

Poetry.

TO THE DESPONDING.

Have courage, wipe your weeping eyes,
A light still lingers in your breast;
Do not despair, hope never dies,
And man is always to be blest;
Forget the sufferings of the past,
Anticipate no future grief;
Your sorrow shall not always last,
Your aching heart shall find relief.
Oh, throw away the bitter cup;
The bitter cup of despair;
Soar upon wings of hope, soar up,
Far up above the misty air;
In faith grasp hope's extended hand,
And swear allegiance to her way;
Rich pearls lie mixed with burning sand,
And roses bloom all long the way.
Have courage, downcast soul, cheer up,
There're blessings scattered everywhere;
Reach out and take enjoyment's cup,
And down the voice of pain and care.
Dismiss your doubts, they give but pain,
For doubts are traitors at the best;
Your wishes, dreams, are all in vain,
They give no ease, they give no rest.
Be patient, hopeful, and content,
However dark the way appears;
Think not of grief as punishment,
Dispel your gloomy, dreamy fears;
Enjoy those blessings at your door,
Enjoy them to your soul's delight;
For blessings ne'er are valued more,
Than after they have taken flight.

The Fireside.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

"Boys, boys, boys!" said Mr. Nelson, speaking louder, as the noise in the hall grew more and more intolerable, "what in the name of reason is the matter with you? Don't you know that this is Sunday, that this is a minister's house, and that you are a minister's children?"
They came in, flushed and excited, and each charging the other with having given the first offense. Having given them a good scolding, they took up their Bibles and began to read.
"Arthur, read that over again."
"Frank, let that chair alone."
"Tom, take your feet off the sofa."
"Lina, it is possible that you, too, are careless and listless! What in the world is the matter with you all? Is it my fault, or is it yours, or are we all wrong to-day? What can be the matter? I am as nervous as if I had been awake all night, and it does seem to me that you all are more noisy and fidgety and careless than I have ever known you to be. The lesson is an interesting one, and I did hope we would have a pleasant hour, after the wearing services of the morning."
The trouble was all in the weather. Dr. A. Alexander, one of the best students of religious experience, used to say he could be a very good Christian, except when there was a east wind blowing. Dr. Spencer, too, in his "Pastoral Sketches," gives a long account of what a hard time he had with a lady who had such a temper that on certain seasons she seemed to lose all hope, and sank down in utter despair. He advised all sorts of remedies, but, like the woman in the Gospel, "she was nothing bettered but rather grew worse," until he discovered that with every change of the weather there was a change in her religious feelings.
I answer yes, children will grow cross, and older persons crabbed, from no other reason in the world than that there is a change in the weather. I have always wanted to read a book on the relation of the body to the spirit. I mean a book written by some scientific man, such a man as Dr. John Brown, who wrote "Rab and his Friends," and knew how to prescribe for the ailments of the body by a knowledge of the disease of the mind. That there is a most intimate connection between them we all know. After a heavy, indigestible dinner, the mind becomes dull and drowsy. I have noticed that my own mind is unusually bright when I am taking a bad cold. But when the cold is once taken, my mind is as torpid as a frozen snake. In the early spring, too, the mind becomes torpid; but when summer comes it gets into the heat, and is like a high pressure of steam in a burnt-out boiler. But when the autumn days are come, they may be the "saddest of the year" to some people, but they are to me a time of life, and joy intellectual. There was a time, too, when dark, rainy days gave me the blues, but in these latter years I am so fond of reading and so tired visiting, that a real hard rainy day is looked upon as one of the greatest blessings. I know nobody will call, so I feel as a boy does when the teacher gets sick and has to dismiss the school.
These thoughts were passing through Mr. Nelson's mind while they were reading. But about this time Lina yawned, and then Tom yawned, and he felt an irresistible impulse to yawn himself when they all, by common impulse, broke out into a hearty laugh.
"Well, children, it must be the weather," said Mr. Nelson; "and as I never thought it right to sleep in church or when studying the Bible, we'll give it up until the weather changes."
"Father, do you believe in signs about the weather?" asked Tom.
"Certainly," there are scientific signs, or else the Government would not have established a Signal Bureau, of which he whom we call "Old Prob" is chief."
"Yes, but I mean signs like these: Aching corns, rheumatic pains, the croaking of tree-frogs, and the screeching of pea-fowls."
"I do not know, but some of these are infallible signs, because they indicate a change in the atmosphere. You know at sea they have instruments that will mark a coming storm many hours in advance of its coming. The barometer is constructed upon that well-known fact, that a change in the atmosphere means a change in the weather. The funniest, and to me at the time the most foolish, sign I ever heard of, was told me last summer. An old friend came to me laughing and said "Jim Blackford says it's going to rain, because his gun-bird is rising, and it never rises except when it is going to rain." I thought it was an inflammation of the root of a tooth, and a diseased tooth is very sensitive to changes of weather, there may be some sense in this sign."
"And now, boys," said Mr. Nelson, "though I have not called the word, our talk this morning, and our feelings, too, all teach us the importance of watching out for 'unconscious influence.'"
—Christian Advocate, Nashville.

THE PROPHECY.

BY MARY DWINELL CHERRILL.

"Hallo there, Bill! What are you doing?"
"Smoking."
"Don't it make you sick?"
"Not a bit of it. I'm too old a stager for that."
"You ain't old at all, I am, and that I am young. I tried smoking once, and that was enough for me. I thought I was going to die, I was so sick."
"Hain't you tried it again?"
"No, sir; and what is more, I shan't."
"When was it?"
"The next day after Cross came here. I was fool enough to think it would be smart to do as he did; but, as grandma says, I saw the folly of it before it was too late, and there was no great harm done."
"Well, I began the way you did, and I don't believe you was any sicker than I was. But when I make up my mind to do a thing I do it, and to tell the truth, it has taken me all this

time to get so I can smoke and enjoy it. Now I'm all right."
"According to my way of thinking, you are all wrong. Father says he wouldn't have me learn to smoke for ten thousand dollars. He says I should be so much out of pocket. It costs a great deal to smoke in style. He says he knew a man who used to spend a dollar a day for cigars right along. I would rather have money in some other way."
"Pshaw! most every man smokes, and when I grow up I want to do like the rest. I should feel pretty flat if I happened to be with a lot of fellows that were smoking and I couldn't take a cigar without making myself sick. You won't catch me in such a scrape as that. Cross can smoke half a day right along."
"He would stop long enough to drink a glass of beer now and then. Cold water tastes pretty flat when a fellow's mouth is all burnt up with tobacco."
"That's a fact, but Cross has money enough to pay for all the beer he wants. He says he began to smoke when he was eight years old."
"He looks like it; he isn't half grown. Three years older than I am, and only up to my shoulders! I thought you wanted to be tall and large."
"I do, and I expect to be."
"So do I. I don't calculate to lose a foot or two in height, and spoil my teeth, and muddle my brain, for the sake of being ready to smoke with some fellows I may happen to meet ten years from now. I shan't do it, and you'd better not. The next thing, you will be drinking beer; then something stronger, and more of it, until you won't care what else comes to you if you can only get all the rum and tobacco you want."
"That's hard talk, Joe—rather more than I should call you to account. When a man gets so he don't care for anything but rum and tobacco he is a drunkard. You don't think I shall ever be a drunkard, do you?"
"I hope not; but you are only twelve years old, and if you have got a taste for beer and tobacco you have taken the first step. I never thought I should be so much of a fool as to let you smoke, the night after I tried smoking, but I said a young boy couldn't expect to make the best of himself in any way if he used tobacco. It will drain his pocket of small change, weaken his body, and dull his brains. Some men get so used to having a quid rolling round in their mouths they cannot talk without it. They stammer and stammer, as though they had lost a part of their tongue. I hope you won't chew as much as smoke. One is bad enough, but take them together they are too bad to be tolerated. As for me, I will have none of the filthy stuff."
The two boys who talked thus with each other were schoolmates, and their parents neighbors, so that seldom a day passed when they were not together; but from the time when one decided not to use tobacco and the other resolved to smoke like "an old stager" their paths in life diverged.

Less than a score of years have gone by since then; yet the prophecy, counted so severe, has been literally fulfilled, as Bill acknowledges with bitter regrets that he had not heeded the warning of his old-time friend. He is a bearded drunkard, without hope of reform, replying to all exhortations: "As long as I use tobacco I must drink liquor; and I would rather die than give up tobacco."—Banner.

THE POND PREACHER.

BY JESSE E. WRIGHT.
"I won't either!" Tommy straightened up, shook back his curls, and again said in a decided tone: "I won't either! I will be a man."
"O ho!" croaked a voice from behind him. "So you will be a man, will you? O ho!"
Tommy turned round. There on the edge of the pond basin sat an immense green frog.
"Yes," stammered Tommy, "I will be a man, and won't take the pledge. They are getting all the boys in town to sign, but Joe Lindsay (Tommy was growing more courageous and talked quite fast)—"but Joe Lindsay won't sign, and Joe is splendid—I shall do what Joe does." Tommy's face was flushed, his hands clapped behind him, but the frog looked as coolly wise as before.
"Men are fools," he croaked. "So you won't sign the pledge. You will pour the fire down your throat that will burn you up, body and soul, body and soul!" repeated the frog, beginning to gesticulate, his mouth drawn down, his eyes standing out.
"Men are fools. Who but man swallows his property, his health, his happiness, his family! Would a frog? Never! And man might drink water—good water!"
The frog cleared his throat, and looking straight at Tommy, said: "Stick to cold water, my boy; stick to cold water if you want to be a wise man." The frog gave a quiver, nod, tremor, plumped, was gone. For a second Tommy seemed glued to the spot, then rushed from the garden, and did not stop till he was in Joe Lindsay's parlour. There sat Joe himself, his elbows on his knees, his head on his hands. Tommy hesitated a little, for Joe seemed to him a model of all that was great and good, and he hurried through his tale. "Well, Tommy," said Joe, "perhaps your frog was right about the pledge; but, Tommy—Joe was twisting one of the boy's long curls around his finger—"it would be easier to start right. We had better be on the safe side. Suppose we both sign now!" Tommy gave a sigh of relief and the boys started down the street.—Banner.

"DUST ON YOUR GLASSES."

I don't often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work, but one morning, not long since, I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.
"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."
"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said modestly.
And sure enough, the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said:
"I am glad the glasses, and not me, were at fault. This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.
In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so and so, and she had said so and so. When her story was finished I said smiling:
"There is dust on your glasses, Katy; rub them off, you can see better."
I told the incident to my son, and he left the room. I told the incident to my daughter, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other:
"Oh, there is dust on your glasses."
Sometimes I am referred to:
"Mamma, Harry has got dust on his glasses; can he rub them off?"
When I hear a person criticizing another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons I think right away, "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses, only the dust is a little thicker on some than on others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off.
I said to John one day, some little matter coming up that called for the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub," then, "said he. There is Mr. So and so, and Mr. So and so, and they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint, to hint, I don't know, I don't like them."
"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now."
He laughed and asked:
"What is a body to do?"
"Keep your own wall rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."
"I will," he replied.
I think as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."—Observer.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying
That is altogether true,
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
"Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And gray—so deep and bright—
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.
No matter whether field or glen,
Or city a crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,
Ere you are out of sight,
Some one is always watching you,
And whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.
Some one is also watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave, and true;
And watchful more than mortal kind
God's angels pure and white,
In gladness or in sorrowing
Are keeping you in sight.
O bear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high!
You do whatever thing you do,
Beneath some seeing eye;
O bear in mind my little one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child upon this round, round earth,
Is ever out of sight.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 1, 14 is a pronoun.
My 12, 13, 14, 6 is a vegetable.
My 13, 15, 17 is a part of the face.
My 10, 17 is a part of the face.
My 22, 2, 3 is at a distance.
My 11, 16 is violent.
My 10, 17, 18, 19 is to have.
My 20, 21, 4 is a frozen substance.
My whole is a true saying.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in come, but not in go;
My second is in yes, but not in no;
My third is in six, but not in two;
My fourth is in him, but not in you;
My fifth is in cup, but not in tea;
My sixth is in ocean, but not in sea;
Now, if the answer is brought to mind,
A city in a southern land you'll find.

FLORAL CHARADES.

1. To converse with sugar and a tuft of grass.
2. A domestic animal and a narrow piece.
3. A beautiful evergreen and a kind of Rhenish wine.
4. A small singing bird and to incite or arouse.

ARTHEMETERES.

1. 101 antho. 6. 1 rap.
2. 1000 sea. 7. 6 anne.
3. 500 we. 8. 1001 hoe.
4. 50 wane. 9. 101 han.
5. 500 noon. 10. 1111 ex.

[Read correctly this list of words forms the names of ten cities and towns.]

BLANKS.

[Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike, but differing in spelling and meaning.]
1. I saw — walking with a —
2. John gave a — for the —
3. — for the little — will bite!
4. The — made a — mistake.
5. The artist can — picture like the —
6. The bat — up the chimney —
7. — that letter, for it is a letter of —

ANSWERS TO LAST PUZZLES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Olive Crownwell.
PROBLEM.—Four cents per dozen, two dozen being the number bought.
CHARADE.—Woodcock.
HINTS CITIES.—1. Cairo. 2. Dayton. 3. Lowell. 4. Brighton.
AN ANIMAL.—Leopard.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

A medical journal tells how one man was cured of a cold.
He boiled a little wormwood and horehound together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arm, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all these of with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard plaster instead. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill, an aunt arrived about the same time with a bottle of sweet fern, which she made into tea, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring, in High Street, gave him two pills of her own make, about the size of a walnut and of similar shape, and two spoonfuls of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half-pint of hot rum, at the suggestion of an old sea captain visiting in the next house, and stuffed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this point two of his neighbors arrived, who saw one that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half pint of brandy tea and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pill, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers buried on a shovel in his room. He is now cured and full of gratitude.

A SENSIBLE WAY OF RAISING CHILDREN.—A venerable lady now living in New York, who had ten children, all reared in cities, and raised nine of them, all living at the present moment, having reached the adult age, never allowed any of them as children to eat anything between meals except as they had just as easily have snatched every whim. Her constant reply was, when any of them demanded, "My dear, you are not hungry if you cannot eat dry bread." Now it is very certain that her children did not inherit remarkably robust constitutions, and under ordinary pampering of mothers, it is fair to suppose that many of them would have died or become puny men and women. When a child is really by experience that he can have nothing but bread between meals, he will not ask for it unless he really needs it; and then he will not take enough to destroy his hunger appetite for the good things at the table, while if he is allowed fruits and pastry, as so many children are, he will seldom come to his meals with a fine relish for food, and taking it without that relish it fails to be rapidly assimilated, if indeed it does not enfeeble or derange the digestive functions.

THE WORKING HOURS OF LIFE.—Suppose that a man throw away in every year fifty-two days for Sundays, thirteen days for illness, vacation, and interruption; and suppose that forty-five consecutive years he works three hundred a year—a very large average—that would give a man, in the nature of part of life, 13,500 days. If you please, there is not a doubt about that. Supposing that a man have health and industry enough to work ten hours in each of these 13,500 days, he will have 135,000 mature working hours. A man who is forty, however, has about 90,000 hours left; a man who is sixty has so few hours left that I do not want to shock you by mentioning their number. Calculate for yourselves how much time is left you. At the end of 135,000 hours the mature working-portion of a life is ended, and there is no doubt about this proposition.
We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting room and kitchen, as well as in the parlor, for you will be sure in other places to depict your self in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are made fast at all times and under all circumstances.

40 YEARS
PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER
HAS ACTED THE
GOOD PHYSICIAN

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



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

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

SUBSTITUTES.

The public are cautioned against a custom which is growing quite common of late among a certain class of medicine dealers, and which is this: When asked for a bottle of Pain-Killer, they suddenly discover that they are "sold out," "but have another article just as good, if not better," which they will supply at the same price. The object of this deception is transparent. These substitutes are made up to sell on the great reputation of the Pain-Killer; and being compounded of the vilest and cheapest Drugs, are bought by the dealer at about half what he pays for the genuine Pain-Killer, which enables him therefore to realize a few cents more profit per bottle upon the imitation article than he can on the genuine.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

FOR CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS!

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

FOR SUDDEN COLDS, SORE THROAT, &c.

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

TOOTHACHE, BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS, BRUISES, &c.

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

GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.

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

The Pain-Killer is for sale by Druggists, Apothecaries, Grocers and Medicine Dealers throughout the world.
The Pain-Killer is put up in 2 oz. and 5 oz. bottles, retailing at 25 and 50 cents respectively,—large bottles are therefore cheaper.

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

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.

Established 1826. Bells for all purposes. Warranted satisfactory and durable.
MENELY & CO., WEST TROY N. Y.
apr. 2-ly

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE
MENELY BELL FOUNDRY.

Established 1826. Bells for all purposes. Warranted satisfactory and durable.
MENELY & CO., WEST TROY N. Y.
apr. 2-ly

1881.

MY STOCKS are now complete. I have recently added 527 Packages Furniture, 41 Crates Crockery, 72 Packages Lamps, Lamp Stock and Table Glassware, 25 Packages Merchandise, containing Silverware, Household Hardware and Fancy Goods.
Furniture suitable for Parlor, Chamber, and Dining Room, Hall or Kitchen. Crockery and glassware in great variety. Table and Silverware, Parlor Lamps, Table Glassware, and Silver Jewelry. Japanese Fancy Goods and a thousand and one Useful Articles suitable for Christmas, Birthday or Bridal Presents.

JAS. G. McNALLY,
Opposite City Hall, Fredericton.
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nov. 29-4

COD LIVER OIL.

GLENDINER'S COD LIVER OIL.
Pure Newfoundland Cod Liver Oil.
Peter Muller's Pure Cod Liver Oil.
Dr. DeLong's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil.
T. B. BARKER & SONS.

PARKS' COTTON YARNS!

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

Nov. 5 to 10.

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 Yarn to remember that our Yarn is spun on Thorndike 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 ball being tied up with a new yard each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without less—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, STAIN, &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 yarn 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,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

Millinery Department!

LONDON HOUSE, WHOLESALE.

MARCH 1881.

WE are now showing in the above Departments—Ladies' and Men's HATS and BONNETS, in Straw, Tapes, Chaps, Leghorn and Fancies, in all the Leading Styles.

Trimmed and Untrimmed English, American and Swiss Sun Hats.

French GRASS WREATHS and Italian LACE STRAW BRAIDS, for Trimming Purposes.

Stat and Bonnet FRAMES, in the Latest Shapes. Children's Lace Bonnets and Hats.

New Shaded Outrigger Hats and FEATHERS. Millinery ORNAMENTS, in Great Variety.

A Large Assortment of LACES, including a Line of Tulle, and Lace Trimmings.

Collar and Neck Trimmings, and Ribbons.

Lace Yarns, Fichus, Fichettes and Bibs.

NEW GOODS

In our other Departments are being received daily, of which notice will be made in our next issue.

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

NOW OPENING!

37 Packages

PER "TRINACRIA" FROM LONDON.

PRINCIPALLY FOR OUR RETAIL STOCK.

100 DOZ GLOVES.

Black All Wool French Cashmere.

Black All Wool French Cashmere.

All Wool French Belts, Black and Colours.

Beautiful New Designs in Black and Colours.

Large Assortment of Towels.

White and Cream India Mullin.

New Frilling, Rib, and Handkerchief Machine.

Point Language; Fine Turbans Laces.

Spanish Scarf and Handkerchief Jersey Collars.

Ladies' Lace, Linen and Embroidery Jersey Collars.

Ladies' Corsets and Laces.

Boy's Sallor and Sunbonnet Collars.

Purl and Braids for Lace Work.

Full Assortment of Smallwares.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

MARCH 2ND, 1881.

LATEST SEASON!

WE have on hand—

Canoe Herring, Labrador Herring,

Day Herring, Smoked Herring,

Dry Fish of all Kinds.

And to arrive within a few days:

500 QUINQUA CODEFISH!

For sale by

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DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

LONDON HOUSE, WHOLESALE.

NOW IN STOCK:

BLACK AND COLORED CASHMERE;

Black and Coloured Laces and Colours;

Black and Coloured Laces and Colours;

Black and Coloured Laces and Colours;

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