

Poetry.

SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned,
The things of which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.
And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plan was so good for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see,
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.
If, sometimes, commingling with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.
And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sabbal pain of death
Consoles the fairest born His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.
But not to-day. Be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil we reach the land
Where fabled feet, with sandals low, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
For His is the domain,
And His is the dominion
From sea to sea to reign;
To Him the kings of Sheba
Their royal gifts shall bring,
And lauders all their tribute
Shall render to their King.
The whole wide world for Jesus;
His banner be unfurled
Wide as his great commission,
"Go ye to all the world,
And preach to every creature
The message of peace;
Lo! I am with you always
Till time itself shall cease."
The whole wide world for Jesus
O Church of Christ, awake!
Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Thy hosts of duty take;
Go forth upon thy mission
In Jesus' name alone,
Till earth with all her millions,
His sovereignty shall own.

The Fireside.

A POOR BUSINESS.

BY SYDNEY DAVIS.
"Mother, can't I stay out of school for just one day?"
"That depends upon how far, Harry."
"Well, mother, now just listen. Last evening day Jimmy Styles got a situation at a peanut stand, and he earned a dollar. A whole dollar, mother—a little fellow like Jimmy Styles! And I want to go to the circus-ground to-morrow and see if I could make a dollar, mother!"
Dollars were held in great respect in the Wayne family by reason of their scarcity, but Harry's mother did not seem charmed with his charming plan of securing one.
"No, dear; it will be very nice for you to earn money when the proper time comes, but just now your place is at school."
"But I would only be out one day, and that wouldn't be any harm."
"Not much, but that is not the greatest objection. I think a circus-ground a very poor place for a little boy to go to, to make money—or, indeed, for any one else."
"Jimmy Styles says it's the jolliest kind of a place."
"I dare say, but Harry Wayne can't go there." Harry Wayne knew that when mother said a thing she meant it, so he said no more; but he set out for school next morning with a strong feeling that it was very hard on a boy not to be allowed to go to the circus-ground. It would be so fine to make a little money. Money was wanted so badly at home that it really seemed almost wrong in mother to stand in his way; and then it was such a jolly place.
Borne from a long distance on the morning breeze came the sound of the band as the circus wagons paraded through the streets of the small town. Harry lived a little out of it and had quite a long walk to school, at which he sometimes complained. But just now he thought little of the distance as he hurriedly hid his dinner-pail in some bushes at the roadside, and sped like the wind (or boy) until he had joined the crowd of little lingers who were following the gilded chariots and mysterious looking cages. He ran upon mouthed like the rest, becoming greatly excited at the monstrous serpents visible through the bars of an open cage, awe-struck at the sound or roar from some hidden animal, or listening in wonder to the hideous foot-toot-toot of the callopes.
He had not really intended disobedience to his mother's command, but as the parade ended at the circus-ground he remembered that he would now be late for school, and a half-hour later would not make much difference. He found so many things to look at that two or three half-hours passed away very quickly. Then he assured himself that, having lost so much time, the best thing he could do would be to carry out his fine plan of getting something to do whereby he could make a little money. He looked around among the busy workers, and finally went up to a man who was building a small stand.
"Can I help you?" he asked, a little bashfully, for he was not used to being among strangers.
"Yes," said the man, "you can shut hold up these sticks like I said them on."
Harry did so, and then brought water from a long distance by pailfuls until a barrel was filled, into which the man poured a small bottle full of some kind of liquid, afterwards stirring in several pounds of sugar.
"Ach!" he said, tasting, "dot's good lemonade. Now you goes and you buys two lemons; folks will expect to see some lemons in it, but vot's de use?"
Still grumbling as if he thought folks were unreasonable in expecting lemons in lemonade, he gave Harry five cents, telling him it was plenty to buy "two small lemons."
When they were brought he sliced them into the barrel in very thin slices. Thin as they were, though, Harry thought his friend had not calculated well, for there would be far from being one show slice for every glass in that great barrel. When all was ready he was allowed to stand behind the table and shout, "Here's your ice-cold lemonade, only ten cents a glass!" He called with right good will, proud enough at having got into business so readily. He soon found out that his employer had guessed well in the matter of the slices of lemons, for he was carefully instructed to

throw back into the barrel the pieces which were left in the glasses, so that there was a fair reason to believe they would last all day.
The sun was hot, and he became after a while hoarse and headache as dinner-time drew near, and he grew hungry, greatly longing for the lunch he had hidden in the bushes. He kept hard at work, though, anxious to be in the stir which the afternoon would bring on, and full of the hope that he might be sent into the tent to sell lemonade, which delightful thing really came to pass, but did not prove quite so delightful as he had hoped. The dull ache in his head grew and increased almost beyond bearing in the close, hot air of the tent. He was dizzy with climbing the seats, and found little chance of watching the tricks of the trained dogs or the elephants, for there were plenty of thirsty souls all about him and he must attend to business. When the show was nearly over he got into the way of some one who gave him a rude push, and, losing his balance, he fell to the ground, his glasses smashing about him. Their owner scowled at the breakage, and growl angry when Harry told him he could not sell any more lemonade.
"You not goin' to stay to-night?" he asked.
"No; how much are you going to pay me?"
"Bays you! How much you bays me for mein glass vots you broken?"
The glasses were not worth one-half what his work had been, but he did not know that, and walked away, too worn out to think of arguing the question.
"Stay a minutes," the man called after him, and he went back.
"You take a glass of lemonade," holding one out with a liberal smile. Harry said "Thank you," but managed to pour the hoarse stuff on the ground without being seen, and then turned his face homeward, the sickest, wretchedest boy, perhaps, who ever ran away from school to go after a circus; for he now saw that what was the plain English of his day's exploit. He had been flattering himself all day that the money he would carry to his mother would be a great help in excusing himself, but now what had he to offer except a taste of disobedience and truancy? The scenes which had come before him, the fighting, sweating and drinking had shown him what she meant when she said it was no place for a boy. How bitterly ashamed of it all he was!

He recovered his dinner-pail, but could not eat a morsel, and at last after a long walk, in which it seemed as if he could not drag one foot after the other, stood before his mother with a burning head and trembling hands which alarmed her.
She said little as she helped him to bed, after hearing his story. But Harry thought to himself as he tossed feverishly through the night:
"They say the way of transgressors is hard. If this is the beginning of the way I don't want to go any farther in it!"

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. B.
CONTRIBUTORS AND ANSWERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

STORY.

THE TWO MEN INSIDE.

An old Indian asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket.
The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."
"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.
"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast; "and the good man says, 'It is not yours; give it back to the owner.' The bad man says, 'Never mind, you got it and it is your own.' The good man says, 'No, no; you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."
Like the old Indian, we have all a good man and a bad man within. The bad man is temptation, and the good man is conscience; and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day.
Who wins? That is the question; and the answer decides a child's character for the life and the life to come. Who wins? Stand up for duty. Down with sin! Wrestle with temptation manfully. Never, never give up the war till you win.

Contributions from Young Folks.

POETRY.

FROM "VAN," YORK.

TOUCH IT NEVER.
Children, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm;
It will surely lead to harm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never!

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never!

Do you know what causeth woe
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3. "A mere grasshopper," said the royal sage,
"Shall be—say what!—to hoary age,
To man in life's last stage."
4. When once King David danced with all his might,
What was his garment, clean and white,
So mean in Michael's sight?
5. Where Paul refers to Isaac's honoured dame,
God's choice and purpose to proclaim,
How does he spell her name?
6. With what should prayer and supplication blend
In speaking to our Heavenly Friend,
That so our cares may end?
7. The sign when a legal bondage is expressed,
The like token souls distressed
Find liberty and rest.
The finals mark the state of all that live;
The initials show what Christ can give.
May we that gift receive!
(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

(No. 6.)
No. 23.—(1.) T—w—ire. (2.) W—h—elm. (3.) C—r—use. (4.) S—t—ray. (5.) B—l—and. (6.) C—h—ill.
No. 24.—Zaphnath—paneah.
No. 25.—(1.) 2 Kings ix. 30. (2.) 2 Kings xii. 14.
No. 26.—Prov. xvii. 9.

CHAT.

BIBLE STUDY.

TOPIC: COME TO JESUS.

FOR A NEW HEART—COME!

"Ye must be born again," said Christ to Nicodemus. There must be a great change in our thoughts and feelings respecting God, before we are able to serve Him on earth and enjoy Him in heaven. Sin has estranged our minds from God, so that we do not desire and love Him. This is being "carnally minded, which is death." To love religion which is now distasteful, and to hate the sin which once we loved, is a great change, like coming to life. It is called the new birth, or regeneration. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Unconverted sinners! say you hope to be saved; but how can you expect to enter heaven in your present state of mind? You would not be happy there! Everything in the world around us shows that adaptation is essential to enjoyment. Music charms those alone who have an ear for it; books are no treat to those who dislike reading; and society is only pleasant when it is congenial. A clown would not feel at ease at court, the ignorant cannot enjoy the company of the learned, the profligate do not love the society of the virtuous; and just so the ungodly cannot take pleasure in religion. Is not the Sabbath to you a dull day, the Bible a dry book, religious conversation unpleasant, prayer a task, and the company of the pious irksome? But heaven is all Sabbath, all worship, all holiness,—its inhabitants are all righteous; and their talk and actions all have reference to God. They are happy because holy, and because they are with God. But if you love not holiness and God, heaven would not be a happy place for you. You would wander about a miserable, solitary thing, damping the enjoyment you could not share, and polluting the temple in which you alone would be unable to worship. Therefore, unless born again, you never will enter it. You cannot, I know, change your own heart, but the Spirit of God can! And Jesus died to obtain for us the gift of the Spirit; and this gift is freely bestowed on all who sincerely apply to the Saviour for it. Oh, then, earnestly pray for the Spirit of God, that you may be born again! Come to Jesus with the petition of David, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." And for your encouragement, think of the glorious assurance of Christ, "If ye obey, know how much more I shall pour into your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in Heaven, give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!"
Read Psalm li. 10-12; Luke xi. 1-13; John iii. 1-21; Rom. viii. 5-9; Eph. ii. 1-6.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Here is what a little boy of thirteen writes:
Jan. 17th, 1885.
C. E. BLACK, Dear Sir: For some time past I have been interested in the *Religious Intelligencer*, and have studied out a good many of the puzzles.
Wishing you every success, I remain,
Yours respectfully,
LUTHER K. STEVENS, St. John.—The MS. you refer to did not reach us. Of No. 6, Nos. 23 (5), 24, 25 and 26 are correct.

ELLIW. W. SMITH, Jacksonville, Carlton.—We welcome you to our column. No. 5, you have correctly solved Nos. 19 and 21; and of No. 6, Nos. 25 (1), and 26.
BRUCE, Portland.—Thank you for your nice puzzle. They are gladly received, and will receive due insertion. Of No. 4, Nos. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 correct; and of No. 5, Nos. 19, 20 and 21. No! We are not offering the monthly prizes now!
JENNIE McDUGALL, St. John.—Thank you for the excellent batch of puzzles!—Yes, John xi. 35 is shorter than 1 Chron. i. 25; Nos. 24, 25 and 26 are correctly solved.
"BLAKE," Queens.—Nos. 19, 20, 21 and 22 are correct. Thank you for the excellent batch of puzzles.
"STUDENT," Queens.—Your excellent batch of puzzles received. They will receive due insertion. Nos. 24, 25 and 26 are correctly solved. Do not seal MS. and prepay by 1c stamp.

TO WORD-HUNTERS.—All lists must be clearly written. No attention will be given to lists that are not carefully written and perfectly legible. The prizes will be given for first largest list received, etc. The competition closes on March 1st, 1885. MS. mailed after that date will be unnoticed. Every contestant must remember the rules given, together with the above.
ERRATUM.—The answer to No. 18 should have read *ERRATUM* instead of "Sundate."

HOME HINTS.

The *Western Farmer* says: "More grass, more stock; more stock, more money is the way of progress, and the stock must be of the best breeds, too."
RICE MUFFINS.—To half a pint of rice boiled soft add a teaspoonful of milk, three eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of butter; add as much flour as will make it the consistency of pound-cake batter; drop them about in the baking-pan so that they will not touch; they will bake in ten minutes, and do not require turning.

TO GRAB A GRIDDLE.—The best method of doing this is to take a bit of salt pork and rub it over the griddle with a fork. This prevents adhesion, and yet does not allow the fat to soak into what is cooked. Nothing so soon sticks as one who has the taste of burnt grease. Careless cooks so often give to breakfast cakes by the improper handling of lard.

The stomach of the horse is comparatively small, holding about three gallons, whilst the ox possesses less than four stomachs, the first of which is larger than that of the horse. This affords us a very important lesson at the commencement; and that while the ox is so constructed as to consume large quantities of food at a meal, the horse, on the contrary, requires a more moderate quantity of a more nutritious nature, and to be fed often.

THE MYSTERY.
No. 37.—COMBINATION.
FROM "VAN," YORK.
Three-fourths of a cloth, two-thirds of a tree, Combine, and a companion of Paul you'll see.

No. 38.—BIBLE QUERIES.
FROM "BRUCE," PORTLAND.
1. What does God say concerning those pastors who neglect their flocks?
2. Whose arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye utterly darkened?
3. Who spoke of a stone being called to witness, because it had heard what was spoken?

No. 39.—SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.
FROM JANE R. SLEEP, YORK.
1. Come bring your Bible; with a text decide What Abraham said, when he was tried, God would Himself provide.
2. In priestly Joshua's days a prophet came Who hid in type the Branch promise, Declare his grandeur's name.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.
To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARPAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all that humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete restorer of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.
"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The ulcers were badly treated, and I suffered much. I have now recovered, and I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me."
Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN OBHIAK.
18 Sullivan St., New York, June 23, 1882.

All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brien also upon the subject of what she has to say. New York City, who will take pleasure in showing to the wonderful cures of Ayer's Sarpaparilla, not only in the cure of the skin, but in the cure of many other diseases within his knowledge.

The well-known writer on the Boston Herald, B. W. BAKER, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June 7, 1882:
"Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past year, of Ayer's Sarpaparilla, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all skin diseases."

Ayer's Sarpaparilla stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Eczema, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weak condition of the system.

It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price, \$1 per bottle for 85.

ALWAYS READY TO ALLEVIATE PAINS AND ILLS

That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,
Whether Internal or External, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Gout, Bruiases, etc., but for Burns, Scalds, Sprains, etc., and for all other ailments, it is the most reliable remedy in existence. Price, 50c per bottle.

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Late Professor Natural Science, Normal College, Pa.
Lecturer to Columbia Institute of Medicine.

PRACTICE LIMITED TO DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
Office 127, Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

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Favorably known to the public since 1850, Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells cast. One Sape Bell, Meeneey & Co., West Troy, N.Y.

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THE COURSE OF STUDY is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are fitted for the duties and work of every day life.

THE FACULTY embraces a list of twenty teachers and assistants, elected with special reference to proficiency in the various branches of the course.

THE DISCIPLINE is of the highest order and inculcates valuable business lessons.

THE PATRONAGE is the largest of any Commercial School in the world.

THE REPUTATION of this school for originality and high standing in the STANDARD INSTITUTION of its kind is generally acknowledged.

SITUATIONS IN BUSINESS HOUSES furnished its pupils complete the varied inducements to attend this school.

PROSPECTUS containing full particulars sent free to intending patrons. Open Sept. 1st.

H. E. HIBBARD, 608 Washington St., Boston, and 141

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AND—
A Happy New Year

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Established a Quarter of a Century.

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A. LOTTIMER,
QUEEN STREET,
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Watches!
Page, Smalley & Ferguson
Have a Large Assortment of Fine Watches,
In Gold and Silver,
Hunting and Open-face,
Engraved and Plain Cases,
Keyless and Key-Winding,
of English, Swiss, and American Manufacture.

Persons wishing a Good Timekeeper should examine our stock before making a purchase.

EXTRA DISCOUNTS TO CASH CUSTOMERS AT 43 KING STREET.

POKE AND BEEF!
200 BARRELS OF PORK, CLEAR PORK, PLATE BEEF.
For sale at low rates by GILBERT BENT & SONS, South Market Wharf.

SEEDS

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR 1885 OF "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN." Full of valuable cultural directions, containing three colored plates and embracing everything new and rare. Needs and Plants, will be mailed on receipt of stamp to cover postage (6 cents). To customers of last season sent free without application.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.,
35 & 37 CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK.

SECOND-HAND GRAIN SACKS!

ON HAND AND FOR SALE CHEAP:

3,000 Grain Sacks!

IN GOOD ORDER.

P. NASE & SON,
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Nov. 26th 1884. dec5

DANIEL & BOYD.

SUPER. WINNEY BLANKETS.

THIS WEEK WE WILL OPEN:

290 Pair of Super. Winney Blankets,

IN FIVE SIZES,

WITH NEW DESIGNS IN BORDERS.

This lot is a Canceled Order which we have purchased from the manufacturers at a great reduction, and will be marked and offered at commission prices.

Special quotations given for Unbroken Cases of Thirty Pairs Carpet Blankets.

200 PAIRS OF BROWN, GREY, PULLED HEAVY COTTON BLANKETS,

In Six Sizes, well suited for Lumbermen.

We are showing an 84 inch wide, Heavy Twilled Carpet Blanketing, strong and warm, manufactured specially to meet the requirements of our customers.

DANIEL & BOYD.

dec9

New Fall Goods

AT—
McNALLY'S.

SEVERAL CARPETS NEW FURNITURE (All Kinds), at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

All the Latest Styles in PARLOUR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM, HALL, LIBRARY, AND OFFICE.

FURNITURE,

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55 Cases, Cases and Barrels CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, LAMPS, TABLE CUTLERY, AND FANCY CHINA.

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