Poetry.

WEARY, LONELY, RESTLESS, HOMELESS.

Weary hearts! weary hearts! by cares of life oppressed,
Ye are wandering in the shadows, ye are sighing for the rest;
There is darkness in the heavens, and the earth is bleak below,
And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow turn to woe.
Weary hearts! God is rest.

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! 'tis but a land of grief;
Ye are pining for repose, ye are longing for relief;
What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness if you lean upon His love.
Lonely hearts! God is love.

Restless hearts! restless hearts! ye are toiling night and day,
And [illegible] bite, all with red [illegible] thorns along your way;
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting till your toiling here shall cease,
And your ever restless throbbing is a sad, sad prayer for peace.
Restless hearts! God is peace.

Broken hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate and lone,
And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins moan;
In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy,
And a starless night hath followed on the sunset of your joy.
Broken hearts! God is joy.

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary, dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wanderers, and your way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
Ye look away from earthland, and ye murmur, "Where is home?"
Homeless hearts! God is home.

The Fireside.

THREE STEPS DOWNWARDS.

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

I am quite sure that Harry Kramer did not realize what a very foolish, and very wicked thing he was doing when he yielded to the persuasions of his schoolmate, Bob Ellis, and consented to run away from his comfortable home and loving parents.

This is how it happened.

Harry lived in a great city, where thousands of ships were always coming and going, and like most boys, he loved to haunt the wharves where they were moored, and watch the loading and unloading of the steamers and sailing vessels.

He went to school, of course, and so it was only after study hours and on holidays that he slipped off to the wharves; I say "slipped," because his parents did not approve of the kind of companions he found there, and so had forbidden his going; but still he did go secretly, while pretending that he was obedient to his father's commands; that was Harry's first step downward; he hesitated a while before taking it, but when he had once yielded it seemed easy enough, for you know it is always the first step that is the hardest to take; after that, one slips down, down, down, faster and faster.

Harry's next downward step was to continue his friendship with his schoolmate, Bob Ellis, after his parents had told him how bad a boy he was, and how unfit for him to associate with; he promised not to have anything more to do with Bob, but the very next day he stole off with him down to their usual haunts, the wharves, where the schooner of which Bob's father was captain was moored.

Deep down in his heart, Harry knew very well that he did not care at all for Bob himself, but it was such fun to be allowed to race all over a real, sea-going vessel, and to know a real live captain; that was the secret of Bob's influence over Harry, for while Bob seemed to enjoy doing wrong, Harry did not, and felt ill at ease, although he was not brave enough to stand up firmly and say, "No!" to the tempter.

At last matters came to a crisis; Harry's father discovered his deception, and determined to remove his son from evil influences, by sending him to a boarding-school out of the city, whereupon Harry rebelled, and started off to the wharves to tell his grievance to Bob Ellis.

For Bob had left school only a few days before, and was now about to start on his first voyage with his father; Harry knew that the *Speedwell* was loaded, and was to sail that very morning for Havana, and he ran until he was out of breath, lest he should miss the chance of hearing Bob join him in abusing the good, kind father whose loving heart his disobedience was grieving so sorely.

The *Speedwell* was getting ready to be towed out into the bay, so that she might get out from the midst of the crowd of other ships, and then use her sails, and Bob Ellis, who felt rather lonely at having to part from all his school-fellows, eagerly urged Harry to take revenge on the father who wished to send him to boarding-school, by sailing far away with him.

Harry's good angel stood at his side, and beckoned him to turn his back on the evil tempter, but Bob laughed when he hesitated, and ridicule acted on him as it does on all weak persons; it decided him to do what he knew to be very wicked; he feared the ridicule of a fellow-creature more than God's anger.

So he allowed Bob to smuggle him down into the hold of the *Speedwell* and in a few hours more he was tossing about on the great ocean.

And oh! how he repented already of this, his third step downward!

He had gone into the dark, close hold, smelling of foul bilge water, so that the captain might not discover and send him back; but by the time the vessel began to roll on the waves he would have been glad to go on deck, so that he might be sent ashore on the pilot-boat that he knew was alongside.

But now he could not; he could only lie down on the hard planks, among the barrels and boxes, feeling deathly sick, and more miserable, body and soul, than he had ever been before, and crying silently and alone, for the dear, kind father and mother, and the cosey little room at home.

Even so early was Harry Kramer beginning to find out that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Bob had been at sea before, so the plunging of the schooner did not make him sick, and he was able to look after his unhappy friend; for two days Harry lay moaning in the hammock Bob contrived to rig up for him in a dark corner, but on the third day he felt so much better that he ventured to go on deck and meet the captain.

Harry shrank from that, and no wonder, even though he knew that Bob had told his father of his presence on board; we need hardly say that in doing this, he was careful not to tell of his own share in tempting Harry to so sinful an act as he had committed.

So when our runaway crept on deck, pale, weak, and dejected, he received a severe reprimand from Captain Ellis, and the next day was set to work helping the cook in the hot little galley where the ship's provisions were prepared for the table.

This was not at all the kind of life at sea that Harry had dreamed of, or read of either in the books of sea-tales he was so fond of; it was not much fun to stay by a hot stove, and pare potatoes, cut up onions, and wash dishes.

But it was in vain he pleaded for some other kind of work; Bob laughed at his distress; and his father frowned.

"No, my boy," said the latter, "you chose to steal on board my ship to please yourself, and now you must work your passage as it pleases me. I am king here. It is real good fun to run away from a nice home, to cook at sea, isn't it, Harry?"

And then he walked off, chuckling at Harry's dejection, for the truth was that Captain Ellis, being as good a man as his son was a bad boy, had resolved to punish Harry so severely for his disobedience and ingratitude, that he would never be apt to rebel again; so he made his position as disagreeable as he could.

So several days passed away, and the *Speedwell* proved true to her name, running swiftly down the Atlantic Coast; but one morning there came a change. The sun rose behind dark, angry-looking clouds that soon shut out its rays entirely, and at the same time the breeze died away, and there fell upon the bosom of the great, heaving ocean a hot, still, saltry air in which it seemed almost impossible to breathe.

The captain ordered the sails to be furled, and the hatches battened down, so that if the waves should sweep over the deck, they could not get below and sink the ship; and then, everything being ready as for the storm, he noted the barometer steadily, while the sailors watched the cloud, shaking their heads, and whispering to the pale, frightened boys that there was a terrible cyclone coming.

"Go down below, boys," said Captain Ellis, "and don't you dare to come on deck again till I give you permission. Go at once, if you don't wish to be swept overboard."

So with a last frightened glance at a leaden-hued ripple that was sweeping down towards them, the boys went down the ladder, and just as they reached the cabin floor, the wind struck the schooner, laying her over on her side, and rolling them over and over, among the chairs, and tables, and sofas.

Then the *Speedwell* righted herself, and like a startled deer sprang away over the now foaming sea, the terrible power of the wind urging her on so rapidly, even with only her bare masts opposed to the storm, that each moment it seemed that she must plunge headforemost, down beneath the great waves that came dashing towards her.

All day long the good ship fought a fierce battle with the wind and waves, ay, and all night too, with the added horrors of inky blackness, broken in upon now and then by vivid flashes of forked lightning, and fierce, deafening peals of thunder.

And down in the cabin two boys, white, trembling, bruised and sore, from being tossed about by the rolling ship, clung with all their strength to the legs of the heavy table that was screwed to the floor.

Ah! how bitterly Harry Kramer repented of his rebellion; more bitterly than ever, now that he felt he would never more see his loving father and mother, or ever be able to ask their forgiveness.

He had no one to speak words of hope or comfort to him; Captian Ellis was on deck constantly, and his son, as might have been expected of such a boy, was wild with fear at the danger that threatened him, and could only sob and cry by the hour.

No, there was no comfort for Harry, until he bethought him of his dear mother's teachings, and then, kneeling, as he held fast to the table, he prayed as he had never prayed before, and as he asked God's pardon, for his wickedness, and begged the Good Father to comfort his parents when they should hear that their boy was drowned at sea, a peaceful feeling stole over him, and his fear of death departed.

Then he tried to cheer and calm his friend, but Bob only swore at him, and scoffed at the idea of prayer.

Day dawned soon after this, and just as a dim light began to creep into the cabin there came a fearful crash and a shock, that threw both the boys prone on the floor, and sent them rolling, like bales of carpets, until the ship's side brought them to a violent stop.

The next moment Captain Ellis, white and haggered, came down the ladder, half slipping, half falling.

"Boys," he said, hoarsely, "the ship has struck! put on these life-preservers, and hurry on deck. She will go to pieces in a few moments. Hurry, hurry, Bob. Come quick, I'll help you up."

On their hands and knees, the two boys managed to crawl to the foot of the ladder, and there Captain Ellis buckled around them each a cork jacket, and then, with the assistance of a sailor, helped them to clamber up to the deck.

The ship had struck on the Florida coast, and while cruel waves over and anon lifted and then dropped her down heavily on the sands, straining and shattering her stout timbers, the sailors hastily cast loose from its lashings a life-raft.

Then Harry and Bob were fastened to it, so that they might not be swept off, and the seamen and their captain followed, after placing the raft so that the next large wave that swept over the deck would carry it away on its crest, for even now the smaller waves were sweeping over the doomed vessel, and the groaning of her timbers gave notice that very soon she would go to pieces.

"Hold on, all!" shouted the captain, and Harry, though he was securely lashed, instantly grasped one of the iron rings of the raft, as a huge wave came rushing along, and raising over the stern went dashing over the deck, uplifting and bearing far shoreward the buoyant life-raft.

Harry was never able to remember what happened after this, until he roused up to find himself lying in a nice, cosey bed, in a strange place that he had never seen before; only bending over him were two faces that were not at all strange, for they were those of the dear father and mother he had so wronged.

When he was able to listen, he was told how the raft had been tossed about by the fierce breakers, and at last landed high on the beach.

And then, when the kind people who lived near the shore came down to their rescue, they found alive, though insensible, only Harry, Captain Ellis, and two sailors; all the rest were either dead on the raft, held there by their lashings, or else had been swept away; among these latter was Bob Ellis.

When the Captain recovered his senses, he did not forget, in his own grief, to send a message of comfort to Harry's parents, and so, while he lay tossing in the delirium of fever, they hastened to his side, and joyfully granted his prayer for forgiveness.

Harry is a grown man now, with children of his own, and he often tells them the story of his three steps downwards, adding

"And I thank our loving Father in heaven that he punished me so quickly and severely, and checked my wicked course. I bless 'the rod that smote me.'"—*Christian Weekly.*

SURE AND FAITHFUL.

"Charlie, Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish the game. Try it again," cried the players in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear," they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander, "you can't do anything with him; he is tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That's so," said Charles, "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother. I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does;" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "his word is a bond." We ask him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."—*Exchange.*

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

A SONG FOR MISSION-BANDS.

Sweetly o'er Judea's valleys
Sounded far a voice of old,
Like a strain of angel-music
Floating down from gates of gold.
"Let them come—the little children,
Hinder not their eager feet,
Sure of such, my heavenly kingdom,
Theirs is service glad and sweet."

Blessed Savior! thou didst suffer
Little ones to come to thee;
Lo! we offer now our tribute,
Let our praise accepted be.
'Mid the hallelujahs ringing,
'Mid the burst of angel song,
Stop to hear our childish humming,
While we glad the notes prolong.

We have found there's room for children,
We have found there's work to do;
All our hearts and hands enlisting,
May we to that work be true.
In the great and glorious army,
Battling with the hosts of sin,
We can march with banners flying,
We can help the victory win.

For a cry of deepest sorrow
Comes across the waters blue,
"Ye who know salvation's story,
Haste to help and save us too!
Shed, oh! shed the gospel glory
O'er the darkness of our night,
Till the gloomy shadows vanish
In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions
We can give and work and pray;
And our gifts and prayers united,
Sure will speed that happy day—
When, no more to idol bowing,
Jesus only shall be King,
And ten thousand voices ringing
Shall his praise victorious sing!

Oh! 'tis sweet to work for Jesus
As our youthful days go by;
Sweet to send the cheering message
Of the home beyond the sky.
And when earthly days are over
On its glory-lighted shore,
May we join with them in singing
Of his love for evermore.

—*Exchange.*

CORRECT SPEECH.

Nothing bespeaks a true lady and gentleman or well-bred child more than the use of correct language, pure, clean speech. Cultivate, my young friends, good English in every-day conversation. Unclean speech is in keeping with a smutty face, begrimed hands, and soiled clothes. Strange how easy and almost unconsciously one slides into a careless slipshod way of talking, even when the rules of grammar are quite familiar. It is not uncommon to find people learned in all the rules of syntax who apply them to the art of writing, yet habitually talking incorrectly.

Daily culture and association with refined persons are quite essential to give purity to speech; but if one has been unfortunately deprived of these he should continually watch his words till he gets the habit of using decent English, for nothing so unmistakeably marks one with vulgarity, no matter how elegant is the outside covering as shabby low-born speech.

Not long since the folks belonging to several families in a certain neighborhood who had frequent intercourse with each other, entered into an agreement to pay a small forfeit every time either of them made use of certain vulgarisms in speech that had become a habit with them. Old and young, large and small, soon became interested and entered into the habit, for false syntax is contagious, and spreads through whole communities when it once breaks out, and one of its phases is that people are affected by it without knowing it.

TO MAKE BOOTS WATER PROOF.

A good composition for rendering boots proof against snow and wet can be made of one part mutton tallow and two parts beeswax, melted together. It should be applied to the leather at night, and then wipe off the boots with a bit of coloured flannel the next morning. Of course it will be more difficult to make boots thus treated take a good polish, but after a few times they will be as susceptible of a brilliant polish as ever.

Half an ounce of Burgundy pitch, dissolved in half a pint of drying oil, and mixed with half an ounce of turpentine, will not only make leather resist wet and damp, but will also render it more durable, pliable, and softer. Warm the boots a little over the stove, and then apply the mixture with a soft brush or swab. Let them dry thoroughly, then paint them over again. Put them in a warm, dry place for twenty-four hours; and you will have a pair of perfectly waterproof boots.

Still another waterproof composition can be made by dissolving an ounce of powdered resin in a quarter of a pint of linseed oil over the stove; put it in a tin basin, and place that in a pan of boiling water. When it is boiling hot, slice into it two ounces of mutton tallow, and apply while hot to the boots, letting it dry in thoroughly.

The following receipts for making leather waterproof are from the *Hide and Leather Journal*, and other authoritative sources:—

1. Boiled oil, 1 pint; beeswax and yellow resin, each 2 oz.; melt together. Apply warm before the fire.

2. India rubber in fragments, 1 oz.; boiled oil, 1 pint; melted together over a slow fire. Add another pint of hot boiled oil, stirring well.

3. Boiled oil, 1 pint; mutton suet, ½ lb.; beeswax, 6 oz.; resin, 4 oz.; melt over a slow fire in an earthen dish. Apply to new leather with a brush, when dry and clean.

4. Neatsfoot oil, ½ pint; beeswax, 4 oz,. 4 tablespoonfuls of lampblack; camphor the size of a hen's egg. Melt carefully over a slow fire, stirring well after melted, never allowing it to boil. Warm the leather and apply with a brush after melting. Use little and often.

5. Shellac, ½ lb., broken small, in a quart bottle, cover with methylated spirits; cork tight and set in a warm place, shaking several times each day; add camphor the size of an egg; shake, add 1 oz. lampblack. Pour a little into a saucer and apply with a brush, not drying it in.—*Country Gentleman.*

Remember that one can have the hands in soapsuds with soft soap without injury to the skin, if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice immediately after. The acids destroy the corrosive effects of the alkali, and make the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice used on hands when roughened by cold or labor, will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this; then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands will find this comforting.

Give your animals good dwellings. The inmates of stables and sheds need ventilation fully as much as the denizens of our handsomest houses. And yet thousands of horses, upon whose work men and families depend for their livelihood, are stabled in close, dark, filthy inclosures, while cows, of whose lives thousands of children are partakers in the most literal sense, fare far worse in all that pertains to health. It is believed by many careful observers that animals are as sensitive as men even to malarious influences. Certain it is that in malarious regions the horses and cattle are always thin, bony and spiritless.

ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.

"I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told what had happened me, they said "Harrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.—*Home Journal.*

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In ordering, send the certificate of your bank, or some responsible business man, that the organ will be promptly paid for or returned to us. Freight will be paid by us both ways, if in any way unsatisfactory. **You take no responsibility** till you receive and approve the organ after **15 days' trial in your own home. Send in your order at once.** Remit by Post-Office Money Orders, Express (prepaid), or by Draft on New-York. **Money refunded and freight charges paid** both ways if in any way unsatisfactory. If you do not order at once, be sure to get our illustrated catalogue. It contains information which protects the purchaser and makes deceit impossible. Order direct from this advertisement. **You take no responsibility** till you receive and approve the organ. To avoid useless correspondence we state that absolutely no reduction is possible. One organ or one hundred are sold at the same price. We unhesitatingly advise all who are about to purchase other styles to order this organ. It stands unequaled in quality, compass, and price.

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MARCHAL & SMITH,
No. 8 West Eleventh St. (three doors from Broadway) New-York, N.Y.

PARKS' COTTON YARNS!
AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.
No. 5's to 10's.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.
Made of good American Cotton with great care, Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton 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 lens of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without lens—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.

Gentlemen's Department.
NOW OPEN FOR FALL AND WINTER.
REAL Scotch Lambs Wool Shirts and Drawers, in every size made from the smallest to the largest. These goods do not shrink in washing
White and Colored Merino Shirts and Drawers, in Light, Medium and Heavy makes.
Canadian Wool Shirts and Drawers in all Qualities; Boys' Lambs Wool and Merino Shirts and Drawers.
Also—A large variety of New Stock in Half-Hose; Ties; Silk Handkerchiefs; Collars; Braces; Scarfs; Linen Handkerchiefs; Cuffs; White Dress Shirts; Regatta Shirts; Flannel Shirts; Boy's Shirts. Lap Robes; Mauds; Turkish Rugs; Satchels; Valises; Trunks; Hat Cases; and a variety of Fancy Articles.
MANCHESTER ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
oct 21

NOW LANDING:
30 CASES FLORENCE OIL;
3 Chests Indigo;
1 Cask Acid Tartaric;
3 Cases Enos' Fruit Salt;
1 Case Zoedone;
2 Cases Horn Dressing Combs;
3 Casks Arnold's Ink;
1 Case Arnold's Ink Powders;
4 Cases Magnesia Carb.;
10 Bags Whole Black Pepper;
1 Cask Cream Tartar Crystals;
2 Cases Alex Senna—Very Fine;
40 Bbls. Linseed Oil.
For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
oct 28 35 and 37 King Street.

CORN MEAL! MESS PORK!
500 BBLS. KILN-DRIED CORN MEAL, Perfection Brand. 120 bbls. CHOICE NEW MESS PORK. Now landing from schooners "Cohasset" and "Sandalphon," and to arrive by schooner "Rosilla B."
GILBERT BENT & SONS.

PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR.
JUST RECEIVED:—
5 GROSS PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR.
For sale low by
nov 25 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

GUM CAMPHOR.
IN STOCK:—
6 CASES GUM CAMPHOR, in Ozs;
5 Cases Gum Camphor, in Cakes.
nov 25 For sale by T. B. BARKER & SONS.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMES.
JUST RECEIVED:—
1 CASE RIMMEL'S PERFUMES, 3 in box.
For sale by
nov 25 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

HAIR BRUSHES.
JUST RECEVED:—
3 CASES HAIR BRUSAES, French; 3 Cases Hair Brushes, Kent's.
For sale by
nov 25 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

VEGETINE.
JUST RECEIVED:
36 BOXES VEGETINE. For sale low by
nov 25 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

OATMEAL!
IN STORE:—
300 BARRELS and 75 Half Barrels Scotia and Tilsonburg Oatmeal.
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
nov 11 5 to 8 South Wharf

HERRING!
LANDING:—
125 BBLS. No 1 Bay Herring; 225 hf-bbls. No. 1 Bay Herring.
In Store:—Balance of two cargoes Fat No. 1 Shelburne Herring.
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
nov 18 South Market Wharf.

NEW FRUIT.
LANDING:—
NEW VALENCIA RAISINS, English Importation. New Currants.
White Beans. 150 bbls. Choice White Beans, now landing.
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
nov 18 South Market Wharf.

BARNES'S
NEW BRUNSWICK
ALMANAC for 1882.
JUST ISSUED.
Containing the Tariff and Other Useful Information.
For Sale Everywhere—Wholesale by
BARNES & CO.,
oct 28 Prince William Street.

London House Wholesale.
OCTOBER 18TH.
BY last and present week's arrivals we have repetitions of our Fall Importations.
Cloths: Coatings, Overcoatings, Trowserings, Mantles and Shirtings, in immense variety
Ladies' Costume Cloths and Dress Goods in all the new makes. New Winceys, every price and shade. Prints and Cretonnes, latest printings. Blankets and Flannels, household and lumbering uses
Millinery! Latest novelties up to date of last sailing. Satins, Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Shawls New ribbons, in most attractive colorings. Hoisery and Gloves, all makes, Men's Ladies, Children's.
Trimmings and Smallwares: Several cases of new things open. 10,000 Bags, for Oats, Barley, Flour and Potatoes.
Clothing! The stock of Clothing and Shirts is now complete, and orders can be executed at our Factory on short notice.
Orders by mail, personal, or our travellers, shall have prompt attention.
DANIEL & BOYD,
Market Square and Chipman's Hill. oc 28

Mantle Department!
FALL AND WINTER
MANTLES, JACKETS, DOLMANS, Coats and Ulsters, for Ladies and Misses.
Mantles of all kinds, Ready-Made or Made to Order. Mantle and Ulster Cloths in all the Fashionable Colorings and a great Variety of Makes.
Fur Trimmings, Beaded Trimmings, Ornaments, Tassels, Buttons, etc., in Great Variety, for Mantle Trimming.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
nov 11

PORK, FLOUR, LARD, ETC.
NOW LANDING:—
100 BBLS. HEAVY MESS PORK;
1 Car Patent Process Flour;
1 Car Britannia Flour;
1 Car Star Flour;
1 Car Gilt Edge Flour;
1 Car Chester Flour;
1 Car Fisher's Superior Flour;
1 Car Gem Flour:
1 Car White Cloud Flour;
1 Car Duart Flour;
1 Car Dashing Rapids Flour.
Due per schr. "Ocean Belle":—100 Tubs Lard; 50 bbls. Mess Pork; 5 bbls. Currants.
For sale by
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
nov 4 5 South Wharf.

BARNES & CO.,
STEAM
JOB PRINTERS,
BOOKSELLERS,
—AND—
Blank Book Manufacturers.

BLANK BOOKS
RULED, PRINTED AND BOUND TO ANY PATTERN AND STYLE.

THEY HAVE FURNISHED THEIR PRINTING OFFICE AND BOOKBINDERY WITH
NEW TYPES & PRESSES,
—AND—
First Class Machinery
AND MATERIALS,
AND ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF WORK IN THEIR LINE OF BUSINESS.

Old Books Rebound.

Barnes & Co.,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
(OLD STAND),
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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1881—1882.
INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO'Y.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, November 28th, and until further notice, the Splendid Sea-going Steamers "CITY OF PORTLAND" and "FALMOUTH" will leave Reed's Point Wharf every
MONDAY AND THURSDAY MORNINGS,
at 8 o'clock, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Connecting both ways at Eastport, with steamer "CHARLES HOUGHTON," for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen.
Returning will leave Commercial Wharf, Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 P. M., for Eastport and St. John.
Through Tickets can be procured at this office, and H. Chubb & Co.'s, to all points of Canada and the United States.
No claims for allowance after Goods leave the Warehouse.
Freight received Wednesday and Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, P. M.
H. W. CHISHOLM,
dec 2 Agent.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1881. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1881.
ON and after MONDAY, the 6th 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	11.35 A. M.	11.40 A. M.
Express for Sussex	5.10 P. M.	5.15 P. M.
Express for Halifax and Quebec	10.30 P. M.	10.35 P. M.
A Special Freight will continue to leave for Sussex for the accommodation of Passengers	6.30 P. M.	6.35 P. M.

A Pullman Car runs daily on the 10.30 P. M. 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.