money. The six little girls "sat" the honors" inside the hall. Most of the folks who went in wanted to give more than five cents. Many of them put a dollar into Patty's little hand. At night they had taken over fifty dollars. Every cent of it was given to Mary's poor mother.

Patty was happy all day long. Her great black eyes seemed to speak her pleasure. Her face was all a smile.—Exchange.

TEMPER AT HOME.—I have popped into quiet "parlors" where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are deal and the floor carpetless, and the boys and girls are as little as the sparrows in the hatch overhead; and I see that it is not so much wealth, nor learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor gold, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor station—as one and temper that make life joyous or miserable, that render home "city," and I see, too, that in town or country, and in social or domestic life, the good sense and the grace make life of what no teachers, or accomplishments, or means, or society, can make it; the opening state of an everlasting palm, the fair beginning of an endless existence, the goodly, modest well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building, that shall never decay, was old, or vanish away.—John Hall, D. D.

PREVENTING CRACKED CHAIRS.—A Leipzig journal gives a method which it asserts will prevent lamp-chimneys from cracking. The treatment will not only render lamp-chimneys, tumblers, and like articles more durable, but may be applied with advantage to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, etc. The chimneys, tumblers, etc., are put into a pot filled with cold water, to which some common table-salt has been added. The water is well boiled over a fire, and then allowed to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed, they will be found to resist afterward any sudden changes of temperature.

CHICKEN PUDDING.—Skin the chickens and let them bleach in water. Put them in a deep baking-dish with plenty of butter. Then make a batter of three eggs beaten, a pint of light flour and enough water to make it of the consistency of waffle batter; pour it over the chickens and bake. Do not forget to add in a teaspoonful of salt.

GRAHAM CUSTARD PIE.—One quart of milk, two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of graham flour. Beat the eggs and stir all together. The graham flour sinks to the bottom of the pie-dish as the custard bakes and forms a good crust. It may appear to be soaked, as custards do, but often, if it is not in the least "clammy." It dissolves easily in the mouth and is entirely digestible. A pleasant cream pie is made from the same recipe, leaving out the eggs and using creamy milk or cream.

STICK TO THE TRUTH.—There are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "color" a story, or enlarge a bit of news, in order to make it sound fine or remarkable.

Professor Roberts says that fifty bushels of wood ashes per acre increased the yield of grain in a certain location more than any other manure, while ground bone improved the clover.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOSPHITES

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF ALL WASTING DISEASES, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Debility, Brain Exhaustion, Chronic Constipation, Chronic Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, or Loss of Nervous Power. It is unequalled in the treatment of Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Loss of Appetite, Energy or Memory.

It acts with vigor, gentleness and mobility, 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 HYPO-PHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly effected by a copious expectation of mucous-purulent matter. I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by ten first class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-bark extract, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonics, Bourdon whisky, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various infusions, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, shivered 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 received from the concoction.

My appetite increased; the expectoration became easy, digestion better; the blood 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 normal weight. I have no symptoms left denoting disease. The only notable sign during twelve months was the expectation. 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 tubercular lung? I answer, In the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. In March last I coughed from the right lung a piece of PHOSPHATE OF LIME, half the size of a pea, which could have come from no other place, and which the highest authority in Lung Disease (Lancet) states is the result of tubercle, which has been cured. Added to this, I had the leaden-colored, purulent, blood-streaked expectoration, and the opinion of one of the best diagnosticians in the country. I believe I have experienced all the symptoms incident to the two first stages of Consumption, and have successfully combated them, so that I do not despair of any case where there is left sufficient lung-tissue to build upon. I can only add that the mere monetary consideration of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but a sincere sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whom misfortune I believe it vainly to trifle.

Respectfully,
JAMES L. FELLOWS,
Inventor of "Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites."

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

BEND 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. When 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 UNQUALIFIEDLY IT CURES ALMOST INSTANTLY.

The "Pain-Killer" is put up in 10¢ and 50¢ bottles, retailing at 25¢ and 50¢ respectively—large bottles are literature cheapest.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.

Established 1826. Bells for all purposes. Warranted satisfactory and durable.

NEWLY & CO., WEST TROY N. Y.

1881.

MY STOCK is now complete. I have recently added 527 Packages Lumber, 1000 Packages of Lumber, Lamp Stock and Table Glass, 25 Packages of Lumber, containing Silverware, Household Hardware and Fancy Goods.

I am now manufacturing Parlor Suits, Lounges, Easy Chairs and Mattresses, and selling them CHEAP. 600 Chairs reserved in the new building then up and can make up to order below any other store.

To Carleton County Readers.

I have opened a BRANCH STORE in CONNELL'S BLOCK, WOODSTOCK, where may be seen the only complete stock of House Furnishings ever opened in the County.

Furniture suitable for Parlor, Chamber, Dining-Room, Hall or Kitchen. Crochery, China, Glassware, Table Glassware, New Silver Jewelry, Japanese Fancy Goods and all the latest novelties of the season, suitable for Christmas, Birthday or Bachelors' Presents.

JAS. G. McNALLY,
Opposite City Hall, Fredericton,
Connell's Block, Woodstock.

DRIED APPLES.

IN STORE: 225 bush. DRIED APPLES. Choice, Big Fruit. For sale by
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
54 to 56 South-Wharf.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1880. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1881. ON and after MONDAY, the 29th November, the Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Halifax, connecting with the Atlantic Coast Railway, leaving St. John at 7.55 A. M. and 11.00 A. M. Accommodation for Pointed-Borne 11.45 A. M. 8.00 A. M. Express for New York, leaving St. John at 7.55 A. M. and 11.00 A. M. Express for Halifax and Quebec, leaving St. John at 7.55 A. M. and 11.00 A. M.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Express leaving at 7.55 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached at Montreal.

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Quebec and Halifax, leaving St. John at 7.55 A. M. and 11.00 A. M. Express from New York, leaving St. John at 7.55 A. M. and 11.00 A. M. Express from Halifax and Quebec, leaving St. John at 7.55 A. M. and 11.00 A. M.

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PARKS' COTTON YARNS!

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

No. 5's to 10's.

WHITE, BLUE, TAN, ORANGE AND GREEN.

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

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throats Frames, which make a stronger yarn than the King Frames, used in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up by 100 yards, and the yarn is put up without any twist or turn, and it is so easy to deal with.

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 is formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction into use, 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,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

LONDON HOUSE, WHOLESALE.

—NOW IN STOCK—

BLACK AND COLORED CASHMERES;

Black and Figured Lanes; Black and Figured Lanes; Dress Linens and Navy Blue Serges; Colored Brilliant; Spotted, Striped and Broadened Dress Muslins; White Cotton Vervins; Colored and White Linen.

ALSO, JUST RECEIVED:

White, Buff, Pink, and Blue Muslins; Quilts—All Sizes; Black Italian; Oxford Shirtings; White Cottons; &c.

AND EX "OLYMPIA" TO BOSTON:

90 dozen English STIFF FELT HATS, Latest London Style.

DANIEL & BOYD,
Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

Early Spring Stock

OF NEW AND FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS.

189 CASES AND BALES of English, Irish, Scotch, French and German Manufacture.

85 cases and bales Canadian Manufacture.

2200 lbs. W. H. Parks & Son's Superior Knitting Cotton.