

## Dorothy.

## A SIGN-BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller,  
And hang it over your door;  
A truer and better sign-board,  
Than ever you had before.  
I will paint with the skill of a master,  
And many shall pause to see  
This wonderful piece of painting,  
So like the reality.  
I will paint yourself, rum-seller,  
As you wait for that fair young boy,  
Just in the morning of manhood,  
A mother's pride and joy.  
He has no thought of stopping,  
But you greet him with a smile,  
And you seem so blithe and friendly  
That he pauses to chat awhile.  
I will paint you again, rum-seller,  
I will paint you as you stand,  
With a foaming glass of liquor  
Extended on each hand.  
He wavers, but you urge him;  
"Drink, pledge me, just this once,"  
And he lifts the glass and drains it,  
And the hollow work is done.  
And next will paint a drunkard,  
Only a year has flown,  
But into this loathsome creature  
The fair young boy has grown.  
The work was quick and rapid;  
I will paint him as he lies,  
In a torpid, drunken slumber,  
Under the wintry skies.  
I will paint the form of the mother,  
As she kneels at her darling's side;  
For beautiful by that was dearer  
Than all the world beside.  
I will paint the shape of a coffin,  
Labeled with one word—"Lost,"  
I will paint all this, rum-seller,  
And paint it free of cost.  
The sin, the shame, and the sorrow,  
The crime and the want and the woe,  
That is born there in your work shop,  
No hand can paint, you know.  
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,  
And many shall pause to see  
This wonderful, swinging sign-board,  
Too terribly, fearfully true.

## The Fireside.

## HOW DEAR GATES TRIED TO SEE GOD.

There were five children in the Gates family—Dear, Roundtop and Squarpet, Pet, and Tiptop. Dear explained, with a puzzled look, that her "really truly" name was Margaret Jane, and that the twins were baptised Harriet and Herbert. Pet's name was Marie Louise, and the baby's was Theodore Thomas. But, with all her puzzling, she was unable to explain how, when she first appeared at the Gates' homestead, she was such a dear little creature that they began forthwith to call her "Dear." Nor did she know how it was that the twins were such funny little chaps—it was like, only the top of one's head, was round, and the other almost square, so they could not expect to be called anything but Roundtop and Squarpet. Pet was a frail, blue-eyed little maiden, who must be continually coaxed to live, and the only name that was called Tiptop for no other reason than that he was at the very bottom of the heap, though his mother said he was tip-top in every other respect.

The Gates' homestead, old and gray, was perched on the top of a bare, black hill, where the struggling trees backed up round, shivering against the north-west wind, sending out their branches south and east, as if they were constantly seeking before a gale. The Gates' farm, stony and sterile, lay along the northern slope of the hill, bounded by a braving brook, whose waters, when there were enough of them, were made to turn the wheel of the small saw-mill and turning-shed where Harvey Gates passed most of his time. Mrs. Gates, a thrifty, energetic woman, managed the farm—a "tough tussle," she admitted; and it fell to Dear's lot to manage the children, and she thought that a "tough tussle," too, sometimes. But there were hours when Dear took comfort—hours when Pet was sick enough to need her mother's care, and Roundtop and Squarpet went down to the mill with their father, and Tiptop looked himself to sleep. Then, she fled to the pasture back of the barn, and, looking up through the leaves and crooked limbs of the old apple-tree, watched the clouds sailing overhead—for the sky was her ocean and the clouds were her ships, and she never tired of their voyages to and fro. Or she climbed with clinging feet the long, sloping roof at the back of the house, and, sitting in the shadow of the great stone chimney, looked across the valley to the gap in the western horizon, which seemed to her the end of the world. At such times Dear took comfort; but it was ever a comfort with a longing side to it. She wanted to see farther and know more.

It happened one June afternoon, as she lay under the apple-tree, listening to the song of birds, and watching the clouds drift along the sky, that she grew glad and grateful without knowing exactly why. "I want to love somebody," she said. For that was Dear's way of paying her debts. If Tiptop had been there, she would have hugged him on the spot. But Tiptop was not there, nor anyone else. She remembered, suddenly, that God made the beautiful earth and sky, and that He was the One she ought to love. "But how can I love Him when I don't know Him?" queried she, as her hands full of upturned grass. She wondered if she had never loved her own dear father if she had never seen him, but only heard of him. She thought not.

There seemed no way out of the dilemma, and she turned again to the great white cloud, like a tumbling snow-drift, that hung high above the old apple-tree; and as she explored its valleys and mountains, espies and headlands, and noted its ever-changing shades of gray and white, the cloud slowly parted in the midst, and through the rift, as through an open door, she saw back into the deep, blue sky, a seemingly endless distance. Suddenly she thought, "That's the hall to God's house in heaven; and if I look hard, perhaps I can see a little of Him up there." She shaded her eyes with her small brown hands, and looked, oh, so intently! but she saw only the long hall and the deep blue at the end. Now the parted cloud began to roll together again. "Oh!" cried Dear, "if I were only nearer, at the top of the tree, or somewhere, I might see Him before the door is shut." She could not get to the top of the tree, but she could get to the top of the house; and away she ran, climbing the roof like a kitten, and seated herself by the chimney, only to see the door closed, and the cloud drifting away. She searched the sky for another open door. There were plenty of blue spaces, and plenty of clouds, but no such open door, no such long hall-way to heaven. Dear was ready to cry; but she comforted herself with hoping that some time there would be another open door, and she would be strong enough to see it.

For several days Dear spent every moment she could get under the old apple-tree, or upon the homestead, searching for another open door. Tiptop fretted and cried because Dear would not amuse him. Roundtop and Squarpet fell into all sorts of mischief. Pet took a cold, and everything went wrong because Dear, in trying to see God, neglected the duties that lay all about her, claiming her time and attention. One day, when her eyes ached with searching the sky, they fell upon the square tower of the church in the centre of the town, and she thought, with a great leap of the heart, "If I were up there I could see Him; I am sure I could." The next Saturday she was sent to the post-office

for the weekly newspaper. When she reached the green where the church, post-office, and village store clustered, she saw the church door open, and the sexton sweeping the aisles. The great desire in her heart gave her courage, and she stole in and asked the sexton if he would let her go up to the belfry.

The sexton leaned on his broom-handle, and looked at her, trying to make her out. "Oh! I see," said he, after what seemed to her a whole year. "You be Harvey Gates' little Dear, and you want to go up to the belfry?"

"Yes," said Dear, breathlessly.  
"Well, I've got to go up some time to-day, and I a'pose I might as well go now."  
Dear followed the old sexton into the tower of the church, up dark, steep ladders, in the hot, stifling air, turning and ever turning among the great timbers, climbing and climbing till her strength and courage would have given out if she had not been so thoroughly in earnest. At last the sexton opened a trap-door in the belfry floor, and, reaching down his hand, drew Dear up.

Dear stood beside the great bell, walled in on four sides, and open only overhead.  
"There," said the sexton, "I've forgotten my wrench, now. You ain't afraid to stay alone a minute—be you?"  
"No," said Dear. In fact she wanted to be alone, for it seemed to her that she couldn't see God if anyone was with her. She waited till the sexton had quite gone, and then dropped on her knees, and, shading her eyes, looked up. There was no cloud, no open door, only a clear, blue sky stretching away and away. When the sexton came back, he found Dear crying as if her heart was broken.

"Poor little Dear! I thought you'd be afraid. There, don't cry. I'll take you down now."  
"Dear went home slowly and sorrowfully. She thought she never could see God; but as she went into the gate she saw the girl in the hills far off to the west. "There is the end of the world," she said, "and if I were there, I might see Him." And she began to comfort herself by planning to get there, and there is no telling what might have come of that project if it had not been put out of head by something else.

The next day was Sabbath, and Dear's Sunday-school teacher read this passage: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Dear's breath came quick. "O, Miss Clark, what does that mean?" she asked quickly.  
"It means just what it says," said she. And she read the passage again.

"But can't anyone else see God?"  
"No; only the pure in heart can see Him." Dear heard no more of the lesson. She was saying to herself, "It may be that I am not pure in heart, and that is the reason I can't see God." She did not understand; but she wanted to see him, as they were going out of church, she pulled Miss Clark's dress.

"What is it, Dear?" asked Miss Clark, looking kindly in the direction of the girl.  
"What does it mean, 'the pure in heart'?"  
"Well," said Miss Clark, a little perplexed at the unexpected question, for she wasn't quite sure that she knew herself just what it meant, "it means, I suppose, to have a clean heart; to have no evil or unkind thoughts; to be patient and obedient, no only in your actions, but in your heart."

Dear hung her head. It was just as she feared. She was not pure in heart. She was often impatient, and sometimes unkind to the children, and she was disobedient in heart every day. Dear would have despaired if Miss Clark had not been impelled to turn again, after she had left her, and say, "It is not easy for any one to be pure in heart, Dear; but if we ask God to help us, He will."

Dear went home thinking, "I'll ask God to help me, and I'll begin to be pure in heart now."  
At the gate she heard her mother rocking in the squeaky rocking-chair, and singing Grenville to Tiptop. Everything else was still. But as she ran up to the door she saw Roundtop and Squarpet with their heads over a hole they had been digging in the sand, and had filled with water, and had put in all Dear's pretty water-croquet points (her Christmas presents), and beside the hole lay her paint-box, broken into shivers to bits by the mire with. Oh, what a passion Dear broke into! How she shook Roundtop; how she pushed Squarpet head first into the hole! The noise brought mother to the door with Tiptop wide awake in her arms. Dear had her ears boxed, and was sent up stairs for being a naughty girl.

She went up with evil thoughts in her heart. She hated Roundtop and Squarpet; they were always spoiling her things, and her mother didn't care, and she wished she had never been born—nobody ever had so much trouble as she. On the stairs she met her father, and he looked at her with searching, sorrowful eyes. Then Dear saw herself. Oh, how wicked she was! anything but pure in heart; and she hurried by him to hide the fast-coming tears.

Then came the hardest work of all Dear's life. Her mother was very kind, the weather was very warm, and nearly the whole care of the children came upon Dear. She tried bravely every hour in the day to be pure in heart, and every hour in the day she failed. Never were the children so fretful and troublesome; never was she so impatient and rebellious. The more she tried to make her heart pure, the worse it grew.

Saturday night found a disheartened little figure sitting in the doorway, holding the heavy Tiptop in its tired arms. But she said Grace was not a "goose." Grace was a bright little girl. "But corks do grow on trees, Grace," she said. "They are made out of the bark of the cork-tree. The cork-tree grows in Europe and Africa. It grows in our country, too. Some cork-trees have been planted in the State of Georgia. Now I will tell you how the corks are made. First the bark is stripped off the tree. Then the bark is ready to be dried and pressed. Then the bark is ready for use. The little corks and the big corks are all cut from this bark. Can you tell me any thing corks is used for, Harry?" said Aunt Mary.

"Yes," said Harry. "Last summer I was on the lakes with papa. I saw some ice-preservers on the steamboat made of cork. Cork is very light. It will float in water. If a person has a life-preserver on he will not sink in the water."  
"I know something about corks, too," said Grace. "Grandma has cork soles in her slippers to keep her feet warm."  
"People in Spain line many of their houses with cork," said Aunt Mary. "It keeps out the cold and damp. A great many cork trees grow in Spain."—L. M. B. in Little Folks Reader.

BLACK AND WHITE PRAYERS.  
A little black girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her, "Mollie, do you pray?" The question confused her, but she answered, "Yes, every night."  
"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked. She answered promptly, "I know he does."  
"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears you when you pray as readily as those of white children?"  
For three minutes the child kept on with her work, and then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ear, not his. My voice is just like any other little girl's, and if I say what I ought to say God does not stop to look at my skin."—Selected.

GLOVES, OLD AND NEW.  
Gloves were articles of Oriental dress, for according to Xenophon they were worn by Cyrus the Persian; and Athenians speak of a celebrated gourmand who came to a banquet with gleaming hands, that he might eat more rapidly than his fellow-guests, who had to wait till the viands were cool.

In ancient times a glove was employed as a token or pledge of faith in the making of contracts—a sort of substitute for the hand itself—being cast away by one contracting party, to be taken up, as sealing the agreement, by the other.

Before the union of England and Scotland, the Borders have once pledged their faith to an enemy, regarded its violation as a grave crime; and when such a breach of honor occurred, the injured person rode through the field at the next Border meeting, holding up a glove on the point of his spear—as the pledge of faith—and proclaimed the perjury of him who had broken it. To wipe out such a stain, the criminal was often slain by his own clan.

Passing over all mention of the gloves worn by knights with their mail armor, or having overlapping plates of steel, I will name a few of those of which some note has been made in history.

A fur-lined glove, worn by Henry VI., is still preserved in the old mansion that gave him shelter after the disastrous battle of Hexham, (1446). The son-in-law of Tunstall, and "esquire of his body," Sir Ralph Pudsey, kept him in concealment at Bolton Hall, Yorkshire; and there, when he left his faithful host, he also left a boot, spoon, and glove. The latter is of tanned leather, lined with hairy deer-skin, turned over at the wrist as a deep cuff.

The embroidered gloves of Count de Lion lost him his liberty at one time, and might have cost him his life. He was lying in concealment in an enemy's country, and his page carried them very indiscreetly in his pocket—though, perhaps, for their better safety—when sent by his royal master to obtain food in the neighborhood of Vienna. How it happened does not appear; but they were seen, and recognized as being only suitable for a crowned head to possess. The same night the King was captured by the Duke of Austria, and sold by him to the Emperor Henry VI. for 60,000 pounds of silver.

Anne Bolyn seems to have been very particular about her gloves, and it is recorded that her royal predecessor used to delight in making her play with them, and that some little bluntness in the shape of one of her nails might offend the eye of the King.

Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth took pride in this article of dress. It is said that the latter was extravagant in the extreme about them, and that a marvelous pair was at one time presented to her that was included in a walnut shell. She ever retained her gloves when playing the virginal. One "pay of gloves embroidered with gold," is recorded as having been sent to her sister Mary as a New Year's gift before her accession, and "ten pairs of Spanish gloves from a duchess in Spain," came to her a year afterward, while at about that time "a pair of sweet gloves" were also presented to her from Mrs. Wicliars.

The degradation of any exalted personage in the middle ages was expressed by the deprivation of his gloves—just as a glove was presented to him in the ceremony of bestowing on him lordship honors. The enormous quantity of so-called kid gloves is greatly in excess of the amount of leather afforded by the skins of all the young goats annually killed to supply the demand. There has long been quite a trade carried on in Paris by the gamins in rat skins, who have made profitable sport in catching them at the mouths of the great drains of the city.

Two real kid skins come from Switzerland and Russia, dispatched from Leghorn.—The Queen.

AS WE GROW OLD.  
As we grow old our yesterday  
Seem very dim and distant;  
We grope, as it were, in darkness ways,  
Through all that is behind us and before us.

Yet far-off days shine bright and clear  
With faces that long have faded,  
And seem dead seem strangely near  
To those whom life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are few  
For friends most lately taken;  
But falls—as falls the summer dew  
From roses lightly shaken.

When some chance word or idle strain,  
The cords of memory weeping,  
Unlink the flood-gates of our pain,  
To those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare  
To those who greet us daily,  
Or, if some living face we meet,  
The looks that beam so gaily.

From eyes long closed—and we should smile,—  
In answer to their wooing,  
Tis but the past that shines the while  
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams at night  
Are never of the morrow;  
They come with vanished pleasure bright,  
Or dark with olden sorrow.

And when we wake the names we say  
Are not of any mortal,  
But of those in some long dead day  
Passed through life's sunset portals.

—Presbyterian.

## For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, and Cholera Infantum, 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.

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No. 75 to 107,  
I have used the Pain-Killer in Dyspepsia successfully, and also in cases of Canadian Cholera. With the latter disease I was attacked violently, and after taking one or two doses found almost instant relief, and have since recommended the Pain-Killer to friends and neighbors for the Cholera. In every case it has proved a success.

PATRICK KELLY,  
Renfrew, Ont.

**KIDNEY-WORT**  
HAS BEEN PROVED  
THE SUREST CURE  
FOR KIDNEY DISEASES.  
Does a lame back or disordered urine tell you you have a weak kidney? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, USE KIDNEY-WORT at once, (drug, chemically prepared) and it will cure you. It cures the disease and restores healthy action. It is a powerful diuretic, and it is a powerful cathartic. It is a powerful tonic, and it is a powerful sedative. It is a powerful stimulant, and it is a powerful relaxant. It is a powerful antiseptic, and it is a powerful disinfectant. It is a powerful antacid, and it is a powerful alkali. It is a powerful antispasmodic, and it is a powerful sedative. It is a powerful antineuralgic, and it is a powerful analgesic. It is a powerful antirheumatic, and it is a powerful antiphlogistic. It is a powerful antipyretic, and it is a powerful antifebrile. It is a powerful anticonvulsant, and it is a powerful antiepileptic. It is a powerful antispasmodic, and it is a powerful sedative. It is a powerful antineuralgic, and it is a powerful analgesic. It is a powerful antirheumatic, and it is a powerful antiphlogistic. It is a powerful antipyretic, and it is a powerful antifebrile. It is a powerful anticonvulsant, and it is a powerful antiepileptic.

**KIDNEY-WORT**  
McShane Bell Foundry  
Manufacture those CELEBRATED CHIMES  
AND BELLS FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, &c.  
HENRY M'SHANE & CO.,  
Baltimore, Md., U. S.

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Manufacture those CELEBRATED CHIMES  
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ESTABLISHED 1820. Bells for all purposes. Warranted  
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**NEW RICH BLOOD!**  
Famous "Fountain" pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in your system. It is a powerful diuretic, and it is a powerful cathartic. It is a powerful tonic, and it is a powerful sedative. It is a powerful stimulant, and it is a powerful relaxant. It is a powerful antiseptic, and it is a powerful disinfectant. It is a powerful antacid, and it is a powerful alkali. It is a powerful antispasmodic, and it is a powerful sedative. It is a powerful antineuralgic, and it is a powerful analgesic. It is a powerful antirheumatic, and it is a powerful antiphlogistic. It is a powerful antipyretic, and it is a powerful antifebrile. It is a powerful anticonvulsant, and it is a powerful antiepileptic.

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M. S., F. A. S.,  
Late Professor Natural Science, Normal College, Pa.  
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PRACTICE LIMITED TO  
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**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.**  
A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAK-  
NESSES, including Leucorrhoea, Ir-  
regular and Painful Menstruation,  
Inflammation and Obstruction of  
the Uterus, Flooding, PILES,  
LAPARUS UTERI, &c.  
It is a powerful diuretic, and it is a powerful cathartic. It is a powerful tonic, and it is a powerful sedative. It is a powerful stimulant, and it is a powerful relaxant. It is a powerful antiseptic, and it is a powerful disinfectant. It is a powerful antacid, and it is a powerful alkali. It is a powerful antispasmodic, and it is a powerful sedative. It is a powerful antineuralgic, and it is a powerful analgesic. It is a powerful antirheumatic, and it is a powerful antiphlogistic. It is a powerful antipyretic, and it is a powerful antifebrile. It is a powerful anticonvulsant, and it is a powerful antiepileptic.

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FURNITURE, CROCKERY,  
GLASSWARE, LAMPS,  
CUTLERY, SILVERWARE,  
AND FANCY GOODS,  
Until you have examined Goods and obtained Prices at  
**J. G. McNALLY'S,**  
Opposite City Hall,  
Queen Street, - - - Fredericton.

**JUST OPENING:**  
7 Parker Street,  
50 Years' Experience,  
4 Cases Wooden Ware,  
2 Cases Painted Ware,  
40 Cases Crockery,  
50 Cases Table Cutlery,  
100 Doz. Alabama Spoons and Forks,  
15 Cases Tables,  
12 Children's Mirrors,  
1 Case Parlor Mirror,  
And hundreds of other things too numerous to mention.  
Wholesale Orders Solicited.  
**Branch Store:**  
CONNELL'S BLOCK, . . . WOODSTOCK,  
June 10.

**DRUGS, ETC.**  
JUST Received—4 Cases Gum Camphor;  
4 Cases Syrup Pepsin Lids;  
1 Case Chemical Food;  
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6 Cases Glysterin;  
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1 Case Essential Oil;  
10 Cases and 25 Cases Drugs and Chemicals.  
For sale low by  
**T. B. BARKER & SONS.**

**MAKE HENS LAY!**  
An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now  
traveling in this country, says that most of the Hens  
and Cattle Fowls 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. Do  
not buy any other. Buy Sheridan's Condition Powders,  
one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or  
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**AMERICAN BLEACHED AND  
UNBLEACHED COTTON PLANNERS.**  
WHITE PLANNERS, from Fine to the Heaviest  
Makes, Warranted not to Shrink.  
Canadian Grey Flannels.  
American Unbleached Cottons, Fine and Medium  
Weight, Nice Make for Family Use.  
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All the above at Lowest Prices. Retail.  
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## PARKS' COTTON YARNS!

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTEN-  
NIAL EXHIBITION  
For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.  
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 re-  
member that our Yarn is spun on Thistle 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 lbs. of 120 yards each. This  
makes it much more easy to wind than it is put up  
without twist—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.  
All fast colors.  
Each 7 lb. hank 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  
any other yarn. It is a few years ago, it has come into very  
general use throughout the country.  
None other are genuine.  
WM. PARKS & SONS,  
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**Watches and Jewelry.**  
We have a large Assortment of  
FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.  
Of English, Swiss and American Manufacture.  
Also,  
FINE GOLD JEWELRY IN  
Brooches, Earrings, Bracelets, Rings, Chains, Lockets,  
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FINE JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER.  
AT FAIR, SMALLLY & FERGUSONS,  
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BOOTS AND SHOES  
DON'T FORGET THAT  
A. LOTTIMER  
HAS REMOVED  
To the Shop in Machum's Building,  
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Grand new edition now ready.  
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1 Case Red Precipitate;  
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All the right, title, and interest of PETER RILEY to  
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to the said Peter Riley by SAUL ELIZABETH HAZEN and  
JOHANNA R. RUTCHER 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 and used by the said (formerly Patrick) of  
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leading from the said City of Saint John towards In-  
diantown, and known and distinguished as the lot