

Poetry.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee who has made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light.
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!
I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many glad thoughts and deeds
Circling around,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That the shadows fall on brightest hours;
That the sun is dim;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart eludes,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!
I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To lounge for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.
I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
Through sorrows bleed,
Can never rest, although they seek,
A perfect end—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

THE KING'S MESSAGE.

BY REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.
"Come unto me and I will give thee rest."
The world demands of thee severest toil,
With very little at the end possessed,
Nor canst thou take thy spoil.
Come, be a citizen of mine, and dwell
Within my realm; the land is very fair;
According to my name, Immanuel,
Thou shalt my kingdom share.
My subjects labor, and they weary not,
And I am daily with thy joy and grief;
Not like the world, with promises forgot,
My portion I divide.
I know thy weariness, for I passed through
The land where thou hast spent thy toil and tears;
Many its sorrows and its comforts fore;
O dark and painful years!
I passed and came again to my own land,
And took thine enemies all captive then;
I have a scepter for thy weary hand
Above the scorn of men.
Come dwell with me, and I will with thee, our stay
Shall thus belong in my own heritage;
No wall, no pain, a loving home away
From thy lone pilgrimage.

The Fireside.

MALVA'S HOME MISSION.

It was a troubled, winnowed child face that bowed itself on the low window sill that sweet October morning. All around was a wealth of bloom—red berries of the creepers hung in clusters; as yet the maples had only a crimson leaf here and there, but the great ash, by the garden spring, was yellow as a golden sunset—while a squirrel ran briskly up and down the elm trunk by the roadside, and a robin sang a merry song from out the honeysuckle vine on the little front porch. Yet all these had not the power to gladden the face of the winnowed child. What ailed Malva Norton, that hazy, lovely morning, that nothing made her glad?
It was this: Her brother, whom she loved very dearly, was becoming unsteady—by that, I mean he was losing his "corner grocery" quite too often. She had told papa, and he had talked and reasoned, yet it did no good; for only the night before, when Malva had been walking with her nearest girl friend, Helen Richards, she had seen Fred in the grocery, Jim Cross and Tom Slater with him—two very bad boys, all three smoking cigars. Might not Fred learn to drink, too? Would he not go on from one thing to another, until he became as bad as his companions?
Now you see why Malva was so sad. She did not say to tell mamma, for baby was sick, and she had been up nearly the whole night with him. She has cared enough, all the time, Malva thought. Wise, thoughtful Malva, for only twelve summers had passed over the curly head.
"I know one thing I'll do," thought she, "I'll get a magic lantern, with the money mamma gave me—yes, and I have enough to take a good paper or two. Then I'll read to him evenings—oh, there are interesting stories in the papers, and they help young people to be good; that is just what Deacon Crowl said—My son John was unsteady, until I took those papers for him, and they proved a real blessing!" I shall pray too, I have for a good while; but now I shall pray and work, too. I'll get Helen to help; we will get up some evening entertainments—mamma will give us refreshments—oh, I do hope I can get Fred interested!"
It was not long before Malva put her plan into execution. Fred liked the evening readings, and one night after putting on his hat, came back, and sat down by Malva, saying: "Well, Puss, have you another story for to-night? If you have, guess I'll hear it."
After the reading, Malva went to the organ and played her sweetest airs, Fred joining in the singing.
Then came an entertainment at which he was in great requisition to show off the wonders of the lantern.
Then followed other gatherings at the home of young friends. All the while Fred was becoming more and more interested in these pure, home pleasures, all the time losing his love for the "corner grocery."
Malva's heart was made very glad one day by hearing Fred say to his mother:
"What a dear little thing Malva is getting to be; I declare I don't think half as much as I used to about going out of an evening—she is such good company, always ready to do anything for a fellow. Now, if she were like Jim Cross' sister Ida, I shouldn't care much for staying at home."
"Yes, Fred," said his mother, "Malva is a good sister; I am glad you realize it and appreciate her. She is not only good to you, but to all; I hope you will learn to have your life governed by as noble a motive as actuates your sister's."
"Well, mother, perhaps Malva will teach me, in time," he said as he started for the evening meal.
The autumn glided past, and Malva, happy in the thought that her brother was saved from the fate she so feared, grew cheerful and hopeful, yet never flagging in vigilance.
Are there other girls who have brothers spending their evenings at the "corner grocery"? Then, like Malva, try to reclaim them; try some of the methods, and you may make others as good as yourself.—Fanny.

SUSY'S FORGETTINGS.

Susy's strong point was "always forgetting." But she insisted that she "could not help it." She "had no memory," poor child. No one dare intrude an important message to her alone, if there was any one who would jog her memory. "Be sure and remind Susy," was always the last charge.
She generally had a red string tied around one finger and a blue one most likely around another, to remember things by, and she used to beg mother's gold ring for the same purpose, until she lost it. By great good luck, Ned found it just where she had laid it down on a window-sill. After that she had to be content with strings for her fingers.
This is about the way it was at her house six days out of seven. If it was not one mishap, it was another.
Susy had shelled a basin about half full of "rice pop-corn," all ready for evening, when her cousins were coming over for a candy pull.
"This corn seems a little damp," she said to herself. "I think I will set it in the oven just a minute or two, and then it will pop splendidly to-night."
So she slipped in the tin, and turned up the damper, and went up stairs to get ready for school. In the middle of the forenoon that oven came into her mind, as she stood at the blackboard working out an example. It did not help the process of solution at all. About the same time mother came into the kitchen to see "what could be burning." She specifically opened the oven door and all the windows. About all the corn that could pop had, and there had been a regular overflow, or spring freshet of it, in every nook and corner of the oven. To state that it was half full now would not be an exaggeration, though in a somewhat reduced state. All was quickly swept out into a big pan and thrown to the chickens, who are fond of charcoal, and must have considered this an extra entertainment.
Cleaning the air of the house was not so easy.
You would have supposed that Susy would be shy of the oven after that, but it made no difference. The next week she put her overshirt in it, on two sticks of wood, "so as to be perfectly airy, for a moment, to warm them through." When Ned came in twenty minutes later and sniffed the air of the kitchen, he too peeped into the oven.
"My! what a good dinner we shall have! Baked overshirts are so juicy and rich!" he said to a little girl who just then came flying in. "Please reach me the towel, sir," he added, and he fished out of the oven two shriveled sticky objects. Poor Susy burst into tears; and it was some time before she heard the last of her new-fashioned cookery. Ned insisted she ought to get out a new cook-book.
I have given you two samples of Susy's way, but I am glad to add that she is improving. Mother had to adopt a pretty rigorous system of discipline, and Susy finds she can help forgetting more than she ever thought she could.—Selected.

STORY OF A QUARREL.

"I shan't," shrieked Lou.
"I shall," shrieked Lou.
"I shan't play," said Lou, with an angry pout, "and you're the meanest girl that ever lived; so there!"
A window lid softly up somewhere behind the honeysuckles.
"Children," called grandma, "come here a moment."
They obeyed, shamefacedly enough. Grandma, dear, gentle grandma, had only since Uncle Charlie's death come to live at the farm, and the girls, though they had learned to love her very dearly, stood a little in awe of her.
But they went straight in, and stepped one to either side of her high-backed chair.
"Well," said grandma, kindly.
"I wanted to play keep store," volunteered Lou.
"And I wanted to play house," said Lou.
Grandma smiled and closed a wrinkled hand over the small brown one on each chair-arm.
"So you quarrelled," she said. "Would you like a little story?"
"Oh, yes," cried Lou and Lou exactly together; and then they hooked their little fingers above grandma's head and waited. What makes girls always do that, I wonder? Boys never do.
"A long time ago," began grandma, "there lived in far away England two maiden sisters. They were all alone in the world and very wealthy, and as time went on, and they grew gray and wrinkled with years, they began to think of death, and of what they would do with their money."
"At length they decided to build a church of solid stone, which might endure for centuries and tell the name and fame of the one sisters to future generations. The stone was quarried and the builders came. Then whether tower or spire should adorn their church, the sisters could not agree."
"They wrangled and argued for days and months—neither would yield; and in the end each had her way. The tower and spire were erected side by side.
"There they stood through storm and shine as they have stood for ages; the square, strong tower on the slender, tapering spire—a quarrel fixed in stone. And the history of those two stubborn sisters is told to strangers who visit the place over and over again."
Grandma paused. Lou and Lou looked across into each other's eyes and laughed.
"Weren't they funny?" said Lou. "We'll play store if you'd rather, Julie."
"And then we'll play house," said Julie.
So the sun shone again. But they lost their wit; for, you know, if one speaks before she is asked a question, the charm is broken.—Youth's Companion.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life is the flower which blows,
Death is the withered leaf;
Life is the grain as it grows,
Death is the garnered sheaf;
Life is the blazing fire,
Death is the ash grown cold;
Life is the glittering spire,
Death is the ruin old;
Life is the whirling gale,
Death is the calm repose;
Life is the continued tale,
Death is the story's close;
Life is the flowing stream,
Death is the myriads deep;
Life is the walking dead,
Death is the long, last sleep.
—Tears Sifted.

HOME HINTS.

SUGAR COOKIES can be made to bake quickly and yet have a delicate brown color if just before putting them into the oven you wet them lightly with milk and sugar; dissolve a little sugar in the milk.
COKE SEARCH CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one and a half cups of flour, one and a half cups of corn starch, whites of five eggs, well beaten, a little soda. Add essence of lemon flavor.
MOLASSES.—The following is a very simple recipe for getting rid of moths. If once found to be established in a carpet, take a wet sheet of cloth, lay it down upon the carpet, and then rub a bar of iron over it so as to convert the water into steam. This permeates the carpet and kills the moths.
GRAHAM PUFFS.—Graham puffs for breakfast are richer and a great deal more than the plain ones; take one pint of sweet milk, one pint of graham flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one egg, beat the egg, then add the milk, and then the flour gradually, beat it very briskly for four or five minutes, then pour into buttered graham pans; bake in a hot oven.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SET-
TLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. Y.

320 ORIGINAL PUZZLES WITH SOLUTIONS, ORIGINAL OR SELECTED STORIES, AND SOLUTIONS TO THE MYSTERY RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

STORY AND POETRY.

A LESSON OF COURAGE.

Some time ago, a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there.
"Waiting for God to come for me," said he.
"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.
"God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home in the sky; and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie."
"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."
You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said: "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you have been so long out of the house, and so long without an appearance of you, that I am sure you are God, or at least a messenger from God. What a lesson of truth, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with tales.—The Sunbeam.

A PILLOW PRAYER.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thee;
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.
With loving kindness guard Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.
At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!
—Pleasant Hours.

Contributions from Young Folks.

THE MYSTERY.
No. 150.—DROOP LARSEN PUZZLE.
FROM "MATTY," KING.
— a — t — e — u — d — h — p — e — d — —
— n — w — m — s — e — p — a — d — m — n — w —
— i — n — n —
No. 151.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
FROM "FRANKIE," CANNON, N. Y.
My whole, composed of 22 letters, was spoken by our Saviour to a woman.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 is an adjective.
My 5, 10, 11 is a noun in the plural.
My 18, 19 is a pronoun.
My 6, 15 is a help.
My 3, 10, 11 is a fruit.
My 21, 22, 14, 24, 25 is an animal.
My 4, 23, 20 is a foe.
My 12, 16, 21 is to cut.
My 9, 10, 13 is a Scripture name.
My 17, 6, 13, 23, 17, 18, 3 was Paul's fellow-labourer.
No. 152.—HALF-SQUARE WORD.
FROM "YAN," YORK.

A friend of John.

An expression.

Peculiar wild animal.

A foreign title.

A letter.
No. 153.—BIBLICAL QUERY.
FROM ELLA BLACK, QUEENS.
Where is that great men are not always wise?
No. 154.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
FROM "BETTY," PORTLAND, N. Y.
My first is in beast, but not in man;
My second is in leopard, but not in lamb;
My third is in lion, but not in rat;
My fourth is in dog, but not in cat;
My fifth is in eagle, but not in hawk;
My sixth is in raven, but not in ink;
My seventh is in water, but not in land;
My whole you'll find is a command.
(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

No. 136.—A D A M
D O V E
A V E M
M E M D
No. 137.—R-e-c-h-a-b-e-l-i-o-n—Jer. xxiv. 6.
O — m-e-g — A — Rev. i. 8.
C — e-d-r-o — N — John xiv. 1.
K — I — K — John xiv. 1.
R-O-C-K — S-A-N-D.
No. 138.—Exodus xv. 2.
No. 139.—A — g-r-i-p — p-a — Agrippa.
No. 140.—Job xii. 20.
CHAT.
BIBLE STUDY.
TOPIC: COME TO JESUS.
COME NOW! TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE!
You have, perhaps, decided to come to Jesus, but not just now! Like Felix, you say, "Go thy way for this time; I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee." Satan knows that if you put religion off, he is likely to keep you captive forever. God says, "TO-DAY, if you will hear my voice, harden not your hearts: behold, NOW is the day of salvation!" Satan whispers, "Not to-day, but to-morrow!" He promises you shall give to God all your future days, if only he can secure for himself the present. Oh, beware of to-morrow! Souls are generally lost, not because they resolve never to repent, but because they defer it till some future time, and still defer it till it is too late! To-morrow may be crowded hell! Perhaps you think you will wait till disease assails you; but a sick bed is the very worst place for repenting. Your mind may be so distracted by delirium, fever, or pain, or may so share in the weakness of the body, that you may be unable to think. The peace in which multitudes seem to die is only the apathy of disease. Many who, when ill, have professed to repent, on recovery have become more profane than before. It was not true conversion: and had they died, they would have been lost! There is little hope of salvation in sickness. But such a season may never come. You may die without a moment's warning! Though in health to-day, you may be dead to-morrow! And are you, who live is so uncertain, putting off salvation?
A prisoner is under sentence of death. The fatal hour of execution is concealed from him, but he is told that, if before it strikes he petitions the governor, his life will be spared. He says, "I'll send to-morrow," and when to-morrow comes he says again, "Oh, there's time enough yet! I'll wait a little longer!" Suddenly his dungeon-door opens, and behold, the sheriff and the executioner! "Oh, wait, and I'll write the petition!" "No!" they say, "the clock has struck; it's too late; you must die!" Poor sinner, you are condemned! You know not when the sentence may be executed. Perhaps this very day! You resolve to put off repentance till to-morrow; but to-morrow you may be in hell. Christ knocks to-day; but, remember, death may knock to-morrow! While you are keeping your best friend outside, death may burst in upon you, and you will be willing to save to-day! Heaven's gate is open to-day! To-morrow may be too late!
R-2d Matt. xiv. 36-51; xxv. 1-13; Luke xii. 16-21; xiii. 24-28; Acts xvii. 23; 2 Cor. vi. 2; Heb. iii. 7-10.
"BLACK" and H. E. PALMER, QUEENS, acknowledge, with thanks, the folks of prices.
The Monthly Association, Queens, for August, received, Thanks.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.
It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scalp and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dyes, renders the hair soft, glossy, and pliant in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.
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MR. C. F. BUCKINGHAM writes from New York, July 3, 1885: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I was nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it soon began to grow again, and I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."
MR. J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the McArthur (Quebec), writes from New York, July 3, 1885: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has given me a new growth of hair, and I am now as well as ever. It is a most excellent preparation for the hair, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who are afflicted with falling hair, and who desire to have their hair grow again. It is a most excellent preparation for the hair, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who are afflicted with falling hair, and who desire to have their hair grow again."

MR. ANGE FAIRBANKS, leader of the dramatic company, writes from New York, July 3, 1885: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has given me a new growth of hair, and I am now as well as ever. It is a most excellent preparation for the hair, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who are afflicted with falling hair, and who desire to have their hair grow again. It is a most excellent preparation for the hair, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who are afflicted with falling hair, and who desire to have their hair grow again."

MR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sole and all Druggists.

McNALLY'S
NEW FALL GOODS
AT
McNALLY'S.
SEVERAL CARDS NEW FURNITURE, (All kinds), at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
All the Latest Styles in
PARLOUR,
DINING ROOM,
HALL, LIBRARY, AND OFFICE
FURNITURE,
Kept in stock, and Made to Order at Short Notice.
56 Cakes, Cases and Barrels
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, LAMPS, TABLE CUTLERY, AND FANCY CHINA.
7 Cases and Barrels
SILVER-PLATED WARE. Finest assortment and Lowest Prices in the City.
I have been appointed Agent in Fredericton for "Toronto" State Company. Shall keep a full line of their Goods in stock. Every article guaranteed as represented. My Stock of Fancy Household Goods is unusually large and well assorted for Holiday Trade. Twenty years experience in the business, frequent visits to the best markets, and buying for Cash, enables me to give Good Value to every customer.
Orders by Mail carefully attended to.
Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 22, 1884.
J. G. McNALLY,
Opposite City Hall, Fredericton.
Branch Store:
CONNELL'S BLOCK, WOODSTOCK.
dec 5

O. N. C.
OUR NEW COTTON
IS 36 INCHES WIDE,
SOFT, PURE FINISH FOR HAND OR MACHINE SEWING.
O. N. C.
Is the Best Cotton Cloth in the Market, and is suitable for making Shirts, Ladies' and Children's Undergarments, and all household purposes for which any First-Class Cotton is used.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
Jan 30 Wholesale Agents for O. N. C.

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 Long and Weight.
WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to remember that our Yarn is spun on Twisted 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 what 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 yarn than is formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.
All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.
WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.
July 12

London House.
DANIEL & BOYD have received Invoices of 43 Cases of Imported DRY GOODS, which they will open this week.
Our Stock is unusually well assorted for the Sorting-up Trade. Novelties added every week.
Scotch Tweeds,
Mantle Meltons,
Black Suits,
Black Suits,
Stockings,
Jacket Cloths,
Terry Cloths,
Terry Cloths,
Hamburg Quilts,
Hamburg Quilts,
Indian Shawls,
Lace Veilings, Turkey Cambric, Shirt Fronts,
French Cambric, Ottoman Silks, Novelties in Feather 10 Yards PRINCE.
Jan 12 DANIEL & BOYD.

JERSEYS, JERSEYS,
—IN—
BLACK AND COLORED.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON have just received a large variety of these Goods, in all Qualities and Sizes.
BLACK JERSEYS, Plain and Braided.
Black Striped BRAIDED JERSEYS.
BLACK JERSEYS, with Vest Fronts, bed, and Black and Red, Black and Cream, and Salt Colors.
COLORED JERSEYS.
Plain and Braided, in Great Variety.
JERSEY CLOTH JACKETS, for Street Wear.
CHILDREN'S JERSEY SUITS.
Jan 12

SALT.
DAILY RECEIVED—Now Overdue—1,600 Sacks Common Salt, 500 Sacks of Pure Salt. Will make Low Quotations on this cargo. GILBERT BENT & SONS, South Market Wharf
OCT 3

ANNUAL SPRING SALE
—OF—
Household Linens!
FOR ONE MONTH—COMMENCING JAN. 30TH
ENDING FEB. 28TH.
Linen Sheetings,
Linen Damasks,
Linen Cloths,
Linen Towels,
Linen Napkins,
Linen Doyles,
Linen Towellings of all kinds.
16-21; xiii. 24-28; Acts xvii. 23; 2 Cor. vi. 2; Heb. iii. 7-10.
"BLACK" and H. E. PALMER, QUEENS, acknowledge, with thanks, the folks of prices.
The Monthly Association, Queens, for August, received, Thanks.

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Linen Napkins,
Linen Doyles,
Linen Towellings of all kinds.
16-21; xiii. 24-28; Acts xvii. 23; 2 Cor. vi. 2; Heb. iii. 7-10.
"BLACK" and H. E. PALMER, QUEENS, acknowledge, with thanks, the folks of prices.
The Monthly Association, Queens, for August, received, Thanks.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON have just received a large variety of these Goods, in all Qualities and Sizes.
BLACK JERSEYS, Plain and Braided.
Black Striped BRAIDED JERSEYS.
BLACK JERSEYS, with Vest Fronts, bed, and Black and Red, Black and Cream, and Salt Colors.
COLORED JERSEYS.
Plain and Braided, in Great Variety.
JERSEY CLOTH JACKETS, for Street Wear.
CHILDREN'S JERSEY SUITS.
Jan 12

SALT.
DAILY RECEIVED—Now Overdue—1,600 Sacks Common Salt, 500 Sacks of Pure Salt. Will make Low Quotations on this cargo. GILBERT BENT & SONS, South Market Wharf
OCT 3

ANNUAL SPRING SALE
—OF—
Household Linens!
FOR ONE MONTH—COMMENCING JAN. 30TH
ENDING FEB. 28TH.
Linen Sheetings,
Linen Damasks,
Linen Cloths,
Linen Towels,
Linen Napkins,
Linen Doyles,
Linen Towellings of all kinds.
16-21; xiii. 24-28; Acts xvii. 23; 2 Cor. vi. 2; Heb. iii. 7-10.
"BLACK" and H. E. PALMER, QUEENS, acknowledge, with thanks, the folks of prices.
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Sun Life and Accident INSURANCE Co

OF MONTREAL.
Assets \$1,000,000.
THOMAS WORKMAN, M. H. GAULT, M. F. PRESIDENT. VICE-PRESIDENT.
THE ONLY COMPANY in America, which issues Unconditional Life Policies, no restrictions, regarding Residence, Occupation, Soldiers, Risks, Warfare, Voluntary Assignments, &c., as are found in ordinary Policies.
CHILDREN'S ENDOWMENTS AND ANNUITIES granted on lives.
Examine one of the SUN'S POLICIES before insuring elsewhere.
The SUN has three dollars of Assets for every dollar of liability.
Twenty days of grace are allowed for payment of Renewal Premiums.
Age is admissible at any time during the life-time of the Assured.
Loans made on Policy to extent of Office value.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

It now offers to the public incomparably the most straight forward and untechnical ACCIDENT POLICY in Existence.
The following are a few of the Points of Superiority:
1. Which gives 10 days of grace.
2. Should no claim be made in five years, the sixth year of assurance will be allowed free.
3. Policies not void by engaging in a more hazardous occupation than that assured against.
4. Residence—more liberal conditions than given by any other company in America.
R. MACAULAY, MANAGER.
Risks taken also in the Glasgow and London Fire Insurance Company of Great Britain.
J. B. GUNTER, GENERAL AGENT for above Companies, Fredericton.
June 17-18

HOLY BIBLE
REVISED VERSION.
At 1.5 and 2.5 and 4.5 and 6.5 and 8.5 and 10.5 and 12.5 and 14.5 and 16.5 and 18.5 and 20.5 and 22.5 and 24.5 and 26.5 and 28.5 and 30.5 and 32.5 and 34.5 and 36.5 and 38.5 and 40.5 and 42.5 and 44.5 and 46.5 and 48.5 and 50.5 and 52.5 and 54.5 and 56.5 and 58.5 and 60.5 and 62.5 and 64.5 and 66.5 and 68.5 and 70.5 and 72.5 and 74.5 and 76.5 and 78.5 and 80.5 and 82.5 and 84.5 and 86.5 and 88.5 and 90.5 and 92.5 and 94.5 and 96.5 and 98.5 and 100.5 and 102.5 and 104.5 and 106.5 and 108.5 and 110.5 and 112.5 and 114.5 and 116.5 and 118.5 and 120.5 and 122.5 and 124.5 and 126.5 and 128.5 and 130.5 and 132.5 and 134.5 and 136.5 and 138.5 and 140.5 and 142.5 and 144.5 and 146.5 and 148.5 and 150.5 and 152.5 and 154.5 and 156.5 and 158.5 and 160.5 and 162.5 and 164.5 and 166.5 and 168.5 and 170.5 and 172.5 and 174.5 and 176.5 and 178.5 and 180.5 and 182.5 and 184.5 and 186.5 and 188.5 and 190.5 and 192.5 and 194.5 and 196.5 and 198.5 and 200.5 and 202.5 and 204.5 and 206.5 and 208.5 and 210.5 and 212.5 and 214.5 and 216.5 and 218.5 and 220.5 and 222.5 and 224.5 and 226.5 and 228.5 and 230.5 and 232.5 and 234.5 and 236.5 and 238.5 and 240.5 and 242.5 and 244.5 and 246.5 and 248.5 and 250.5 and 252.5 and 254.5 and 256.5 and 258.5 and 260.5 and 262.5 and 264.5 and 266.5 and 268.5 and 270.5 and 272.5 and 274.5 and 276.5 and 278.5 and 280.5 and 282.5 and 284.5 and 286.5 and 288.5 and 290.5 and 292.5 and 294.5 and 296.5 and 298.5 and 300.5 and 302.5 and 304.5 and 306.5 and 308.5 and 310.5 and 312.5 and 314.5 and 316.5 and 318.5 and 320.5 and 322.5 and 324.5 and 326.5 and 328.5 and 330.5 and 332.5 and 334.5 and 336.5 and 338.5 and 340.5 and 342.5 and 344.5 and 346.5 and 348.5 and 350.5 and 352.5 and 354.5 and 356.5 and 358.5 and 360.5 and 362.5 and 364.5 and 366.5 and 368.5 and 370.5 and 372.5 and 374.5 and 376.5 and 378.5 and 380.5 and 382.5 and 384.5 and 386.5 and 388.5 and 390.5 and 392.5 and 394.5 and 396.5 and 398.5 and 400.5 and 402.5 and 404.5 and 406.5 and 408.5 and 410.5 and 412.5 and 414.5 and 416.5 and 418.5 and 420.5 and 422.5 and 424.5 and 426.5 and 428.5 and 430.5 and 432.5 and 434.5 and 436.5 and 438.5 and 440.5 and