

## Poetry.

## MY REFUGE.

As I stand here secure in my Refuge  
From the gay, thoughtless throng,  
I see myriads moving before me  
As they pass pleasure's pathway along,  
And I feel the faint perfume of flowers,  
And I hear low, sweet anathems of song.

But I know that the flowers with their fragrance  
Are concealing some treacherous snare,  
And the sweet song is sung by some siren  
With face and form faultlessly fair,  
Who entices men into her mansion,  
And ruthlessly murders them there.

And I know there is danger most dreadful  
For those who are walking that way,  
And that terrible trials and temptations  
Are laying in wait for the gay,  
And that poisonous serpents are lurking  
Low coiled 'mid the flowers all the day.

Once I drank of the cup of dissipation  
Till the dark bitter drops came in view,  
And I scorned and avoided the persons  
Who advised me the good to pursue,  
And I neglected companions  
From among those who wickedness do.

And I walked with the multitude wildly  
In the pathway of pleasure and sin,  
Rushing recklessly past yawning pitfalls,  
Never dreaming the music was given,  
Until glorious grace to me did  
Plainly taught me how I had been.

And I am convinced now that I was in darkness,  
Far deeper than gloomiest night,  
And it brought me to my Refuge,  
And showed me the glorious light,  
That shone from the City Immortal,  
So brightly it dazzled my sight.

So I stand with my soul full of pity  
For the mortals so near the abyss  
Of the dreadful darkness before them,  
And I faithfully warn them of this,  
And I speak of a path that will lead them  
To realms of infinite bliss.

But they glance at me only a moment,  
And pursue gleeful pleasures again,  
And sometimes I see soon on their faces,  
Then I know that my warnings are vain,  
And to see them rush thus to destruction  
Fills my spirit with bitter pain.

Would you learn the sure road to the Refuge,  
Ye thoughtless, and youthful, and fair!  
It leads through repentance and sorrow  
Unto joy inaccessible there,  
And the Saviour will graciously guide you,  
If you earnestly ask him in prayer.

CHARLES LEE BARNES.

## The Fireside.

## KATE WILBER'S WILFULNESS AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY AUNT MEB.

"I think you have said quite enough; I am going at this rate," and as she spoke, the young girl arose, with an angry air, and going to the open window, looked out upon the scene before her with an air of interest quite equal to a first observation of something of unusual attractiveness. The person addressed did not, for a moment, venture a contradiction of the decision so firmly expressed; but her eyes followed the speaker, and then, as a sad smile passed over her face, she spoke again:

"All I have to say is, you'll be sorry if you do," and wheeling herself around on the piano-stool, for it was her practice—she began to play slowly and softly a measure or two from the music before her.

As the sweet sounds reached her, Kate Wilber forgot, for the moment, that she was out of humor, and indulging the mood which gave her friends so much unrest, that of deliberate wilfulness, she turned and walked slowly back towards the piano.

"That's the sweetest strain in that 'Nocturne,' and the whole thing is just ravishing," she said, in a decided voice, as she approached the instrument, and leaned restfully against it, humming her melody with the strains which were issuing from the finger-tips of her cousin, Lucy Westfall.

Lucy smiled her assent, as she struck a few finishing chords and stopped, knowing from former and repeated experiences, by the manner of her cousin, that the subject which would have led the most of Kate's friends into an angry discussion, had been placed under the table as the expression goes, for them, and that her black-eyed cousin was ready to be amiable on any other convenient topic, save that.

The cause for these decisive words on this particular morning was this: Kate Wilber being engaged to a young gentleman who lived in an adjoining city, and who paid the object of his love many and frequent visits, had consented to join a party for target-shooting at that afternoon, with a young man, with whom her lover had no dealings, on grounds quite commendable to the latter, and as much to be disapproved of in the former.

That Will Hastings was "fast," Kate Wilber knew as well as any one, and yet he had always been good company, and behaved politely when in her presence, and she had been with him many times, while Lucy guided by the advice of her friends, had as often refused his proffered escort, because of his lack of principle. Lucy had hoped that Kate's engagement to Philip Fairbanks would put an end to her accepting more attention from Will Hastings, and so it had until this time; but now, as Kate said:

"Phil wouldn't be here, and no one but Will would have the face to ask me since I am so soon to be married. I am crazy to go to the 'Archery,' just for purpose to see him. Barbek's cousin, of whom she has been talking so grandly all this vacation; for you know he is to be there, Lucy!"

To which Lucy had replied with much earnestness, "I'd advise no other opportunity, if I were you, for that pleasure, and not stop to accept such company as Will Hastings; for I am sure, it is no advantage to you to be seen with him. I don't believe Phil would approve of it either. You had better go calling with me."

Kate's answer had been that which opens our story, and having given her cousin what she considered timely warning in the matter, Lucy was as willing as Kate to talk about music for a while, and in this way the morning was spent.

After dinner Kate prepared for the shooting party, while Lucy dressed herself for paying a few friendly calls, hoping her cousin would at the last be induced to join her; but it would have been a new departure for Kate to give in to any save her own strong will, and she seated herself in the library to await her escort, while Lucy went out alone.

And decide if in any way their plan of operations could be improved upon, as young folks are so fond of doing, Kate for the first time observed that Will Hastings was a good deal more than a party, and as she supposed, was indulging in a nap.

To say that her cousin's words were realized and that she was sorry, will but feebly express her feelings, when a short time after, Mr. Starkweather stepped beside her and said quietly:

"Pardon me, Miss Wilbur, but your escort is not in a fit condition to accompany you home, and will go on with cousin Emma and me."

Without further explanation—for none was needed—Kate cast a glance toward the stretched man, and saw indeed that—her cousin's cheeks evincing her mortification and disgust, and mechanically took the proffered arm of Emma's cousin, with a formal "thanks," and they walked away.

For once in her life Kate was too vexed with the turn events had taken to excuse herself, in her own eyes even, and this was quite remarkable, inasmuch as it had been her habit, no matter how great the misdeed, to cover any feelings of regret that might have been caused by an air of carelessness, and supported by an intensified degree of gaiety and nonsense; but acting as she did today from sheer wilfulness, she felt—and truly so—that to no one but herself could she attach blame in the affair.

Her chagrin was only augmented by the thought of the unfattering impression she must have given Mr. Starkweather, who from all appearances was a gentleman of high culture, and in whose estimation she felt the moment she saw him that it would reflect credit upon a young lady to stand well.

The family were at tea when Kate reached home in this unfavorable frame of mind, and true to the old thought that mishaps never occur singly, the intelligence was conveyed by the servant who admitted her that Mr. Fairbanks was there! At any other time Kate would have gone at once into the dining-room, and have given her lover a frank, cordial welcome in the presence of them all; but to-night she said hurriedly to the servant,

"I will be down directly," and went to her own room as quickly as possible. As she closed the door of her room, her agitated feelings found expression in a flood of tears, realizing as she did that the hardest part of her wilful proceeding was yet to come; for, as her cousin had said, she, too, believed that Phil Fairbanks would not approve of her course when he should hear who had been her escort. If nothing unusual had happened, she did not fear getting his pardon when she should have explained affairs according to her own method; but to have him know that she had chosen to accompany a young man who would dare to show such disrespect for a young lady of acknowledged refinement, was more than her proud nature could accept without a struggle. These and other thoughts crowded upon her as she tried to regain her self-possession and to clear away all traces of her emotion, in a short space of time as possible, that she might join the family. They were passing through the hall from the dining-room into the parlor as she started to descend, and hastening, that she might be among them before they were seated, she met her lover just at the foot of the stairs.

He greeted her affectionately, and whatever he had thought he gave no signs of resentment. "This encouraged Kate to feel brighter at once, and after assuring the others, in reply to the many questions regarding her afternoon, that the "game was a success," she excused herself, saying she was as "hungry as a starved kitten."

"Allow me to act as head-waiter," playfully requested Philip Fairbanks, as he accompanied her to the dining-room without awaiting the ceremony of a reply.

During these few moments of action, Kate had been revolving in her own mind what course she had better pursue; for as she tried to subvert the state of mind she earnestly desired to attain for her heedless behavior. She arrived at a decision which she carried into execution as soon as the servant had retired and the evening meal was served.

"If I never was thoroughly ashamed of myself before, I am now for after being kindly advised by Lucy, and quite convinced of the wisdom of her words, I went to the Archery Club this afternoon," and here she hesitated, hardly knowing how to finish, so great was her agitation. Philip, wishing to assure her that he was an interested listener, quietly asked:

"And why shouldn't you go to the Archery Club? Did you not enjoy it?"

Kate looked sharply at him, fearing he was quizzing her, and wondering how he could be so composed, when he must see how disturbed she was, and then believing he was in no jesting mood, she continued:

"The target-shooting was good, and I did enjoy that, I admit; but to tell you in plain English—for to tell you I am determined—I went with Will Hastings, and he became so intoxicated that we left him on the grounds."

Kate was frightened as she recalled the sight of the drunken man, who had been the occasion of so much mortification to her, and in the excitement of her feelings again found comfort in tears.

Very wisely judging that the lesson of the afternoon had not been an agreeable one, and that it would without doubt leave lasting and beneficial impressions, Philip Fairbanks induced the sorry girl to free her mind to him, and by the time they joined the family in the parlor, that afternoon's adventure had been, by mutual consent, placed among the things to be forgotten.

The next morning when Lucy was again busy with her music, she was interrupted by two soft hands placed upon her eyes, while a kiss was impressed by two lips which declared their owner's intention to be more willing to listen to her gentle words of caution in the future.

It was all the same to Lucy that Kate was wilful or loving, she was ever ready to offer her kindest sympathy for either mood, and so she expressed herself as she returned the kiss.

It was not until after Kate was married that Lucy learned from Emma Barbek just how the target-shooting party had turned out for her. Suffice it to know that Lucy was confident in saying:

"It was Kate Wilber's last wilfulness." To which Emma Barbek made answer, with a smile, "That's a clever remark for you, Lucy, since you do not include Mrs. Fairbanks!"—Standard.

## WHAT IS FEAR.

There was once a little boy who went on a visit to his grandmother when he was not much more than five years old.

His grandmother was very kind to him, and as he was a little boy, he was very much interested in her, and would often run into his room for hours to get into her arms, and she would hold him close to her, and he would feel safe and happy.

One day, when he had gone out quite early in the morning, he did not come back at noon to dinner, as the afternoon wore on; and then a thunder-storm broke over the hills, and the lightning flashed, rain fell in torrents. You may imagine how uneasy he felt about him, and how he sent the gardener and the stable-boy in different directions to seek for him; and how glad she felt, when in the twilight, he was brought back to her safe old home.

They had found him on the far hill-side in an old hut, where he had crept for shelter from the rain, and was sitting quite contentedly watching the noisy brook splashing down over the stones. His grandmother scolded him a little, which was no wonder, for he had made her very uneasy, and she found Mr. Starkweather, Emma Barbek's cousin, engaged company that in her conversation with him, and in her intense interest in the game, she had failed to notice that Will Hastings had absented himself from the grounds, several times that afternoon.

When it became too dark to make accurate shots, and the company had gathered into little groups, and there, so discuss the afternoon's success, and decide if in any way their plan of operations could be improved upon, as young folks are so fond of doing, Kate for the first time observed that Will Hastings was a good deal more than a party, and as she supposed, was indulging in a nap.

It is good to be brave and strong; and a bold and bold and fearless nature is a fine thing to possess. But there is one kind of fear which we all ought to have within us, the fear of doing wrong—the fear of offending God, and of grieving His Holy Spirit. That is the one sort of fear it is good and safe to have; and the bravest and boldest and most noble men have always felt this fear the most.

"The fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom," the Bible calls it, and rightly; and the more we learn to love God, and the more of this "fear" we shall have, because we shall fear to do the least evil thing to displease our dearest Lord, and then we need have no other fear of any kind."

## THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said  
"Only just a child that's dead."  
And so they carelessly turned away  
From the mould the spade had made that day.  
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade  
That little grave in our home had made!

I know the coffin was narrow and small,  
One yard would have served for an ample pall;  
One man in his arms could have borne away  
The casket frail and its freight of clay.  
But I knew that darling hopes were hid  
Beneath that tiny coffin-lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day  
With folded arms by that form of clay;  
I knew that burning tears were hid,  
"Neath the drooping lash of aching lid,"  
And I knew her lip and cheek and brow  
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away—  
The crimson frock and wrappings gay;  
The little sock and the half-worn shoe,  
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue,  
And an empty crib with its covers spread,  
As white as the face of the precious dead.

'Tis a little grave, but O, beware!  
For world-wide hopes are buried there,  
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,  
May see, like her, through blinding tears  
How much of light, how much of joy,  
Is buried up with an only boy.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
My first is in eat, but not in bitten;  
My second is in hood, but not in mitten;  
My third is in lady, but not in mistress;  
My fourth is in bug, but not in kiss;  
My fifth is in ball-room, but not in hall;  
My sixth is in baby, but not in doll;  
My seventh is in thumb, but not in hand;  
My eighth is in soap, but not in sand;  
My whole is the name of a distinguished discoverer.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.  
1. An experience of us all  
2. A book of the Old Testament.  
3. To adhere.  
4. A serpent.  
5. In hydraulics.  
6. A number.  
7. A garment.  
8. Assured.  
9. Deferred.

THE CONTRAST, read from the top and bottom to the middle letter, name two flowers.  
OLD JOE.

GEOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS.  
One-twelfth of New Hampshire, one-eighth of Michigan, one-ninth of Minnesota, one-tenth of Illinois, one-seventh of Indiana, one-eighth of Florida, one-ninth of Texas, one-tenth of Louisiana, one-twelfth of Pennsylvania, one-thirteenth of Massachusetts, one-fifth of Maine, one-fourth of Iowa, combined, name a city of the United States.  
JENNY.

DECAPITATIONS.  
1. Behold a kind of grass and leave an admirer.  
2. Behold an article worn upon the head and leave a friend.  
3. Behold a part of the head and leave a unit.  
4. Behold a kind of food and leave a necessity to all people; again and leave a preparation; again and leave a drink.  
5. Behold a sly animal and leave a domestic animal.  
6. Behold a young wife and leave an excision.  
AUST. SARAH.

CONCEALED CITIES.  
1. I shall see Goodrich Monday morning.  
2. I shall do my washing to-night.  
3. I have bought a new bed for Dollie.  
4. He sat upon a rock in the cemetery.  
5. I don't like that royal air he puts on.  
6. I want every wheel in good repair.  
OLD JOE.

ANSWERS TO LAST PUZZLES.  
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Honesty is the best policy. CIPHER-WORD ENIGMA.—Mexico. FIGURAL CHARACTERS.—1. Candy-stuff. 2. Cow-slip. 3. Holly-hock. 4. Foxglove. 5. Larkspur. 6. Aspidochelone. 7. Antioch. 8. Salem. 9. Well. 10. London. 11. Paris. 12. Vienna. 13. Mohle. 14. China. 15. Mexico. 16. Brakes. 17. Cain, cane. 18. Drum, drum. 19. Flea, flea. 20. Dyer, dye. 21. Lamin, limb. 22. Flew, flew. 23. Mark, marquee.

FEEDING THE SICK.—Some people seem to have a superstition in the matter of forcing sick people to eat. "Doctor, he won't eat," says one. "Well, then let him alone." "But he don't eat he will die." "No, he won't die. Wait till he wants it, and then feed him all you good food." People don't die for the want of food, and when they do, it is because they can't digest food, and then they will not take it.

Then comes the cry "He must eat," and neighbors send in pills, catenars (i. e. hard-baked eggs, as bad as hard-boiled), even pills and cakes to tempt the patient's appetite. No! Let the appetite alone, and when it does come it will take plain food. We have known families far luxuriously on tempting things sent to a sick member, when they were too sensible to give it and kill the patient.

Said a sensible man, "When I do not feel well I go without eating and I generally cure myself." Half the medicine might be saved if people followed this rule and almost the other half, if they would eat proper food in proper quantity. It would be very good for doctors, but then some of them would have to seek some other employment.

There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they "stretch" things so. A trifling inconvenience in size, but not in quality, by passing through their mouths. They take a small fact, or slender bit of news, and pad it with added words, and paint it with high-colored adjectives, and it is large, and grand, and gives an impression. And one does like to listen to folks when so much must be "allowed for shrinkage."

Cultivate this habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Never "stretch" a story or a fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust you and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories, or making foolish "funny" remarks, or telling of things which are funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told just exactly as they came to pass.—S. S. Advocate.

The best remedy to prevent unpleasant odor from the feet caused by perspiration is to sprinkle pulverized alum in the boots once or twice a week for two or three weeks, and then not so often. It will cure the worst case.

VEGETARIAN.—Remember this fact: Disease lurks in every unventilated room, and especially in bed-rooms. Fresh air is just as necessary as food for the body.

WHEREAS.—Line blackened with a solution of salt in water, and thinned with skim-milk, from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and it is said, renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving shingles and for all farm buildings.

COD LIVER OIL.  
GENUINE NORWAY COD LIVER OIL.  
Pure New-England Cod Liver Oil.  
Peter Moller's Pure Cod Liver Oil.  
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I am now manufacturing Parlor Suits, Lounges, Bed Chairs and Mattresses, and selling them CHEAP! 600 Chairs received in the "White." I am finishing them up and can make prices very low below any other store.

JAS. G. McNALLY,  
Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.  
nov. 26-27



# FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOSPHITES

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF ALL WASTING DISEASES, SUCH AS—Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, General 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 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—the system is nourished. It acts, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh 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.

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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 mucus—pusulent 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 equally in the chest, lungs, and spine. I used, in turn, horse-back exercise, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonic, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalants, 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, 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 fatigues 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.

It is not my appetite increased; the expectation became easy, digestion better; the food became more nutritious and less repugnant; the chills ceased; night-sweats lessened; I gained in weight; the hacking cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my eye 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 expectation. Now that has stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, How do you know your difficulty to have proceeded from tubercular 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 Diseases (Lancet) states is the result of tubercle, which has been cured. Albeit to me, I had the Indian-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 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 whose misfortune I believe it vainly to trifle.

Respectfully,  
JAMES I. FELLOWS,  
Inventor of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypo-phosphites.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
When Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypo-phosphites is required, ask for "FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP," and be sure no imitation is foisted or other article thrust upon you.

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Agents for the Dominion of Canada,  
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OF NEW AND FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS!  
189 CLOTHES and BALE of English, Irish, Scotch, French and German Manufacture. 45 cases and bales of American Manufacture. 85 cases and bales of Canadian Manufacture. 2200 lbs. W. H. Park & Co. Superior Knitting Cotton. Now ready for inspection and for sale at our Popular Low Prices. All Departments are well assorted. Wholesale and Retail. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.  
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New Goods  
IN GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT  
27 KING STREET.  
NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Madras, French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino SHIRTS and Drawers.  
English All Linen COLLARS in the Latest Styles; and the "Doric" (Paper, Turn Down), and "The Wolf" (Paper, Standing).  
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.  
feb. 15

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ALL OTHER PAINS IN ANY PART OF THE BODY,  
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER  
IT CURES ALMOST INSTANTLY.  
The Pain-Killer is put up in 10, 20, and 40 cent bottles, retailing at 15 and 30 cents respectively—large bottles are literature cheap.  
SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.  
1880. WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. 1881.  
ON and after MONDAY, the 29th November, the Train will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:  
WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.  
RAILWAY ST. JOHN TIME.  
Express for Halifax, connecting at Moncton with accommodation for North. 7.35 a.m. 8.00 a.m. 11.45 a.m. 11.50 a.m. 11.55 a.m. 12.00 p.m. 12.05 p.m. 12.10 p.m. 12.15 p.m. 12.20 p.m. 12.25 p.m. 12.30 p.m. 12.35 p.m. 12.40 p.m. 12.45 p.m. 12.50 p.m. 12.55 p.m. 1.00 p.m. 1.05 p.m. 1.10 p.m. 1.15 p.m. 1.20 p.m. 1.25 p.m. 1.30 p.m. 1.35 p.m. 1.40 p.m. 1.45 p.m. 1.50 p.m. 1.55 p.m. 2.00 p.m. 2.05 p.m. 2.10 p.m. 2.15 p.m. 2.20 p.m. 2.25 p.m. 2.30 p.m. 2.35 p.m. 2.40 p.m. 2.45 p.m. 2.50 p.m. 2.55 p.m. 3.00 p.m. 3.05 p.m. 3.10 p.m. 3.15 p.m. 3.20 p.m. 3.25 p.m. 3.30 p.m. 3.35 p.m. 3.40 p.m. 3.45 p.m. 3.50 p.m. 3.55 p.m. 4.00 p.m. 4.05 p.m. 4.10 p.m. 4.15 p.m. 4.20 p.m. 4.25 p.m. 4.30 p.m. 4.35 p.m. 4.40 p.m. 4.45 p.m. 4.50 p.m. 4.55 p.m. 5.00 p.m. 5.05 p.m. 5.10 p.m. 5.15 p.m. 5.20 p.m. 5.25 p.m. 5.30 p.m. 5.35 p.m. 5.40 p.m. 5.45 p.m. 5.50 p.m. 5.55 p.m. 6.00 p.m. 6.05 p.m. 6.10 p.m. 6.15 p.m. 6.20 p.m. 6.25 p.m. 6.30 p.m. 6.35 p.m. 6.40 p.m. 6.45 p.m. 6.50 p.m. 6.55 p.m. 7.00 p.m. 7.05 p.m. 7.10 p.m. 7.15 p.m. 7.20 p.m. 7.25 p.m. 7.30 p.m. 7.35 p.m. 7.40 p.m. 7.45 p.m. 7.50 p.m. 7.55 p.m. 8.00 p.m. 8.05 p.m. 8.10 p.m. 8.15 p.m. 8.20 p.m. 8.25 p.m. 8.30 p.m. 8.35 p.m. 8.40 p.m. 8.45 p.m. 8.50 p.m. 8.55 p.m. 9.00 p.m. 9.05 p.m. 9.10 p.m. 9.15 p.m. 9.20 p.m. 9.25 p.m. 9.30 p.m. 9.35 p.m. 9.40 p.m. 9.45 p.m. 9.50 p.m. 9.55 p.m. 10.00 p.m. 10.05 p.m. 10.10 p.m. 10.15 p.m. 10.20 p.m. 10.25 p.m. 10.30 p.m. 10.35 p.m. 10.40 p.m. 10.45 p.m. 10.50 p.m. 10.55 p.m. 11.00 p.m. 11.05 p.m. 11.10 p.m. 11.15 p.m. 11.20 p.m. 11.25 p.m. 11.30 p.m. 11.35 p.m. 11.40 p.m. 11.45 p.m. 11.50 p.m. 11.55 p.m. 12.00 p.m. 12.05 p.m. 12.10 p.m. 12.15 p.m. 12.20 p.m. 12.25 p.m. 12.30 p.m. 12.35 p.m. 12.40 p.m. 12.45 p.m. 12.50 p.m. 12.55 p.m. 1.00 p.m. 1.05 p.m. 1.10 p.m. 1.15 p.m. 1.20 p.m. 1.25 p.m. 1.30 p.m. 1.35 p.m. 1.40 p.m. 1.45 p.m. 1.50 p.m. 1.55 p.m. 2.00 p.m. 2.05 p.m. 2.10 p.m. 2.15 p.m. 2.20 p.m. 2.25 p.m. 2.30 p.m. 2.35 p.m. 2.40 p.m. 2.45 p.m. 2.50 p.m. 2.55 p.m. 3.00 p.m. 3.05 p.m. 3.10 p.m. 3.15 p.m. 3.20 p.m. 3.25 p.m. 3.30 p.m. 3.35 p.m. 3.40 p.m. 3.45 p.m. 3.50 p.m. 3.55 p.m. 4.00 p.m. 4.05 p.m. 4.10 p.m. 4.15 p.m. 4.20 p.m. 4.25 p.m. 4.30 p.m. 4.35 p.m. 4.40 p.m. 4.45 p.m. 4.50 p.m. 4.55 p.m. 5.00 p.m. 5.05 p.m. 5.10 p.m. 5.15 p.m. 5.20 p.m. 5