

Poetry

THE DUMB CHILD.

A correspondent sends the following beautiful poem to the editor of the *Home Journal*, as a stray leaf, whose authorship he has been unable to discover. Willis pronounces it a "poem unsurpassed."

She is my only girl,
I asked for her as some most precious thing;
For all unfinished was Love's jewelled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl!
The shadow that time brought forth I could not see.

How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me!
O! many soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deafened ear,
And suffered not the slightest footsteps near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay,
Ah! needless care! I might have let them play.

Twas long ere I believed
That this little daughter might not speak to me;
Wanted and watched—God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived,
Vain Love was long the anthing nurse of Faith,
And faded Hope, until it starved to death.

O! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till her tongue might teach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that holy word!

My heart it sorely tries,
To see her kneel with such a reverent air
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips as though our words she knew,
Then move her own, as she were speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright window of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding coils,
And the long-pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody;
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void,
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair,
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, of which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair,
At last! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master key.

Will He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel clamor be kept free,
E'en that His still, small voice and step might be
Heard, at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer
thrill.

Then should I grieve? O, murmuring heart, be still!
She seems to have a sense
Of quiet madness, in noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose radiant eloquence
Touches at heart, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans upon his knee,
O, at such times, I know,
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she could not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give
To her a beauty of its own;
And we a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve:
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yea, and my voice shall fit it—but not here.

When that new sense is given
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meander melody
Than the rich songs of heaven—
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the acsties of sound!

For the Visitor.
An Acrostic.
Christian soldier, grasp thy weapons,
Helm, breastplate, sword and shield;
Aim for fight—the conflict deepens;
Rush courageous to the field.
L of thy captain leads to conquest,
Eager pressing on the foe:
S how salvation! 'tis the watchword—
T hundering to the charge they go!
U pward, onward, roll the conflict;
P ause not, faint not in the fray—
P rove thy weapons, trust thy leader,
E arth must yield and hell give way,
R ound the embattled squadrons wheeling,
D ead destruction on the foe,
D rive them, broken, scattered, reeling,
H eadlong to the gulf below.

S. T. R.
Young Husband's Conversion.
When a young man, I was distinguished
In the community where I lived for wickedness and profanity. I married, however, strange as it may seem, a young woman of exemplary piety, and we at once moved into our humble home, full of anticipations of happiness so common with the young.

As the first day of our residence in our new abode drew to a close, the supper-table being removed, my wife, without saying a word, placed a "little stand by my side, laying a Bible upon it, and sat down on the opposite side of the hearth, in evident expectation that I would conduct family worship! What could I do? I was in a manner spell-bound. I could not disapprove her. She knew nothing of my profanity and wickedness. And yet how could such a wretch as I kneel before Almighty God and utter words of devotion! Yet I did! I read and I prayed.

But, O, as I took the name of Jehovah upon my lips, asked for blessings in the name of Christ, and made confession of sin, a sense of my guilt and hypocrisy stung my soul! I rose from my knees one of the most miserable of men! I succeeded, however, in partially recovering my self-possession by aid of a secret determination on no consideration to yield to a repetition of the act, and thus tried to dismiss the matter from my mind.

Another day rolled by—another sunset came. Again the tea-table was spread and removed, and before I was aware, there at my side was the same stand, and upon it the same dreaded Bible, and my wife seated be-

fore me in silent expectation of the evening devotions. According to a well known law of practical morality, having yielded once I found myself less capable of refusing now, and once more I read the Word of God, once more I kneeled, and with profane tongue invoked the Divine blessing. A new horror now fell upon me! A dread, lest, like another Uzziah, I should perish for the crime of laying godless hands upon the sacred ark. The sins of a lifetime, and those of no common dye, stared me in the face, and as they "revived, I died." My soul and Satan took the part of the wife of Job, and bade me "curse God and die." And I was half-minded to heed the injunction.

Morning came, but brought with it only a keener and more oppressive sense of guilt. I opened not my lips, but could think of nothing but the gall of bitterness I had drunk—the bonds of iniquity which held me. I had heard of God with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye saw him, and I abhorred myself in dust and ashes.

At length the third evening drew nigh, and I well knew that again the inevitable table, with its sacred furniture, would be placed beside me, and the fascination of my wife's presence and look of assured expectation would assail me, to yield to which again however, I felt was an impossibility. Increased horror took hold upon me, so that I could not look up. I could say nothing, but could endure no longer. As I sought no aid from Heaven, Satan voluntarily offered his, and I took it. My mind was made up—I resolved on suicide! A rope hung from a tree in the orchard, with which I proposed to terminate, as in mad delusion I fancied the increasing and now intolerable horrors of my soul.

We took our third, and to my mind last, supper together. I lingered in the room until I saw that the dreaded moment was at hand, when, without a word—I could not have mastered my emotion as to speak—I withdrew. I hastened to the orchard. Every step increased my anguish. I ran—my reason seemed to reel—I missed the rope, and found myself in the woods beyond. On I ran, until overpowered by my emotions my limbs gave way, and I fell prostrate upon the ground. How long I lay there I knew not, but an earnest cry was uttered from that period! A horror of great darkness passed over me in view of my vileness and guilt before God in view of the terrible judgment and the awful endless hell that awaited me. But man's extremity is God's opportunity. The darkest hour is just before day. In the thickest of the darkness, and when despair seemed almost ready to settle down in endless night upon my soul, the light broke! There was Jesus in all the fullness of the godhead bodily. I saw and believed, and loved and lived. I sprang to my feet the happiest of men, and from that time to this I have suffered scarcely a doubt of my acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. Long have been a ruling elder in the church. Many precious revivals have I witnessed and enjoyed, and now, if God will, once more open the windows of heaven upon me, I think I can say with old Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"—*Presbyterian.*

A Home without a Daughter.
"A home without a girl in it, is only half-blessed; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without a song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars; but daughters by the fireside are like the roses in Sharon."

Well may the daughter of a household be compared to the apple-blossoms, spring songs, and the roses of Sharon. When she is there, the eye and ear of those who love her are satisfied; when she departs, she carries with her the golden treasure she was wont to dispense.

Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be waiting in inclination to contribute their quota to the paradise of home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a house is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like a fragile vine. Their natures are different—their constitutions, temperaments, tastes, habits, are different. We may not love Caesar less though we love Rome more.

We knew a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years—

"Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy."

The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, or a more reverent affection, for her parents than did she. Instead of waiting for their commands, she anticipated them—instead of lingering until they made known their wishes, she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that house until she awoke—the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her—her father and mother; and of how many blessed pictures of the future was she the subject! "It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. Fearful! It is maddening! It is a truth that is linked with despair.

Suddenly, like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from Heaven for the child, saying, The Lord hath need of her. She meekly bowed her head, breathed out her little life, and at midnight, "went forth to meet the Bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the last day of the last month, was hallowed by her death. She went and came back no more!

Years have worn away since then, but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—there is no daughter there! The form that once was there, reposes amid the congenial charms of nature and of art—they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is wet with tears.

Of a truth, "A home without a girl in it, is only half-blessed; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without a song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars; but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon."

Extemporaneous Preaching.
The marked success which attended the recent meetings at Exeter Hall, on Sabbath evenings, in which Bishops and Deacons of the Established Church, preached without

notes, has led some copious objectors to inquire if such a style of preaching is consistent with the canons of the Church of England. The answer to the inquiry is rather startling to staid old churchmen who have looked with a sort of horror on such novel proceedings, for it has been found that extemporaneous preaching was the original and approved custom of the church, and that written sermons were introduced in an emergency, and were at first regarded with little favor. Latimer and the early Reformers never preached with the sermon before them, this being considered by them "a lifeless practice, and a fit subject for reproach." Bonner, the Romish bishop of London, introduced the practice, to defend himself against charges preferred in court against his opinions and statements, and others, in later days, followed his example from a similar motive.

Archbishop Secker, in his last charge, deplores the fact that many people have been lost the church from the want of earnestness and life induced by written sermons; and Charles II., in a royal mandate to the University of Cambridge, reprehended the new practice with great severity, and signified "his pleasure that the said practice, which took beginning with the disorders of the late times, be wholly laid aside, and that the preachers deliver their sermons both in Latin and English, by memory or without book, as being a way of preaching which his Majesty judgeth most agreeable to the use of all foreign churches, to the custom of the University as heretofore, and the nature and intention of that holy exercise."

If the ministers of the church of England return to the old custom, it may be hoped that the rest of Christendom will imitate so good an example.—[*Watchman and Reflector.*]

Times too Hard.
"I like your paper very much, but I must stop my subscription; times are too awful hard," writes a subscriber to us; and there is nothing left for us but to obey the orders of the good man. His paper is stopped.

But, as we do not wish the notion to be a popular one, let us look at it for a moment: What has he saved? Two dollars, and, with the postage, twenty-six cents—just about what he would give for a boot, (not a pair,) a book, a hat, (not a very good one, either,) or a few pounds of butter.

What has he lost? His religious paper for a year. His fifty-two visits, his instructive correspondence, his hints and encouragements, its columns of news from the Old World, its reports of the progress of Christianity abroad, of its trials and difficulties, its record of revivals at home, its stimulating appeals, its notes of the movements and controversies of the day, and its narratives for the family circle, His Presbytery, his Synod, and the General Assembly, will meet and transact business of the highest importance to him as a church member, but he will know nothing of it. The missionary societies to which he contributes, will hold their anniversaries, and render their reports, but he will not hear them. Great religious movements in China or India may thrill the Christian world, but they will not reach him. The churches of other towns or States will be revived, but the news will not awaken him. "The times are too hard," and to save the price of that one boot, he has lost it all. His family, too, will miss the weekly visits of their paper, but "the times are too hard." We are sorry for it.—[*American Presbyterian.*]

Obituary.
The subject of this brief notice, Harvey, the eldest son of Deacon Nathan M. and Ann Bennet, was born in Hopewell, May 5, 1840. Naturally of a moral, steady turn, he obtained a tolerable degree of information, for the opportunity he enjoyed in a country situation and always attentive to Sunday School and Gospel preaching. In the latter part of September last, he was seized with what our doctor called a disease of the heart. The skill of earthly physicians was baffled, doubtless upon the principle that his days were numbered. In the first part of his sickness he felt a desire to recover, but as the disease increased and life appeared to be ebbing away, his mind changed to a more tranquil frame. At one time while his dear mother was talking with him about his future prospect, he told her that some time ago under the preaching of the Gospel by the Rev. Wm. Sears, on a funeral occasion, he was awakened to an awful sense of his being a great sinner and immediately took to reading the Bible and praying to God for the forgiveness of his sins. He said he had found unspeakable joy and satisfaction the last season in withdrawing from his young companions to read his Bible and pray to his Heavenly Father. On one occasion he said, "I am going to die!" and then exclaimed, "O dear where is my sin?" "O grave where is thy victory?" At another time, "Could I but climb where Moses stood," and shortly before he died he sent for his dear father, and on his coming into the room he reached out his hand and said, "O father I'm going to die, and I cannot describe to you how happy I feel. He then called to his brothers and only sister, and told them not to mourn for him, he was going to a better inheritance in heaven; bade his two brothers farewell, telling them to seek the Lord and shun the paths of sin and not do anything to grieve his father and mother.—The scene which took place between him and his only sister, older than himself, is past description. To see the dying brother and his only sister enfolded in each other's arms, and with his trembling voice telling his sister "O my sister cleave to Christ, never go to frolics but cleave to Christ."

On the 9th day of November, 1857, he fell asleep in Jesus.

His death was improved by the Rev. Wm. Sears from these words of the Saviour—"And this is the will of him that sent me, that whosoever seeth the Son and believeth on him may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." A large and deeply affected congregation was present.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Communicated by N. M. BENNETT. Hopewell, Dec. 16, 1857.

MRS. JANE HORSMAN,
Corporal, 1st
The subject of this brief notice was the third daughter of the late Capt. Robert Calpitt, formerly of Coverdale, and the eldest of

the late Christopher Horsman, formerly of Salisbury. She made profession of religion a number of years ago, and was a consistent member of the third Baptist Church of Salisbury the time of her death, she was a truly benevolent and affectionate parent, always manifesting the deepest anxiety on behalf of her family, and anxious and unremitting in her endeavours to promote their comfort and happiness. She suffered much during her last illness which lasted a number of months. She was released from her suffering on the 30th day of October last, in the 80th year of her age; she was perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord, and died exulting in the hope of eternal felicity purchased by the blood of Christ. She leaves a numerous progeny, besides a large circle of relatives and friends who mourn their irreparable loss. Her remains were attended to the grave on Monday the 2nd ult. Father Joseph Randall conducted the solemn service; his remarks were founded upon Rev. 14th chap. 13th verse.

Salisbury, 21st Decr., 1857.

A SUPERIOR AND GENUINE
VEGETABLE COUGH CANDY.
For curing Coughs, Croup, Irritation of the Throat, Asthma, and is particularly calculated to relieve the Whooping Cough, and all complaints tending to Consumption.

It is particularly recommended to the attention of Public Speakers, Singers, and all persons who use the voice freely. The effect of this Candy is truly astonishing. There has been so much practice under the pretence of curing the cough, while the disease is being increased, that it is well known that many ingredients which would be injurious to the system, are used in the name of a Vegetable Candy, and that each one would try for himself, for society demands that.

Good Medicines should be made public, and those who possess some virtue are held at such exorbitant prices that they do not come within reach of the poor; while they, above all, are the most liable to suffer from the consequences of neglect and exposure.

Do not the poor suffer daily? Is it true they do, for the want of a medicine which they are unable to purchase. The proprietor of the Vegetable Cough Candy has obtained directly by inventing a medicine compounded of twenty-nine different ingredients, extracted from the Vegetable Kingdom, and sold at a price which will place it within the reach of all. It is well known that many ingredients when used singly are inefficient, but when combined with others are highly salutary.

Macer's Vegetable Cough Candy contains the most essential ingredients of which other Cough Candies are composed, with several additional ingredients of great value, which are sufficient to heal, in part, every malady to which the human system is liable (which does not require the aid of a surgeon,) if attended to in season.

The numerous ingredients composing this Candy have been recommended by the most celebrated Physicians of the United States. The pleasantness of this medicine gives it an advantage over all others, and is necessary to use any preparation to induce children to use it.

Sold by Druggists generally throughout the City and Country. General Agent, F. A. COSGROVE & CO., St. John, Dec. 18, 1857. 19 North Side of King Street.

NEW GOODS.
NORTH AMERICAN
CLOTHING STORE
Sears' Brick Building,
19 NORTH SIDE OF KING STREET.
H. HUNTER.

HAS received per recent arrivals, a large assortment of BROAD CLOTHS, Milton and Sattara CLOTHS, Pilot, Beaver, Mohair, Siberian and Winter CLOTHS, CASHMERE, DOESKINS, SATINETS, VESTINGS, &c., which are being made up on the premises; and solicits the attention of intending purchasers to his present extensive Stock of Goods, which will be sold by Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest possible prices for approved payments.

The Stock comprises an immense assortment of CLOTHING—In Over Coats and Under Coats, in all the various materials, and most fashionable styles; VESTS and PANTS in great variety, and in all qualities and prices required; Overalls and FROCKS; Gooden's Patent India Rubber Goods, in Coats, Caps, Leggings, Hats, Gloves, Horse Covers, Wagon Boots, &c.

TRUNKS, Valises, Carpet Bags; Hats and Caps in great variety; Gent's FURNISHING GOODS, consisting of Shirts, Shirt Fronts, Collars, Under Shirts and Drawers, Hdkfs, Stockings, Neck Ties, Night Caps, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Umbrellas, &c.

Overalls and FROCKS; Gooden's Patent India Rubber Goods, in Coats, Caps, Leggings, Hats, Gloves, Horse Covers, Wagon Boots, &c.

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Overalls and FROCKS; Gooden's Patent India Rubber Goods, in Coats, Caps, Leggings, Hats, Gloves, Horse Covers, Wagon Boots, &c.

DR. LARROOK'S
Indian Vegetable Pulmonic Syrup.
Is warranted to Cure
COLD, COUGHS, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Catarrh, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, and all other Lung Complaints, tending to the last stages of Consumption.
Price—Five Shillings per Bottle, or six bottles for Five Dollars. For sale by
GEORGE F. EVERETT & CO.,
Druggists,
No. 9, King Street,
Take no other Indian Syrup or Balsam. vi. nov. 25
SPECIAL NOTICE.

A Rare Chance!
HAYING on hand about 3000 AMBROTYPE FRAMES, various sizes, which must be disposed of before the 15th of June next. I will, until that date, take for all those who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity, a good LIKENESS, in the best Ambrotype style, neatly set in one of these Frames, for the following very low prices:
For Small Size, 25 cts. usual price, 50 cts.
" Medium, 35 cts. " " 75 cts.
" Large, 50 cts. " " 100 cts.
Each one-half the former charge.

N.B.—These Frames are new and very neat; the Pictures are taken in my best style, and by calling and examining specimens, you can judge wither that style can be surpassed.

Remember—Six Weeks only.
S. EARL KILLISON, Photographic Artist, Barlow's Corner, apr. 30.

ADAMS' GENERAL HARDWARE STORE.
100 CASES CAST STEEL, for Axes, Drills, &c.
6 Bundles Horse Cork STEEL;
20 Bundles Spring STEEL;
6 Boxes Thompson's Scotch Screw AUGERS;
2 Boxes SAMPSON'S AUGERS;
4 Casks Vicks' and Butcher's MILL FILES;
60 doz. Railway SHOVELS;
15 doz. Garden SPADES;
6 Bundles Wire CHAINS; 1 cask T Hinges;
3 Cases Servants' Friend Black Lead;
5 tons Short Link RAIL, 5-16 to 5-8;
2 casks Horse TRACES; 1 cask Borax;
1 cask it handle Frying Pans;
30 bags Griffin's Horse Nails;
2 casks Curt and Black; Blue, Green and Yellow PAINT—with a variety of goods too numerous to mention. For sale on reasonable terms.

THOMAS M. REED,
Corner North Wharf & Dock Street.

SAUNDERS & DURLAND,
PROPRIETORS.
Foster's Corner, Corner of King & Germain Streets, St. John, N. B.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of the Public to the above Card of SAUNDERS & DURLAND, as Ambrotype Artists, they are unsurpassed by any in the Province, and a call at their rooms will satisfy the most fastidious as to the correctness of the act.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, for sale by
DRUGGISTS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, &c. Also, a supply of PICKLES & SAUCES; Dundee ORANGE MARMALADE; Lea and Perrins Worcestershire SAUCE; Harvey's Anchovy and King of Oude do; Holloway's PILLS & OINTMENT; Hair, Cloth, Tooth and Nail Brushes; Clever's celebrated Honey SOAP; Hannay's RONDELETTA; Rondelle SOAP; Rigby's Vegetable Essence; Brand's White LEAD; and a variety of other goods too numerous to mention. For sale on reasonable terms.

THOMAS M. REED,
Corner North Wharf & Dock Street.

WE have just received 25 Gallons of PURE CORN OIL, warranted pure and free from any offensive taste or smell.
GEORGE F. EVERETT & CO.,
No. 9, King-street

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS
Corner of King and Prince William Streets.
H. H. HUNTER & CO.,
RETAIL DEPARTMENT.
H. H. HUNTER & CO. have the whole of our large and well assorted Stock, Retail Prices will be supplied with every description of DRY GOODS, suitable for Winter wear, at astonishing low prices.

M. & Co. would direct particular attention to their Silk and Shawl Department, the stock of which being large, they are determined to sell at such prices that will command a speedy clearance.

POI A JACKETS, FLANNELS, HOSIERY, BLANKETS, GLOVES, FAMILY MOURNING.

SWEET & FALIS,
SHIP AND HOUSE CARVERS,
13, BRUSSELS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Opposite Fairbanks & Co.'s Sawing and Planing Mill.

ALL ORDERS FOR
SHIPS FIGURE AND BILLET HEADS,
—ALSO—
Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite Capitals.
In short—Every description of Ship and House Work, neatly executed, and punctually attended to.

THE STOP AND READ!
Under the BENEFITTED
Hutchings & Burnham's Notice.
Hutchings & Burnham are prepared to take charge of Runaways, furnishing COFFINS either in Mahogany, Rosewood, Walnut, or Cornice, trimmed up in the latest styles. Also, a splendid assortment of Coffins, with Pallis, and every other article required, all of which will be furnished at prices to suit the times.

Grain-street, Opposite Church-street

LONDON GOODS!
S. T. R.
HAS just received his Winter Supply of DRESS TRIMMINGS, Fringes, &c.

SEBASTIAN,
FLOWERS,
HEAVY DRESSES,
Fancy Bonnet Materials,
DRESS SILKS,
Rich Dress CLOAKS,
Velvet and Plush Ribbons, &c.

nov. 25
S. T. R.

GUINNESS & CO.,
Building, 8 Germain Street, Agent for New Brunswick.

THOMAS D. GARD,
SILVERSMITH AND JEWELER,
No. 25 Germain Street,
GRATEFUL to the public for past favours, since they have been so kind as to make at the shortest notice the Queen's and Middle Pattern SILVER SPoons and FORKs.

Also—Wedding Rings, Masonic Jewels, Temperance Emblems, &c.

FLLOUR AND FLOUR—Per Advertiser.
25 lbs. Baltimore Superior FLOUR;
15 lbs. Mass FLOUR. For sale by
HARRIS & WARD,
No. 10, York Street, St. John.

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.

D. R. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, Mass., has discovered a cure for EVERY KIND OF HUMOUR, from the worst scrofula down to a common Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and in every case it has cured the patient (both chronic and acute). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its virtues, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a running sore in the mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of bile. The worst scrofula can be cured by the use of the medicine in the mouth and stomach.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Three to four bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Four to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Five to six bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Six to seven bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Seven to eight bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Eight to nine bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Nine to ten bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Ten to eleven bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Eleven to twelve bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Twelve to thirteen bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Thirteen to fourteen bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Fourteen to fifteen bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.

Fifteen to sixteen bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease. One bottle will cure the worst case of skin disease.