Poetry.

A VOICE FROM THE FARM.

"You say that my life is a round of toil?"
The stalwart farmer said;
"That I scarce can wrest from the oft-tilled soil
My pittance of daily bread?
Well, what you tell me in part is true,
I am seldom an idle man,
But I value the blessing of rest as you,
Who have so much of it, never can.

"And, surely, I never have worked in vain,
From the Spring to the golden Fall;
The harvest has ever brought waving grain,
Enough and to spare for all.
And when in the evening, freed from care,
I see at my farm-house door
My wife and little ones waiting there,
Oh, what has a millionaire more!

"My children may never have hoarded wealth;
Their lives may at times be rough;
But if in their homes they have love and health
They will find these riches enough.
The only land they will ever own
Is the land that the strong right arm
And the patient, fearless heart alone
Can till to a fertile farm.

"I have nothing beyond my simple wants,
And a little for cloudy days;
But no grim spectre my homestead haunts,
Such as silver and gold might raise.
Around me are eyes that with sparkling mirth,
Or with placid contentment shine—
And no wealth-clogged lord upon all the earth
Has a lot more blessed than mine.

"Oh, yes, I am laboring all day long,
With the mind and the muscle, too;
But I thank the Lord, who has made me strong,
And given me work to do.
For what, indeed, is the idle drone
But a vampire on the land,
Reaping a fruit that by others was sown,
And not by his own right hand!"

THE OLD FRONT DOOR.

I remember the time when I used to sit,
A happy and thoughtless boy,
When father came home from his work at last,
And I was tired of my toy—
I remember the time (and none more sweet
Shall I know for evermore)
When I sat at eve by my mother's side
On the sill of the old front door.

I remember I'd sit till I fell asleep,
And list to their loving talk,
While the crickets chirped, and the fireflies bright
Flew over the garden walk;
And often would father tell the tale
Of the time long years before,
When he led his bride to a happy house
O'er the sill of the old front door.

I remember when grandfather failed and died
(And eighty years old was he),
And well I knew that never again
He would ride me upon his knee;
And though but a gay and thoughtless boy,
I wept, and my heart was sore,
When I saw them bear him slowly out
O'er the sill of the old front door.

It is many a weary day since then,
And I, too, am old and gray;
But the tears come crowding into my eyes
When I think of that long past day;
And I only hope that whatever end
Fate may have for me in store,
I shall walk once more, ere I pass away,
O'er the sill of the old front door.

—*Selected.*

The Fireside.

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

BY SELINA BUNBURY.

A long time ago we lived in a grand old house on the banks of the famous river Boyne in Ireland. One day a comrade who had a small sail-boat asked my brother and me to go for a sail on the river. I gladly accepted the invitation, and though only a child about ten years old I got leave to go. The white sail of our little boat glistened in the sunshine; the Boyne flowed on as calm and bright as if it had never been the scene of battle and bloodshed in ages past, nor left its name to be a watchword for civil and religious strife in years to come. The tide was on the turn, and the breeze blew us on to the sea. When we reached what is called the bar—a rather dangerous spot—the breeze, in sailor phrase, had freshened, and my brother's keen eyes perceived something, I know not what, in the aspect of sea or sky that made him propose a return. His young comrade, indignant at the proposal, hinted that he was afraid; se, as that suspicion was not to be tolerated, we continued our course to sea, wind and tide favoring it. Before long the sky darkened, the water whitened. I heard my brother say these very words, "Tom, let me put the child ashore, and I will come out with you, and go as far as you like—perhaps farther."

To return with wind and tide against their small boat was what neither of them could do. For my part I became insensible to danger. We were on a fearfully dangerous rock-bound coast, but I had sunk to the bottom of the boat, and lay there without thinking of that or anything else. It is curious that since that day I have never known what are called the horrors of seasickness, though I have been on many seas. The short trial-trip must have seasoned me for after-voyages. That horrible malady of the sea overcame me for once and for all. I was unconscious of danger. I heard at last a shout from a strong seaman's voice; I was dimly conscious that our little skiff was grappled in some way by persons who saw it running on the rocks. I lay almost senseless. Yet in that state I was dimly conscious of being carried up an immense headland, and of hearing my brother tell me he would go, as he said, over-land, to find some conveyance to take us back to the home we had left.

Once laid down I knew nothing more, for I fell into the deepest sleep, and awoke to find myself wrapped in a large mantle, and lying on some rough coats in a great cavern on the rocky headland. I was only at its entrance—indeed, the cavern itself was only the entrance to another more hidden one lower down the rocks, and with access to the sea. I lay some time enjoying the repose of solid earth. I had not been in the place before, but I knew the locality from hearing it often described; and I had been told some stories by an old Irish woman of what she called the smuggler's cave. But her stories were traditionary, they did not relate to the present time, for, as I afterwards heard, the old dame was indebted for her excellent tea, and various other nice things, to the smuggler's cave. Those were not free-trade times, and I believe many a well-filled cellar held casks that the custom-house officers had never interfered with. The trade of the smugglers, however dangerous, was then a prosperous and lucrative one.

All my suffering from the sea had passed away, but intense thirst remained. I looked round for some friendly streamlet trickling down the rock, but instead of the welcome drip, drip I hoped for, I heard a rumbling noise as of things or casks being rolled along in the cavern beneath me. I sat up listening, and heard the hoarse, half-stifled sound of voices. In a moment I was rushing full speed down the great rocky headland, and though it was overgrown by short, stubby, and, perhaps, slippery grass, I neither stumbled nor fell. Fear, they say, lends wings to feet; if it lent them to mine the wings were strong, for I flew down the steep, rough slope without feeling or knowing where I went, ran in at the half-open door of a small stone-built hut, and dashed over about six feet of its floor against the opposite wall, before I could stop in my flight. The wall seemed to burst in before me; but it was a secret door I ran against. On its threshold I stood in more terror than I ever felt in my life, for there, behind a rough table on which were the remains of a good meal, stood a ferocious-looking man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I gasped.

It might seem curious to older eyes than mine to see the ferociousness sink down, down, down from face and eyes, as the man stared at the small, trembling figure that had so startled him.

"Ha! you are the little one they took from the cockle-shell that was going to split on the rocks. Well, who have you brought with you?"

"No one, sir."

"Why do you come here?"

"I was so thirsty, and—"

"Ha! don't I know what it is to want water." He poured me a large draught. "Take it, that is the best drink one can have. Now, was it for that only you came here?"

"No. I ran down from the cave because I heard noises and was frightened, and then voices."

"Did you know who made the noises?"

"I thought it might be the smuggler's men."

"Ha! ha! And do you know who I am?"

"I think you may be the great smuggler."

He uttered a short, hoarse laugh.

"Well, now you can tell the chaps that were with you, and they can send the revenue men to take me; and then do you know what will be done to me?"

"You will be hung," I answered truly, knowing that such was then the law.

"Then you will tell the people where to catch me?"

"I will not. I do not want any one to be hung."

"Why not, if they are wicked, and do bad things—that is the law."

"I do not know about the law, but when you go to church you hear it read out that when the wicked man turneth from his wickedness he shall save his soul alive."

"Poor innocent! it is more years than you have lived in the world since I have been inside a church. Have you another verse? Seems to me I heard that long ago, and heard your voice too. Say another."

"I know one almost the same. It is God himself says it: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his wickedness and live. Turn ye! turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?'"

The man next sat down on his bench; he laid his crossed arms on the table before him, and his head stooped over them.

"I had a little sister once," he said, as if speaking to himself, "she was all I had to love in the world; she used to read to me from her good Book." Then looking up at me he added. "Her voice was just like yours. I thought that when you first spoke. You are not of this country?"

"Did you leave your little sister?" I asked, answering one question by asking another.

"No! She left me."

"But you will go to find her?"

"No. She has gone where I cannot go."

"Oh, dear! yet you are brave—as brave as my brother—you can go over horrid waves and rocks and all sorts of dangers. Surely you will try to find your little sister wherever she may be?"

He uttered another short, hoarse laugh. "No! where she is I dare not come."

"I thought you were so brave! Where can your little sister have gone?"

"She has gone to God."

"Oh, I am glad! then you can go to her."

"Poor little one! do you not know that sinners cannot go to God?"

"Indeed, I do not know that. I have been taught that God is our Father in heaven. When I have done wrong, and been sorry, and ask my own father to forgive me, he is sorry too, but forgives me, and lets me be with him, telling me to try not to do wrong again; and I do try, because he is so good, and I do not want to displease him. And perhaps our Father in heaven might do so too if you asked him."

He heaved a deep sigh, and rising up took out a very fine shawl; it was not large, but very beautiful, of Indian or Chinese work.

"That," he said, giving it to me, "will cause you to remember the smuggler, who will remember you."

I admired it, and, folding it up, presented it to him again.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"I admire it very much but I must not take it."

"Why not."

"Because they say it is wrong to smuggle goods, and so it must be wrong to take them."

"Right you are; but, child, there are hundreds, ay thousands, who will take the goods and wish no good to the smugglers. Now it comes out strange, but it is a fact that just before you came in I was thinking over my past life and my present life, and somehow wishing my future life—there is not much of it left—might be different. The revenue cruiser is off there: if they catch me to-night, there will be an end of me, but if I get through I will give up this trade, for I am weary and want rest."

"Then you will have time to try to get ready to go to find your little sister."

"I can never find her. She is with Jesus Christ—she said something of that to me."

"Then you can go and find her, for Jesus says, 'Come unto Me.'"

"There is more of that verse. Seems to me I hear a voice from far, far away, and see the little one sitting up in her bed with death on her sweet face and the good Book on her knee. I was a wild boy, but I only ran away to sea when she left me. Your voice is just like hers. There is more of the verse—can you say it all?

I repeated "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That is like it; yet it seems to me that the voice from far away said, 'And you shall find rest to your souls—rest!'"

He drew a pocket-book and a curious ink-bottle and pen from his breast.

"You can write, I suppose; now write down here the verses you said, and that first one about the wicked man turning from his wickedness."

I did so.

"Now sign your name and where you live."

When I had scrawled it all with a rather trembling hand, he turned over a leaf of the book and showed me his name.

"There it is, and if I am taken and hung you may hear of it, and perhaps hope I looked at these verses."

"But if they come to take you," I said, "I hope you will not kill any one."

"I have sins enough," he said, "but the sin of murder has not been on my soul, nor shall it be. I was startled when you burst in on me; I thought the revenue men had broken in when it was only a harmless babe; I might have done mischief if it had been them, for when temper is up, or life is at stake, a blow may be struck that cannot be made amends for. But there, child, I have said that if I get off this one night I will give up free-trading and look for the rest—don't tell that to the chaps out there; you know my name and where I am, and you can go and tell them where to catch me—but you need not say more."

"I will not say one word about you—not for years, and years, and years—not till you have gone to find your little sister whose voice you think you hear saying 'Come,' and you know she is with some One who said it to her and is always saying it to—"

At the instant there was a low shrill whistle from the headland at the back of the hut.

"That is my look-out," said the smuggler; "it is the signal that your lads are there with the shandradan they went to get; you must run, or they will go on to the cave and miss you. Good-by, if I ever do win my way to little sister, we may meet in a better place."

"Come! remember you are told to come," I cried, and ran through the outer compartment of the hut, which looked as if it were meant for a stable or a shelter for the sheep that browsed among the rocks. The door was left with perhaps designed carelessness lying open, while the smuggler within was securing the hidden one I had broken open.

I ran against my brother, who had left what was called the shandradan, a sort of Irish car, on the narrow road below the rocks. He was glad I was well and had met him; he asked no questions, so I was saved giving answers. We drove away on solid ground, and ever since I have preferred land to water.

Well, a very short time afterwards some officers from the revenue cruiser were at our house. They told of a large seizure of smuggled goods, but expressed great regret at the escape of the smuggler, a daring fellow they called him, who had contrived to give them the slip. I could hardly help laughing, I was so delighted at hearing of their unsuccessful chase.

The years, and years, and years I spoke of have passed since I said I would not tell of him; and now, when laws have changed and smugglers are not hanged, I may, in relating this scene, express a hope that he obeyed the voice that said to him, and says to all, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—*Sunday at Home.*

MINE.

"MY LORD AND MY GOD."

I dare not say, This wealth is mine,
Life many changes brings;
And while I count possession sure,
My gold has taken wings.

I dare not say, This place is mine,
I stand secure to-day;
To-morrow raging winds and waves
Sweep every prop away.

I dare not say, This honor's mine;
For fame is all of earth,
A flower plucked from the parent stem,
Transient, and little worth.

I dare not say, This joy is mine;
For joys, like drops of dew,
Sparkle and glitter in the sun,
Then vanish from our view.

But I can say, My Lord is mine!
He fails and changes never
In Him I've wealth and name and place,
Sweet joy and truest happiness,
And he is mine forever!

—*American Messenger.*

A POCKET MEASURE.

"Now what is it all for? Here you have been working over that wonderful box every evening for a week. I believe you are a miser, and that box is to hoard up your treasures in."

And pretty Eva Trumbull fixed her roughish eyes on Rufus, the farmer boy, and waited to see what he would say.

"Why, I just as soon tell you about this box," he said. You'll laugh, of course; but I don't suppose that will hurt me."

"I won't laugh a bit, unless it is something funny."

"Well, it's a money-box."

"A money-box! I told you you were going to be a miser."

"Well, I'm not," said Rufus, laughing. "I'm planning to spend it, not to keep it; but I like to be sort of systematic about things. You see, I know just about what I'm worth nowadays. There's about six months in the year that I am earning money; and, in one way and another, I earn about $60, besides my board. Now, it happens that there are ten things for which I need to spend that money, and, as nearly as I can calculate, it might be equally divided between them; so thinking it all over, I concluded that the systematic way would be to have a box with ten compartments, all labeled, and drop the money in $1 at a time, maybe, or 10 cents at a time, just as I happen to be paid."

"That's a real nice idea," said Eva, admiringly; "but I can't imagine how you can have the different things, for which you need to spend money regularly. Now, I have a hundred different ways of spending money, but hardly any of them are regular." Here she gave one of her merriest laughs.

"O, well, it is different with me," explained Rufus. "You see, I don't know much about spending money for things I might happen to like to buy. I have to spend mine for the things that *must* be bought anyhow; and so it's easier to calculate."

"Still," persisted Eva, "I don't know how you make ten."

"Well, I'll tell you." There was a little flush on Rufus' face, but Eva looked so sober, and so interested, that he determined to trust her. "In the first place, there's mother; I shall paint her name on this first department, and one-tenth of everything I ever earn is to pop in there. Then there's clothes for me, they will take another tenth."

"A tenth for clothes! That will be only $6 a year, Rufus Briggs! Do you mean to dress in birch bark, that you think you can make $6 a year do it?"

"Well," said Rufus, in a determined tone, "when a fellow *has* to, you know, why he *has* to; besides, that's only for general clothes; I've got a department here for boots and shoes, and another for shirts, and if I have to borrow from one of those departments for the other, why, it will do no harm."

But still Eva laughed; she knew that $6, or $13, or $18 in a year were of no account so far as clothes were concerned. Didn't *she* wear clothes! She knew what they cost.

"They can't cost more than you've got to buy them with," Rufus said, firmly, and went on with his plan. "There are Mamie and Fannie, my two little sisters; I've given them each a department. Of course mother will spend the money for them, but I kind of like to put in their own name. Then here's the corner for books; I need school books and paper and pens, and all such things you know; but they must all come out of this general fund. Then here's the housekeeping; I have a corner for that, because mother must be helped, you know; that place where her name is means for her own private use, and here's the rent corner; mother has hard times bringing that in every month. Now you see, I've got nine, and I haven't looked out for sickness at all; that troubled me at first, but then I concluded that if any of us were sick we shouldn't need so many clothes nor books, and that it would even itself out; so here's my last corner." And very cheerfully Rufus printed the word, "BENEVOLENCE," over this compartment.

"Be-nev-o-lence," spelled out Eva, and now she was too much astonished to laugh. "Why, Rufus Briggs! Just as though you could afford to give $6 a year to benevolence."

"Why, it's only a tenth," said Rufus stoutly; "and it's got to be devided up more than any of the others, there are so many things to give for."

"The idea!" said Eva. Just then her aunt called her, and she went away thinking about the wonderful box with its many compartments, and only $60 to put into them all. "And six of them to give away!" she said again, and she thought of the $1.50 a week that her father gave her for "pin money," out of which she had never given a cent for benevolence in her life. Who are going to try to be like Rufus or Eva?—*The Pansy.*

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[From the Boston *Globe.*]

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The grandest object of Creation is the SUN.—Centre of Life, Light, Heat, Attraction and Chemical Action. Its natural wonders and spiritual teachings are alike marvelous, and make a book of absorbing and intense interest. The great problems of the Material Universe unfolded and illustrated. Nature shown to be a Revelation of God in the noblest and most perfect sense. Highly commended. Sells fast and pleases all. Specimen and Copy of "OUR OWN HOME" free. ADDRESS J. C. MCCURDY & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
june 30—1y

PARKS' COTTON YARNS!
AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.
Nos. 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.
july12 WM. PARKS & SON, New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

FAMILY GROCERIES!
W. H. VANWART,
QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON,
KEEPS always on hand a large and well-selected stock of everything that should be found in a
FIRST CLASS GROCERY.
He invites country trade, feeling sure that he can sell Groceries of as good quality and at
PRICES AS LOW
as any establishment in the city.
All kinds of Country Produce taken in trade.
☞ Remember the place:—
QUEEN STREET, (WEST END) FREDERICTON
sept 22—t f

$72 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

J. & W. A. VANWART,
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
☞ Accounts collected and loans negotiated on good securities. mar 31—1y

DANIEL & BOYD.
DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.
WE have now opened the LARGEST assortment of
DRESS FABRICS
ever submitted by us, including the NEW LEADING DESIGNS AND COLORINGS, which are now ready for inspection.
Full lines of BLACK & COLORED CASHMERES, BLACK AND COLORED MERINOS, COLORED CASHMERITTE, NUN'S BEIGE, NUN'S VEILING, PLAIN AND TWILLED BEIGES, CROISE FOULE, NEW CHECKS, CASHMERE SERGES, in all Colors and Black.
HOSIERY DEPARTMENT!
GIRLS' BALBRIGGAN FASHIONABLE HOSE, in White and Brown; Striped German Unbleached Ground; Heather Mixtures and Clerical Stripes; Self Colors, in Plain and with Silk Clocking—all sizes in stock, from 4½ to 8½ inches.
WOMEN'S SAXONY WHITE COTTON AND BALBRIGGAN HOSE, Brown Balbriggan; Embroidered Self Colors in Navy, Seal, Garnet, Cardinal, Pink and Sky; Heather and Steel Mixtures. Novelties in Fancy Stripes—German and English.
MEN'S HALF HOSE, Brown and Blue, Grey Cotton, Plain and Fancy Stripes.
NEW COLORS in Merino, Plain and Checked, with Fancy Stripes.
GLOVE DEPARTMENT.
Girls' and Habits Lisle, Taffeta Spun Silk Gloves, in Jersey, Mousquitaire, 1, 2, 3, and 4 Elastics, Black and Colored Lace Gloves and Mitts; Sun Shades and Parasols, in the New Shapes, with Handles and Rustic Hooks, Ebony, Agate, Horn, Ivory and Silver-plated, in the following cloths: Sateen, Laventine, Durable; Brizilian, Plain and Twilled Silks, also, Satin and Silk Broche.
LONDON HOUSE WHOLESALE,
apr27 Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

$1.00 EACH. $1.00 EACH.
REGATTA SHIRTS
UNLAUNDRIED.
(Same make as our well known $1.00 White Unlaundried.)
2 TURN DOWN COLLARS to each Shirt, Sizes, 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17.
BOYS, SAME MAKE, 85c. Sizes, 11, 12, 12½, 13, 13½.
LAUNDRIED REGATTAS, all new Patterns this Season.
CUSTOM REGATTAS, the best range of Patterns we have ever shown.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
may18

DRY RED LEAD.
IN STOCK:
30 KEGS GENUINE DRY RED LEAD.
For sale low by
may18 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

DIAMOND DYES.
IN STOCK, AND TO ARRIVE:
50 GROSS DIAMOND DYES.
For sale by
may 18 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

OATMEAL.
300 Barrels and hf. bbls.
TILSONBURG OATMEAL.
For sale by
june1 GILBERT BENT & SONS.

WHITE BEANS.
Receiving to-day ex "George Calhoun:"
100 SACKS WHITE BEANS.
G. BENT & SONS,
june1 5 to 8 South Market Wharf.

DANIEL AND BOYD.
DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.
WE HAVE now opened the largest assortment of
DRESS FABRICS
ever submitted by us, including the new leading designs and colorings, which are now ready for inspection.
Full ranges of Black and Coloured CASHMERES, Black and Coloured MERINOS, Col'd Cashemeritte, Nun's Beige, Nun's Veiling, plain and twiled Bieges, Croise Foule, New Checks, Cashmere Serges in all colours and Black.
HOISERY DEPARTMENT.
GIRLS' BALBRIGGAN FASHIONED HOSE, in White and Brown. Striped German, unbleached ground; Heather Mixtures and Clerical Striped. Self colours in plain and with Silk clocking, all sizes in Stock from 4½ to 8½ in.
Women's Saxony White Cotton and Balbriggan Hose, Brown Balbriggans—embroidered. Self-colours in Navy, Seal, Garnet, Cardinal, Pink and Sky. Heather and Steel mixtures. Novelties in fancy stripes—German and English.
Men's Half Hose, brown and blue Cotton, plain and fancy stripes. New colours in Merino, plain and clocked, with fancy stripes.
GLOVE DEPARTMENT.
GIRLS' and Habits Lisle, Taffetta, and Spun Silk Gloves, in Jersey, Mousquetaire, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Elastics, Black and Coloured Lace Gloves and Mitts.
Sun Shades and Parasols in the new shapes, with fancy handles, as Rustic Hooks, Ebony, Agate, Horn, Ivory and Silver-plated in the following Cloths—Sateen, Laventine, Durable, Brazilian, plain and twilled Silks. Also, Satin and Silk Broche.
LONDON HOUSE—WHOLESALE,
may 18 Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the twenty-third day of June next, at twelve o'clock noon, by virtue of a decretal order of the Supreme Court, in Equity, made on the third day of March, A. D. 1883, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Ariana L. Hunt is Plaintiff, and James Mahony is Defendant, the mortgaged lands and premises described in said decretal order as:

"All that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, "lying and being in the Town of Portland, in the said "City and County of Saint John, conveyed to said "Samuel Schofield, by one William M. Jarvis, by deed "bearing date the thirtieth day of November last, and "described and bounded as being a part of two certain "lots known and distinguished by the numbers 16 and "17, on the plan of building lots, near Mr. Wright's "cottage, northward of the City Road, formerly belong-"ing to the estate of the late Honorable William Hazen, "commencing on the northern side line of Winter street, "in said town of Portland, at a point distant eighty feet "from the western side line of Summer street, thence "running parallel with said western side line of Summer "street one hundred feet, thence westerly parallel with "the said northern side of Winter (41) forty-one "feet and thence southerly parallel with the said western "side line of Summer street one hundred feet and thence "easterly along Winter street (41) forty-one feet to the "place of beginning, forming a lot of forty-one feet by "one hundred feet, together with all and singular the "buildings, erections and improvements on the said lot "of land now standing and being, and the reversion and "reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues "and profits thereof."

☞ For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirteenth day of March, A. D. 1883.

A. H. DEMILL, *Plaintiff's Solicitor.* WILLIAM B. CHANDLER, *Barrister.*
mar16—ts

EX "ORONTES."
6 BALES Senna Leaves, 50 kegs Baking Soda, 20 Bbls. Sal. Soda, 20 Bbls. Copperas, 40 Bbls. Whiting (English), 20 Casks Whiting (English).
For sale by
june1 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

TOILET SOAPS.
ROBINSON'S SAND SOAP, Robinson's Musk Rose Soap, Robinson's Pumice Stone Soap, Robinson's Sawdust Soap, Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap, Colgate's Silver Soap, Low's Old Brown Windsor Soap, Williams' Shaving Soap, Glenn Sulphur Soap, Rondeletia Soap, Calvert's Carbolic Acid Soap.
For sale by
june1 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

LADIES', YOUNG LADIES' —AND— MISSES' HOSIERY!
ALL THE NEW SHADES IN COLORS AND FAST BLACK! Opening to-day, May 31st. Sizes 5 to 9½ inch foot.
Lisle Hose, Silk Hose, All New Designs in Fancy Hose!
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
june1

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS!
WE are now showing all the Novelties of the Season in Plain and Fancy PARASOLS.
UMBRELLAS in Silk, Lavantine, Dagmar, Alpaca and Gingham. Sun Umbrellas and Rain Umbrellas. All the Novelties in Gentleman's Umbrellas.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
apr20

SALT AFLOAT—May 22nd, 1883.
6,000 SACKS Coarse and Factory Filled Butter Salt.
Just arrived per "Orontes."
may25 GILBERT BENT & SONS.

ST. JACOBS OIL, Van Buren's Kidney Cure, Burdock Blood Bitters, Gates' Life of Man Bitters, Hair's Asthma Remedy, Giles' Liniment, Dicks' Condition Powders, Capsaicin, Castoria, Calder's Dentine.
For sale by
may18 T. B. BARKER & SONS, 35 and 37 King Street.

POLLOCK, ETC.
RECEIVED:
100 QUINTALS POLLOCK; 150 Quintals Codfish; 2,000 Boxes Scaled Herring.
may18 GILBERT BENT & SONS.

TIMOTHY SEED. CLOVER SEED.
140 BAGS TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.
For sale low. G. BENT & SONS,
may18 5 to 8 South Market Wharf.

POLAND WATER!
IN STOCK:
12 BARRELS POLAND WATER.
For sale by
may18 T. B. BARKER & SONS.

JUST RECEIVED.
12 BOXES LIEBEG'S LIQUID BEEF,
24 boxes Kendall's Spavin Cure,
150 bdls. Wrapping Paper,
20 boxes Violet Ink, 15 bbls. Linseed Meal,
5 carboys Liquor Ammonia,
2 cases Cayenne Pepper,