Poetry.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I thought when I learned my letters,
That all my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They have only just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight.

The ink gets over my fingers,
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little, and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the h's,
Though I have certainly tried and tried
To make them just right. It is dreadful;
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is, too.

There'd be some comfort in learning,
If one could get through; instead
Of that there are books a-waiting,
Quite enough to craze my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—Oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain tops we climb;
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?

—*Wide Awake.*

The Fireside.

PICTURES OF GREAT MEN.

PRINCE ALBERT.

BY SAMUEL A. CHAPIN, JR.

One bright sunny day, not so many years ago but that your grandpapas and grandmammas, might remember it if they had known it, there was a party of six or eight lively little German boys playing together in the gardens of a beautiful castle called "Rosenau" in the northwest part of Germany.

It was a beautiful play-ground, and these little fellows, some of whom were royal princes, might have called each other by very beautiful names, Albert, Ernest, Ferdinand, Augustus and Alexander, but I am inclined to think, if they were like some boys, they called each other "Bert," "Ernie," "Gus" and "Alec," just "for short." On one side of the fine old castle before which they were playing stood an old ruined tower, and the boys thought it would be great fun to make believe that part of them were a fierce army storming the tower, while the rest of them defended it from the inside. So they divided into two parties, one of which went up into the old tower, while the others formed themselves into an army of about four small boys, with Albert for captain, and then held a council of war. Presently, after many suggestions, one of the boys with great show of secrecy said, "I know of a good place at the back where we can get in without being seen and capture it without difficulty," upon which young Captain Albert said with great dignity, "A real Saxon knight wouldn't do that. He would attack the enemy in front." So they did attack the enemy in front, and I believe won the tower, though not until after an honest and vigorous fight, in which brave Captain Albert grew so excited that he hit one of his own men a hard blow on the nose, the mark of which the soldier still carries. But Albert made it all right afterwards, and said how sorry he was, having hurt his friend. This kind-hearted, courageous little captain, whose full name was Prince Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel, was the son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield. The boy Ernest, one of the defenders of the tower, was his only brother and was just a year older than Albert, and together they lived with their parents in the beautiful castle "Rosenau." They were the only children of the Duke; and, perhaps because he had but two, those two were specially beautiful and gifted. Both boys were very precocious, but the gentleness and good spirits of Albert made him the greater favorite; and he was also the more beautiful of the two, with large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, lively, good-natured, full of fun and mischief. Ernest was not so pretty, but he had fine brown eyes, was tall and active, and very clever for a boy of his age.

The boys were great favorites of their two grandmothers, whom they used to visit frequently, and one of the good old ladies was a little troubled about their fun and high spirits, for she wrote home once in one of her letters: "The boys are very wild, and Ernest flies about like a swallow. They are very good boys on the whole, very obedient and easy to manage. Albert used to rebel a little sometimes, but a grave face brings the little fellow to submit. Now he obeys me with a look." You may be sure these were two happy boys, with such a beautiful home in the country, such loving parents, and two such indulgent old grandmammas, who when the dear mother died took her place, and watched over them tenderly as they increased each year in knowledge and strength and beauty. Thus you see that although their father was a duke, and they were true princes living in a veritable castle, their lives were not so different from that of many of the boys and girls in our land; where although we have no dukes and castles we do have kind good parents, gentle old grandmammas, and mischievous, happy, good-natured boys.

And oh! I almost forgot them—quiet, beautiful and loving little sisters besides, although there were none in this family. But there was a girl in this story—it wouldn't be natural without one—and now you shall hear about her. Far away across the English Channel, at Kensington Palace in London, on the 24th of May, 1819, the same year in which Albert was born, a little girl princess first opened her eyes to the bright sun and this great world. They called her Victoria, and she and Albert were first cousins, for his mother and her father were brother and sister. She was now the little "May-Flower" of Kensington, as her grandmamma called her, but not many years would go by before she would be crowned in state as Victoria, Queen of England. Her father used to show her to his friends and say, "Look at her well, for she will be Queen of England;" but the proud and happy man never saw her so, for he died suddenly when the baby princess was but eight months old. He left wife and child to the care of his brother-in-law, Prince Leopold, who was the uncle of both Albert and Victoria. This uncle Leopold must have been a splendid uncle, for he was a great favorite with all the little royal nephews and nieces, especially with Albert, for his mother said once that "he adored his uncle Leopold, never left him for an instant, hugged him every minute, and never felt easy except when able to be with him," and this soft-hearted old uncle felt the same way toward Albert. He was back and forth between England and Germany quite often, and, as Albert and Victoria grew up into boyhood and girlhood, told them much of each other, so that Albert felt much interest and affection for his lovely princess cousin across the water. Just at that time, however, he and his brother Ernest were wholly wrapped up in one another, for from the earliest time they had been inseparable, in play, in study, and in thought. Now they were specially busy with their studies, of which both were very fond; Albert specially of music and drawing.

Both boys were fond of Natural History also, and spent many happy hours in the hills and forests about the castle. Together they made collections of birds and butterflies, stones and shells, and these boyish collections were the beginning of the fine "Ernest-Albert Museum" of natural objects now to be seen at Coburg in Germany. Albert was an excellent shot, and the exercise he got from his hunting expeditions gave him good health, and drove away the attacks of illness that used to worry the anxious grandmammas. In these times of sickness the little fellow, his cousin Arthur said, "was perfectly angelic." Always thoughtful for others, grateful for kindness to himself, eager to do good for another, his nature was sweet and loving, and his words and deeds were always pure. Yet with this he was always cheerful and full of fun. He was quick to see the absurd side of a question, and he had a talent of mischievous imitation of funny people and things, which he never carried so far as to hurt anybody's feelings. What a splendid fellow he must have been for a playmate and friend! Don't you think so, boys, and don't you think it would be worth while to try and be like him?

Well, Albert and Ernest grew up together, healthy, joyous, pure-minded boys, and now at the ages of sixteen and seventeen they were to be confirmed. So these two brothers who had grown up from childhood hand in hand stood up together one Sunday, in the chapel of the palace, and, united in heart and mind, took upon themselves the first solemn vows of their young manhood.

And now in glancing over what I have written for you children about these brothers I am in despair when I see how little I have told you of all there is to be told. Why, it is only a picture of a "great boy," instead of a "great man" who lived to be forty-two years old, and I dare not go on for fear your Aunt Patience will send me a note saying she "would like short sketches for her nephews and nieces, but not a regular history." But the example of a great boy is better for some reasons than that of a great man, and so the story of the noble way in which "the good prince" fulfilled his manhood, how he and his cousin Victoria, the queen, met and loved each other and were married, how he left his own country and friends and went over to England to live among strangers, who at first disliked him, and whose esteem and love he won by his pure and noble character, how wisely he aided her in ruling England and educating their own children, how much he did to improve the arts and industries in England, how he set the people a good example by himself practicing the arts of music and painting and designing, how dearly they learned to love him although he was not of their blood, how they sorrowed for his early death as for a bosom friend, and how two of his grandsons are now traveling over the world, just as he and his brother Ernest once traveled in Europe—all this will have to be told another time perhaps, or else be left for you to read yourselves in the history of his life.—*Ch. Union.*

TOO OLD TO MIND MAMMA.

Walking down the avenue a few days since, I saw a group of little girls who were having a good time with their pretend plays, and as I passed I overheard one little miss about nine years of age say to another who might have been ten years old,

"Now, I'm going to be the mamma, and you'll have to mind me."

"Indeed, I won't," said little Miss Ten-years-old.

"Why you're only ten. That isn't too old to mind your mother. Some girls do when they're twelve," replied the first-named.

That was all I heard, but that was enough to set my mother to thinking. Ten years old, and beginning to assert her own authority, but allowing that some girls did still obey their parents at the advanced age of twelve!

I wonder if any of my little readers are like this little girl. Do any of you treat your mothers with disrespect, tell her when she has asked you to do something that you are not going to do it, or when she says, "Daughter, I do not think you had best go out to-night," or, "Do not wear your new dress on this dark day," do not reply, "Well, I'm going, anyhow,' and, "I won't go to church if I can't wear my new dress." I have known just such children, and I think sometimes if I could hear the conversation in many lovely-looking homes I should be greatly surprised to find how many young ladies there are now-a-days, who in society appear amiable and kind and pleasing but who make their mothers and their homes very unhappy by their unamiable, disrespectful conduct. I presume when they were children they talked about minding mamma as this little girl I heard on the street, and after the habit was once formed of being disobedient and disrespectful, it grew upon them and they no doubt were often unconscious of the severe criticisms passed upon them by those whom they considered admiring friends.

A number of years ago I was well-acquainted with a beautiful and talented young lady who was much admired by a large circle of friends; a young lady whose parents were proud of her in many ways, and yet because of her disrespect toward them they took no comfort with the daughter who should have been a constant delight to their hearts and in their home. Those who knew her best, and were accustomed to visit informally in the family, could not but notice her faulty manner toward her parents, and particularly toward her mother, and I often heard friends in speaking of her say,

"What a bright and beautiful girl —— —— is, but how shamefully she treats her mother! She seems to have no idea of a child's duty to a parent!"

At one time a judge, who had met the daughter in society, and enjoyed her sparkling conversation and witty repartee, dined at the house. Twice during his brief visit the daughter spoke in such a slighting tone to her mother, once refusing to listen to her suggestion, and was so disrespectful in her manner toward the one whom above all others she should treat with respect, that the judge remarked to a friend that evening,

"I do not want to hear any more praise of Miss ——. A young lady who has so little character, so little self-respect as to allow herself to treat her mother as she did to-day, has lost every particle of my admiration. All her brilliancy and education goes for nothing and I shall henceforth feel like avoiding her."

Doubtless Miss —— was unconscious at the time that she was treating her mother in an improper manner, so accustomed had she become to the bad habit, and perhaps she even congratulated herself on the good impression she had made upon the distinguished guest. Could she have heard the judge's opinion, she would not have sung,

"O, had some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us,"

and yet it might be well if a correct estimate of her character had been portrayed to her.

But not only do disobedient and disrespectful children deserve and receive justly merited criticism from all who know them well, but they are disobeying the direct commands of God, and so causing his displeasure. To some of you, perhaps, this thought has never come, that every time you treat your parents with dishonor or disobedience, you have added one more to your sins against your Heavenly Father. One of the ten commandments you know reads, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Did you ever ask yourselves the meaning of that command, and then see if you were obeying it? It means to treat your parents with esteem and respect, with deference and submission. Are you well-pleasing to God in this respect? At another place in the Bible we read, "Children obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."

Now there are a number of other commandments of that kind in the Bible, but I cannot find any verses where it is said that children must obey their parents until they are twelve years old, or sixteen years old; neither can I find a verse telling the children that they must obey their parents in most things, but once in a while they can do their own way, instead of reading, "Obey your parents in *all* things." But how many there are who act as if they had a right to do their own way, and were not disobeying their Heavenly Father, and had no forgiveness to ask for their disobedience.

One of the good things recorded of Jacob was this, that even in the matter of selecting a wife, when his parents told him not to take one from the daughters of Canaan, "he obeyed his father and his mother." And how old do you suppose he was at that time? About forty years of age, and I do not believe he ever played that he was too old to mind mamma. Now those who take the advice of their parents and obey them when they are young, will be happy in their confidence and love as they grow into maturer years, will become their cherished companions, and more than all receive the blessing of God which is so often promised to the obedient, and to those who honor father and mother, and will escape the terrible fall predicted for those who mock at their fathers and despise to obey their mothers.—*Standard.*

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

MARY D. BRINE.

From shore to shore the bonny boat
Goes, and returns each day,
O'erloaded with its human freight,
The old, young, sad, and gay.
The boat is strong, the waters clear,
The journey is not long,
The skies o'erhead are soft and blue,
And the boatman's arm is strong.

Would that adown the stream of life
All barks might safely glide;
But the other shore is far away,
And the river between is wide.
Some days the skies are overcast,
Some days they are glad and blue,
Some boats are wrecked on the cruel shoals
Ere the journey is half way through.

And others weather the sudden storms,
And steer from the rocks away,
And out of the darkness of their fears
Sail into the perfect day.
But need we fear, when we think of it?
For whether the way be long,
Or whether the waves be rough or smooth,
The arm of our Lord is strong.

And trusting Him, we may surely hope
That all in His own good way,
He will take us over the waters deep,
And at life's soft twilight gray
Still bear us on through the darksome hour
Of night, and its shadows drear,
Till we step at last on the other shore
Where there's naught of care or fear.

A HAPPY HOME.

A pretty story told about a German discloses the secret of a happy home, wherein joy aboundeth, though there are many to feed and clothe:

A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to feed them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk, had he not trusted in his Heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, shoes, stockings, and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantity of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made.

But father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately, "Poor man what a cross you have to bear!"

"*I?* A cross to bear?" asked the father, wonderingly; "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that?" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher with decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?" The two little girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted, "Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest and said, "Sir, if death were to come in at that door, waiting to take one of my nine children, I would say'—and here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into thinking that I had one too many?"

The stranger sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that made a father unhappy.

One of the nine children of the poor schoolmaster afterward became widely known; he was the saintly pastor Oberlin.

GERMAN OCEAN ONCE DRY LAND.

The German Ocean, or North Sea, like the English Channel, was once an inland plain or valley raised far above the sea level. The sea has but recently invaded this depressed plain, submerged its forests, and superseded its river courses. The buried trees of its sunken forests are still standing, rooted in their own vegetable soil, although beneath the waves. Cromer Forest, which dips into the waters from the coast of Norfolk, is the most famous of the submerged forests of the German Ocean. This ancient woodland has been traced at low tide for more than forty miles. At certain seasons, and especially after great storms, the stumps of oak, alder, yew and Scotch fir are seen standing upright in the water. The condition of the wood and of the fir (some of the latter obviously bitten by animals) tells us that the sinking of the land here occurred at no distant period in the physical history of our country. The remains of land animals, too, as well as the forests they inhabited, are discovered in the German Ocean. In his "Physical Geography of Norfolk," Mr. Woodward tells us that in less than fifteen years the fishermen of the village of Happisburg dredged up from their oyster beds as many as two thousand teeth of mammoths. Bones and tusks of mammoths have also been fished up from these watery depths. It takes us back to the time when the European mainland stretched far westward in one unbroken area, beyond the present coast of Ireland.—*Cottage Hearth.*

WHAT MAKES YOU PALE.

Probably a lack of fresh air and exercise out of doors. Housework is exercise of course, but it has not the invigorating quality that a brisk walk in the open air has. Try for a month the effect of a walk every day, in the morning, which is the vital, exhilarating, delightful part of the day.

But walking without an object is very stupid, you urge. That is true enough. Have an object. Do the marketing. Undertake some of the family errands. Go to see the poor and the sick, and people who are in trouble and weighed down with some infirmity. Carry the papers that you have read to Aunty Brown, who never sees a paper unless some one lends it to her. Ask to be included in the visiting committee of the Sunday-school, and look after absentees; or become a member of the Dorcas Society, and call on some poor family. That will give you an object.

Still, all the out-door exercise you can take will not make you bright and blooming, if you do not eat the right sort of food. Tea and toast, coffee and warm biscuit, rich cake and pastry—above all, the constant nibbling of sweets and candies, will keep you pallid. You must eat wholesome porridge, made of nutritious cereals; you must eat rare roast-beef and steak, and mutton chops, and plenty of fruit. And if you go to bed early, bathe in cold water once a day, keep your mind busy, and your heart at rest, by leaving life and its orderings submissively with God—you will have what every woman needs if she would be useful and happy—good health and good looks.

A friend says. "Do tell the girls to rest and not to wear themselves out by too much pleasuring, too much studying, or, indeed, too much of anything.

And this is good advice, too. But the mothers need it quite as urgently as the daughters—possibly a great deal more.

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8 " Waterproof Tweed Coats, India Rubber Coats and Lap Rugs.
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30 " White and Regatta Shirts—600 dozen.
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150 " and Bales Black, Brown and Slate Dressed Holands and Rough Browns, Fronting Linen, Table Linen, in Brown, Y. B. and Damish; Stair Linen, Patent and French Canvas; Rolled Towellings, Crash, Linen Carriage Dusters; a variety of Linen and Cotton Towelas; Turkish Towels; Black, Colored and Fancy Sicelas; Black Cashmis, Jeans, Linings, Costume Muslins; White and Colored Brilliants, Muslins of all descriptions; Terry Cloth in Gray and White; Cretonnes in new designs; Printed Cottons and Cambrics, latest printing, in Shell and Lace Patterns; Zanzibar Checks, Printed Dimities, Cotton Tweeds, Hair Cloth, Coffin Lining; Toilet Covers, Marsella, Honeycomb and Mitcheline Counterpanes; Lace Curtains, Curtain Nets and Lambrequins; Colored Moreens, Cotton Damasks; Wool Table Covers in various sizes; 3,700 lbs. Tents.
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nov 23—11i

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Ladies who have husbands or sons to fit out will find Shirts, and have heretofore been accustomed to purchase the materials and make them up, will now be enabled to SAVE BOTH TIME AND MONEY by purchasing our

DOLLAR SHIRTS,

One great advantage being that they can see just what they are buying, there being no starch or gloss used (as is often the case with low-priced shirts) to cause them to appear better than they really are. Our long experience in shirt manufacturing, and being in a position to purchase all materials direct from the manufactures, enables us to place before the public the best value for the money that has ever been produced. All Sizes, from 13½ to 17 in. kept in stock.

PRICE $1.00 EACH. $6.00 THE HALF DOZEN

Orders for the Dollar Shirt solicited from all parts of the country.

LAUNDRIED SHIRTS, in all qualities and sizes, kept in stock as usual.

Also, Shirts of all kinds made to order. Gentlemen's Department.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

jan 13

MARCH 13, 1882.

London House, Wholesale.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

WE beg to announce to our Friends and the Trade generally that having largely extended our premises, our facilities are thereby increased and improved, which place us in a better position to attend more fully to the wants of our numerous customers who patronize the above Department. Our Stock is the largest and most varied which we have ever shown and the Prices are unusually Low. We have received the undermentioned Goods direct from the manufacturers of the following countries:

FROM ENGLAND—Straw Chip and Leghorn Hats, and Bonnets; Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Silks, Satins, Velveteens; Crapes, Ruffings, Nets and Laces—newest makes.

FROM FRANCE—Satins, Moire Silks, Fancy Satin and Silk Combinations, Silk and Wool Vellings, Choice Millinery Ornaments, etc.

FROM GERMANY—Jet Fowers, Bandeaux, Beaded Crowns, Edgings, and New Trimmings.

FROM SAXONY—Real Laces; Novelties in Muslin and Lace Ties.

FROM BOHEMIA—Beads, Beaded Effects and Millinery Ornaments.

FROM SWITZERLAND—Hamburg Embroideries, Mull Embroidered Ties and Ribbons.

FROM UNITED STATES—Rayand Bonnet Frames, Straw Hats and Bonnets, all colors and shapes; Flowers, Feathers, and latest designs in Neck Wear and other Novelties.

FROM ONTARIO—Ladies', Misses and Boys' Straw Hats.

Orders by Mail, or to our Travellers, will be carefully and promptly executed.

DANIEL & BOYD,
march 17 Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON

ANNOUNCE a Grand Exposition of Watches, Jewelry, etc., worthy of inspection. Do not buy your Holiday Presents until you see them.

This superior stock of Christmas Goods affords unusual facilities to the purchaser, as it embraces a multitude of very desirable articles, varying in Design, Quality and Price.

Call and examine our assortment. It consists of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver Watches' Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver Jewelry, Solid Silver and Silver-plated Goods, Gold and Steel Spectacles, Gold and Silver-Head Canes, Jet Goods, Gold Pens and Pencils, Clocks, etc.

Jewelry of every description made to Order. Orders Solicited.

☞ Make a note of the Place.

PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON,
dec 16 43 King Street.

CODFISH!

NOW receiving ex "Mary Maria":—200 Qtls. Prime Dry Codfish, (large and medium).

GILBERT BENT & SONS,
apr 7 5 to 8 South Market Wharf.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

mar 11—1y

REFINED SUGAR.

NOW LANDING EX. I. C. RAILWAY: 160 bbls. Yellow, Extra bright and Granulated Sugar on which we can give low quotations.

GILBERT BENT & SONS.
march 24

SOLD EVERYWHERE AND NOT WEAR OUT. FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 86 Dey St., N. Y.

may 13—1y

MAKE HENS LAY!

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now living in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoon ful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

apr 14—4m.

SANDFORD'S GINGER.

JUST RECEIVED:—

2 CASES SANDFORD'S GINGER; 1 case McKENZIE'S WORM CANDY; 4 cases CLARK JOHNSON'S BLOOD SYRUP; 12 cases VEGETINE.

For sale by
apr 14. T. B. BARKER & SONS.

BAY HERRING.

500 BBLS. AND HALF-BBLS. NO. 1 SPLIT HERRING. For sale low by

GILBERT BENT & SONS.
apr 14

GOOD DAIRY BUTTER—on consignment.

For sale by
apr 14 GILBERT BENT & SONS.

MANCHESTER,

ROBERTSON

& ALLISON

Have opened the following

NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS; 4 Cases Black French Cashmeres, All Qualities; 4 Cases Colored French Dress Goods, All Wool, comprising Nun Beige, Twilled Beige, Cassimer and Cashmerette; 2 Cases Superior Quality FRENCH CORSETS, New Shapes.

☞ The Ladies are particularly requested to inspect these Corsets. ☜

3 Cases Ladies French Kid Gloves, In Josephine, Jourin and other new styles. 5 Cases Household Linens, comprising Table Damasks, Damask Table Cloths, Napkins, D'oyllies, Pillow Linen, Sheeting Linens.

Also—Fine Fronting Linens, Diapers, French Canvas and Brown Holland. 6 Cases Yarns, Containing a Full Assortment of Scotch Fingering, Peacock, Victoria, Shetland, Andalusian, Spanish, Prussian, Welsh and Fleecy Yarns.

1 Case DRESS LININGS, Special Makes for Dressmakers; 1 Case MUSLINS in Checks, Jaconets, Namsooks, Victoria Lawns, Eancy Stripes and Spots.

Wholesale and Retail.

march 3 27 & 29 King Street.

MARCH 1, 1882.

London House Wholesale.

By Steamer "Bolivia," from London, and "Nova Scotia," from Liverpool, we have received:

60 CASES AND BALES of Spring Goods. Comprising a General Assortment for all Departments.

Black and Colored Cashmeres—Special make; French Wool Berges; French Merinos; Black Coburgs; Lustres; Black Italians—27 and 52 in.; Scarlet and Navy Blue Serge Flannels; Oxford Shirtings, etc.; Zanzibar Check and Fancy Prints.

Also: Novelties in small wares. Fresh Arrivals now Weekly.

DANIEL & BOYD,
march 3 Market Square and Chipman Hill.

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 leas of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without leas—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner

COTTON CARPET WARP,

Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.

WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.

All fast colors.

Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than it formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

WM. PARKS & SON,
july12 New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner, Prince William Street, City of Saint John, on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd day of FEBRUARY A. D., 1882, between the hours of Twelve o'clock, midday, and Five o'clock in the afternoon:—

All the right, title, and interest of PETER RILEY to that certain leasehold piece or parcel of land demised the said PETER RILEY by SARAH ELIZABETH HAZEN and JOHANNA R. RITCHIE by Indenture, bearing date the thirty-first day of October, A. D., 1874, and described in said Indenture as

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate "lying, and being in the said Town (formerly Parish) of "Portland, on the northerly side of the public highway "leading from the said City of Saint John towards Indiantown, and known and distinguished as Main "Street, Portland, and bounded and described as follows—that is to say: Beginning at the corner forme "by the intersection of the eastern line of a street leading northerly from the said highway or Main Street "before mentioned, thence running from the said corner on the said northern line of the said highway or "Main Street, before mentioned, thirty-four feet, more "or less, to the western line of a lot held (or heretofore held) by one William Scott from the said Robert "F. Hazen, and now in the occupation of Mrs. Alexander McNaughton, thence northerly on the said western "line of Scott's Lot, seventy feet measured at right "line parallel to the said highway or Main Street "before mentioned, thirty-four feet, more or less, to the "said eastern line of the said street, and thence southerly on the said line of the said street seventy feet, more "or less, to the place of beginning, being the same lot of "land demised and leased by the said Robert F. Hazen "in his lifetime to one John McAnally by Indenture of "Lease, bearing date the thirty-first day of October, 1850, "of which lease the said Peter Riley is assignee, and the "said lot of land and premises hereby demised having "been devised and bequeathed by the said Robert F. "Hazen to the said Sarah Elizabeth Hazen and Johanna "Robinson Ritchie by his last Will and Testament duly "recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and "for the City and County of Saint John aforesaid;" said lot being subject to a yearly rent of $32, and a mortgage to John R. Armstrong.

Also: "All the said PETER RILEY'S right, title and "interest in all that certain lot, piece, or parcel "of land situate, lying and being in the said Town "of Portland, described in the deed thereof from "John Howe and wife to one Thomas Maher, bearing date the fifth day of March, A. D., 1866, as "commencing on the dividing line of lots, numbers (8) "eight and (9) nine, easterly on the street or road leading to Indiantown (now Main street), as marked in red "ink on the map or plan of division of lands between "Messrs. Hazen, Simonds and White, and having thence "the space or front of twenty-four feet, more or less, "thence northerly eighty feet, more or less, thence east "erly to the said dividing line, and thence southerly to "the first-mentioned boundary line, the said lot having a front at right angles of twenty-four feet, more or less, "on Main Street, and extending back eighty feet, more "or less,